

System 851

Chapter 851: Literacy Campaign _2

With a thought in mind, he glanced at their information panel.

Almost everyone had a loyalty value of over 90%.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

It's vital to know.

These people are the main leaders of various industries and workshops.

They were personally selected by him.

And entrusted with significant responsibilities, so naturally, there would be no low loyalty values or cases of betrayal.

Lynn looked directly at the dozen or so people in front of him and spoke.

"Gentlemen, you might be curious as to why I've suddenly gathered you all here."

Listening to Lynn's words, a few foremen with less tact nodded subconsciously.

Lynn continued: "As the leaders of various industries, I believe you might be more aware than I am of what your industry needs most to improve production efficiency."

Some of the foremen couldn't help but furrow their brows.

Lynn looked toward Gavin in front and asked, "Gavin, you're currently leading three thousand people in land development."

"Tell us, how can we improve the efficiency of development."

Hearing Lynn's inquiry, Gavin replied without hesitation.

He thought for a few seconds and explained, "Master, I don't know if I'm right, I'm just speaking based on my thoughts and feelings."

The eyes of the surrounding people naturally turned to Gavin.

Seeing Lynn nod in response, Gavin spoke directly: "Right now, we really do have a lot of farmers! Truly a lot."

"Previously, for the one hundred thousand acres of land that was developed and planted, we only had two hundred farmers for care."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we had to go back and rest as soon as it got dark, and head out as soon as dawn was breaking."

"There was always unfinished work to do."

"Because the land for planting and development was just too vast."

Standing behind Gavin, Wilbur nodded slightly, his face full of agreement.

Because, he was one of the two hundred farmers Gavin mentioned.

"But now it's different!"

"Master, you've dispatched a large workforce for us!"

"There are now two thousand farmers just responsible for managing the one hundred thousand acres of land."

"Three thousand are preparing the weedy wasteland for summer planting."

At this point, Gavin's tone shifted, sounding somewhat uncertain: "However, Master, I still feel something isn't quite right."

Lynn replied, "Speak freely."

Gavin thought for a few more seconds: "It's true the population has increased."

"Just like the current land development, we now have many more oxen pulling the wheel plow."

"Yet, labor efficiency still isn't improving!"

"They've never seen a wheel plow and don't know how to use the heavy plow for development..."

"I have to arrange people to spend a lot of time teaching them how to use the wheel plow for development..."

As Gavin spoke, Lynn immediately picked up on his words.

"In simple terms, the technical ability of the workforce is lacking!"

Gavin's eyes lit up, and he quickly replied, "Yes, Master, that's exactly it."

Lynn nodded and looked at the other foremen.

"Do you have similar issues in your workshops?"

Before he could ask them one by one, Ehrelo replied, "Master, my Blacksmith Workshop is the same."

"The labor force has increased significantly, but correspondingly, I need to arrange people to teach and train them."

"Initially, not only does it not improve production efficiency, but it also slows it down because of their arrival."

"Additionally, forging is different from some ordinary positions."

"Like mining coal, as long as you have the tools and strength, you can do it..."

"To train a blacksmith apprentice to become an independent blacksmith takes at least a few years..."

Lynn nodded again, looking at Colin.

Colin also explained: "Master, indeed, teaching apprentices takes a long time."

Perhaps because Gavin, Ehrelo, and Colin started the conversation.

The rest of the workshop foremen or leaders also began to speak up.

A few minutes later.

Lynn raised his right hand slightly.

The once slightly restless reception hall immediately quieted down.

Lynn addressed them, speaking in a deep voice: "This is why I have gathered you at the castle."

"I plan to launch night education for all townsmen across the entire territory."

Their eyebrows raised, their faces full of confusion.

"Night education?"

Lynn responded with an explanation.

"After their workday, all townsmen will be grouped for night education under scholars, learning literacy and writing."

"I will issue a document."

"Anyone who can learn literacy and writing and graduate with scholar certification will receive one hundred military merit points!"

"They can exchange this for one acre of land, thus obtaining privatized land."

"Except for needing to pay a small portion of taxes, the crops produced from the land will be entirely owned by the townsmen!"

Hearing Lynn's words, the eyes of the foremen opened wide.

One hundred military merit points.

Can completely be exchanged for an acre of genuine land.

Master Lynn actually said that townsmen can receive this just by learning literacy and writing.

Let alone townsmen.

Even they were stirred with excitement.

Lynn naturally noticed their slightly wavering eyes.

He continued, "You are also included."

"As long as you can learn literacy and writing, you can obtain land."

Lynn then changed his tone, "However, let me make it clear."

"This acre of land needs to be self-developed by townsmen outside the city walls!"

Chapter 852: Literacy Campaign Part 3

He used it to exchange for cultivated farmland, which naturally wouldn't be within the city walls, especially the land being cultivated or already planted.

He established a night school, using a hundred military merit points as a reward, to enhance the townsmen's enthusiasm for education!

Meanwhile.

Utilizing their remaining labor, the vast area of wasteland outside the territory was reclaimed and cultivated.

In this way.

Not only can the educational level of the townsmen be improved, enhancing their knowledge and culture.

But it can also expand the range of farmland for cultivation, increasing the income of the townsmen.

Thus promoting trade activities and economic development within the territory!

Such a territory policy seems overly generous as a reward.

But for his territory, it can be considered mutually beneficial and cooperative.

Lynn concluded by saying, "I called you here to inform the townsmen in each of your industries and workshops."

"Then, based on the actual situation in your workshops, batch them to be sent to the school to start receiving education."

"Each industry will allocate one-twentieth of its personnel to go to school daily for learning, with personnel rotation every day."

"Every night, study for three hours until you have learned."

The production schedules of each workshop are different.

Naturally, not all townsmen can receive education at the same time.

Just like Ehrelo's Blacksmith Workshop and Yimini's Textile Workshop.

Their work hours are much longer than those of other workshops.

The time available for them to attend night school, of course, will be different.

Moreover.

The number of scholars who can teach within his territory is also limited.

