

## **System 371**

### Chapter 371: Good Wife (6)

"In the face of storm and rain, they're helpless, even if it means sacrificing their lives, it must not be spared."

"Because the intelligence concerns the safety of the entire territory, the safety of everyone."

Jeremy's body instantly stood upright, "Yes, sir!"

Lynn dismissed Jeremy and, under Kuisi's guidance, headed to the kitchen in the castle.

Watching the two walk down the hall's stairs, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

In his mind, he quickly pondered Jeremy's words, using them to infer more intelligence information.

Lawrence, the second son, led a large army to Morgan Town to suppress the bandits.

The army's soldier count is at least over three thousand.

Upon arriving at Morgan Town, Lawrence is greeted by several Manor Lords together.

The information isn't much, but crucial information is still grasped by Lynn.

First.

Lawrence brought an army of three thousand to suppress bandits, and since it's within Marquis Duca's territory, supplies can be replenished nearby, so they surely wouldn't carry many logistics soldiers.

According to the conventional logistics soldier ratio, they have at least twenty percent!

This means, among the three thousand troops, there are only about two thousand four hundred soldiers with combat capability.

The remaining six hundred are all drivers, horsemen, and cooks, etc.

Only with enough logistics soldiers transporting supplies can the normal needs of a large army be ensured.

Secondly, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps and even the Storm Mercenary Corps have been completely wiped out, resolving Morgan Town's bandit crisis.

Will Dorons turn the army and attack his territory?

On his territory, there are three salt mines, with an abundance of labor force.

Such a territory is a tempting prize, not just for bandits, but even for a Great Lord!

Lynn mused briefly.

So far, aside from some unclear grievances with Aiden Manor Lord.

Other Manor Lords might not even know of his existence?

It's very likely that when Lawrence comes to Morgan Town, after some investigation, he'll find no more bandit presence and return to court directly!

But Lynn still habitually prepares for the worst-case scenario.

Lawrence somehow learns of the three mines' existence, or perhaps because of Aiden's grievances, Aiden reported the situation of this territory.

Leading Lawrence's army here to besiege!

If this is the case, facing an attack of at least two thousand four hundred men...

Just the ten-meter-high wall alone, can't hold them off!

The Ducas Clan has always undergone systematic physical and even military training.

Naturally, they cannot be compared to a temporarily assembled bandit mob.

A strong sense of crisis enveloped Lynn.

Fortunately, it's winter now.

If the worst happens, they can still use the wall's sturdiness to maneuver against Lawrence's army!

Realizing this, Lynn couldn't help but lament the lack of foundation.

His territory has developed too briefly.

There aren't enough warhorses, enough armor weaponry, nor enough soldiers.

Completely incapable of arm-wrestling with a Great Lord!

The number of soldiers is indeed insufficient, but Lynn can find ways to make it harder for siege enemies by enhancing defensive machinery.

He must speed up the efficiency and speed of track construction to have more labor force to produce defensive machinery!

As Lynn was pondering, the night had deepened.

...

On the other side.

In a small town with neatly arranged buildings.

The glow of lamps shone through wooden windows, illuminating the empty streets.

Not even a patrolling guard was in sight.

In a two-story wooden and stone building.

A coquettish voice echoed around. The sound of feet briskly running along the floor, accompanied by excited shouts, resonated within.

"Beauties, where are you?"

Lawrence leaned forward, arms outstretched, exploring ahead.

A silken red sash tied at his eye corners, he could vaguely see those fair bodies ahead.

Those fair bodies let out joyful laughter as he took steps to chase them.

The plush snow-white outlines in front of them continued to rise and fall.

Though Lawrence could only see faintly, this indistinct beauty oddly excited him.

Lawrence suddenly took a few steps forward, lunging at a plump woman ahead.

Spreading his arms to embrace her, but was met with empty air.

"Don't run, beauties..."

...

Outside the room.

Four armor-clad soldiers, faces serious, stood guarding the door.

Though a few minutes later.

Strange shoutings accompanied by clapping figures sounded from inside the door.

Their expressions showed no trace of anomaly.

As Lawrence's knight and advisor, Godfrey has always been by Lawrence's side.

No matter when Lawrence handled serious matters, he never strayed far.

Godfrey leaned against the corridor by the door, took a big swig from his drink.

Driving away the chill seeping through window cracks.

Godfrey's gaze rested on the two tightly shut wooden doors, the sounds on the other side becoming clearer and more intense.

Having just gulped his drink, he couldn't help but frown.

Godfrey clearly remembered that Lawrence became a knight's squire at seven.

Back then, he was timid and shy, not even daring to kill a chicken.

To boost Lawrence's courage, Godfrey subjected him to various courage and bravery training.

Lawrence's eagerness to learn and ability to accept new things were unmatched by other children.

Starting from caring for the horses, making Lawrence familiar with equipment and warhorses.

Then to the enlightenment of military training, teaching some basic weapon use methods, like daggers and small Shields.

Meanwhile, also teaching him basic riding techniques.

Within half a year.

Lawrence mastered using a shortsword and round shield, and could easily mount a horse unassisted.

Up to the middle stages of learning, Godfrey considered Lawrence a diligent genius.

Within a few months, he learned the techniques of the Longsword and Long Spear and could skillfully apply them in fights.

Even in one anti-bandit operation, Lawrence slew three bandits under his protection!

Back then, Lawrence was just fourteen.

By twenty, when Lawrence was bestowed the title of a knight, he became a true knight.

But barely a year later.

Godfrey discovered Lawrence's true colors!

He thought Lawrence was frustrated about always just being the second son, never getting the Marquis Duca title.

Thus.

He exerted all efforts to teach Lawrence, hoping to lend him a hand.

Yet, it turned out, Lawrence, having lost the Ducas Marquis succession, instantly became a man dominated by his lower desires!

If he merely liked young women, extending the family line, it'd be one thing.

But instead, he had a penchant for married women!

Years of teaching and effort, all for naught.

How could Godfrey not be disappointed?

Chapter 372: Nation Within a Nation

The next morning.

The sky rarely cleared up, and the gray clouds were dispersed.

A ray of sunlight penetrated through the fog, sprinkling down on the earth brightly and transparently.

The temperature rose along with the brightness.

After having breakfast, the townsmen returned to their workstations to continue with their labor.

