

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 71: Chapter 71: Jade Knight Corps

Ding!

Ding ding!

Ding ding ding!

Lynn grasped the handle of the Cross Pickaxe with both hands, lifted it high, and then, using the weight of the Cross Pickaxe and the power of his body driving his arms, slammed it down hard.

The sharp pickaxe tip sank into a piece of gray-white stone.

[Limestone]: Moderate hardness, can be used to burn lime cement, building stone, soil improvement, and more.

Crack.

With a crisp sound, the limestone instantly shattered into small rubble.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Lynn expertly swung the Cross Pickaxe sideways, a pile of rubble sliding backward.

Several slaves gathered the rubble into baskets and poured them into the cart.

Lynn stood straight, wiping the sweat off his cheek with his sleeve.

He glanced around, dozens of slaves, like him, were diligently excavating.

To be precise.

Even Master Lynn, as a Lord, was working so hard, how could they, as slaves, dare to slack off?

After half a day of digging, seeing the experience increase by a dozen points, Lynn exhaled a hot breath.

It was truly exhausting!

Before explosive mining the stone, manual digging was always high-intensity labor.

Fortunately, Lynn only planned to pave the road from the Salt Factory to the village, along with some main roads.

Otherwise, relying on the manpower of forty slaves would indeed be insufficient!

After instructing a few guards to keep watching the slaves continue mining, Lynn rode his horse along the road back to the village.

As far as the eye could see.

Several Wheel Plows were plowing the open land, pulled by oxen.

Smoke from the kitchen chimneys wafting, that was the chef cooking lunch.

Draft horse carts carrying fine salt were driven back to the village, storing the fine salt in the warehouse.

In the wheat fields, a few villagers were removing weeds that stole nutrients from the wheat.

After more than two months of growth, the wheat had already reached flowering stage.

After pollination, when the pollen grains from the wheat flowers combine with the pistil, the wheat enters the grain filling stage.

The days to maturity and harvest were not far off.

On the open space in front of the village.

A row of sturdy figures standing in formation caught Lynn's attention.

Rose was solemnly instructing them.

"Since Master Lynn asked me to train you in military skills, then I am your instructor!"

"Orders must be obeyed without question, this is the basic rule you must adhere to as soldiers!"

"We will start with physical training, beginning with the strength and endurance of your upper and lower limbs..."

The words were powerful and commanding, the tone as strong as steel.

Rose was indeed deserving of being the former Deputy Leader of the 6th Cavalry Brigade of the Kruma Tribe in the Shar Khanate.

Lynn didn't know why Rose became a prisoner of war, but he certainly had great strength.

Lynn was somewhat surprised to see that Red, the Guard Captain, was also among those being trained!

This guy really wanted to improve.

After joining Lynn's Guard Team, these guards no longer had to engage in any labor.

Full-time commitment.

Lynn provided for their meals and accommodation, even caring for their families together.

They had no worries.

Their only responsibility was to complete their training and protect the village's interests.

Before Rose arrived, perhaps they were still quite relaxed.

But now, their physical training and strength training were no less intense than the labor of the slaves.

Carrying logs individually, running weighted cross-country, doing push-ups and sit-ups, and so on.

Rose even deliberately assigned some of the heavier tasks, normally handled by villagers, to the guards.

That was to improve their physical fitness.

Of course.

Lynn had the chef specially cook meals for the Guard Team.

Each meal included a pound of meat, chicken or pork, a pound of barley porridge, barley buns, and vegetables.

This standard was almost similar to that of a knight's meal.

To forge a mighty army, it's impossible without sufficient Gold Pounds!

Turning his gaze a little further, Lynn looked into the distance.

There, a thin boy with a sallow complexion was leaning against the doorframe, watching Rose train the Guard Team.

His eyes were full of yearning and hope.

Perhaps sensing Lynn's gaze, Charles looked over in curiosity.

When he saw it was Lynn, his face showed a startle.

But thinking of the wooden house he now lived in and the food he used, Charles sensibly walked towards Lynn.

Charles bent his body and spoke respectfully, "My master."

Rose had pledged allegiance to Lynn, so as his biological brother, he naturally was also Master Lynn's servant.

Lynn was not surprised, nodded, and said, "Is your health better?"

Upon hearing Master Lynn's inquiry, Charles was startled and quickly responded.

"Master, I am better, I can work now."

Lynn ignored his words, "I want to know what happened to your tribe."

Fifteen years old can be considered an adult age, so ten-year-old Charles certainly wasn't entirely oblivious.

Charles hesitated slightly but still began to speak.

"My master... in the face of the Jade Knight Corps' charge from the Tetlan Empire, the Kruma Tribe fled without a fight..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

The Jade Knight Corps.

That name was well-known.

The fully armored elite cavalry of the Tetlan Empire!

The knights wore full-body armor as green as jade, including helmets, chest armor, arm armor, and leg armor, and their warhorses were draped in complete horse armor.

Almost immune to arrows and swords.

Never mind tens of thousands of fully armored elite cavalry, thousands would terrify countless light cavalry.

Seeing the fear in Charles's expression, Lynn spoke calmly.

"Your brother Rose, is he a deserter?"

Hearing that harsh term from Lynn's mouth, Charles's entire demeanor changed instantly.

His immature face was full of boundless anger, and he shouted furiously.

"Rose is not a deserter!"

At this moment, Charles was very much like a cat that had its fur standing on end.

Lynn said calmly, "If not a deserter, why was he captured?"

"A true warrior would only die on the battlefield, never be captured!"

Charles was taken aback, his momentum immediately weakened and disappeared.

His words were somewhat reminiscent, "The 6th Brigade led by Rose, not a single person wanted to flee!"

"They faced the charge of the Tetlan Empire's Jade Knights head-on, and in the end, the 6th Brigade was either dead or captured..."

Lynn was silent.

Knowing full well that facing such a large-scale fully armored elite cavalry like the Jade Knight Corps, there was no chance of victory.

Yet Rose still didn't allow his 6th Brigade to flee?

For the so-called Empire in his heart, for the so-called honor...

He gave up his own life and freedom.

Is such behavior worth it?

Lynn couldn't make a judgment!

But, he knew.

A country, precisely because there are such soldiers, can forge ahead!

Whether in defense or invasion!

...

Forty slaves worked in the stone mine for three days.

The pile of limestone fragments was as high as a small mountain.

Lynn stopped these slaves and divided them into three groups, assigning different tasks.

A dozen or so went to the Acadia River to dig clay for building a kiln to burn lime.

A dozen or so dug pits for the kiln to burn lime.

The remaining dozen went to the edge of the forest to transport the dried branches left from previous logging.

The kiln for burning lime was broadly similar to the kiln for charcoal.

It consisted of a kiln chamber, a flue, a fire mouth, etc.

When a day had passed.

Hundreds of pounds of clay were dug up and piled near the limestone heap.

A number of medium-sized pits, five to six meters wide, were completed.

Watching them mixing the clay, mud, and straw with their feet, Lynn looked at Colin.

"Before building the kiln, the ground inside the kiln chamber must be compacted to ensure the kiln's stability."

Colin glanced at the uneven mud in the pit and nodded in understanding.

Lynn continued, "The kiln wall should be twenty centimeters thick, directly shaped into brick forms from the mixed clay, mud, and straw, then stacked, with mud to fill the gaps."

"A firebox, about a meter in size, must be left at the kiln's base for burning wood; the firebox should be slightly lower than the kiln chamber to ensure flames enter the kiln."

"The surroundings of the kiln must have ventilation openings..."

"Lastly, the kiln roof: once the limestone and wood are staggered and piled up, a dome structure can be used to seal the top..."

Hearing Master Lynn's detailed explanation, Colin nodded in understanding.

He had heard of such traditional methods for burning limestone.

However, what Colin was curious about was...

How did Master Lynn know everything?

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 72: Chapter 72: Paving the Way

Forty slaves were busy on the open ground.

Brick after brick of earth was being shaped by them, starting to pile up along the side of the pit.

One earthen kiln after another also sprang up from the soil.

A medium-sized earthen kiln about five to six meters large can burn approximately five to six tons of lime.

Lynn had them set up ten kilns, which needed to be burned continuously for seven days before the limestone could turn into the lime Lynn wanted, producing about sixty tons of limestone!

Lynn merely wanted to pave and reinforce the road surface.

That was sufficient.

However, producing lime was not that simple.

Without temperature detecting tools, Lynn had to rely on his knowledge to judge by the flame's color and the smoke emerging from the flue.

Lynn spent almost all his time at the kilns, apart from patrolling the village.

