

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 51: Chapter 51: Take a Gamble

The watermill has become the iconic structure of the village.

The returning villagers, full of curiosity, come by, their faces filled with amazement.

"Is this what Master Lynn has been busy building for days?"

"The wheel's rotation drives the millstone to spin, no longer needing manpower for grinding?"

"Is this some kind of miracle?"

"Master Lynn said it's called a stone mill waterwheel!"

...

With the addition of the stone mill waterwheel and three laborers, the brewing workshop's speed has significantly increased.

Three hundred pounds of wheat malt are all ground into powder within half a day, moving to the next process.

But this is still only a temporary solution.

Lacking large cauldrons for saccharification and boiling!

Without these iron pots, even if the stone mill waterwheel improves the efficiency of malt grinding, it's impossible to expand beer production!

When this batch of beer is finished, it's still only nine hundred pounds.

The iron pots, that is, iron products, severely choke the throat of Lynn Village's development.

Just as Lynn is in a dilemma, George arrives at the village, seated in his carriage.

George nimbly jumps off the carriage that is about to stop.

Looking ahead at Lynn, George's face is filled with excitement.

"Oh, dear Master Lynn, do you know? This time you're going to make a fortune!"

Lynn raises an eyebrow, waiting for George's subsequent words.

George quickly explains, "Master Lynn, do you know? I took your brewed beer to Chisano Town! That's the town where we sold beer last time!"

"It's a large town with at least three thousand residents living there!"

"I just brought the beer to town, didn't even enter the tavern, before those wealthy folks bought it all up."

"Those people drank your beer, Master Lynn, deeply enthralled by it!"

"They really love the taste of rosemary!"

Lynn nodded, not much surprised.

After all, Lex has Level 3 Brewing and Temperature Perception talents on display.

The more they love it, the more it proves Lynn's choice in selecting Lex and the brewing industry is correct!

George, full of curiosity, looks at Lynn, "Master Lynn, those wealthy people asked me to inquire; exactly which brewer possesses such skill?"

Lynn casually glances beside him, indeed, Lex stands proudly behind him.

Regarding this.

Lynn has no objections.

A brewer certainly needs to know market feedback; only then can he make adjustments to brew beer that becomes more coveted.

Lynn calmly said, "It's the beer brewed by the master brewer I specifically invited, Lex Floren."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Lex became even more thrilled, trembling with excitement.

As if receiving the Emperor of the Empire's decree!

Lex feels that when George leaves the village, crossing the forest and returning to the town, he will become famous!

George nods, "Alright, Master Lynn, I've remembered this name, I'll tell those wealthy folks this name!"

His statement takes a turn, "Master Lynn, is it still nine hundred pounds of beer this time?"

Lynn somewhat helplessly responds, "Yes, if no agreed items are brought this time, next time it will be nine hundred pounds of beer again."

George laughs, "Master Lynn, I brought back two medium-sized iron pots, each capable of holding around one thousand pounds!"

Upon hearing George's words, Lynn couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

Around one thousand pounds?

And there are two?

This far exceeds Lynn's iron pot budget with George.

An iron pot of roughly one thousand pounds, even at the lightest, weighs about three hundred pounds.

A pound of ordinary iron costs two pence per pound!

In other words, the combined cost of two iron pots is twelve hundred pence.

One hundred shillings!

Five Gold Pounds!

This does not include the blacksmith's labor costs.

Lynn's nine hundred pounds of beer, sold to George, is worth only three hundred pence.

George noticed Lynn's confusion, he awkwardly explained.

"Master Lynn, let me be honest with you, I took half of their deposit from those wealthy people."

"They're giving me a month to deliver their beer to them, only then can I receive the remaining payment."

"Therefore... I can only use the deposit to add equipment for Master Lynn; otherwise, I wouldn't be able to deliver the beer to those wealthy folks, and by then..."

Hearing this, Lynn understood.

George had made a deal with those beer-loving wealthy people.

The consequences by then, George didn't say, nor did Lynn know.

But Lynn knew those beers had a significant profit margin for George.

People die for money, birds die for food.

Lynn answered, "Don't worry, once we have these big pots, beer production will increase."

George's face relaxed slightly.

Lynn glanced at Lex, who immediately understood.

Called upon his few apprentices to carry the iron pots to the brewing workshop.

What George brought was not just two medium-sized large iron pots.

On the cart behind, it was also filled with barley!

At least four thousand pounds!

For a merchant who was previously collecting crops, it's impossible to have such large expenditures!

Lynn began to suspect how many pence George had collected from those wealthy folks?

However, none of this was of concern to Lynn.

The two iron pots, worth twelve hundred pence; four thousand pounds of barley, worth eight hundred pence, totaling two thousand pence.

The value of these goods is a mere trifle to a Noble Lord.

Even casually forging a set of chain armor for a soldier costs tens of Gold Pounds.

But for Lynn, it is an opportunity.

He strides to the brewing workshop and speaks to Lex.

"Lex, with these two iron pots, how much beer can the brewing workshop produce at once?"

Lex's eyes darted around as he hurriedly calculated, "Master Lynn, three thousand pounds, three thousand pounds of beer!"

One thousand pounds of barley can brew three thousand pounds of beer, selling for fifteen hundred pence.

In other words.

The brewing workshop needs to brew four thousand pounds of beer to match the value of the two iron pots and barley he delivered.

Lynn said sternly, "Lex, from now on, I don't care what method you use, every week I need to see three thousand pounds of beer packed into barrels and sent out by George!"

"Otherwise, you'll be stuffed into the barrels!"

Feeling the majesty emanating from Lynn, Lex immediately became nervous.

"I understand, Master Lynn."

...

On the secluded road in the mountains and forests.

Two carriages are traveling smoothly.

Perhaps because the cargo on the carriage frame is light, the two horses leisurely snort.

The servant driving the carriage glanced at George, kindly reminding him.

"Master George, you used the Dalton Family as a guarantee to receive their deposit; if your father finds out, the consequences..."

George's face is full of calm, "I know what the consequences will be!"

The Dalton Family, as a generational merchant family, holds some fame in Kakasong City.

Not only within Kakasong City but even encountering some bandits outside, knowing it's the Dalton family's caravan, they would only charge a small toll and generously offer passage.

But they'll only do so out of respect for the patriarch, Ward Dalton.

George Dalton is only an illegitimate child unable to enjoy any rights from the Dalton Family!

Even after reaching adulthood, he would be dispatched to various small towns and villages to engage in traveling merchant activities, relying on his ability to create new income channels for the family.

Not even allowed to use the Dalton Family name!

With his ability, he established his own merchant channels.

Finding quality farm produce in various villages, buying them at a low price, and selling them at a high price in towns.

But George understood that relying on such small operations, he could never turn his life around.

Until he accidentally went to Kent Village and saw Lynn selling beer.

George sensed the business opportunity and profits brought by Lynn's beer.

He felt...

An opportunity that could turn his life around seemed to be in front of him!

The servant immediately fell silent, not daring to speak more.

Looking at the tense servant, George smiled.

"Barry, if you don't take a gamble, we can never raise our heads within the Dalton Family... are you willing to be a coachman all your life?"

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Chapter 52: Chapter 52: Forgive My Sins

The village's population is too large, and the available pottery has become inadequate.

Lynn called Kuisi over and had her arrange for people to continue using the previous earthen kilns to produce charcoal and pottery.

Not only that.

The village's public facilities also need continuous improvement.

A single communal kitchen is simply not enough for twenty-two people to use.

Often, two pots need to be cooked for everyone to eat at the same time.

Moreover, Lex is now fully devoted to the brewing workshop and doesn't have time to cook for everyone.

Lynn found a female villager with Level 2 [Cooking] to handle the cooking specifically.

Apart from this, there's the well!

Lynn realized a well had to be dug.

After the last spring rain, Lynn noticed the water of the Acadia River had turned yellow.

The silt in the river hadn't settled for days.

If it weren't for the few water tanks that had been made earlier, they would have had to cook with silt-laden water.

The most crucial thing is that the yellowing of the river water would affect the brewing workshop.

Additional outhouses also need to be built.

Lynn found long queues in front of the outhouse doors several times in the morning!

The warehouse also needs to start construction immediately.

Several hundred pounds of barley from before haven't been finished, and now there's an additional four thousand pounds.

The kitchen is almost filled to the brim, necessitating a dedicated granary for storage.

Under Lynn's leadership, wooden houses were built one after the other.

The village's facilities gradually improved, finally taking on the semblance of a village.

Only the well remained unfinished!

Other than the brewing workshop, Lynn stopped all other work.

Leading a dozen people carrying cross pickaxes and other iron tools, with baskets on their backs, and driving cattle carts, they set off toward the mountain ridge more than an hour away.

Lynn needed stones for reinforcing the well wall and paving roads.

The area around the wooden houses is clear land, yet still muddy paths.

