

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 81: Chapter 81: Collection and Illustrated Handbook

Old John sat on a log, looking with astonishment at the pottery bowl in his hand.

Inside the pottery bowl.

A yellow-green liquid was gently swaying.

However, he could clearly discern the strong mint fragrance emanating from the liquid.

He tried taking a sip, and the slight sweetness of mint and herbal aroma immediately swept across his taste buds.

A comfortable cool sensation instantly came over him.

In this summer, it indeed provided a refreshing coolness.

Old John turned his head towards the distant kitchen.

There.

The esteemed Lord was brewing herbal decoction...

Old John's eyes were filled with complex emotions.

Why does this Lord feel so peculiar?

A little girl, only four or five years old, came to him.

"Old John, how do you read this letter? Sorry, I forgot..."

Hearing the little girl's words, Old John finally withdrew his gaze.

...

Two consecutive days.

Whenever Lynn woke up, he was either brewing herbal decoction in the kitchen or in the Blacksmith Shop.

Three points, one line.

At most, occasionally he'd go to the Salt Factory.

His [Medicine] skill experience was rapidly increasing.

[Medicine: Level 0 (51/100)]

Lynn poured a freshly brewed batch of rosemary potion into a pottery pot.

Ehrello quickly found Lynn.

There was a hint of excitement on his face, "Master Lynn, according to your request, the carriage with friction brakes has been completed!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, put down the pottery pot, and headed towards the distant carpentry shop.

The carriage mainly involved woodworking, with Lynn having Colin lead, and Ehrello responsible for forging the necessary iron components.

Seeing the empty carriage parked at the entrance of the wooden house, his eyes brightened.

Brake components, iron connectors linking the brake components to the chassis, adjustment devices, everything was complete.

It was almost exactly as he'd drawn it.

Colin, standing nearby, dared not disturb Lynn and waited silently by his side.

Lynn tried the brake system of the empty carriage, pulling the rope connecting the brake block.

The brake block immediately created friction with the wheel, and even when pushed with full force, it only moved a few centimeters.

Lynn nodded, "Nicely done."

Hearing Lynn's words of praise, Colin and Ehrello felt a sense of relief.

To rush this carriage, they had put a lot of thought into it.

Fortunately.

The empty carriage they made was approved by Master Lynn.

With Lynn's affirmative response, Colin and Ehrello threw themselves wholeheartedly into making the carriage.

Once the design was confirmed, and having production experience, with the joint efforts of twenty-five others,

a carriage could be completed in almost less than a day.

Time passed day by day.

The village's pea planting was coming to an end.

...

At dusk.

Ten double-horse carriages were passing through the forest road.

Perhaps because carriages often passed by, the ground was full of sunken carriage wheel marks.

Sitting in the first carriage, George felt the bumps and couldn't help but frown.

The mountain road was too difficult, severely affecting the efficiency of the merchant team's return to the village.

It seemed he needed to report to Master Lynn, asking him to repair the mountain road.

However.

This mountain road had been traveled many times; George was already used to it.

This little mishap didn't affect his joyful mood in the slightest.

Ten carriages, with a total load of 20,000 pounds!

Three thousand pounds of premium iron, seventeen thousand pounds of grain.

This wasn't what made him happy.

What made George happy was that he had purchased 150 healthy slaves for Master Lynn!

After passing through the forest, they came to a wasteland.

From a distance, George could see the village ahead.

And the land that had been almost entirely cultivated and planted with crops.

He couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

Neatly arranged ridges, clean and free of any weeds.

Just one look gave George a strange sense of comfort.

He couldn't help but sigh in his heart: This is what farming should look like!

Those he had seen before, could they even be called farming?

Not just George.

The slaves he brought back were full of astonishment.

...

Lynn's [Medicine] skill finally leveled up.

[Your Medicine has leveled up to Level 1, unlocking: Collection and Compendium]

[Reward received: Memory Pearl ×1]

Lynn frowned.

With a thought, he opened [Heavenly Artifacts] and found the [Collection and Compendium] feature.

It was an icon of an ancient scroll.

After glancing at it a few times, Lynn understood.

Once a high-quality item is acquired, the corresponding icon can be activated.

For each activated icon, the corresponding Energy Stone can be claimed.

Currently, Lynn can only claim the Energy Stones for the [Ordinary Iron Axe] icon and the [Excellent Horn Bow] icon.

Each icon provides one hundred Energy Stones, and Lynn received two hundred.

This feature wasn't bad.

It increased Lynn's avenues for obtaining Energy Stones.

He glanced at the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel, noticing only [Breeding] hadn't leveled up yet...

Three thousand acres of tillable land were completely cultivated by yesterday.

Subsequently, they just needed to fertilize and irrigate according to the growth state of the peas.

Lynn let all the villagers have a good rest for a day!

Letting the villagers rest was to enable them to work better.

...

The next day.

Stepping out of the wooden house.

Lynn saw a group of villagers standing on the village's open ground.

Adding the slaves George brought back this time.

The village's total population had already reached 620 people!

Excluding the 50-member Guard Team, 10 people at the Brewing workshop, 15 at the Blacksmith Shop, and 10 at the carpentry house.

Ten people in the kitchen, ten farmers including Gavin and Wilbur responsible for weeding 3,000 acres, 200 at the Salt Factory and rock salt mining.

Five people under Guy responsible for breeding, and twenty children...

The remaining 300 villagers, Lynn put all of them into road construction.

From the village's fork, all the way to the distant open-pit coal mine.

A hundred people quarrying limestone, a hundred producing lime, and a hundred using lime, sand, and gravel to pave the road.

Twenty li of road.

Ten thousand meters.

It took two hours just to walk it.

This was a large project!

It required a lot of manpower and resources.

Even so, Lynn insisted on digging.

To do a good job, one must first sharpen their tools.

Only by mining the coal mine could they have more high-temperature fuel.

With high-temperature fuel, Lynn could proceed with the next steps of development.

He could increase the output of fine salt at the Salt Factory, produce more lime for building stone houses, and so on.

Whether for village construction or for sale!

The 300-member strong team marched out of the village.

Upon reaching the fork, the three teams headed towards different areas.

They needed to continuously quarry stone, continuously produce lime, and continuously pave the road...

And Lynn... came to the breeding farm under Guy's management.

Getting ready to start raising pigs!

In a large cowshed, the main labor force for land reclamation, dozens of draft oxen finally stopped to rest.

But the draft horses didn't have such privilege.

The draft horses had to pull the carriage newly made by Colin and Ehrelo, transporting limestone!

In the spacious pigsty, two earth-colored wild boars were constantly spinning around.

After being domesticated, the wild boar piglets adapted to the pigsty environment and grew extremely fast.

In just one month, the wild boar piglets had grown at least twenty to thirty pounds!

Lynn's gaze shifted to a large tub of pig feed not far away.

He rolled up his sleeves, picked up a bucket and scooped up half a bucket of pig feed, pouring it into the feeding trough.

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

...

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 82: Chapter 82: The Intruders

The movements so skillful, the expression so composed.

Even Guy was taken aback.

Their Master Lynn... not minding the mess and stench of the pigsty was one thing.

But actually scooping up pig feed and starting to feed the pigs?

Who would believe it if this got out?

Guy hurried forward, hastily saying.

"Master Lynn, these dirty and tiring tasks are for us to handle, how can we let you do it?"

Lynn's gaze fell on Guy.

Guy immediately became quiet, not daring to say another word.

Howl~

Howl~

Just as Lynn was about to speak, several soft howls came from not far behind him.

It was the sound of wolves howling.

Lynn turned to look.

There.

Two small dogs, over thirty centimeters long and round like terriers, were playing and tumbling together.

Moving clumsily, they would trip and fall uncontrollably after just a few steps.

They got up, continuing to play and bite each other.

[Wild Wolf Cub]: In pup stage, delicate and adorable, without any attack power, etc.

Compared to the wild wolf cubs Lynn had seen before, these were clearly much sturdier.

Their coats were no longer matted like before and had become smooth.

Lynn stepped forward, crouching in front of the wild wolves.

The two playful wild wolves instantly became wary, retreating and huddling together.

Two pairs of round eyes stared straight at Lynn.

Lynn did not approach further but maintained a certain distance.

Regardless of the type of cub, they tend to be rather shy and sensitive.

Just as Lynn was about to find something, the attentive Guy came over in small steps, handing him a clay bowl filled with fresh minced pork.

Lynn took it, pinching out a lump of mince and holding it between his fingers.

The familiar aroma of meat wafted into the noses of the two wild wolf cubs.