He had to strictly control the temperature within the kilns.

If the temperature was inadequate or excessive, it would be a waste of time.

Seven days later.

The lime burning was complete.

Boom!

Lynn's Cross Pickaxe hit the top of the kiln, and white dust rose immediately.

[Quicklime]: Made from burned limestone, it can be used for wall construction, soil improvement, disinfection, sterilization, cleaning, deodorizing, and more.

Seeing the text before him, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

This was the result of him standing guard at the kilns for seven days.

With the quicklime finished, everything from here on would be much simpler.

Sand, the Kadia River lacked neither sand nor clay.

Crushed stones from the limestone excavation were still not used up.

Sufficient to pave the road from the village to the Open-pit Salt Mine.

Have the forty slaves dig out another several dozen square meter pit to be used as a mixing pit.

Most of the lime was poured in, and water was ferried from the Kadia River and poured in.

All at once.

The quicklime steamed, and a massive amount of heat rose from the mixing pit.

Lynn involuntarily stepped back a few steps.

Such a massive quicklime boiling site could cook a person alive!

A few hours later, the quicklime became slaked lime.

Lynn had the slaves pour the crushed stones and sand in proportions into it.

Using Iron Shovel and Iron Hoe, mixing them evenly to directly start paving based on the previous crushed stone road.

Watching the slaves gradually work from the village towards the distant Open-pit Salt Mine, Lynn's.

Three thousand meters was not a long distance.

With draft horse-drawn carts, it took just two days, and the village's crushed stone ground turned white.

A white road led to the forest's Open-pit Salt Mine.

Midway, a white road branched off towards the distant mountain forest entrance.

Despite the distance, Lynn still had the slaves continue paving.

At this moment.

Grayson arrived at the village with his caravan, sitting on a carriage.

Seeing the clean and sturdy white ground, Grayson was full of amazement.

It had only been a few days, and Master Lynn's village stone ground was completely renewed.

Looking at the elegantly dressed man in silk and satin garments, Grayson's eyes shone brightly.

With black short hair, a face as chiseled as a knife displaying deep and steady brown eyes, a high nose bridge...

Grayson smiled, "Master Lynn, I brought back the goods you needed."

Lynn nodded, "What goods?"

Grayson explained, "Ten thousand pounds of barley, two thousand pounds of wheat, one hundred and fifty slaves, and two hundred pounds of high-quality iron..."

Grayson truly was a slave trader; the number was increasing every time he came.

However, when Lynn heard the high-quality iron was only two hundred pounds, he couldn't help but frown.

"So little high-quality iron?"

Grayson explained, "Master Lynn, I also want to bring you more iron; if there's profit, no matter the hardship, it's worth it."

"But now the situation has become unstable, and many Lords are unwilling to sell high-quality iron; it seems they are preparing for something!"

"Oh, Master Lynn, I'm not sure if it's an illusion, I always feel a war is imminent..."

If a war indeed breaks out, for a trader like him, dealing across regions and empires...

It would both be a disaster and an opportunity.

A war would mean the opportunity to profit from the nation's misfortune.

But it also meant the risk of dying under the war's iron heel.

Lynn responded, directly asking, "Where did these slaves come from?"

Grayson instantly regained his senses, explaining, "Master Lynn, they come from the mountain areas of the Portlands Empire, not counted as Portlands citizens."

"They hide in the mountain forests of the Portlands Empire, often with thirty or forty forming a tribe, living off the mountains, self-sufficient."

"But some gangs for money would go into the mountains to capture these... wildlings?"

Lynn didn't care, continuing to ask, "How much in Gold Pounds total?"

Grayson smiled broadly, "Master Lynn, a total of fifty-one Gold Pounds and twelve shillings, but you can just give fifty-one Gold Pounds."

Lynn considered for a few seconds and responded, "Fifty-one Gold Pounds or one thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds of fine salt, you may choose."

Grayson almost had no hesitation, hurriedly saying, "Master Lynn, I want the fine salt, I want the fine salt."

His words filled with urgency, fearing Master Lynn might regret.

Understand, the last batch of fine salt was only two thousand three hundred pounds...

He transported the fine salt to the most fringes of the Portlands Empire, Canary Wharf.

Selling all this salt to the local salt merchants, fetching a price of nine pence per pound!

He profited nineteen Gold Pounds directly.

Conveniently, he could also transport Portlands Empire's slaves to Lynn.

Profiting from both ends!

Lynn did not hesitate, instructing Red to have the villagers move the fine salt from the warehouse.

Seeing those sacks wrapped and tied in Linen Cloth filled with fine salt, Grayson's eyes sparkled.

In the villagers' eyes, it was for curing meat and seasoning food fine salt.

In his eyes, that was the sparkling Gold Pounds!

Grayson suddenly thought of something, hastily asking Lynn.

"Master Lynn, I have a friend... My warehouse has stored twenty thousand pounds of barley harvested two years ago and ten thousand pounds of peas, Master Lynn..."

Lynn raised an eyebrow, "Bring them all over, and I can pay the current market price!"

Last year's barley, last year's peas, can't they be eaten?

Food is food!

With Lynn's reply, Grayson's smile deepened.

Great, great.

Grayson could completely haggle with his friend, cutting the price to a dangerously low level, purchasing under market price for himself.

Then he would deliver them to Master Lynn's territory to make a big profit at market price!

Once all the fine salt was loaded onto the carriage, Grayson jumped on and left without looking back.

He had to return to Kakasong City as soon as possible.

If his friend's mind slipped and sold at a low price to another Lord,

he wouldn't catch this windfall.

Watching Grayson disappear, Lynn's face was calm.

No matter whose grain or goods as long as they arrive in his territory.

He would take it all!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn looked at the slaves standing on the open ground.

They were emaciated, gaunt, and their eyes were filled with confusion and fear.

Lynn took a step forward, shouting loudly, "I am the Lord of this land, Lynn..."

"As long as you obey my orders, you will not need to suffer hunger!"

...

Chapter 73: Chapter 73: Wheat Harvest

After a few days, Grayson returned again to Lynn's village.

As he had said before, he brought Lynn fifty thousand pounds of barley and twenty thousand pounds of peas.

Barley and peas are the most common grains in the Karedi Empire.

They are widely planted and inexpensive.

After Lynn gave Grayson two thousand pounds of fine salt, he happily left the village.

Lynn needed more food.

After all, Lynn promised they would not only have three meals a day but also no longer suffer hunger!

Such a large population consumes nine hundred pounds of grain and over a hundred pounds of meat each day.

Fortunately, oxen and draft horses can eat hay, but about fifty cattle and horses would also consume two hundred and fifty pounds of grain daily!

The village's population is experiencing explosive growth.

Including Lynn himself, all are immigrants!

The village's birth rate... what birth rate?

From when Lynn built the first wooden house here to the first batch of free people arriving, the total population has reached four hundred and fifty!

Lynn has never seen a newborn baby.

For a village's development, this is unhealthy.

With the one hundred and fifty slaves brought by Grayson, the village's labor force increased again.

Lynn called Colin directly and let him take the slaves to the forest edge to cut down trees.

With more and more slaves, more and more housing is needed.

Logs.

There are plenty in the forest, just bring the Iron Axe and Iron Saw to cut them.

Labor.

These slaves, hearing they are building wooden houses for themselves, exert as much strength as possible.

Watching a large group of slaves leave, Lynn turned to Red and Rose beside him.

"I need more guards, increasing the Guard Team to fifty people!"

"Red is responsible for selection, Rose, you are in charge of training them."

"You can choose a piece of land near the village as your training ground."

"I need them to rush forward immediately when facing bandits, as long as they can do one-for-one exchange!"

Courage is rarely innate, it often requires iron discipline and rigorous training to forge!

Their status is promoted by Lynn from villagers to guards.

But in the end, they are still ordinary villagers.

Rose and Red glanced at each other.

Red responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

...

Wooden houses are continuously being built around the village's perimeter.

Each family, or two people per simple wooden house.

There are over a hundred wooden houses in the village.

Including open kitchens, cellars, smoking rooms, brewing workshops, cowsheds, horse stables, granaries, salt storages, wells, and so on...

With these various buildings, the total population of the village already reaches the scale of a medium-sized village.

Yet a single well in the village cannot meet the villagers' normal drinking water needs.

Lynn directly called twenty villagers to add two more wells on the village's two ends.

The wells not only need to supply water for kitchens and brewing but also provide the villagers with normal drinking water.

Not only that.

Toilets need to be added!

After Lynn gave a strict order, those slaves accustomed to relieving outdoors began to enter the toilets.