Only about seven in total.

Even if some exiled free people with a certain level of cultural knowledge were acquired from elsewhere, it was only a minimal portion.

But it's important to know.

In the entire territory, apart from 4,400 soldiers, there are also 18,000 ordinary townsmen.

Given the limited teaching resources, phased teaching is the best choice.

After conveying the purpose of this meeting.

Lynn looked at Petra not far away, and asked, "Is the recording complete?"

Petra stepped forward to Lynn and handed the written document over.

"The recording is complete, my lord, please have a look."

Lynn reached out to take it, his eyes scanning over each character written on the paper.

"Very well, arrange for someone to post it on the bulletin board."

Taking the document handed back by Lynn, Petra stepped back a few paces.

Lynn looked towards the foremen in front of him and spoke solemnly.

"Starting from tomorrow night, the territory will enter into a campaign for universal education."

"This will be called... the Literacy Education!"

Upon hearing this, the crowd responded in unison.

"Yes, my lord!"

With the meeting concluded, Lynn dismissed them.

Only then did he rise from the lord's throne and walk towards the dining table in front.

Kuisi, who had been keeping an eye on the meeting's progress, gestured.

Guiding the maids to wheel in the dining cart into the banquet hall.

They began to serve their lord his dinner.

...

The next morning.

Lynn, used to waking up early, with the scantily clad Janet attending to him.

Completed dressing in a thin, breathable silk robe.

Lynn extended his right hand, giving a smack with a high arc behind Janet.

Amidst her resentful gaze, he left the room.

After eating the breakfast prepared by Janet, Lynn left the castle.

Having just passed through the Red Brick Houses, he arrived at the Lord's Square.

Lynn noticed the townsmen staring at him wide-eyed from a distance.

However.

In their eyes there was no resentment, nor indifference.

Instead.

They were filled with admiration and adoration!

Even without guessing, Lynn understood.

It must be because of the literacy campaign orders given to the foremen last night.

As the lord, Lynn was well aware that these townsmen worked every day.

Whether reclaiming wasteland, mining ore, or participating in forging production...

They had not had a break in a long time.

But even so.

Lynn had no intention of calling off the literacy campaign.

It's important to know.

Aside from those in special positions.

The other townsmen adhere to a nine-to-five work schedule.

Excluding lunchtime, they only work eight or nine hours a day!

Such a working system, not even the once Lynn enjoyed.

But his townsmen easily possessed it.

Moreover.

This world has no electricity, and no internet.

Even the oil lamps and candles produced by the miscellaneous workshops are supplied only to the foremen and lord.

It's no exaggeration to say.

In the evening, these townsmen have no entertainment activities.

Their only amusement is increasing the population of his territory.

Of course.

Lynn was happy to see the natural population growth index on his territory rising continuously.

However.

Compared to increasing the population, the literacy campaign to enhance the townsmen's overall education level is more important.

Only then.

Can the townsmen possess basic cultural knowledge, scientific and technological skills.

Improving their cultural level and literacy from an overall perspective.

Providing his territory with more highly qualified personnel.

Thus advancing the overall progress of civilization within his territory!

The development of scientific technology can indeed be left to those talented geniuses.

But if one wants to mass-produce developed technology,

Chapter 853: Literacy Campaign (Part 4)

A large number of workers with ordinary skills are needed to expand production.

The development of a territory or a country cannot rely solely on one person climbing the ladder of technology; it is destined not to go far!

This is why.

Lynn is willing to offer one hundred military merits, namely an acre of uncultivated wasteland, as the reason for establishment.

However.

Lynn also understands.

It may take a few months or a year to teach the townsmen literacy and writing.

But to significantly raise the cultural knowledge level of the townsmen,

this is not easy.

It can even be described as extremely difficult.

It often takes years, decades, or several generations to achieve this.

Because the educational teaching force is extremely limited.

The limited teaching resources available are even more controlled by the Noble Lords.

Coupled with the mindset and constraints of 'ordinary people are simply not worthy of education.'

Ordinary people are even unaware of their opportunity to receive education.

Most critically,

the content of education is all focused on religious and classical cultural knowledge.

Completely disconnected from the agricultural production, handicraft skills, and other life needs required by ordinary people,

making it impossible to apply to real life, let alone improve their living conditions!

Feeling the gaze of the townsmen, he bowed and saluted.

Lynn nodded slightly to show his indication.

Just as he was about to leave Lord's Square and head to the breeding farm to continue gaining experience,

a familiar woman's voice shouted from behind.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn turned his body and followed the source of the voice to look over.

He saw Erin, wearing a long robe, quickly approaching.

Perhaps because she was a bit anxious, she didn't notice the vigorous movement at her front caused by running.

When she was five or six meters from Lynn, Erin finally stopped running, taking a few long breaths.

This was to adjust her breathing and tone.

Lynn said, "No rush."

Erin's face was full of gratitude.

After a dozen seconds of panting, Erin's breath finally steadied.

She bowed slightly to Lynn and said respectfully, "Sorry, Lord, it was Erin who was rude."

Lynn responded, "The Territory Court building, wasn't it decided?"

"I had you and Clive coordinate for planning and designing."

"Once the Red Brick House residential area is expanded, it can begin."

Erin, upon hearing this, hurriedly shook her head and explained.

"Master, you misunderstood, it's not about the Territory Court."

"I saw the public notice on the bulletin board..."

"So, from today, all seven of us scholars are to start teaching the townsmen?"

Lynn nodded, "Yes."

Erin hesitated and said, "Master, as for me, it's fine since the Territory Court hasn't begun construction or been put to use."

"But for someone like Tate, who needs to teach children in school by day and then go on literacy campaigns for townsmen at night."

"Isn't that too..."

Lynn picked up on Erin's words, "Too tiring?"

Erin hesitated in her expression but eventually nodded.

Lynn was not surprised, but instead looked directly at Erin.

"Scholar Erin, do you think the townsmen's daily work is more tiring, or the scholars' daily teaching is more tiring?"

