

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 91: Chapter 91: Hops Ripen

Early the next morning.

After breakfast, Lynn gathered all the villagers together.

Looking at the mass of figures on the empty ground before him, he felt an inexplicable sense of emotion.

Once starting off alone in hell, he had now become the lord of fifteen hundred villagers!

Looking at those honest faces and those pairs of eyes.

Lynn took a deep breath and began to speak.

The most important thing was for Lynn to reassign work to all of them.

Only through reasonable division of labor could the maximum labor force be exerted.

The total population of the village had now reached fifteen hundred!

Excluding the 150 in the Guard Team, 15 at Lex's Brewing Workshop, 15 at the Blacksmith Shop, and 10 at the Carpenter's House.

in the kitchen, plus Gavin and Wilbur with 10 farmers for weeding the 3,000 acres of pea fields.

at the Salt Factory and rock salt excavation, they just needed to maintain a daily output of 700 pounds of fine salt.

These 700 pounds of fine salt were the main economic source for the entire territory's survival.

Five people led by Guy for Breeding, Priest Old John with 20 children, and 200 digging the open-pit coal mine!

Anthracite was crucial for continuing to burn quicklime and for burning red bricks later.

The excavation could not stop.

Lynn assigned the remaining 850 people entirely to the construction of the city walls.

...

Gurgle gurgle!

In the pit, quicklime reacted with river water.

Under immense heat, plumes of white mist rose.

Before Lynn, there were over thirty pits, all fervently burning lime.

Forty to fifty villagers continuously loaded the burnt and cooled lime into wooden barrels, which were then placed on wagons.

Under the guidance and urging of the villagers, wagons moved along the lime trail through the forests toward the mountain entrance.

By the distant banks of the Acadia River, fifty to sixty villagers were digging river sand.

River sand, unlike desert sand, had distinct particles.

It often contained much soil, grass roots, and other impurities.

After excavation, it needed to be washed, processed, and dried.

This ensured the river sand mixed more thoroughly and evenly with lime and stones.

Lynn, with Red, rode behind the wagons to inspect.

Clip-clop, clip-clop...

The hooves of ordinary horses clicked crisply on the ground.

Passing through the wasteland, Lynn arrived at the forested area.

Teams of figures busily worked there.

Groups of twenty, under temporary captains' leadership, cleared trees and soil at the mountain pass.

Cross pickaxes struck rock continuously, producing deafening sounds.

Trees, cut and sawed by either an Iron Saw or Iron Axe, after limb removal, were neatly piled together.

These logs could later be used to transport stones for city wall construction.

Massive stones were also being pulled to the mountain pass by draft horses.

Ahoy!

Ahoy!

Ahoy...

Uniform chants echoed continuously in the forest.

...

Not far away, Colin wore a stern expression.

Lynn had appointed him as the chief in charge!

Such a massive project even felt taxing for an experienced craftsman like him.

However, after last night's instructions from Master Lynn, Colin felt confident they could complete it.

He shifted his gaze, seeing Lynn indeed riding and inspecting from a distance.

Colin fully understood the importance of the fortifications and recognized Lynn's trust by entrusting such a large project to him.

He withdrew his gaze and addressed the dozen or so people ahead, "Gentlemen, have you completed the site survey? Now, what we need to do is organize the personnel for construction!"

The dozen or so people ahead withdrew their gaze.

They quickly responded, "Of course, Colin, whatever you say, we will do."

"Yes, although we are stonemasons, our skills are nowhere near as professional as you, Colin..."

Colin nodded.

These were ordinary stonemasons, usually only building stone houses at most.

Seeing the entire forest bustling and the city wall being built as planned, Lynn finally pulled the horse's reins, heading back to the village.

Red closely followed.

As Lynn returned to the village, Lex came briskly to greet him.

Stepping knowingly in front of Lynn's horse, he held the reins, bringing the horse to a stop.

Lynn dismounted, and Lex said with a beaming smile.

"Master Lynn, I have good news!"

Lynn raised his eyebrows, silent for a moment.

Lex continued without pause.

"The hops you fenced in have all blossomed!"

A look of surprise spread across Lynn's face.

However, after pondering briefly, he realized it was already August.

The season of hop maturation.

Lynn stepped forward, walking toward a spot not far from the village.

Lex and Red followed closely.

With Rose in charge of training and handling the territory's defense forces, Red had become Lynn's personal guard.

No matter where he went, Red shadowed him.

Walking along the newly paved lime road, Lynn stood amidst lush green plants.

Hanging above the greenery were clusters of off-white bracts.

Even before picking them, Lynn could clearly smell the hops' aroma.

His hand moved, plucking a hop flower, its soft feel covering him immediately.

[Mature Hop]: Can be used for brewing beer, adding flavor and aroma; can be used in medicine, with effects like improving digestion, anti-tuberculosis, calming the nerves, and diuretic.

Examining the hop in his hand, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

After nearly half a year of waiting, the hops had finally matured.

Lynn looked at Lex and said.

"Call over all the apprentices from the brewing workshop, let's harvest these hops while the weather's good."

"Of course, Master Lynn."

Lex didn't hesitate, quickly heading to the brewing workshop.

In just a few minutes, a dozen or so people arrived at the hop plantation.

Lynn moved, taking a sickle from Lex's hand and began harvesting.

Growing hops wasn't easy.

Forming a scale like the current, with branches over a meter high, was even harder.

To ensure future collection, Lynn skillfully cut down the hops' vine bracts, placing them in the wicker basket at his feet.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

Experience points steadily increased little by little.

Lex organized the apprentices to join in harvesting.

Under the scorching sun, beads of sweat appeared on Lynn's face.

His back, even more so, was soaked through with sweat.

At this moment, Red, with a woven hat in hand, approached Lynn.

"Master Lynn."

Lynn glanced at him and said, "Help me put it on."

Red, adept at gauging people, wasn't as stern as one might imagine.

Without hesitation, Red helped Lynn put on the hat.

Chapter 92: Chapter 92: Darkness Invades

In an instant.

The sunlight ahead became less glaring.

Until noon.

The entire field of hops was finally harvested.

Looking at the baskets filled with hop buds, Lynn spoke to Lex.

"From now on, this hop field will be managed by your brewery. Expand the planting scale, harvest the hops, and oversee the later stages..."

Lex quickly nodded, "Alright, Master Lynn, I will immediately arrange for people to conduct the harvest."

As an experienced brewer, Lex naturally understood the value of the hops before him.

The presence of hops not only improves the taste of brewed beer,

but also extends the shelf life of the beer!

That means, while increasing the selling price of the hops, the beer can be sold to farther places.

The harvested hops need to be thoroughly cleaned and naturally dried or dehydrated before storage.

Or used to brew beer.

...

Five days later.

The construction of the wall at the mountain forest pass finally began.

Huge stone blocks were slowly moved using support frames built from logs.

To move a single stone block, nearly a hundred people were busily working.

The stonemasons chosen by Colin were coordinating the work.

Ensuring the construction of the wall would proceed without any accidents.

Bang!

With the push of dozens of villagers, the giant stone fell onto the flat ground prepared with a cross pickaxe, making a heavy sound.

Lynn looked at the granite block, two meters long, one meter wide, and about one meter high.

This massive stone weighed at least tens of thousands of pounds!

Of course, only the bottom few layers needed such gigantic stones to stabilize the wall's foundation.

As the wall's layers increased, the size of the stones at the top would gradually decrease.