The main road leading from the village to the farmland was also paved with stones, sand, and gravel by the villagers under Lynn's directive.

Facilitating the subsequent transportation of compost and food.

Now it's already mid-May.

Getting closer to June's summer planting.

Lynn found the village was secretly conducting trading and exchanging activities.

Last night.

He clearly saw a female villager holding a piece of linen cloth exchanging it for rock salt with another female villager.

Lynn did not stop it.

He actually thought it was a good thing.

Only by having supply-demand relationships will people work more diligently during labor.

Only then will they feel a sense of belonging to this village.

This is exactly what Lynn wants!

...

When Lynn improved the various facilities in the village.

Even though there were only five acres of wheat, they turned golden.

Under the soft breeze, swaying up and down.

The heavy heads of wheat bent the wheat stems.

At the edge of the wheat field, Lynn, Kuisi, and Red stood.

Kuisi's face was full of joy.

These wheat were jointly cultivated with Master Lynn after clearing the land and sowing them together.

"Master Lynn, so many kernels, the wheat has yielded, it's time to start harvesting!"

Lynn said nothing, moved his right hand, and pulled out a head of wheat to inspect closely.

There were fifteen or sixteen kernels on the head of wheat, each plump.

The number discrepancy was significant compared to what Lynn envisioned.

In his memory, even ordinary ears would have around thirty to fifty kernels, superior high-yield varieties would have up to fifty.

After special breeding like space tons, could even have over a hundred kernels per ear.

That's true high yield.

Thinking again, given his initial conditions, he had reached the limit of cultivating wheat.

Comparatively, sowing fifteen-six kernels per plant was indeed considered a bumper harvest.

This indicates that Lynn's improved planting methods conceived in his mind were feasible and practical!

Lynn nodded and said, "Harvest the wheat!"

His body bent, holding the upper part of a bunch of wheat in his left hand, and with the right hand holding a sickle, cutting it from the stem's base.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

The collection experience was gradually increasing.

Putting the wheat aside, Lynn continued harvesting the next batch of wheat.

Within a day, a few people including Lynn finally completed harvesting the five acres of wheat field.

Subsequent processes of threshing, drying, and storage were still required.

Lynn roughly estimated.

With only using decomposed forest soil for fertilizing these wheat, after a series of procedures, there should be over six hundred pounds of wheat.

Compared to their sowing planting, it increased yields by at least thirty to forty pounds per acre.

Especially Kuisi, Red, and Lex.

Their eyes were full of admiration as they looked at Lynn.

At this moment, Lynn was like a god to them.

Yielding thirty pounds more on an acre, what about ten acres?

Three hundred pounds.

What about a hundred acres?

Three thousand pounds.

What about a thousand acres?

Thirty thousand pounds!

That is a qualitative improvement!

...

Summer harvest ended.

The village formally entered the summer farming phase.

Aside from the Guard Team, brewery, Blacksmith Shop, Open-pit Salt Mine, and Salt Factory villagers, maintaining their original numbers.

Lynn invested all the remaining villagers into the land reclamation.

Roughly divided into four batches.

The first batch, clearing the weeds, stones, and arm-thick branches from the wasteland.

The second batch, driving draft oxen pulling Wheel Plows to cultivate the open fields!

The third batch spread the piled compost evenly over the cultivated soil.

The fourth batch used Iron Hoe and rakes to break large clods and flatten the land, ensuring the even distribution of compost nutrients.

Clear divisions of labor, minimizing unnecessary transition work.

Focusing on one task, after a while, becomes proficient and can improve efficiency!

These people are merely villagers from various countries.

Their knowledge comes mostly from the experience of the previous generation.

Lynn does not need them to have any ideas, just to follow the instructions.

Even Lynn himself took off his shoes, rolled up his sleeves and trousers, and rushed into the open field.

He held the handle of the Wheel Plow with both hands, stabilizing the plow, and nudged, inserting the plow's blade into the soil at about twenty centimeters depth.

This is the ideal depth, to bring the fertile deep soil to the surface while reducing the draft oxen's pull to conserve their strength.

Gavin, in front, driving the oxen, checked and confirmed they could start, then whipped the oxen's back with a branch in his hand.

Moo~

With a painful cry.

Two draft oxen stepped with heavy footsteps, moving forward.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Chapter 74: Chapter 74: Extraordinary

A day's work ends.

As Lynn previously guessed, it wasn't far off.

With twenty wheel plows, about ten acres of farmland were cultivated in a day.

If there are no accidents, at the current rate of cultivation until the start of the summer planting, about three thousand acres should be opened up!

Very soon.

Lynn discovered a difficult problem.

Assuming a standard of one thousand pounds of compost per acre, three thousand acres would require fifteen hundred tons of compost!

An adult produces only about four pounds of feces and urine a day. Oxen and draft horses eat more and produce more, about fifty to sixty pounds a day.

Mixing it with mature soil and straw...

Even so, it is far from reaching fifteen hundred tons of compost.

Lynn never imagined that one day he would worry about manure.

Going to other villages or small towns for collection?

Perhaps, this is the best method!

According to Lynn's memory, the villagers now only know to use livestock manure to fertilize crops.

They are not yet aware of using human manure for fertilization!

Otherwise, towns wouldn't have the bad habit of dumping feces in the streets.

Leaving the village to Morgan Town, even with a horse-drawn cart, would take three or four days for a round trip.

A cart with two draft horses can carry fifteen hundred pounds of goods.

If two carts are sent to Morgan Town for manure collection, a round trip would only be one and a half tons...

Ultimately, Lynn gave up this idea.

The journey is long and perilous.

Perhaps someday, what the manure transporter brings back from the town won't be manure, but death!

With insufficient compost, Lynn could slow down his development.

If a crisis is drawn, it would not be worth the loss.

Leaving the cultivation work to Kuisi, Lynn returned to the village.

He walked briskly into the blacksmith shop, looking directly at Ehrelo.

"How is my evaporative crystallization iron pot coming along?"

Ehrelo, who was reprimanding an apprentice, instantly broke into a smile.

"Master Lynn, your iron pots are finished!"

"As per your request, there are a total of four iron pots, each capable of holding two thousand pounds of saltwater!"

"However... Master Lynn, all the high-quality iron you brought has been used up..."

Lynn nodded, "No problem."

These iron pots were naturally for Lynn to improve the evaporative crystallization efficiency of the salt factory.

Because iron conducts heat well and evenly, it can allow salt to crystallize from saltwater more quickly.

This enhances the fine salt production.

With George and Grayson both transporting and trading goods, the fine salt production is lagging!

Even though these four iron pots have used up all his high-quality iron,
everything was worth it!

As long as it can increase the fine salt production, he can trade goods at a faster rate!

Summoning a group of villagers, Lynn had them carry the pots to the salt factory.

Inside the salt factory.

The clay and stone vats had long been broken up by Lynn's orders,

leaving only a stove!

When the four iron pots were placed on the stove, they fit perfectly.

Next, Lynn was to wait for the daily fine salt output from the salt factory.

...

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

...

The sound of powerful shouts echoed continuously from the training ground outside the village.

The fifty guards were divided into three groups by Rose for different physical training.

A dozen took turns supervising the villagers' labor.

A dozen, in pairs, carried a log on their shoulders, performing squats.

This was to train their lower limb strength.

A dozen were pressing their fingers into the ground, with their legs propped on a one-meter-tall wooden horse, doing supports.

This was to train their core stability.

It was clear that Rose, as an instructor, noticed the physical weaknesses of each.

Looking at the sweat-drenched guards, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

The price of a pound of meat per meal and one shilling a month wasn't so easy to keep in pocket.

Just as Lynn was prepared to continue leveling up the [Hunting] skill,

a guard carried an old man with white hair towards Lynn.

A slightly old voice arose from the villager's mouth.

"Such sacrilege against God and disrespect for holy rites is truly blasphemous!"

"Your evil deeds make me worry for your soul's salvation, truly lamentable and pathetic..."

Hearing the old man's words, Lynn slightly furrowed his brows.

This strange speech felt strangely familiar to him.

When they reached Lynn, the guard hastily reported.

"Master Lynn, this old man refuses to work and is inciting villagers to leave immediately..."

Lynn nodded, "Go ahead and carry on with your duties."

The guard hesitated, glancing at the old man but, without a word, turned and left.

Gazing at the old man before him, Lynn's mind stirred.

A string of text appeared in front of his eyes.

[Name]: John Evans

[Age]: 55 years

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

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

[Talent]: Blessing – Has a small chance to realize a blessing prayer

[Skills]: Healing Light – Can heal patients through sincere prayers

...