They were already very satisfied to have a day of rest.

The construction of the wooden tracks was also continuing building.

According to the current efficiency of repairing a thousand meters a day, at most half a month is required to complete the repairs.

Within half a day, the Woodworker Workshop and Blacksmith Workshop could precisely collaborate to finish production.

Of course.

If more labor could be mobilized, the progress of this work could be further advanced.

Just as Lynn stood on the stone road, inspecting the construction of the wooden track.

At the exit of the forest, a large troop could be clearly seen heading towards the direction of the small town.

A dozen or so large carriages were at the forefront, followed by rows of people lined up two or three abreast...



On all sides of the convoy stood soldiers holding winged spears and dressed in standard plate armor!

Under Lynn's gaze, the carriage and human formations drew nearer.

Lynn finally made out the man at the forefront of the carriage fleet, riding on a tall horse!

It was Grayson Brown.

Lynn was somewhat surprised; now already into the cold winter, yet Grayson managed to transport a batch of slaves to his domain!

He had presumed that Grayson wouldn't be able to come before spring.

As the horse stepped towards Lynn's front, Grayson understandingly dismounted first.

Handing the horse to the guard beside him, Grayson walked towards Lynn with a smile.

Arriving in front of Lynn, he performed a standard merchant's courtesy and said with a smile, "Master Lynn, it seems like you're somewhat surprised!"

"Surprised that I managed to transport here again, arriving at your domain?"

Lynn, without any concealment, nodded and said, "Indeed, somewhat surprised."

One must know that from Kakasong City's Fisherman's Wharf, setting off from the Karedi Empire, it takes at least several days.

Not to mention, crossing Gibraltar Strait to reach the Portlands Empire takes time.

The last time Grayson arrived at his domain was just a bit over half a month ago.

Grayson smiled more evidently, explaining, "If following normal transportation time, it would indeed be impossible to reach Master Lynn's domain before the inland rivers freeze."

"But... coincidentally, I met Audrey."

Lynn raised his eyebrows slightly.

Grayson continued, "Because of winter, the wars in the Portlands Empire reached a stalemate."

"Audrey happened to have some matters, needing to return to the Brown Clan, so her shipborne slaves were transported by me..."

Hearing this, Lynn glanced at the carriages behind Grayson.

Grayson explained, "Master Lynn, you don't need to look, Audrey did not travel with the convoy..."

"Master Lynn, you wouldn't have eyes for my sister, would you? Her figure and temperament... certainly don't lose to young girls, maybe even better."

"But her age, far older than yours..."

Lynn rolled his eyes at Grayson, "You're overthinking."

Compared to Audrey's figure and temperament, what intrigued Lynn more was how she had managed to earn the capital to fund a war for imperial authority on her own!

Audrey was by no means an ordinary person!

Grayson grinned, ceasing his kidding.

Over this period of trading, his relationship with Lynn indeed became much more familiar.

But this didn't mean he could make jokes without boundaries.

Lynn is a lord.

A lord who, by his own efforts, built such a prosperous domain!

In Grayson's mind, Lynn could even be compared to his sister Audrey.

Walking side by side with Lynn on the stone road, Grayson glanced at the townsmen leveling the ground.

Grayson curiously inquired, "Master Lynn, what are you planning to construct?"

Grayson noticed that the fields, already sprouting wheat seedlings, were being leveled using iron shovels and picks.

Lynn followed his gaze for a glance, explaining, "Wooden tracks, preparing to build rail cars, transporting coal mines."

"There's too little draft horse power in the domain, if you have a channel for transporting draft horses or oxen, I can exchange for fine salt at prices higher than the market."

Upon hearing this, Grayson raised his eyebrows.

Master Lynn only mentioned having fine salt, never explicitly stated that the domain also had coal and iron mines.

But, visiting Master Lynn's domain so frequently.

He had long seen small boats in the Aladia River, transporting black iron ore, and draft horse carts transporting cartloads of coal mines.

Lynn didn't explain, and hence, he didn't mention it.

What Grayson admired was that Master Lynn actually thought of using rail cars for transportation and had already started construction.

This imaginative capability and execution were truly formidable.

With fine salt as economic support, iron ore bolstering military armament, and coal as fuel for rapid development.

In Grayson's mind, he couldn't help but recall what Audrey mentioned when she visited Master Lynn's domain.

"His ambition... might be for the entire Karedi Empire!"

As long as Master Lynn is granted enough time, he could rise from nothing to dominate the entire Karedi Empire.

Chapter 373: Nation Within a Nation (Part 2)

It's not impossible!

Grayson couldn't help but feel thankful once more in his heart. Initially, through George's introduction, he sold the first batch of slaves to Master Lynn.

And he has maintained a friendly trade relationship ever since.

If one day, Master Lynn truly changes allegiance to the Kaladi Empire, then as his partner, he would naturally be one of the beneficiaries.

By then, he would no longer have to endure the painful tax rates of the Kaladi Empire!

The Brown Clan, being one of the few remaining great merchants of the Merchant Guild on the Garonia Continent, can naturally engage in traveling merchant activities across the continent.

But, this doesn't mean that the Brown Clan does not need to pay entrance and transaction taxes and so on...

These taxes serve as economic trade protection for an empire, and also ensure the monopolistic economic profits for the few other major merchants of said empire!

If Master Lynn becomes the Emperor of the Kaladi Empire, as his most important trade partner, he would...

Though unable to act as freely as Audrey, selling captured Portlands Empire slaves indiscriminately,

He would at least not have to pay such exorbitant entrance and transit taxes.

His trade profits would increase once again!

At this thought, an inexplicable sense of anticipation arose in Grayson's heart.

Suppressing his wild thoughts for the moment, Grayson responded, "Draft horses are somewhat easier; as for oxen, it is indeed a bit tricky."

"Master Lynn, you know the efficiency of land reclamation with the light plow is extremely slow."

"Lords have always required a large number of fully grown oxen to ensure all the land in their territories could be cultivated."

Lynn naturally understood that it wasn't easy.

Indeed, after so many trades, his territory to this day only had a few dozen draft horses and a few dozen fully grown oxen.

Turning the conversation, Lynn asked, "Mr. Grayson, how many slaves did you bring this time?"

Grayson explained, "Master, it's the same, 600 slaves in total! All from the Portlands Empire imperial war."

