

System 841

Chapter 841: Help Me Dress _4

That is, George concealed the production quantity of the salt factory from Samuel.

Samuel's tone became somewhat excited.

"Lord Master Lynn, once I relay this information to Bishop Semo, he will surely be overjoyed!"

From the recent inspection, Samuel clearly understood that there was an open-pit salt mine in Lynn's territory!

Moreover, teams of excavation workers were conducting efficient extraction.

He even saw massive tools being manufactured!

By using those large tools, a few workers could collaborate to hoist blocks of salt weighing thousands of pounds.

Such large tools, even he, was seeing for the first time.

Not only that.

Not far from the salt mine excavation site, there were actually three salt factories!

Each salt factory could produce a thousand pounds of fine salt per day.

In total, that's three thousand pounds!

Collect taxes based on a tithing of one-tenth.

That's three hundred pounds a day, nine thousand pounds a month.

At the current market price, converted, it's at least three hundred and thirty-seven gold pounds.

Annually, that amounts to four thousand gold pounds.

This is a massive wealth!

But when Samuel saw Lynn's calm face.

Samuel quickly curbed his excitement.

Until now.

Samuel finally understood why Lynn's territory developed so rapidly.

With a gold mine-like open-pit salt mine and salt factories being continuously extracted.

How could the development speed possibly be slow?

Samuel took a deep breath, trying to make his words calmer.

"Lord Master Lynn, from now on, you need to pay a tithing of one-tenth based on three thousand pounds of fine salt."

"That's three hundred pounds of fine salt daily."

"The amount to be paid is calculated based on market price."

"At the end of each month, clergy from the church will come to your territory to collect."

"What do you think?"

Lynn nodded, "No problem, Guard Commander Samuel."

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, Samuel smiled.

He glanced at the gradually setting sun and continued, "It's getting late, I will not bother Lord Master Lynn any longer."

Lynn rose from the bench, courteously said, "If Guard Commander Samuel doesn't mind, you can stay for a few days in the territory."

Samuel smiled and said, "Thank you for your kind offer, Lord Master Lynn."

"However, I need to return to Kasong City immediately to report and provide feedback to Bishop Semo."

Lynn nodded, "Then Guard Commander Samuel, safe travels."

Samuel said no more unnecessary words, after bowing to bid farewell to Lynn.

He walked towards the church guard cavalry behind.

Under the gazes of Lynn and others, he mounted his horse.

Under the escort of Rose and the soldiers.

Riding the horse, carrying the guard cavalry, galloped out of the Lord's Square.

Lynn withdrew his gaze and looked at George beside him.

Before he could speak, George took the initiative to speak.

"Master, according to your instructions, Samuel accepted ten gold pounds."

Lynn nodded with satisfaction and praised, "Well done."

Even though Samuel is a Temple Knight with extraordinary ability, so what?

As long as he is still human.

As long as he has human desires.

Then he will have a need for worldly matters...

This world.

Not just fighting and killing, but also connections and experiences!

Looking at the gradually dimming sky, Lynn dismissed George.

He stepped towards the direction of the castle.

Back to the castle.

Kuisi had already prepared dinner.

With the service of Kuisi and several maids, Lynn began to enjoy today's dinner.

And outside the castle, the sky had completely darkened.

...

Meanwhile, in Bordeaux City.

Territory doctor Hewitt turned through the corridors under the gaze of the patrolling guards.

Came to the door guarded by the guards.

The guards glanced casually at Hewitt and then withdrew their gaze.

Seeing that the guards had no intention to inquire of him, Hewitt raised his right hand and knocked on the double wooden doors in front of him.

Knock~ Knock~

The knocking sound was neither light nor heavy.

However.

After several knocks.

There was no response from behind the door.

Hewitt frowned, his words were full of respect as he called out.

"Lord Donovan, I am Hewitt, it's time to change your medication."

After his voice fell.

Hewitt still heard no response.

A bold idea appeared in Hewitt's mind.

Just as he was about to push open the door and enter, Donovan's weak voice sounded.

"Come in."

Getting Donovan's instruction, Hewitt responded.

He pushed open the door with both hands and entered Donovan's bedroom.

Just stepped inside, closed the door.

An odor like rotting meat made him frown again.

Even though incense burners were burning with incense in the bedroom.

But the scent emitted could not overcome that odor.

Hewitt stepped towards the big bed where Donovan was lying.

When he reached the side of the big bed.

Looking at Donovan's pale, sunken cheeks and the liquid flowing from the corner of his mouth.

Hewitt's heart was filled with a sense of gravity.

Obviously.

Donovan's illness was rapidly worsening.

As the doctor who has served Donovan's treatment for many years.

He naturally knew the reason for this was the medication given by Marquis Mark!

Chapter 842: Help Me Get Dressed _5

Forcing down the heaviness in his heart, Hewitt placed the medicine box he had been carrying on his shoulder on the bedside cabinet.

He spoke, "Sir, I will now proceed with your medication treatment!"

Just as Hewitt was about to open the medicine box, Donovan struggled to open his mouth, his words halting and intermittent.

"Hewitt... no need, there's no need anymore..."

Listening to Donovan's words, Hewitt hurriedly replied.

"Sir, what nonsense are you talking about?"

"With your injuries, it's vital to change the medicine at a fixed time weekly, or else the injuries will worsen!"

Donovan smiled faintly, his voice still weak.

"Hewitt, my body... I know it well myself."

"There's no need for any more treatment..."

"Instead of spending money on a dying man like me, it's better to..."

"It's better to forge an extra set of armor, an additional weapon, for the Ducas Clan, for Mark..."

Hewitt fell silent.

After a moment.

Hewitt asked, "Sir, is there anything else you need me to do?"

Lying on the bed, Donovan stared straight at the pitch-black ceiling above him.

He repeated Hewitt's words, "Do something?"

As his voice fell.

The entire bedroom plunged into silence.

So quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Until a few minutes later.

Donovan finally spoke again, "Hewitt, there are some words I need you to pass on to Mark, alright?"

Hewitt raised an eyebrow, "Sir, you still have time; you can tell them yourself, can't you?"

Donovan shook his head, "There are things I'm willing to say, but it doesn't mean they are willing to listen."

"Besides, in front of them, there are things I cannot say..."

"But facing you, I can speak."

Hewitt nodded.