Erin furrowed her brows and began to think.

She looked at Lynn's gaze, tentatively asking, "The townsmen are more tired?"

"After all... scholars teach in a classroom environment."

"While townsmen engage in physical labor, also enduring the elements daily."

Lynn said, "Not entirely correct!"

Erin opened her eyes wide in confusion.

As a scholar, she believed there was nothing wrong with what she said.

Lynn kept speaking, "You only compared by assuming the roles of scholars and townsmen."

"Thus, it's either the scholar or the townsman."

"But in my view, they are equally tired!"

Hearing Lynn's final words, Erin's body stiffened.

Lynn's speech didn't pause.

"As the Lord, it doesn't matter whether the daily work of scholars and townsmen is intellectual or physical; it's treated equally!"

"What the Lord wants is only productivity and production efficiency!"

"Scholars are labor force, and townsmen are also labor force, but their modes of work differ."

"Therefore, the Lord will only make the labor force work more within their endurance limit."

"Whether or not the extra labor is compensated doesn't matter."

"With the Lord providing food and housing, and having a powerful armed force, they have no opportunity to resist."

"The Lord can choose to press them into executing tasks."

"Or he can choose to use rewards, encouraging them to execute tasks voluntarily."

Lynn stared directly at Erin, saying, "And I chose the latter."

Erin fell silent.

As Lynn said, she had just stepped into the scholars' and townsmen's roles.

Yet she had not considered.

In the eyes of the Lord, these things were not important.

The development of the territory is the priority!

Suddenly, Erin seemed to think of something.

As the Lord, Master Lynn need not have explained so much to her!

But Master Lynn stopped and explained to her.

Master Lynn... was teaching her to break out of fixed thinking?

Seeing Erin silent, Lynn asked, "Scholar Erin, do you have any questions now?"

Upon hearing Lynn's inquiry, Erin snapped back instantly.

She quickly responded, "No, Master Lynn."

Chapter 854: Literacy Campaign Part 5

"I'm sorry, my Lord, it was Ailin's lack of understanding!"

Lynn smiled calmly and said, "Then, Scholar Ailin, please convey my message."

"Teaching the townsmen to read and write is a task I entrust to you and the other scholars."

Ailin replied, "Understood, Master Lynn."

After finishing his instructions to Ailin,

Lynn spoke no more and began walking out of the town, watched by many eyes.

Ailin remained standing in her spot.

As she watched Master Lynn's figure walk along the limestone road, gradually disappearing into the distance,

Even now,

Ailin's mind was still immersed in contemplating and savoring the words Lynn had just spoken.

Her admiration for Lynn only grew stronger.

Indeed.

To develop a barren wasteland into a town within a couple of years.

How could such visionary thinking be the same as that of ordinary people?

If Master Lynn's 'literacy campaign' is successfully implemented,

and the townsmen's literacy is improved through night school,

whether for the townsmen on Master Lynn's land or for the territory itself,

this will be a monumental achievement!

A grand undertaking marking a new era!

Because,

in this world, due to the rigid class system, social hierarchy is strictly enforced.

Lords deem their lordly powers as divinely granted!

Ordinary residents, especially peasants, are born to be ruled by the lords.

Their sole purpose is to provide labor and resources for the lords!

But Master Lynn has realized that by elevating the townsmen's knowledge, he can enhance the productivity and efficiency of his territory!!!

Such a lord she had never encountered before!

Suppressing her thoughts,

Ailin made her way towards the red brick residential area behind her.

She needed to promptly confirm the construction standards and site for the Territory Court with Clive, then submit it for Master Lynn's approval.

Once the Territory Court is built and operational,

due to Master Lynn's established prestige in the territory, conflicts among townsmen are minimal.

She could efficiently manage the court's duties during the day,

and at night, continue providing literacy education to the townsmen!

How much further could Master Lynn develop this territory?

What heights could he lead these townsmen to?

Ailin confessed, she couldn't fathom.

Because all she saw and heard thus far had already surpassed her understanding!

As a scholar on Master Lynn's territory,

she only needed to follow Master Lynn's instructions and commands; that would be enough.

...

Walking through vast farmlands,

Lynn arrived at the expansion area of the Wild Boar Farm.

He picked up the plastering knife placed nearby and immersed himself in the expansion work of the farm once more.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

Bit by bit, his experience quickly accumulated.

Simultaneously, time was passing rapidly.

Not until evening did Lynn put down the plastering knife.

Standing on the outermost part of the farm expansion area,

Lynn's gaze swept over the workers wrapping up their tasks.

Jode, who was in charge of directing the construction workers, strode over to Lynn.

He slightly bowed and respectfully reported to Lynn.

"Master Lynn, by the end of today, four newly built Wild Boar Farms will be completed."

"Shall we continue with the expansion?"

Lynn turned to Jode and replied,

"Yes, continue."

"However, from now on, the construction should proceed at a more leisurely pace, there's no need to rush."

"Form a small team of twenty people; leave them on the ranch."

"They will handle the ongoing expansion of the farm and any necessary building within the ranch."

Previously, as there were ample magic ores available and an abundance of idle Forest Pigs,

he naturally wanted to swiftly complete the farm, capable of breeding a hundred and fifty Forest Pigs,

so it could be quickly put into breeding use.

It was known that even adult Forest Pigs needed a year of breeding in the Mutated Wild Boar Farm,

to grow to three thousand pounds, suitable for cavalry riding.

Though the breeding cycle was lengthy,

compared to the breeding cycle of warhorses, which often takes two to three years or even longer,

the efficiency of breeding wild boars is much quicker.

Lynn continued, "The expansion of the Wild Boar Farm can proceed gradually,"

"but we need to start the construction of another structure... for breeding pigeons, the Pigeon Nest!"

Listening to Lynn's instructions, Jode showed little surprise.

Previously, Flint had already showed them the design blueprints.

The Pigeon Nest wasn't particularly large.

It almost resembled a tower,

primarily using stone, timber, and kiln-baked bricks and tiles.