Under the regular sunlight, the mud paths remained hard, but after a spring rain, all the roads became muddy!

Sticky shoes, slipping, causing unnecessary physical exertion and significantly affecting work efficiency.

At least one road with gravel suitable for passage by ox carts and horse carts, stable enough for transporting compost, is needed!

As for the road leading outside, there isn't enough labor for now.

Clang!

Clang clang!

Clang clang clang!

Lynn grasped the cross pickaxe with both hands and struck hard against an irregular piece of limestone, producing a sound that vibrated the eardrums.

The reaction force of the pickaxe on the stone numbed Lynn's arms.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Crack.

A sound of shattering followed as the limestone fractured into several dozen pieces of various sizes.

The surrounding villagers used iron shovels and hoes to gather all the surrounding rock fragments into baskets and then carried them back to the village.

Mining stones is inherently a laborious, slow-yielding, and lengthy task.

But for a village's development, if you want to get rich, first build roads, which is always correct.

Nearing noon.

Lynn had someone set up the brought pottery pot over a fire to prepare lunch.

The journey is quite distant; making a round trip wastes too much time.

So Lynn simply had them move the pottery pot over.

Along with it came several dozen pounds of barley and half a smoked wild boar from the smokehouse.

As Lynn continuously chopped with a knife, chunks of wild boar meat the size of palms were thrown into the pottery pot.

He added barley and some leaves to season and remove the gamey taste.

As Lynn kept adding dry kindling, the pot released a fragrant meat-scented steam...

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

The villagers still collecting and digging stones couldn't help but swallow their saliva upon seeing the wild boar and barley porridge brewing in the pottery pot, their bodies filled with energy.

Lynn never hesitated to provide meat.

With such high-intensity work daily and so much sweat, without sufficient meat intake, they wouldn't replenish the salt required by the human body.

Insufficient salt intake would result in exhaustion and weakness the next day, affecting work efficiency.

After days of continuous stone mining.

A stone-reinforced well was finally built in the center of the village.

A ready-made winch was installed at the well's mouth, with a bucket tied to a hand-twisted grass rope.

A simple wooden shelter was also constructed above the well to protect the water quality during rain!

A layer of moderate-sized gravel was laid on the open space in front of the village's wooden houses, transforming the dirt paths between fields into gravel roads.

At this moment did Lynn call off the stone mining project.

It was too labor and time-consuming!

Lynn had wanted to pave cement roads or red brick roads entirely, but conditions were limited.

Relying on cross pickaxes and hoes for mining is too challenging.

Plus, producing cement and red bricks requires coal mines.

Without coal, just burning wood or charcoal can't reach the necessary temperature requirements for firing!

Let alone coal mines, even finding a salt mine, Lynn feels, would allow them to take off!

Be it coal mines or salt mines... finding any mineral source would be a symbol of wealth!

Of course, it would also become a target for many lords.

But if one can hold onto it, that would lead to a rapid rise in power!

...

As night fell.

Guy found Lynn and led him to his wooden house.

Inside the wooden house.

A white wild wolf cub and a scrawny black wild wolf cub were slowly moving around the walls.

Their steps were slow, their bodies swaying slightly as they walked.

Awoooo!

Awu!

Their soft, mowl-like howls echoed intermittently from their mouths.

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

He had truly forgotten about these two wolf cubs amidst all the business arrangements.

Surprisingly, Guy had really managed to keep them alive.

[Malnourished Wild Wolf Cub]: In cub stage, tiny and cute, possesses no attack power, etc.

Guy explained helplessly, "Master Lynn, since I truly couldn't find any milk, I fed them some wheat flour... it's surprising they survived..."

Lynn nodded, "From now on, you can feed them some meat, preferably minced fine meat..."

Guy nodded in understanding.

Lynn felt that Guy's [Animal Affinity] talent was indeed useful.

Not just for the wolf cubs.

In the nearby pigsty, two wild boar piglets were also growing rapidly.

In a few months, the wild boars would reach maturity and then reproduce...

An endless supply of wild boar meat and leather seemed not far away!

...

The next morning.

Lynn just woke up and walked out of the wooden house.

Red appeared before Lynn, dragging Valentine with his right hand.

Perhaps out of extreme panic, Valentine knelt directly in front of Lynn.

Before Lynn could inquire, Valentine began to plead.

"Oh, Master Lynn, please forgive my sins... I will never dare again!"

Lynn frowned and asked, "What happened?"

Red explained, "Valentine wanted to leave the village, and I caught him."

Upon hearing Red's words, Valentine hurriedly explained.

"Master Lynn, I wasn't trying to leave the village; I wanted to bring other villagers over..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Other villagers?"

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Chapter 53: Chapter 53: Open-pit Salt Mine

Valen's face was full of panic, "Yes, Master Lynn, they are all villagers from Tabola Village."

"To reduce our target, we split into two groups, each searching for a village to settle in. Ten days later, whether we find one or not, someone will be sent to the appointed location to inform..."

"If they haven't found a village to settle in yet, I'll bring them over. I believe that with Master Lynn being so magnanimous, he would certainly be willing to accept them..."

Seeing the sincerity in Valen's eyes, Lynn nodded, "Valen, I trust your character!"

Especially since Valen had a character loyalty of as high as 80%↑.

Valen's face relaxed, his character loyalty even increased by 2%!

"Thank you for your discernment, Master Lynn."

Lynn asked, "How far is it from here to your appointed meeting point?"

Without any hesitation, Valen answered, "About four hours' journey..."

Lynn nodded, "Go to the kitchen and take some barley bread to eat on the road. I'll wait here for your return."

Hearing Lynn's words, Valen left the village full of gratitude.

With the grain in the barn, even if Valen brought back more than twenty refugees, he could still sustain them.

Lynn needed labor, a large amount of labor.

Whether paving roads and building bridges, or clearing wasteland, all require a large labor force.

Without a few hundred people, even if there was a gold or silver mine, Lynn couldn't handle it.

...

Indeed, 80%↑ character loyalty was not just for show.

Valen did not disappoint Lynn.

At dusk, Valen returned.

Behind him were twenty-five healthy men and women!

Unhealthy ones?

According to Valen, their village is far from here.

Those who were unhealthy might have fallen behind halfway during the escape.

That's quite normal.

Valen approached Lynn, speaking with great respect.

"Master Lynn, these are all villagers from Tabola Village, like us, they came here seeking a safe refuge to escape from danger."

Seeing that Master Lynn did not blame him at all, Valen quickly looked at the twenty-five people he brought, "This is Master Lynn, the Lord of this land."

Everyone shouted in unison, "Master Lynn."

Lynn glanced over them.

Their faces were dusty and thin.

Obviously, they hadn't eaten enough for a long time.

Lynn called Kuisi to prepare them dinner.

Instantly, their gaze towards Lynn was filled with light, as if they were seeing their own parents.

The village population increased once again.

Now there were forty-seven people!

Apart from Markel and two other boys and girls, there were forty-four people capable of labor!

Each population increase required the expansion of log cabins.

When eight residential log cabins were completed, the village already had close to thirty log cabins.

A small village had already been formed.

An increase in population is good.

But Lynn found that he lacked oxen and plows!

This meant Lynn had to let these newly joined villagers use iron hoes and cross pickaxes to till the land.

The speed was slow, but still much better than when he used a flint axe, digging hoe by hoe!

Lumbering in the forest continued, wood was needed to build log cabins, warehouses, and so on.

...

In the green wheat field.

Lynn was squatting and inspecting the wheat on the ridge.

It had reached the stage where the seedlings changed from sprawling to upright growth.

Two tender green leaves, full of life energy at first glance.

The period from seedling to tillering was still at least a month away!

The planting industry's cycle was indeed too long.

As Lynn was inspecting the seedlings in the wheat field, Kuisi walked over the ridge and came to his side.

Seeing Kuisi panting, Lynn asked, "What's going on?"

Kuisi took a deep breath, calming her breathing.

She spoke steadily, "Master Lynn, the raft workers found a salt mine in the forest!"

Lynn's eyebrows instantly raised, "A salt mine?"

Kuisi nodded, "Yes, Master Lynn, a salt mine!"

"While they were logging, they saw a wild deer. At first, they wanted to follow it and hunt it, but before escaping, they found it licking white stones..."

"They tried licking it and found it salty!"

Lynn's interest was piqued, "Take me there."

Animals lacking salt in their bodies would lick salt-containing rocks.

But that didn't necessarily mean it was a salt mine.

Kuisi acknowledged.

The two walked towards the nearby forest.

Passing open spaces, they trekked over three thousand meters into the forest.

Lynn stood before a patch of white rock.

Under a layer of decomposed soil and dead leaves, there was clearly a layer of white salt mine!

[Large Open-pit Salt Mine]: Formed by salt crystals of ancient seas or salt lakes, with a high sodium chloride content.