The tempting scent of food drove them to move closer to Lynn.

Their round black noses sniffed at Lynn's fingers.

Once they confirmed it was meat, they immediately began to lick.

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

A wet, ticklish feeling appeared on Lynn's fingers.

Lynn's eyebrows couldn't help but rise.

This was no different from keeping pets at home.

After eating several lumps of minced meat and licking Lynn's fingers clean, the two wild wolf cubs, with their bellies full and round, huddled together in a nest made from soft hay and fell asleep.

Lynn stood up and looked at Guy, "Have you named them?"

Guy quickly shook his head, "Not yet, Master. We were waiting for you to name them."

Lynn nodded, looking at the black and white fur of the two wild wolf cubs.

"Let's call them Bai Ling and Black Night."

...

After [Medicine] reached Level 1.

Lynn's three-point routine changed.

It became — the kitchen, the breeding ground, and the blacksmith shop.

[Breeding: Level 0 (76/100)]

Watching the breeding experience slowly increase bit by bit.

Lynn's heart was full of emotion.

All that was the result of his hard work!

...

The path through the forest.

Seven or eight burly men were riding on fine horses.

The stout man at the front had his stomach fat layered into three rolls, gathering his expensive silky robe at the front.

The robe was smooth, with neck and cuffs adorned with a profusion of gold and silver thread embroidery.

The burly man tightened his grip on the scimitar inlaid with emeralds, and he spoke.

"Walker, are you sure the pig slayer of Old Powell escaped to this desolate mountain wilderness?"

The follower known as Walker quickly nudged his horse's sides, urging it to speed up, and came up beside the stout man.

"Yes, Master Aiden! I can assure you on my life!"

The stout man Aiden Morrison gave a vague affirmative sound.

With a flick of his hand, a gold coin suddenly appeared and shot towards Walker at the flick of Aiden's thumb.

Watching the gold coin shining in the sunlight, Walker's eyes grew wide.

He spread his palms to catch the falling gold coins.

However, the coins hit the back of his hand and fell towards the ground.

Walker's eyes narrowed as he flipped off his horse.

Kneeling on the ground overgrown with weeds and piled with dead leaves, he searched for a moment, and the coin appeared in his hand.

Ignoring the pain from his rolling fall, Walker's face was full of delight as he looked at the portrait on the gold pound.

The other dozen followers cast envious glances.

Aiden glanced disdainfully at Walker and looked forward.

He began to speak to himself.

"Old Powell is quite the lecher, already in his sixties or seventies, with nothing on him that can get hard... yet he could still marry a girl who just came of age..."

"Even so... he was a manor lord enfeoffed by Marquis Duca."

"How could he be killed by those lowly swine?"

"It doesn't matter, none of this matters; the key is... he's dead, and I must go to the Marquis's Castle in Bordeaux City for the swearing allegiance ceremony..."

The anger on Aiden's face became more and more apparent.

The emerald scimitar in his hand creaked.

From Morrison Manor to the Marquis's Castle in Bordeaux City, it took a dozen days for a round trip.

Even with a few young maids accompanying and attending in the carriage, he was still worn out.

Key point is.

It took him six or seven days by carriage to reach Bordeaux City, go to the Marquis's Castle, to prepare for swearing allegiance and receiving enfeoffment.

Aiden didn't even see Marquis Duca's face and was brushed off with a land patent!

This was what made Aiden the most angry.

Aiden felt ignored!

A dozen followers silently followed from behind on horses, not daring to utter a word.

Aiden loosened his speech, "Walker, find those farmers who fled the village, cut them all down."

"Just right for the greyhounds in the manor, they haven't had live meat in a while!"

Walker, who just climbed onto his horse, hurriedly responded.

"Yes, Master Aiden."

...

The road construction work continued.

In three days.

About two miles of road had been paved.

This speed was not considered slow.

One must know that before paving the road, villagers needed to clear large stones on the wasteland and fill those pits.

Watching the clumsy villagers, Lynn felt frustrated, wanting to lend a hand.

Rose rode his horse, galloping to Lynn's side.

He dismounted nimbly and bowed to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, someone is trying to intrude on your territory, the guard team has stopped them!"

Lynn's brows furrowed, "Intruders?"

...

"What do you want?"

"This is Aiden Morrison, a newly enfeoffed vassal by Marquis Duca, the manor lord of Morrison Manor!"

Walker shouted recklessly, trying to maintain Master Aiden's dignity.

Aiden's face was full of gloom.

He didn't know where two or three dozens of sturdy, tall men came from, surrounding them.

Gripping iron spears, their expressions stern.

Plus, the brand marks unwittingly exposed on their chests...

Aiden could recognize at a glance that these men were slaves from Shar Khanate!

Slaves from Shar Khanate, here at the Kaldi Empire's border!

Aiden was somewhat surprised.

Standard weapons, well-trained guards.

Could it be that on the other side of this forest road, a newly enfeoffed lord was present?

Only this reason could reasonably explain everything before him.

But, no matter how much Aiden tried to recall.

He couldn't remember receiving any correspondence from Marquis Duca indicating a new lord was enfeoffed beyond this forest.

Aiden's thoughts made a turn.

Incorrect.

There was another possibility!

A batch of free people migrated here and developed this land.

And they hadn't received recognition from Marquis Duca, so he received no notice.

This place was still unclaimed land!

If he could enslave these free people, or kill them all.

This territory would be his!

With this thought, Aiden's mood instantly improved.

Walker continued to shout: "Is there a person in charge? Let your person in charge come to meet our master!"

Chapter 83: Chapter 83: Battlefield of Hot-Blooded Devotion

Arrogant and frenzied shouts, a look of arrogance, and that bloated body like a fat pig.

These are the standard features of the world's noble lords.

Covered from head to toe in a nauseating mix of sweat and body odor, mingled with the scent of perfume.

Lynn was somewhat grateful that he had been exiled to this barren land...

Barren, impoverished, but free!

Lynn had thought of sending someone else to face them, but he realized that no one could replace him.

He mounted his horse, which headed towards the entrance of the forest ahead.

There, dozens of figures were facing off against each other.

...

Aiden was pondering whether to have his followers strike first and initiate an attack.

They were on horseback, with a significant advantage over these guards.

A calm voice rang out.

"I am the lord of this territory!"

Aiden looked past the guards in front of him, towards the back.

There, a tall young man on horseback was striding forth.

The voice continued to emanate from the young man's mouth.

"Entering my territory without an invitation, I can consider it an infringement of my rights."

"Even if I were to have the guards kill you now, Marquis Duca wouldn't do anything to me."

Aiden's face instantly stiffened.

He quickly retorted, "You say it's an infringement, and so it is?"

"And who are you anyway? I've never heard that this land has a lord!"

"Show the charter given by Marquis Duca to prove your identity!"

Lynn moved his hand, taking out the land charter from his bosom.

Looking at the letter in Lynn's hand, with the emblem of crossed greatsword and shield clearly visible.

Aiden's eyes slightly narrowed.

He was certain it was indeed Marquis Duca's land charter!

Because, in his pocket was an identical letter.

How could this be?

Aiden thought of something and questioned.

"I need to see the contents of the letter, otherwise how do I know you aren't a fake?"

Lynn grinned, "Of course, you can come forward and see."

Aiden was about to urge his horse forward, when his eyes shifted, "You want to kill me?"

Lynn ignored his words, looking straight at him, "Ten seconds!"

Aiden questioned, "What ten seconds?"

Lynn's voice was calm, "In ten seconds, if you're still in my sight... we'll start killing!"

Aiden was taken aback.

He didn't sense any murderous intent from the young man.

But those simple and casual words made him fearful!

Aiden left with his followers.

Walker, beside him, somewhat unwillingly said.

"Master Aiden, are we just leaving like this? The murderer of Master Bower is still in his territory!"

Aiden frowned and retorted, "Then what do you think I should do?"

Walker replied without hesitation, "Of course, we should use our advantage with the horses to wipe them all out, they only have a dozen guards."

"Not only could we avenge Master Bower, but also expand your territory..."

Clang!

Aiden moved his right hand, drawing out the scimitar inlaid with emeralds.

A cold flash cut down directly from Walker's neck.

Walker's words were abruptly stopped.

As the horse continued to move, Walker's head rolled off his shoulders, into the nearby bushes.

Bang!

The heavy thud of a body crashing to the ground resounded, as Walker's corpse fell off the horse.

Aiden took out a handkerchief, wiping the crimson off the scimitar.