The reason was to give pigeons a vast view, and ease of breeding, and facilitate subsequent training.

Jode responded, "Yes, Lord."

After instructing Jon, Lynn left the farm under the glow of the setting sun.

Amidst the respectful gazes of the townsmen returning to the town,

Lynn, accompanied by Red, headed back towards the town.

He had just returned to Lord's Square, planning to arrange for a Guard to fetch Flint,

when Lynn's glance caught sight of Flint approaching.

Almost without needing Lynn to summon him, Flint hurried towards him with brisk, small steps.

Upon meeting Lynn, Flint spoke, "My Lord, I was just about to seek you out..."

Chapter 855: Literacy Campaign (Part 6)

Lynn raised an eyebrow and responded, "I happen to have something to discuss with you, too."

Flint was slightly surprised and soon thought of something.

He spoke, "Lord, you must be referring to the small formations in the farm, right?"

Lynn nodded.

Flint explained, "Rest assured, although I haven't been at the breeding workshop, I've been constantly watching the construction progress."

"If those little ones haven't been slacking off, I can start constructing the magic array tomorrow!"

Lynn echoed, "As Sir Flint said, I was just about to speak to you about this."

"I need Sir Flint to complete the empowerment magic array in the farm as soon as possible."

"Then lead Jode and the others in building the [Pigeon Nest]!"

The pigeons sent by Hunter have been here for some time now.

Since there's no dedicated breeding ground, Guy has had to keep them in the pasture.

Flint said nonchalantly, "Rest assured, rest assured, Lord."

"With Flint here, it's just four small magic arrays."

"I assure you, in just four days, you can arrange to house the wild boars from the pasture into the farm!"

Lynn responded, "That's the best outcome."

"As long as it's completed in four days, I will immediately arrange for guards to deliver three hundred pounds of gin to your residence!"

Listening to Lynn's words, Flint's thick eyebrows twitched several times.

"Three hundred pounds?"

"The Lord is still as generous as ever!"

Lynn ignored Flint's flattery and asked,

"Tell me, why were you looking for me?"

Flint gradually recovered from his delight.

He said to Lynn, "The defense reinforced armor I promised you, I've started the forging and production."

"However, to enhance the aesthetics of the armor, to reflect your noble identity and status, showcasing your status."

"I need to obtain some gold pounds from you to incorporate into the armor..."

Lynn nodded, "How much do you need?"

Flint's eyebrows twitched again, "At least two pounds!"

Upon hearing Flint's words, Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised.

Considering the weight of a gold pound, one gold pound weighs approximately nine grams.

Converting that.

Two pounds of gold pounds is one hundred and twelve coins!

If converted into the current market price of barley.

One hundred and twelve gold pounds is nearly fifty-four thousand pounds of barley!

Now.

Incorporating one hundred and twelve coins into the armor just to increase its aesthetic appeal.

To showcase the Lord's identity and status...

If he were still struggling with eating enough, hearing this proposal would undoubtedly make him curse loudly.

But now, the economic goods produced in the territory generate profits.

One hundred and twelve gold pounds is not much!

The most crucial point is.

As Flint said.

Armor worn by a lord is a symbol of identity and status, a symbol of wealth!

While ensuring the Lord's life safety.

Also making it known to outsiders.

This Lord has strong capital to wage war!

Lynn responded, "Find Kuisi and explain the reason, tell her it's my order and you can proceed to collect it."

Receiving Lynn's instructions.

Flint replied, "No problem, Lord."

"If there are no other orders, may I take my leave?"

Lynn nodded, "Dismissed."

Without any hesitation, Flint turned and headed back the way he came.

Watching Flint's figure disappear in the red brick residential area.

Lynn felt a sense of relief.

Thankfully, Flint is here.

Otherwise, without the ability to learn magic through the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel,

Lynn would have no idea how to construct special buildings like the [Mutated Wild Boar Farm], [Pigeon Nest], and [Wolf's Den].

Retracting his gaze.

Lynn sat on the bench, admiring the distant western horizon.

The golden sunset gradually sank below the horizon...

Until nightfall.

Lynn finally saw groups of townsmen being led by the foreman of the industrial workshop, heading towards the territory school.

The literacy campaign in the territory has finally begun!

Although never having received education, their faces were full of tension.

Yet in their eyes, more evident was anticipation.

After having dinner, they were idle anyway.

It would be better.

To take advantage of the night to go to the territory school to study and improve.

Also having the chance to earn one hundred military merits.

Besides.

This is the literacy campaign initiated by their Lord.

They naturally are very willing.

At this point.

A voice of inquiry suddenly arose from afar and reached Lynn's ears.

"Master Lynn, it's already nighttime, are you still arranging for them to work?"

Lynn shifted his gaze, following the source of the voice.

He saw Alan with a face full of confusion, striding towards him.

Lynn greeted him with a smile and slightly moved, making room for Alan to sit down.

Alan didn't stand on ceremony and sat down beside Lynn directly.

Lynn explained, "Not exactly laboring."

"Just arranging for them to receive education."

"Their literacy level is really too low; they can't recognize even characters or symbols."

Alan listened to Lynn's words, and his eyebrows instantly raised.

Let these townsmen receive education?

Their literacy level is too low?

Isn't that to be expected?

Lynn actually started arranging for the townsmen to receive education?

This...

Alan's mouth slightly opened, wanting to ask.

However, when he thought of the person sitting next to him was Master Lynn.

As a Lord, providing free food and accommodation for the townsmen.

Such occurrences are rarely seen in other Lords' territories.

Now, Master Lynn can provide education for the townsmen.

It's not surprising anymore!

In his opinion.

The thinking of Master Lynn is beyond comparison with that of ordinary Lords.

Resting on the bench for a moment.

Watching the townsmen ahead gradually departing.

Alan couldn't help but ask Lynn, "Master Lynn."

"Would you be content to stay in this borderland for life?"

Chapter 856: The Emperor of the Empire Dies Suddenly

Perhaps other merchants do not know Lynn's true identity.