As one giant stone was placed, another foundation stone was rolled over logs with the help of villagers and several draft horses.

Sitting on horseback, Lynn observed this scene from afar, nodding with satisfaction.

Colin proved to be a Level 3 craftsman indeed.

Even though it was his first time building such a wall, he organized the work methodically.

Jumping off his horse, Lynn rolled up his sleeves and walked towards the busy crowd.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

One by one, the massive stones were lifted and stacked by the hardworking villagers.

Time gradually passed.

Until nightfall, only over a dozen stones were erected and placed at the mountain forest pass!

The difficulty of constructing a wall across the forest was evident.

This was the final outcome due to Lynn's careful division of labor.

Primarily relying on manual labor and the most primitive transportation and extraction methods greatly limited the speed and efficiency of construction.

After placing the last stone of the day, Lynn informed all the villagers that their work was done for the day.

Lynn never intended for them to work through the night to race against time for construction.

Currently, they simply lacked the capability.

Firstly, there were no lighting tools!

Illuminating a wide area over a hundred meters using torches?

Completely unrealistic!

In the dark night's insufficient lighting, conducting such large-scale heavy labor was extremely inefficient.

Additionally, accidents could easily occur.

Leading to loss of workforce.

Lynn felt it was unnecessary.

Secondly, the villagers' energy was limited.

After a day's work, these villagers were already exhausted.

Rather than exhausting the villagers' labor, it was better to let them return home early, have a hearty dinner, and rest well for a full night.

Revitalized, they could re-engage in the massive wall construction project the following day.

Receiving news from Master Lynn, the villagers were instantly invigorated.

Nothing made people feel happier than working at sunrise and resting at sunset.

Eagerly, the over eight hundred people marched out of the forest towards the distant village.

Lynn, riding among the villagers,

scanned the crowd with his gaze, finding almost 90% had a loyalty over 90%.

The remaining 80% loyal villagers were those who had recently come to his territory.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

The nearby villagers cast admiring and respectful glances at Lynn.

They knew that this way of life was granted to them by Master Lynn.

Returning to the village.

The blazing bonfire illuminated the open space in front of the village brightly.

Dozens of cooks had already prepared large pots of barley porridge, barley bread, and some meat dishes.

Neatly placed on square wooden tables.

On the wooden tables, there were also buckets of beer.

The villagers who just returned to the village, seeing this scene, had their eyes light up with excitement.

Having learned from past experiences, they no longer needed to be scolded or instructed by the guards to form orderly lines naturally.

Each villager stepped up to the wooden table, receiving their portion of food from the cooks.

A large piece of barley bread, a large bowl of fresh meat and barley porridge, and a bowl of stew...

If they preferred beer, they could also head over to collect a bowl of beer.

Sitting at a square table, Lynn ate the same food.

Though he was the lord of this land, Master Lynn to these villagers,

compared to surviving alone on snake and wolf meat,

these living conditions were already quite good.

Finishing dinner.

Lynn sat by the bonfire, pondering the discovery of development ahead.

Now, he faced numerous challenges.

The most urgent task was naturally constructing the wall!

Lynn didn't know how many bandits were in the Iron Blood Brotherhood.

However, he had no intention of finding out.

If there were only dozens of bandits, the hundred soldiers trained by Rose would suffice to deal with them.

If there were hundreds of bandits, even discovering them would be futile.

Silently waiting for the bandit attack.

Moreover, Aiden Manor Lord's previously arrived manor's strength was still unknown to Lynn...

The only way to change the situation... the wall!

With the wall, Lynn would have the capital and time to continue development.

Once the wall was completed, soldiers defended the wall, avoiding direct cavalry assaults!

Now the territory, though populated, lacked qualified infantry and cavalry!

In the future, it was also necessary to vigorously develop animal husbandry and craftsmanship...

As thoughts ran through Lynn's mind.

An old figure appeared before Lynn.

"Great Lord, your land has been invaded by darkness."

"If the darkness is not eradicated in advance, this paradise for survival will be consumed by it!"

Chapter 93: Chapter 93: I Am the Witch They Speak Of

Lynn's gaze shifted, looking to his side.

There, Old John was staring at him with wide eyes, full of mystery.

Lynn furrowed his brow and asked in return, "What darkness?"

Red also stared straight at the old man in front of him, his right hand always resting on the scimitar's hilt.

Previously, when Old John's hands glowed to revive Gavin, it left Red uneasy.

Old John, without any hesitation, began to speak.

"Master Lynn, a little mouse has entered your territory... She contains dark power within her!"

"Although... she is still somewhat weak now, given time, she could destroy everything!"

"She will also become a source of calamity!"

Lynn furrowed his brow and said in a deep voice, "Old John, I don't like riddles."

Red instantly tightened his grip on the scimitar he held.

Sensing the impatience in Master Lynn's words, Old John began to explain.

"Master Lynn, a witch has entered your territory..."

As he spoke, Old John's gaze scanned around the area.

He continued, "Although the aura is very weak, Old John truly felt it..."

Lynn's brow slightly furrowed.

A witch?

Instantly, a person came to his mind!

Audessy.

The latest batch of slaves was brought by Grayson's sister, Audessy.

They came from the southern war of the Portlands Empire!

Lynn originally thought that this battlefield was merely a diversion created by the Emperor of Portlands Empire.

But it turned out to be real?

A powerful witch not only possesses the ability to control elements but can also use magic items, and even create some fear-inducing magic items.

For an empire, the appearance of an unsolvable witch would be catastrophic.

Lynn looked at Old John and said in a deep voice, "Can you quickly find this witch?"

Old John shook his head, "Sorry, Master Lynn, I cannot find her... Although I have a keen sense for the aura of darkness."

"But that dark aura is too weak now!"

Lynn nodded and said, "I understand."

After informing Master Lynn of what he knew, Old John then bowed and withdrew.

He didn't need Master Lynn's reward.

Because, after living here for a while, Old John had already decided to spend all his future time on this land.

Lynn's gaze also swept across the area ahead.

There, silhouettes were strolling around the village.

The village now had a population of fifteen hundred, and coupled with it being nighttime.

Lynn couldn't possibly gather everyone now for a search.

Compared to searching for the witch, Lynn was more concerned with completing the construction of the walls at the mountain forest passageway as quickly as possible.

The key is.

Given the living conditions the village provided to the villagers, three meals a day, with meat at each meal, they could eat their fill.

Even if there is a witch, she certainly wouldn't destroy this place.

A witch... is also human and needs to eat and drink.

...

The night grew darker.

The villagers wandering around returned to their respective wooden huts, enjoying the peaceful evening.

A short silhouette slowly walked through the dark shadow of the village under the night.

Some guards patrolling the village passed by, completely unaware of the silhouette's existence.

Even walking past it a few meters away, they didn't notice anything.

Only after the four guards left did the silhouette emerge from the darkness.

Faintly, it could be seen that she was a young, tender girl.

Wearing a simple and thin linen dress, and shoes made of yellowed, tattered cloth.

Beneath hair as messy as a bird's nest was a nervous face.

Perhaps to disguise herself, her face was smeared with streaks of black ash.

Obviously due to prolonged hunger and malnutrition, the girl's body was thin and frail...

Despite this, the girl's eyes were filled with brightness!

Under this black night, they were like a pair of bright moons in the darkness.

The girl scanned her surroundings, determined the direction, and quickly made her way towards a wooden hut nearby.

As she arrived at the hut's door, the wooden door creaked open.