Putting the scimitar back into its sheath, he spoke calmly, "Ford, search his body, that gold pound is yours."

The bearded man called Ford quickly jumped off the horse.

Ignoring the blood on Walker's body, he quickly searched.

A few seconds later.

Ford spoke, "Master Aiden, there's a tattoo on his chest, it's... the Iron Blood Brotherhood's tattoo!"

Aiden responded with a hum, "I knew it, that's why he was so eager... bring him back, the greyhounds love eating fresh meat like this!"

...

Lynn, riding on his horse, watched the dozen riders gradually disappear.

Finally vanishing into the forest.

Lynn looked at Red, "I need you to do something for me."

Red quickly responded, "Master Lynn, just give your orders!"

Lynn nodded, instructing him with a few words.

Red rode his horse alone, following behind the dozen riders.

Lynn looked at Rose, praising, "Well done."

Following the bandit invasion last time, Lynn immediately had Rose set up advance scouts at the forest entrance for patrol and reconnaissance.

Effectively preventing enemies from making their way into the territory.

Rose bowed quickly, "It is my duty to relieve the master's worries and difficulties!"

Lynn looked directly at Rose, speaking in a deep voice, "Rose, can I trust you?"

The words echoed powerfully, resonating through the mountains and forests.

The sudden question left a momentary surprise on Rose's face.

The next second, Rose regained his composure.

He stood tall and straight, responding with a loud voice, "My lord, you can always trust me."

"The direction your sword points is the battlefield where I, Ross Anderson, will rush with fervor!"

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Very well! Rose, I need you to form a squad of soldiers to guard the entrance to this forest and protect the territory behind it!"

"Can you do it?"

Rose took a deep breath, "If the enemy wants to enter my master's territory, they must step over my corpse."

Lynn nodded again.

The arrival of several riders made him feel a sense of crisis.

The armed forces of the territory must be strengthened.

...

The road construction work did not stop because of this.

All the villagers were diligently working, not even knowing what was happening in the forest,

Lynn increased the workload of the villagers.

From six in the morning to six in the evening, changed to six in the morning to eight in the evening.

The efficiency of road construction improved significantly.

When the road was extended to five kilometers, Grayson arrived at the village.

He jumped off the carriage and strode up to Lynn.

His face was full of smiles, "Master Lynn, I have brought back everything you wanted."

"A thousand pounds of iron, ten thousand pounds of barley and beans, and one hundred and fifty slaves."

Lynn glanced at the back of Grayson's carriage.

There.

Slaves bound with ropes were standing on the open grounds.

Lynn nodded and said, "Well done, how much in Gold Pounds?"

Grayson was just a merchant he cooperated with.

Unlike George, who became his vassal; the price of goods must be clearly understood.

Grayson, without any hesitation, "Fifty-five Gold Pounds and sixteen shillings!"

Lynn quickly calculated in his mind, "One thousand nine hundred and ten of fine salt, or Gold Pounds."

Grayson had no hesitation, "Fine salt! All of it in fine salt!"

He still needed to rely on the rarity and price difference of fine salt to turn his fortunes.

The transaction completed.

As the villagers unloaded the cargo, Grayson remembered the villagers road paving during his journey.

Filled with curiosity, he asked.

"Master Lynn, where are you paving the road to?"

Lynn did not conceal it, "Open-pit coal mine."

Grayson's eyes widened instantly, his face full of disbelief.

Master Lynn was still mining open-pit salt mines, rapidly accumulating development capital.

And yet, on the other hand, he found an open-pit coal mine?

This...

This seemingly remote and barren Empire's frontier actually has such rich mineral resources?

Master Lynn is about to soar!

If Master Lynn finds an iron mine as well,

With his wisdom and mindset, he will certainly achieve great things!

Thinking of this, Grayson felt increasingly fortunate.

As long as he maintained reverence for Master Lynn and didn't make any major mistakes,

He could continuously exchange fine salt or coal mines from Master Lynn and earn the price difference.

After the last ordeal, his two-year enterprise was entirely confiscated by the Bude Clan.

Grayson felt hopeless in fighting for the position of the Patriarch of the Bude Clan.

But now, holding on to Master Lynn's strong support...

Grayson felt he could try again!

...

All one hundred slaves brought back by Grayson were put to road construction by Lynn.

He wanted to quickly connect the village with the open-pit coal mine.

Originally, only five hundred meters of road could be paved in a day; now, it increased to six hundred meters.

In just a few more days, the lime road would be completed.

In the breeding farm.

Lynn was feeding fresh pork paste to two wild wolf pups.

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

...

A burly figure stained with fresh blood rode into the village on horseback.

It was Red, whom Lynn had dispatched.

After a few inquiries, he found out Lynn's location.

Red found Lynn.

His face was full of exhaustion, his words somewhat weak.

"Master Lynn, I am fortunate not to have failed you!"

Chapter 84: Chapter 84: Mining Coal

Watching as Red handed over a letter.

Lynn reached out to take it, "Go back and have a good rest."

Red bowed slightly and withdrew.

Staring at the letter, stained with bloody fingerprints, Lynn opened it and started to read.

The contents were pretty much what he guessed.

Inquiries about his fiefdom's matters.

Lynn originally thought that after presenting the fief charter, Aiden would choose to trust him.

But did not expect him to be so suspicious.

Fortunately, Lynn had prepared a backup plan.

He had Red follow behind Aiden.

To intercept and kill the followers Aiden sent to report to the Marquis's Castle midway!

From near Morgan Town to the Marquis's Castle, it would take at least five to six days on horseback.

With many bandits along the way, encountering accidents is normal.

However.

Lynn understood that this was merely a temporary fix.

To not fear outside threats, one must become strong.

...

In the cowshed.

Lynn held a straw brush, brushing the back of an ox.

[Breeding Experience +1]

[Breeding Experience +1]

Slowly accumulating a bit of experience.

A somewhat urgent sound of footsteps approached from afar.

Kuisi's voice rose from behind Lynn.

"Master Lynn, the lime road to the open-pit coal mine is dry, it's passable now!"

Lynn acknowledged and put down the cleaning tool, leaving the cowshed.

The rested Red followed closely.

Riding a horse, galloping on the white lime road surface.

From the village to the open-pit coal mine, it took less than twenty minutes.

Lynn felt a surge of satisfaction.

To get rich, build roads first.

Simple is the greatest way.

In front of the open-pit coal mine, three hundred laborers were standing.

Next to the villagers were twenty friction horse-drawn carts, jointly forged by Colin and Ehrelo.

Preparations for mining were all set.

Lynn divided tasks among the villagers.

Only clear division of work can improve work efficiency.

A hundred strong men were responsible for going to the top of the open-pit coal mine and starting to dig from the top.

Fifty villagers were responsible for transporting the mined anthracite to the mountain's foot.

A hundred villagers at the foot of the mountain crushed and selected the transported anthracite.

The last fifty villagers transported the selected anthracite back to the village for storage!

Coal mine excavation began.

Lynn, with his shirt off, raised the iron pick high above his head, using its weight and his body's momentum, slammed down fiercely.

Clink!

A chunk of anthracite, weighing more than ten pounds, broke off and fell from the rock.

Turning the iron pick in his hand, he smashed the heavy end onto the anthracite.

The anthracite shattered into seven to eight pieces.

[I'm Really Not a Black Slave]: First time mining coal.

(Completed, rewards: 10 Energy Stones, to be collected)

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Then the responsible villagers used iron shovels to gather these coal fragments and transport them by carts to the foot of the coal mine...

Excavation of coal mines and salt mines is roughly similar.

The difference is that under Lynn's feet, the open-pit coal mine is anthracite.

No need for processing, it can be directly used!

The heat value of anthracite is similar to charcoal but burns more persistently and continuously!

Lynn felt satisfied looking at the constantly increasing experience on the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

Wiping off the beads of sweat on his cheeks.

Lynn continued to gain skill experience.

Under the sunshine, he freely swung in the sweat.

This feeling of arduous labor, only those who experience it know.

By midday, Lynn's clothing was covered with a layer of white powder.

That was Lynn's flowing sweat, dried to form salt!

Around him, villagers occasionally cast unusual glances at Lynn.

As the Lord, Master Lynn, surprisingly worked like them.

Holding tools, excavating coal in this filthy mine!

But they dared not have any thoughts.

At noon.

Lynn stopped, boarded a cart pulling over a thousand pounds of anthracite, heading to the foot of the coal mine.

Jumping off the cart, Lynn headed straight for the kitchen.

It took almost two hours to walk from the open-pit coal mine back to the village.