Lynn's gaze swept swiftly over Old John's panel.

Just as he was about to close it, his eyes slightly widened.

Level 3 Medicine?

These talents and skills...

Are they something an ordinary person can have?

Blessing?

Healing Light?

Extraordinary ability?

Old John... is he a Priest?

A Priest with extraordinary abilities?

Suppressing his complex feelings, Lynn looked directly at Old John and spoke in a deep voice, "You don't want to work?"

Old John rolled his eyes at Lynn, "Only a fool would want to work; who would stand if they could lie down?"

Lynn didn't mind at all, "But you are my slave. If you want to eat your fill, you must work."

"Otherwise... death!"

Feeling the authority emanating from Lynn, Old John's white beard shivered.

He quickly explained, "Evil Lord, I, John Evans, am a Priest of the Church; only the Creator can kill me!"

Lynn's mouth curled into a smile, "Is that so?"

"If I wish, I don't even have to lay a hand on you; you would still die here."

"Hunger will get to you before I do, dragging you into the endless Abyss!"

Old John nodded silently, his bright eyes rolling swiftly.

A few seconds later.

Old John spoke, "Merciful Lord, considering your treatment of slaves, you wouldn't starve Old John to death!"

Lynn shook his head, "I would."

Old John was again silent.

A few seconds later.

Old John spoke hesitantly, "Merciful Lord, Old John's age is getting on; if possible, Old John would like to exchange a simpler job for the food you've given."

"Would that be possible?"

Lynn's mouth lifted, "Of course!"

"I need you to treat the injured in the village and teach the children their studies!"

Chapter 75: Chapter 75: Resource Management

In this world, knowledge is in the hands of a few people.

The Church clergy, nobility, and scholars!

Previously, Lynn was pondering about whom to appoint for educating the children.

Old John then appeared.

Lynn did not expect those dozen children to learn any profound knowledge.

He merely wished they could understand numbers and recognize letters, at least being able to comprehend the contents of a letter.

Not only children, but the guards of the Guard Team also needed to learn.

This was Lynn's most basic requirement.

Old John was somewhat surprised.

It was his first time hearing.

A lord who would be so concerned about the education of children in his domain, besides his own children.

Looking at Lynn's serious face, Old John's heart was moved.

He agreed, "Everything will be just as you, Lord, require."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

...

Reclaiming wasteland is a dangerous labor.

It has always been so.

Two adult oxen pull the wheel plow, flipping the soil to the side.

The villagers, who already struggled to handle the heavy plow, might easily lose their footing, fall, and get injured by the plow.

In just three days.

Five or six people were carried back to the village.

Fortunately, with the presence of Old John.

What disappointed Lynn a bit was that Old John did not use his [Healing Light] skill.

Instead, he gathered various herbs from around the village to apply herbal treatments to the injured.

For those injured, Lynn had no sympathy.

After herbal treatment, if they couldn't continue to handle the plow, they were to use a sickle to clear weeds.

If they couldn't clear weeds, they were to help in the kitchen.

In any case, labor should not be idle.

As night fell.

In Lynn's wooden house.

Kuisi was standing in front of Lynn.

She explained, "Master Lynn, after you modified the evaporator to a large iron pot, the production of fine salt doubled!"

"Now the Salt Factory can produce 600 pounds of fine salt daily."

A daily output of 600 pounds of fine salt, priced at seven pence per pound...

Each day can earn him Seventeen Gold Pounds, Ten Shillings!

If used to buy barley, it's quite a lot.

But if buying armor, it would only be enough for one set of finely crafted Chain Armor.

With this little gold pound income, let alone building an army, it's barely enough to sustain the villagers.

Lynn looked at Kuisi, "How much rock salt and fine salt is still left in the salt warehouse?"

Kuisi hesitated a bit and explained, "In the last trade with the merchant Grayson, it was all cleared... About fifty thousand pounds of rock salt and around two thousand pounds of fine salt are left."

Lynn nodded and dismissed Kuisi, letting her go back to rest.

The Kuisi before him seemed more mature and composed, busy as she was with village affairs.

...

George came back.

A caravan of ten two-horse carts came grandly towards the village.

Every cart was loaded with goods!

During this time, Lynn had the villagers repair the limestone road on the wasteland.

Otherwise, the former muddy dirt and gravel roads of the wasteland would certainly not bear the weight of the carts!

Standing at the village entrance, Lynn had a glance and noticed that this time George did not bring back any slaves!

Jumping down from the cart, George hurried to Lynn, bending over as he spoke.

"Master Lynn, I apologize, this time I could not bring you the slaves you desired... however, I brought you a lot of high-quality iron and grain!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

What he lacked most currently was high-quality iron and grain!

Lynn asked, "How much high-quality iron is there?"

George quickly explained, "Three thousand pounds of high-quality iron!"

"Master Lynn, I have reached a steel sale agreement with an iron trader from the Portlands Empire, please have a look to decide."

He took a rolled brown parchment from his bosom and handed it to Lynn.

Lynn accepted it and began to read.

The contents of the agreement were not complicated.

In short,

the iron trader from Portlands Empire and George reached an agreement to sell high-quality iron to George at a price two pence above market price.

The iron merchant needs a month for each round trip to the Portlands Empire.

In a month, three thousand pounds of high-quality iron would be delivered to Lynn!

It was the maximum load for a longship.

Returning the parchment to George, Lynn nodded and said, "No problem, you take full responsibility for this, let the iron merchant proceed with the delivery."

The price of high-quality iron, six pence a pound, plus two pence makes it eight pence.

Three thousand pounds of high-quality iron is One Hundred Gold Pounds!

Just the six-day output of the Salt Factory, Lynn could afford it.

Receiving Lynn's response, George nodded solemnly, "Alright, Master Lynn."

"Besides the high-quality iron, I also brought back twenty thousand pounds of grain..."

"This is the remaining Fifty Gold Pounds!"

Lynn nodded, "Well done."

He glanced at Kuisi, who quickly took the bag.

Instantly, the weighty sensation appeared.

Lynn felt somewhat amazed in his heart.

Even he, it was the first time to see so many gold pounds.

After all, it was mostly bartering before.

Lynn naturally understood why George brought back the gold pounds.

Not due to lack of money to buy supplies, but his carts were limited, the market temporarily limited.

Lynn acknowledged, "Very well done, go rest."

Bag after bag of goods was unloaded from the carts by the villagers.

The high-quality iron was sent to the Blacksmith Shop, the grain was stored in the granary.

With the fifty thousand pounds of barley and twenty thousand pounds of peas brought by Grayson, and now the twenty thousand pounds of grain brought back by George.

It was enough for the four hundred fifty mouths of villagers and fifty heads of livestock to eat for some time.

But, only for a period.

During spring plowing, Lynn planted only five acres of wheat.

That means,

Lynn still needs to keep buying grain to get through summer plowing!

...

All the previous iron was used to make iron pots.

From these three thousand pounds of high-quality iron, Lynn planned to allocate a portion for making weapons for the Guard Team!

The number of the Guard Team expanded to fifty people.

Aside from the thirteen scimitars and one set of half-finished Chain Armor previously acquired, these guards didn't even possess a decent weapon.

The remaining iron would all be used by Lynn to forge Wheel Plows!

Grain is the foundation of all development!

...

Under the night sky, the villagers stood on the open ground.

Four hundred villagers were standing on the open ground.

Their eyes were all fixed on the front.

There, Master Lynn was standing with Ehrelo of the Blacksmith Shop.

Scanning the crowd, Lynn spoke solemnly.

"Ehrelo, the blacksmith of the Blacksmith Shop, is a hero in my eyes."

"In my time of need, he led fifteen apprentices to forge twenty Wheel Plows day and night."

"Not to mention that these guards don't even have a proper weapon."

"I am willing not only to give my gratitude, but also to give him a fitting reward."

"A reward that is as heavy as this."

Lynn took out twenty gold pounds and placed them in Ehrelo's hands.

The crowd was abuzz!

Lynn's voice pierced through the curious gathering of villagers.

"As long as you can complete the tasks I assign, you too, can earn golden pounds as a reward!"

Brainwashing?

Hardly,

Lynn had put actions to his words, taking out genuine gold pounds.

He's here to stimulate their senses,

to show them that following him and completing tasks as required, not only ensures that they have enough to eat and a place to live,

but also begin to amass wealth!

...

""""

Chapter 76: Chapter 76: Healing Light

Buzz!

Whizz!

Lynn's eyes were like torches, staring intently at a wild chicken ahead.

His right hand released the bowstring, and in the sound of the string vibrating, the iron arrow shot forward furiously.