"Compared to the ordinary folks last time, this batch of 600 slaves includes at least 300 war captives!"

"Audrey asked me to remind you that your territory contains many slaves from the Portlands Empire. While having a large number of slaves can indeed increase labor efficiency, there is also the fear of being retaliated against..."

Listening to Grayson's words, Lynn nodded, "Please convey my gratitude to Lady Audrey for her kind reminder; I have my own judgment."

Lynn roughly estimated in his mind.

About eighty percent of the townsmen in his territory were originally from the Portlands Empire.

If it were any other lord, they might have already been overthrown by these thousands of slaves.

But he had no reason to worry or feel tense.

He had provided such favorable living conditions for these townsmen, and if they still planned to rebel, then they definitely deserved death.

The cemetery behind the hospital was large enough to bury these rebellious slaves.

Moreover.

He, who could see the loyalty of the townsmen, could immediately detect and identify those who intended to rebel.

Strangle them in the cradle.

Either obediently become his townsmen, work properly, live well,

Or, die!

It was that simple.

Listening to Lynn's confident tone, Grayson felt a surge of admiration.

"Besides the 600 slaves, there are also 60,000 pounds of barley!"

"When disembarking the slaves, I happened to see a crop merchant about to sell them, so I bought them all and transported them to you."

Lynn nodded, "What's the total price of the slaves and grain?"

Grayson replied directly, "It's still the old price, Master Lynn, five shillings per slave, one penny per five pounds of barley!"

Lynn began calculating in his mind, "I can give you 1,400 pounds of fine salt, how about it?"

Upon hearing this, Grayson couldn't help but smile, "Thank you, Master Lynn, for your generosity."

"However, if possible, Master Lynn, could you exchange them for glazed bottles for me?"

Grayson had long calculated this on his way here.

The price of slaves and barley combined could at most be exchanged for 1,333 pounds of fine salt.

Yet Master Lynn was willing to give him 1,400 pounds, 67 pounds more than that.

Upon conversion, it amounted to nearly two gold pounds more.

Although it might not seem much, this was Lynn exchanging his goods and slaves at the lowest market price for fine salt.

Simply put, this was extra profit.

However, this time, Grayson wished to exchange for glazed products!

Lynn looked at Grayson without having to ask.

Grayson took the initiative to explain, "Master Lynn, I won't hide anything from you."

"The glazed products made in your territory workshop have gained the favor of noble lords."

"I only brought five different styles of glazed bottles to the auction, and each one sold at a high price!"



"Five gold pounds!"

Lynn wasn't too surprised.

The number of workshops capable of producing glazed products was limited.

There might not even be a single glass workshop in a whole city.

Plus, due to the backward production technology and high difficulty in making glazed glass,

The rarity made them valuable.

Selling at a high price was no surprise to Lynn.

Lynn spoke, "Of course."

"Based on the price agreed last time, two gold pounds per piece, I can exchange them for a hundred glazed bottles for you!"

"Furthermore, I can take you to the Glass Workshop and let you choose as you like."

Chapter 374: Nation Within a Nation (Part 3)

Grayson's face lit up with surprise, "Thank you so much, Master Lynn."

If these one hundred glazed bottles can be successfully shipped out and sold at the price of the previous batch.

After deducting various taxes, he could still earn at least four gold pounds per bottle.

One hundred glazed bottles, that's four hundred gold pounds!

Converted, that would be sixteen thousand pounds of fine salt!

As Lynn and Grayson spoke, they walked onto the open square in front of the town.

George, who had long been standing with dozens of assistants, was already waiting.

He quickly stepped forward to Lynn, "Master, Mr. Grayson!"

Lynn responded, then spoke, "Unload all the goods, and then lead the carriage team to the pottery workshop."

Without any hesitation, George replied, "Yes, Master."

Then, Lynn turned to Kuisi, instructing the soldiers to settle and guard the slaves on the open square, and to prepare some hot food.

Only then did Lynn lead Grayson towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

Grayson, standing beside him, listened as Lynn methodically organized the arrangements, and the stewards decisively executed the various instructions.

Grayson felt a sense of admiration well up within him.

Is this Master Lynn's management capability?

Is this the kind of territory steward trained by Master Lynn?

Grayson admitted that even if he were fortunate enough to acquire a piece of land and become a true lord.

He could not manage the territory as orderly as Master Lynn!

Following behind Master Lynn into the workshop district, Grayson curiously observed everything around him.

Chimneys of high furnaces ten meters tall, workshops full of workers.

Their expressions were serious, their work quick and efficient...

Even when Lynn, along with him and the guards walked through, the workshop workers did not turn their heads to look.

As if they were deeply engrossed in their tasks.

After a few glances, a thought suddenly crossed Grayson's mind, and he asked curiously, "Master Lynn, what can be produced on your territory now?"

After speaking, Grayson immediately felt that his words were somewhat abrupt and offensive.

In his view, it was mere curiosity.

However, for a lord, this was akin to probing into the intelligence of his territory.

If Master Lynn didn't trust him and considered him a spy worthy of beheading, it would also be reasonable.

Grayson apologized full of regret, "I'm sorry, Master Lynn, I've been offensive."

Lynn didn't mind at all and said, "No worries, Mr. Grayson, I trust your character."

Grayson was somewhat moved by his words.

Lynn continued, "Currently, on this territory, the things that can be produced... are many!"

"So many that you might think it unbelievable."

"Iron ore mined out, transformed into iron by the smelting of the furnace, then crafted into standard plate armor by blacksmiths and apprentices!"

"Bow and Arrow Workshop, used for producing longbows and arrows for warfare."

"The linen cloth and coarse wool you sent, processed in the textile workshop to create hemp ropes, clothing, and bedding."

"The fishery workshop processes river fish caught from various places into fish glue and fish oil. Fish glue is used for gourmet cuisine and binding glue; fish oil for lubrication and lighting, among other things."

"The Glass Workshop, is used for crafting various glazed glass products... glazed bottles, glazed cups, tableware, and wine glasses, etc."

Listening to Master Lynn's explanations, Grayson was full of amazement.

From military to daily life, almost everything was all-encompassing.

Plus the plots of farmland cultivated...

Grayson felt that Master Lynn's territory was on the verge of achieving true self-sufficiency!

