

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 61: Chapter 61: Fine Salt

The Wheel Plow is related to the planting area for the summer crops, and Lynn is particularly attentive.

In the Blacksmith Shop.

Lynn picked up the bright white plowshare in his hand and examined it carefully.

The shape is sharp and slightly curved, forged through quenching, full of metallic texture...

With the Forging Water Wheel, the forging efficiency of the Blacksmith Shop has significantly improved.

In half a day, a piece of plowshare has already been forged, and the iron blocks used for forging plowshares and plow walls are continuously taking shape under the forging of the Water Wheel Hammer!

Following this progress, it will take about ten days to half a month to forge ten Wheel Plows.

Even after forging, removing some slag from the high-quality iron, the remaining nine hundred pounds of high-quality iron is enough to forge ten Wheel Plows.

Lynn is not idle either; he takes the remaining hundred pounds of iron to forge Iron Hoes and Iron Cross Pickaxes in the Blacksmith Shop.

Both for subsequent farming and for future mining of salt mines or rock excavation, these will be needed.

Better prepared than sorry!

Lynn glanced at the Heavenly Artifacts panel.

[Forging: Level 0 (54/100)]

Still a bit away from upgrading.

Lynn swung the Iron Hammer again, forging the Iron Pickaxe in front of him.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

At this moment.

Kuisi jogged into the Blacksmith Shop.

Her eyes searched around and finally landed on Lynn.

Kuisi took a deep breath to calm her words, "Master Lynn, Mr. George has returned!"

Lynn's eyebrows raised.

He stepped outside the wooden house, and his gaze scanned the distance.

In the distance.

One after another, double-horse carriages were coming, carrying loads of goods!

Behind the carriages, draft horses and oxen were being led by ropes, following behind.

On the backs of the draft horses and oxen, there were also bags of goods.

Ten carts stopped in the village's open space.

In a snort from the draft horses, George leaped down from the foremost cart.

He strode up to Lynn, slowly and solemnly bent his right knee, and knelt down, "Master Lynn, I'm sorry, I still couldn't bring back any slaves for you..."

Lynn said, "Stand up first."

George stood up, and without Lynn asking, he began to explain.

"Master Lynn, I encountered bandits on the road, but fortunately, it was a close call. There were only five or six bandits; three were killed by the Guards I hired, and the rest fled..."

Lynn's brows furrowed.

Bandits?

He looked at the five Guards not far away, and sure enough, two of them showed signs of injury.

As he walked, George continued his report.

"Master Lynn, the three thousand pounds of beer was completely sold out even before reaching Kakasong City, fetching Six Gold Pounds after taxes."

"Ten thousand pounds of rock salt, priced at two pence per pound, was resold to three or four salt merchants at Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City, fetching eighty Gold Pounds after deducting one percent city tax and three percent sales tax!"

Lynn nodded.

Even in the fiefdom cities of Marquis Duca, sales incur corresponding city and sales taxes, and sometimes stall taxes too.

However, compared to luxury goods with tax rates as high as fifteen to thirty percent, the tax rate for daily goods like beer and salt is already very low.

George's voice turned somewhat apologetic, "Master Lynn, besides slaves... I brought back one thousand pounds of high-quality iron, three thousand pounds of wheat, twenty-seven thousand pounds of barley, three thousand pounds of meat, and three hundred pounds of vegetables."

"Fifteen adult oxen and fifteen draft horses!"

Listening to the list George reported, Lynn's mind quickly calculated.

A few seconds later.

Lynn's eyes widened.

It's all spent!

Ten thousand pounds of rock salt and three thousand pounds of beer valued at eighty-six Gold Pounds.

George didn't leave a single pence for him.

He purchased all these goods.

However, these are exactly what Lynn needs.

George continued, "Master Lynn, while selling rock salt, I met a merchant; to put it simply, a Slave Merchant."

"On his longship, there are nearly a hundred slaves... but they're all from the nomadic tribes of the Shar Khanate..."

"So I wanted to seek your instructions, Master Lynn, before making a decision..."

Hearing George's words, Lynn's eyebrows raised.

In the Eastern Region, the Tetlan Empire, known for its oasis grasslands, and the Shar Khanate, known for its Golden Desert, have been at war for over a hundred years!

The source of the conflict, of course, ties back to survival.

The excessive consumption of natural resources by the Shar Khanate led the once oasis grasslands to become a desert, making living conditions extremely harsh.

In order to survive, the Shar Khanate began their invasion of the Tetlan Empire.

It's always been rumored that the Shar Khanate was on the rise, yet unexpectedly, in reality, they are at a disadvantage?

The Shar Khanate is known for its hardy culture because the entire Khanate enjoys eating raw meat, drinking fresh milk, having fierce personalities, and being burly.

Both men and women are brave warriors.

Especially skilled at horse combat.

Particularly the women of the Shar Khanate, their powerful long legs can crush a person to death!

The physical prowess of nomadic tribe slaves is stronger, so they can perform more tasks, hence why they are favored by many Manor Lords.

Therefore, their price is higher than ordinary slaves.

Nevertheless.

Lynn still needs these slaves!

Without slaves, he cannot carry out large-scale wasteland reclamation.

Without slaves, he cannot expand the open-pit salt mine excavation, nor can he enlarge the Salt Factory's scale.

Without slaves, he cannot even pull from the current villagers to let Red form a Guard Team!

Which means no ability to protect oneself!

...

Lynn spoke, "You can have him send all the slaves over, the price is not an issue!"

George hurriedly bowed in response, "Understood, Master."

Just as he was about to leave, the corner of his eye caught a sight of a clay bowl on Lynn's wooden desk.

In the clay bowl, there was a small pinch of crystal-clear fine grains.

George instantly guessed what it was, but he still asked in surprise, "Master Lynn, is this... fine salt?"

Lynn glanced along George's gaze, his words calm, "Yes, fine salt."

George's face showed increasing surprise.

Now, he had only one question in his heart!

Who exactly is the Master Lynn before him?

Finding the open-pit salt mine in the forest could be attributed to a stroke of luck.

But after finding the salt mine and excavating it, Master Lynn managed to refine such clean and delicate edible salt?

Lynn said, "From next time onwards, unless absolutely necessary, no more rock salt shipments for external sale, sell fine salt directly!"

George nodded repeatedly, "Understood, Master Lynn."

As a merchant responsible for externally selling rock salt, George is more than aware of fine salt's value.

...

After dismissing George and letting him reunite with his family at home.

Lynn called for Kuisi.

He instructed her to arrange for villagers to immediately unload all goods.

All high-quality iron to be sent to the Blacksmith Shop, allowing Ehrelo to continue forging the Wheel Plow with full effort.

Adding the previous oxen and draft horses, Lynn now has twenty-eight oxen and twenty-one draft horses!

Though draft horses' endurance in reclaiming wasteland isn't as good as oxen, they're still usable for reclamation.

Chapter 62: Chapter 62: Bandits

At dusk.

On the distant hills.

Two men pulled the reins with their right hands, riding on horseback, gazing coldly at the distant village.

The man with a scar on his face narrowed his eyes slightly, pondering something unknown to others.

Behind him, a gaunt man spoke angrily, "Captain Isaac, I saw that merchant caravan enter the village."

The scarred man, known as Isaac, remained silent.

The gaunt man, Harvey, continued, "They killed three of our brotherhood members, we must avenge them!"

The scarred man kept scanning the village, a hint of surprise in his eyes.

Located in a remote area, it was adjacent to the enemy country, Elfini.

How could it develop into a village with thirty to forty wooden houses!

Even more surprising, a merchant caravan has come to this place.

Isaac withdrew his gaze and looked at Harvey, "Are you sure that merchant caravan is loaded with goods? And is leading over twenty draft horses and oxen?"

Harvey hesitated not a bit, "Yes, Captain Isaac, I saw it with my own eyes, all goods and draft oxen!"

"Furthermore, I saw that one of the carriages was loaded with iron, quality iron! At least a thousand pounds!"

Isaac's eyes sparkled, "I understand, go back and gather everyone."

Harvey became excited, "Yes, Captain Isaac."

...

Dusk passed, and night fell.

All villagers who had gone out to work returned to the village.

Gathered around the kitchen, finished their evening meal, the village fell into silence.

A group of people surrounded the bonfire, feeling the warmth and comfort from the flames.

Two or three teams of figures slowly wandered around the village.

Leisurely chatter occasionally sounded.

"Emma, today it's chicken barley porridge! I haven't had chicken for ages."