Piercing through space, it accurately hit the chicken's abdomen.

Not even waiting for the chicken to flutter.

The power of the iron arrow lifted it and nailed it fiercely onto the tree trunk ahead.

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

...

A little bit of experience is increasing.

A guard quickly stepped forward and picked up the wild chicken.

Red handed Lynn another arrow from the quiver behind him.

Lynn glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Hunting: Level 0 (95/100)]

Lynn and his ten guards had been in the forest for two days.

Aiming to grind the level of the [Hunting] skill.

And incidentally, explore the veins of the forest!

As he walked, Lynn's eyes swept around the surroundings.

The primordial forest is teeming with wildlife and wild animals.

Not far from their starting point, Lynn's gaze focused.

Ahead of them, fifty meters away, seven or eight wild boars were foraging among the dead branches.

Oink Oink Oink~

Sounds of satisfaction constantly emitted from their mouths.

Adhering to the spirit of being here, since you've seen it.

Lynn immediately organized the ten guards to hunt the boar group.

Unlike before, when they were so embarrassed.

Holding iron axes and hoes, they began to confront the wolves and boars!

Now each of Lynn's men holds a combat iron spear, plus a scimitar on their waist!

A day ago, Ehrelo had already handed over the iron spears to Lynn.

The production of iron spears, after having hydraulic forging, became relatively simple.

Half an hour.

Eight or nine adult boars lay in a pool of blood.

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Hunting Experience +1]

...

[Your hunting has risen to Level 1, unlocking: Resource Management]

[Reward obtained: Memory Pearl ×1]

Red was instructed to organize the guards to rest in place and cook pork dishes.

Lynn had long prepared for several days of being out.

Thus, he brought along two chefs to cook...

Since the development began, Lynn refuses to nostalgically eat roast meat.

He has not genuinely tasted sweet yet!

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

As a lord, if he doesn't even know the breadth of his cultivated lands, the labor force, the number of soldiers, and the resources, etc.,

would he be a good lord!

Because he doesn't know where the defects and advantages of his territory lie!

The presence of the [Resource Management] feature instantly quantifies all this data and displays it on the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

[Currency Resources]:

Gold Pounds: 30 Gold Pounds

[Human Resources]:

Total Population: 450 people

Villagers: 449 people

[Land Resources]:

Cultivated Land: 600 acres

Pasture Land: None

[Crop Resources]:

Food Crops:

Barley: 85,000 pounds

Wheat: 5,500 pounds

Peas: 18,000 pounds

Economic Crops: None

[Processed Resources]:

Beer: 8,000 pounds

Fine Salt: 4,900 pounds

Quality Iron: 2,800 pounds

Weapons:

Iron Curved Saber: 13 pieces

Iron Sword: 47 pieces

Iron Spear: 40 pieces

[Animal Resources]:

Livestock:

Draft Cattle: 28 heads

Draft Horse: 25 horses

Wildlife:

Wild Boar: 2 pieces

Wild Wolf: 2 pieces

[Water Resources]:

Water Wells: 3 wells

[Wood Resources]:

Logs: 200 pieces

Planks: 130 pieces

[Ore Resources]:

Metal Ore: None

Non-Metal Ore:

Salt Mine: Large Open-pit Salt Mine

Gemstone Ore: None

[Fuel Resources]:

Coal: None

Charcoal: 500 pounds

Wood: 200 pieces

[Special Resources]:

Antique Relics: None

Magical Items: None

...

The entire village was developed little by little by Lynn himself, so he naturally knew it well.

With this [Resource Management] panel, Lynn can know the current resource details of the village more accurately.

After reading it.

Lynn finally understood that his territory was too poor!

With just these few supplies, how could he compete with others?

...

He comfortably had a meal of pig-slaughtering feast.

Letting the guards carry the wild boar meat on the ground, Lynn and Red's group returned to the village.

At dusk.

Riding on horseback, Lynn held the reins with both hands, the sound of horses' hooves echoed around his ears.

Lynn gazed into the distance.

There, was a village bathed in fragmented golden sunlight of the sunset.

Wisps of cooking smoke rose slowly from the chimneys of wooden houses.

In the gentle breeze, the smoke floated like silk brocade in the sky...

Tranquil and far-reaching.

Lynn felt a mysterious throb...

Red looked into the distance, just about to remind Master Lynn of such a wonderful view.

Only to find Lynn already lost in the scenery.

That chiseled face, those deep and complex eyes...

Despite the abilities Master Lynn showed, making them feel like a God!

From being saved from the mouth of a wild wolf at first, Beast Cage, Fishing Cage, Hunting, mortise and tenon structured log cabins, to reclaiming improved planting methods, selling beer, burning charcoal, firing ceramics...

Just over two months ago, this was still a wasteland!

But at this moment Red understood, Master Lynn, like them, is just an ordinary person who is influenced by the environment...

This made Red admire him even more!

...

Seeing Lynn return, Kuisi, who was in charge of managing the village, quickly approached Lynn.

She reported the situation over the past four days.

"Master Lynn, everything has been normal these past few days, 400 acres of farmland were opened up, and the Salt Factory ground 2,400 pounds of fine salt..."

Lynn nodded.

Kuisi's tone became a bit strange, "Master Lynn, something... magical has happened in the village!"

Lynn looked at her in confusion.

Kuisi hurriedly explained, "An unexpected incident occurred during the reclamation, Gavin was seriously injured by a villager with a sickle!"

"The villager was tied up by Instructor Ross, and the gravely injured Gavin..."

"After Old John's hands glowed with white light and he spoke incantations, the bloody knife wounds on him... directly healed!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow.

Clearly, Old John had used the [Healing Light] skill on Gavin.

Extraordinary Power.

Lynn felt that the memories merged in his mind were a bit insufficient!

...

With Kuisi leading the way.

Lynn walked towards the log cabin of Gavin's family of three.

Before getting close, he heard the voice of Gavin's wife Connie from the cabin.

Concern, worry, and the relief of surviving a disaster.

Gavin and Wilbur only have Level 2 [Planting], but they are among the few who understood Lynn's method of developing planting.

After confirming Gavin was not in danger, Lynn went to Old John's cabin.

When Old John's wooden door was opened.

Old John's face, seemingly aged by ten years, appeared before Lynn.

Clearly, casting the [Healing Light] skill was a huge drain for him!

Lynn arranged for Kuisi to send a few pounds of meat to Old John as compensation.

Lynn found the villager who had injured Gavin with a sickle.

Instructor Ross, standing nearby, immediately approached.

Ross spoke respectfully, "My Lord."

Lynn responded, looking at the villager tied to a log.

The villager's face was bruised, blood-streaked, with swollen eyes.

Ross spared his life.

Lynn asked, "Why did you make a move?"

The villager grinned, revealing bloodstained yellow teeth.

"Hehehe, don't you think the gush of blood is like a hot spring?"

"Just like when my father was beheaded by bandits..."

"Splashing everywhere."

"On my face, on my brother's corpse, on my mother's corpse..."

Chapter 77: Chapter 77: Summer Plowing

The villager went mad.

Driven completely insane by the system of this world.

He can only be swallowed by the torrents of this system.

The system of this world constrains the villagers, these slaves, tightly around the neck.

Deep-rooted thoughts make them unable to breathe, unable to dare to resist.

To change this situation, there are only two paths.

Change oneself—from life to death.

Change the world—conquer the world by force!

Lynn wants to survive.

Thus, he can only choose to conquer this world.

However.

Everything starts with farming.

...

The work of forging wheel plows at the blacksmith shop continues.

From initially taking three days to forge one plow, now it takes only two and a half days to forge one.

No cutting corners or shoddy production in the forging process.

This increase in efficiency is undoubtedly remarkable.

The number of wheel plows is steadily increasing.

Gradually.

All the draft horses and oxen are used to clear the land.

Fortunately, George returned during this period.

He brought back fourteen adult oxen and eleven draft horses for Lynn!

Along with pulling the grains using oxen and draft horses, and carrying it with two-horse wagons...

George brought back eighty thousand pounds of peas and four thousand pounds of meat!

This was specifically instructed by Lynn before George left.

Looking at the increased numbers on the [Resource Management] panel.

Lynn feels his tense heart slightly relax.

Upon hearing George's words, he becomes tense again.

George says gravely, "Master Lynn, I heard some bad news!"

"Grayson... has been detained by Church officials!"

Lynn's brows furrow instantly, "What's the reason?"

George explains, "If the source is correct, it's likely due to fine salt!"

"Without the Merchant Association's consent, Grayson privately sold fine salt in Kakasong City..."

