

System 161

Chapter 161: You Are the Traitor

After listening to Ford's words, Aiden fell into silence.

From his constantly turning eyes, it was clear he was pondering something.

Ford dared not interrupt.

He didn't even dare breathe too loudly, standing quietly waiting.

Luckily, the strange smell in the room gradually dissipated, otherwise, he would have vomited.

Who knows how long it had been.

Aiden's words slowly came, "Now the Bandit Corps has only about sixty people. If I gather all the free people and slaves, what do you think our odds are?"

Ford recalled for a few seconds, "Master, your manor has over two hundred slaves, more than twenty free people, and over fifty followers..."

"If they all can take up weapons and have the courage to fight the bandits, they could naturally annihilate the Bandit Corps!"

"But..."

But those are just slaves!

The daily food only ensures they don't starve, ensures they can work.

How could they possibly have the strength to compare with those bandits experienced in fighting and killing?

Not to mention whether they have the courage.

Even if their numbers are several times that of the bandits.

But they, skin and bones, would only be heading for slaughter.

Aiden understood Ford's meaning, "But they are too weak! They're even weaker than the greyhounds I raise."

Ford remained silent.

Aiden continued, "If I extend an invitation to the nearby lords, with which lord can we collaborate?"

Ford's mind recalled, he opened his mouth, "Master Aiden, the one you have the best relations with is Jonas Frank Manor Lord."

"But it's somewhat far, and may not solve the immediate crisis..."

Aiden acknowledged, "Who else?"

Ford hesitated for a bit, then finally spoke, "There's also... the lord beyond the wall."

Upon hearing "wall," Aiden's complexion changed instantly.

He glared at Ford, "You dare mention him to me?"

Ford quickly bowed his head, his entire body trembling.

"If it weren't for him, how could I have attracted the Iron Blood Bandit Corps to the manor?"

"If he hadn't built that wall, I would be the lord of that territory now!"

"If it weren't for him, how would this current situation have happened?"

Ford still dared not speak.

But in the next second.

Aiden's tone suddenly changed, "No, no!"

"This is not right!"

He seemed to have realized something.

"First it was that fellow Walker, guiding us to that forested land..."

"He knew there were territories and guards ahead, yet didn't report?"

"So I killed him! After killing him, found out he was a bandit of the Iron Blood Brotherhood..."

"In the end, when finishing the corpse, you recognized the Iron Blood Brotherhood's tattoo at first glance?"

At this point.

Ford raised his head urgently, explaining.

"Master Aiden, you misunderstood, I just happened to have seen that symbol before..."

Aiden shook his head, continuing to speak to himself.

"Unwillingly, I wanted to use external forces to take that territory for myself, coincidentally introduced to me by you, the Iron Blood Brotherhood?"

"How did you get in touch with those bandits?"

Ford's face filled with bitterness, "Master Aiden, it was really just a coincidence... you truly misunderstood."

Aiden continued speaking, "The Bandit Corps attacked my seven villages consecutively, even... daring to attack in broad daylight."

"How did they know I wouldn't dare send troops to ambush them?"

Ford fell silent.

"Once, it may be a coincidence, twice, also possibly a coincidence, but thrice..." Aiden slowly stood up, staring straight at Ford.

"The only possibility is... you're a traitor!"

Looking at Aiden's certain gaze, Ford couldn't help but sigh, he helplessly said, "Master Aiden, if I were a traitor, how could I have continuously advised you?"

"Even exhaustively going to the Marquis's Castle? Even enduring verbal punishment?"

Aiden was slightly stunned.

Ford's words seemed to have some logic.

But just in the instant Aiden was distracted.

Ford, who originally wore a look of helplessness, suddenly transformed into a dark shadow, charged furiously toward Aiden.

His body rolled on the table before Aiden, a short dagger gleaming with cold light appeared in Ford's hand.

The sharp and pointed tip of the short dagger directly stabbed at Aiden's heart.

The next second.

Ford's face filled with excitement, his pupils suddenly contracted.

He clearly felt that his full-strength thrust had penetrated less than half a centimeter!