"Yeah, so smooth and rich in flavor..."

"Julia, we should go back to rest."

"Rest? Didn't it just turn dark?"

"It's true it just turned dark... don't you think we should have a child now?"

"Besides, Master Lynn also encourages us to have children."

"Perez, I'm thinking of selling some of the salt Master Lynn gave us to buy some daily supplies..."

"Oh, do as you see fit!"

...

"Look, what's that?"

Fearful and puzzled voices shattered the village's tranquility.

Villagers, who had been enjoying a leisurely evening, stood up and looked into the distance.

There, flames were rapidly approaching.

Gradually.

The sounds of urging horses and the galloping of hoofs entered their ears.

Hyah, hyah, hyah~

"Bandits! Those are bandits!"

"Quickly report to Master Lynn, bandits are invading!"

...

Two or three bandit leaders rode in with their men towards the village.

They waved torches and swords in their hands, letting out bizarre shouts.

Under the bandits' urging, frightened villagers were gathered on the open ground in front of the village.

"Everyone behave, anyone who resists will be killed!"

"Who's the lord here? Come out quickly."

"Gather all the villagers here, our captain has something to say!"

"..."

Seeing the frightened expressions on the villagers' faces, Harvey felt a sense of satisfaction.

He enjoyed seeing the fearful eyes of the weak, those eyes filled him with inexplicable excitement.

Harvey scanned the crowd, his expression lifted.

Without any hesitation, he raised his scimitar and pointed to someone in the crowd, "Captain Isaac, that's the man! He's the merchant of that caravan."

"It was his guards that killed our three members!"

Among the crowd.

George wore a solemn expression.

He finally understood.

The bandits before him were the same ones who attempted to rob his caravan!

Isaac looked over, seeing a man in luxurious attire standing there.

He snorted and told Harvey beside him, "Bring him over."

Harvey grinned, revealing yellow and blackened teeth, nudged his horse, and stepped towards George.

Watching Harvey's scimitar sway, before he could open his mouth to yell, villagers fearfully cleared a path.

As the bandits approached closer, George grew more anxious.

His caravan had five guards.

But in front of these dozen bandits armed with weapons, not a ripple could be stirred!

The guards only went through a period of combat training, barely stronger than ordinary people.

At this moment.

A tall and robust figure stepped forward.

Appearing in front of George's astonished eyes, standing right before him.

The towering silhouette shielded him from behind.

A familiar voice sounded alongside it.

"I am the Lord of this village, Lynn!"

Harvey was somewhat surprised, "You actually came out? I thought you would've run away by now!"

"I'll give you five minutes to bring out all the valuables and hand over that man!"

"If Captain Isaac is in a good mood, he might spare your lives."

From behind, Isaac also stared directly at Lynn.

It wasn't just Isaac; all the villagers' eyes were on Lynn.

Waiting for his response.

Lynn said calmly, "I cannot give you anything."

Harvey frowned, shouting, "What? I didn't hear you clearly!"

Lynn continued, "Everything in the village belongs to the village!"

"If we give them to you, what will they eat?"

Lynn's voice was not loud, yet every villager heard it clearly.

"Courting death!"

Harvey's expression changed, and he raised the scimitar in his hand to slash at Lynn.

Clang!

Before Harvey's scimitar could fall, an Iron Shovel suddenly appeared, blocking in front of it.

The clash of metal against metal made a crisp sound.

Harvey couldn't believe it; he looked to the side to see an ordinary villager holding the Iron Shovel!

He glared at the villager, hoping to scare him into retreat.

Guy was tense, his entire body trembled, but... he didn't back down at all!

The next second.

Gavin and Wilbur stepped forward, blocking in front of Lynn.

Fear was etched all over their faces, yet they still gripped the Iron Shovel and Cross Pickaxe tightly.

Harvey sneered, raising his short sword again, slashing towards the two villagers.

Guy, Gavin, and Wilbur nimbly dodged.

As a bandit, how could he fear these villagers?

In the terrified gazes of everyone, the sharp scimitar blade instantly struck in front of a villager.

Crimson gushed from the villager's front, instantly soaking through his clothes.

The villager reached towards the wound, throbbing with intense pain, his right hand stained with scarlet blood!

He fell to the ground powerlessly.

"Murder! They murdered someone... the bandits killed someone."

"These damn beasts..."

"They want to rob our grain and killed our villager!"

"What should we do? What should we do?"

"I don't want to die!"

"Should we escape from here?"

"How can we escape? We only have two legs, they are on horseback!"

"I want to live! I want to survive!"

"..."

Amidst the fearful discussions, Harvey raised his blood-stained scimitar, cracking a malicious smile.

"This is the price of being the one to stand out... paying with your life!"

The villagers, as usual, bowed their heads.

Not daring to look at the bandits' arrogant expressions.

Fell into silence.

Just hoping the bandits' scimitars would not fall upon them.

Whoosh!

A piercing sound sliced through the air.

A Flint Arrow cut through space, emitting a sharp sound.

The villagers who had bowed their heads raised their eyes.

They looked towards the front.

There, an arrow hit and pierced through Harvey's heart with precision!

The scarlet arrowhead protruding from the back.

Drop by drop of fresh blood dripped down from the arrowhead.

The villagers' pupils constricted, tracing the direction of the shot.

There.

Lynn stood with a grim expression, holding the Horn Bow, the bowstring humming in his left hand...

Chapter 63: Chapter 63: Guard Team

Lynn's eyes burned as he looked at them.

"Faced with the bandits' attacks, you can give up all the food, horses, and oxen, but what will you eat afterward?"

"You can choose to flee from here, but can your speed outmatch the horses? Can you outrun their arrows?"

"Even if you flee from here, who will step forward the next time you're faced with bandits? Who can guarantee that the one who dies won't be you?"

"Even if you reach the next village, faced with even stronger forces, can you still keep running? And where will you run to?"

The many villagers fell into deep thought.

Lynn took a step forward, his words striking like a hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

"The chance to live is something you have to fight for yourself!"

Relying solely on Lynn and Red is naturally no match for these bandits.

However, Lynn has the villagers!

The oppression of the Lord and bandits is like a whip.

The villagers are like lambs; they have power.

But they lack the courage to resist the whip lashing at them.

So, Lynn gives them courage!

Lynn tightly gripped the Iron Axe in his right hand, took heavy steps, and moved toward the dozen or so bandits ahead.

Red and Kuisi followed closely.

As they watched Lynn's back, hesitation filled the villagers' faces.

Gavin and Wilbur, holding an Iron Hoe and Cross Pickaxe, and Guy, with a hoe, followed.

The next second.

Two villagers picked up the sickle and hoe beside them.

Another two villagers grabbed a hammer and an axe...

More and more villagers were encouraged; regardless of being men or women, they picked up the farming tools beside them.

Even those few children picked up the hard stones at their feet.

With resolute expressions, they surrounded the dozen or so bandits.

Over eighty villagers wielding iron farming tools, plus a few coachmen and guards from the trade caravan, faced twelve sword-bearing bandits directly!

At this moment, they did not retreat in the slightest.

In the face of survival, they were ready to die!

As the leader of the bandits, Isaac was filled with shock when he saw those resolute faces.

Were these really just a group of villagers and farmers?

Isaac even felt that the people standing before him were a group of desperados!

He took a deep breath and shouted, "What do you want to do? We are members of the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

A deep voice resounded, entering everyone's ears.

"Kill them!"

Isaac's body trembled, and he quickly looked at the young Lord.

Just as he was about to speak, a sharp hoe crashed down on him.

Isaac quickly drew the long knife he held, placing it before him.

Ding!

A crisp sound rang out.

Isaac snorted coldly, twisting the blade to slice across the villager's neck.

Scarlet blood sprayed, splattering onto the faces of the villagers.

As they smelled the scent of blood, the villagers' adrenaline surged even more.

Without any hesitation, they raised their farming tools and smashed them onto Isaac's body.

Although he wore thin armor under his long coat, protecting against the sharpness of the tools, he couldn't withstand the impact force.

Isaac couldn't help but cough a few times, shaking off the villager in front of him with a slash.

He looked at the remaining members, "These villagers have revolted, leave here first!"

"Yes, Captain Isaac!"

...

Isaac just grabbed the reins, trying to drive his horse out of the villagers' encirclement.

A sharp whizzing sound rang out again.

Swish!

Isaac frowned tightly, quickly raising his Scimitar to slice the arrow in front of him.