But having specifically investigated Lynn, he naturally knows.

The Lynn beside him is the illegitimate son of the former Marquis Donovan of the Ducas Clan.

If Lynn were just a minor lord inheriting a remote territory, living idly, it would be fine.

He wouldn't care at all.

However.

The Lynn before him is a pioneer who has developed and expanded the territory through his own ability.

Perhaps, the labor force on Lynn's territory is limited, with only ten or twenty thousand people.

Perhaps, the armed forces Lynn possesses are limited, with only a few thousand fully armed soldiers.

Or perhaps, the resources accumulated in Lynn's territory are limited, needing more time for accumulation and consolidation.

But...

Alan knows clearly that Master Lynn's territory has salt mines, iron mines, and coal mines!

Such vast lands, and behind the territory runs an inexhaustible river.

What's most crucial is.

Lynn possesses various advanced technologies!

Production tools, land cultivation, and planting...

As long as there is land to plant food.

It can support a large population and livestock.

With advanced technology and given enough time.

One can have an unlimited future!

Would such a lord willingly shrink back to the Empire's border and remain just a lord?

Lynn turned his head and glanced at Alan but did not immediately answer.

Instead, he asked back: "Isn't Mr. Alan's dream to become the Brown Clan's Patriarch?"

Hearing Lynn's words, Alan was slightly stunned.

Soon.

He came back to his senses and replied, "Of course, Master Lynn."

"Not just me, nearly every young descendant of the Brown Clan wishes to become the Patriarch!"

"Some believe that only by becoming the Patriarch can one become the maker and executor of family rules, not bound by them."

"Some wish to abolish family rules as their first act as Patriarch."

"Some want to break free from the Brown Clan, no longer wanting their fate dictated by the family..."

Lynn did not speak, listening to Alan continue.

"However, I am different from them!"

"After becoming Patriarch, I will continue to act according to the Brown Clan's rules."

"Even try to enhance and perfect them with my understanding!"

Lynn raised an eyebrow, looking curiously at Alan.

Alan naturally felt Lynn's gaze.

He didn't mind, leaning back against the wooden chair, continuing.

"The Brown Clan's rules are nearly ruthless."

"We are victims of these family rules, indeed."

"But how are we not beneficiaries?"

"How does a merchant with no military strength, relying on trading across the continent, protect themselves?"

"How do the Brown Clan's descendants live without hunger and fear for life?"

"Wearing silk and eating delicacies!"

"What we take for granted, ordinary families could only dream of having."

Alan's words became forceful!

"Yet now, the pampered descendants, used to good life."

"Facing some unfairness, they want to upend everything."

"They know too well that it is the Brown Clan that gave us everything we wished for."

"It's infuriating!"

At this point.

Alan seemed to recall something, his anger slowly subsiding.

He said to Lynn beside him, "Sorry, Master Lynn."

"I lost control for a moment, speaking of some trivial matters in the Brown family..."

Lynn smiled slightly, "Mr. Alan, you're too kind."

"It's just casual conversation, feel free to speak your mind."

Alan nodded gratefully.

Lynn continued, "However, my thoughts may differ from yours, Mr. Alan."

"Because, I'm not a beneficiary of the rules you mentioned."

"If I were just an ordinary person with no ability, perhaps I'd have no ambitious thoughts."

"But once I have enough strength, the power to destroy my enemies."

"I would unhesitatingly strike them down."

"This answer, I suppose, is also a response to your previous question."

Listening to Lynn's calm words, filled with immense power, Alan was slightly taken aback.

Strike them down?

Which means.

One day, Lynn might repay the Ducas Clan for this 'favor' of exile?

Lynn laughed, "Mr. Alan, there's no need to be tense."

"Even if we have differences in beliefs, there's one area where we're remarkably similar."

Alan looked at Lynn curiously, "Oh?"

Lynn explained with a smile, "Interest!"

"At least when making a deal, neither of us opposes the interests we gain."

"I believe, as long as this point of seeking common ground while reserving differences exists, our cooperative dealings can continue indefinitely."

Alan's eyes lit up, "Master Lynn makes sense!"

Perhaps his relationship with Lynn is far from becoming friends.

At best, they are partners in goods trading and exchange.

But as Lynn said.

That's enough to let them continue their cooperation.

Lynn rose from the bench, "Then, Mr. Alan, I won't accompany you further."

"If you have any needs, you can find a guard nearby to contact George for arrangements."

Alan also stood up, replying, "Master Lynn, you're too courteous, this is more than satisfactory."

Chapter 857: Emperor of the Empire Dies Suddenly Part 2

Lynn nodded, "Mr. Alan, please make yourself comfortable."

After bidding farewell to Alan, Lynn stepped back towards the castle.

Amidst respectful greetings from leisurely strolling townsmen, Lynn passed by rows of red brick houses.

He looked up at the sky.

Across the night sky that enveloped the world, countless stars were scattered like embellishments.

Even though it was already nighttime,

the bright moonlight poured down, covering the entire town and the fields outside in a silvery hue.

Under the illumination of the silvery glow, Lynn could even see the wild chrysanthemums swaying slightly next to the red brick road.

Such breathtaking nighttime scenery could only be seen at this moment.

Returning to the castle,

the light of an oil lamp illuminated the entire reception hall.

Kuisi, who had been waiting, saw Lynn stride up the steps and immediately stepped forward to greet him.

Kuisi asked curiously, "Sir, you're a bit late today. Were you busy with the literacy campaign?"

Lynn approached the dining table, saying, "More or less. I chatted with Alan for a while afterward."

Kuisi nodded in understanding, "Sir, please wait a moment. I'll have them bring up your dinner now."

Sitting comfortably at the head of the table, Lynn responded with a sound.

After waiting a few minutes,

Kuisi, along with the maids, pushed a cart and placed dishes filled with food on the dining table.

Under Kuisi's service, Lynn began to enjoy his dinner for the day.