Looking at the string of characters in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows raised.

Salt mine!

An open-pit salt mine!

And a large open-pit salt mine!

Lynn took an axe from a villager's hand and walked around the edge of the open-pit salt mine.

After a few minutes, he hadn't completed the perimeter of the salt mine's surface!

The surface area was at least over a hundred square meters, and the thickness unknown!

If it had a thickness of over ten meters, the reserves of this large salt mine could reach tens of millions of tons!

Lynn felt like he was about to soar.

Salt!

Be it for humans or animals, they must consume a suitable amount of salt.

To replenish salt, ensuring normal body function.

Salt was everyone's essential consumable, with vast demand!

In daily life, preserving food was done mainly through salting, an indispensable ingredient for curing meat, fish, and vegetables.

On the battlefield, soldiers' food supplies needed salt to preserve meat, and in tough marching and combat environments, it supplemented electrolytes lost through sweat.

Even the Six Great Empires considered salt as a currency medium, used for trading other essentials like food, cloth, and metalware etc.

It was evident.

The importance of salt!

Now, a large open-pit salt mine was in front of Lynn.

...

What Lynn needed to consider now was how to extract the open-pit salt mine.

An open-pit salt mine, whether economically or politically, was enough to make many lords recklessly want to fight for it.

In his village, besides Red possessing some combat ability, others were just ordinary farmers!

It's impossible to guard this open-pit salt mine.

But not mining...

Guarding an open-pit salt mine waiting for death?

Bandits were rampant, the Great Lord was inactive, and the outside situation was increasingly complex.

If you stretch your neck, it's a knife, and if you shrink it, it's also a knife.

Lynn steeled his heart, deciding to take a gamble!

For him to quickly develop now, he must have more and faster ways to earn money.

Brewing workshops were one of the money-making industries.

But nowhere near as fast as the salt mine!

There was no need to worry about the shelf life or transportation. Not even a little rain could affect the salt mine.

The only danger came from other lords or the Church...

However, Lynn could secretly sell!

By the time they noticed, he'd have thousands of troops and horses!

If worst comes to worst, he'd present Marquis Duca's territory charter.

...

Returning to the log cabin.

Lynn pondered how to conduct the excavation.

The distance from the village to the open-pit salt mine was not far, just about three thousand meters...

Excluding the four at the brewing workshop and three children,
everyone else could be devoted to the excavation of the open-pit salt mine.

However,

to transport the salt mine back to the village, a road capable of accommodating ox carts and horse carriages must be built!

With that in mind, Lynn had made up his mind.

He wanted the whole village to rally and excavate the open-pit salt mine!

Lynn called Kuisi, asking her to gather everyone in the open space in front of the log cabin.

With puzzled expressions, everyone looked at Lynn standing at the cabin's entrance.

But they dared not say anything, waiting quietly.

Lynn took a deep breath and spoke to them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, before the summer plowing, you can temporarily put aside your work."

"You will be divided into three groups: the first group for logging, the second for paving with stone, and the third for mining salt!"

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Chapter 54: Chapter 54: Striking It Rich

The excavation of the open-pit salt mine has begun!

Moreover, mining rock salt is even more convenient and easier than Lynn imagined.

No complex excavation techniques are needed, nor is immense power required.

All that's needed is an iron tool to clean the soil and dead leaves from the rock salt surface, then excavation can proceed.

Even Lynn and Red are involved in the rock salt excavation.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Normally, with such a large scale of rock salt presence, there would likely be some large beasts around.

However, they excavated for an entire day without seeing any large beasts.

Lynn thought to himself.

Isn't this area the territory of the wild wolf pack?

With a pack of more than a dozen wild wolves, how could other beasts dare approach?

Even Lynn didn't expect that in order to survive, they had no choice but to eliminate the wolf pack.

Coincidentally, this also resolved the crisis faced in rock salt mining.

Two birds with one stone.

There are twenty people digging for rock salt at the open-pit salt mine.

Because the tools vary, each person can mine about sixty pounds of rock salt.

Excavating rock salt is not like clearing wasteland, where one stroke of the hoe would turn up soil.

Instead, it needs to be chiseled out bit by bit.

Although not as hard as a rock, it still requires quite a bit of effort.

Compared to farming, the villagers' faces at this moment were full of excitement and enthusiasm.

As long as they dig out the rock salt, that's money!

Once Master Lynn sells the rock salt, they won't have to worry about food and drink anymore!

How much can you earn from farming?

...

At the end of the day, they had excavated at least twelve hundred pounds of rock salt!

But, the forest trees haven't been cut down, and roads have not yet been laid.

They can only rely on carrying baskets to transport the rock salt back to the village!

As the baskets of rock salt were placed at the wooden house's entrance, some villagers responsible for cutting down trees and digging stones for paving a road looked puzzled.

Lynn glanced around and spoke.

"Everyone, the stones in the baskets are all rock salt!"

As soon as he said this, the puzzled villagers were instantly filled with shock.

Salt!

Indeed, they are Free People, but their daily wages are barely enough to buy edible salt!

Their daily food is simple and tasteless.

Just like the food Lynn had before, no difference.

That's because... salt is too expensive!

Merchants bring salt from other places to the village, costing six pence per pound!

They can barely afford food, how could they possibly afford to buy salt?

An unattainable existence.

But now, Master Lynn tells them, all these baskets used for dirt and stones are full of salt!

They were shocked!

They were not shocked by how much the salt was worth.

Because regardless of its value, it's all Master Lynn's property.

They were shocked by why there was so much salt?

Lynn continued, "We found an open-pit salt mine in the forest. As long as you follow my orders completely, you can eat salt every day in the future!"

"In fact, each of you can take a piece of rock salt right now!"

Offering empty promises?

Lynn has never made empty promises to them.

Once or twice, maybe, but by the third or fourth time, their Loyalty would decrease.

Upon hearing this, the previously calm villagers suddenly erupted with loud shouts of amazement.

Each piece of rock salt in the basket weighs at least four or five pounds, and Master Lynn is willing to give each of them a piece?

Under Lynn's watchful gaze, Gavin, unable to withstand the pressure, had to step forward first and took a piece.

Wilbur followed closely behind.

The villagers at the back saw this and nervously followed suit.

Even Markel was holding a piece of rock salt in his hand.

All the nervous faces lit up with excited smiles.

Even their gazes towards Lynn turned into reverence!

They never dreamed that one day they would be able to eat salt!

Even more so, they never thought the salt would be given by the Lord!

Seeing their excited expressions and the climbing Loyalty level, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction.

Having found a large open-pit salt mine, rock salt is the last thing he lacks now.

By giving these villagers what he has in abundance, he increases the Loyalty of the villagers, making them more diligent in mining rock salt...

This is a positive cycle!

Moreover, the villagers would be deeply grateful and more supportive of Lynn.

Because Lynn was the one who improved their lives!

...

The work of mining rock salt, cutting trees, and paving roads continued.

With the daily incentive of rock salt, villagers have become more diligent in their excavation.

Even to the extent that.

Lynn didn't give orders, yet they were still willing to stay outside working.

Six days later.

The brewery's three thousand pounds of beer had been brewed.

George also arrived at Lynn's village on time.

He noticed the village had changed a bit.

But right now, he felt nothing.

Seeing Master Lynn in front, he jumped off the cart.

George forced a difficult smile, "Master Lynn, long time no see."

Lynn asked with confusion, "George, did you encounter some trouble?"

George explained to Lynn the difficulties he was facing.

He used the Dalton Family's honor as collateral and received advance payments from the wealthy buyers.

He spent Five Gold Pounds to buy two large iron pots for Lynn, and to transport Lynn's three thousand pounds of beer, he also bought four medium-sized carts pulled by two draft horses together.

Worth Five Gold Pounds.

But now, the Dalton Family had found out about this.

To avoid trouble, the Dalton Family directly expelled George, their illegitimate child, from the family!

Meaning without the Dalton Family as a guarantor, with George's reputation alone, he couldn't gain the rich people's trust.

They wanted George to return the advance payment within a week.

Otherwise, they would send him to Kakasong City jail on fraud charges!

George also understood that even if Lynn brewed three thousand pounds of beer with two large iron pots, it would not fill this large gap.

Two thousand four hundred pence!

Ten Gold Pounds!

After understanding the situation.

Lynn smiled and said, "George, you must know that as long as it's a problem that can be solved with money, it's not a big deal!"

George immediately widened his eyes, not quite believing what he heard.

The Lynn in front of him, who not long ago was selling beer for eighty-five pence per barrel.

Now spoke with... a sort of financial largess?

George curiously asked, "Master Lynn, what do you mean..."

Lynn looked directly at George, "Ten Gold Pounds? George, how many pounds of rock salt would it take to be worth Ten Gold Pounds?"

"Rock salt?"