To improve excavation efficiency.

Lynn directly appointed five chefs temporarily to come to the open-pit coal mine site to cook for the miners!

One chef quickly poured a bowl of mint water and handed it over.

Lynn reached out to take it and drank it in one gulp, the cool and comfortable feeling immediately flowing through his body.

"Make sure to supply drinking water for the miners on the mountain promptly, add some fine salt to the water, don't let them get too thirsty!"

Mid-June in the Karedi Empire.

Although the temperature wasn't very high, around twenty degrees or so.

But under the scorching sun and intense physical labor.

They would still sweat profusely.

If they don't replenish enough water, the loss of salt in the body could easily lead to fainting, and in severe cases, even death!

The chef respectfully responded, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Putting down the clay bowl in his hand, Lynn's gaze turned to the open-pit coal mine ahead.

At the top of the coal mine, robust figures were excavating.

On the mountain road dug out around the coal mine, carts were pulling frictional wagons, slowly descending.

On the empty ground not far away.

Silhouettes were holding iron hammers, busy with crushing and selection.

Then, the villagers driving the carts transported the crushed and screened anthracite back to the village!

Everything proceeded according to the original plan.

After a short rest.

Lynn rolled up his sleeves and walked towards the distant coal crushing area!

...

It was not until dusk.

Lynn sat in a cart, following the miners' team back to the village.

Red walked in the front, holding the reins of the cart.

After a day's labor, both Lynn and the miners felt somewhat tired.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Resource Panel].

[Fuel Resources]: 5000 pounds

Three hundred people produced five thousand pounds of anthracite in one day.

Not a lot.

The main issue was that the journey from the coal mine to the village was quite distant.

After all, excavation had just begun.

When these miners become skilled, efficiency will improve, and the production of anthracite will naturally increase.

Subtle voices rose within the team of miners.

"A day's labor, finally over!"

"Yes, another tiring day."

"It's indeed exhausting, but don't you find this life reassuring?"

"No need to work hard during the day and then have to go somewhere else to work overtime at night."

"No need to worry if the three-year-old at home will be hungry."

"Just follow Master Lynn's instructions, do your job, eat when it's time, and rest when it's dark..."

"For me... I have no other thoughts, as long as my family can have enough to eat, and I can cuddle with my wife and kids when sleeping, I'm very satisfied!"

...

The next day.

Salt Factory, Evaporation and Crystallization Zone.

Four huge iron pots were set up on the stoves.

Saltwater filtered through the brine storage pool was rapidly boiling inside.

Clouds of steam continuously drifted out.

Beneath the iron pot.

Burning red-hot anthracite was emitting powerful heat.

Beside him, Kuisi began to explain.

"Master Lynn, with anthracite, the efficiency of boiling and evaporating has become faster."

"Now the amount of fine salt produced in a day is about seven hundred pounds!"

Lynn calculated a bit.

Seven hundred pounds of fine salt, sold at seven pence per pound...

This means the daily production capacity of the Salt Factory is twenty Gold Pounds!

Still too little!

Must speed up the salt-making efficiency of the Salt Factory.

Lynn began to ponder in his mind.

Starting from the source of the Salt Factory.

The excavation of the open-pit salt mine wasn't slow.

Sixty people excavating simultaneously could produce nearly eight thousand pounds of rock salt in a day.

Eight thousand pounds of rock salt was enough for one stone mill and forty people to crush simultaneously, with some left over.

The remaining rock salt was all stored in the warehouse.

Then twenty people would sort and clean it before pouring it into the brine storage pool for mixing and dissolving.

Thirty people would pour the brine into the iron pots for evaporation and crystallization.

Ten people continuously added anthracite for burning.

Ten people were responsible for stirring the saltwater in the iron pots, making the heating more even and thorough.

Thirty people were responsible for scooping out the crystallized salt and grinding it into fine salt.

Going through it once, Lynn discovered the cause.

The efficiency of manpower labor is too slow!

Even if Lynn treated them with a balance of rewards and punishments.

Working ten hours daily without interruption, producing seven hundred pounds of fine salt daily was already the villagers' limit.

To further increase production, he could only expand the scale and invest more labor force.

He needs more labor!

Chapter 85: Chapter 85: Blasphemy

Lynn inspected the village.

Everyone was diligently working at their respective posts, shining and radiating warmth.

There was no need for the guard's whip.

After all, the treatment Lynn provided for them was simply too good.

Lynn wanted to increase the armed forces of the territory and expand the salt factory.

However, there was simply too much labor shortage.

One could only hope that George or Grayson would bring back more slaves.

A series of somewhat immature voices reached Lynn's ears.

Lynn raised an eyebrow and followed the source of the sound.

Inside a semi-open wooden house.

Old John was standing in front of a patched-up template, teaching the children how to read.

Perhaps because he saw Lynn, Old John stopped.

He said to the children 'take a ten-minute break' and came over to Lynn.

Old John bowed deeply to Lynn, "Thank you, Master Lynn!"

"It is you who have helped me find a purpose to live for."

Lynn looked at Old John in confusion.

Old John began to explain, "Master Lynn, do you know? Their thirst for knowledge is like a drought-cracked land, eagerly needing knowledge to irrigate!"

"In teaching them to acquire knowledge, I've felt the value of life..."

Lynn felt that Old John's emotions were a bit excited today.

"Then shine and radiate here, these children just happen to need you."

Old John's white eyebrows raised, "Of course, Master Lynn."

Lynn changed the subject, "But there's one thing, I must warn you, you can only teach knowledge. If I catch you spreading Church doctrines..."

"Death will drag you into the abyss!"

Old John's eyes widened, "Master Lynn, what do you mean? Can I interpret your words as blasphemy against God!"

Lynn said indifferently, "You can choose to interpret it like that!"

"But Old John...this world has no God."

"If God existed, why would you, as a Priest, become a slave?"

In Lynn's view, no matter what Church doctrine, they were merely ideological shackles used by the Empire to assist in governance.

To tame them, make them obedient and afraid to resist.

And then gloriously proclaim: from God's decree.

There is no need for such Church doctrines in Lynn's territory.

He only wants those children to learn to read and understand meaning, that's enough.

If he must instill a spiritual deity in them...

It can only be Lynn!

He is the one who allows these people to eat well and live in wooden houses.

If he must impart doctrine to them...

It would be absolute obedience to Lynn!

Old John fell into silence.

It's not that he recognizes Master Lynn as offending God.

But because, Lynn's words made him understand what took him half a lifetime!

His original name was John Ralph.

From the Silver Moon Church in Silver Moon City, in the Red Dragon Duke's Territory of the Karedi Empire.

As a youth, he was the eldest son of Baron Ralph of Silver Moon City.

He was brave and fearless, and fair and just.

As long as nothing unexpected happened, inheriting the baron title was just a matter of time.

But at the age of eight, John met a Priest.

Under the guidance of the Priest, he joined the Church, becoming the Priest's assistant.

It was normal for John, a noble, to join the Church and become a follower of God.

But John's obsession with the Church and God far exceeded that of ordinary nobility.

He read and memorized the 'Oath of Light', voraciously reading all Church-related literature.

Obsession.

Sown in his mind, taking root and growing.

God!

Sacred and inviolable!

Five years later.

As he reached adulthood, John inherited the title of Baron Ralph, taking control of all power of the Ralph Clan.

To express his devotion to God, John offered everything he had.

The gold and silver treasures of the Ralph Clan, land, servants, even John himself.

The Priest who introduced John to the Church was promoted to Bishop.

With the Bishop's recommendation, John became a Priest of the Silver Moon Church.

John knew.

It was his devotion that moved God, which allowed him to become a Priest.

Thus, to be closer to God, to listen to God's instructions and teachings.

John thought that all believers in the Church should be like him.

To offer everything for the Church, for the God they worshiped.

However.

One day.

John saw a scene he could not believe for a lifetime.

Behind the main hall of the Church.

The Bishop entangled with two nuns.

Unbearable and nauseating.

The Bishop told him: the two nuns were lost and he was conducting a teaching ceremony.

Having never experienced such things, John believed the Bishop's words.

But gradually, he fell into confusion.

Some noblewomen coming to the Church to confess, some lost girls in their adolescence...

The confession room...

The prayer room...

The baptismal pool room...

All stained with their sweat.

After that.

John realized that not everyone was as devout in worshipping God as he was.

John knew these believers had long been occupied by demons.

John knew it was time to act...

On a stormy night!

John walked into the Bishop's bedroom and inserted a silver dagger into the Bishop's heart.