With sufficient armed forces, firmly holding this territory, guarding the walls at the mountain pass.

Master Lynn's territory would become a country within a country in the Karedi Empire!

Secure the footing, then plan for the realm!

This is not merely a dream!

As Grayson was reflecting, Lynn's footsteps suddenly stopped.

Grayson looked over with curiosity.

On the wooden frames near the workshop walls, various colored and varying types of glazed glass artifacts were arrayed.

Under the sunlight, they shimmered with strange brilliance.

With just a few glances, Grayson felt a dazzle before his eyes.

Too many!

Such an overwhelming amount of glazed glass!

Is this Master Lynn's Glass Workshop?

Looking away, Grayson quickly turned to Lynn, "Master Lynn, can I..."

Lynn nodded and said, "You may go in and choose, pick freely, regardless of style or color."

For Lynn, who possessed the technology and workshop workers, even the most beautiful glazed glass items were just silica.

As long as there was enough time, Beola could continuously produce various glazed glass items for him.

The technology is his, the workers are his, and even the Anthracite needed for glazing is his.

In Lynn's view, there is virtually no cost!

Therefore.

Even if Grayson sells them at the high price of seven or eight gold pounds to those noble lords, only offering him two gold pounds as the purchase price.

Lynn doesn't mind at all.

Originally, he had three mineral veins, if not exchanging the goods but selling them, the wealth he possessed would be endless.

Glazed bottle products are merely goods that create value, making the rich even wealthier.

With Lynn's permission, Grayson hastily stepped into the Glass Workshop.

Chapter 375: Nation Within a Nation (Part 4)

His enlarged eyes swept over each glazed glass product made with prohibitions.

Lynn also took steps and walked into it.

Beo, who came out of the firing area, looked at Grayson in confusion and then approached Lynn.

Beo asked puzzled, "Master, this is..."

Lynn glanced at Beo, "Grayson Brown, one of my collaborators."

"It's he who transported your glazed glass outside the territory, receiving much favor from nobility and lords."

"He's willing to use slaves and grains to exchange for a hundred glazed glass products."

After hearing Master Lynn's explanation, Beo's eyebrows involuntarily raised.

If it was before knowing the process of making glazed glass, Beo indeed felt the glass products were exquisite and precious.

But now...

Beo had an inexplicable feeling in his heart.

Extremely ordinary glazed glass products in his eyes were treasures in others' eyes...

Beo understood that under Master Lynn's leadership, his mindset and vision changed.

He was no longer the small ceramic worker who was once amazed and shocked by glazed glass products.

Only then did Beo realize how important it is to master technology!

Lynn continued, "Arrange a few apprentices to follow Grayson and mark the glazed glass products he selects."

"Once the caravan arrives, assist him in loading them onto the carts."

Beo responded promptly, "Yes, Master."

Afterwards, Lynn spoke a few words to Grayson, allowing him to continue selecting here, accompanied by Beo.

Lynn left the Glass Workshop first, with Red still closely following.

After all, there were still six hundred slaves on the open ground square, awaiting his arrangement.

Passing through the Handicraft Workshop District, and turning past rows of Red Brick Houses, Lynn arrived at the open ground square of the small town.

On the open ground square.

Rows of huddling slaves crowded together, trying to keep warm through mutual contact.

But even so, it was in no way able to stop their bodies from trembling.

After a long journey, lacking food inside, they couldn't generate more heat.

Even though today's temperature clearly rose, they were still pale with cold.

Lynn stepped forward a few steps to the forefront of the slaves.

Taking a breath of cold air, Lynn spoke solemnly, "Everyone, I am the lord of this territory – Lynn."

"After I finish this talk, you will receive hot meals!"

Upon hearing this, dozens of slaves raised their heads, widened their eyes, curiously looking at Lynn.



"You are not the first batch of slaves to come to this territory, and even... won't be the last batch!"

"But the fact that you came here is the luckiest thing in your life."

When the words fell.

Lynn saw a batch of slaves, their faces showing a touch of disdain or even ridicule.

Lynn didn't mind at all and continued saying, "My requirements for you are very simple."

"Through your hard work, become townsmen of the small town, and you will receive food and a place to live in the Red Brick Houses."

"If your children are by your side, they can receive education from scholars of the territory, learning to read and write."

"If any of you are sick or uncomfortable now, you can raise your hand to indicate. I will have guards take you to the territorial hospital to see a doctor."

More slaves raised their heads, even disregarding their cold bodies, and stood up.

Their eyes were filled with hope, looking at Lynn.

Having experienced wars, they naturally wished for a stable and safe life.

At this moment.

Kuisi ran to Lynn's side, reminding, "Master, the food has been cooked."

Lynn acknowledged and said to the crowd of slaves, "The hot food prepared for you has been cooked."

"You will orderly receive the food under the guards' guidance."

The slaves were surprised upon hearing.

Hot meals?

They just arrived here in about an hour.

This young lord already prepared food for them?

Is this truly the treatment slaves ought to have?

Under the leadership of sixty to seventy guards, the slaves began to enter the dining hall in batches.

When they saw those steaming pots of pork and pea stew, and piles of barley bread.

Their eyes instantly brightened, their mouths watered, involuntarily starting to swallow.

If not for the guards holding One-Handed Swords, they might have rushed forward, starting to grab.

They were really too hungry!

Queues of slaves received their share of food from the chefs.

A big bowl of pork pea stew and two pieces of barley bread.

After the aroma of pork pea stew poured into their nostrils, they couldn't suppress their hunger any longer, biting and chewing vigorously.

Several mouthfuls of bread swallowed, then a sip of pork pea stew.

They could clearly feel a touch of comfortable heat passing through their bodies, reaching the stomach, and a sense of fullness emerging within them.

Only at this moment did they realize that what the young lord said was true!

Immediately, a hint of good will appeared in their eyes toward Lynn.

Watching the loyalty of these slaves slowly increase, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Indeed.

No matter from which Empire, as long as you provide them food to fill their stomachs, they will offer their loyalty.

Half an hour later, all slaves finished dining.

After receiving food to fill their stomachs, the faces of these slaves clearly improved, with a faint redness appearing on the pallor.

Chapter 376: Nation Within a Nation (Part 5)

The strides taken were steady and powerful.

Lynn distributed an iron tool to each of them and drove them to the wasteland where the wooden tracks were being constructed.