Inside, a middle-aged woman immediately pulled the girl into the hut.

She glanced around the inside of the hut.

In the next moment.

The wooden door closed with a creak.

Looking at the burning red embers and feeling the comfortable warmth inside the hut.

The girl finally loosened the tight embrace of her arms around herself.

The middle-aged woman looked at the girl, asking her.

"Sienna, no one saw you come, right?"

Being called Sienna, the girl quickly shook her head but remained silent.

Seeing Sienna's nervous expression, Mara sighed inwardly and reached out to smooth Sienna's hair.

This was an attempt to tidy Sienna's messy hair.

Mara smiled slightly and said, "The reason Aunt lives separately from you is to divert others' attention."

"You know, Sienna, your identity is somewhat special..."

Sienna quickly nodded, "Aunt, I know, it's all for my own good!"

"Just like when Mother told me to hide in the cellar before, it was all for my own good..."

Upon hearing this, Mara's heart ached sharply.

Sienna's mother sacrificed her life to lure away the cavalry that invaded the village to protect Sienna...

Not only Sienna's mother, but her own mother and all the villagers of the village were killed beneath the cavalry's lances!

The village's more than three hundred souls were completely slaughtered.

Except for Sienna, no one survived.

Thinking about it.

Mara made a move to hug Sienna tightly.

Her voice was trembling, "It's okay, it's okay."

Sienna struggled out from Mara's clothes, asking with curiosity.

"Aunt Mara, did Father, Mother, and the villagers die because of me?"

Mara's body suddenly stiffened, and she quickly refuted, "Of course not! How could you think that?"

Sienna explained with some confusion, "But..."

"I can hide in the darkness, and even if they stand before me, they can't see me."

"I can attract those little creatures, and even understand their words..."

"I am what they call a witch!"

Mara hastily said, "Even if that's the case, it's not your fault, understand?"

Though Sienna didn't speak, Mara could still see deep fear in her eyes.

Sienna hesitated a bit, "Aunt, can I sleep with you tonight? Every time I close my eyes, those hateful eyes keep staring at me..."

"I'm... I'm a bit scared!"

Mara held Sienna more tightly in her arms.

"Alright, we'll sleep together tonight! Together!"

Mara's eyes started to glisten with tears.

Sienna was just eight years old now.

Yet she had witnessed piles of bodies, and rivers of blood red as crimson...

Chapter 94: Chapter 94: Pulley Device

The following day at dawn.

The sky had not yet brightened.

Urged by the guards, the villagers responsible for constructing the castle walls had breakfast and headed towards the distant mountain forest pass.

Lynn could allow them not to work at night, but they must travel at dawn.

After all, traveling would not pose a life-threatening crisis.

Upon arriving at the mountain forest pass, over eight hundred villagers threw themselves into bustling labor.

Lynn rode on horseback patrolling.

However, not long after, a team of horse-drawn carriages appeared in the distance.

With great momentum, wherever the carriage team passed, clouds of dust were raised.

Rose, in charge of the guards, wore a serious expression and immediately gathered the surrounding soldiers.

The villagers were engaged in labor now, if a battle broke out, they would be affected first.

At best, it could affect the construction of the castle walls, at worst, these villagers might lose their lives.

Lynn pressed his feet against the horse's belly, heading towards the forefront exit, with Red quickly bringing along ten guards to follow.

Upon seeing Lynn, Rose bowed in salute, speaking respectfully, "Master Lynn, over there..."

Lynn simply responded, "It's nothing."

Moments later.

With nearly a hundred soldiers standing ready, the carriage team arrived at the clearing in front of the mountain forest pass.

George leaped down from the frontmost carriage.

Upon seeing the throngs of busy figures, his face showed evident surprise.

He had only gone out for a few days?

How could everything have changed so completely?

George's gaze shifted and quickly spotted Lynn.

He hurriedly stepped forth, walking up to him, "Master Lynn, this is..."

Lynn replied calmly, "Constructing castle walls."

Upon hearing this, George's face instantly understood the meaning, it was filled with anticipation.

Although he came from a merchant family, he clearly knew that building castle walls at the only pass to the territory held great significance.

You could even say, it was the vital point!

Previously he had considered suggesting it to Master Lynn.

But, under previous circumstances, there simply weren't the conditions needed for defense.

Fortunately, now everything is better!

Truly better!

Remember, when he first came to Master Lynn's village...

Counting Master Lynn himself, there were only three people!

Now it has become a village with over a thousand people!

With thousands of acres of cultivated land, hundreds of wooden houses, salt mines and coal mines!

More critically, the villagers live peacefully, with an astonishing level of loyalty and obedience to Master Lynn as their lord.

Taking a deep breath, George bowed to Lynn, speaking respectfully.

"Master Lynn, I've brought back one hundred seventy slaves for you!"

"And also, fifty thousand pounds of barley, six thousand pounds of meat, twenty horses, and fifteen oxen."

After listening to George's explanation, Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Not bad!"

Although the village currently has fifteen hundred labor forces, for a territory striving to develop fully.

It's still too little!

Without large mechanical tools, only relying on a massive labor force can increase the efficiency of labor.

Lynn had George take the grain, oxen, and draft horses back to the village.

The remaining slaves, Lynn directly let them stay here, joining the construction of the castle walls.

With the addition of these one hundred seventy slaves, the labor force constructing the castle walls had already increased to one thousand people!

Once all the slaves were divided into tasks and settled properly, Lynn finally relaxed a bit.

Turning around.

Lynn discovered that at some point, George was standing not far in the back.

Clearly waiting for Lynn.

Stepping back from the front, George quickly walked up to Lynn.

Lynn looked at George and asked.

"What's up?"

George hurriedly explained, "Master Lynn, while I was out, I got some news from other merchants."

Lynn responded, waiting for George's further words.

George continued, "Master Lynn, Marquis Duca's eldest son will be holding a succession ceremony a month later!"

Lynn wasn't surprised.

As the eldest son, Mark Ducas was deeply favored by Ducas.

Moreover, Mark Ducas was ruthless, while Ducas's other sons were good-for-nothings, frequently caught up in brothels.

How could they compare to Mark Ducas?

Inheriting the marquis title was merely a matter of time.

Lynn nodded, "I understand, go back and rest, it's been a hard journey."

Upon hearing Lynn's words, George looked startled, quickly speaking, "Master Lynn, you flatter me, this is my duty."

Watching George leave, Lynn withdrew his gaze.

No wonder bandits were appearing in the territory, pillaging villages, and Marquis Duca remained indifferent.

Turns out, his heir Mark was busy with his succession matters.

With this reasoning, everything made sense.

Lynn thought to himself.

The speed of village construction must be accelerated!

If, once Mark Ducas truly inherits the position and has the time.

And he learns that his half-brothers, whom he ordered to be killed, not only survived but developed their own influence.

Mark Ducas surely wouldn't let it go easily.

No one would allow their enemies to grow steadily!

Watching as the granite stone blocks were coated with a mixture of sand and lime, then stacked and assembled.

Lynn's heart slightly relaxed.

Fortunately, everything is proceeding smoothly and orderly.

As time passed day by day.

The castle walls, originally only consisting of a few stones, had now reached a height of two to three meters.

At this rate, perhaps within a month, the ten-meter tall castle walls could be completed.

But Lynn thought again, feeling his thoughts were somewhat naive.

At first, the foundation wasn't high, just requiring brute force to move the thousands of pounds of stones into place.