He said nothing more, waiting for Donovan's narrative to continue.

Donovan began, "Help me convey to Mark that he is now Marquis Ducas, the head of the Ducas Clan!"

"The rise or fall of the Ducas Clan, this heavy burden fell upon his shoulders the day he inherited the marquis title."

"I've, Donovan, carried this burden for decades, struggling for the whole clan."

"Tell him that I apologize for previously mocking and scorning his unrealistic ambition to influence Imperial Authority."

"Mark's ideas and actions are correct."

"As a Great Lord, he must climb upwards at any cost, remove all resistance around him at any cost."

"Even if that resistance comes from his blood kin."

"Only this way can the Ducas Clan be elevated to a higher level."

Upon hearing this.

Hewitt's body suddenly trembled.

He looked at Donovan on the bed, eyes full of tension and fear.

He understood.

The Donovan before him already knew everything Mark had him do!

Donovan, as if seeing through his heart, reassured him.

"No need to be nervous, no need to be afraid."

"My existence holds no more value."

"And you, as a doctor, must continue to contribute to the Ducas Clan."

Despite Donovan's reassurance, Hewitt's body continued to shake like a sieve.

Donovan did not care for Hewitt's expression and continued speaking.

"Mark's way is correct!"

"The only regret I have is that compared to me, he's still too naive."

"You see, when I was young, to obtain this title, I personally slaughtered my father, my brothers!"

"Before obtaining the title from me, he could do nothing else."

"After acquiring the marquis title, he still let me live this long..."

Half an hour later.

Hewitt walked out of Donovan's bedroom.

However.

He hadn't gone far.

A tall, slender figure entered his sight.

Hewitt naturally recognized that the figure was Marquis Mark Ducas.

He quickly quickened his pace towards Mark.

Coming to Mark's side, he followed behind him towards the distant open balcony.

Mark's voice reached Hewitt's ears.

"Doctor Hewitt, tell me, how is Donovan's condition?"

Hewitt dared not hesitate, quickly responding.

"Marquis, Lord Donovan refused my medication treatment..."

Mark, walking in front, instantly halted his steps.

He suddenly turned, looking at Hewitt, almost interrogatively.

"Refused?"

Feeling the shift in Mark's demeanor, Hewitt naturally understood its meaning.

He promptly explained, "Marquis, Lord Donovan said he knows his body very well, requires no further treatment."

"Moreover, Lord Donovan had a message for me to relay to you, Marquis."

Mark furrowed his brow, hesitated for a few seconds.

"Speak!"

...

Early the next morning.

Lynn awoke from his dream, slowly opening his eyes.

Next to him, nestled in his embrace, Janet appeared before his eyes without reservation.

On her exquisite and fair cheeks was a faint blush.

Despite a night of rest.

The flush had yet to fade.

At the corner of her eyes with curled eyelashes, there was even a noticeable trace of tears...

At this moment, Janet breathed evenly.

Her side-lying figure perfectly formed a curvy shape.

The slender waist, an inch graspable, with a snow-white fullness.

Atop the whiteness, there was a hint of red left from playful teasing.

Lynn's lips curved upwards, his gaze tracing down her body.

Chapter 843: Help Me Dress

Those long, slender legs intertwined with his own, curling together.

Smooth and fair, stretching upward from the delicate ankles.

In her sleep, Janet seemed to sense the changes in Lynn's body.

She let out a dissatisfied mumble from her lips.

Lynn, sitting up, stretched out his right hand to give a playful pat on the prominent curve behind Janet.

Smack~

The crisp sound echoed in the bedroom.

A rosy handprint appeared on her fair skin.

Feeling the sudden tingling pain, Janet's eyes snapped open from her slumber.

Seeing the thin blanket being pulled aside as Lynn rose.

Her body was completely exposed to Lynn's view.

Ignoring the pain from her rear.

Janet quickly pulled the blanket over herself.

She widened her eyes, staring straight at Lynn.

Her eyes were filled with an air of grievance.

Lynn directly ignored Janet's gaze and got up from the big bed.

With his back to Janet, he said, "What? Not coming over to help me get dressed?"

Hearing Lynn's words.

Janet was even more infuriated, grinding her teeth.

It wasn't enough that he kept her up all night.

He woke her up just as the dawn broke.

Now, he even wanted her to serve him and help with his clothes.

Seeing Lynn stand there waiting.

Janet understood he was doing it on purpose.

It's already summer, with temperatures going over twenty-five degrees daily.

Usually, a single thin silk robe was more than enough to wear.

Clearly, Lynn could easily dress himself.

Yet he still wanted her to help!

Despite her reluctance.

Janet had to fiercely get out of the big bed.

She tried to find her clothes.

But discovered that she didn't know where Lynn had tossed them the night before.

Hesitating for a few seconds, Janet could only wrap the thin blanket around her body.

Then.

She walked swiftly to Lynn and helped him put on his silk robe.

Janet had just picked up Lynn's silk robe to help him dress.

Due to her movements back and forth, body shifting.

The already flimsy blanket slipped right from under her arms.

Janet's bare body instantly came into Lynn's view...

Her eyes widened instantly!

Before she could bend down to pick up the blanket from the ground.

A pair of strong arms were already wrapped around her waist.

Along with a surge of overwhelming power.

Janet found herself embraced tightly by Lynn.

As Lynn's face quickly moved closer, a large, warm hand began to wander across her body.

Lynn opened his eyes, staring at the Janet before him.

At this moment, Janet's eyes were tightly shut.

Her long, curled eyelashes quivered incessantly.

Clearly, she was nervous.

But gradually.

The once tense Janet became flushed and weak.

Were it not for Lynn's left hand supporting her waist.

Janet would surely have collapsed onto the floor.

Seeing Janet in such a state.

Lynn raised an eyebrow, lifting her left leg with his right hand, pinning it against the wall.

Feeling Lynn's body close in, along with the changes inside her own body.

Janet's rosy lips parted involuntarily.

An hour later.

After breakfast, Lynn left the castle with Red.

Passing the Red Brick House residential area, they arrived at Lord's Square.

He intended to continue on to the Wild Boar Farm.

On the limestone road amid vast fields.

A soldier was riding a horse towards the Lord's Square.

With a sound of urgent reins being pulled, the soldier dismounted from his horse.

He hurried towards Lynn.