Even if they couldn't build tracks, leveling the land with iron hoes and iron shovels would be manageable for them.

If that's too difficult, they can be assigned to transport the processed timber from the Wood Workshop.

After eating and drinking enough, of course it's time to start working!

While working, they can become familiar with this territory and learn about the patterns of labor and life.

In a matter of days, these six hundred slaves would assimilate into the townsmen of the village.

Watching the slaves being led by guards outside the town, Lynn turned his gaze to Kuisi.

"Are there still vacant Red Brick Houses available for them to reside in?"

Kuisi didn't hesitate in the slightest, "Master, there are."

"Last time, when the Red Brick Houses were insufficient, I instructed a hundred construction workers to expand the Red Brick Houses."

"Housing six hundred people poses no problem."

Lynn gave Kuisi an approving glance, "Well done."

As the territory continues to develop, Kuisi consistently manages various work positions, noticeably improving her capabilities.

Many small matters don't even require his intervention, as Kuisi can already anticipate and arrange for workers to execute them in advance.

This is what makes a qualified steward.

Assisting the Lord in managing the entire territory—arranging small matters independently and reporting significant ones to the Lord for decision-making.

After arranging for the slaves, Lynn stepped back towards the Glass Workshop.

Before he even got close, he could see from afar that a dozen apprentices were already loading glass products onto carts.

Grayson, standing at the doorway, had a cautious look on his face, occasionally issuing reminders.

"Be careful, these glazed glass products can fetch a good price!"

Observing Grayson's overly cautious expression, Beo and the dozen apprentices felt a mix of complex emotions.

It's important to note, as long as the glass liquid is fired and poured into molds, a large number of such glazed products can be produced...

Many glazed products that had slight imperfections were even sent to the residential area for the townsmen's everyday use...

The palpable sense of disparity was indeed overwhelming for them!

Grayson's peripheral vision caught sight of Lynn approaching.

With a tone full of regret, he said, "Master Lynn, it's truly a pity!"

"If your territory had a navigable river, our trade efficiency would massively improve!"

"I could dock my longship directly on the Aladia River near your town and unload a large amount of goods and slaves."

"Instead of having to rely only on horse-drawn transport every time!"

"When that happens, your territory will certainly begin to develop rapidly!"

Lynn looked playfully at Grayson.

"Mr. Grayson, you could also swiftly transport more fine salt or glazed glass products across the continent for sale."

Grayson showed no guilt, his grin knowing, "Of course, then it will be a win-win situation for both Master Lynn and me."

Over half an hour passed.

A hundred glazed glass papers were packed into custom-made wooden boxes.

The wooden boxes were lined with some straw to provide cushioning during transportation.

Lynn and Grayson walked along the town's streets.

Grayson lamented, "If it weren't for this damned weather, I could continue delivering slaves to you, Master Lynn!"

"This time, after passing through some of the waters beyond the Gibraltar Strait, ice started forming."

"Fortunately, some fearless merchants broke the ice, allowing my longship to reach Kakasong City."

"Next time I want to come to your territory, Master Lynn, it'll have to wait until spring next year, after the ice and snow have melted..."

Lynn nodded in response.

Natural environments and weather changes are not things us mortals can alter.

Aside from a few curses, all one could do was endure silently.

Before reaching the village, Grayson suddenly thought of something and looked at Lynn as he spoke, "Oh, Master Lynn."

"Audrey seems to really like your glass products; she directly snatched two from me..."

"Perhaps when spring arrives, she might come to your territory as well!"

After saying this, Grayson bid farewell to Lynn.

Grayson mounted his horse, leading a dozen horse-drawn carts, gradually leaving in the direction of the mountain forest gorge wall.

Until he disappeared from view, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

His mind was still pondering over the words in Grayson's mind.

"Will Audrey come to the territory again..."

If Audrey truly comes to his territory, there's an opportunity to establish a long-term collaboration.

With the information he currently obtained from Grayson, he can vaguely infer.

In the Portlands Empire's imperial battle, Audrey's supported Chronos has greater odds of triumph!

Which could mean, Audrey might control the entire Portlands Empire.

If he can reach a cooperation with her, then he will never have to worry about an insufficient number of slaves!

Of course.

Currently, this is merely a plan of his.

How exactly to proceed will only be known when Audrey arrives.

As for Grayson's mention of ship navigation, Lynn couldn't help but feel a bit troubled.

The waterfall beneath the territory seems like a big hand, firmly choking the potential of waterway transportation!

Given the current conditions, it truly can't be resolved, requiring a delay for further handling.

Suppressing his thoughts, Lynn arrived at the wooden track construction site.

Chapter 377: Nation Within a Nation (Part 6)

With six hundred slaves joining, the speed of construction has visibly improved a lot.

Lynn thought about it and felt it was normal.

Now, the townspeople building the entire track have reached 1,400!



If it were any slower, someone would surely be slacking off.

According to this construction speed, perhaps it can be completed in six or seven days!

Rolling up his sleeves slightly, Lynn stepped into the crowd working on the track.

He took an iron hammer and nails from a townsman, and began nailing sections of track timber onto the laid sleepers.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Experience was accumulating bit by bit.

Until the sky gradually darkened, and the temperature noticeably dropped, enveloping them in a cold sensation.

Lynn instructed the guard to tell the townspeople that they could return to the town to rest.

In the astonished eyes of the six hundred newly arrived slaves, they followed the crowd back to the town.

It was just a little dim, so why was work ending already?

They asked the surrounding townspeople in confusion, "Is this all the work we do in one day?"

"Yes, the sky gets dark earlier in winter. It's probably only around five or six in the evening now, right?"

"Is it really the end of the workday?"

"..."

A few townspeople who had been in the town for several months smiled with pride and explained.

"The questions you ask are the same ones I asked when I was first brought here..."

"Rest assured, it really is the end of the workday, you can now go to the town's canteen and wait for the cooks to serve the meal."

"Although Master Lynn is the lord, don't worry—he's a good man."

"Yes, even though we work every day, since coming here, my whole family has never gone hungry."

"Soon my child should be getting out of school, just in time for us to have dinner together..."

Looking at the faces with contours similar to theirs, filled with smiles of contentment.

The newly arrived slaves realized they all came from the Portlands Empire.

The smiles on their faces were genuinely full of satisfaction, hence such expressions.