John walked into the Priest's bedroom, ending the Priest with a silver dagger...

Finally, the Church's three nuns.

Blood stained the entire Silver Moon Church red, flowing across the marble floor.

Scarlet, glaring.

The filth within the Church was finally cleaned away by him.

But John fell into confusion.

The Silver Moon Church had existed since the victory in the Battle of Light and Darkness.

It had existed for hundreds of years!

If...God truly existed, why would God allow these demons to occupy the Church?

John did not understand.

He left the Silver Moon Church, walked out of Silver Moon City, and left the Karedi Empire.

He wanted to find the truth...

John traveled to many places and met many people.

For a piece of barley bread, sacrificing his companion into death.

For a few pence, drawing a dagger into a stranger's body.

For a piece of land, blood brothers turned to blades and swords...

John knew.

The world was bitter for everyone.

Despite everyone kneeling in prayer to the deity, God still did not bestow any miracle.

The drought-cracked land remained dry.

The land barren of crops remained barren...

Gradually.

John no longer prayed to God.

But his words remained untouched by those of God.

By chance.

A child of seven or eight was trampled by a soldier's warhorse, left bloody and mangled!

John instinctively knelt before the child and began to pray.

Pure radiance appeared in his palm.

The child's wounds instantly healed, miraculously revived!

John felt as though he possessed the power of God!

The cost was...his life energy!

John felt his body become weak and aged.

Until finally.

John finally understood.

God.

Had never existed.

If a miracle occurred, it would never come from God.

But from...equal exchange!

He could not save all.

If people wished to survive, they could only rely on their efforts.

John understood this principle.

But he was once again caught in bewilderment.

His all, his former life, had been devoted to the Church.

As John pondered on what to live for in the future...

He was captured by slave traders!

Chapter 86: Chapter 86: Iron Blood Brotherhood

The Karedi Empire seems to be getting increasingly chaotic!

In just three days.

Two groups of refugees fleeing from other villages have arrived in his territory.

Lynn is not panicked at all, instead, he is quite expectant.

The more chaotic the situation, the more time and opportunities he has to develop!

If the entire Karedi Empire were united, working as one.

Lynn would have surrendered immediately.

While everyone was enthusiastically mining in the open-pit coal mine.

George returned.

Ten wagons drawn by two horses each, filled with various goods, along with slaves dragged behind, formed a long procession.

Even though on this trip, George brought back slaves for Master Lynn.

He did not show any joy.

Because the price of slaves has risen!

In the past.

A draft horse was worth three slaves, with a top price of three shillings.

The vast majority of slaves were skinny and emaciated, not suitable for heavy labor.

The work of three slaves barely matched that of a healthy draft horse!

But now, even an ordinary slave costs four shillings.

This is daylight robbery!

Fortunately, it's not long after the summer harvest.

A large amount of grain has appeared on the market, and prices have dropped a bit.

George returned to Master Lynn's territory.

Watching the wagons transporting coal into the village.

The gloom on his face instantly vanished, replaced by joy.

He sighed in his heart, Master Lynn is truly chosen by God!

He got off the wagon and approached Lynn.

"Master Lynn, I brought back many slaves for you! Two hundred and eighty healthy slaves!"

Lynn's eyes lit up, "Well done."

Two hundred and eighty slaves are enough for Lynn to accomplish many things.

George looked troubled, hesitant to speak.

Lynn asked, "What happened?"

Upon hearing Lynn's question, George began to explain.

"Master Lynn, I heard some news when I was in Morgan Town... A group of bandits is prowling near Kakasong City, numbering at least one to two hundred people."

"They have already looted several villages, and the group of bandits is called 'Iron Blood Brotherhood'!"

George was all too familiar with them.

They were the ones who tracked him and attacked the village last time.

Lynn nodded, showing no surprise.

This information he already learned from the refugees who had joined the village.

In comparison to the appearance and scale of these bandits.

Lynn is curious about what Marquis Duca is doing now?

The villages are being looted, villagers turning into refugees, land left unworked, no one leasing land to pay taxes.

All of this damages his interests.

He let George step back and have a good rest.

Dusk slowly settled in.

The villagers who had gone out to work were returning to the village.

Lynn gathered all the villagers on the open ground in front of the village.

Looking at the nearly thousand villagers before him, Lynn felt a sense of vast numbers!

However.

This is the number a territory should have!

Lynn's gaze swept over the crowd, and he said in a deep voice.

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

"I must share with you some troubling news... A group of bandits is prowling near Kakasong City!"

Everyone's expression suddenly became tense.

Lynn continued, "The earliest villagers to join this village might know, it's the 'Iron Blood Brotherhood' who killed fifteen villagers here before!"

"I want to know, how many of you left the lands you've lived on for generations because of bandits?"

With these words.

Lynn's gaze continued to sweep over the villagers.

Many villagers wanted to speak, but found no one expressed anything.

They all chose silence.

The man standing before them is Master Lynn.

They are just villagers, slaves.

How could they dare to converse with the Lord?

"I!"

The calm yet determined voice echoed on the open ground.

Everyone's eyes turned towards it.

So did Lynn's gaze.

It was Kuisi, standing not far from Lynn!

Red's firm voice followed.

"Me too!"

The next second.

Shouts filled with hatred erupted from the silent crowd.

"I am!"

"My family was killed by the bandits."

"Me too!"

"..."

One voice after another, rising and falling.

Lynn raised his hand, and the shouting ceased.

"On my land, many of you live well; perhaps some have forgotten the feeling when family was killed, and they had to leave their homes!"

"I am now reopening your scars for you."

"Your parents died tragically under the bandits' knives, your homes burned by bandits, your women..."

Everyone clenched their fists, some even gritting their teeth.

The scene of bandits entering the village seemed to flash before their eyes.

Lynn continued, "Now, I need to recruit a hundred soldiers! To protect the village you rely on, to safeguard my territory!"

"As soldiers, you will undergo grueling training, bathe in blood, stand on the forefront of war..."

"Who is willing?"

Lynn's direct gaze swept over each villager's face.

This time, they did not look away.

"Me! I am willing!"

A strong man raised his right hand.

"I am willing too."

Another man raised his hand.

"I am willing..."

Voices echoed one after another across the village grounds.

Not far away.

The solemn-faced Ross glanced at Lynn, with a complex emotion in his heart.

Ross understood.

Because Lynn is a good Lord, he could be an excellent commander.

Lynn made sure everyone in the territory could eat their fill!

Thus, he could achieve the villagers' sincere responsiveness to his call!

Seeing those excited faces, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

"I see your determination, those willing, step forward to be selected by Instructor Ross!"

Lynn glanced towards Ross, and Ross understood.

The village's total population had reached one thousand!

Aside from some specific work positions.

Selecting one hundred physically fit villagers to train as soldiers.

Adding the fifty guards from the Red Guard Team.

The village's armed force reached one hundred and fifty!

After subjecting one hundred and fifty soldiers to a full military training process, then equipping them with suitable weapons.

They would be sufficient to deal with an ordinary bandit corps.

Until late at night.

Ross finally finalized the selection of one hundred soldiers.

Lynn casually glanced over them.

Among the one hundred soldiers, over fifty were slaves from the Shar Khanate.

Lynn saw no issue with this.

Even though these slaves from the Shar Khanate had been starved for over a month by slave merchants, becoming thin.

After Lynn's care, with generous portions of stewed meat barley porridge and coarse grain feedings.

They had long recovered.

Furthermore, their physical fitness was originally stronger than ordinary slaves!

Even Lynn would choose them first.

To train villagers who have never undergone any training into qualified soldiers is not easy.

If earlier, under the influence of the vengeful, angry atmosphere.

At Lynn's command, they would have picked up the nearest iron tools without hesitation to fight bandits.

Now that the atmosphere had dissipated, the blood had cooled.

To have them hold weapons and fight bandits, that would be impossible.

To achieve 'words mean action, and actions are ceased by words', they must undergo a baptism of sweat and blood.

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 87: Chapter 87: Task

The sky had just begun to brighten.

Lynn, who woke up early, walked out of the wooden house and headed straight to the blacksmith shop.

With the recruitment of a hundred soldiers completed, he needed to equip them with suitable gear as soon as possible.

Last night, Lynn had already made his decision.

The training and instruction of the hundred soldiers would be fully led by Commander Luo Si.

As development progressed and military forces expanded, a cavalry corps would be formed.

Then, these hundred men would serve as cavalry captains, commanding more cavalry.

Of course, this was only Lynn's rough idea for now.