Yet as the castle walls continued to rise, the height increasing.

The difficulty of construction would only continue to rise.

It would rely on constructing stepped stone ladders, moving stone blocks one level at a time...

Instantly, an idea flashed in Lynn's mind.

Without hesitation, Lynn mounted the horse, returning towards the village.

Upon returning to the village, he went directly to the Blacksmith Shop.

At this time, the Blacksmith Shop was rushing to make the Shields Lynn needed!

Seeing Master Lynn arrive, Ehrelo, who had just sat down to drink a sip of water, quickly stood up.

Ehrelo stepped up to Lynn, asking respectfully.

"Master Lynn?"

Lynn glanced around the Blacksmith Shop, the apprentices forging there quickly bowed as well.

Lynn responded, saying, "I need you to arrange for someone to work overnight on making something."

Ehrelo's eyes widened instantly, "Master Lynn, what is it?"

Lynn said, "A sliding pulley!"

Chapter 95: Chapter 95: What's Your Plan?

As the construction of the walls continued to rise, reaching seven or eight meters, transporting these giant stones became increasingly difficult.

Even relying on brute force to move them proved both time-consuming and labor-intensive.

Instead, it's better to create labor tools that improve efficiency.

Ehrelo looked at Lynn, full of questions, and asked, "Master Lynn, what is a pulley mechanism?"

Lynn didn't speak.

In his mind, there were only memories related to some wheels and pulleys.

A fixed pulley doesn't save effort but can change the direction of force.

A moving pulley can save effort but cannot change the direction of force.

Then there is the pulley group...

However, it doesn't matter.

He may not remember those memories, but Heavenly Artifacts does.

Lynn picked up an Iron Hammer placed beside him and instructed an apprentice to bring out a glowing red piece of high-quality iron.

Clang!

Clang clang!

Clang clang clang!

The hammering collisions between the Iron Hammer and the iron block produced a crisp sound, echoing throughout the Blacksmith Shop.

Sparks burst out from the point of impact, scattering everywhere.

Knowledge about pulley production surged continuously into Lynn's mind and swiftly integrated.

A short moment later.

The complete set of knowledge regarding pulley production had perfectly integrated with Lynn.

Lynn looked at Ehrelo and explained.

"The most important part of a pulley mechanism is the pulley wheel and the pulley axle..."

Seeing Ehrelo's face full of confusion, Lynn showed no emotional change.

A pulley mechanism is not something of this era.

Ehrelo's lack of understanding is quite normal.

Immediately, Lynn picked up a piece of charcoal and began sketching on the nearby wooden wall.

Watching Master Lynn's arm move back and forth, the outlines gradually emerged on the wall.

Ehrelo's eyes inadvertently widened.

A black outline appeared in Ehrelo's eyes.

Evidently, to make it easier for himself to understand the pulley mechanism, Master Lynn had deconstructed it.

A metal pulley with grooves, running through the pulley is an iron axle, with brackets fixing both the pulley and the axle.

And the critical part that connects the heavy object to the pulley and transmits force—the iron chain.

It seems simple and easy to comprehend, but Ehrelo knew that forging a pulley mechanism is not easy.

After explaining in detail the key points of pulley mechanism production, Lynn stared directly at Ehrelo.

"I need a pulley mechanism that can lift ten thousand pounds of giant stones, needing just three thousand pounds of pull!"

"I need ten of these pulley mechanisms and I'm giving you three days."

With such detailed blueprints, if Ehrelo still doesn't know how to produce them, Lynn might consider finding another person to manage the Blacksmith Shop.

Ehrelo said nothing but squinted at the drawing on the wall.

As a villager in Master Lynn's territory, Ehrelo certainly knew what these were for.

They were naturally for building the walls at the mountain forest pass!

A short moment later.

Ehrelo withdrew his gaze, looked at Lynn, and said in a deep voice.

"No problem, Master Lynn, but... I need you to provide me with more manpower!"

"Of course," Lynn nodded and said, "I'll provide you with thirty more people; you handle how to use them yourself."

The work of Forging the Round Shields naturally cannot be halted.

This is linked to the entire territory's military strength!

Ehrelo's face relaxed a bit, and he glanced at the apprentices next to him.

Ehrelo shouted loudly, "Everyone, we have a new task..."

After Ehrelo's speech, a dozen blacksmith apprentices began to work.

Lynn looked at Red, who nodded knowingly and left the Blacksmith Shop.

In just a few minutes, thirty sturdy men arrived at the Blacksmith Shop.

Handing these men to Ehrelo, Lynn picked up the Iron Hammer and continued Forging.

His Forging experience had already increased substantially and soon could reach the next level.

The sounds echoed continuously in the Blacksmith Shop, rising and falling rhythmically.

Until evening.

A pulley mechanism appeared in Lynn's view.

Because it was just forged, the pulley mechanism appeared silver-white overall.

Lynn slid his right hand over the central axis of the mechanism, creating a slight piercing sound.

It was the sound of metal rubbing against metal.

A string of text also emerged before Lynn's eyes.

[Pulley group to be installed]: Composed of multiple fixed and moving pulleys, the amount of effort saved depends on the number of rope segments bearing the weight, usable for construction etc.

Looking at this pulley group, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

The forged pulley group only needed to be installed to be used in the construction of the wall.

This would accelerate the Construction of the walls!

Although it took almost a day to forge this first pulley group, it was because the entire Blacksmith Shop was still unfamiliar with the process.

Following the completion of this pulley group, three days was ample time to forge ten pulley groups.

Beside him, Ehrelo stared at Lynn, waiting for his master Lynn's final judgment.

Lynn nodded and said, "Use this pulley group as a reference and start producing with all your might."

Receiving Master Lynn's affirmative response, Ehrelo's tense mind instantly relaxed.

Yet he showed no slacking, affirming, "Yes, Master Lynn, I promise to forge ten pulley group mechanisms within three days!"

Lynn responded with a sound, then walked out of the Blacksmith Shop.

By this time, the sky had gradually dimmed...

Lynn had just forged one pulley group mechanism, and a full day had passed.

...

Under the night sky.

In the clearing among the forest.

Over a hundred people sat around bonfires, resting.

An iron pot was set up over the campfire, continually boiling, wisps of steam wafting out.

Visible chunks of meat were rolling within.

In their hands, they held chunks of deep brown jerky, gnawing repeatedly.

Despite this, their faces were still full of weakness and fatigue.

Looking at the members of the Iron Blood Brotherhood, Hall's face was full of worry.

They had been relocating for over half a month!

Although they attacked many villages, never lacking food and water sources.

The prolonged marching left them exhausted.

Continuing like this, even if they could endure, their horses could not.

Gulping down the jerky, Hall stepped toward the burly figure not far away.

Squatting down, Hall sat directly beside the knight.

He was about to speak when Anthony's centipede-like scar directly intruded into Hall's sight.

His breathing became heavier involuntarily.

Suppressing the tension within, Hall forced himself to speak, "Lord Anthony... we cannot continue like this any longer!"

Anthony's gaze shifted towards Hall.

Hall took a deep breath and continued, "If we keep relocating, our team will fall apart!"

Anthony still didn't speak.

Hall said, "The Iron Blood Brotherhood needs to recover, needs to expand its strength, or else facing enemies we'll be like scattered sand."

Anthony's mouth opened slightly, a hoarse and low voice rising, "So... what is your plan?"

Chapter 96: Chapter 96: The Stake

Feeling Anthony's almost piercing gaze, Hall's heart couldn't help but start to race.