But he did not expect another arrow to follow closely, shooting fiercely toward him.

A strong pain immediately spread from his abdomen.

Isaac's eyes contracted; the arrow had pierced right through a gap in his Chain Armor!

In the moment he paused, seven or eight villagers rushed up.

They forcibly dragged him down from the horse, slamming heavily onto the ground.

Seeing the bodies surrounding him, Isaac was panic-stricken, wanting to immediately stand up, but a sharp pain struck once more.

Isaac found that due to the fall, the arrow had completely pierced through his abdomen!

One hoe, rake, or axe after another came swinging down.

Isaac tightened his right hand, and the short knife in his right hand had disappeared.

At this moment.

He began to panic.

Various farm tools rained down, striking his body, his head, his limbs...

A strong dizziness came over him, and Isaac lay on the ground, gasping weakly.

Blood soaked through his clothes, flowing from his back...

Through the gaps between the villagers, he saw that the members of the brotherhood not far from him suffered the same fate.

They were about to be beaten to death by the villagers with farm tools!

Gradually.

Isaac felt the villagers' attack come to a stop.

He struggled to open his eyes, and the young Lord stood before him.

Young and handsome, yet he felt an inexplicable fear.

Cold words reached Isaac's ears.

"Kill them all!"

Isaac's body trembled, he wanted to speak, but as soon as he opened his mouth, blood gushed out.

He never dreamed that one day he would die at the hands of farmers he could kill with ease!

...

This time, the bandit night raid came quickly and ended quickly.

All thirteen bandits perished, and at the same time, fifteen villagers died!

These bandits were mostly runaway peasants or commoners, with no combat experience.

But they were equipped with weapons and rode horses, enough to inflict deadly harm on the villagers!

Lynn strode to the villagers' corpses, casting a glance at everyone.

He said in a deep voice: "They sacrificed for the village's interests! They are the village's heroes!"

"As for heroes, I, Lynn, am never stingy. The families of the fallen will receive five gold pounds of compensation."

"If they have children, their children will be prioritized for my favor when they grow up!"

Listening to Lynn's words, the villagers' downtrodden expressions gradually lifted.

Not only because of the five gold pounds of compensation from Lynn, but also because of Master Lynn's promise.

Lynn's words did not stop.

"Why was our village attacked by bandits?"

The villagers widened their eyes, puzzled, looking at Lynn.

"Too weak! We are too weak!"

"Only thirteen bandits, armed with just one weapon, riding just one horse, killed fifteen of our villagers!"

"If thirty bandits came this time, fifty bandits, would the village be wiped out?"

Lynn paused for a few seconds.

Everyone was silent.

"Therefore, I've decided to form a Guard Team! To protect the safety of the territory, the safety of the village, your safety!"

"Members of the Guard Team will become a sharp blade, punishing evil, a shield protecting the territory's safety."

"Even if they die, they should die at the front lines."

The villagers instantly widened their eyes.

"Members of the Guard Team will not need to participate in daily labor and will have a pound of meat with every meal! They will receive a shilling as monthly pay!"

The villagers looked excited.

"Who!"

"Wants to join the Guard Team?"

A burly man stepped forward without hesitation.

"Master Lynn, I, Kavier, am willing to join the Guard Team!"

Another man also stepped forward.

"I, Fraser, am willing to join."

"I... am willing to join!"

...

Lynn left Red to select suitable guards.

Inside the cabin.

George knelt directly before Lynn, his expression full of guilt.

"Master Lynn, I am guilty, I deserve death! I let the caravan stay in Morgan Town for two days, thinking we had shaken off the bandits' watchful eyes."

"I did not expect them to track your territory..."

Lynn made a sound of acknowledgment without any grudge.

To bring back as much cargo as possible, the fully-loaded double-horse carriage would naturally attract the bandits' covetous eyes.

Without absolute military power, this is unavoidable.

But what intrigued Lynn was what the bandit leader said about the Iron Blood Brotherhood...

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 64: Chapter 64: Heavy Plow Farming

This night is destined to be a sleepless one.

The deceased are gone, the living remain!

The death of fifteen villagers forced Lynn to reduce the workforce for rock salt excavation and the Salt Factory.

Fortunately.

The proficiency in rock salt excavation and the Salt Factory has increased, significantly boosting work efficiency.

Every day, over three hundred pounds of fine salt can still be produced.

The following morning.

George left the village with three thousand pounds of fine salt.

Without the burden of over ten thousand pounds of rock salt, the speed of the carriage dramatically increased.

...

On the open ground of the village.

Five sturdy and robust men stood in front of Red.

They were the members of the Guard Team selected by Red.

Lynn did not have high expectations for these guards, as they were temporarily formed from physically strong villagers.

As long as they can maintain their physical fitness and power, and rush forward at the first moment wielding scimitars left by thieves during critical moments, that's sufficient!

What surprised Lynn was.

Red was now leading the five members of the Guard Team in physical training!

After questioning Red, Lynn learned.

In George's caravan guards, there was an old soldier who participated in the Windless Valley campaign!

Forty years ago.

Earl Becker, who owned Lancashire, attempted to break away from the Kaldi Empire to establish a kingdom!

The Emperor of the Empire sent out fifty thousand cavalry, along with Mitchell Carolyn, known as the Spear of the Empire, to suppress them!

The fifty thousand imperial army marched majestically into Lancashire, the vanguard advancing unhindered, straight into Windless Valley!

However, as the army entered Windless Valley, they encountered the ambush of Earl Becker's forces!

Rolling stones and logs fell from the valley top, causing heavy losses to the imperial army.

Earl Becker's forces seized the opportunity to engage in close combat in the already narrow Windless Valley!

After a long campaign, coupled with the ambush.

The imperial army suffered numerous casualties, blood flowed like rivers.

In the face of a crisis.

Confronting the encirclement by Earl Becker's forces, Mitchell, the Spear of the Empire, demonstrated unmatched prowess, leading five thousand cavalry to break through the encirclement!

Nevertheless.

The imperial army still suffered heavy losses, and the empire's prestige was utterly diminished.

Half a year later.

The Spear of the Empire returned with a hundred thousand troops and suppressed Earl Becker.

But after the suppression, the Spear of the Empire vanished forever from the eyes of the world.

The five thousand cavalry that broke out of the encirclement also disappeared without a trace...

...

Lynn walked along the gravel path, inspecting the village.

The increase in plowing oxen and draft horses led to the barns being completely insufficient, and immediate expansion was needed.

Every time George returns, he brings back plowing oxen and draft horses, and the number will only grow.

Additionally, Lynn needs to start considering building a pasture!

Next, there's the granary for storing food and the cellar for keeping meat.

The population hasn't increased, but the amount of grain brought back keeps growing, necessitating a larger granary to store it all.

The cellar also needs to be built immediately.

Even though there's now fine salt to preserve meat.

As the seasons change, the weather will get hotter.

It's necessary to dig and build a temperature-controlled cellar to store preserved meat and keep it fresh longer.

Now with Colin having Level 3 Construction skills, Lynn can directly assign these tasks to him.

Not only that.

Lynn directly assigned Colin ten apprentices.

Having him craft the beds, chairs, tables needed in the village.

Up to now, Lynn is still sleeping on bare wooden floors.

Lynn thinks he must be the most frugal lord.

...

As Lynn passed the Blacksmith Shop.

A cheerful and excited voice called out to him.

"Master Lynn, you came at just the right time, I was about to look for you!"

Ehreló's face was full of smiles.

Walking into the Blacksmith Shop, Ehreló immediately wheeled out a Wheel Plow.

[Wheel Plow]: Crafted through special forging, solid and sharp, requires draught animals harnessed to pull it forward, can be used for deep plowing, etc.

Looking at the words before him, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

The Wheel Plow forged by Ehreló is identical to what Lynn remembers.

Having Ehreló continue crafting them, Lynn called over Gavin and Wilbur.

One person pushed the plow, another led two plowing oxen.

Heading towards the cleared but not yet cultivated land nearby.

Gavin held a branch in his hand, guiding the plowing oxen ahead.

Wilby gripped the handle of the plow, moving his left hand to lower the plow head that was hovering over the plow car.

The sharp and solid plow head instantly pierced into the soil.

The plowing oxen, maintaining steady steps, slowed down.

But it was still within the endurance range of the two plowing oxen!

Because when designing the heavy plow, Lynn considered aspects like center of gravity and force, aiming to save the plowing oxen's energy as much as possible.