At present, he neither had so many soldiers nor warhorses for battles!

Training a warhorse was difficult.

First, there needed to be vast lands and resources to establish a ranch within the territory.

Carefully select stallions and mares for breeding, thus nurturing fine warhorses suited for battlefield needs!

It required spending a significant amount of time, effort, and meticulous care to train the warhorses.

Charging, turning, obeying commands, making them fearless of sharp long spears and torches...

Hence, the price of a mature warhorse was extremely high.

An ordinary mature warhorse was priced at thirty Gold Pounds!

If it had a superior lineage, the cost would soar to fifty Gold Pounds.

For descendants of warhorses with significant battle achievements, the price could even reach over a hundred Gold Pounds!

It's important to know that the yearly salary of an ordinary free person was less than five Gold Pounds!

To train several thousand, or even tens of thousands, of elite cavalry would be a money pit!

Currently, Lynn did not have those conditions.

Inside the blacksmith shop.

Ehrello and Colin were already waiting.

Looking at the two, Lynn said in a deep voice, "You know the purpose of my visit!"

From the initial creation of the wheel plow to fastening metal parts for friction brakes to crafting iron picks and iron shovels for coal mining...

Ehrello felt that it had been a long time since he had a proper rest.

Wanting to pocket ten Gold Pounds was not as easy as he imagined.

Ehrello took a deep breath, forcibly gathering his spirit, "Master Lynn, feel free to give your instructions."

Colin nodded in agreement.

Lynn said, "I need to rush the production of a hundred round shields!"

Lynn looked at the [resource panel], and there was still fourteen hundred pounds of quality iron remaining.

He had thought about directly crafting plate armor or padded armor.

However, with the current workforce, it was simply impossible.

Not to mention the high-quality iron and leather needed for crafting armor.

Lynn couldn't even meet the requirement for skilled blacksmiths.

Whether it was plate armor or padded armor, even a simple standardized set would take at least a month!

The time required was too long.

The roaming bandits were rampant.

Facing a threat that could emerge at any moment, Lynn could only opt for a second-best solution.

Round shields for defense and iron spears for striking down enemies.

Even when facing over a hundred mounted bandits, they would have the strength to fight.

Each round shield didn't consume much quality iron, and with the remaining quality iron, he could afford it.

Lynn continued, "The design of the round shield doesn't need to be too complicated; use sturdy wood as the basic framework, embed an iron shield center in the middle, and affix an iron rim to the edge."

"In a month, I want to see a hundred round shields!"

Ehrello furrowed his brows, pondering for a brief moment.

He spoke up, "Master Lynn, if Colin can cooperate with me... no problem!"

Having gone through several rounds of forging and rushing orders, his blacksmith apprentices were no longer novices unfamiliar with wielding a hammer.

Plus, with the intense heat of the anthracite and Colin's wooden framework for the round shields, a month's time would be sufficient!

Ehrello had this confidence.

Colin nodded, "I can be responsible for making the basic framework of the round shield!"

"Previously, when I led them to chop wood and build log cabins, I saw a lot of oak."

"Using it as the basic framework for the round shield is suitable."

Lynn replied, "Then start immediately; let me know what you need at once!"

Ehrello and Colin quickly bowed.

Lynn left the wooden house, walking through the village.

In the not-too-distant training ground.

Over a hundred figures were engaging in basic instruction training.

Such as turning left, turning right, defensive stances, attack formations, and more.

If they couldn't understand or execute even these commands, it would be like sending a scattered mob to the battlefield, just throwing themselves at danger.

...

In the distance, over a hundred people were still paving roads!

Lynn's goal was to lay the road all the way to the end of the mountains and forests.

After hearing about the road conditions from George, Lynn deemed it necessary to pave the road.

Then, at the entrance to the mountains, defensive works could be set up.

Initially, cheval de frise could be erected, and then Luo Si could lead his soldiers to garrison it.

After producing more lime, they would directly construct arrow tower city walls.

The city walls would be built along the mountains, with soldiers defending from the city.

With the support of the towering mountains on both sides, it would truly achieve a state of easy defense and difficult assault.

If others wanted to enter his territory, it would be up to Lynn's approval.

Time passed day by day.

Several more groups of free people arrived in Lynn's village.

From their accounts, it was learned that the Iron Blood Brotherhood had already roamed to Buffalo Town next to Morgan Town.

The distance from Morgan Town was just over two hundred miles.

The bandit corps were drawing closer and closer!

...

Under the cloak of night.

On the vast estate lands, a three-story mansion stood tall.

On the stone-built walls and the walnut long table covered with linen cloth tablecloths.

On the candelabras, oil-based candles were inserted, emitting a warm yellow glow, illuminating the entire mansion brightly.

Aiden, as chubby as a fat pig, sat in the main seat, continuously chewing food in his mouth.

The smacking sounds he made were very much like the sound of the two wild piglets in Lynn's pigsty eating feed.

Three or four young maids, each holding a tray in one hand and a fork to spear food in the other, held the food to Aiden's mouth, waiting for him to open his mouth to eat.

From a distance at the dining table, Personal Attendant Ford was waiting with his head lowered.

Half an hour later.

After the servants wiped Aiden's mouth clean, he casually pulled a maid into his arms.

These maids were all his property, and as the Manor Lord, he could do as he pleased.

Aiden didn't even glance at Ford, asking, "What's the matter?"

Ford still kept his head lowered, "Master Aiden, Wood has been away to the Marquis's Castle for a long time and still hasn't returned..."

Aiden suddenly paused.

He gazed directly at Ford, "How long has he been gone?"

Ford started to think in his mind.

"Master, it should be twelve days... If there were no delays, he should have returned by now."

Aiden's eyes narrowed slightly, "Let's wait a little longer, he might not have been able to meet Ducas, the old man."

For a messenger follower to meet a Great Lord wasn't easy.

Let alone a follower, even if he himself went to the Marquis's Castle, he might not see Ducas!

Aiden changed his tone, his voice deepening.

"I sent you to investigate that piece of land, how has the investigation been?"

Ford's face showed slight tension, explaining.

"Master, that area has only one entrance, and it's guarded by patrols. The people I brought couldn't get in..."

Aiden widened his eyes, "Useless!"

...

[Breeding experience +1]

[Breeding experience +1]

In the breeding farm.

Lynn carried a wooden bucket, feeding the wild boar piglets in the pigsty.

[Your breeding has leveled up to Level 1, unlocking: Task]

[Reward obtained: Memory Pearl ×1]

Chapter 88: Chapter 88: Witch

Lynn's eyebrows rose as he looked at the text prompt before him.

Task?

He was not at all surprised.

Whenever a life skill reaches Level 1, it unlocks a function related to farming.

When this [Task] feature appeared, Lynn felt that all the basic functions should now be unlocked.

All nine great skills had reached Level 1.

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Task] panel to check.

The list was completely empty.

Lynn speculated.

Perhaps something needs to be triggered before possessing a task.

Closing the panel, Lynn continued feeding the draft cattle in the barn.

The feed for the draft cattle primarily consisted of beans and distillery mash, supplemented by a large quantity of hay.

Just perfectly maximizing the value of the brewery.

After George brought back two large iron pots.

The brewery's output had already reached two thousand pounds.

Now, with a thousand villagers, Lynn directly built a tavern in the village.

Providing a place for the villagers to relax after work.

As for the price, one penny for three pounds!

...

Lynn walked among the pea fields, inspecting the growth condition of the entire pea crop.

The growth of peas related to Lynn's future grain yield, so he couldn't help but pay attention.

Squatting in the furrow, Lynn gazed at the tiny specks of tender green on the ridge.

After more than ten days of growth, the peas had pushed aside the loose soil covering them and sprouted tender shoots.

The current weather was suitable, with temperature and humidity creating an excellent growing environment for peas.

Lynn picked up a piece of soil and crushed it with his fingers.

The soil did not turn into powder; instead, it felt a bit sticky.

For now, there was no need to irrigate the pea seedlings.

His gaze shifted to the slightly distant land, where there were also pea seedlings just breaking through the soil.

The land is like this; it does not tolerate any deceit.

After planting the seeds, if you treat them perfunctorily and dismissively.

At harvest, it will show you what it means to reap nothing.

Lynn went to the cotton field.

Dozens of cotton plants had grown to nearly fifty or sixty centimeters in height, with light yellow flowers blooming at the tops.

Once the flowering period ends, the pollinated cotton will enter the boll stage, developing and producing fruit.

Cotton seeds come from the cotton bolls.