"Many of his goods were seized and confiscated by Church officials!"

Lynn's expression turns somewhat serious.

He's not worried about Grayson's goods, of course.

Lynn's concern is if Grayson, under the Church's torture, might reveal the location of his open-pit salt mine!

If it draws attention from the Church, or other lords...

Time left for Lynn would be quite limited!

George perceives Lynn's worry and quickly says, "Master Lynn, you don't need to worry too much, Grayson is part of the Brown Clan!"

Lynn is somewhat surprised, "Chad Brown of the Great Merchant Brown Clan?"

George nods and responds, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Across the Garonia Continent, there is a merchant guild spanning several great Empires.

The guild members are composed of Emperors, lords, and even Church officials from various Empires.

The purpose of establishing the Merchant Guild is to protect the merchants' interests.

Initially, the guild had over a hundred members, comprising major lords and merchants from all Empires.

As time passed.

Changes in Emperors, weakening of great lords, decline of great merchants, gradually reduced the guild members.

Until now, the guild consists of only about a dozen members.

Grayson Brown's great-grandfather, Great Merchant Chad Brown, was one of them.

...

In the Karedi Empire, three major forces exist.

The Emperor, the lords, and the Church!

The three forces govern the entire Karedi Empire.

On the surface.

The Emperor is the highest ruler of the Empire, the Three Great Dukes pledge allegiance to the Emperor, and the Church supports the Emperor's rule.

In reality.

Lords hold high autonomy in their territories, the Vassal System by itself disperses and restricts the Emperor's power.

If the Emperor wants to implement a decision, it is difficult to do so effectively without the support of the Noble Council!

The Church and the Emperor have long been engaged in power struggles!

Simply held, it is about the Divine Right of Kings.

The Church aims to control everything in the Karedi Empire, including the current Emperor, Charlemagne VI!

The lords and the Church have always had a dispute over the collection of the Tithing...

The three forces grow increasingly chaotic, which is advantageous for Lynn!

He can have more time to develop himself.

The fourteen oxen and eleven draft horses brought back by George further improved the efficiency of clearing land.

Forty wheel plows rotate back and forth on the open land.

The amount of arable land cultivated daily has reached two hundred acres!

At this rate, Lynn feels that nearly three thousand acres of farmland can be cultivated before summer planting!

After forging forty wheeled heavy plows, Lynn halted the blacksmith shop.

With the oxen and draft horses he currently owns, any more wheeled heavy plows would just gather dust parked at the side.

Unless the villagers replace the oxen and horses to pull the heavy plows...

Lynn arrived at the blacksmith shop and looked at Ehrelo, saying solemnly, "I need you to forge a hundred combat iron spears!"

Combat iron spears are not the lance of a knight.

Lynn's memory...

The entire iron spear is two to three meters in length, with a diamond-shaped spearhead.

Its piercing ability is excellent, making it more effective at penetrating enemy armor or body protection.

It can form a phalanx for cavalry defense, or for combat with infantry.

Even... it can be used as a javelin for throwing.

Moreover, the longer it is, the stronger it becomes!

Ehrelo's eyes widened, and Lynn could clearly see a hint of delight.

He's been forging either farm tools or implements every day...

Has Master Lynn finally asked him to forge weapons?

His mood was somewhat excited.

As a family of blacksmiths, Ehrelo naturally wished to forge weapons for the Lord.

That is the ultimate destiny of a blacksmith.

...

According to the previous timing and patterns of Grayson returning to the village.

Yesterday, he should have been jogging over to stand before Lynn, calling 'master'.

George was right.

Grayson has indeed been detained.

What comforted Lynn was...

Occasionally, teams of five or six, or even seven or eight free people would arrive from faraway Morgan Town to his village.

They were coming to look for work!

Free people, most of them possessed Level 2 skills.

Lynn even saw a few free people with Third-level Skills!

Far superior compared to slaves.

From Lynn's mouth they learned.

As long as they obey orders and work hard, food and lodging are provided here, along with edible salt and pence.

They had no hesitation in joining Lynn's village.

No need to discuss future plans or dreams with them.

Their only concern was...

Whether they could eat their fill every day!

...

Time passed swiftly.

In the blink of an eye, early June arrived.

Perhaps it's due to the proximity to the Elfini Empire in the Western Region.

Despite the blazing sun, Lynn did not feel the scorching heat.

Instead, the temperature was pleasant, mysteriously comfortable.

The surface temperature during the day seemed to hover around twenty-four or twenty-five degrees.

The main forces in charge of cultivation, the oxen and draft horses, did not cease their battle.

They still needed at least half a month more to continue their cultivation!

Guy, with Third-level Breeding skills, was overseeing things with his apprentices.

The labor of oxen and draft horses wasn't too frequent.

Even within a single day, they would take several breaks lying down to rest and receive dry grass and grain feed.

Standing at the edge of the cultivated farmland, looking ahead at the soil neatly leveled by iron hoes and rakes, stretching into the distance...

He felt an inexplicable comfort.

This is what farming looks like!

Beside him.

Kuisi asked curiously, "Master Lynn, what crop are you planning to plant on this open land?"

Lynn didn't hesitate, "Peas!"

Peas are the most planted bean crop after summer cultivation in the Karedi Empire.

Not only because of the Karedi Empire's cool climate.

But also because the rhizobia at the root of peas can fix nitrogen from the air, increasing the nitrogen content in the soil, enhancing soil fertility.

Given Lynn's situation with insufficient compost.

He can harvest bean grains while also improving soil fertility.

Peas can even serve as fodder for livestock.

Preparing for the construction of a pasture and developing animal husbandry in the future.

Coincidentally, his granary held over ten thousand pounds of peas, which could be used as seed.

Kuisi nodded in understanding.

Considering the fertility of the land cultivated by the village, and the moisture content.

Summer planting peas is indeed the optimal choice!

Once cultivation reached three thousand acres, Lynn halted all heavy plows.

Preparation for summer planting began!

Chapter 78: Chapter 78: I Was Betrayed

In the evening, Lynn had the chef cook a good dinner!

After cultivating the farmland for a month, the cattle and horses were quite exhausted both physically and mentally.

On the empty ground in front of the village.

The cross-shaped bonfire built with logs burned brightly, dispelling the darkness around the entire village!

Looking at the mountain of bread on the table, and the pottery pot filled with steaming, fragrant stew.

Not only that, beside the bonfire, there were still three golden roasted pigs resting!

The golden pork sizzled with pork fat, the aroma wafting everywhere...

They couldn't help but swallow their saliva.

This scene had transformed into a grand bonfire party.

When Lynn called Lex to bring out two barrels of beer.

The atmosphere of the entire bonfire party instantly reached a climax.

The kind of life that only lords could possess!

After Lynn gave permission, the villagers divided into several groups to collect their share of food.

Voluntarily queue up?

Indeed, it was a voluntary queue.

However, it was after Lynn chopped off the heads of two villagers.

There were no more incidents of crowding or trampling!

The food they ate, and the beer they drank, were nothing for Lynn, who owned a 'platinum' open-pit salt mine.

To the villagers, this was the reward for their hard work.

Even though it was just a full meal, a piece of crispy pork, a gallon of bitter beer.

They needed to see hope in life!

As for whether villagers might get drunk and not get up tomorrow.

Lynn didn't need to worry at all.

The guards' whips would wake them up.

...

The next morning.

Lynn called upon twenty male villagers to move bags of peas out of the warehouse.

Then summoned two hundred female villagers to use sieves woven from wicker and vines to pick out the pea seeds!

To ensure a good harvest of peas, it was necessary to select carefully from the very first step.

Select only those peas that were plump and lustrous to increase germination rate.

For planting peas, at least twenty pounds of pea seeds were needed for one acre.

Lynn decided to increase to thirty pounds per acre, requiring nine thousand pounds for three thousand acres!

Then poured the selected nine thousand pounds of pea seeds into a large pottery pot filled with rock salt, soaking for half an hour.

Soaking in salt water was more effective than Lynn's previous method of mixing wheat seeds with plant ash.

It could serve as a disinfectant against certain fungi.

Moreover, it could break the dormancy of the pea seeds and increase germination rate.

Watching the chunks of rock salt being put into the pottery pot, gradually melting and disappearing.

The villagers looked on with expressions of regret.

They knew that before coming to Master Lynn's territory, they didn't even know the taste of salt!

The price was too high; they simply couldn't afford it.

But now, Master Lynn was using precious rock salt to soak those cheap pea seeds...

Wasn't this using a sledgehammer to crack a nut?

Nonetheless.