Ford instantly understood.

Metal Soft Armor!

His arm moved, and Ford tried to stab the dagger toward Aiden's neck.

Yet he felt a piercing pain from his abdomen.

The raised right arm froze in mid-air.

Ford looked down and saw Aiden's scimitar with an emerald embedded was already piercing through his abdomen.

Before Ford could react, Aiden's left hand suddenly pushed at his front.

With this immense force, Ford's body rolled directly backward.

The scimitar that pierced his abdomen was also pulled out.

On the sharp scimitar, it was covered with crimson blood...

Aiden spoke with certainty, "Just as I thought... just as I thought..."

"You, like Walker, are bandits of the Iron Blood Brotherhood!"

Watching Aiden stepping towards him, Ford clutched his abdomen, struggling to retreat toward the door.

Blurred words constantly emerged from Ford's mouth.

"Just... just wait... your territory will eventually be taken by the leader!"

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Just as he approached Ford, upon hearing such words, Aiden swung his scimitar down.

Crack!

The sound of the blade slicing through bone echoed.

As the sound subsided, Ford's head hit the ground with a 'thud' and rolled away.

Aiden's low voice emerged from his mouth.

"This is my territory; no one can take it away!"

Wiping his scimitar clean with a handkerchief, Aiden sheathed it.

He glanced down at the small piece of golden soft armor exposed in front of him, somewhat sighing.

"Old Ball's soft armor is indeed quite good."

"If he hadn't given it to me, maybe he wouldn't have died..."

In Aiden's mind, he immediately thought of the two young women from earlier.

"No, it's better that he's dead!"

Returning to his seat, Aiden shouted loudly towards the door: "Come!"

A few seconds later.

A follower quickly ran upstairs and, upon seeing the scene before him, his eyes widened instantly.

Though a bit shocked inside, he still maintained his composure.

Aiden glanced at him and said casually, "You're the chief attendant now."

"Take him out to feed the greyhounds; don't waste it."

Upon hearing Aiden's words, the follower's face immediately turned to joy.

"Yes, Master Aiden!"

The newly appointed chief attendant quickly called in two more followers to carry Ford's body away.

Several servants arrived to swiftly clean the blood off the floor and the blood-stained wool carpet.

Aiden ignored them, focusing his gaze on the newly appointed chief attendant.

He asked, "What's your name?"

The chief attendant promptly explained, "Master Aiden, my name is Ackman Reyes, I'm twenty-five years old, from Morgan Town."

Aiden nodded in satisfaction, "Very well, Ackman!"

"From now on, you will organize the followers to protect my safety and property, of course, you'll receive your due reward as well."

"But for now, I need you to prepare a carriage, I need to go out!"

Ackman responded excitedly, "Yes, Master Aiden."

After the words fell, Ackman turned and headed towards the door.

His face bore an irrepressible joy.

Even when looking at the slaves and maids, his gaze carried a sense of condescension.

So unrestrained was he in staring directly at those flashes of white.

The position of the chief attendant is just beneath Master Aiden!

As for why the previous Ford, and the one before that, Walker, died in front of Master Aiden.

Ackman didn't care.

Surely, they didn't know how to please Master Aiden!

...

In the cleared wasteland.

One hundred and forty wheel plows roamed the open ground like war machines.

Wherever the plow's edge went, the earth was cut open,

leaving deep furrows like natural chasms.

The deep soil was turned up, revealing dark fertile earth...

Lynn held the wheel plow, letting the two oxen in front move steadily.

It was only because Lynn had a strong build and enhanced his power with Energy Stones.

If it were a thin and weak villager, they might not be able to handle the constant force of the heavy plow.

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

[Planting Experience +1]

...

Experience increased little by little.

It had been seven days since the order to start clearing the land.

Lynn was either clearing weeds in the open ground, holding the wheel plow to cultivate the farmland, or guiding Colin and the villagers in the village to build workshops.

After continuously cultivating for two hours, Lynn arrived at the treehouse and quickly drank a few mouthfuls of Mint Soup.