Lynn scanned the cotton plants and saw no signs of pest damage or climbing.

Lynn felt satisfied.

After inspecting the fields, Lynn was just about to head to the salt factory when Kuisi walked up briskly.

"Master Lynn, Mr. Grayson is here, but he brought a stranger..."

Lynn responded and headed toward the village.

Kuisi followed closely behind.

Arriving at the open space in front of the village.

Grayson and a young woman came into Lynn's view.

Before Lynn could speak, Grayson brought the woman to him.

Grayson bent over and introduced himself first, "Master Lynn, please allow me to introduce... This is my sister, Audrey Brown."

"She is also a slave merchant!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow and glanced at the woman before him.

Her hair, as white as snow, cascaded down her shoulders in wisps.

With delicate cheeks and fair skin, as smooth as mutton fat jade.

She wore a light blue tight-fitting robe, accentuating her graceful figure to the fullest.

Even a casual glance would stir one's imagination.

But the imposing aura emanating from her prevented any covetous thoughts.

She was indeed a great beauty.

With a thought, a string of text appeared in front of Lynn.

[Name]: Audrey Brown

[Age]: 30 years old

[Ability]: Level 3 Trade, Level 3 Oratory, Level 3 Negotiation

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

[Talent]: Psychological Insight - Skilled in analyzing the other party's mental state. Emotional changes and hidden intentions.

[Skills]: Tongue as Skillful as a Reed - Possesses exceptionally outstanding vocal skills and expressive ability.

...

Looking at Audrey's character panel, Lynn was a bit surprised.

Three third-level abilities.

And with strong talent and skills.

Lynn understood that this woman was certainly not ordinary.

Audrey casually glanced at Lynn, her eyes filled with indifference.

Grayson continued, "Master Lynn, Audrey wants to make a big deal with you..."

Lynn's eyebrows raised, "A big deal?"

Grayson was about to speak, but the woman intercepted the conversation.

"A large batch of slaves, five hundred people!"

Her words were cold and straightforward, with an undeniable tone.

Lynn wasn't surprised at all and asked.

"I suppose... it's not just as simple as five hundred people, right?"

Even if they all came from nomadic tribes like the Shar Khanate, five hundred slaves would only be worth one hundred seventy-five gold pounds.

Grayson could complete the transaction alone.

Audrey's words were plain, "Five hundred is just the first batch, followed by a second, a third, and even a fourth batch..."

"As long as you can produce the gold pounds, a steady stream of slaves will be delivered to your territory."

"I want to establish a long-term cooperation with you; if you agree, the second batch of slaves will be delivered in half a month."

Lynn frowned.

With open-pit salt and coal mines, buying these slaves would not be difficult for him.

What intrigued Lynn was the source of these slaves.

Four batches of five hundred slaves meant at least two thousand people.

The number was similar to that of a small town's population.

Such a large number of slaves could only mean that somewhere on the continent, a massive war was taking place.

Only war could capture and obtain more slaves.

Lynn stared directly at Audrey, "I need to know the source of these slaves."

Audrey said nothing, her slightly strange light gray eyes staring at Lynn.

A few seconds later.

Audrey opened her vividly red, moist lips, "Portlands Empire, Southern Campaign, any other questions?"

Lynn nodded, "The price."

Audrey immediately said, "Five shillings each, one hundred twenty-five gold pounds."

Grayson, who had been silent beside them, was extremely tense.

Whether it was Lynn or Audrey, their words were as cold as ice.

Devoid of any emotional sentiment.

He was afraid the two might break off negotiations.

One was his long-term business partner, and the other was his sister.

Lynn said, "No problem, one hundred twenty-five gold pounds or four thousand three hundred pounds of fine salt."

Audrey, always with a cold expression, showed a hint of surprise.

"I want fine salt!"

With that.

Audrey paid no attention to Lynn and turned to leave.

The cold voice drifted into Lynn's ear.

"Hurry and load the goods."

Watching Audrey's swaying hips as she strode away on long legs.

Lynn withdrew his gaze.

Grayson hurried to Lynn's side, "Sorry, Master Lynn, Audrey has always been like that in temperament..."

Lynn said, "It's quite good, saves the unnecessary talk."

Seeing that Lynn bore no grudge, Grayson felt relieved.

Lynn continued, "What's the story behind her mention of the Portlands Empire Southern Campaign?"

Grayson glanced back at Audrey.

He saw Audrey squatting at the edge of the lime road, curiously looking at the fields.

Grayson said, "Master Lynn, do you not know?"

"In the south of the Portlands Empire, there have been sightings of witches!"

Chapter 89: Chapter 89: Ambition

The Church said: There exists a God in this world. Become a follower of God, and He will protect the faithful from suffering.

The Church said: They are the agents of God, conveying His will.

The Church said: The demons have been driven back into the Abyss, but their agents still exist in the world.

Thus, the witch hunt began.

Whenever illness, livestock death, or poor crop yield occurred in a village, people would suspect the secret workings of witches.

Those who lived alone, such as elderly women, widows, herbalists, and midwives, were most likely accused as witches.

Under severe torture, in extreme agony, innocents were forced to confess to baseless accusations.

Execution by fire!

Witches did indeed exist.

But the witch hunt was merely a plot to maintain power.

The Church used the punishment of witches to prove their sanctity.

The Emperor used the capture of witches to shift the Empire's crises.

...

Grayson's words continued.

"The Portlands Empire has deployed fifty thousand cavalry to the south to arrest anyone suspected of being involved with witches, even some married women were captured."

"The husbands who lost their wives surely knew their wives weren't witches, and they took up iron farm tools for a final rebellion."

"In the end, the gathered rebels numbered in the tens of thousands..."

"But, Master Lynn, you know, villagers with farm tools remain just villagers."

"When the Emperor of Portlands deemed the rebels to be bewitched by witches, cavalry began suppression!"

"Countless people fell under iron hooves, died tragically to knights' lances or maces!"

"Corpses lay everywhere, rivers of blood flowed... The reclaimed lands were stained crimson with the farmers' blood!"

"The number of dead and wounded was as high as three to four thousand, regardless of age or gender... Other captured villagers were directly enslaved..."

"This battle was called the Southern Campaign."

Three thousand people, nearly the permanent population of a small town.

Lynn listened, tentatively asked.

"The Portlands Empire's southern summer harvest wasn't good, was it?"

Grayson looked at Lynn in surprise, curiously asked.

"Master Lynn, how did you know?"

"In the southern Portlands Empire, it rained heavily for half a month, the summer harvest... yielded nothing!"

Lynn didn't explain.

After the villagers moved the bags of fine salt onto Grayson's carriage, Grayson and Audrey left.

The sound of horseshoes and the rolling of wheels mixed together.

In the carriage.

Audrey's eyes were slightly closed, arms folded before her, accentuating the pronounced curvature.

Grayson was somewhat anxious, "Audrey, will this cause trouble for him?"

Audrey didn't open her eyes, "I don't know."

Grayson stared at Audrey, "Don't know? He did me a favor."

The words were full of determination, even his leaning body sat upright.

Sensing Grayson's change in tone, Audrey slowly opened her gray eyes.

"He did you a favor, what does that have to do with me?"

She looked at Grayson, eyes full of mockery.

"You don't think that it's because of our half-blood kinship I choose to help you, right?"

Grayson instantly fell silent.

If his mother was married legitimately.

Then Audrey's mother was his father's lustful whim...

Her mother died due to difficult childbirth when Audrey was born.

As a girl, she was even less favored by the clan.

From childhood to adulthood, she never received any grace from the Brown Clan.

But Audrey grew up amid family alienation solely on her will and capability.

She became one of the few female merchants in the Vortex Sea!

"If you hadn't called me sister when you were little, even if you died, I wouldn't care."

"Just like Kelson Brown who died before me a few days ago."

Grayson's expression turned somber.

Seeing Grayson's aggrieved look, Audrey coldly said.

"Rest assured, the new acquaintance... has greater ambition than yours."

Grayson's eyebrows rose.

Audrey glanced out the carriage window, "Your ambition is merely to restructure the Brown Clan from top to bottom."

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

...

Despite the five hundred slaves all coming from Portlands Empire.

Lynn didn't worry overly much.

Three meals a day, meals with meat.

Work at sunrise, rest at sunset.

Such a life, if it still breeds rebellion.

Then... Lynn could only resort to slaughter.

A hundred and fifty soldiers were not just for deterrence.

In the evening.

Lynn provided this group of five hundred slaves with a sumptuous dinner.

Let them rest well in the open field overnight.