Thoughts whirled in his mind, and Hall said in a deep voice, "Find a suitable area, preferably easy to defend and difficult to attack!"

"First, let the members of the Iron Blood Brotherhood take a rest; they are really too tired."

"Second, while they are resting, recruit those refugees to expand the Iron Blood Brotherhood. Given the current chaotic situation, as long as we give them food, they will certainly be happy to join us."

"Finally, purchase or plunder more sharp weapons and horses!"

Anthony's face remained perfectly calm.

That feeling seemed like nothing in this world could cause his emotions to fluctuate.

Anthony spoke blandly, "Have you found such a place?"

Feeling the questioning tone in Anthony's voice, Hall hesitantly nodded.

"Lord Anthony, Manor Lord Aiden of Morgan Town invites you to his manor, claiming to have a great gift for you."

...

Time passed by day after day.

The size and height of the city wall visibly grew.

In three days, Ehrelo had already forged ten pulleys.

Each pulley could lift five to six thousand in weight.

With the winding chains, only two to three thousand pounds of force was needed to pull the boulders up.

With the ten pulley sets forged by Ehrelo, the construction efficiency was clearly accelerated.

The city wall now had a height of five to six meters!

Moreover, blocks of boulders weighing thousands of pounds were continually transported to the wall under the hoisting of the pulley set's frame.

Despite the guards' supervision, accidents were still inevitable.

Several villagers sustained varying degrees of injuries while transporting the boulders.

Fortunately, none were critically injured.

Lynn also joined in the construction of the city wall.

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

[Construction Experience +1]

...

As night fell.

Lynn led the villagers back to the village.

Just after finishing dinner, the stern-faced Old John came to Lynn.

Lynn looked at Old John with confusion and said, "What's wrong?"

Old John quickly spoke, "Master Lynn, I think... I have found the source of that dark power!"

Lynn's eyebrows instantly raised, "You found it? Take me there!"

Old John nodded, "Please follow me, Master Lynn."

Lynn stood up and followed Old John.

Red, who was responsible for guarding, immediately called a team of guards to follow behind.

Walking through the gaps between houses, Old John's pace gradually slowed down.

Looking at a wooden house ahead, he softly said, "Master Lynn, there's a dark power hidden in that wooden house!"

Lynn frowned and walked towards the wooden house.

Before he got close, a cautionary voice sounded from inside the wooden house, reaching his ears.

"Sienna, are you full? I have some barley bread here; eat it all together!"

"Aunt, Lord gave such a big bowl of barley porridge and bread, and meat soup too. I'm already full."

"If you're full, save it for later. You're growing up, and you'll be quick to get hungry!"

"Aunt, I'm only a few years old, my body is so small, how can I eat so much?"

"Listen... Who's there?"

The woman's caring voice instantly turned cold.

The wooden house door opened a crack, and a middle-aged woman poked her head out.

But upon seeing Master Lynn and the guards behind him approaching.

Mara's face instantly showed panic, and she quickly shut the wooden door, shouting, "Sienna, run, quick!"

A flurry of hurried footsteps sounded within the wooden house.

The next second.

The wooden house door was pushed open.

Mara held the hand of a young girl, with a tender face, running frantically in the opposite direction of Lynn without looking back.

However, after running only dozens of meters, a voice called out to her.

"Aunt... Aunt..."

Mara didn't speak, continuing to run.

Sienna's voice continued, "Aunt, wait... they don't seem to be chasing us."

Mara's pace gradually slowed down, and she looked over suspiciously.

Indeed, just as Sienna said.

The guards following the Lord were still standing in place, not pursuing.

Mara's face showed some hesitation.

Could it be she was being too sensitive?

Feeling someone approaching, she instinctively thought they wanted to harm Sienna?

Lynn walked towards Mara and Sienna.

Mara's expression visibly tensed, while Sienna gazed curiously at Lynn.

Lynn's gaze fell upon the two, and text appeared before his eyes.

[Name]: Mara Hines

[Age]: 31 years

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

[Talent]: None

[Skills]: None

The middle-aged woman was just an ordinary person.

Lynn looked at the little girl.

[Name]: Sienna Mike

[Age]: 8 years

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

[Talent]: Dark Energy Absorption — Actively absorbs dark energy from areas filled with negative emotions, death aura, or dark environments

[Skills]: Merging into Shadow — Can easily hide in the dark and become part of it

Hearing All Things — Can listen to the heart's voice of all things

Shadow Mist — Creates a thick mist akin to the dark abyss

...

Looking at Sienna's panel, Lynn couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Three skills plus one talent!

This panel was simply too impressive!

Is this the extraordinary power of a witch?

Sienna is only eight years old!

No wonder witch hunts are happening across the continent.

If such extraordinary powers formed into a group or organization.

Any ruling class of an empire would be on edge!

Feeling Lynn's intense gaze, Sienna's heart inexplicably tensed.

Mara quickly stepped forward, shielding Sienna.

She politely bowed to Lynn and respectfully said, "Master Lynn, you are..."

Lynn directly ignored Mara's inquiry, speaking bluntly, "She is a witch!"

Upon hearing Lynn's indisputable words, Mara's eyes instantly shrunk.

She almost hesitated not at all and directly knelt on the lime ground.

"Merciful Master Lynn, please spare us."

"Sienna acquired this terrifying and hated ability since birth, but she is only eight years old, merely a child..."

"She has never done anything bad in all her life!"

"If you want to burn, please tie me to the cross for execution; I'm willing to take Sienna's place!"

Mara's voice trembled, "I only hope Master Lynn can spare Sienna. If you spare her, I'll immediately have her leave your territory."

Lynn did not speak

"Will you... please?"

Lynn's gaze met Mara's, and he countered, "When did I say I wanted to execute her?"

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Mara's face instantly held back.

Old John's face showed surprise and puzzlement.

Mara tentatively asked, "Master Lynn, didn't you say Sienna is..."

System: Build My Own Territory

Chapter 97: Chapter 97: Tell Your Master to Get Out Here

Lynn nodded and said, "She is a witch!"

Upon hearing this word, Mara felt inexplicable tension and fear.

Her fear was that others might harm Sienna.

Lynn continued, "But, I didn't say I would bind her to a cross for burning."

An expression of surprise appeared on Mara's face, with more of an unexpected look.

Witches are a forbidden existence not only in the entire Karedi Empire but even the whole Garonia Continent.

Almost everyone strives to exterminate them.

However, the present Master Lynn had no intention whatsoever to capture Sienna.

Mara hesitated a bit while looking at Lynn and asked, "Master Lynn, what is this about...?"

Lynn spoke indifferently, "You can continue to stay in my territory."

"Moreover, you won't need to do any work in the future, I will provide you with free food, and even specialized guards for your protection."

Mara's eyes widened instantly.

But soon, Mara thought of something.

She looked directly at Lynn and asked, "Master Lynn, what do we need to give in return?"

Lynn nodded, "Your task is to protect Sienna until she grows up, and assist me whenever I need help."

Sienna is too young now.

If she grows up, not to mention anything else, the three skills plus one talent alone...

With growth, Sienna's abilities will be formidable.

As for the dangers of hiding a witch...

He already is in a state of extreme danger.

One more doesn't matter; one less wouldn't either.

Listening to Master Lynn's statement, Mara was filled with disbelief.

She and Sienna were slaves of Master Lynn.

Even without any special treatment, everything she had belonged to Master Lynn.