After enjoying a hot soak and Janet's massage in the private chamber,

Lynn lay on the bed, embracing Janet's soft body in front of him, and gradually fell asleep.

...

Under the night sky, the Royal City—Triumph City.

Like an ever-energetic lion.

The inner and outer cities remained brightly lit.

Inside the inner city, figures dressed in luxurious attire strolled leisurely down the streets, smiles on their faces.

Their gazes shifted as they admired the various goods on the bustling streets.

Unlike the aristocracy and wealthy people in the inner city,

the outer city was full of busy figures.

They either drove heavily laden wagons or carried goods on their shoulders, moving through the streets.

Even at night, they relentlessly labored for a living.

To earn more pence to buy more food for their families.

Despite Triumph City being caught in the cold war between the two Princes,

it didn't affect the residents living in Triumph City at all.

Because they knew, as long as the war didn't break out and the soldiers hadn't entered Triumph City,

their lives had to go on.

Compared to the bustling and ceaseless flow of people in the inner and outer cities,

the huge castle housing the Carolingian Royal Family was indeed desolate and cold.

On the corridors supported by milky-white columns,

only soldiers wearing golden armor, holding long spears, continued their patrols.

Every step caused the iron boots to clash with the stone floor beneath.

Furthermore, the armor pieces rubbed against each other.

A constant metallic ringing echoed wherever the Imperial Guard's patrol passed.

As they passed by the Emperor's bedchamber,

the middle-aged man who was the captain of this Imperial Guard patrol squad had a stern look in his eyes.

He glanced at the Emperor's bedchamber.

The windows were tightly closed, and the doors were securely locked.

The entrance and some key passages were guarded by the Imperial Guards.

The entire Carolingian Royal Family Imperial Guards were taking shifts for 24-hour rounds.

All for the purpose of protecting the Emperor's bedchamber, where Karedi's current Emperor—Charlemagne VI—resided.

After surveying the surroundings and confirming there were no anomalies,

the squad captain led the guard squad away from the area.

Inside the Emperor's bedchamber,

the arch-shaped ceiling hung high, with intricate carved beams and painted rafters, gleaming with gold foil patterns.

Every wall was a mosaic of marble.

Notably, the expansive, pristine marble walls were set with numerous dazzling gems.

Collectively, they formed a grand mural of a military expedition!

The massive four-poster bed was positioned precisely in the center of the room.

The bedposts were crafted from solid gold and adorned with rubies carved into vine patterns...

The bed curtains were made of high-quality silk, embroidered with the intricate emblem of the Carolingian Royal Family.

A gold-backed black crowned lion!

The bedside table next to the grand bed was carved from a single piece of jade.

The gemstone-adorned candlesticks held flickering candles.

Illuminating the face of the elderly man lying under the covers on the bed.

His complexion was sallow, a hint of gray amidst the pallor.

The elderly man was Karedi Empire's current Emperor—Charlemagne VI!

At this moment, Charlemagne VI seemed to be plunged into a nightmare.

His eyes were tightly shut, and his brows were deeply furrowed.

His body trembled slightly, as if struggling to awaken from the nightmare.

His parched skin clung tightly to his cheekbones.

Strands of silver hair lay against his sweaty forehead.

Moreover, his entire body was soaked with sweat, and the bedclothes were thoroughly soaked.

Suddenly,

Charlemagne VI opened his sunken eyes, his gaze weakly trailing across the bed curtain.

He seemed to attempt confirming his whereabouts through looking around.

His mouth slightly opened, breathing heavily.

But after a few breaths, as if all his strength was exhausted,

a faint, agonized sound emerged from Charlemagne VI's throat.

Chapter 858: The Emperor of the Empire Dies Suddenly (3)

Because of excessive sweating, an intense thirst appeared in his mouth.

Charlemagne VI's gaze shifted, and he painfully swept a glance around the sides of the large bed.

But he found no attendant waiting by his side.

Charlemagne VI forcefully swallowed a mouthful of saliva, slowly moving his arms, trying to prop himself up and sit up from the large bed.

However, after several attempts, Charlemagne VI still could not sit up.

The continuous movements made his already parched and bitter mouth even more restless.

Even his originally dry lips began to crack.

Charlemagne VI's gaze shifted again to the bedside cabinet.

On the bedside cabinet, there was a beautifully crafted glazed bottle!

A glimmer of salvation appeared in his eyes.

As long as he could topple the glazed bottle, making it fall to the ground,

the sound of shattering would surely attract the attention of the guards outside the door!

Charlemagne VI began to move his body with difficulty.

At this moment, his eyes were fixed on that glazed bottle, and his body was moving slowly by mere centimeters on the large bed.

Until this moment.

Charlemagne VI was full of regret in his heart.

Why was the bed he rested and slept on alone now made nearly three meters wide!

Moving from the middle of the large bed to the bedside cabinet over a distance of more than a meter.

To him at this moment, it seemed like an insurmountable chasm.

Time moved on bit by bit.

The sweat that originally formed now turned into beads of sweat.

One drop after another rolled down from Charlemagne VI's forehead.

However, fortunately,

his lifted right hand was only a dozen centimeters away from the glazed bottle.

He just needed to try a little harder to touch the glazed bottle.

Then use the last of his strength to topple the glazed bottle!

Charlemagne VI continued to move his body lying on the bed...

Until ten minutes later.

Charlemagne VI's right-hand fingers finally touched the glazed bottle.

A cool, smooth sensation appeared on his fingertips.

A gloss of determination appeared in Charlemagne VI's eyes.

He opened his mouth, took a breath of air, and his whole body shook abruptly.

Charlemagne VI nearly exhausted all his strength, pushing the glazed bottle with three fingers.

However.

The glazed bottle did not topple and fall to the ground as Charlemagne VI imagined.

Instead, under the force, the glazed bottle started to sway back and forth.

Gurgle~ Gurgle~

The sound rose and fell on the entire jade bedside cabinet.

Charlemagne VI watched this scene, even holding his breath.

Moving from the middle of the bed to the edge.