The next morning early, let them eat a full breakfast again.

Equipped each of them with a pickaxe, Lynn drove them all to a distant stone mine!

Beside the stone mine, set up makeshift wooden sheds.

Then arranged ten chefs to cook and prepare food for them.

Let them work until starving and eat directly, eat and continue working, work till tired and sleep right there.

Lynn needed large amounts of limestone to burn lime.

To pave roads and build the territory's entrance defenses.

After three days of continuous mining, Lynn withdrew two hundred people from the stone mine.

A hundred people drove carts to transport excavated limestone to lime kilns.

The other hundred directly used anthracite to begin loading kilns.

With the strong heat of anthracite, lime burning efficiency will greatly improve.

Amid Lynn's vigorous construction.

A group of cavalry walked along mountain path.

Unkempt, dressed simply and poorly.

For coolness, boldly unbuttoned their clothes in front, revealing flat bellies...

Their expressions varied, with nervousness and numbness.

Most were nervous.

Even in this desolate wilderness, they tightly held weapons.

To avoid falling behind, a rider stayed close to another.

The middle-aged man complained, "Damn it, my mouth is almost drying like a bird!"

Hall glanced at Hughes, replied, "Who says it's not? I've gone three days without eating, when will this end?"

Hughes snorted, "I should've known better than join this Iron Blood Brotherhood, clearly having passed so many villages, why not loot them?"

"The summer harvest just ended, they have plenty of grain, and the livestock fed on spring's tender grass, are fat to bursting by now!"

"If we loot them, wouldn't we have food?"

Hall immediately signaled for silence with a finger to his lips.

Hughes laughed disdainfully, "Why fear? Just a fallen noble knight..."

"No, even the title of knight is stripped, what's the difference between him and us?"

Hall dared not speak, looking hurriedly ahead.

Upon a tall and strong black warhorse, with brown hair fluttering, a silhouette like a proud pine stood atop.

Dressed in bright silver full plate armor and a helmet slung at the waist, extra radiant under daylight.

Beside the splendid horse, a lance longer than the horse's body hung on a stirrup rack.

This was a true knight!

Hall just wanted to speak.

The leading warhorse suddenly stopped.

His eyes quickly contracted, he hastily tugged the reins, distanced from Hughes.

"Sir Anthony, it's Hughes complaining, it's not... not me!"

Chapter 90: Chapter 90: City Walls

Hughes frowned as he looked at the towering warhorse approaching.

He instinctively tightened his grip on the one-handed axe in his hand.

Watching the burly knight, he put on the full face helmet hanging beside him.

He took the lance hanging on the stirrup gun rack in his left hand and tucked it under his arm.

Hughes finally began to panic.

"Anthony, what are you doing? I was just speaking casually!"

The lance in Anthony's hand was already aimed at him.

His legs suddenly clamped the horse's belly, and the black warhorse beneath him neighed and started galloping toward Hughes.

The people originally following behind Hughes retreated repeatedly, fearing collateral damage.

Hughes was terrified and kept backing away, shouting, "Lord Anthony, I was wrong; I shouldn't have spoken nonsense in the team. Please forgive me?"

The warhorse did not stop, despite the rugged mountain road, it continued to stride briskly.

Its powerful leg muscles pulled, raising its hooves high with each leap.

Each time it leaped, mud flew from its iron hooves...

Watching this scene, everyone's gaze contracted and they held their breath.

The knight charged!

Twenty meters.

Ten meters...

The shadow grew larger in his eyes, and Hughes realized Anthony would not spare him.

Hughes crouched down, gripping his axe with his right hand, ready for combat.

Crack!

Boom!

However.

The speed of the warhorse was too fast.

The sharp and long spear struck Hughes' chest.

The great inertia carried by the horse knocked him off, flying three to four meters before crashing onto the ground full of gravel, lifeless.

Everyone's faces were solemn, not daring to speak.

Especially Hall, whose heart was racing.

Everyone's gaze fell on the towering knight.

He retracted the lance and removed his helmet.

Anthony didn't spare a glance at the corpse on the ground.

He pulled the reins of the horse and moved forward.

It wasn't until Anthony was seven or eight meters away that they resumed breathing.

Pressure!

The pressure from a real knight made them afraid to breathe.

Everyone exchanged glances, squeezed their horses' bellies, and followed Anthony forward.

...

Lynn rode along the lime road, flanked by unclaimed wasteland.

It was twenty miles from the village to the mountain forest, and it took Lynn two hours on his draft horse to reach the entrance of the forest.

The depth of the forest was five miles.

Lynn rode while scanning the forest around him.

The slope wasn't very high, mainly consisting of decomposed soil and dry leaves.

With a cross pickaxe or iron shovel, it could be leveled for a camp.

Halfway through the forest, Lynn saw villagers laying the road.

The remaining two or three miles would be completed in two or three days.

At the forest's exit, several chevaux-de-frise blocked the middle of the road.

About ten figures stood there holding iron spears.

Seeing Lynn, their eyes immediately lit up and they stood up.

They called out with admiration, "Master Lynn."

Lynn responded with a nod.

Riding on his horse, accompanied by several soldiers, Rose saw Lynn and quickly dismounted.

Rose spoke respectfully, "Master, as per your request, the chevaux-de-frise and guards are arranged."

Lynn nodded, "Rose, I plan to build fortifications here."

Rose's eyes brightened, "Master, do you mean to establish a gate?"

Lynn nodded, "No, a wall! A wall constructed from lime, sand, and stones, four meters thick and ten meters high!"

Rose's eyes widened instantly.

Even with chevaux-de-frise and soldier guards, they could only block small teams.

If a cavalry force of a hundred or eighty men charged, such fortifications would be instantly destroyed.

Truly, as the master said, construction of such a massive wall gate with soldiers defending it.

Unless equipped with heavy siege machinery, the wall gate would be indestructible!

In front of the exit was a vast open space, visible for four or five miles, with clear sight lines.

This was Lynn standing on the ground.

If a ten-meter high wall was built, the view would stretch even further.

There would be no worry about surprise attacks.

However.

The distance between the two mountains is about a hundred meters, with slopes forming an inverted eight shape.

On the slopes, there are full of men-sized trees, shrubs, and sharp rocks.

All of these need to be cleared.

Building fortifications at the forest's exit is indeed a large project!

Nonetheless.

Lynn still plans to prioritize this task.

Building fortifications to guard the entrance to the territory allows for farming without worries.

...

Lynn returned to the village.

Lime burning was underway.

Cartloads of stones and anthracite as fuel were being transported to the riverside below the Acadia River.

There, a hundred villagers were preparing to construct kilns for burning lime.

In one or two days, burning could begin.

Everything was proceeding according to Lynn's plan.

Lynn joined the group constructing kilns, rolling up his sleeves.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

Little by little, experience was accumulating...

Until dusk fell.

The kilns for lime were almost ready.

After drying overnight, early in the morning the stones and anthracite would be loaded into the kilns and capped, ready for burning.

Except for the patrols arranged by Rose, all villagers returned to the village.

They ate dinner and sat by the bonfire, letting its flames dance across their faces.

In the light of the fire, their faces were full of satisfaction.

Lynn took a sip from his bowl of beer, and two figures approached him one after the other.

Colin quickly bent down, speaking reverently.

"Master Lynn, you were looking for me?"

Lynn glanced at Colin and Kuisi, nodding, "I need you to oversee the construction of the wall at the forest entrance."

After hearing Master Lynn's explanation, Colin frowned.

Standing alongside Lynn, Kuisi's face showed some surprise.

But, more than anything, it was anticipation.

Kuisi didn't understand why a wall was needed at the forest entrance.

But she knew that if a wall served as defense, they'd no longer worry about enemy attacks!

Thinking briefly, Colin hesitated.

"Master Lynn, I've previously helped other lords build castles, constructing walls... it's really difficult."

Lynn naturally understood the problems Colin mentioned.

Firstly, the collection of stone.

Surrounding the forest, there's plenty of forest, allowing close collection.

Transportation wouldn't be an issue.

However, relying solely on manual labor to mine and shape the stones was very challenging.

Next was the foundation, which must bear the massive weight of the wall, requiring the removal of surface soil to the bedrock.

Piling technology might even be needed.

Finally, manpower!

Not only must many stonemasons ensure tight joining of stones.

But massive manpower is also needed.

Transporting large stones relies on manpower, pulleys, ropes, and slopes.

He solemnly said, "I understand this, but... the wall must be built!"

The existence of the wall pertains to the safety of the entire territory.