Without any hesitation, Mara tugged Sienna and knelt on the ground.

Speaking with gratitude, Mara said, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Even though Sienna didn't quite understand what her aunt was saying to the Lord...

She still stared with wide eyes, curiously looking at Lynn.

Lynn nodded and turned to leave.

Red followed closely behind with his guards and Old John.

As he followed Master Lynn from behind, Old John looked at Lynn's upright and straight back with a face full of hesitation.

After passing several wooden houses, Old John could no longer contain himself and spoke up.

"Master Lynn, are we just leaving like this?"

Lynn did not turn back nor speak, continuing to walk forward.

Unyielding, Old John continued, "Master Lynn, that little girl is a witch!"

"If she grows up, her power can destroy your territory, even the entire Karedi Empire."

Lynn slightly tilted his head to glance at Old John and asked, "So what do you think I should do?"

Old John didn't hesitate, speaking instinctively, "Of course, as usual, bind her to a cross and burn her with fierce flames until she becomes a dry corpse, dispersing the dark power within her!"

If it weren't for the presence of Master Lynn, Old John nearly wanted to rush forward to fight with Mara and Sienna!

Lynn continued asking, "Even if she's just an eight-year-old girl, has never used her inner power, and has never harmed anyone... should she still be burned?"

Old John's face was instantly stunned.

He really didn't think about this issue for a moment.

Lynn said, "She was born with dark power, and it's not her fault. With guidance and instruction..."

"Her power can be used in the right direction."

Witches' powers come from darkness or absorbing various negative emotions.

Because of this, witches' emotions become extremely strange and hard to control.

Once angered, they often do terrifying things.

But if they are directed in the right direction... it will be an incredibly strong power.

As for what the right direction is?

It's naturally following orders, striking where directed!

Upon hearing this, Old John fell into silence.

He didn't know what to say for a moment.

If the little girl being a witch is the original sin...

Then what does it mean that he himself killed all the members of the Silver Moon Church?

Though the Bishop Priest of the Silver Moon Church bore sins.

Yet they were life nonetheless...

Old John's heart became tangled and confused.

Lynn commented, "Old John, the heart as demon, the heart as saint!"

"Weapons never have a distinction between good and evil, in the hands of a good person, they are divine weapons; in the hands of a demon, they are demon artifacts!"

Upon hearing Master Lynn's words, Old John immediately understood the meaning, his eyebrows raised instantly.

Looking at Master Lynn's still upright back, Old John's heart was filled with admiration.

Master Lynn seemed so young, yet possessed such wisdom!

...

Under the night sky, in Morrison Territory.

A dozen or so figures mounted on horses galloped towards a manor ahead.

Holding torches in their left hands, reins in their right, their bodies swayed back and forth.

A few minutes later.

They halted in front of a three-story mansion.

At the entrance.

Ford, along with several followers, immediately went up to greet.

Seeing the burly knight clad in plate armor, inexplicable tension filled Ford's heart.

He knew that knight was none other than the leader of the Iron Blood Brotherhood, Knight Anthony.

Hall prodded the horse belly, advancing a few steps, looking down at Ford from above and asked, "Where's Aiden Manor Lord? Our leader is here, shouldn't he greet us himself?"

Upon hearing this, an awkward smile appeared on Ford's face, "You all came too late, our Lord is a bit tired and can only wait inside the mansion."

"However, to show sincerity, our Lord prepared a large table of food and drinks..."

Hall said nothing, he turned to look at Anthony.

Anthony's voice was raspy and deep, "Twenty seconds, make your master come out."

Feeling the coldness in Anthony's words, Ford's tension grew.

Even Ford discovered Anthony's right hand was already gripping the greatsword.

Moreover, the dozen Iron Blood Brotherhood members also focused their gaze on him.

Ford responded and quickly turned to walk into the mansion behind.

After a brief moment.

The sound of footsteps stepping on wooden floors echoed from the mansion, reaching the ears of Anthony and Hall.

Soon, a rotund and bloated man stepped out.

It was Manor Lord Aiden.

Seeing Anthony and others on horseback, a smile appeared on Aiden's face, "Knight Anthony, come inside and rest, the prepared food will get cold if not enjoyed soon."

Anthony glanced at Aiden, then moved to dismount.

The others including Hall followed suit.

As Anthony and Hall entered the mansion, the dozen Brotherhood members were stopped by Ford.

Aiden smiled, "There are many female family members in the manor, fearing to scare them, would you all wait at the door?"

"Ford, prepare some food and drinks for them!"

Ford quickly replied, "Yes, Master Aiden."

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Chapter 98: Chapter 98: City Wall Construction Completed

In the blacksmith shop.

Lynn is bare-chested, revealing his muscular body full of defined lines.

With his right hand tightly gripping the iron hammer, he swings his arm steadily, lifting and dropping it rhythmically, striking a piece of high-quality iron heated to a glowing red.

Ding!

Ding ding!

Ding ding ding!

The clear and crisp sound rings out continuously.

[Forging Experience +1]

[Forging Experience +1]

...

Under the high heat of the iron block and the furnace, Lynn's skin has turned red, beads of sweat gather forming a small stream flowing down.

Meanwhile, next to the blacksmith shop, carpenters are embedding cut and dried oak planks into the iron core of shields.

Fixing them at the center of the oak shield to increase its weight and sturdiness.

Installing a handle at the center of the round shield for convenient use.

Currently, there is a limited amount of high-quality iron, so Lynn is temporarily having them make round shields with wooden boards and iron cores.

However, oak is durable with good hardness, toughness, and strength.

Even when facing the enemy's fierce slashing, it won't be easily destroyed.

Then, add an iron hoop around the outer edge of the oak.

This makes the crafted round shield more durable.

An hour later.

Lynn stops, exits the steam-like blacksmith shop, and grabs a wooden scoop from the water tank by the door, taking a scoop of water and gulping it down.

He's really hot!

Soon.

Ehrello rushes out of the blacksmith shop holding a finished round shield.

Though he is as hot as Master Lynn,

at this moment, he is more excited.

Standing in front of Lynn, Ehrello speaks excitedly, "Master Lynn, the shield is finished!"

Receiving the round shield from Ehrello, a line of text appears in Lynn's view.

[Simple Iron Core Wooden Shield]: Made from high-quality iron and oak, weighs 7 pounds, diameter 60 centimeters, thickness 1.5 centimeters, capable of defending against arrow and one-handed sword attacks, etc.

Lynn lightly feels the weight, a seven-pound round shield feels a bit light for him.

However.

Lynn needs such a light wooden shield, one that can defend against arrows and sword slashes without affecting the soldiers' agility.

After all, these soldiers he has now, despite having undergone Rose's training, are still just farmers from the village.

Without the noble upbringing of knights, it's hard to grow into robust physiques.

If they start with heavy shields, they might be exhausted before reaching the battlefield.

Handing the round shield to Red, Lynn draws a scimitar from his waist.

Blade and sheath scrape with an ear-piercing sound.

Seeing this, Ehrelo quickly steps back a few paces.

While Red remains composed and holds the round shield in his left hand.

Ding~

Dong~

Ding~

...

Lynn hacks continuously seven or eight times before stopping.

Returning the scimitar to its sheath, Red knowingly hands back the round shield.

Lynn examines it closely.

Thanks to the iron core and hoop protection, the oak round shield only has a few minor scratch marks.

The iron hoop on the edge shows just slight dents.

Lynn nods in satisfaction.