The plow sliced through the soil, severing tree roots embedded within.

About twenty centimeters deep of fertile soil was turned over under the action of the curved plow blade, and fell beside the plow.

Looking at the deep furrows left by the heavy plow, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

The heavy plow can expose the lower fertile soil, mix it with the upper layer and bring the roots of some weeds to the bottom for further decomposition.

Providing nutrients for the upcoming plantation!

Neither the iron hoe nor the light plow could achieve such effects.

It can improve cultivation efficiency and reduce the number of villagers needed on the land.

This is why Lynn insisted on forging the heavy plow!

At the moment, Gavin and Wilbur's faces had a trace of indescribable excitement.

With the existence of the heavy plow, the efficiency of opening up wasteland has greatly improved.

Even when plowing the land with oxen, aside from speed improvement, the presence of wheels makes it even easier!

Lynn stood at the edge of the plowed field, watching for about half an hour, estimating in his mind.

With Gavin and Wilbur possessing Level 2 Planting Skills, in half an hour, the plowing oxen plowed approximately two hundred square meters.

At this efficiency, working eight hours and deducting rest for both oxen and humans, at least fifteen acres of land can be plowed in a day!

Lynn has two thousand pounds of high-quality iron, enough to forge twenty such Wheel Plows, requiring forty strong adult plowing oxen.

But he currently only owns twenty-eight of them.

Although draft horses can be used for plowing to some extent.

However, in terms of endurance and speed, they are far inferior to plowing oxen.

Lynn sighed, he must acquire more plowing oxen!

Having Gavin and Wilbur continue to plow the open land.

Lynn walked through the fields inspecting.

Wherever he looked, there was lush greenery.

It was the half acre of vegetable seeds he bought and planted in Kent Village, now growing.

They were cabbages and spinach.

Especially the spinach, with its short growth cycle, could be harvested in a few days.

...

In the vegetable field.

Lynn squatted beside a furrow, his gaze sweeping over each spinach plant.

Seeing spinach with seven or eight true leaves, Lynn grasped the spinach leaves with his left hand and with his right hand, cut the spinach leaves with a sickle, placing them into a willow basket beside him.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Spinach can be uprooted, or harvested with a sickle.

When harvested, spinach has the chance to grow a second crop!

Lynn carefully put spinach leaves into the willow basket, increasing his Collection Experience bit by bit.

Once the basket was full, Lynn stood up and stretched lazily.

Not far away.

Kuisi Connie and Mola were also harvesting spinach in the fields.

Lynn's gaze stretched into the distance, and his brow instantly furrowed.

A few miles away from the village, a large team was slowly coming.

Where they passed, dust rose from the ground.

Continuous heavy sounds of metal chains dragging echoed.

Clank, clank...

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 65: Chapter 65: Slaves

Several horse-drawn carriages were parked on the clearing in front of the village.

The deafening sound of horses snorting echoed continuously.

A young man dressed in a loose fine wool robe jumped down from one of the carriages.

Beneath the brown-yellow long hair was a fair and handsome face.

The young man's gaze swept over Red and Kuisi before finally landing on Lynn.

He hurriedly stepped forward to stand before Lynn, speaking respectfully.

"You must be Master Lynn, right? I am Grayson Brown, introduced by Mr. George, the Slave Merchant."

Lynn nodded, "I am Lynn."

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, Grayson visibly relaxed.

"Master Lynn, Mr. George mentioned you wanted to purchase slaves, but these slaves... they're all from the Shar Khanate."

Lynn's gaze turned toward the back of the carriages.

There, people with wheat-colored skin were sitting on the ground.

Clad in simple, worn-out coarse cloth robes, they couldn't fully cover their tall figures, nor could they hide the whip scars on their bodies.

Beneath the tangled long hair were thin and weak faces with numb and bewildered expressions, their eyes filled with fear.

Transported by slave ships from the Shar Khanate by the slave merchant, they had endured much hardship.

Seeing Lynn's sweeping gaze, these slaves quickly lowered their heads.

Daring not to make eye contact with this Lord.

Some of the slaves even started to tremble...

Clearly, Grayson had already tamed them on the slave ship.

Noticing Lynn's glance, Grayson quickly explained.

"Master Lynn, you probably know the fierce customs of the Shar Khanate; it is impossible to transport them without whipping, isn't that so?"

"But rest assured, Master Lynn, I can assure you on my merchant's honor that their bodies are healthy, and they have no infectious diseases!"

Lynn nodded, speaking, "How many slaves are here? How are they sold?"

Grayson recalled for two seconds, "In total, there are one hundred and eight, but a few despaired and chose suicide on the way, and three starved to death..."

"Now there are ninety-three left!"

When it came to the price, Grayson hesitated, "Master Lynn, slaves from the Shar Khanate are stronger than ordinary slaves, so the price is a bit higher..."

Lynn said calmly, "Just name the price directly."

Grayson tentatively said, "Seven shillings per slave..."

Lynn nodded, "No problem."

Hearing Lynn's affirmative response.

Grayson relaxed internally.

The slaves from the Shar Khanate have at last been sold!

He almost thought they would be left on his hands.

These slaves he'd bought from another slave trader.

Everyone knows the slaves from the nomadic tribes of the Shar Khanate are strong, some even able to do the work of two ordinary slaves!

Thus, they are welcomed by many lords.

Grayson chose to become a middleman.

But he didn't expect that after transporting the slaves to the Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong.

After holding them for a month, no nobility was interested!

Primarily, the price was too high.

An ordinary healthy slave costs only four to five shillings.

And he had spent five shillings just to buy a slave from the Shar Khanate from the previous trader!

This does not include transport costs, market entry tax, and sales tax!

If not priced at seven shillings, he would make no profit, and directly suffer a complete loss.

In a month's time.

Grayson didn't know how much these slaves, with their large appetites and quick digestion from the nomadic tribes, ate up his shillings.

After learning from George that Lynn wanted to buy these slaves, he simply cut their food supply entirely!

Of the ninety-three slaves, sixty-two were adult men, twenty-eight were adult women, and there were three children.

But Lynn didn't care.

Eventually, the ninety-three slaves were sold for thirty-two Gold Pounds.

Lynn looked directly at Grayson, saying, "I can give you two payment options, first is thirty-two Gold Pounds, second is thirteen hundred pounds of fine salt."

"You can choose!"

Grayson instantly widened his eyes, "Fine salt?"

Lynn nodded calmly.

Realizing Lynn wasn't joking, Grayson was utterly shocked.

He wanted to look around and see where the salt mine was.

But remember, this was Lynn's territory, and the Lord stood right in front of him.

Grayson abandoned that thought.

As a cross-regional trader, Grayson knew the value of fine salt all too well.

With the current chaotic situation, the market price of fine salt had risen to seven pence a pound, with a tendency to rise to eight pence.

This was just the general market price.

The further north, toward the Desperate Great Wall of the Siris Kingdom in the Northern Region, the higher the price!

The price had even stabilized at one shilling per pound!

Because of the freezing cold in the Northern Region, heavy snow falls every year, making it impossible to produce edible salt, and transportation is exceedingly difficult.

Transport ships cannot reach, and even carriages find it hard to move forward.

Only by relying on the snow horses unique to Northern Stegia, with iron-clad horseshoes or iron chains tied to the carriage wheels, could fine salt be transported in.

The transport costs are right there, so naturally, the price is high.

The Lord, whose territory seemed to be in the early stages of development, had a salt mine!

And could even turn rock salt into fine salt!

As long as Lynn was given enough time, he was bound to rise to power.

Without any hesitation, Grayson decisively said, "Master Lynn, I want the fine salt! I want thirteen hundred pounds of fine salt!"

Lynn nodded, "No problem."

Lynn never thought Grayson would opt for Gold Pounds!

The value of Gold Pounds is fixed, but fine salt is in short supply, its value currently on the rise!

Thirteen hundred pounds of fine salt, even a pig would know its value.

Grayson, looking at the generous Lynn in front of him, asked, "Master Lynn, I also have some iron and silk fabrics on my wagon, are you interested?"

Lynn raised his eyebrows, "How much do you have?"

Grayson said joyfully, explaining, "Five hundred pounds of quality iron, all silk fabrics from the Southern Region's Portlands Empire, fifty pieces..."

"Altogether, thirty Gold Pounds, what do you think?"

Lynn didn't hesitate at all, "Yes, according to your price."

The Southern Region of the Portlands Empire has many famous specialties.

For example, timber, honey, iron ore, and fur.