A cool, comfortable feeling instantly surged through him.

Lynn couldn't help but burp a few times.

Tate, standing nearby watching, had a strange expression in his eyes.

The Lord in front of him gave him an indescribable feeling.

Though appearing young, he was extremely steady and cautious.

Friendly and amiable, yet exuding an inexplicable authority.

That was all fine,

but more importantly, the Lord in front of him seemed to be like a God sent from the heavens!

He knew various planting methods to increase crop yields and could make what could only be described as miraculous tools!

Stone mill water wheel, forging water wheel, irrigation water wheel, spinning wheel, and more...

He even built a Salt Factory and made fine salt himself!

Tate felt that someone like Lord Lynn was unprecedented and would never be surpassed!

If he could keep learning this knowledge from Lord Lynn, recording it on parchment, and spreading it worldwide...

Tate's heart began to race involuntarily!

Even if they stated the source as Lord Lynn, he, as the writer and recorder, would still become world-renowned!

How should the world address Lord Lynn?

How would they address him?

A scholar spreading advanced technology worldwide?

After drinking a few mouthfuls of soup, Lynn felt Tate's gaze and turned to look over.

Tate simply bowed politely.

He glanced at Tate's loyalty, which had already risen to 80%!

Lynn was slightly surprised.

Tate had only been on his land for a few days.

His growth was significantly faster than that of the villagers!

Lynn's gaze shifted to the distance.

There, the villagers continued to cultivate the farmland.

In seven days, the farmland cleared had already reached nearly ten thousand acres!

Perhaps because the villagers were overly enthusiastic, their efficiency in cultivating the land far exceeded his expectations.

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Lynn felt that perhaps by the end of September, nearly fifty thousand acres of arable land could be cultivated!

To Lynn, this was certainly good news.

At this moment of reflection in Lynn's heart.

Kuisi walked over to his side.

She opened her mouth to remind him, "Master Lynn, that lady... Lady Kari has arrived at your territory."

Kuisi secretly glanced at Lynn.

Found that Master Lynn's expression hadn't changed.

She inconspicuously exhaled a breath of hot air.

Almost let the words 'dairy cow' slip out from her thoughts.

Lynn responded and headed towards the direction of the village.

Despite George's presence, Kuisi still subconsciously sought out Lynn.

Because, in Kuisi's view, when it comes to transactions involving property, only Lynn's presence can make her feel at ease.

Returning to the village.

That curvaceous figure instantly entered Lynn's eyes.

Seeing Lynn approach, George quickly called out, "Master."

Lynn acknowledged, looking towards Kari Brown in front of him.

Still the fair exquisite face with a distinct jawline.

Still the white unfathomable cleavage and proud snow peaks.

Only on those straight long legs, there was a hint of high and rounded hips.

Behind Lynn, Kuisi was also watching Kari.

She instinctively glanced at her own figure, revealing a trace of disappointment in her eyes.

Seemingly sensing Lynn's gaze, Kari revealed a successful smile, and said, "Master Lynn, long time no see!"

Lynn nodded, "Long time no see."

It had been almost a month since Kari last came to his territory.

Kari didn't waste any words and went straight to the point, "Master Lynn, I've brought you a batch of coarse wool!"

Lynn's gaze passed over Kari to look towards the back.

There ten carriages were parked, atop the carriage frames were tightly pressed and covered goods wrapped in Linen Cloth.

Nonetheless, from the edge position, one could still see bundles of fluffy goods.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, "Very fine goods, speak your price."

Currently, his territory only had cattle, draft horses, Warhorses, Forest Pigs, and domestic chickens for livestock.

He had not a single goat nor sheep to produce wool and goat milk.

With wool, he could make warm winter robes and cloaks, or make blankets and beddings!

Kari, unobtrusively, took a few steps closer towards Lynn.

Her body lightly swayed, perfectly showcasing a figure that could lead one into fantasies with just a glance.

Kari spoke gently, "Master Lynn, three pence per pound for the coarse wool, do you think that's acceptable?"

"I've transported a total of thirty thousand pounds of coarse wool."