Master Lynn had his own reasons for doing so!

After taking two days to complete the selection and soaking of pea seeds!

Lynn called on all the farmers to begin preparing for planting.

Farmers had already spread fertiliser into soil that had been plowed with a heavy plow, further leveling it with iron hoes and rakes.

For planting peas, Lynn adopted the strip sowing method.

During the next fertilizing period, it could reduce the demand for compost and precisely know the growth conditions of the seedlings.

Under the watchful eyes of the farmers, Lynn took a hoe and dug a shallow trench in the flat ground.

Taking half a step forward, he dug a second shallow trench.

Then.

Lynn picked up a handful of pea seeds and started placing them.

One by one, the pea seeds fell from Lynn's fingers.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Lynn spoke, "The distance between each shallow trench is twenty centimeters, place one pea seed at every four centimeters."

In soil with poorer fertility.

The distance between shallow trenches should be about thirty centimeters, placing one pea seed at every five or six centimeters.

But Lynn had already instructed the farmers to spread a layer of compost on this land.

Lynn looked at Kuisi, Gavin, and Wilbur, "Got it?"

The three of them nodded in agreement.

Not just them, but even some villagers with [Planting] skills behind them were nodding.

Pea planting technology wasn't difficult.

The difficulty lay in controlling the details of pea planting.

Lynn divided three hundred farmers into three groups for division of labor.

The first group, holding iron hoes, dug shallow trenches on the farmland.

The second group, holding pea seeds, carried out systematic sowing.

The third group, covering the soil by gently burying the shallow trenches dug out with iron hoes.

...

For several hundred farmers, planting peas on three thousand acres of farmland was not considered much.

Lynn knew he still couldn't relax his vigilance.

He needed this batch of pea planting to be successful and reap a harvest!

Needed pea plants to improve the fertility of this land, and also needed peas as food!

Just as Lynn was watching the farmers planting, a guard came to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, a migrant said he knows you and wants to see you."

Lynn frowned, "A vagabond? What's his name?"

The guard recalled for a second, "He said his name is Grayson!"

Lynn's eyes widened.

Seeing the man before him dressed in ragged clothes, with brownish-yellow hair resembling a bird's nest, standing barefoot on the limestone ground.

Lynn's eyes were filled with disbelief.

Had he not been able to see Grayson's name and skill level, he truly would have thought he was a migrant.

He had Kuisi fetch suitable clothing for Grayson.

While getting dressed, Grayson cursed under his breath.

"Oh! Damn Church."

"Once I develop, and become the richest person on the Garonia Continent, I will definitely take down the Church."

"Fiercely capture the Female Pope, lock her in the room and brutally whip her."

"To make the Church aware of the consequences of provoking me, Grayson!"

"That old fart Chad, couldn't he have rescued me out sooner?"

Lynn didn't interrupt Grayson's tirade of grievances.

Feeling Lynn's gaze, Grayson ceased his rant.

He looked at Lynn with sincerity, speaking, "Master Lynn, I am bankrupt!"

Lynn leaned forward, looking at Grayson, "Tell me more."

Grayson took a deep breath and began explaining, "Master Lynn, I admit this time I was careless... I was betrayed!"

"To quickly purchase the quality iron and slaves Master Lynn desired, I had to cash out my fine salt quickly."

"Coincidentally, a friend's longship was vacant, so at his plea, I sold all the salt to him."

"I gave him a condition; he was to sell the fine salt only after shipping out of Kakasong City..."

"Selling in Kakasong City would indeed cause a fluctuation in fine salt prices, attracting the attention of some big figures."

Lynn placed his left hand on the table, tapping rhythmically with five fingers.

Thump thump thump~

Grayson continued, "But he violated our agreement! He began selling in Kakasong City, causing the fine salt prices there to start spiking!"

"But that's not a big deal, just a few thousand pounds of salt, it wouldn't take long to recover."

"However... it hurt the interests of the Church in Kakasong City!"

"My friend was detained by the Church deacon, and he immediately exposed me, which led to my imprisonment in the Church Prison!"

Lynn nodded, "And now you're out?"

Grayson looked directly at Lynn, "Yes, Master Lynn, I'm out!"

"Because... I am Grayson Brown, the damn great merchant, Sea Black Snake—Chad Brown's great-grandson!"

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 79: Chapter 79: Sea Black Snake

The Brown Clan, who have traversed the Sea of Vortex for nearly a century, have made a name for themselves across the Garonia Continent.

They profit immensely among the empires due to their familiarity with the sea and their complete nautical charts.

The patriarch, Chad Brown, rose to power by selling slaves, earning the nickname 'Sea Black Snake'!

The tradition for succeeding the business in the Brown Clan is...

To give the younger generation a sum of seed capital, allowing them to venture across the continent and conduct business.

At the age of twenty, whoever can establish their enterprise and earn the most gold pounds.

That person becomes the clan's successor.

But, if an accident occurs during the venture, or they encounter difficulties...

Just like Grayson now.

There are two choices if they want the Brown Clan to step in and assist.

One, give up competing for the position of Brown Clan's patriarch.

Two, relinquish all personal assets and start over!

Unwilling to give up, Grayson resolutely chose the second option.

Grayson aims for a comeback!

Right now, the only one who can help him is Lynn in front of him.

Looking at Lynn's handsome face, Grayson felt somewhat fortunate.

Grateful that he didn't lower the purchase price of rock salt and fine salt before.

The goods delivered to Master Lynn were not lacking in weight, and the quality was fairly decent.

As for being slightly off... no one can achieve absolute precision!

Lynn spoke calmly, "Your friend, is his name Grayson?"

Grayson appeared a bit bewildered.

"Master Lynn, what are you talking about?"

Lynn said, "Should I recount your story based on what you told me?"

Grayson did not refuse.

Lynn began, "In order to quickly cash out the fine salt you had, you came to my village to purchase goods again... disregarding merchant guild rules by selling fine salt directly in Kakasong City."

"The price I offered you is seven pence per pound; you could easily sell it for eight or nine pence."

"With such an effortless resale, you could profit thirty gold pounds from nearly four thousand pounds of fine salt!"

"However, you didn't anticipate that the church in Kakasong City strictly regulated salt prices, leading to your capture and imprisonment by church officials."

"To prevent me from suspecting you, you fabricated a friend, is that right?"

Listening to Lynn's almost perfect reasoning, Grayson was somewhat surprised.

He admitted that he had underestimated Lynn.

Grayson even felt that lying in front of Lynn was like being an inexperienced recruit.

Lynn continued, "However, there are two points I admire about you."

Grayson asked, "What are they?"

Lynn spoke eloquently, "First, you would rather use the clan's power than reveal my involvement."

"Second, your confidence in your judgment! You were confident that upon coming to my territory, I would choose to help you."

If Grayson had revealed Lynn's involvement,

The person sitting in front of him now wouldn't just be Grayson.

Grayson's brow instantly raised, "Master Lynn, you mean to say..."

Lynn calmly said, "I will lend you twenty gold pounds, three thousand pounds of fine salt, and a carriage to transport the salt!"

Grayson's eyes almost lit up.

But in the next second.

The light in his eyes dimmed, his turning eyes full of cunning and calmness.

He knew there was no free lunch in this world!

Especially in front of Master Lynn.

Grayson tentatively asked, "What do I need to give in return?"

Lynn reclined in his chair, "You need to give your loyalty!"

Grayson was taken aback, then shook his head, "Mr. Lynn, you might be disappointed."

"The Brown Clan has clear rules that no member shall pledge allegiance to any outsider, otherwise the member will be expelled and the bloodline recovered!"

Lynn shook his head, "I don't need your allegiance, I just need you, once you become the patriarch of the Brown Clan, to extend a helping hand in my time of crisis just as I'm helping you now!"

Grayson found it hard to believe, "That's... that simple? And how can you be so sure, Master Lynn, that I will become the patriarch of the Brown Clan?"

Lynn smiled faintly, not answering Grayson.

Grayson quickly pondered in his mind.

After a short while.

He understood Lynn's intentions.

Investment!

Master Lynn had made a long-term investment in him.

An investment in the future.

Twenty gold pounds, plus three thousand pounds of fine salt and a carriage, altogether equals one hundred gold pounds.

For Master Lynn, who owns a salt mine, it's a drop in the ocean.

But for him currently penniless, it's a godsend!

He desperately needed this money and goods.

If he could become the patriarch of the Brown Clan because of it, Lynn would be the biggest winner!

Of course, he wouldn't lose either.

Thinking of this.

Grayson stood up and bowed deeply to Lynn, "Thank you, Master Lynn. I, Grayson Brown, will be your most loyal business partner."