Finally stopping a few meters ahead of Lynn.

The soldier bowed and respectfully began to report.

"Lord, Alan the merchant just passed through Weng City, heading to the town."

"As he brings a large number of horses, Lord Rose asked me to return early to town to inform you."

Listening to the soldier's report, Lynn's brow arched.

He had been wondering why Alan hadn't arrived at his territory after so long.

If something had gone awry.

Lynn nodded and replied, "I understand, I will wait for them here."

The soldier bowed again, then stepped back a few paces before turning to leave.

While waiting.

Lynn strolled toward the granite-carved Lord Statue not far away.

Scanning the lifelike body and face sculpted by Jode.

Even just at a glance, it instilled a sense of awe.

Lynn couldn't help but nod.

The statue emanates awe-inspiring power.

Due to the effects of the [Lord Statue].

Lynn's eyes shifted, examining the massive stone platform beneath the statue.

On the platform's face, names of varying lengths were engraved.

Lynn counted through them; there were nearly sixty names inscribed!

He knew of course.

These names belonged to the soldiers who perished within the territory.

Evidently.

Engraving these fallen soldiers' names on the platform under the Lord Statue has significance.

The statue and the entire Lord's Square before him were meticulously cleaned.

Even.

The statue and platform had been carefully polished.

Immaculate!

The townsmen of the territory, upon seeing the names, remembered the fallen soldiers, keeping them in their hearts.

This also conveyed to the living soldiers, and those desiring to join the ranks.

Even if they fell in battle for the territory.

Their Lord would not forget them.

The townsmen who once lived among them would not forget them either.

For Lynn, it was a mere gesture.

Yet.

For this territory, it had profound meanings.

It acted as a remembrance, a tribute; it displayed the soldiers' achievements and glory, serving as both a spiritual support and historical continuity!

Thus.

Enhancing the identity recognition and sense of belonging among the townsmen of this territory.

Killing several birds with one stone!

While Lynn observed.

Sounds of lively hoofbeats, accompanied by wheels rolling from afar, reached his ears.

Lynn turned his head to look.

He saw, under Wesley's leadership with the protection of soldiers.

A caravan of fully-loaded wagons had already arrived at Lord's Square.

At the forefront of the convoy.

Riding a high horse was Alan Brown!

Dismounting from his horse, Alan appeared radiant and full of smiles.

Seeing Lynn, he immediately strode over.

Even before reaching him, Alan cheerfully said, "Master Lynn, long time no see."

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it."

"It's only been a few months, and your strength has grown immensely!"

Chapter 844: Horse Trainer

Looking at Lynn sitting on the bench, Alan felt both envy and admiration in his heart.

Envy because.

In such a remote territory.

Lynn was able to find fine salt that could be excavated and turn it into nearly impurity-free granular fine salt.

He also discovered exploitable iron ore and coal mines.

Lynn even managed to build a blast furnace for iron forging and started forging armor and weapons!

That would be impressive enough.

He remembered it was originally just a wasteland covered with weeds.

Now, it was fully planted with crops, like a green ocean.

It was even approaching the harvest period!

Aside from the already cultivated fields.

About a dozen miles away from the town, there was clearly a silhouette of people busily clearing land.

Removing weeds and stones, oxen plowing through the fields...

Even a single glance by Alan made him estimate at least one to two thousand people involved!

Furthermore, just passing by the city wall.

A new fortification, like a castle, had obviously been erected.

And the troops training for endurance...

Lynn's territory had developed to an astonishing extent!

Admiration because.

Even if he were given a territory like Lynn's.

He couldn't rely on his own strength to develop a once poor, barren land to this scale.

One must understand.

The first time he came to Lynn's territory.

Lynn's land was just a wooden house village!

Growing a small village into a town-like scale.

Was not something that could be accomplished with mere luck.

Thinking this, Alan felt fortunate.

Thanks to George for hosting his business dealings and not falling out with Lynn at the beginning.

Otherwise.

He would not only lose trade with Lynn.

But also offend a rapidly rising powerful lord!

Lynn smiled, "Mr. Alan, I owe it to merchants like you who continuously ship goods to my land."

"Otherwise, this land would still be nothing but wilderness overgrown with weeds."

Listening to the modesty of Lynn's words, Alan suppressed the complex emotions in his heart.

He bowed slightly to Lynn and said.

"I apologize, Master Lynn."

"It's indeed been a long time since the last horse delivery, and I haven't visited your territory."

Lynn nodded, not inquiring further into the reasons.

Neither Alan nor Grayson were to be held under any obligation.

Let alone the absence of any oral or written agreements between them.

Even if there were.

Factors like the natural environment, policies of the Empire, or human interference could reasonably hinder their timely arrival to his territory.

Alan continued, "To express my apology, I have brought you a surprise this time, Master Lynn."

Listening to Alan's increasingly loud and excited voice.

Lynn's eyebrows raised, "A surprise?"

Alan turned towards the caravan he had brought.

"Indeed, Master Lynn!"

"I have brought you a large shipment of Badan Warhorses!"

"Though, like those delivered earlier in spring, they are only Medium Warhorses."

"However, there are two hundred this time!"

While their performance couldn't match Pure-blood Warhorses.

They were fully capable for equipping into heavy cavalry units.

Or even armored cavalry!

With his current number of heavy cavalry, plus Alan's two hundred Medium Warhorses this time around.

The territory's heavy cavalry numbers would reach five hundred!

If the Blacksmith Workshop completes the forging of Heavy Padded Armor and Horse Armor for the Iron Butcher.

That would form five hundred armored knights—the Iron Butchers!

Before he could speak, Alan continued.

"Master Lynn, please don't misunderstand!"

"These two hundred Medium Warhorses are just routine cargo."

"The real gift is... six Horse Trainers with over a decade of experience in training and breeding horses!"

A glint appeared in Lynn's eyes.

Horse Trainers?

He had always been looking for ways to find talent skilled in horse breeding and training.

Unexpectedly, it was Alan, delivering the warhorses, who brought them.

After Alan signaled to the guard with a glance.

Five figures stepped out from the caravan.

Standing before Lynn and Alan, they collectively greeted.

"Lord."

Lynn gave them a quick assessment with his eyes.

An elder, two middle-aged men, two middle-aged women, and a young woman.

From their complexion, facial features, and shared expressions, it was evident they were family.