But the most famous is their silk fabrics.

It's said that the textile craftsmanship of the Portlands Empire is so exquisitely delicate because it is inherited from the elves of the Forest of Oblivion!

Hence, the silk fabrics of the Portlands Empire are very expensive.

Priced so that a single piece could sell for ten shillings, hundreds, even thousands of shillings!

Only those Emperor of the Empire, well-established Lord Nobility, or Great Merchants could afford it.

According to Grayson's price, each piece of silk fabric was only about ten shillings, not too expensive!

With the silk fabrics, Lynn could make a few sets of well-fitting clothes.

As a Lord, wearing clothes no different from the villagers.

It may look approachable, but loses the dignity a Lord should possess.

The trade with Grayson just emptied all of Lynn's fine salt produced in recent days.

However.

Everything was worth it.

Chapter 66: Chapter 66: Establishing Authority

Grayson left fully loaded.

The carts were piled high with rock salt and fine salt.

To avoid attracting attention, he covered the top with layers of linen cloth and oilcloth.

He didn't even need Lynn's instructions; as a merchant, he understood the importance of secrecy.

By keeping Lynn's secret, he also kept a new source of fine salt hidden for himself.

The fewer people know about Lynn's sale of fine salt, the fewer competitors Grayson would have.

Even if other merchants were unaware, he could quickly seize this market, even at a small profit.

The key is, the value of fine salt is increasing, and Grayson couldn't manage a small profit even if he wanted to.

As for the Merchant Association... to hell with his great-grandfather's Merchant Association!

Grayson only believes in gold pounds!

Master Lynn told him that he could trade any goods other than salt here for fine salt!

Grayson became even more excited.

As for the output of Master Lynn's salt mine, how long it could be mined, and whether anyone would come to control it—

these were none of his concern.

These were matters for Master Lynn to worry about.

What Grayson regretted most was that Master Lynn's village was clearly on the banks of the Acadia River.

Yet it was blocked by a waterfall hundreds of miles away!

Otherwise, he could sail a longship directly to Master Lynn's village.

Continuously transporting slaves or other goods there.

...

Lynn stood on the clearing, scanning the ninety-three slaves in front of him.

They appeared terrified, their gazes shifting back and forth.

In this way, they hoped to ease the oppression from the lord.

They were from the fierce nation of the Shar Khanate, unwilling to become anyone's slaves.

But after the Shar Khanate lost a war with the Tetlan Empire, they had to accept the reality of becoming slaves.

The Slave Merchant's months of whipping and indoctrination had imprinted a steel mark in their minds.

Making them understand they were indeed slaves!

...

The addition of ninety-three slaves greatly enhanced the village's labor force.

Lynn immediately called Colin, instructing him to lead these slaves into the forest to cut down trees.

They needed to expand the cattle barns and horse stables and build simple wooden houses for the slaves.

Lynn considered himself not an authoritarian, at least not for now!

He could provide these slaves with three meals a day and wooden houses to live in.

Each slave was worth seven shillings, not to mention.

The main point was, he lacked labor too much!

The loss of one slave through starvation or illness far exceeded the costs of food and wooden houses daily.

Besides, he had too many tasks ahead!

Expanding the mining scale of the salt mine.

Expanding the salt factory to increase the production of fine salt.

Building pastures to develop animal husbandry, obtaining steady sources of meat and leather to lay foundations for making armor and breeding warhorses in the future.

Reclaiming arable land to expand the planting scale, acquiring stable supplies of grains and cereals.

When the world falls into chaos, even money wouldn't buy food!

Only growing your own food is most reliable.

Excavating stone mines to burn lime for paving the main roads around the village with lime gravel roads.

Gravel roads would sink into the soil with ongoing usage...

If possible, Lynn wished he could split each slave in two!

...

Half a day's continuous cutting made these already hungry and exhausted slaves even more resentful.

But they dared not express their anger.

They knew they belonged to the young lord as personal property.

At his will, they could be executed at any time.

At dusk.

The overseer responsible for them told them they could finish work.

They were utterly shocked.

Was "finishing work" even something slaves could say?

When they were brought back to the clearing in the village and saw pottery pots brewing barley porridge, their eyes widened.

The rich aroma of barley mixed with the scent of meat enveloped them.

Barley stew porridge!

On the wooden racks beside them lay stacks upon stacks of barley bread.

Their eyes glazed over, fixating on the food, swallowing uncontrollably...

The ten guards wielding scimitars kept them rational.

Lynn glanced at Red.

Red immediately understood and led the ten guards away from the pottery pots.

From the front of the slave line, a white-haired slave abruptly stepped forward to the wooden rack.

Without hesitation, he grabbed a barley roll, attempting to stuff it into his mouth.

Whiz!

In the next instant.

An arrow shot out, followed by a sharp sound, hitting his chest.

The slave's eyes widened and he fell backward.

To his death, he never released the barley bread in his hand.

The eager slaves became terrified, retreating repeatedly.

Lynn stepped forward, glancing across them.

Countless slave eyes fell upon him.

Lynn remained calm, "I am the Lord of this territory, Lynn!"

"Without my orders, any action you take will be punished, severe ones... result in death!"

"However, as long as you obey my orders, you will receive three meals a day, each with meat."

"The logs you cut today are meant for constructing the wooden huts you will live in tomorrow."

Though a slave was worth seven shillings, Lynn could refrain from killing him.

Even if that slave was somewhat old, he could still perform simple labor.

Clearing weeds, helping in the kitchen, etc.

But Lynn needed to assert his power!

He wanted to convey to these slaves:

Disobedience meant death!

While obedience would earn food and shelter.

That simple!

Wow~

The slaves exclaimed at this, filled with disbelief.

Despite the shock, none dared to speak.

Because the lord hadn't told them they could speak.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Now, you can eat."

The slaves still couldn't trust their ears.

Even as slaves, or even as villagers of the Shar Khanate, they had never tasted such fine foods!

The Shar Khanate was exceedingly poor.

Poor enough to invade the Tetlan Empire...

A child dragging chains slowly approached the rack, picked up a piece of barley bread amid everyone's gaze and started chewing.

Seeing Master Lynn's guards remain still.

A female slave slowly approached.

More and more slaves began to move.

At last, each held a bowl of barley stew porridge and a piece of barley bread, sitting unabashedly on the gravel ground, munching away.

They were starving.

Even disregarding the barley porridge's heat...

...

All the slaves slept on the clearing outside the village.

With their bellies full, they slept soundly through the night.

No incident occurred in the village overnight.

To Lynn's curiosity, no slave attempted escape under the cover of night.

After breakfast, the slaves were led back to the forest edge to continue cutting logs.

The amount of food they consumed over those two meals exceeded what they had eaten on the longship for a month.

They could hardly remember the last time they felt full...

Chapter 67: Chapter 67: Warrior

Rows of wooden houses were built, surrounding the village.

An open large kitchen, five large pottery pots can be used simultaneously for cooking!

Beside the kitchen, three smoke rooms and a cellar are established.

Used to store meat and vegetables transported back from outside.

A livestock shed capable of accommodating seventy to eighty heads of livestock stands several hundred meters to the right side of the village.

The right side is a barren land of low hills stretching endlessly.

Lynn plans to construct the future pasture over there, making plans in advance.

...

The total population of the village has reached one hundred and eighty, with efficiency in labor rising sharply.

Whenever a Wheel Plow is forged and completed, Lynn would instruct Gavin and Wilbur to teach two slaves, making them undertake the tilling.

Before summer planting, for every extra acre of land cultivated, an extra acre of wheat can be planted.

Having a stable food source is having confidence!

Lynn roughly calculated, one hundred and eighty people need to consume over seven hundred pounds of food daily.

If you add the livestock, close to a thousand pounds of food is needed per day!

Right now, it's still fine.

When the scale expands in the future to thousands or tens of thousands of people, relying solely on buying grain won't suffice.

Watching Guy lead slaves with Level 2 Breeding experience to orderly guide the draft horses and oxen into their respective barns.

The oxen and draft horses lay down on the soft and dry land, beginning to rest.

Let these cattle and horses rest well first, they'll be the main force when officially starting the cultivation!

With Guy around, he's not worried about the breeding side of things.

Professional matters are best left to professional people.

What Lynn regrets is the lack of domesticated pigs in the village for now.

Two wild boar piglets had been raised for a month but only weighed twenty to thirty pounds.

Breeding at the mature stage is a bit too distant.

Lynn went to the Blacksmith Shop.