This territory and the lord of this territory were not quite as they imagined!

If it really was like what they said, becoming a townsman of this territory was indeed a fortunate thing.

At least they wouldn't have to live in constant fear of being slain by Chronos' soldiers like they did in the Portlands Empire!

As time went by.

The sky became darker and darker.

The townspeople returning from work also formed long lines back to the town.

At this moment, Lynn was standing in front of thousands of townspeople.

Then.

Two burly men in nothing but plate armor followed Kuisi to Lynn's front.

The arrival of the two plate armor soldiers immediately captured all the townspeople's attention.

In their eyes, there was admiration, longing, tension, or fear...

Each person's experiences were different, so their expressions when looking at the soldiers varied distinctly.

The three of them arrived at Lynn's side, and Kuisi was the first to speak, "Master, Instructor Ross has brought Earl along."

Lynn's gaze shifted to Ross and Earl.

Just as he had seen in the full-body photos on the Resident Information Column.

Earl was not tall but extremely robust.

Ross said, "Master."

Earl bent his waist, standing in the back, showing respect.

Kuisi was the steward, Ross was the instructor, but Earl, an ordinary soldier, naturally did not dare to speak at the same time as them.

Lynn responded with a nod, "Hmm."

His gaze shifted, Lynn looked to the front, where the canteen was already filled with numerous figures.

Despite the presence of thousands, not a single person whispered or made any sound.

They were all wide-eyed, looking at Lynn, their lord.

Lynn scanned the crowd, speaking deeply, "Gentlemen, I am your lord, Lynn."

The familiar opening, the familiar words.

The voice wasn't very loud, but due to the silence in the canteen, Lynn's words reached everyone's ears.

"There is something I need to announce to you all!"

A wave of curiosity swept through the eyes of the townspeople as they waited for Lynn to continue.

Standing next to Lynn, Earl's breathing gradually became tense.

On the way back to town from the city wall barracks, Ross had already informed him of the reason for returning.

The master of this territory, their Master Lynn, was going to hold an award ceremony for him.

Furthermore, he was going to fulfill the promise made during the day of the defense battle!

"Several days ago during the defense battle, I promised that whoever could become the top enemy slayer would be awarded a hundred pounds of fine salt, a hundred pounds of wheat, and promoted as Instructor Ross's assistant."

"And this hero, during the defense battle, single-handedly slayed fifteen invading bandits!"

Upon hearing this, the townspeople turned their gazes, looking at Earl with astonishment.

Feeling the gazes concentrated on him like a river streaming toward him.

Earl's breathing became accelerated and rapid.

But his body stood firmly, unwavering.

"Therefore, I will keep my promise to reward him with what he deserves and appoint him as Instructor Ross's assistant!"

"Even though Earl is only sixteen, a hero is not judged by origin, nor by age!"

Lynn called out loudly, "Earl Mendes, step forward!"

His words entered Earl's ears, reverberating like thunder.

Earl's heart and face were firm, striding forward to stand before Lynn, answering loudly, "Lord!"

Lynn looked directly at Earl, "From this moment, you will serve as Instructor Ross's assistant."

"When needed, you will lead soldiers to carry out tasks, even if facing death, you must not abandon your duty for a moment."

"Can you do it?"

Listening to such resolute words, the hair on Earl's body stood on end instantly.

He answered loudly, "I can do it!"

Lynn continued to look at Earl: "Lift your head, look at me!"

Earl did not hesitate, quickly lifted his head and opened his eyes widely, looking straight at Lynn.

"Louder, can you do it?"

This time, Earl almost used all the strength in his body, shouting loudly, "I can! I can! I can!"

The final "I can" even broke with emotion!

This shout filled with determination echoed through the canteen.

Both the newly joined townspeople and those who had been there for a long time had eyes full of excitement.

Under the repeated shouts of "I can," they became eager to try, even clenching their fists tightly.

Earl took deep breaths.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very good!"

His gaze moved, Lynn looked at the standing townspeople.

"I need two hundred soldiers! Two hundred strong and robust soldiers!"

"Who can withstand the bitter cold wind, who can endure the wind and rain, who can endure high-intensity training!"

"Who can protect the walls, who can defend the territory behind the walls, who can safeguard the townspeople working on the land."

"Who can go to battle and charge bravely..."

"Who is willing?"

As Lynn's words fell, a unified shout reverberated in the canteen as if it would blow off the roof.

"I am willing! I am willing! I am willing!"

Chapter 378: Target: Duke of Red Dragon

The sound was like a drum, breaking through the night.

Listening to these orderly shouts, Lynn felt inexplicably emotional.

Alone, hunting in this wilderness, constructing, surviving...

But now, he had already become the lord of thousands!

Every word and action of his was watched by these townsmen and would be carried out as commanded by them...

Suppressing the emotions in his heart, Lynn nodded and said, "Very good!"

"Next, Instructor Ross will be selecting among you."

"Those selected will begin their training with Instructor Ross starting tomorrow!"

As the words fell.

Lynn glanced at Ross beside him.

After bowing in salute, Ross, along with his newly appointed assistant Earl, walked into the crowd.

The next round of soldier selection began, expanding the army.

Under the hopeful eyes of many men, Ross and Earl were making their selections.

The men who were passed over wore expressions of regret and disappointment.

Those chosen to step out from the crowd were filled with excitement and pride.

Seeing those joyful faces, Lynn felt a bit complex in his heart.

He didn't know when it started.



These townsmen could do it, knowing well the sacrifice that becoming a soldier entailed.

During each recruitment and expansion, they did not hesitate a bit and would resolutely join the ranks of soldiers.

They longed to wear that standard plate armor, to hold that five-meter-long winged spear, to elevate their status from the bottom-tier workers.

They longed to have their fates in their own hands.

Only by becoming soldiers could they rapidly elevate their status through valorous deeds!

Time ticked by, bit by bit.

One stout man after another was selected.

Until an hour later, Ross, accompanied by Earl, emerged from the crowd, standing in front of Lynn.

Ross bent slightly, "Master, two hundred soldiers have been selected."

Lynn nodded, "Start training them tomorrow. From whichever step you decide."

"Then, dispatch a hundred soldiers who pass physical training to Wesley's archery range for archery training."

Ross showed no surprise, "Understood, Master."