A round shield made with a small amount of high-quality iron and oak has more than sufficient defense.

Seeing Master Lynn's expression, Ehrelo's tense heart gradually calms.

Lynn looks at Ehrelo and says, "It's good enough, hurry and produce more round shields!"

Ehrelo's face brightens, promptly responding, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn says, "Carry on."

With Master Lynn's approval, Ehrelo strides back into the blacksmith shop.

At this moment.

The sound of galloping horse hooves approaches from afar.

Lynn turns to look and sees Rose riding a horse quickly towards him.

Seeing Lynn ahead, Rose swiftly dismounts, speaking respectfully, "Master Lynn, the castle wall... the castle wall construction is complete!"

Upon hearing Rose's words, Lynn's eyebrows raise.

After so many days, the castle wall is finally completed?

Lynn responds and walks to the nearby horse, mounting it.

With a firm grip on the horse's belly, the horse gallops onto the limestone road ahead.

Rose and Red quickly follow along.

A short while later.

A large structure comes into Lynn's view ahead.

Built using heavy stones weighing several thousand pounds, bonded with lime and sand.

Overall, it presents a gray-white rocky color, with the wall's height reaching ten meters.

There are two towers near the mountain edge of the wall, allowing guarding soldiers to ascend via tower stairs onto the wall.

Above the castle wall, there's a row of battlements, arrow slits, and lookout holes, etc.

Making it convenient for soldiers to observe and attack the enemy!

Of course, all these are due to Lynn's requirements.

The only thing missing now is the vacant entrance at the bottom of the castle wall.

However, compared to such a large project as the wall, creating two castle gates is extremely simple.

As Lynn dismounts, Colin unexpectedly appears from somewhere, speaking excitedly.

"Master Lynn, glad to fulfill the duty... the castle wall is complete!"

Lynn looks at Colin approvingly and says, "Well done."

Seeing Colin in front of him, he notices Colin has visibly aged.

It's not just Colin, all the villagers who managed the construction of the castle wall show signs of fatigue and exhaustion.

However, despite it all.

With the castle wall complete now, everything was indeed worth it.

Receiving Master Lynn's affirming praise, Colin smiles, "Master Lynn is too kind... Shall I take you up for a look?"

Lynn agrees.

Walking across the busy clearing site, past the villagers, Lynn enters the tower on the right.

Just as Lynn required, the tower has a spiral stone staircase.

Ascending the staircase, Lynn reaches the top exit of the tower, stepping out to be greeted by a cool mountain breeze carrying the scent of grass and soil.

Lynn feels an inexplicable comfort.

This castle wall being built at the mountain pass ensures it won't be exposed to intense sun even in summer.

Walking atop the castle wall, Lynn scans his surroundings.

The debris on the wall's surface has been cleared, leaving it neat and clean.

The width is close to four meters, ample room for five people to walk side by side without crowding.

At the wall's corner, there are fist-sized small holes, used for drainage.

Lynn's gaze turns to the distance, where there's an open space with no obstruction.

From this vantage point, one can see several kilometers ahead!

As long as soldiers guard the wall and patrol it.

Lynn will never have to worry about unexpected territory attacks.

An inexplicable sense of security forms in Lynn's heart.

From now on.

He truly and definitively becomes the lord of this territory.

Chapter 99: Chapter 99: Future Plans

Build high walls, store plenty of grain.

Finally, only then claim the title of king!

If you want to knock the enemy to the ground with one punch, you first need to arm yourself.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn looked at Colin and spoke solemnly: "Tonight, I need to see the gates of the city wall erected!"

Feeling that direct gaze, Colin quickly agreed: "Yes, Master Lynn, I will arrange it right away!"

Upon hearing Lynn's response, Colin took three steps as if they were two, heading towards the bottom of the city wall.

Lynn's gaze turned and looked at Rose, "This city wall will be under your arrangement for soldiers to guard in the future."

"Divide them into three shifts, patrol 24 hours, I don't want to see any strangers entering my territory anymore!"

Rose's face was full of seriousness, quickly bowing, "Yes, my lord."

Soon, more than a dozen soldiers holding iron spears, under Rose's arrangement, arrived atop the city wall.

The soldiers on the city wall will become the eyes of the entire territory, responsible for observing external movements.

After arranging all this, Lynn walked down the city wall.

His gaze wandered, surveying the surroundings.

A thousand villagers were divided into several teams.

Cleaning up the tools on the ground, dismantling the pulley frameworks set up, and using remaining lime sand and crushed stones to pave the empty space at the edge of the city wall.

Colin was leading dozens to hundreds of villagers, planning the construction of the city gate.

With so much labor and materials, constructing two large doors would suffice for one night.

Just as Lynn was about to return, Colin came running to him.

Colin spoke: "Master Lynn, regarding the production standard of the city gate, I've discussed it with other carpenters, but we need your decision..."

Lynn said: "Go ahead."

Colin quickly explained, "We want to cover the surface of the city gate with a layer of iron sheet."

"It can reinforce the city gate and also prevent fire; even if there's wind and rain later, it can prevent moisture and rain..."

Lynn gave Colin a look of approval; even if Colin didn't mention it, Lynn would instruct him about this.

Lynn responded, "As for how many pounds of iron are needed... you can liaise with Ehrelo, just say it has my permission."

Colin's face lit up with joy, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Without any hesitation, he immediately ran towards the nearby horses.

Untying the reins, he climbed onto the horse somewhat clumsily, nudged the horse's belly, and rode towards the village.

Lynn didn't guess but understood.

Colin, naturally, was going to find Ehrelo.

After confirming the arrangements for the city wall, Lynn also rode back to the village.

Lynn directly called Kuisi over.

Always managing various affairs of the village, Kuisi came to Lynn, respectfully saying: "Master Lynn."

Lynn spoke: "Have the chefs make the dinner a bit more lavish tonight, ask Lex to bring out a few barrels of beer, and reward the villagers."

They've been working intensely for so long to build the city wall.

Even though the daily meals are decent, it's still necessary to reward them.

Only in this way can their loyalty and enthusiasm be better improved!

Upon hearing Lynn's words, a look of surprise appeared on Kuisi's face.

She quickly said, "Okay, my lord, I'll go right away."

Watching Kuisi's running figure, Lynn couldn't help but shake his head.

Lynn's gaze turned and looked at not far away.

Over there.

Sienna was playing with a few children.

Like other children, Lynn entrusted Sienna to Old John for teaching.

Despite Old John's extreme reluctance, he couldn't resist Lynn's pressure...

Perhaps sensing Lynn's gaze.

Sienna turned her head and gave an adorable smile.

That smile contained no panic, no fear.

Only simplicity and relaxation.

Retracting his gaze, Lynn went to the blacksmith shop.

In the blacksmith shop, Ehrelo was still supervising apprentices making round shields.

In the warehouse of the blacksmith shop, more than a dozen round shields were already placed.

At this pace.

At most in a day's time, a hundred round shields could be completed.

...

Until nightfall.

The thousand villagers responsible for building the city wall returned to the village.

When they saw the barley bread already made, emitting steam and the scent of barley stew meat porridge.

As well as the large bag of fine salt placed on the table.

Excitement filled their faces.

After their lord told them these were their rewards, their expressions grew more excited.

Salt!

Fine salt!

Besides the villagers who initially joined Lynn's territory, those free people or slaves who came later had never tasted fine salt.

Most of them couldn't even fill their stomachs, how could they have extra pence to buy fine salt?