George was shocked, repeating the words, "Master Lynn, you're talking about rock salt?"

Lynn nodded calmly.

George asked almost instinctively, "Master Lynn, where did you get rock salt... did you... did you find a salt mine?"

Lynn nodded calmly again.

George exclaimed with joy, "Oh, my God! Master Lynn, you're going to be wealthy!"

After half an hour.

George returned from his shock and excitement.

"Master Lynn, according to the current market price, directly edible fine salt is seven pence per pound, yes, in less than a month, the price of fine salt has risen again!"

"According to what you said, rock salt's just been excavated and hasn't been processed, so it can't be directly consumed. The price would be relatively low, about two pence per pound..."

Upon hearing about processing, Lynn was not surprised.

Rock salt is indeed salt, but it requires simple processes like crushing, dissolving, and extraction to become edible salt.

This world has the Salt Making Technique, but the craftsmanship is too terrible!

Often ten pounds of rock salt might only yield three pounds of edible salt.

Looking at Lynn apprehensively, George asked, "Master Lynn, how much rock salt have you excavated now?"

Lynn thought for a moment and said, "Now... it should be about seven thousand pounds?"

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Chapter 55: Chapter 55: Paving the Way

George swallowed, "Seven thousand pounds!"

His mind quickly performed calculations.

Seven thousand pounds of rock salt, each pound priced at two pence...

Thirty Gold Pounds!

Enough, more than enough!

If Master Lynn is willing to entrust him with selling the rock salt.

Not only will it help Master Lynn make a huge profit!

He will also be able to return the reservation fees to those rich people, and even add a few more carriages and a few more guards to his carriage team!

George looked at Lynn, at this moment Lynn was radiating brilliance in his eyes.

George was extremely grateful now.

Grateful for his decision to go to Kent Village to purchase grain.

Grateful that he sold two iron pots to Master Lynn at a discount.

Grateful for purchasing Master Lynn's beer.

Even more grateful for meeting Master Lynn...

George took a deep breath and asked, "Master Lynn, to whom are you planning to entrust the management and sale of your rock salt?"

Lynn looked directly at George, "Of course, it's you, George!"

Feeling Lynn's gaze and the words filled with trust, George's expression showed difficulty.

"But... Master Lynn, I don't have that many Gold Pounds right now to buy your rock salt..."

Even excluding the Five Gold Pounds for the two iron pots, he still needs Twenty-Five Gold Pounds!

Even if he mortgaged his two carriages and sold himself, they wouldn't be worth that much money!

Could it be... that he'll miss this opportunity to turn his fortunes around?

Lynn's words were full of certainty: "Just like how you spend Five Gold Pounds without counting the cost and invest in my Brewing workshop."

"I can also use these seven thousand pounds of rock salt to trust in George's character."

Listening to Lynn's words, George's entire body began to tremble.

Has he been trusted by Master Lynn?

George forced himself to steady his body, bent his body, "Thank you for your trust, Master Lynn!"

He stood up straight, continuing, "Master Lynn, as per your instructions, I brought you the grain, five thousand pounds of barley, three hundred pounds of wheat, and over a hundred pounds of vegetables, along with over two hundred pounds of pork and mutton."

Lynn nodded, "However, George, starting next time, I'll also need quality iron and labor."

He needs quality iron to build the Heavy Plow, to create more farm tools, and even weapons!

The labor can be cattle or horses, can be Free People, or could be... slaves!

There are many sources for slaves.

Conflicts between Empires or tribes, prisoners of war taken as spoils of war, sold as slaves.

The fiercest battles naturally come from the Eastern Region's oasis grasslands of the Tetlan Empire and the Golden Desert Shar Khanate.

Comprising numerous nomadic tribes, forming their own nations!

Brave warriors, known as those who live on horseback!

Debt slaves, some Free People unable to repay the Manor Lord's debts, become slaves with their families.

As well as... criminals or those stripped of their civil rights!

Slavery is inherently part of this world.

George immediately responded, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Watching the baskets of rock salt poured into bags, George's mood became inexplicably joyous.

He knew he had gambled right!

The profit that can be gained by Master Lynn entrusting him with the sale of beer and rock salt... George couldn't imagine!

Relying solely on trading the crops near Kasong City for the Dalton Family.

What can that count for?

George's gaze turned toward Master Lynn's village.

It was only then that he noticed that the muddy open spaces in the village were all covered with gravel.

More wooden houses for people to live in appeared.

The two wooden houses of the Brewing workshop had now become six, including a dedicated fermentation room and a warehouse for storing beer.

In the center of the village, there was even a well for drawing drinking water.

In the distance, the farmland opened up was even more expansive than before.

It seems that every visit to Master Lynn's village shows noticeable changes!

...

A few hours later.

After saying goodbye respectfully to Lynn, George left.

Still on the roads between the mountains and forests.

Compared to the last time when two draft horse carriages barely carried three barrels of beer.

This time, six carriages were struggling to carry the goods!

Resulting in George and several drivers and guards, walking alongside the carriages!

Seven thousand pounds of rock salt, plus three thousand pounds of beer!

Ten thousand pounds of cargo!

George's close servant Barry, seeing the excitement on George's face, felt joy along with him.

...

The work to pave the road to the Open-pit Salt Mine was still continuing.

A mine with reserves likely reaching a thousand million tons, relying on dozens of people using baskets to carry.

How long will it take to carry all that?

There must be a path that allows horse carts or ox carts to provide efficiency!

Moreover, after learning the price of rock salt from George, Lynn already had a decision in mind.

He wanted to build his own Salt Factory!

To process the extracted rock salt in a Salt Factory, turning it into fine salt that can be consumed directly.

Two pence directly triples in value, becoming seven pence.

The reason the price gap between rock salt and fine salt is so vast is due to the backward technique of refining rock salt in this world!

Usually adopting the dissolution and crystallization method, toss in ten pounds of rock salt, and at most gain three pounds of consumable salt.

However.

As Lynn turned around and looked at the figures busy behind him...

Because of his rock salt incentive method, nearly every villager was laboring to the fullest without needing any urging.

But that's not enough...

There's too little labor force!

Whether for excavating or building the Salt Factory, lots of labor is needed.

With the salt mine, he now doesn't lack money!

What he lacks is a large labor force!

The Salt Factory must be temporarily postponed.

...

Bang bang bang!

In the kitchen.

Lynn was holding a knife, chopping pieces of carrots, and tossing them into the Pottery Pot.

[Cooking Experience +1]

Several pounds of pork were also placed in the Pottery Pot.

Preparing to stew a pot of pork and carrot soup.

Adding a few thick pieces of firewood, the flame quickly grew larger, and the temperature rose rapidly.

[Cooking Experience +1]

Half an hour later.

Lynn removed the Pottery Pot lid, a rich meat aroma spread with the steam, enveloping the entire wooden house.

Seeing the fresh pork and carrots inside the pot stewed thoroughly, Lynn picked up a small bowl nearby and used a wooden spoon to add a few scoops of fine salt.

He mixed it with a stirring rod to let the salt infuse completely, Lynn picked out a rib, placed it in his mouth.

The tender pork meat, carrying the sweet aroma of the carrots, combined with the seasoning of fine salt...

Previously merely surviving, just being able to eat to fullness, totally ignored if the food was tasty.

But now...

This is real food!

Beside him, Red looked at the steaming Pottery Pot, expression unchanged, yet his slightly moving throat betrayed him.

Lynn casually said, "Eat."

Red remained unobtrusive, "Master Lynn, Red is not hungry."

Outside the kitchen.

A series of footsteps approached from far away.

When Kuisi saw Lynn in the kitchen, she said, slightly out of breath.

"Master Lynn, the gravel road leading to the salt mine is already paved."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, walked out of the kitchen.

The forest trunks were forcibly sawn apart.

Four days, and finally the gravel road from the village to the open-pit salt mine was finished!

Although not mixed with lime and sand for adhesion.

Yet it was far better than pure dirt roads.

Except for the four people at the Brewing workshop, Lynn invested all future labor into the open-pit salt mine.

He wants to quickly extract the rock salt, sell or trade for needed items.

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 56: Chapter 56: Ore Vein Detector

Village, at the wooden house door.

Lynn was pondering how to improve the salt making technique efficiently, while a group of figures grew closer from afar.

Before Lynn could give any instructions, Red took off his bow and arrows and walked toward that group of people.

Red stopped them on a barren land.

At first glance, this group had at least thirty people!

At the front, a curly-haired, burly man stepped forward.

Facing the tall and sturdy Red holding a bow, he showed no trace of fear.

"We are here looking for work... Mr. George sent us here!"

Upon hearing the name, Red turned to look behind him.

There, Lynn was walking up.

Lynn stared directly at these people, both men and women, yet there were no children.

Their cleanliness was far better than the refugees who had previously arrived.