During the conversation.

Kari placed her slender white finger on her rosy lips, sucking lightly.

Lynn's lips curled slightly, and he calmly said, "Of course, it's acceptable!"

Kari felt a burst of pride.

Success?

The following second.

Kari's pride turned into disappointment.

She had thought Lynn was an interesting young lord, unexpectedly she succeeded so easily.

Turns out he's no different from the other lords!

Lynn continued speaking: "However, one penny of it goes towards the deposit for the purchase of the goats and sheep you'll transport next time!"

For Kaldi in the Basin Country, the mild climatic conditions were conducive to the growth and reproduction of sheep.

Thus, the production of wool was also plenty.

Two pence per pound for wool was already the limit.

Compared to wool, Lynn needed sheep that could grow wool more!

Upon hearing Lynn's words, Kari's movements with her mouth instantly halted, she called out in confusion, "Ah? The deposit for goats and sheep?"

How could it be like this?

Relying on these movements, and occasional unintended body contact, she easily took down many lords!

Of course, only in terms of goods transaction.

Was the scale still too small?

Should she go bolder?

But how bold should she go?

Could she not go with Lynn to the room and roll in the sheets together?

Was that a normal transaction?

Was that selling her own flesh!

Kari looked at Lynn, found out that there was a faint smile at the corner of Lynn's mouth.

She had seen such a smile on their last transaction.

Only now.

Kari realized.

The lord Lynn in front of her had long seen through her insignificant little tricks.

Kari was slightly embarrassed, "Alright, Master Lynn, I happen to know a lord who wants to sell goats, I can go negotiate with him!"

Lynn nodded, "Thirty thousand pounds of coarse wool, two pence per pound, I'll swap it with you for fine salt at six pence, that's..."

Kari's ears keenly heard those three words, she interrupted Lynn's words in surprise.

"Six pence? Master Lynn, did you say six pence?"

Now the outside price for fine salt has crazily surged to twelve pence!

Compared to the previous price, it has nearly doubled.

But now, Lynn was still exchanging at the price of six pence?

Lynn nodded, said, "Any problem?"

Upon hearing, Kari's heart instantly became hesitant.

Did Lynn not know the outside price?

After a few seconds of thought, Kari couldn't help but sigh and explained, "Master Lynn, outside the price of fine salt is already twelve pence per pound."

Kari understood perhaps this was one of the reasons why she couldn't compete for the position of Patriarch of the Brown Clan.

She couldn't be like her brothers and practice ruthless business.

Couldn't face such an intimidating price difference without blushing or heart racing.

Lynn replied, "I know that."

Two days ago, spies collecting information had already returned.

The price of fine salt had risen again!

Kari was a little surprised, "You know? Then you still..."

Lynn smiled calmly, "It doesn't affect anything."

Kari instantly widened her eyes.

This was twelve pence!

This kind of profit was enough to drive countless merchants into madness.

But Lynn... no, Master Lynn actually gave it away like this?

Was this the price for all traders?

Or did Master Lynn only give such a price to her alone?

A strange thought appeared in Kari's mind.

Could it be... Lynn was interested in her?

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The next second.

Kari immediately dismissed the idea.

Because Lynn's gaze had not a trace of wanting to possess her, nor the desire to ravage her brutally.

He was worlds apart from the other Lords.

Kari's heart was filled with curiosity, just what kind of existence was Master Lynn in front of her?

Does he truly have a fondness for Long Yang?

Or does Lynn simply disdain her seemingly superficial body?

Lynn naturally didn't know the chaotic thoughts in Kari's mind.

Moreover.

Even if he knew, he wouldn't care.

After calculating in his mind for a few seconds, Lynn spoke: "Ten thousand pounds of fine salt, or Two Hundred and Fifty Gold Pounds..."

Upon hearing Lynn's voice, Kari instantly regained her composure.

She quickly spoke: "Fine salt, Master Lynn, I want the fine salt!"

Nowadays, fine salt has already skyrocketed to twelve pence.

This ten thousand pounds of fine salt, as long as she successfully transports it out, would be shining pence!