With a thought, a textual panel appeared before his eyes.

[Name]: Simeon Buchanan

[Age]: 55 years

[Ability]: Breeding Level 4, Collection Level 3, Culinary Level 3

[Seven Skills of the Knight]: Riding Level 4, Hunting Level 2, Archery Level 2

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

[Talent]: Horse Language Inheritance—Perceptively sense horses' emotions, understand their simple thoughts, greatly reducing communication barriers during breeding

[Skills]: Affinity Summoning—Emit a special aura to quickly close the distance with horses, increasing their initial obedience to the trainer's commands

Gait Adjustment—Optimize horses' movement posture for more efficient actions tailored to specific situational needs

...

Gazing at the elder's personal information before him.

Lynn was slightly amazed in his heart.

Level 4 Breeding! Level 4 Riding!

And possessing both a talent and two skills related to horse training!

Chapter 845: Horse Trainer Part 2

Isn't this exactly the horse training talent he needs right now?

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking at the two middle-aged men beside him.

: Ulei Buchanan

: 35 years old

...

: Breeding Wisdom Eye - In horse breeding scenarios, precisely judge the gene compatibility among different horses, selecting the most promising stallion combinations, greatly increasing the chance of raising quality offspring.

: Insight into Habits - Carefully observe the daily behavior of horses, accurately grasp their unique habits, and thus reasonably arrange training and rest according to their habits, significantly enhancing training outcomes.

...

: Gordon Buchanan

: 32 years old

...

: Observant Constitution - Possesses extraordinary observational skills, able to detect minute changes in a horse's body at the very first moment.

: Saddle Adaptation - Choose or modify the most suitable saddle based on a horse's physique, shoulder shape, back curve, and other features, ensuring the saddle fits the horse's body, reducing the pressure on the horse during riding, enhancing the comfort and harmony between rider and horse.

...

Then.

Lynn turned to look at the three women.

They also have related to horse training and breeding.

After Lynn finished reviewing their information panels and closed them.

He noticed the young girl standing in the back was wide-eyed, looking at him.

Those bright, agile eyes were full of curiosity and doubt.

After briefly meeting Lynn's gaze, the girl quickly lowered her head.

Alan, standing beside her, began introducing.

"Master Lynn, they are the Buchanan family from Perth City in the Badan Empire."

"Because a noble lord in the city saw Old Simeon's granddaughter as young and beautiful and wanted to take her by force."

"Old Simeon turned to me for help, asking me to take them out of Perth City."

"It just so happened, the batch of warhorses I purchased was ready to be taken to your territory."

"Since the warhorses are numerous, someone needs to attend to them during the sea transit."

"Then I remembered, Master Lynn, you had bought so many warhorses, if not now, then surely in the future you'll need horse trainers."

"Thus, I directly brought their family to your territory..."

Lynn nodded slightly.

Alan's words sounded a bit complex.

But he didn't mind.

As long as they arrived in his territory, and as long as the Buchanan family had the ability to train and breed horses.

He was very willing to keep them.

Adding five people meant merely adding five mouths to feed.

For a territory already housing over twenty thousand people, it was insignificant.

Lynn swept his gaze over the Buchanan family, then turned to Alan.

"Mr. Alan, do I need to do something for them?"

Alan was slightly stunned by these words.

But he quickly grasped Lynn's meaning.

Alan smiled and explained: "Master Lynn, you've misunderstood."

"Old Simeon's family isn't being sold as slaves, you don't need to pay me any money."

"I don't know if Master Lynn remembers, I mentioned before that I almost died in the Badan Empire..."

"It was Old Simeon's family who sent me to the poultry hospital in Perth City, which is why I narrowly survived."

"I am bringing them to you to repay Old Simeon."

"Because I know, you are different from those other lords!"

Alan's words shifted, continuing.

"If possible, I hope Master Lynn can provide housing for Old Simeon's family to live together..."

The five figures standing a few meters in front of Lynn widened their eyes, looking at him.

Waiting for the lord, Lynn's response.

Lynn nodded and said: "No problem at all, Mr. Alan."

"Just as you said, I currently have many horses on my territory..."

"Pure-blood warhorses from the Badan Empire, a large number of ordinary horses, and even draft horses."

"I need horse trainers to look after them and handle the subsequent breeding work."

Old Simeon's eyes were full of light.

This could perfectly utilize their skills, proving their value.

From taking the longship from the Badan Empire, arriving at the Karedi Empire, then transferring to land transport...

Along this journey, they had already learned from Alan about Lord Lynn's territory.

They were curious, they were yearning.

If it's just as Alan said, they would not only be thankful for leaving their former home but also for coming to Lynn's territory.

A land far away from war, without labor oppression!

Lynn looked at Old Simeon and continued speaking.

"My territory has a pasture with a section built with red brick and gray tile roofs."

"I can accommodate them together within the pasture."

Hearing this, the five faces were full of anticipation.

Old Simeon bowed, respectfully leading his family.

"Thank you for your acceptance, esteemed lord."

Lynn nodded slightly, turning his gaze to Alan.

Alan also bowed slightly, paying respects: "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Lynn laughed: "Mr. Alan, you're too kind."

"If we truly discuss this, it could be considered mutual assistance and benefit, right?"

Alan nodded in agreement.

Before arriving at Lynn's territory, he had thought about taking Old Simeon's family elsewhere.

As a merchant operating across regions, with many years of experience.

He knew many lords across the Garonia Continent.

Differing only in the depth of their relationships.

However.

Chapter 846: Horse Trainer (3)

In his mind, he pondered for a while.

He realized that aside from Lynn's territory, there is no other lord or land where he could safely settle Old Simeon's family.

Once Old Simeon was settled, Alan felt relieved.

He continued speaking to Lynn: "Apart from the two hundred medium warhorses, I have also brought you fifty thousand pounds of grain, Master Lynn."

"Master Lynn, after arriving in the Karedi Empire, I realized how high the grain prices in the Karedi Empire have become?"

"Nearly two pounds for one penny? The same price as wheat in normal times!"

From Alan's words, Lynn could clearly sense.

During this period, Alan was not in the Karedi Empire, nor even in its vicinity.

Otherwise.

With this rise in grain prices lasting nearly half a year, it would be impossible for him, as a merchant, not to have heard any news.