As Lynn spoke, he walked towards the outside of the canteen, "You weren't present at the last castle meeting. Did Wesley convey the meeting's content to you?"

Ross, with Earl following closely, replied, "Master, Instructor Wesley has already conveyed it to me."

"Since that day, I have been organizing the soldiers for town defense training."

Lynn nodded, "As a military instructor, you know full well what that wall signifies!"

"If the soldiers can't hold it, and the invaders rush into our land, the only ones who will suffer are the townsmen!"

Ross's face instantly grew solemn.

As Lynn continued walking, wisps of white mist billowed from his mouth with each word.

"You should have gathered information about Morgan Town from Jeremy, yes?"

Ross responded, "Yes, Master."

"Lord Lawrence has brought a large army to Morgan Town, preparing to eradicate the bandits!"

Lynn looked at Ross and asked, "What are your thoughts?"

After a few seconds of thought, Ross explained, "Master, I believe this is not a good thing for your territory!"

Earl, closely following Lynn and Ross, listened intently to their conversation.

Since Master Lynn hadn't dismissed him, it meant these words were meant for him to hear.

Engaging in blind training alone, no matter how skilled, would still be a brutish tactician.

Only by being well-versed in various intelligence and familiar with various factions, and mastering various military strategies, can one be considered a competent leader!

Earl could feel that Master Lynn wanted to cultivate him!

Otherwise, a simple decree or a guard's relay of orders, and he could become Instructor Ross's assistant.

But.

Master Lynn did not do that.

Instead, he introduced and praised him in front of thousands of townsmen, appointing him as an assistant!

The grand aspect of such ceremonial proceedings is one thing.

His name and face were firmly remembered by these thousands of townsmen.

They will all know, that there is an assistant named Earl on this land.

And he will become a target for many townsmen to pursue and surpass.

If such a young man could become an assistant, they too could achieve it!

Lynn naturally didn't know Earl's thoughts at that moment.

He watched Ross with great interest, waiting for him to continue speaking.

Lynn had originally thought Ross would say, it would be a good thing for this land.

Ross continued to speak, "The Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps have been annihilated by Master you, and the remaining refugees and captives are all guarded in the coal mine for excavation."

"Lord Lawrence's arrival with a large army would then become a futile task."

"Dispatching a large army without any battle experience and returning empty-handed... is a major taboo for any commander or general, one that would cause the lord to lose trust in them."

"If Lord Lawrence wishes to make a mark, he will surely find a way to make it happen to showcase himself."

"Then any force near Morgan Town would be in danger..."

"Even as a vassal or a manor lord of Marquis Duca, he could accuse them of inaction, surge his army, and crush them!"

"It just so happens, providing a suitable explanation for bandit raids on villages and small towns!"

Lynn gave Ross a look of approval, his analysis was very correct, logical, and methodical.

Chapter 379: Target: Duke of Red Dragon \_2

Rose's words continued, "As for the safety of the master's territory... it depends on how familiar the master is with Marquis Duca."

"Otherwise, if Sir Lawrence finds out that there are so many mines and slaves on your territory..."

"I feel it would be the first target to be attacked!"

Lynn turned his head to glance at Rose, not yet speaking, Rose hurriedly said, "Master, this is just my wild guess, if there's anything wrong, please punish me."

Lynn shook his head and said, "You guessed correctly."

"My relationship with Marquis Duca... is indeed not very good..."

"He almost had me killed, that's all!"

Rose, with her head lowered, and Earlley behind, upon hearing this, their eyebrows shot up, faces full of horror.

As the lord of this territory, Lynn was naturally enfeoffed by Marquis Duca.

However, Marquis Duca almost killed their master?

The reasoning behind this, even Rose was somewhat unable to fathom.

Lynn continued speaking, "You and Wesley should intensify the soldier training."

"One day, if Lawrence's army attacks, you will be at the forefront of the war!"

Rose's body stood upright suddenly, and she responded with a shout, "Yes, Master!"

After sending Rose and Earlley away, Lynn, accompanied by Red, returned to the castle.

Kuisi, who returned first, was already organizing the maids to set up today's dinner.

After dinner.

Lynn sat down again in the armchair by the fireplace.

Whether Lawrence's army would attack his territory was not a decision he could make.

However.

He could make use of the [Resident Information Column] to rationally utilize all townsmen with different abilities and talent skills.

Lynn took a look around, apart from a dozen people with skills like [Swordsmanship], [Hunting], and [Riding Skill].

There were no other special talents and abilities.

The townsmen with these skills were almost all selected by Rose to become soldiers for physical training.

The remaining townspeople with Level 2 or Level 3 skills were all involved in handicrafts.

He relayed their names to Kuisi, instructing her to bring them to different workshops tomorrow.

After reviewing three or four times to ensure no talents were overlooked, Lynn then entered the private chamber.

While soaking in hot water, he enjoyed a massage from Kuisi.

Until late at night.

Lynn lay comfortably on the large bed, gradually falling asleep.

...

Morgan Town.

In a closed room of a three-story building, the logs in the fireplace were burning.

Perhaps because the wood still contained moisture, smoke was rising in thick puffs, and pea-sized bubbles were forming at the ends.

Accompanied by a faint sizzling sound.

Seven or eight figures sat around a round table, and the candlelight from the candelabra at the center illuminated each of their faces.

Seated at the head, Lawrence's gaze swept over the faces of several Manor Lords, he said in a deep voice, "Gentlemen!"

Upon hearing Lawrence's words, they all turned to look.

There was tension and constraint on each face.

Lawrence continued, "I believe you gentlemen know the reason I came to Morgan Town?"

"Let's talk, where is the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, which has left you helpless, now?"

Sitting at the far end, Aiden, with his head down, eyes constantly moving.

Seeming to be thinking rapidly about something.

Seeing them exchange glances without responding, Lawrence instantly raised the volume of his voice.

"What? Is no one willing to speak?"

"Or is there someone among you who is an insider for the Iron Blood Brotherhood?"

"As the second son of the Ducas Clan and the commander of this bandit suppression operation, I warn you."

"Even if your villages are attacked by bandits, causing peasants to flee, and your cultivated land area to decrease..."

"None of this has anything to do with the Ducas Clan!"

"The taxes you should pay—not a pence less!"

Listening to Lawrence's words, the expressions on everyone's faces grew ever more grave.