Lynn nodded.

Soon.

A dozen or so villagers came to Kari's carriage, when they lifted the burlap over the goods.

Bundles strapped into wool parcels were neatly placed atop.

Perhaps because they haven't been washed yet, a strange scent wafts around.

Kari remained composed; during the seven or eight days on the road, she had already grown accustomed to this smell.

However.

Lynn still led Kari, stepping aside a little.

The two walked along the Red Brick Road, with Red and the others following behind.

While walking, Kari cast her gaze around.

Seeing the villagers in the distance cultivating the land, Kari asked curiously: "Master Lynn, are you planning to plant Winter Wheat this year, or Spring Wheat next year?"

Before Lynn could speak, Kari continued: "If it's Winter Wheat, I might have a suggestion for you, Master Lynn..."

Lynn looked at Kari in surprise.

Kari instantly understood the look in Lynn's eyes, she explained: "You've misunderstood, I'm not a farmer skilled in planting..."

"I've just traveled a lot, hence heard much. Many farmers say the climate in Kaldi is mild, there's no need to plant Winter Wheat; waiting to plant Spring Wheat next year is fine."

"Because this can preserve the soil fertility..."

Upon finishing her words.

Kari noticed Lynn did not express any opinion, she added: "I'm only giving a suggestion, as for suitability, of course, it depends on your own thoughts, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, "A very good suggestion."

What Kari said might be very practical for other Lords' fields.

Adopting the three-field system, dividing land into Spring Cropland, Autumn Cropland, and Fallow Land.

This way, it not only ensures crop planting and production, but also prevents soil fertility from being wasted.

However, his territory is a bit different.

His land is cleared and cultivated at present, planted currently.

Each time crops are planted, they undergo heavy plow cultivation, and fertilization is applied.

No need to worry about the problem of soil fertility.

What Lynn most needs to be concerned about is the lack of arable land!

Once there's enough arable land, then he can consider this issue.

After a few hours.

The coarse wool on the carriage frame was completely unloaded.

Fine salt from the warehouse was carried out bag by bag by the villagers, and loaded onto Kari's carriage.

Seeing all the fine salt loaded, Kari finally walked to the horse, and after the guard brought the mounting ladder, she mounted the horse and sat on the saddle.

After bidding farewell to Lynn, she led her cavalry away gradually.

Until a little later.

Kuisi's faint voice sounded near him, and Lynn withdrew his gaze.

"Sir, the person has gone far."

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, "I know."

Kuisi's faint voice sounded again, "It turns out the master likes that kind of..."

Upon hearing this, Lynn's brow involuntarily raised, his voice grew louder by several decibels.

"Which kind?"

Kuisi dared not utter a word immediately.

Lynn urged, "Speak quickly!"

The nearby Red's face also bore an expression of curiosity.

Kuisi spoke without reservation, "Just like a dairy cow, either the buttocks or the chest."

As soon as she spoke, a blush and regret appeared on Kuisi's face.

Listening to Kuisi's words, Lynn and Red exchanged glances instantly.

Despite no words, Lynn and Red still shared mutual understanding.

Lynn looked at Kuisi's front and said, "You're still young."

Having said this.

Lynn started walking, heading towards the distant textile workshop.

Kuisi's face was full of confusion.

Still young?

She's already an adult!

How is she still young?

Kuisi immediately reached out, stopped Red from following.

She asked, "Red, what does Master Lynn mean?"

Red scratched his head, "I guess it's not about age, maybe it's something else?"

Breaking free from Kuisi's hands, Red quickly caught up with Lynn ahead.

Watching the few of them walking away, Kuisi remained puzzled.

"Still young...not age..."

Kuisi finally thought of Master Lynn's gaze when he left.

She immediately lowered her head, looking at her front.

Turns out it's about that being small!

A blush instantly spread across her face.

...

Inside the textile workshop.

Bundles of coarse wool were stored in the raw material storage area.

Appointed foreman by Lynn, Yimini, immediately came to Lynn.

She bent her body, her tone full of respect, called: "Master Lynn!"