Lynn even felt that Alan hadn't been engaged in business activities during this time!

However.

Since Alan did not explain, he wouldn't ask.

Lynn responded: "Prices have indeed risen somewhat excessively."

"But, soon it's time for the summer harvest."

"Once the summer harvest is complete, and the market is filled with enough grain, prices will gradually fall."

When supply exceeds demand, prices are bound to fall.

This is an eternal market rule.

"However, Mr. Alan, no matter when or what the market price is."

"As long as you can deliver goods to my territory, I can purchase them with Gold Pounds, or exchange for the goods you need."

Hearing Lynn's assured response, Alan understood and replied.

"That would be splendid, Master Lynn."

Lynn glanced at the goods Alan brought and spoke.

"Then, Mr. Alan, please quote a price to finalize this transaction."

Alan, slightly dazed, said: "Master Lynn is right, business should not be delayed!"

"Medium warhorses from the Badan Empire are also priced at twenty Gold Pounds each!"

"For fifty thousand pounds of barley, you can calculate it according to the current market price, two pounds per penny."

Alan's tone shifted, "Master Lynn, fine salt!"

"Just exchange all these goods for fine salt for me, that's fine."

Lynn responded, and his thoughts quickly turned.

A few seconds later.

Lynn answered: "Two hundred warhorses are valued at four thousand Gold Pounds!"

"Fifty thousand pounds of barley are worth twenty-five thousand pence."

"If all exchanged for fine salt, it can be swapped for one hundred ninety-seven thousand pounds!"

After speaking.

A thought occurred to Lynn, and he quickly checked the[Resource Management]panel.

Luckily.

Through accumulating over a considerable period.

The amount of fine salt stored in his warehouse had reached nearly five hundred thousand pounds!

The key reason fine salt could be stored was because other economic industries developed in his territory.

For example.

Hunter, the tavern owner of Riverfront Rest in Kakasong City, does not need fine salt for exchange.

He needs gin and beer from the brewery for his tavern's drinks sales.

Another example.

Grayson, knowing his territory offers high-quality glazed glass, prefers to exchange shipped goods for glass products.

Because for Grayson, glass products bring him more profit.

Lynn glanced at Alan's wagons, "But with your current wagon capacity, you can't hold nearly two hundred thousand pounds of fine salt..."

Alan similarly looked back at them.

"Master Lynn, you can rest assured."

"If it can't be transported in one trip, then two trips, if not two then four..."

"The merchant ship I currently use for trade is a Kirk Ship, with a load capacity of nearly one hundred fifty tons!"

"As long as the fine salt can be transported to the Fisherman's Wharf in Kakasong City, I can transport it elsewhere."

Lynn nodded.

He was not too surprised by Alan's water transport capability.

If he didn't have the ability to transport over a hundred tons of load.

Alan couldn't have brought those two hundred warhorses from the Badan Empire to the Karedi Empire!

His gaze shifted towards George nearby.

George immediately caught the cue, nodded, and retreated, preparing to arrange the townsmen to unload the goods.

As for Old Simeon's family.

Lynn instructed the guards to lead them and the warhorses to the ranch.

He let Guy arrange their lodging and rest.

They had just arrived in the territory and needed to familiarize themselves with it before training horses.

No matter how much he needed a horse trainer, it wasn't urgent at the moment.

After arranging everything, Lynn looked at Alan and proposed: "Mr. Alan, while waiting for the loading and unloading, care for a drink at the tavern?"

Alan heard this, and his slightly curved eyebrows instantly raised.

"Why not, Master Lynn."

"Even if you hadn't invited me now, I would shamelessly ask you."

"You may not know, after drinking the gin from your territory, drinking other alcohol feels like drinking water."

"Tasteless!"

Lynn chuckled and said: "Please, Mr. Alan."

Upon receiving Lynn's invitation, Alan did not stand on ceremony.

The two of them walked towards the tavern.

As they walked, Alan gazed into the distance at the Aladia River.

He curiously asked: "Master Lynn, have you dispatched anyone to investigate upstream and downstream of that river?"

Lynn followed Alan's gaze.

Behind a large area of red brick houses was the wide river surface of the Aladia River.

Lynn naturally understood the meaning behind Alan's words.

He retracted his gaze and responded, "I've already investigated it."

"Upstream leads into rugged mountains, and the further up you go, the narrower the river becomes."

"And downstream, it's cut off by a waterfall seven or eight meters high."

"Wanting to destroy the waterfall and connect the river with the downstream water body isn't easy."

Hearing this.

Alan's face was full of regret.

The river behind the Lynn Territory could connect seamlessly with the Seine River in Kakasong City.

Even if the river isn't deep enough to allow hundred-ton medium to large ships to pass through.

He could easily park fully loaded ships in the deeper areas.

Then use smaller boats to transport the cargo to Lynn's dock.

In this way.

It would save on the market entry tax for goods entering Kakasong City's Fisherman's Wharf.

And save time from driving the horse-drawn carriages from Kakasong City to the Lynn Territory!

Most importantly.

He wouldn't be significantly limited by the transport capacity of land routes.

Lynn's tone shifted, "However..."

Alan raised his eyebrows and immediately asked curiously, "However?"

"However, what?"

Seeing Alan's somewhat anxious expression, Lynn smiled.

"However, if some abundant sulfur can be found, I do have a way to solve the waterfall constraint."

Alan's eyes widened, "Sulfur?"

Lynn began to explain, "A natural mineral commonly found near volcanoes and hot springs."

"It often appears in blocky or crystalline forms, usually yellow in color."

"When burned, it releases a pungent odor..."

Alan nodded slightly, saying, "Master Lynn, once I leave your territory, I will inquire with merchants frequently visiting volcanic or hot spring countries."

"If sulfur can be found, and it can open up the river behind your territory, no effort would be too great!"

Although he didn't know what the role of sulfur, as a mineral, was.

But he knew that once the waterfall problem was resolved and the river opened up.

He could drive fully loaded merchant ships directly to Master Lynn's territory.

And exchange large quantities of goods with Master Lynn!

Profiting wildly from the price differences!

Seeing the eager look on Alan's face, Lynn smiled.

"Then I'll leave that to Mr. Alan."

In the conversation between Lynn and Alan, they arrived at a tavern.

Crossing the doorway, Lynn and Alan sat face-to-face at a round table in the tavern.