Then almost exhausting all his strength, he barely pushed the glazed bottle.

If the glazed bottle could not fall, he would remain thirsty all night.

He wanted to live like a normal person, resting when tired, eating when hungry, drinking water when thirsty...

Even if he was still the Emperor of the Empire now.

He no longer had the ability to move freely.

Because now he had reached sixty-five!

The old wounds from his past battles left him unable to move a few years ago.

Moreover, his two sons were in the midst of a power struggle.

The noble lords who once knelt before him had all turned to join the camps of his two sons.

Even the servants who used to take care of him had vanished.

At this moment, Charlemagne VI could not care about those matters.

He felt in his heart,

If he didn't drink water today, he would die of thirst tonight!

Charlemagne VI stared straight at the glazed bottle on the bedside cabinet.

As if trying to cheer for it with the power of his gaze.

After a few swings, the glazed bottle seemed to reach a critical point.

Gurgle~ Gurgle~

The sound disappeared in an instant.

The beautifully crafted glazed bottle toppled down.

With a humming sound, it rolled toward the edge of the jade bedside cabinet.

Charlemagne VI's eyes widened, unable to look away from the glazed bottle.

He knew very well in his heart.

As long as the glazed bottle fell, it would surely make a crisp, shattering sound.

The sound would surely attract the attention of the guards outside the chamber.

As long as the guards entered the chamber, he could solve the urgent problem.

However.

Just as the glazed bottle left the jade bedside cabinet, about to fall.

A perpetually dark arm extended from beneath the large bed where Charlemagne VI lay.

Precisely grasping the glazed bottle in its hand.

Not hearing the crisp sound imagined in his mind, Charlemagne VI's eyes widened.

He hurriedly tried to move his body again, turning his head with difficulty, attempting to look at the glazed bottle.

All he saw,

was a dark silhouette slowly crawling out from beneath his large bed.

Charlemagne VI's pupils contracted instantly, filled with terror.

Watching that shapely, slender figure stand upright.

Charlemagne VI no longer cared about the dryness in his mouth.

Nearly exhausting everything, he tried to escape to the other side from the edge of the bed.

However, after the movement just now, he had already used up all his strength.

Now, after moving a few centimeters, he couldn't move any further.

Huff huff~

Charlemagne VI's mouth opened wide, continuously inhaling and exhaling air.

He could only watch, as the eerie female outline enlarged in his gaze.

Chapter 859: The Emperor of the Empire Dies Suddenly _4

Under the gaze of Charlemagne VI.

The shadowy woman slowly placed the glazed bottle on the jade bedside cabinet.

After doing all this.

The shadowy woman's head suddenly turned, her completely dark face staring directly at Charlemagne VI on the big bed.

A voice that seemed like a mixture of male and female vocal tones resonated from the shadowy woman's body.

"Your Majesty, is there anything you need? Feel free to tell me!"

Listening to this eerie voice,

Charlemagne VI weakly spoke, "You are... the Witch!"

"Damn it."

"How did you... enter Triumph City?"

"Aren't you afraid of being captured by the clergy of the Church and tied to the fire torture rack for execution?"

The shadowy woman seemed unaffected, even smiling noticeably, "Your Majesty, of course, someone welcomed me in."

Charlemagne VI repeated the shadowy woman's words, weakly stammering.

"Welcomed?"

"How... could this be?"

"After the witch hunt, a vow was made that anyone, any faction that encounters witches and wizards."

"Must immediately annihilate them!"

"Why would anyone welcome you into Triumph City?"

"Have they really forgotten so quickly the battle between light and darkness of the past?"

The shadowy woman said nothing, just paced around the bed where Charlemagne was lying.

Seeing that the shadowy woman did not want to talk to him, Charlemagne changed the subject.

"Who... sent you to assassinate me?"

"Is it my two sons... or those Great Lords eager for my early death so they can seize the entire Karedi Empire?"

"You also see my current situation."

"To assassinate me is very easy, I just... want to die with some clarity!"

The sharp female vocal tone sounded from the shadowy woman's body.

"You can take a guess."

Upon hearing this, Charlemagne VI's eyes quickly rolled as if deep in thought.

A few seconds later, he asked, "Mitchell?"

The next second.

Charlemagne VI immediately rejected, "It couldn't possibly be Mitchell!"

"Even though he is arrogant and conceited, for an emperor's eldest son, it isn't a bad thing!"

"Even if there was an accident in suppressing the battle of Earl of Becker and I abolished his title of Spear of the Empire."

"It's far from enough for him to commit regicide and patricide to become Emperor."

"Caesar? Even less likely!"

"Caesar is a good child whom I raised with my own hands."

"How could he bear to harm the father who raised him step by step?"

Continuing to ponder aloud, Charlemagne VI said, "Apart from my two sons, there are only the Three Great Dukes left!"

The shadowy woman still said nothing.

Seeing her silent, Charlemagne's weak voice was full of resentment.

"It really is them!"

"Truly wolves in sheep's clothing!"

"Traitors, they are all traitors to the Empire!"

As if already detecting Charlemagne VI's constant intent.

The male vocal tone emanated from the shadowy woman's body.

"Your Majesty, there's no need to think that delaying by talking nonsense will work..."

When he heard the shadowy woman's words, Charlemagne VI's body stiffened instantly.

His voice interrupted, "What are you talking about?"

The male vocal tone sounded once again.

"The reason you, Your Majesty, are still living is simply because I've allowed you to live."

"Because... someone important hasn't yet arrived at your bedchamber."

The confusion in Charlemagne VI's eyes grew even stronger.

"Important... person?"

The murmur had barely left his lips.

The shadowy woman in front of him turned her body, looking toward the screen directly opposite the bed.

Behind the screen in the distance was the main door to the bedchamber.

Despite the dozen or so meters away.

Charlemagne still heard the sound of footsteps outside the door, and the questioning voices directed towards the guard at the entrance.

"Has the emperor retired to rest?"