Lynn said in a deep voice: "My territory is lacking labor, but... I don't need hired workers here!"

"Don't need hired workers? Then what is needed?"

"Is it slaves? Oh, we are Free People, not slaves."

The curly-haired, burly man looked at Lynn, "Sorry, Lord, we are not slaves. We disturbed you. We will leave now."

Lynn continued: "What I need to recruit are... villagers!"

Upon hearing this, those who were about to turn around stopped in their tracks.

"Villagers?"

They looked at Lynn with full of confusion.

Lynn said: "Become my villagers, regardless of whether you're men, women, or children, I can provide you with three meals a day, so you won't go hungry anymore!"

"Every family will have a house, working from sunrise to sunset, and if you need to do some special work, there will be subsidies!"

Their indifferent expressions gradually turned into surprise.

Until finally, turning into shock.

Such favorable conditions, could they really be offered by a lord?

The curly-haired burly man was somewhat disbelief, "Lord, what must we do to become your villagers?"

Indeed.

These conditions were tempting to him.

As a blacksmith, working to exhaustion for the Manor Lord crafting farm tools day in and day out, only earning three pence a day!

Yet he had three children to support at home.

After finishing work at the manor, he had to stay up late to make farm tools for villagers...

Even planting some farmland barely ensured they didn't starve.

This life suffocated him.

Not only the curly-haired burly man, but also the villagers behind him had wide eyes, waiting for Lynn's answer.

Lynn spoke calmly: "One hundred percent obedience to my orders; those who defy will be executed!"

Wow!

Upon hearing the last two words, a commotion arose among the villagers.

"What a joke? Disobedience leads to execution?"

"We are Free People, not slaves!"

"..."

The curly-haired, burly man stared directly at Lynn and asked: "Lord, can we really stop enduring hunger as your villagers?"

Lynn nodded, "I've already said, if you're willing, you can go and bring your family immediately!"

The curly-haired man swiftly responded, "Yes, yes, the Lord has said it, I will go, I will go!"

After speaking, the curly-haired man took big strides and left.

Remaining in place were the others, still hesitating.

They were tempted but didn't dare to believe it was true.

At this moment, a young man stepped forward.

"Lord, I want to become your villager, it's just me in my family, I can join now."

"Lord, I am also willing to become your villager..."

With someone leading, one by one, villagers chose to join Lynn's village.

Just the promise of no longer being hungry was already irresistible to them!

Finally, all the Free People joined Lynn's village.

Some even brought their families along.

As dusk fell.

When they saw villagers returning from work with tools in hand, faces full of pure smiles, and pots of pork and barley porridge being carried out of the kitchen.

Only then did they believe that what the Lord said was true!

They even saw the Lord gift each returning villager a piece of salt mine!

They were completely thrilled!

...

The joining of these villagers once again increased the population of Lynn's village.

Counting adults and children, there are already eighty-seven people!

Seventy-five laborers, twelve children.

We need to build more wooden houses to accommodate these new villagers.

Lynn gathered twenty villagers with Level 2 or Level 1 [Construction] skills and had Red lead them in building the wooden houses.

One wooden house after another sprouted up, surrounding the village.

Meanwhile, Lynn continued to toil away in the kitchen, honing his [Cooking] skills.

[Cooking: Level 0 (95/100)]

One pot after another of pork barley porridge was cooked by Lynn and brought out from the kitchen.

[Cooking Experience +1]

[Cooking Experience +1]

...

Especially those newly joined villagers, they never dreamed.

That one day, they would eat food personally cooked by the Lord himself.

After staying in the kitchen for six consecutive days, a string of text prompts appeared in Lynn's view.

[Your cooking has leveled up to Level 1, unlocking: Ore Vein Detector]

[Reward received: Memory Pearl ×1]

Lynn looked towards the corner of the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

There, a small radar-like feature was present.

[Geological Detector]: Indicates any ore vein within 200 meters of the marked location.

Seeing the textual description, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

This feature is like a supplement to the holographic map.

While exploring to light up the surrounding map, the detector will discover ore veins that are otherwise invisible.

A very good feature indeed!

Lynn glanced at the skills panel, now all skills except for [Hunting], [Forging], [Breeding], and [Medicine] have risen to Level 1.

[Hunting] is fine enough. He can go into the forest with Red's Horn Bow to hunt.

[Forging], [Breeding], and [Medicine] upgrade plans posed some difficulties for Lynn.

...

While Lynn was reviewing the panel, Red walked into the kitchen.

"Master Lynn, Mr. George has come to the village."

Lynn responded and walked out.

On the open ground of the village.

George, dressed in high-grade woolen robes and pants, with metal-buckled leather shoes, was standing there.

And behind him were eight medium-sized horse-drawn carriages, pulled by pairs, with the steeds occasionally snorting.

The eight carriages were stacked with various goods, covered with oilcloth made of ordinary linen cloth, providing protection from wind and rain and guarding against malicious intentions.

Behind the carriages were sturdy draft oxen and horses, tethered and pulled by ropes!

Lynn glanced roughly; there were at least a dozen!

Apart from the drivers handling the horses, there were also five guards equipped with weapons accompanying them!

Seeing Lynn, George hurried up to meet him.

Approaching Lynn, he quickly bowed, speaking respectfully.

"Oh, dear Master Lynn, besides the slaves... I have brought you everything you wanted!"

"One thousand pounds of premium iron, twelve draft oxen, six draft horses, two thousand pounds of meat, ten thousand pounds of barley, one thousand pounds of wheat, and several hundred pounds of vegetables!"

"After deducting the pence for the previous iron pot, there remain fourteen Gold Pounds and six shillings here..."

Listening to George's explanation, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

The current situation in the Kaldi Empire is complicated, but not to the point of war, with goods prices remaining relatively steady.

The market price for premium iron is six pence per pound.

One thousand pounds of iron is enough for Lynn to make a lot of iron products and heavy plows for salt mine extraction!

The price for a draft ox is seven shillings, while a draft horse is slightly more expensive at nine shillings.

As for the meat, barley, and wheat, all items combined.

It should be about Fifty-Six Gold Pounds and Eight shillings!

Seven thousand pounds of rock salt, sold at two pence per pound, could fetch Fifty-Eight Gold Pounds and six shillings.

Three thousand pounds of beer valued at Four Gold Pounds and sixty-eight pence...

Excluding the cost of the iron pot...

Calculating this way, the money Lynn earns from selling rock salt matches up with these goods in front of him.

How George sells and what price he fetches relies on his ability; Lynn won't meddle in it.

Lynn approvingly said, "You've done well!"

Though no slaves were brought back, gathering this much goods in such a short time already showcased George's capability.

What made Lynn feel the sentiment was.

The fifty-eight Gold Pounds and six shillings from selling seven thousand pounds of rock salt couldn't even buy four suits of fine craftsmanship, chain armor favored by noble knights!

Damn nobility indeed!

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 57: Chapter 57: Power Control

George quickly bowed, "Master Lynn, you're flattering me. Without Master Lynn's trust, I wouldn't be where I am now."

Lynn had no words.

Is seven thousand pounds of rock salt a lot for him?

Not much!

Compared to the possible millions of tons of reserves in the open-pit salt mine, it's a drop in the ocean!

George could betray his trust.

Short-sightedly disappearing with seven thousand pounds of rock salt worth less than sixty gold pounds.

Without this George, Lynn could still find the next one.

But what George loses is a chance to rise as a wealthy merchant!

George's gaze turned to the rear of the carriage, as three figures knowingly stepped down from it and came to his side.

An elderly woman in a plain robe, a young female villager, and a toddler of three or four years.

George quickly explained, "Master Lynn, these three are my mother, wife, and son... Just as I mentioned earlier, the Dalton Family has already disowned me."

Amidst his words.

George bent his right knee, letting it touch the ground while maintaining his left leg bent, placing the weight on it, and extended his right hand forward...

"I, George, vow to offer my loyalty, all my strength, and everything I possess in this world, without reservation, to you!"

"Whether in times of peace or in the face of the perils of war, I shall unwaveringly stand by your side, heed your commands, and fight for your glory and benefits!"

"I pledge upon my honor and my family name that I shall never in this life or the next betray you; may the deity's severest punishment befall me if I do."

"Master Lynn, please accept my allegiance!"

There was no surprise on Lynn's face.

When George introduced his family, Lynn had anticipated all of this.

With the current reliability and credit that George has shown Lynn, even if he did not bring family, Lynn would continue entrusting him with selling the salt mine and beer.

Lynn understood that George brought over his family just to reassure him!

No matter how much goods George took, or how much money he earned, he would return to this village.

Here, he has his entire family!

This distinctive action drew the attention of the passing villagers.

They couldn't help but stop and watch everything from afar.

Lynn's expression was solemn, reaching out his right hand, slowly sliding it through the palm of George's right hand.