Ding ding ding.

The constant clash of metal against metal resounded in his ears.

Since the first Wheel Plow was forged, the pace of the Blacksmith Shop has accelerated.

Both Ehrelo and his apprentices are busy working.

Unlike in the beginning.

Only Ehrelo was busy rushing around, with apprentices just standing there wide-eyed and watching.

Pieces of forged plows were taken out of the furnace.

Under Ehrelo's guidance, the apprentices swung hefty arms and hammered down, perfecting the details of the plow tools.

To further speed up the Blacksmith Shop, Lynn added five more robust laborers to assist in forging Cross Pickaxes and Iron Hoes.

The increase of manpower isn't to make the work easier for them.

But to ensure they work in shifts, continuously day and night.

This way...

Lynn felt maybe in less than half a month.

In about ten days, they could complete the forging of twenty Wheel Plows.

...

Lynn was just about to head to the Salt Factory when he was stopped by Lex, emerging from the brewing workshop.

"Master Lynn!"

Seeing Lex's face full of smiles, Lynn asked, "Are you thinking about the Iron Pot?"

"George hasn't returned yet; we don't have more iron to forge you an Iron Pot!"

Though an exchange of five hundred pounds of quality iron was made from Grayson, Lynn had other uses for it.

Not only did he withhold iron from Lex, but Lynn even contemplated melting down the Iron Pot in Lex's brewing workshop.

But upon thinking the pot has too much residue and the difficulty in forging iron is too high.

Melting it down wouldn't have much value.

He abandoned the idea.

Lex quickly shook his head, "Master Lynn, you misunderstood. I thought of an idea to increase the profits of the brewing workshop!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Let's hear it."

Lex said, "Master Lynn, you might consider opening a tavern in Morgan Town, specifically to sell beer."

"The price of beer naturally can't compare to wine, but it can be sold more with less profit, that's one point."

"Secondly, a warehouse can be set up behind the tavern, serving as a transit station to purchase any goods needed by the village from the town..."

Lynn gave Lex a surprised glance.

Not because the idea was good.

But because Lex could think of such an idea!

This thought was something Lynn considered when planning to sell rock salt.

On the surface, it seems to have many benefits and no harm.

But practically, opening a tavern or shop is more complex than imagined.

Involving the interests of various Manor Lords in Morgan Town and the restrictions from Church doctrines.

His identity would be more easily exposed.

If Lynn were a regular Lord, he'd consider opening a shop in Morgan Town.

But Lynn is a bastard with a record of attempted murder!

Until he has absolute power to swat down any future enemies.

He must stay hidden!

On another note.

Aside from George, Lynn didn't see anyone suitable for commerce.

Sending Lex back to continue brewing, Lynn headed to the Salt Factory instead.

Lynn has increased the number of people at the Open-pit Salt Mine to fifty!

With the help of Cross Pickaxes and Iron Hoes for excavation, they can now extract 3,500 pounds of rock salt daily.

The Salt Factory's daily production of fine salt also reached 400 pounds.

Even though the Salt Factory can't completely process all the extracted rock salt, Lynn prefers to store it and slowly process it.

Lynn's gaze kept scanning through the slaves.

Strings of words flashed before Lynn's eyes.

With the growing population in the village, Lynn needs more talented people with management abilities.

After a rough scan, Lynn didn't see any suitable talent.

Upon reconsideration, he found this normal.

The Shar Khanate was only temporarily defeated by the Tetlan Empire; these are just slaves from the Shar Khanate, not war captives.

In the end.

Lynn instructed Red to expand the Guard Team to ten people.

The cumulative population in the village now reaches a high of one hundred and eighty, and five guards are somewhat insufficient.

Ten tall and strong guards, each equipped with a scimitar confiscated from bandits.

More than enough to deal with slaves!

Having arranged everything, Lynn left the Open-pit Salt Mine.

In the corner of the crushed rock salt processing area of the Salt Factory.

A burly middle-aged man was fixatedly watching Lynn's departing figure.

His sturdy right hand gripped the Iron Hammer, his right arm tense, even the diamond-shaped muscles could be seen.

Bang.

The Iron Hammer fell, shattering the rock salt in front of him into egg-sized fragments.

Even though rubble splattered over him, he paid no heed to the pain.

A sallow-skinned boy approached him.

The boy responsible for collecting salt shards, anxiously glanced around.

He spoke quietly, "Brother, have you decided? Are we escaping tonight?"

Ross showed determination, "Yes, Charles! We leave tonight!"

Facing Ross's unquestionable expression, Charles felt hesitant.

He still asked, "But Ross... how are we leaving this territory?"

"They have a guard team, horses, and sharp scimitars..."

"Even if Ross you are strong and can help me escape the territory, can we go back to the Shar Khanate?"

Charles pointed to his face.

"...This will reveal our identity."

There was a menacing scar there.

To easily identify the slaves, the slave traders would leave this kind of branding on each slave's body.

Shoulder, chest, it could even be the arm... or the face!

Seeing the scar on Charles's face brought a sharp pain to Ross's heart.

His own chest was branded with the marking of a slave by those traffickers.

If it were on the body, it could be covered with clothes.

But, it's on the face, such a brand would follow Charles for life.

Ross's somewhat wavering resolve hardened once again.

"Don't concern yourself! I'm a Horseback Warrior of the Shar Khanate!"

"Shar Khanate... needs me!"

Feeling the imposing aura emanating from Ross, Charles had no words.

""

Chapter 68: Chapter 68: Milestone

Lynn returned to Ehrelo's blacksmith shop.

Rolling up his sleeves, he revealed his muscular arms, gripped the iron hammer, and began forging.

He wanted to continue grinding [Forging] skill experience.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Standing by the forging water wheel, Ehrelo, who was guiding the apprentices, saw this scene, and his face showed a complex expression.

Their Master Lynn really couldn't rest for a moment.

Ehrelo witnessed that Master Lynn, after inspecting various places in the village, came to his blacksmith shop.

With Lynn's help, the efficiency of the blacksmith shop improved once again.

Various styles of iron tools such as iron hoes, cross pickaxes, and iron rakes were continuously forged.

[Your forging skill has upgraded to Level 1, unlocking: Milestone]

[Reward obtained: Memory Pearl ×1]

Looking at the text prompt in front of him, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Milestone?

With a thought, Lynn opened [Milestone].

A series of icons appeared in his eyes.

The nine major professional categories each had their own milestones.

[Construction]:

First Cabin: Construct your first cabin.

(Completed, Reward: 10 Energy Stones, Pending Collection)

Smoke-filled Room: Build a smokehouse for curing meat.

(Completed! Reward: 10 Energy Stones, Pending Collection)

Source of Water: Dig a clean well.

(Completed! Reward: 10 Energy Stones, Pending Collection)

...

[Collection]:

Grass Grasp: Pull grass with your hands for the first time.

Completed (Reward: 10 Energy Stones, Pending Collection)

Weed Remover: Eliminate one thousand weeds.

Completed (Reward: 10 Energy Stones, Pending Collection)

...

[Production]:

Flint Spear: Create a flint long spear.

Completed (Reward: 10 Energy Stones, Pending Collection)

...

[Hunting]...

[Cooking]...

...

Lynn quickly glanced through, collecting all the energy stones.

He fell into thought.

What use do these energy stones have?

Draw Cards?

[Energy Stone]: Remaining 450, can be used to enhance character attributes, improve ability levels, etc.

Looking at the text prompt in front of him, Lynn's eyes widened.

Enhancing character attributes?

Increasing skill levels?

Quickly, Lynn's thoughts returned to normal,

Only character development, not card drawing.

Quite reasonable.

If told Lynn could draw cards, it would be something he couldn't quite accept.

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

[Heavenly Artifacts]

[Name]: Lynn

[Age]: 15 years old

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

[Talent]: Heavenly Artifacts

[Skills]: None

[Ability]:

[Construction: Level 1 (22/200)] (+)

[Hunting: Level 0 (59/100)] (+)

[Cooking: Level 1 (6/200)] (+)

[Forging: Level 1 (2/200)] (+)

[Medicine: Level 0 (0/100)] (+)

[Breeding: Level 0 (23/100)] (+)

...

After unlocking [Achievement] and obtaining [Energy Stones], the option (+) appeared on his attribute panel.

He now had only three skills left to upgrade: [Hunting], [Medicine], and [Breeding].

Lynn tried clicking on [Medicine].

Ten energy stones were instantly reduced, and one point of experience was added to the [Medicine] skill.