Red, having brought a bottle of gin and glasses, sensibly poured drinks for Lynn and Alan.

Watching the gin, like golden silk, flow from the glazed bottle into the glass before them.

And smelling the rich aroma of the gin.

Alan's throat moved, and he couldn't help but swallow.

Even though they hadn't started drinking yet.

Just the scent alone made his mouth water.

After Red finished pouring, Lynn picked up his glass and raised it toward Alan.

Alan also picked up his glass.

Their glasses touched lightly.

With a crisp sound, Alan said, "Cheers, Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, "Cheers."

Alan said nothing more and pulled back his arm, downing the gin in the glazed cup in one go.

The familiar and intense taste of gin appeared in his mouth.

As he swallowed, the intensity spread from his throat down to his abdomen.

"Ah~"

Just one glass, and Alan felt as if his body was being warmed by a comfortable fire.

He couldn't help but let out a breath of alcohol.

After slightly adjusting to the feeling of the gin, Alan, full of praise, said.

"Master Lynn, the gin's flavor has become even more robust and stimulating!"

Lynn smiled slightly, "If Mr. Alan finds it enjoyable, please help yourself to more."

Gin is a type of distilled spirit.

With Lex's brewing workshop becoming more and more adept at distillation techniques.

The alcohol content in gin only gets higher and higher.

In the end.

They'll be able to distill high-purity alcohol for medical and industrial use!

Seeing Red refill his gin, Alan's face lit up with a smile, "Of course, Master Lynn."

Without any hesitation, Alan downed the drink from the table once more.

A few glasses in, Alan contentedly burped.

Time quickly passed by.

While Lynn and Alan chatted leisurely.

George, walking briskly, entered the tavern.

Standing beside Lynn, George reminded him, "Sir, Mr. George's goods have all been unloaded from the carriage."

"All fifty thousand pounds of fine salt have been loaded onto his vehicle as well..."

Lynn nodded, and sitting across from him, Alan also heard George's words.

Alan raised an eyebrow, looking towards the guard captain standing not far away.

"Arrange for personnel to first transport this batch of fine salt back to the Kirk Ship at Fisherman's Wharf."

"I'll return to Kakasong City with the last batch of fine salt!"

Upon receiving Alan's order, the guard commander quickly bowed in acknowledgement and stepped out of the tavern.

This batch of fine salt totaled 197,000 pounds.

With the transport capacity of the carriages he brought, each trip could only move fifty thousand pounds.

It would take four round trips to transport all the fine salt exchanged on this occasion.

Instead of leaving Master Lynn's territory now to wait in Kakasong City.

Chapter 848: Horse Trainer _5

Might as well just stay here!

At least.

On Master Lynn's estate, there is an endless supply of gin for him to enjoy!

After finishing his instructions, Alan looked at Lynn and said with a hint of apology, "Master Lynn, I might need to impose on you for a while..."

Lynn responded, "Mr. Alan, you are too polite."

"As long as you are willing to stay, this land is always welcoming."

Alan gratefully said, "Then I must trouble Master Lynn."

Lynn continued, "However, Mr. Alan, there are some matters on the estate that require my attention."

"I'm afraid I won't be able to accompany you at all times."

"If Mr. Alan finds it boring, I can arrange for George to accompany you and show you around the estate."

Alan said, "Master Lynn, no need to worry about me, you should attend to the important matters on the estate."

Lynn nodded.

After spending a moment in the tavern with Alan, drinking the last glass of gin.

Lynn left the tavern.

Only then.

The benefit of appointing George as the estate manager merchants and the construction guild hall became apparent.

Because of trade itinerary issues, merchants stranded on the estate could be completely entrusted to George for reception and accompaniment.

At the same time, these merchants could also stay in the rooms of the guild hall.

Arriving at the Lord's Square, Lynn gazed into the distance.

There, a convoy of carts filled with fine salt had already left the town and headed towards the distant forest.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn walked towards the pasture outside the town.

A few minutes later.

After passing through a field, Lynn arrived at the pasture.

Just arriving at the dormitory area of the pasture.

Lynn saw Guy leading Simeon out of the Red Brick House.

At the front, Guy also saw Lynn and Red.

Guy immediately quickened his pace and came over to greet them.

Standing before Lynn, Guy bowed slightly and respectfully spoke.

"Lord."

Old Simeon and the others behind Guy also followed suit by bowing in greeting.

Lynn asked, "Have the living arrangements been made?"

Guy replied, "Already arranged, Sir."

"For their family of five, I have allocated a Red Brick House."

"One room for Old Ximi and his second son Gordon and his wife, and another for Uleir and his wife and their daughter Ai Mei."

"I have also arranged for the necessary daily items to be delivered to their rooms."

Guy continued, "Next, I was planning to take them to familiarize them with the pasture environment."

Lynn nodded, "I'll go with you."

Upon hearing this, Guy didn't show much surprise.

The waiting Old Simeon and others looked at Lynn in surprise.

For Master Lynn, the lord himself, to walk with them, the pasture workers, among the pasture...

Especially the recently adult Ai Mei.

She looked at Lynn, who was nearly her age, with eyes full of curiosity.

Even though Master Lynn appeared young.

She could clearly feel the respect and awe from those around towards Lynn.

Guy took a step forward, leading them to the feeding area ahead.

As he walked, he introduced with his mouth.

"As you can see, Master Lynn's pasture breeds many poultry and livestock."

"For poultry, pigs, horses, cows, sheep, and warhorses from the Badan Empire."

"Sorry, I forgot you are from the Badan Empire..."

"For livestock, chickens, ducks, geese, etc., all are bred."

"Here is the water drawing area for the poultry and livestock... all well water drawn by the pasture workers..."

"Here is the warehouse for storing feed..."

"..."

Lynn didn't say a word, quietly following behind.

After passing through pens confining different poultry and livestock.

They arrived at a row of independent stables.

Seeing the strong and sturdy warhorses standing and walking inside.

Old Simeon's eyes brightened, he couldn't help but exclaim, "Badan Pure-blood Warhorses!"

Behind Old Simeon, his son and daughter-in-law were also looking at these warhorses.

Guy glanced at Lynn, seeing Lynn remain silent.

Only then did he start explaining, "Yes, pure-blood warhorses from the Badan Empire!"