"I, Lynn, accept Jon's allegiance! You shall become my first vassal, under my authority, to protect you people of service!"

Lynn's voice rang clearly in everyone's ears.

The loyalty ceremony was complete.

George slowly stood up.

Lynn looked at Kuisi behind him, who understood and guided George's family to settle in the new wooden house.

Lynn spoke, "I will have your mother and children taken care of. Whatever I eat, they will eat."

George gratefully responded, "Okay, Master Lynn."

As Lynn began walking, he continued, "Let me take you for a walk!"

Walking on the gravel path, George's gaze occasionally swept over the surroundings.

He had been to Master Lynn's village several times.

But this was the first time observing the village so meticulously.

In the not-so-wide plots of cultivated land were rows of lush green wheat.

Neat and orderly.

George's face was full of astonishment.

To think that wheat could be planted this way!

And with such a high germination rate!

Even as someone who was once a crop merchant, he had never seen it before.

It was just the tillering stage now, and George could clearly see that each wheat plant had five or six leaves!

This was the best tillering-stage wheat planting he had ever seen.

They walked past the cultivated land and through the forest.

Lynn and George stood at the edge of a snow-white, crystalline open space.

Staring at the busy figures on the snow-white ground, George's face froze.

An open-pit salt mine!

What a large open-pit salt mine!

George knew Master Lynn had an open-pit salt mine, but he never imagined it would be an entire open-pit salt mine.

How much rock salt must be under here?

George dared not imagine.

Lynn took George around the village before they returned.

George, along with the coachman and guards, left the village carrying ten thousand pounds of rock salt and three thousand pounds of beer.

Lynn told George that aside from salt, he needed any other commodities!

Quality iron, food, cattle, draft horses, free people, slaves, etc.

...

Watching George leave, Lynn retracted his gaze.

Not far away, Lex stood hesitantly.

Lynn asked, "Lex, is there something you want to say?"

Upon hearing Master Lynn's call, he finally dared to approach him.

Lex hesitantly said, "Master Lynn, I think the scale of the brewing workshop can be expanded further!"

Lynn, without any hesitation, asked, "What kind of help do you need?"

Finding the open-pit salt mine did not stop Lynn from considering closing the brewing workshop.

The existence of the brewing workshop could create a second income stream for the village.

Also, the labor input was not much.

Only a dozen people were needed to produce several hundred tons or even thousands of tons of beer each year!

Which can be sold or distributed to villagers as rewards, adjusting their lives.

Lex's face instantly turned excited.

"Master Lynn, I still need... six large pots and six apprentices!"

Lynn nodded and responded, "Alright, when George returns next time, I'll ask him to bring back the iron pots and allocate apprentices."

Lex joyfully said, "Thank you, my Master Lynn!"

Lex left.

...

Now Lynn has one thousand pounds of quality iron!

Whether for making heavy plows or creating iron tools for mining salt or crafting iron agricultural implements.

He must have a blacksmith and a blacksmith shop!

Lynn had already found a blacksmith.

Moreover, a sturdy Level 3 [Forging] blacksmith!

Lynn summoned the curly-haired burly man from earlier, a series of words appeared before him.

[Name]: Erello Pier

[Age]: 32 years

[Ability]: Level 3 Forging, Level 2 Production, Level 2 Collection

[Attributes]: Attack F, Defense E+, Speed F+, Constitution E, Energy F-

[Talent]: Power Control—When using an iron hammer for forging, can precisely control the power under the iron hammer, reducing impurities in iron products

[Skills]: None

...

Lynn stared straight at Erello, "I need you to forge a batch of heavy plows. Unlike light plows, heavy plows have broader and sharper plowshares that can penetrate deeper into the soil, effectively breaking the plow layer, loosening deep soil, and directly cutting tree roots in wilderness areas!"

Feeling Master Lynn's serious gaze, Erello was filled with doubt.

How did Master Lynn know he was a blacksmith?

Did someone secretly tell Master Lynn?

Various thoughts were forming in Erello's mind, "Master Lynn... It's true I am a blacksmith, but I don't know how to forge the heavy plow you're talking about..."

This world has light plows; blacksmiths capable of making light plows don't know what heavy plows are?

No matter, [Heavenly Artifacts] knows how to forge them.

Lynn raised an eyebrow and said, "I can teach you!"

Erello: "?"

Lynn also lacked a blacksmith shop!

But, with Lynn's current labor force, building a blacksmith shop wouldn't be difficult.

Lynn called Kuisei, asking her to take five people off the open-pit salt mine and start building a Blacksmith Shop!

Under their amazed gaze, Lynn picked up an axe and began chopping the logs.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

The knowledge of constructing a Blacksmith Shop gradually emerged and began to integrate in Lynn's mind.

Compared to a simple wooden house, constructing a Blacksmith Shop was much more complex.

It not only required setting up a wooden house for easy water access.

Also needed to create a forging area, storage area, and resting area, along with a furnace capable of withstanding high-temperature combustion!

Fortunately, Erello himself was a blacksmith and had his own anvil.

Otherwise, one anvil alone would cost Lynn two to three hundred pounds of quality iron!

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 58: Chapter 58: Reward of One Gold Pound

The structure of the Blacksmith Shop can use mortise and tenon joints to build a wooden house.

It's relatively simple.

The forging area is much more difficult.

It requires enough space to place the furnace, anvil, and various tools for forging.

The furnace must be built with a mixture of stone and clay, otherwise, it simply won't withstand the high temperatures from the intense burning of charcoal.

To forge, the temperature of the iron blocks must reach at least eight hundred to a thousand degrees.

As for the charcoal, Lynn doesn't have to worry.

The earth kiln used before to burn charcoal is still usable, and there are piles of arm-thick branches for building the wooden house, enough to burn charcoal for forging.

Buzzing!

Lynn held the Iron Saw in his right hand, constantly pulling it back and forth, cutting the Pine Wood log underfoot.

Five burly men were also building according to Ehrelo's requirements for the Blacksmith Shop.

With eleven laborers, it only took a day to finish constructing the two connected Blacksmith Shops.

Within a day, the charcoal needed was burnt and ready.

Basket after basket of charcoal was transported to the storage area.

Inside the furnace.

A piece of high-quality iron was visibly turning red under the rising heat from the charcoal.

Lynn and Ehrelo stood not far away, quietly waiting.

Despite this, Lynn could still feel the scorching heat coming from the furnace.

Burning, sweltering.

Sweat uncontrollably surfaced from all over his body, flowing and spreading.

This is the work a blacksmith must face every day...

The next second.

Ehrelo moved his hand, using tongs to extract the glowing orange iron block from the furnace and placed it on the anvil.

Lynn gripped the Iron Hammer tightly in his hand and began to strike.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Bits of forging knowledge surfaced in Lynn's mind.

Opposite Lynn, Ehrelo was also hammering the iron block.

Each hammer strike alternated perfectly with Lynn's lifted Iron Hammer.

After striking more than a dozen times, Master Lynn didn't utter a word.

What surprised Ehrelo was that Master Lynn, being the Lord, was actually forging iron together with him!

Who's going to believe that if it's said?

Lynn spoke, "The Wheel Plow consists of seven major components: the plowshare, plow blade, beam, handle, coulter, sole, and wheel."

"The plowshare, sharp and slightly curved, must be heated and tempered to increase its hardness and durability so it can penetrate the soil for plowing..."

"The plow blade, a curved metal sheet behind the plowshare, pushes the turned soil to the side, forming a furrow..."

"The beam connects the plowshare, plow blade, and harnesses livestock, serving as a crucial support component in the Heavy Plow's structure..."

"The handle is used for grasping and controlling the Wheel Plow while the ox advances, allowing adjustments to direction and soil depth..."

"..."

Lynn explained the construction and forging of the Wheel Plow completely, while Ehrelo's brows remained furrowed.

Lynn approached a wooden wall and picked up a piece of charcoal to draw.

From the plowshare, plow blade, beam to the handle, coulter... and finally the wheel.

The general outline of the Wheel Plow appeared on the wall.

Suddenly.

Ehrelo's eyes shone brightly.

His words were filled with disbelief, "Master Lynn, is this the Wheel Plow?"

As a blacksmith, Ehrelo had naturally crafted countless Light Plows.

Even with his eyes closed, he could clearly state what parts a Light Plow needs and how to forge them.

However, the Heavy Plow in front of him differed from the Light Plow by only one character, yet he had never imagined it.

Even seeing just the shape outline of the Heavy Plow, Ehrelo could understand clearly.

If this Wheel Plow exists, imagine what it would mean for opening up wasteland!

Stable and sharp, cleverly designed.

If the wasteland is a battlefield, then this Wheel Plow is a killing machine.

However, what Ehrelo couldn't comprehend was...

How did Master Lynn, the Lord, come to know about such a Heavy Plow?

Lynn nodded, "Yes, the Wheel Plow. I need to see ten of these Wheel Plows a month from now!"