Lynn asked, "How is the progress on robe and trouser production?"

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Yimini didn't think much and immediately explained, "The textile workshop now has fifty people. Under the premise of ensuring quality, each person can produce one robe and two pairs of trousers per day, and more than twelve hundred sets have been made already."

This speed is already considered quite fast.

It's important to know that the textile workshop has just been established, though it has created various workstations and functional divisions.

Yet, it still lacks many production tools.

Scissors, cutting knives, needles, threads, and thimbles, among others.

These tools all need to be additionally produced at the blacksmith shop.

Although forging and making them isn't difficult, it still requires time.

Lynn nodded, "Well done."

"As you can see, I've purchased a large batch of coarse wool."

Yimini bowed to show her response.

Lynn continued saying, "After completing the production of this batch of robes and trousers, I need you all to immediately start producing coarse wool robes."

"This batch of coarse wool robes is crucial for the villagers' ability to withstand winter in the entire territory!"

"Of course, that includes you all."

According to the textile workshop's schedule, this batch of linen cloth robes and trousers could be fully completed by the end of the month at the latest.

Then naturally, they need to continue making coarse wool robes.

The difficulty of making coarse wool robes can't be compared to making linen cloth robes.

There are several processes involved.

This coarse wool was clipped from sheep earlier or just recently.

The wool contains lanolin, dirt, and impurities.

All wool needs to be washed with warm water and detergent to remove impurities and dirt before it can be used in production.

The cleaned wool needs to be combed using a carding board.

While straightening the tangled wool, debris in the wool can also be removed...

Only carded wool can be placed on a spinning machine to form wool yarn...

Finally comes weaving, cutting, and sewing!

Lynn roughly estimated that, after washing and carding thirty thousand pounds of coarse wool, the weight remaining for weaving would be at most twenty-six thousand pounds.

With approximately five pounds of coarse wool needed for one set of robes, about five thousand two hundred sets of coarse wool robes could be made!

Given the current number of villagers, it's more than enough.

They could even make some coarse wool mattresses and blankets!

Moreover.

With the newly made Saxon spinning wheel, the speed and efficiency of spinning wool yarn will greatly improve!

Yimini wasn't surprised at all.

After being appointed as the foreman of the textile workshop, she knew endless work tasks would fall on her shoulders.

But... isn't this the trust that Master Lynn has placed on her?

Yimini responded loudly, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded.

Confirming that there was no omission in the textile workshop's work arrangement.

Only then did he leave.

Watching Master Lynn walk away, Yimini then entered the workshop.

She spoke to everyone, "Ladies, you've heard."

"Whether the linen cloth robes in your hands or the coarse wool robes we're about to make, each of us will have a set!"

"Let's work hard, ladies."

...

Walking out of the textile workshop.

Lynn inspected the village.

Over this period, the entire handicraft workshop district is nearing completion.

The ceramics workshop, retting workshop, papermaking workshop, and printing workshop have all been completed.

Of course.

These workshops now are just empty building shells.

To put them into use, various related tools need to be made, as well as training villagers in the related skills.

Even the final bow and arrow workshop is being finished by Colin and the others.

Seeing Lynn arrive, Colin hurriedly bowed and said, "Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded, stepping into the bow and arrow workshop.

The bow and arrow workshop is large in area, almost matching Ehrelo's blacksmith workshop.

It can similarly accommodate over a hundred craftsmen, allowing simultaneous production of bows and Arrows!

Lynn gazed at Red and asked, "If I need to make three hundred bows with an effective range over three hundred meters, what do I need to prepare?"

Without the slightest pause, Red explained directly, "High-quality wood, the quality of the wood, its dryness, and meticulousness in crafting!"

"Purple fir wood and other quality woods are most suitable for making bows."

"Next is the bowstring; the best bowstrings are animal sinews from ox, horse, and deer."

"If there's not enough animal sinews, hemp rope can be used as a substitute, but the effective shooting distance will be affected."

"Finally, there's the Arrow's length, shape, weight, and material, etc."