"All purchased by Master Lynn at great expense from merchants."

Old Simeon stared straight at the Badan Pure-blood Warhorses.

Speaking up where Guy left off.

"Indeed, the price of pure-blood warhorses is very high!"

"But, there's a reason for the price! Because as a warhorse, it almost has no obvious shortcomings."

"Strong and muscular, can support a knight in heavy armor and wearing horse armor!"

"Innately intelligent, very obedient, can rapidly understand the knight's commands on the battlefield and perform various complex actions."

"Because they are pure-blood warhorses cultivated through breeding and long-term cultivation and training."

"They have excellent adaptability to various environments and climate conditions."

"Plains, hills, or swamps, etc..."

"Of course, aside from combat, they are beloved by knights because their gait is swift and graceful!"

"Even while marching, they can maintain a neat step, exhibiting the army's majesty and discipline..."

As he spoke.

Nearly fifty-year-old Old Simeon reached out his dry, rough, and vein-protruding right hand to touch the Badan Pure-blood Warhorse in front of him.

The warhorse, with its vivid large eyes, stared straight at Old Simeon.

Chapter 849: Horse Trainer _6

Showing no intention of retreating.

It merely snorted a few times, allowing Old Simeon's right hand to fall on its head.

Allowing him to gently stroke it.

Perhaps feeling the comfort within.

The warhorse's ears twitched involuntarily, while its mane-covered tail swung rhythmically...

Seeing this scene, Lynn's eyebrows slightly rose.

Whether it was Old Simeon just now, introducing the Badan Pure-blood Warhorse with such familiarity.

Or now, the warhorse's adaptability to his approach.

It was evidently much more relaxed and natural than with the ranch workers.

That feeling was like that of old friends.

After gently stroking the warhorse a few times, Old Simeon curiously asked.

"May I ask... who decided to build a separate stable for raising warhorses?"

Guy, hearing this, turned his head to look at Lynn and replied, "It was our Master Lynn."

Old Simeon's gaze followed Guy's over.

Lynn countered, "Is there a problem?"

Old Simeon was slightly surprised and quickly answered.

"Lord, there is no problem, no problem at all."

"The reason I asked is that a separate stable is the best way to raise Badan Pure-blood Warhorses."

"It effectively avoids trampling or overcrowding, leading to fights."

Lynn uttered a sound of acknowledgment.

He looked directly at the old Simeon before him and the few family members behind him.

"Since I've already agreed you can stay on the territory."

"From now on, you are the townsmen of my territory."

"As Lord, I won't be formal with you."

Old Simeon and his family quickly bowed.

Lynn continued, "As you've seen, the ranch not only has Badan Empire warhorses but also many ordinary warhorses and draft horses."

"I need you to lead a group of apprentices, to teach them how to train and nurture horses."

"While taking care of these Badan Empire warhorses, through breeding, produce more warhorses!"

If you want to have a large armored cavalry, relying solely on Alan's purchases from the Badan Empire.

The numbers are certainly insufficient.

Even if Alan has a Kirk Ship that can transport two hundred warhorses.

However.

The tiny Badan Empire, how many warhorses can it produce each year?

Even if more warhorses are produced, they've long been controlled by the surrounding Empire's great lords.

How many warhorses can Alan buy and transport to the southern borders of the Karedi Empire?

Lynn had even pondered.

It was just because of this.

Which led Alan to send warhorses to his territory.

From the top-tier warhorses initially, to now being medium warhorses!

To have a large-scale cavalry force, various methods must be used!

While Alan is purchasing and transporting warhorses.

His territory, in turn, will breed and nurture them.

And using the Mutated Wild Boar Farm, train wild boars to become rideable mounts.

Finishing his words, Lynn's gaze swept over the crowd.

"Any objections?"

"Or, what kind of assistance do you need from me?"

Old Simeon glanced at his son and daughter-in-law behind him.

Without needing their words, Old Simeon's voice was respectful, "Lord, it's just as we wish."

"Our family has been horse trainers on ranches for generations, continuing this work is the best for us."

Uleir and Gordon behind Old Simeon both nodded in agreement.

Lynn responded, "Very well."

"In these few days, you can continue to familiarize yourselves with the ranch and the town's surroundings."

"Afterwards, I'll send a hundred townsmen to the ranch for you to teach."

"As for how to teach them, it depends on your ability."

"During this period, any needs in breeding, you can find either me or Steward Kuisi."

Old Simeon's face was full of gratitude.

"Thank you, Lord."

Lynn gave a small nod.

As he was about to leave, a thought crossed his mind.

Lynn continued speaking to Old Simeon, "Besides training warhorses, can you train wild boars?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Old Simeon and his family's faces showed surprise.

"Wild boars?"

"I've never tried training wild boars... I wouldn't dare to hastily judge, Lord."

"However, if you need, I can give it a try..."

Lynn nodded, "I see, we will discuss it later."

The Forest Pig still needs to continue being empowered and bred, time is still early.

He instructed Guy to stay with them to familiarize with the environment.

Lynn strode out of the ranch, heading straight to the nearby Wild Boar Farm.

Up until now.

The trainers for breeding warhorses have finally been settled.

Next.

Is to await the completion of the Red Brick House expansion area construction.

Then to integrate them, assigning them to various needed industry positions.

Walking, Lynn contemplated how to utilize the three thousand laborers.

First of all.

It's as he just said, dispatching a hundred laborers to Old Simeon.

For him to lead and teach, nurturing a group of horse trainers with horse training abilities.

In a world where the number of cavalry is fighting strength.

More horse trainers, naturally the better.

Secondly.

Manpower needs to be drawn to build a Territory Court.

As for thereafter...

Lynn pondered for a moment, realizing.

Up until now.

His territory has already changed from before.

When a single laborer was so scarce that it was as if two were being used.

A population of twenty-two thousand, aside from the recruited soldier guards and arranged to various production positions.

He felt surplus for the first time!

Lynn couldn't help but sigh once more.

Indeed, external wars are the best way to obtain labor!

Taking six hundred laborers from these three thousand, still leaves two thousand four hundred.

Looking at the lime road on the ground, Lynn raised his eyebrows.

He had already made up his mind.

These two thousand four hundred can entirely be invested in the territory's basic construction.

For instance, expanding the lime road leading from Lord's Square to various external town industries.