A few seconds later.

The thin man sitting to Lawrence's right slightly adjusted his position, speaking with a hoarse, powerless voice, "Lord Lawrence..."

"Indeed, we haven't heard information about the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps marauding and looting villages for some time."

Lawrence's gaze immediately turned, falling on the thin man, "Old Jonas, are you implying that I brought three thousand five soldiers, enduring hardships, just to sightsee in your remote area?"

Startled, Jonas quickly bowed his head, saying, "The lord misunderstood, Old Jonas didn't mean that."

With a cold huff, Lawrence moved his gaze from Jonas to the other Manor Lords.



"You are vassals of the Ducas Clan, so you must be loyal and responsible to it!"

"If I discover you conspire with the bandits... sorry, no matter how many generations your Manor Lord position spans, or how many descendants you have..."

"All will be executed!"

Upon hearing the last four words, the bodies of the Manor Lords sitting in their chairs shuddered violently.

If anyone else had spoken these words, they might have doubted them somewhat.

However, the one speaking now was Lawrence Ducas!

The Slaughterer!

Just as Lawrence's words fell, a reminder came forth in the meeting room.

"Lord Lawrence, this time, the bandits are rampant and have affected the Aiden Morrison Manor Lord the most."

Chapter 380: Target: Duke of Red Dragon

"Aiden Manor Lord should know the whereabouts of the bandits now..."

"Yes, I clearly remember that Aiden has been to Kakasong City twice, and on both occasions, he hired Mercenary Corps to attempt to annihilate the bandits..."

Aiden, sitting at the far end, listened to their words with his eyes glaring fiercely at them.

These guys are betraying him!

In the face of Lawrence's inquiry, they were the first to throw him under the bus!

Fine, very well, excellent!

Once I occupy the land behind the city wall and gain inexhaustible salt mines, I'll rise and kill you all!

Lawrence, with a curious look, followed the gaze of several Manor Lords to Aiden.

A sudden and immense pressure appeared in Aiden's heart.

Jonas glanced at Aiden and added, "Not only that, my lord."

"Previously, Aiden had also come to my territory, claiming there were many bandits that he couldn't handle."

"However, at that time, I was unwell and really couldn't leave to assist him in suppressing the bandits..."

Lawrence's gaze fixed on Aiden, his words filled with curiosity, "Aiden Manor Lord, are their statements true?"

Everyone's eyes fell on Aiden, and he panicked slightly.

To the point where his layers of fat gently quivered.

Aiden took a deep breath, exerting all his effort to calm himself, "Lord Lawrence... it is true!"

No sooner had Aiden finished speaking than Lawrence's authoritative voice suddenly boomed.

"When questioned by the Ducas Clan, what right do you have to sit?"

In his heart, Aiden was horrified. He hastily stood up and painstakingly performed the vassal's courtesy.

"My apologies, Lord Lawrence, it was disrespectful of me, please forgive my offense."

The faces of several Manor Lords showed schadenfreude.

Jonas just took a glance, continuing to droop his eyelids as if it had nothing to do with him.

Lawrence challenged, "Faced with the threat of bandits, if you cannot resist them, why didn't you immediately go to the Ducas Clan for help?"

"You are vassals of the Ducas Clan; while you pay taxes to the Ducas Clan, you also enjoy the protection of the Ducas Clan!"

"Could it be that Aiden Manor Lord even forgot this basic principle?"

"Or, does Aiden Manor Lord disdain the protection of the Ducas Clan?"

Aiden, with his head down, suddenly widened his eyes, and a surge of intense anger emerged from within him.

Since the Iron Blood Brotherhood roamed into his territory, he did intend to solve it on his own.

However, upon discovering ineffectiveness, he immediately sent Ford to Marquis Ducas' Mansion.

Ford was directly executed and expelled from Bordeaux City.

He had no choice but to travel to Kakasong City, spending a fortune to hire a Mercenary Corps to suppress the bandits.

After enduring so many hardships, does he also have to endure Lawrence's questioning?

Why should he?

Aiden forcefully restrained the anger within him, almost speaking word by word, "It was Aiden's intention not to trouble Marquis Duca, and I took the liberty to act on my own; I hope my lord forgives my offense!"

Of course, he knew that if he mentioned anything about seeking help from Bordeaux City and being driven out,

that would only be further shaming Lawrence.

Besides that, there's no benefit.

Jonas and the others also sensed the change in Aiden's tone, but none stepped forward to explain for him.

They still wore expressions of schadenfreude.

In fact, two of the Lords even folded their arms in front of them, leaning back against their chairs.

Lawrence's eyelids narrowed slightly as he asked, "Aiden Manor Lord, tell me, where has the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps gone now?"

"You all know, Mark Duca has just inherited the title of Marquis; he needs achievements to prove he has enough ability to show the Emperor of the Empire, to show those who covet him."

"Therefore, this time the army's march can be both to eradicate the rampant Bandit Corps and to overthrow the Lords who betrayed Marquis Ducas..."

The hearts of many Manor Lords suddenly sank.

Lawrence's words were already simple and clear.

Under Lawrence's intense gaze, Aiden's angry emotions instantly cooled, his mind quickly pondering.

He truly didn't know where the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps had suddenly gone.

They had seemingly vanished into thin air.

However, Lawrence must require achievements...

Without bandits, they might possibly treat him as the achievement!

Perhaps...

Should he tell Lawrence about the Lord of the land behind the city wall?

This notion emerged but was instantly dismissed by Aiden.

Under no circumstances should he tell Lawrence!

No matter the risk, he must not expose that land to anyone.

Even if he was to lose his current land, not one word must be said.

Because that land has salt mines for mining and extraction.

With salt mines, you have everything!

At this point, Aiden spoke steadfastly, "Lord Lawrence, I truly do not know where the bandit corps suddenly went..."

"They plundered over a dozen of my villages, killed so many of my peasants; no one hates them more than I do."

"Just as several have said, I spent hundreds of Gold Pounds, a huge sum, to hire Mercenary Corps to eliminate the bandits!"

"But, Lord Lawrence, I still do not understand why, despite there being so many villages in Morgan Town, the bandit corps only plundered my villages, killing my peasants?"

Upon hearing this.

The few Manor Lords who had just been gleeful suddenly changed their expressions dramatically.qq