Some knowledge about herbal treatment appeared in Lynn's mind.

Ten energy stones increase one point of experience.

A bit little.

However, for Lynn, this was an additional way to gain skill experience.

By continually grinding skills, gaining experience while unlocking various achievements to obtain energy stones.

Then using the energy stones, enhancing some hard-to-upgrade skills, or boosting attributes.

The more Lynn reasoned, the more he felt the existence of energy stones was crucial.

Looking at the panel with two E's and three F's attributes, he wasn't surprised at all.

Originally just an ordinary person, with a somewhat large and stout physique.

Lynn simply decided to refrain from adding points.

Wait to obtain more energy stones before making plans!

...

In mid-April in Kaldi, the sun was just right, and the breeze was gentle.

Lynn and Red rode horses, galloping across the vast wasteland.

Lynn hunted while exploring his territory.

Previously, he was always busy surviving, busy developing, and indeed didn't have time for exploration.

If not for last time when a villager spotted a wild deer and went after it, coincidentally finding the open-pit salt mine.

Perhaps now, he'd still be thinking of ways to expand the brewing workshop's production scale!

Now with the [Ore Vein Detector] function, Lynn must explore the territory in full.

Hopefully discovering coal and iron mines!

In the future, he wouldn't lack fuel and quality iron for forging armor.

...

Five hours later.

Lynn, along with Red and several guards, riding horses, stood on top of a gigantic waterfall.

Rumbling!

The waterfall, like a wild and untamed dragon, leaped down.

Carrying a mountain-sea-like momentum, it crashed onto the river surface below, making a deafening sound.

This was the end of the Acadia River and the edge of Lynn's territory.

Beyond that, it was a range of towering mountains.

Lynn glanced at the waterfall's height; the drop was at least seven to eight meters high!

Trying to level this waterfall with manpower, making the Acadia River flow smoothly, was practically a pipe dream!

Which means.

Transport ships couldn't pass through here to reach his village.

This is one of the reasons Lynn explored along the Acadia River.

He needed to thoroughly investigate the rivers near the village.

Lynn looked at the ore vein detector, confirmed there were no prompts.

He nudged the horse's belly, and the horses galloped toward the village.

Discovering another ore vein would be challenging.

At least.

On the hillside wasteland on the village's right side, there were no findings.

When Lynn saw the general outline of the village, it was already dusk.

From a distance, he saw a convoy of carts parked in the open space in front of the village.

Moreover.

Behind the carts, there was a group of slaves with wrists and ankles bound by ropes!

George, who had just returned, learned from Kuisi that Master Lynn had gone out, and waited all along.

Seeing Lynn leap off the horse's back, George hurriedly came to greet him.

Kneeling on one knee before Lynn, George spoke respectfully: "Master Lynn, mission accomplished without fail!"

Lynn nodded, motioning George to stand.

With some excitement in his words, George continued, "Master Lynn, I brought you the most desired slaves, a total of one hundred twenty."

Lynn approvingly said: "Well done!"

The ninety-three slaves Grayson brought last time only allowed the village to develop steadily.

Now, with George bringing another hundred or so slaves, many plans in Lynn's mind could commence.

George continued, "Additionally, there's eight hundred pounds of quality iron, thirty thousand pounds of barley, wheat, and various beans, three thousand pounds of meat, five plow oxen, ten draft horses, iron pots..."

Lynn nodded.

Whether slaves or these goods, they were what he currently needed most.

Seeing villagers unload goods from the carts, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction.

Thankfully, he had expanded the new granary and cattle shed, horse stable in advance, otherwise, it would have overflowed!

Chapter 69: Chapter 69: Do You Want to Die?

The village under the night was filled with tranquility and peace.

No flashy lights, no bustling traffic.

What there were, were figures strolling on the village paths.

The recent bandit invasion made them cherish their serene life even more.

After Lynn's iron and blood indoctrination, and the temptation of food, the newly joined slaves became compliant and honest.

They were full of anticipation about becoming Master Lynn's slaves.

Unable to change their fate as slaves, being well-fed was their final prayer.

...

The night gradually deepened.

Among the cluster of slaves on the open ground, snores rose and fell in succession.

Ross, leaning against a pile of logs, had his eyes closed slightly, but his right arm was twisting back and forth.

Suddenly, his arm slackened.

The rope binding his wrist snapped in the middle.

Ross, holding the sharp edge of a Flint Blade, continued cutting the rope on his feet...

After a while, he opened his eyes.

Without any movement, his gaze swept around.

Confirming there was nothing unusual, Ross moved his right hand and placed it on Charles' arm beside him.

Feeling the warmth on his arm, Charles, who was fast asleep, opened his sleepy eyes.

Seeing Ross' determined expression, and that he was helping him untie the rope on his hands, Charles immediately understood.

Charles allowed Ross to untie him, as he whispered softly.

"Ross, are we really going to escape like this?"

Ross said nothing, continuing to untie.

Charles continued asking, "Have you thought about, that taking me with you... we won't be able to escape from here?"

"They have horses, swords, and bows... Ross, I'll only be a burden to you!"

Ross' hands trembled slightly as he untied.

Charles, somewhat relieved, said, "I know Ross is a warrior of the Shar Khanate, with the whole Khanate in his heart, so..."

"Ross, you don't need to worry about me anymore, escape by yourself? Return to the Shar Khanate, and come back for me when the Khanate is victorious?"

Charles, reflecting, said, "You also don't have to worry about me, I feel Master Lynn seems pretty decent! At least so far, I haven't gone hungry..."

Smack!

Ross, who was helping Charles untie, suddenly paused his right hand, and slapped Charles across the face.

The sound was crisp and clear.

A visible handprint appeared on Charles' cheek.

Watching the blood trickle from Charles' mouth corner, Ross admonished, "What nonsense are you talking about? You're my brother!"

"Of course, I'm taking you with me."

Feeling the burning pain on his cheek, Charles didn't make a sound, his mouth curved into a smile instead.

Charles moved his arm, pushing away Ross' hands from continuing to untie him.

In Ross' soon-to-be-angry expression, he pushed Ross away again.

Before Ross could speak, Charles stared at Ross, "Ross! I'm too weak! I can't escape! Understand?"

Seeing Charles' resolute expression, Ross' pupils contracted, speechless with shock.

Charles was only ten!

He initially thought Charles understood nothing, still that little boy who called 'brother, brother' following behind him.

Unexpectedly, he had become so mature.

Charles' expression turned stern, "Go, quickly! Otherwise, I'll call the guards to catch you."

Unwillingly, Ross tried to keep untying Charles.

"Ah!"

A decisive shout came from Charles' mouth.

Some light sleepers among the slaves opened their eyes in confusion.

Even the guard on night watch from afar looked this way.

Ross immediately stopped his actions.

Until moments later, everything returned to calmness.

Charles smiled faintly, "Go."

Ross gave Charles a deep look, crouched low, and crawled out of the village without looking back.

Charles watched the receding figure, a trace of relief on his face.

His gaze shifted, and a vigilant guard seemed to have noticed something.

He gripped the scimitar and looked in the direction Ross had vanished.

A ruthless and resolute gleam exploded in Charles' pure eyes.

He picked up a stone with his right hand and fiercely smashed it on the face of a sleeping middle-aged male slave beside him.

The middle-aged male slave woke up instantly, yelling in pain.

"Ah~"

The voice was so loud that it startled all the slaves on the clearing awake.

The middle-aged male slave, seeing Charles and the blood-stained rock in his hand, erupted in rage, grabbing Charles' neck with his right hand.

Under this force, Charles collapsed, pinned to the ground by the middle-aged male slave.

The middle-aged male slave's eyes were wide with anger, demanding, "Do you want to die?"

Suffering, unable to breathe, his neck felt like it was going to break.

Smack!

The middle-aged male slave slapped Charles across the face, a stream of fresh blood shot out from Charles' mouth, splattering on the middle-aged male slave's face.

"Hehe~"

Seeing the guard's gaze drawn over, there was no fear in Charles, only a devilish smile.

The surrounding slaves, witnessing such a scene, began shouting.

"Someone, a murder is happening, a murder is happening!"

"That child... save that child?"

"..."

The middle-aged male slave wiped the blood off his face, the fury in his eyes almost bursting forth.

His eyes quickly searched, and a sharp Flint Blade edge appeared in view.

Without any hesitation, he picked up the Flint Blade edge and thrust it towards Charles' chest.