Previously, due to limited workforce, the excavated stones made into lime were also limited.

As a result.

The constructed lime roads were not that wide.

In narrow parts, only about two meters.

Only at road junctions, it expanded to three to four meters wide.

With the current workforce and materials available.

He could fully expand the lime roads in the territory to red brick surfaces that could allow two carriages to drive side by side!

Most crucially.

After a year of use.

The lime roads, originally hardened with lime mortar, have shown pothole signs due to rain, snow erosion, and wheel pressing.

For ease of future use and travel.

The road expansion in the territory also needs to be prioritized.

After determining the allocation of the three thousand laborers in the Red Brick House expansion area.

Lynn arrived at the farm expansion area.

Looking at the five farms nearing completion.

He rolled up his sleeves, joining the construction worker team.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

In the town.

Accompanied by George, Alan walked through Lord's Square.

Perhaps because of the leather armor Alan wore, which differed greatly from ordinary townsmen.

Some passing townsmen couldn't help but cast curious glances towards Alan.

However.

Upon seeing George by Alan's side, they all bowed their heads to show respect.

And quickened their pace, hurrying away.

Neither Alan's expensive leather armor nor the accompaniment of Butler and Merchant Mister George.

Were people they could afford to offend.

Alan paid no mind, his gaze scanning forward.

Among the busy figures were simple and serene faces.

Children just a few years old playing and frolicking in Lord's Square.

No need to worry about bandits, no need to fear war, nor the threat of being trafficked...

Seeing such scenes.

Alan, whose mind has been tense for years, felt an inexplicable sense of relaxation.

Chapter 850: Literacy Campaign

Until dusk.

Lynn put down the wall-building tools in his hand and informed the construction workers that they could finish for the day.

He was the first to step away, leaving the {Mutated Wild Boar Farm}.

With a thought, Lynn opened the {Heavenly Artifacts} panel for a quick glance.

{Construction: Level 3 (936/1000)}{+}

It would take at most one or two more days to level up to Level 4.

Closing the panel, Lynn walked along the road back to the town.

His gaze reached far into the distance.

Looking at everything covered by the golden sunset, he felt a sense of comfort fill his heart.

Despite the current turbulence outside his territory.

In order to gain the imperial authority and become the Emperor of the Empire.

The two Princes were constantly pulling various forces, with undercurrents surging.

But it did not affect the rapid development within his territory in the slightest.

In the wild and barren land, Gavin led three thousand townsmen to put their heads down and work hard, focusing on reclaiming the land.

All just to have more farmland to plant more grains.

In the farmland, Wilbur, with two thousand farmers, took care of the already planted hundred thousand acres of arable land.

Just waiting for the barley to be harvested in August or September.

In the Handicraft Workshop District, several workshops were almost non-stop manufacturing various items.

Weapons and armor, longbows and crossbows, and various daily necessities.

In the pastures, the number of all kinds of poultry and livestock also increased several times.

Now, Old Simeon's family had arrived as well.

As long as they were given enough time, a batch of strong warhorses could be fully bred!

The battle for imperial authority had yet to begin.

This brought only benefits with no downsides for him!

Because.

He still needed a lot of time and a relatively orderly and stable environment to continue developing his territory.

Once the battle for imperial authority broke out.

The entire Karedi Empire would fall into chaos.

No one could predict what kind of crisis tomorrow might bring.

Suppressing the stray thoughts in his mind, Lynn had already returned to the Lord's Square.

He spoke to the few guards behind him.

"Go to the various workshops in the Handicraft District and inform them to gather at the castle."

"I have important matters to announce."

The guards responded in unison: "Yes, my lord."

As the words fell.

The guards took big strides, dispersing towards the Handicraft Workshop District.

Lynn's gaze swept over the townsmen returning to the town.

Just as he was about to look away, he saw Alan accompanied by George from afar.

However.

Lynn only glanced once before looking away, heading back to the castle.

Back at the castle.

The maids had already lit all the oil lamps in the reception hall.

The glow from the burning flames lit up the somewhat empty reception hall.

Because the oil lamps were made with a mixture of fish oil and resin.

The entire reception hall was filled with a peculiar scent, carrying a faint fragrance.

With the maids bowing in greeting, Lynn passed through the reception hall and sat on the lord's throne.

Currently, in the territory.

The development of the handicraft economy, construction of basic infrastructure, and exploitation of mineral resources had all entered a stable development track.

It was time to significantly advance the townsmen's knowledge level.

He had long had an idea in mind, namely to establish a night school and begin literacy programs!

Using the time after the townsmen finished their work and had dinner, to organize them for large-scale studying of reading, writing, and literacy.

He did not need all the townsmen to have managerial ability.

He just needed these townsmen, after seeing instructions issued by him or other managers.

To precisely understand the meaning of the instructions and execute them correctly.

Like this!

Of course.

If, during the literacy program, townsmen with outstanding talents in learning and management emerged.

He would also select and heavily utilize them!

Not to mention those with innate {Talent} and {Skills} in management.

As long as they had management experience, Lynn considered them talents.

One had to know.

Nearly ninety-nine percent of the townsmen in his current territory had received no education at all.

They found it hard even to control their own words and deeds.

Let alone manage others!

As Lynn waited on the lord's throne.

Kuisi walked lightly to his front.

She asked, "My lord, dinner is ready. Shall we wait until your meeting is over before dining?"

Lynn replied, "Yes, after the meeting."

Kuisi answered without unnecessary words, "Alright, my lord."

With that, Kuisi stepped back, waiting for Lynn's further instructions.

As time rapidly passed.

One figure after another climbed up the third-floor staircase, entering the reception hall.

When their gazes scanned and saw Lynn sitting on the lord's throne.

They quickly hastened their pace to the front.

The first to arrive were a few foremen from the Handicraft Workshop District.

Ehrel, Yimini, Jose, Colin, Layla, and others.

They lined up, respectfully saying, "My lord."

Lynn nodded, "Hmm, wait a moment, the meeting will commence when everyone is here."

A few minutes later.

More figures arrived at the reception hall.

It was some workshop leaders from outside the town.

Guy, Gavin, Wilbur, Jode, Avery, Garcia, and others.

Among them was the document clerk, Petra.

They stood in line in front of Lynn, collectively calling out, "My lord."

Lynn's gaze moved, scanning the dozen or so leaders standing before him.