Lynn remained seated, nodding calmly.

As the villagers loaded the bags of fine salt onto the carriage.

Grayson hurriedly departed.

Not even minding the dimming evening sky.

According to Grayson's words...

"By my grandfather's name, I'm going to make money now!"

...

Grayson's arrival was merely a small interlude.

The summer plowing continued.

Across large expanses of farmland, ridges were left behind as if they had been plowed by a nine-toothed rake.

Those were traces left after planting peas.

Three thousand acres of land were divided among three hundred farmers, who completed planting in half a month without bad weather.

By then, the summer plowing would just about be over.

Timing was perfect.

The village was entrusted to Kuisi for management on his behalf.

In the early morning of the next day.

Lynn, accompanied by Red and ten guards, left the village.

This time, he intended to explore further into the territory.

While exploring, Lynn planned to search for some herbs.

He wanted to start grinding for [medicine] skill experience.

Lynn had thought carefully.

Items that can be manually grinded out are too wasteful to enhance skill levels with [Energy Stones].

Using them to increase personal attributes is the optimal choice.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Sage Acquired *1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Plantain Acquired *1]

...

The experience points increased slowly, bit by bit.

Lynn was not discouraged.

His gaze swept over, gathering all the herbs that could be used as medicine and placing them in the basket behind him.

It was already mid-June, with temperatures gradually rising.

On the wilderness.

Weeds and herbs grew wildly, bursting with abundant life energy.

This made it easier for Lynn to collect herbs.

Behind Lynn.

Red and the others were full of confusion.

They couldn't quite understand their master Lynn now.

However.

They were well aware that Master Lynn's actions were always correct.

Looking at the two baskets of variously colored herbs hung on the horses, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Once back at the village, after washing and processing these herbs, they could be made into various potions.

Sweeping his gaze, he realized he was in a low hill area.

Rolling uninterruptedly to the distant horizon.

Lynn had been wandering these low hills with Red and the others for five days.

Not finding any veins!

Lynn shook his head, "Pack up and prepare to go back."

Red responded and organized the guards to start packing.

At that moment.

A text window appeared in front of Lynn.

"Ore Vein Detector: 200 meters southeast, medium-sized open-pit coal mine."

Chapter 80: Chapter 80: Open-Pit Coal Mine

Lynn originally thought he could find an open-pit salt mine near the village.

It was already a blessing from above.

But unexpectedly, the heavens favored him once more.

A small hill of deep brown appeared in Lynn's eyes.

The scale of the hill was rounded, mostly covered by a layer of green vegetation.

Only the top had dozens of square meters of exposed coal, revealing its original appearance.

[Medium Open-pit Coal Mine]: Composed of the remains of plants and animals gradually transforming into a coal mine through complex biochemical reactions.

Standing at the edge of the open-pit coal mine, Lynn picked up a piece of dark brown rock underfoot.

The surface of the rock was glossy, with a smooth and hard texture.

[Anthracite]: Combustion material, can be used for heating, cooking, forging, etc.

Seeing the words in front of him, Lynn raised an eyebrow.

It's anthracite!

Typically, coal mines are divided into three types: lignite, bituminous coal, and anthracite.

Anthracite has the highest heat output of the three!

It can burn stably and fully without black smoke, while also generating strong heat...

If it weren't for the Ore Vein Detector.

Lynn would never have thought this was a medium-sized open-pit coal mine!

With the open-pit coal mine, mining could provide almost unlimited fuel.

Not only for heating, cooking, and forging.

The efficiency of the Salt Factory's salt production could also be significantly enhanced!

Seeing Master Lynn holding a piece of stone, reluctant to put it down, Red picked up a piece as well.

After feeling it slightly, his eyes widened in disbelief and he said.

"Master Lynn, is this... a coal mine?"

Lynn glanced at him, "Yes, a coal mine!"

Two explorations took nine days, without finding an iron mine.

But finding a medium open-pit coal mine made Lynn feel pretty good.

The next consideration was how to start mining coal!

Lynn looked at the Holographic Map; the distance from the village to the open-pit coal mine was twenty li!

Without mechanized transportation, the distance was quite far!

The location of the open-pit coal mine was downstream of the village, making it impossible to utilize the Acadia River for transport.

This means.

The mined anthracite could only be transported by cart.

The barren hill was full of rabbit holes and stones.

For the carts to pass smoothly, roads must be paved.

Three thousand mu of pea fields were not yet fully planted.

With limited labor, Lynn had to temporarily shelve the anthracite mining plan.

...

After five days away.

No abnormal situations appeared in the village.

This was due to Lynn's cultivation of their mindset and Kuisi's [Well-organized] talent ability.

The first time back at the wooden house, Lynn called on Ehrelo and Colin through Kuisi.

A Level 3 [Forging], a Level 3 [Construction].

In the wooden house.

Lynn sat on a chair, eyes fixed on the two of them.

"Gentlemen, I need you to cooperate again to build twenty carts with brakes!"

The slope of the open-pit coal mine wasn't high.

But making the carts go up safely and come down safely was challenging.

Empty carts could go up, but coming down was problematic.

After digging, coal blocks would be scattered everywhere on the mining ground.

Even with horseshoes, the draft horse's legs would be cut by coal blocks.

This is unavoidable.

Lynn was concerned that...

A cart loaded with over a thousand pounds of coal.

The cart's descent speed would be faster than the draft horse and people.

To use draft horses to go up the hill and transport anthracite, the cart's brakes must be perfected.

After explaining the cart's purpose, Ehrelo and Colin exchanged glances.

Their eyes were full of surprise.

Master Lynn had found a coal mine in the territory after being away for a few days.

Lynn said, "So, I need carts that can handle coal loads and brake on slopes."

Colin frowned deeply, and Ehrelo was also pondering something.

A little while later.

Colin spoke with regret, "I'm sorry, Master Lynn, I don't know how to make brakes..."

Ehrelo nodded in agreement.

Until Lynn used charcoal to roughly draw the outline of a braked wheel on the wall.

Colin and Ehrelo's eyes gradually lit up.

When Lynn made the ox cart frame before, he gained and integrated the knowledge of making braked carts.

Colin quickly moved to the wall, looking at the unique design, and stammered, "Master Lynn, this is..."

Lynn replied calmly, "Friction brakes."

The principle of friction brakes is simple; using things like sticks and the friction between the wheels to achieve stable deceleration.

However, the design on the wall improved on the ordinary friction brakes.

Upgraded the wooden connection between the brake pad and frame to high-quality iron connectors.

Incorporated the lever principle to adjust brake force so when descending too fast, the cart could be forcefully braked.

Finally.

Lynn added a wheel-locking device to prevent accidental rolling after parking...

After finishing drawing the cart design from memory, Lynn clapped the charcoal dust from his hands, "Do you understand now?"

Listening to Lynn, Colin and Ehrelo came to their senses.

Colin nodded repeatedly, "Master Lynn, no problem. If Ehrelo collaborates with me, we can make such carts!"

Ehrelo responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "I wish to see these twenty carts after the summer plowing!"

In the discussions between Colin and Ehrelo, the two left Lynn's wooden house.

Neither Colin's carpenter's house nor Ehrelo's Blacksmith Shop requires them to labor.

Their task is to relentlessly create the labor tools needed by the village.

Picking up two baskets of herbs, Lynn headed towards the well.

Amid the curious gazes of some villagers, he began washing the herbs.

Herbs collected back, if to be used as medicine, need several processing steps.

Cleaning, sorting, drying, crushing, packing, and storage.

Once cleaned, Lynn found some flat baskets to naturally sun-dry the sorted herbs and wick away moisture.

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

...

Gradually gaining experience, Lynn's mind was enriched with knowledge about [medicine]

Until evening time.

Lynn sat in front of the kitchen stove.

On the stove, a Pottery Pot was continuously boiling.

A cool aroma entered Lynn's nose and mouth through the steam.

Lynn felt an inexplicable comfort!

Boiling mint in the Pottery Pot for twenty minutes, he then poured the Mint Soup into a bowl.

The fresh fragrance and herbal aroma became even more intense.

Lynn looked at it, and a string of words emerged.

[Mint Soup]: Non-toxic, made by boiling mint, can be used to relieve symptoms such as fever, headache, and sore throat caused by colds.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction and took a sip.

The taste was slightly sweet with a faint coolness.

Pouring the Mint Soup from the Pottery Pot into a large pot, he instructed the cook to distribute these concoctions to the villagers.

Lynn continued brewing more remedies.

[Medical Experience +1]

[Medical Experience +1]

...