"Your Highness, His Majesty has already retired, and it is quite late now. Do you still wish to go in for a visit?"

"Yes, I've felt uneasy all day and want to see the emperor!"

"..."

Hearing the familiar voice outside the door, Charlemagne VI's eyes were full of shock.

He seemed to have realized something.

Suddenly turning his head.

Looking at the shadowy woman who had somehow appeared in front of him.

Watching as a transparent, silvery-white dagger slowly emerged from the shadowy woman's body.

Charlemagne VI exclaimed in horror, "What are you... planning to do?"

"I am Charlemagne VI! I am the Emperor of the entire Karedi Empire!"

"You cannot kill me!"

"Do you know what would happen to the whole Karedi Empire if I were to die?"

"War, chaos!"

"Mitchell and Caesar, along with those behind them with ill intent, would surely bring turmoil to every corner of the Karedi Empire!"

"I cannot die!"

"Even lying in bed, I must not die!"

The male vocal tone sounded from the shadowy woman's body.

"Your Majesty, without your death, this war that changes the fate of the Karedi Empire will never begin!"

"So, you must die!"

Under Charlemagne VI's incredulous gaze.

The silvery-white dagger in the shadowy woman's hand was thrust directly into his chest.

A stab of pain surged instantly in his mind, quickly spreading throughout his body.

Charlemagne's right hand tried to grasp the shadowy woman beside him.

Chapter 860: The Emperor of the Empire Dies Suddenly _5

But he had yet to touch the black shadow woman.

The black shadow woman with enticing curves and a waist so slender it could be held with one hand.

Like steam evaporating, she turned into wisps and disappeared into the air.

Carolyn wanted to reach out and pull the dagger from his chest to alleviate his pain.

However.

Before he could lift his right hand, he felt all his strength being rapidly drained, unable to lift a finger.

Not only that.

Carolyn felt that everything in front of him was becoming increasingly blurry.

The ornate ceiling, gilded with exquisite designs.

The bed curtains woven from silk.

The light of candles and oil lamps...

And the swiftly approaching face of a man.

Despite the growing darkness of his vision, he could still hear the words at his ears.

"Father? How can this be?"

"Someone! Get me someone, quickly!"

A cry of anger mixed with sobs.

The sound of Imperial Guards running, clad in armor...

Carolyn felt the sounds in his ears becoming more distant, more indistinct.

Until at last.

He could no longer hear a sound, the agonizing pain from his body gradually fading away.

...

In the blink of an eye, four days had passed.

Standing outside the Wild Boar Farm, Lynn watched Flint constructing a small empowerment magic circle inside the farm.

Perhaps it was because he now possessed extraordinary strength.

Despite having never learned magic-related knowledge, he could still sense the flow of magical power coursing through the farm.

The magic power pouring from the magic ore seemed eager to break free of its constraints.

Yet under the small magic array, the magic power could only flow along a specific path.

Lynn realized that despite his efforts to memorize the key points of constructing a magic array.

It felt incompatible, and he simply couldn't remember.

Indeed, this world truly harbors extraordinary beings and magical forces.

But his mind was filled with the scientific technology of materialism!

In the end, Lynn chose to give up.

Until the afternoon came.

As the flow of magic power in the last Mutated Wild Boar Farm stabilized and evened out.

After being busy in the farm for days, Flint finally ceased his work.

Flint dusted off his hands and approached Lynn with a proud demeanor.

As if seeking credit, he said, "Lord, I promised that it would only take four days to prepare your farm for use."

"I finished in less than four days!"

Seeing Flint standing with his arms crossed, Lynn praised without restraint, "Of course, Master Flint is a genius of the Fireplace Race!"

"If it were someone else, they might have needed five or six days!"

Flint basked in the compliment, closing his eyes slightly, and replied, "Indeed, you are right!"

"If it weren't for that day I drank too much, causing the Rune Furnace to..."

At this point, Flint suddenly opened his eyes wide, glancing around swiftly.

He realized that apart from Lynn and Red, there was no one else.

Relaxing a little, Flint quickly said to Lynn, "Lord, I just..."

Lynn raised his eyebrows, interrupting Flint's words.

"Master Flint, were you saying you wanted me to deliver three hundred pounds of gin to your house or the blacksmith workshop?"

Hearing Lynn's words.

Flint was momentarily startled.

Soon, he regained his composure and spoke quickly.

"Lord, just deliver it to my residence!"

Lynn nodded, "Once I return to town, I'll have someone inform Lex to arrange the delivery."

Flint expressed satisfaction and said, "Thank you very much, Lord."

Lynn acknowledged, "The five Mutated Wild Boar Farms are now complete."

"But that doesn't mean there's no need for further construction."

"As you've seen, every few days, soldiers escort live wild boars back to the ranch."

"I'll assign twenty construction workers to remain here and continue building."

"Once the buildings are complete, we'll still require you to establish the small empowerment magic circles!"

Lynn continued, "Besides, both the Pigeon Nest and Wolf's Den will soon be constructed, and they too will need small magic circles."

Flint replied nonchalantly, "Of course, Lord, it's just a small task for me."

After instructing Flint on all the subsequent matters.

Lynn finally let Flint depart.

He then walked over to the adjacent ranch.

There, Guy was preparing to lead the ranch workers in feeding the livestock.

Seeing Lynn arrive, he immediately approached to greet him.

Standing before Lynn, Guy bowed slightly and spoke respectfully.

"Master."

Lynn acknowledged and asked, "Besides the thirty wild boars being bred at the farm."

"How many wild boars are there at the ranch?"

Guy pondered briefly and replied.

"Master, currently, there are a total of one hundred and eighty-two wild boars."

"This includes one hundred and fifty adult wild boars transported by the merchant Alan."

"Among the remaining thirty-two, there are eighteen adult boars and fourteen piglets."

Lynn nodded, "All the adult male boars are to be herded to the newly constructed wild boar farm for empowerment breeding."

"The female boars will be used for subsequent breeding to expand production."

"As for the piglets, increase their food intake to help them grow quickly."