When everyone received a pound of fine salt, their eyes were filled with admiration for Lynn.

They even began to believe that Master Lynn was more than just their lord.

He was a true god who saved them!

They never dreamed they'd live such a happy life one day.

Lynn's gaze glanced roughly at the villagers.

Their loyalty was generally over 90%.

He nodded in satisfaction.

In farming development, labor is always the most important!

Only with enough labor can his territory develop quickly.

Lynn's mind was also pondering the next steps for development.

The ten-meter-high city wall was already completed.

As long as enough soldiers are dispatched to defend the city, there will be no security risks for the territory.

However, the number of soldiers he has now is still too few.

The soldiers trained by Rose are only a hundred, plus the fifty guards under Red.

This is the entire armed force of the territory.

Facing ordinary small bands of bandits, they have the power to fight.

Facing large-scale forces, with thousands of soldiers and cavalry, even with city walls, it would be vulnerable!

There must be conscription!

Expand the armed forces.

Next.

He needs to purchase more quality iron from various places!

For forging long spears, shields, arrows, and even armor.

Unfortunately, until now, he hasn't found the existence of iron mines in the territory.

If iron mines are found, excavation will solve all problems.

Then.

Livestock farming, Lynn also needs to put it on the agenda.

Developing livestock farming not only provides a stable source of meat for the territory but also more leather!

Manufacturing armor not only requires a large amount of quality iron, but also leather for connection, fixation, and cushioning.

Moreover, only by developing livestock farming can Lynn have more horses, preparing for future breeding and training of warhorses.

Buying warhorses from elsewhere?

An excellent warhorse costs at least dozens of gold pounds.

No empire or force is able to sell tens of thousands of excellent warhorses!

Then, develop handicrafts.

Textile industry, metal processing, leather processing, food processing, pottery, and papermaking, etc., all need to be scaled.

Only by forming assembly-line scales can production efficiency increase!

Lastly.

What Lynn cares most about is firing red bricks!

He needs to renovate the entire village.

Chapter 100: Chapter 100: Expansion of the Army

The function of the simple wooden huts is merely enough to house people, and that's all.

Not to mention facing a war, even in a raging storm, there's a risk of collapse.

The spacing between the wooden huts isn't far, so if a villager is careless, a single fire could burn the entire village to the ground.

There's absolutely no safety to speak of.

Previously, due to limited conditions, Lynn could only build the most ordinary and simple wooden huts in the territory.

But now, conditions have improved.

While building red brick houses for the villagers, Lynn can partition the territory functionally.

This will facilitate the strengthened management of the village.

Lynn discovers that there are still many things waiting for him to do.

While pondering in his mind,

a bowl of beer with a faint fruity aroma was placed in front of Lynn.

Lynn looked up. It was Lex.

Lex had a smile on his face, "Master Lynn, this is the freshly brewed beer. Would you like to try it?"

Lynn reached out, took it, and drank the beer from the porcelain bowl in one gulp.

Instantly, the refreshing taste, carrying malt and fruity aroma, filled Lynn's mouth.

Burp~

Lynn let out a satisfied burp, looking approvingly at Lex, "The beer brewed with hops is indeed much tastier than rosemary's."

Lex nodded quickly, "Yes, Master Lynn, hops are the soul of beer!"

"If this kind of beer were to be sold, it would certainly be sold out immediately."

Lynn nodded, saying: "Well done, Lex."

Receiving Lynn's praise, Lex quickly bowed, "Master Lynn, you flatter me."

Lynn continued: "However, brewing beer is just the beginning. Later, I will expand the brewery."

"By then, I'll plant grapes for wine brewing, and even distillation to produce high-purity alcohol..."

"Your task is to brew beer while training more brewers with brewing skills!"

With current industrial technology, manufacturing industrial alcohol is absolutely impossible.

But we can take it step by step, setting small goals first.

Listening to Master Lynn's words, a gleam gradually appeared in Lex's eyes.

Lex had thought his role was limited to brewing beer.

But he didn't expect Master Lynn to have such long-term plans.

Lex's body couldn't help but tremble slightly, "Yes...Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "Go about your business."

Lex bowed and departed.

...

The following morning.

Lynn awoke early.

After breakfast, he walked out of the wooden hut, looking at the many villagers standing on the open ground.

Lynn's gaze swept across everyone's faces.

He found the villagers looking at him with burning eyes.

Filled with admiration and reverence.

Lynn took a deep breath and spoke solemnly: "Everyone, the city walls that protect the territory have been completed, thanks to all your efforts!"

"However... this doesn't mean the territory is completely safe."

"If a large-scale army were to come, the walls alone wouldn't be able to resist."

"Therefore...I need more soldiers to join my army to safeguard the territory and protect your homes!"

Lynn paused slightly, his gaze sweeping across the villagers' faces.

"Who would be willing?"

Just as his words fell, a loud reply resonated among the crowd.

"I am willing!"

"Master, I am willing too."

"For the Master, I can die to prove my loyalty..."

"..."

Among these responses, Lynn even heard the shouts of women.

In other territories, some villagers might join the lord's armed forces merely to get enough food.

But in Lynn's territory, they genuinely want to join.

After all, the treatment Lynn provides them is truly excellent.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very good, I need a hundred robust soldiers!"

"Next, Rose will be responsible for selecting and training them."

After speaking, Lynn's gaze turned to Rose standing straight not far away.

Rose instantly understood, slightly bowed, and walked into the crowd of villagers.

Lynn did not leave but stood there, waiting.

He had previously checked, and the total population of the village had reached 1,670.

Two hundred and fifty full-time soldier guards would be the limit the territory could sustain.

You must know, not all of the 1,670 villagers are robust men!

The elderly, women, and children occupy almost forty percent.

Any more than that, the territory's development would slow down.

Lynn couldn't help but sigh again; the population of his territory is still too small!

If there were tens of thousands, he could easily choose a thousand robust soldiers.

Until ten minutes later.

Rose emerged from among the villagers with one hundred robust men, heading to the training ground to begin preliminary training.

Lynn watched them, saying: "Everyone, the things you're about to do relate to your own interests."

Confusion appeared on their faces.

Lynn continued: "You will be divided into batches; the first batch, I need you to go to the Acadia River to dig a large amount of clay."

"The second batch will process the excavated clay and use molds to make brick slabs."

"The third batch, I need you to use stones and clay sand to build kilns for the subsequent firing of red bricks..."

Some clever villagers seemed to guess something, their eyes widened.

Lynn directly explained the reason, "The fired red bricks will be used to build the red brick houses you will live in."

Upon hearing this, the villagers' emotions instantly boiled.

Red brick house?

Master Lynn is actually going to build red brick houses for them?

Isn't that the house only a lord can live in?

If they hadn't heard it directly from Master Lynn, they wouldn't believe it no matter what.

With Lynn's command, nine hundred people, led by guards, divided into two batches and left the open ground in front of the village.

Six hundred people, holding iron hoes and rakes, and carrying baskets, headed towards the Acadia River.

Only by digging the clay from the Acadia River, breaking the large clumps, and screening out stones and weeds.

After drying, can they proceed to make brick slabs.

The other three hundred went to a low slope to dig and build kilns.

These are just basic labors, the only slightly difficult task is building the kilns.

However, with Colin around, Lynn doesn't need to demonstrate or supervise personally.

Lynn turned and walked towards the distant Blacksmith Shop.

Upon reaching the door, he found Ehrelo leading dozens of apprentices, waiting.