However, the Flint Blade edge in the middle-aged male slave's hand had not yet struck down.

A sturdy tree trunk smashed on the back of his head.

With such force, the trunk splintered in the middle.

His eyes rolled back as he fell powerlessly onto Charles.

A strong right leg kicked the middle-aged male slave's body off...

Charles opened his blurred eyes to see the face before him, his voice weak.

"Ross?"

"Why did you... come back?"

Ross gently helped Charles lean against the pile of logs, showing a smile.

"Compared to the Shar Khanate, I think... you need me more."

Charles' face registered surprise.

Looking at Ross' face, his breath caught in sobs...

Charles said, "I thought... I thought I was going to die here alone..."

At this time.

The slaves parted, a path emerged.

Lynn arrived with Red and several guards.

Seeing the middle-aged male slave lying on the ground convulsing, with blood gushing from the back of his head, Lynn frowned.

This middle-aged man was doomed!

Lynn's voice was deep, "What happened?"

Among slaves, there would be fights over unequal food distribution, living space, or personality clashes.

This is normal.

But when there's a death, it damages the lord's interests.

Slaves are the lord's property.

Only the lord can decide the slaves' life and death!

Hearing Lynn's authoritative inquiry, even Ross, a warrior of the Shar Khanate, felt his heart tense.

The guard hastily explained.

After learning about the events, Lynn's gaze fell on the robust young man in front of him.

A string of words floated in Lynn's eyes.

[Name]: Ross Anderson

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

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

[Talent]: Good Rider — A born cavalryman, can easily control horses

[Skills]: Charge — While riding, can effectively leverage the horse's strength to break through enemy lines

...

Five-Dimensional Attributes!

And with skills.

This is the strongest role attribute panel Lynn had seen.

But...

Ross had just killed one of his able-bodied male slaves.

Lynn stared straight at Ross, "Did you kill my slave?"

Chapter 70: Chapter 70: Prisoner of War

Lynn's gaze, Red's gaze, the gaze of the guard team...

And the gaze of the slaves, all fell upon Rose.

Rose's expression was calm, with no fear whatsoever!

Compared to a direct charge against enemy cavalry, compared to the threat of death.

What does this matter?

He's not even afraid of death!

Rose looked at Lynn, speaking with determination, "I killed him, you can dispose of me as you wish!"

Lynn said nothing, instead looking beside Rose.

There, a thin boy was sitting.

[Name]: Charles Anderson

[Ability]: Breeding Level 1, Collection Level 1

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

[Talent]: Good Rider — A natural cavalryman who can easily control horses

[Skills]: None

...

The same surname, and the same 'Good Rider' talent.

Lynn asked, "So, was it because of the trouble your brother caused, and you killed my slave to save him?"

Why was Lynn so sure that the boy next to him was his brother?

Rose's eyes contracted, he hurriedly said, "This has nothing to do with Charles!"

Lynn shouted, "That's not important! What matters is that a slave capable of doing heavy work is dead!"

"Do you know what this means?"

Rose remained silent.

It meant that Lynn's interests had been harmed.

Rose said firmly, "I can vow loyalty to the Lord!"

Lynn said, "What do you think you have to offer me in loyalty?"

Rose took a deep breath, bent his body, and spoke sincerely.

"Former Deputy Captain of the 6th Cavalry Brigade of the Kruma Tribe of the Shar Khanate, Rose Anderson, is willing to give his life for Master Lynn."

Admitting his identity meant admitting he was a prisoner of war.

This was a humiliation for Rose!

But...

From Lynn's behavior, as well as shooting the slave who took liberties in trying to eat bread.

Rose knew.

Lynn was a decisive, punishing and rewarding Lord.

He could generously feed every slave but could also kill those who disobey orders!

Rose wanted to survive.

He wanted to survive with Charles.

Only by proving his value could the two brothers survive.

The identity of a deputy captain of the 6th Cavalry Brigade of the Kruma Tribe, justifiably demonstrated his value.

Listening to Rose's uttered words, Lynn was not overly surprised.

With a five D attribute, possessing talent and skills.

How could he possibly be an ordinary slave?

Lynn stared directly at Rose, "Your life already belongs to me!"

Rose quickly thought back, saying, "I can help the Lord train cavalry!"

"The cavalry of the Kruma Tribe's 6th Brigade was all trained by me."

Lynn's eyes lit up.

This was exactly what he needed most.

Red's strength wasn't weak but was merely accumulated through constant hunting experience.

Even if some training methods were obtained from the veterans of Windless Valley, they still weren't complete and methodical training systems.

The importance of Rose was instantly apparent!

Lynn looked at Rose, saying in a deep voice, "I accept your loyalty."

Rose visibly relaxed, bending over again, "Thank you, my master!"

Lynn looked towards Red, "Take them to rest in the cabin, and prepare some meat for them."

He needed strong slaves.

But he needed talented people like Rose even more.

...

Early the next morning.

George left.

With five thousand pounds of fine salt and three thousand pounds of beer, he left.

By now, George didn't need Master Lynn's instructions anymore.

He also needed to know what to bring back.

Food, slaves, high-quality iron...

Everything except salt!

Master Lynn needed them all.

Unfortunately, the carriage had limited capacity...

On the third day after George's departure.

Twenty wheeled heavy plows were finally forged.

The number of oxen was slightly insufficient, but draft horses could temporarily replace them.

Under the guidance of the veterans Gavin and Wilbur.

Oxen in pairs pulled the wheeled heavy plows, cultivating the open grounds.

The wheeled heavy plow was like a fierce war machine.

Brutally tearing apart clothing, rudely flipping over, blatantly exposing itself to everyone's view.

Watching the path of the oxen, where the soil was turned to the surface, smooth and unobstructed, Lynn felt a strange satisfaction.

The previous scenes of clearing wasteland with flint shovels were still vivid in memory.

Though there were twenty wheeled heavy plows, the varying skill levels of the slaves in farming would affect cultivation efficiency.

Over time, as the slaves' proficiency improved, cultivating a hundred acres a day would surely be achievable.

Each heavy plow required one slave to drive the oxen and horse, one slave to stabilize the heavy plow, and two assistants.

To remove the clinging mud from the plow, or to drive away mosquitoes and flies from the oxen and draft horses.

That is to say, the normal operation of twenty heavy plows required eighty people!

It's only mid-April now.

There are still forty days until the summer planting in June.

It's almost possible to cultivate four thousand acres of farmland!

Lynn sighed, indeed when the labor force increases, expanding the planting scale becomes simple.

Not only Lynn.

Some villagers with farming experience watched the efficiency of the heavy plows.

The expression on their faces was one of shock.

"Are these the heavy plows invented by Master Lynn?"

"Such powerful plowshares, capable of cutting through sapling roots and turning over those stones?"

"With such heavy plows, a bountiful harvest is guaranteed!"

"Master Lynn is truly... a genius!"

...

They were uneducated and lacked knowledge.

Before witnessing the heavy plows, they could never have imagined that such plows could be made!

All they knew was that oxen could pull light plows, turning the top layer of soil, and they used their hands to clear stones and branches rooted in the soil.

They knew this wasted time and labor.

They had no way to change any of it.

They could only follow the passed-down experience to toil arduously.

This was the restriction from both thought and era.

But the heavy plow in front of them shattered their vision, crushing the experience lodged in their minds!

So this is how you could farm!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn called for Kuisi.

"How is the progress of the composting?"

Kuisi, without any reservations, started speaking directly.

"Master Lynn, previously manpower was limited, only one porter was collecting manure for composting, so the compost was not much."

Lynn acknowledged, "Increase the number of porters to ten, and tell them they can earn one penny in wages each day!"

Porters faced livestock and manure daily, compared to digging and salt-making, the working environment was much harsher.

Providing a penny in wages daily meant nothing to Lynn.

But it could stabilize and motivate the porters' efficiency.

Why not do it?

...

Of the one hundred and twenty slaves George brought back, eighty were used for land cultivation.

Indeed.

Lynn was preparing to start lime burning!

Even though the village paths were paved with gravel, as more carts returned with fine salt, and trade caravans arrived.

The originally tidy gravel roads turned muddy again.

You could even see wooden wheel ruts on the ground.

If a salt cart capsized in the mud, the loss would be at least dozens of gold pounds.

The burnt lime was used for paving roads and building stone houses, and it could also improve soil acidity.

The task of overseeing wasteland reclamation was assigned to Kuisi.

Lynn, with forty men, headed toward the distant mountains.