A single Wheel Plow requires seventy to eighty pounds of iron, not to mention the plow frame and wheels...

The weight of the entire Wheel Plow is nearly two hundred pounds!

The artifact for land clearing!

Ehrelø snapped back to reality, hurriedly speaking.

"Ten plows? Master Lynn, even if you executed me, I couldn't achieve that?"

Forging ten such Wheel Plows, not to mention a month, even after summer plowing ends, it's not feasible for one person!

Lynn said, "I will assign ten apprentices to assist you!"

Ehrelø shrugged helplessly, "Master Lynn, even ten apprentices aren't enough. Apprentices mean they know nothing, everything has to be taught from scratch..."

Lynn calmly responded, "A reward of One Gold Pound for each Heavy Plow crafted!"

Ehrelø continued shaking his head, "Even for One Gold Pound..."

But he abruptly paused, startled.

Ehrelø stared at Lynn, asking in amazement, "Master Lynn, are you saying One Gold Pound?"

Lynn gazed directly at Ehrelø, "One Gold Pound!"

Ehrelø's breathing immediately became rapid, his face flushing with excitement.

"Master Lynn, rest assured, even if I were to perish at the anvil, I would lead the apprentices to forge ten Wheel Plows!"

Forging one Wheel Plow yields One Gold Pound!

Ten plows mean Ten Gold Pounds!

Contrasting with his previous three pence per day... that's wages over more than a decade of labor!

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, looking at the ten burly men standing outside the Blacksmith Shop.

He said, "Your next task is to be Ehrelø's Blacksmith Apprentices. If you become qualified blacksmiths, each will be rewarded One Gold Pound."

Now not only Ehrelo was excited.

The ten burly men soon to become apprentices were also filled with excitement, their faces flushed red.

One Gold Pound!

Its temptation to them is immense.

More concretely, that's twelve hundred pounds of barley!

Watching their flushed expressions, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

As long as they complete the task or become qualified blacksmiths, it would only cost him Twenty Gold Pounds.

Twenty Gold Pounds are equivalent to four thousand eight hundred pounds of rock salt.

Currently, Lynn lacks everything except for rock salt!

With the Heavy Plow forging tasks arranged, Lynn summoned Kuisi.

It's now tillering season, requiring the wheat in the fields to be fertilized.

However, there are only a few acres of wheat, which one or two people can finish fertilizing in a day.

Regardless.

Lynn showed no slack.

These few acres of wheat are akin to Lynn's experimental field.

If productivity increases and a bumper harvest is possible, it will indicate that Lynn's improvements in planting methods are effective.

Once the Wheel Plows are forged, more farmland can be opened for large-scale cultivation!

Lynn arrived at the Open-pit Salt Mine.

Watching the villagers continuously excavating rock salt on the Open-pit Salt Mine, Lynn pondered deeply.

Shortly after.

Lynn made up his mind.

Even if it means temporarily reducing the rock salt output from the Open-pit Salt Mine.

He must build the Salt Factory!

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 59: Chapter 59: Salt Factory

Rock salt, sells for two pence per pound!

Processed edible fine salt, seven pence!

For the same ten thousand pounds, rock salt can only sell for eighty-something gold pounds, whereas fine salt sells for more than two hundred ninety gold pounds!

Such a gap, who wouldn't be tempted?

Lynn needs more gold pounds to buy slaves, increase the labor force; purchase quality iron, forge weapons and armor; buy warhorses, create a steel torrent!

Each of these requires a large amount of gold pounds!

Building a salt factory, producing fine salt, all it comes down to is manpower and fuel.

Manpower, although not much, can still draw out dozens of people.

Fuel, without the discovery of coal mines, Lynn can fully utilize mud kilns to produce charcoal.

Thinking of this.

Lynn began to reorganize and adjust the village's labor force.

The ten people at the brewing workshop and the ten at the blacksmith shop remain unchanged, Gavin and Wilbur are also responsible for fertilizing and weeding in the wheat fields, as well as watering.

A porter collecting manure for composting, three chefs responsible for cooking, Guy leading two feeders for pigs, cows, and horses, and twelve children who are unable to work...

Aside from Lynn being the lord, Red as a close guard, and Kuisi assisting with management able to mobilize villagers at any time, there are forty-three left.

Lynn left twenty old rock salt miners, and the remaining twenty-three were divided into three groups.

One group of villagers continued to fell trees near the open-pit salt mine, cutting a path towards the Acadia River for water and clearing an area for a small salt factory.

The felled logs can be used locally to build wooden houses for the salt factory, eliminating the need for secondary transportation.

With limited manpower, a small salt factory is sufficient.

But the area for the small salt factory still requires several hundred square meters!

Another group of villagers was digging stones and clay for the salt factory's salt mine processing room, brine storage pool, stove, and evaporation room, etc.

The last group of villagers was digging earth kilns nearby to burn charcoal with those arm-thick chopped branches!

Under Lynn's arrangement and Kuisi's supervision, everything was developing in a well-organized manner.

Thick trees fell constantly, the area near the open-pit salt mine became increasingly wide, progressing toward the Acadia River several hundred meters away.

Pieces of cleaned logs were lifted by villagers and piled at the edge, waiting to build the salt factory.

Villagers responsible for charcoal burning cleared branch debris, carried them to the mud kiln side, ready for charcoal production.

On the banks of Acadia River, five or six villagers were digging clay.

The amount of clay was abundant, not needing to go into the river, it could be dug on the bank.

Villagers responsible for digging stones drove draft horses, transporting carts of stones near the open-pit salt mine, piling them up.

...

In the forest.

Lynn's sharp eyes were fixed on a quail ahead.

Left hand holding the bow, right hand arranging the arrow on the string, as his chest expanded outward, right arm pulled back.

The hard horn bow instantly became full bow.

Shhh!

As Lynn released his right hand, the flint arrow suddenly shot out.

Squeak squeak!

At a distance of twenty meters, the arrow flew past swiftly and hit accurately.

The quail pinned in the soil scratched its claws continuously, unable to escape a bit.

Gradually, the quail's movements stopped, ultimately died.

[Hunting Experience +1]

No need for Lynn to speak, Red quickly stepped forward, skillfully withdrew the arrow, picked up the quail, and hung it on his waist.

At his waist, already hanging were two wild rabbits!

With a thought, Lynn glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Hunting: Level 0 (50/100)]

The experience had just reached halfway, looks like it'll take a few days to level up.

Seeing Red picking up the flint arrow and handing it over, Lynn reached out to accept it.

Lynn spoke, "Red, I want you to find ten strong villagers for training, to form a guard team, with you as the captain."

Red's face showed a trace of surprise, "Guard Captain?"

Lynn nodded, "The village population is growing more, and problems will increase too. I need a guard team to maintain and suppress order within the village."

The villagers' loyalty is only directed towards Lynn; Lynn allows them to live in wooden houses, to eat full meals, and to consume salt.

They support Lynn and follow his commands.

But these villagers are also people, with various different personalities and emotions.

Faced with others who are also villagers, they will have different ideas.

Facing problems, they will adopt different coping strategies.

Therefore, the existence of a guard team becomes extremely important.

The symbol of the lord's power, the deterrent of military force, and the enforcement and maintenance of order.

Moreover, the open-pit salt mine requires the guard team for protection!

Red hesitated a bit and said, "Master Lynn, I don't know how to train guards..."

If faced with fierce prey, Red would charge forward without hesitation.

But when it comes to training guards, he truly doesn't know how.

Lynn spoke, "If you don't know, you can learn and ask! Letting someone else be the guard captain... I can't trust that!"

Red's body shook, and his eyes were full of determination, "Yes, Master."

...

Not far from the open-pit salt mine.

Lynn directly had the kitchen moved to the site.

Each person has a meal consisting of a barley bread and a bowl of barley meat stew.

The previously smoked wild boar meat and wild wolf meat were long gone.

Now, the daily consumption is all fresh meat that George just transported back!

Plus, Lynn specially prepared several dozens of pounds of salt to season the food and replenish the villagers' daily salt intake!

With such food provisions.

How could they not be dedicated and responsible to Lynn?

How could they not work tirelessly?

Under Lynn's continuous guidance, a small-scale salt factory covering over three hundred square meters took shape.

One vertical beam after another was deeply inserted into the soil, and horizontal beams were reinforced with iron nails.

Wooden planks laid as the factory roof, covered thickly with moss, straw, and branches, serving as wind and rain barriers.

Two days later, the salt factory building was completed.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Next is the rock salt processing area, brine storage pool, and the stove with evaporation chamber.

In the rock salt processing area, Lynn had a large stone mill crafted.

A whole piece of granite, two meters in diameter, served as the grinding plate, and a massive granite weighing six hundred pounds and measuring one and a half meters long served as the roller.

Two draft horses pulled to crush the excavated rock salt fragments!

Villagers then used a simple sieve for screening and a water trough for washing clean.

Rock salt contains not only salt crystals but also earth and stones, requiring an initial cleaning.

The rock salt processing area only needs to meet the needs to crush, screen, and clean rock salt for preliminary processing.

Building the rock salt processing area is not complicated.

Next is the brine storage pool.

Lynn had an approximately ten-meter-long, twenty-meter-wide, and one-meter-deep pit dug.

Using nearby clay and gravel to build walls to prevent the pool from collapsing.

The brine storage pool's purpose is to stir and dissolve the crushed and cleaned rock salt fragments.

A filter composed of sand, charcoal, stones, and straw was set up at the pool's location to filter out insoluble impurities in the brine.

Only in this way can the processed salt be directly edible.

Lastly, there is the stove with evaporation chamber.

Lynn had a pit dug on the ground, reinforced and constructed with stones and clay, shaped into a large pot, and then smoothed with clay.

A furnace mouth was left under the pot for placing charcoal for heating and burning.

After five days of drying and baking, a small and simple salt factory was completed.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Looking at the salt factory before him, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction.

Compared to this world's salt making technique, he maximized improvements with the current conditions.

Iron pickax excavation, draft horses pulling stone mill for crushing, two hundred square brine storage static sedimentation pool, charcoal filtration of impurities, and finally boiling evaporation crystallization method...

These five days, Lynn was tirelessly busy, almost without stopping!

If not instructing woodhouse construction.

Then addressing brick issues in brine storage pool construction.

Otherwise, insufficient stress in stove evaporation...

Fortunately, it was finally completed.

But this is only the start of the salt factory.

Lynn still needs to inform the villagers on how to use the salt factory for salt production!

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 60: Chapter 60: Forging Water Wheel

Teaching the villagers to start making salt, the simplest way is to implement a division of labor.

After the division of labor, villagers only need to focus on specific tasks.

For example, villagers responsible for crushing, washing, and sieving rock salt only need to learn how to crush, wash, and sieve.

The subsequent dissolution and heating evaporation have nothing to do with them.

Through division of labor, constantly repeating the same work, they will become more skillful, thus improving work efficiency.

In each division of labor process, Lynn appointed the first to learn as the foreman, and for any matters in the division departments, villagers should first find the foreman.

The foreman then reports to Kuisi...

Such hierarchical division can solve problems more efficiently!

Three days later.

The salt factory went into production.

A small bowl of fine crystalline granules appeared in Lynn's eyes.

[Fine Salt]: Non-toxic, obtained through multi-layer processing of salt mines, can be used for cooking seasoning, pickling, etc.

Lynn pinched a few grains and placed them in his mouth, a familiar salty taste came.

No strange taste at all!

Putting down the small bowl in his hand, Lynn looked at Kuisi, "In one day, how much of this fine salt can be produced?"

Kuisi answered without hesitation, "More than three hundred pounds!"

Lynn nodded slightly, sixty people were invested in the salt factory, from excavation to grinding into fine salt, producing more than three hundred pounds a day was already a very good result.

This is still just a small salt factory!

Three hundred pounds of fine salt, at seven pence a pound, is two thousand one hundred pence.

Twenty people excavating rock salt can produce twelve hundred pounds a day, which is two thousand four hundred pence.

If all sixty people were to invest in excavating rock salt, the pence produced in a day would naturally be more than making fine salt.

But Lynn knew there was a decisive limitation!

Transportation!

A transport cart drawn by two draft horses can only move three thousand pounds of weight on solid roads.

On difficult roads, even two thousand pounds would start to sink and slip.

Without transport ships, unless there are more draft horse carts, only then can Lynn's mined rock salt be transported out.

But likewise, too many cart caravans will attract the coveting of others.

Whether bandits or the Lord's Church!

If the transport of goods weighs the same, the value of selling fine salt is far more than coarse salt can compare!

...

Ding!

Ding ding!

Ding ding ding!

Before approaching the blacksmith shop, Lynn already heard the crisp sounds of forging.

At the door of the blacksmith shop, the furnace's heat circulated within the wooden house.

Although Ehrelo and the apprentices were bare-chested, sweat streamed off them.

Despite this, their faces were full of anticipation, clenching their teeth, forging with determination.

Hammer after hammer fell, striking the orange-red high-quality iron blocks.

The reason why high-quality iron far exceeds ordinary iron in price includes less impurity, reducing forging times, and producing higher-quality iron products!

Under the constant hammering of Ehrelo and two apprentices, the iron continuously deformed, gradually taking shape of a plowshare...

However.

In Lynn's view, this was indeed too slow!

Three days had passed, and Ehrelo hadn't even forged a single wheel plow.

Let alone a wheeled plow, even a cross pickaxe Lynn had yet to see.

At this rate.

There was no way to forge ten heavy plows before the summer plowing.

The outdated forging method must be improved.

Lynn called over a middle-aged man with a mustache.

[Name]: Colin Hall

[Age]: 39 years

[Ability]: Construction Level 3, Collection Level 2, Planting Level 2

[Attributes]: Attack F-, Defense F+, Speed F-, Constitution F+, Energy F-

[Talent]: Structure Reinforcement - Building structures to enhance their firmness

[Skills]: None

...

Colin was someone Lynn noticed when setting up the salt factory from among the villagers.

Level 3 [Construction]!

Looking at Ehrelo and Colin in front of him, Lynn spoke in a deep voice.

"I need you two to collaborate and build a water wheel for forging."

Ehrelo and Colin's eyebrows instantly rose, asking in unison.

"A water wheel for forging?"

They were both veteran Level 3 blacksmiths and carpenters who had heard of water wheels existing, but only for irrigation or as millstones.

Just like the stone mill water wheel outside the village.

Yet, they hadn't heard of a water wheel being used for forging!

The mustached Colin showed a trace of embarrassment, "Master Lynn, I've been working as a carpenter for over twenty years; I really don't know how to make..."

Ehrelo nodded in agreement.

Lynn was not surprised, speaking calmly, "I will!"

More accurately, he was about to learn.

Ehrelo and Colin were surprised, looking at Master Lynn.

Their hearts were filled with astonishment.

How could Master Lynn know everything?

The method to forge heavy plows, setting up a salt factory, the salt making technique, and now hydraulic forging!

They began to believe that Lynn before their eyes was not just a lord but a knowledgeable scholar.

With previous experience and knowledge of making a stone mill water wheel, it would not be difficult for Lynn to create a forging water wheel.

Recollecting for a moment, memories of making a hydraulic forging water wheel surfaced in his mind.

The water wheel did not change much, the main thing was the multi-gear transmission shaft system for forging!

Using the multi-wheel transmission of the water wheel's rotation, driving several iron hammers to rotate and continuously striking the iron blocks that need forging.

When the water wheel turns, every ten seconds there will be a fierce strike with an iron hammer, with each hammer strike carrying nearly over two hundred pounds of force.

Even the burly Ehrelo with Level 3 [Forging], could only strike with a little over two hundred pounds using the hammer's weight and acceleration.

But the hammer of the forging water wheel comes with an endless source!

Hammer after hammer, a continuous stream.

As long as the waters of the Acadia River do not dry up or cease flowing, the forging water wheel will never stop.

The most is just maintaining or replacing gears or the water wheel!

Perhaps each hammerfall from the water wheel's forging doesn't match a blacksmith's personal skill in intricacy and detail.

However, Lynn only needed the forging water wheel to craft farming tools...

Forget about farming tools.

With such forging efficiency, as long as it's not making exquisitely crafted armor with complex patterns.

Using the forging water wheel to forge standard plate armor is completely adequate!

Ding!

Ding ding!

Ding ding ding!

The crisp sounds continuously rang out in the blacksmith shop.

Lynn held an iron hammer, constantly striking it on the anvil.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Outside the village, with a dozen people assisting, a massive water wheel was slowly erected.

The river water crashed against the blades of the water wheel, causing it to turn under the effect of tangential force.

As the multi-gear transmission shaft system moved, the iron hammer began to rotate.

Ding!

Ding!

Ding!

The repeated sounds of metal striking resonated through the entire village.

Layer after layer of metallic clashing sounds resonated throughout the village.

You could hear it from far and near.

At this time, Lynn's hand held the iron hammer, continuously hammering the iron block on the anvil.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

You could hear it in the entire village—the constant sound of the hammer ringing at the blacksmith shop.

Everyone saw the giant structure that kept moving, swinging its iron hammer rhythmically, and was full of shock.

Both Ehrelo and Colin's faces were filled with expressions of amazement!

They felt as if this big guy, similar to a monster, would change the world!

Looking at the villagers' excited and grateful faces, and the loyalty that was as high as 90%, Lynn knew that even if he asked them to die now, they would not have any doubts!

Among these people, Lynn spotted George.