"If made into seventy-centimeter-long, twenty-gram-weight triangular arrows, it could increase the effective shooting distance, even offering armor-piercing capabilities!"

"These factors will all affect the effective range of the bow's arrows."

Listening to Red's explanation, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

Red is truly an experienced hunter, his words full of firmness and confidence.

Lynn's mind began to think.

The quality wood like purple fir for making bows can be sought out in the forest.

The Primordial Forest has various logs; even if there's no purple fir wood, other logs can be used as substitutes.

The production of Arrows isn't difficult, with large quantities of quality materials available to experiment with different shapes of arrowheads.

The only thing concerning Lynn is the bowstring.

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Previously, when he led these guards out to search for ore veins, he hunted down a few Red Deer and wild boars.

He also instructed the chef to preserve the sinew as much as possible.

But how much was that?

A full-grown cow can yield only three to five sinews at most.

Far less than the needed three hundred pieces.

With the current livestock numbers in the territory, it simply cannot support such a large number of animal sinews.

The only solution is to purchase animal sinews from outside the territory.

Or to produce linen rope as a substitute.

Lynn's mind instantly recalled Boer when he first came to his territory, bringing four thousand pounds of linen.

Judging by the time, the retting process should be just about complete.

Immediately.

Lynn left the Bow and Arrow Workshop and called Kuisi over, who was explaining something to the villagers.

Upon hearing Lynn's inquiry, Kuisi reminisced for a few seconds before responding, "Yes, Master Lynn, after you mentioned retting, all four thousand pounds of linen were immersed into the river."

Under Kuisi's guidance, Lynn came to the banks of the Acadia River.

Lynn glanced over and discovered bundles of linen soaking in the river water.

After this period of soaking and degumming, the linen has indeed completed the degumming process!

The next steps involve washing and drying.

Afterward, it can be used to weave linen rope!

Lynn instructed Kuisi to gather several villagers to wash the retted linen, and couldn't help but marvel.

If Boer hadn't coincidentally come to his territory, he naturally wouldn't be able to start making linen rope so soon.

Without linen rope, he would have to temporarily buy from outside the territory.

The time spent going back and forth might even rival starting the retting process from scratch.

It seems like a coincidence, yet one can see the depth accumulated by a territory existing long enough.

The longer a force exists, the stronger its foundation becomes!

Something far beyond what Lynn's territory can compare to.

However.

To Lynn, this doesn't mean much.

As long as he's given enough time, he will certainly surpass those forces!

...

He left the task of washing and brewing the linen to Kuisi to manage.

Lynn departed from the village with Red and a dozen guards.

The Bow and Arrow Workshop has already been set up.

The substitute materials for making bowstrings are also in place.

Yet, to craft a more powerful longbow with a longer effective shooting range, a substantial amount of animal sinew is still essential.

What's needed now is to find quality wood for making the bow body.

Besides Purple Fir Wood, elm, ash, and hickory are all excellent quality woods for bow bodies.

Meanwhile, Lynn can continue to build up [Hunting] Skills Experience.

Through hunting, he can procure more meat for the territory.

A win-win situation.

Mo Ying's powerful horse legs rapidly thundered down the gravel road, producing a series of resonant hoofbeats.

Mixing with the hoofbeats of Red and the guard's horses behind.

Intermittent and overlapping.

And behind the horses.

White Spirit Night spread its four legs and raced alongside them.

Quickly arriving in the forest.

Lynn gripped the Horn Bow in his left hand, pinched the arrow tail on the bowstring with his right hand, strolling within.

His gaze swept continuously ahead, ears attuned to all movements around.

Beside him, White Spirit Night kept its wolf head low, continually sniffing the ground.

After nearly two hours of searching.

Just as White Spirit was still sniffing the scent, it suddenly halted.

Its pupils fixated straight ahead.

Not only White Spirit, but Black Night also sensed something and looked over.

Lynn's gaze shifted.

A fat gray-furred rabbit was slightly standing ahead under White Spirit Night's watch.

With its three-part mouth continuously chewing on leaves, its gemstone-like rabbit eyes stared directly at White Spirit and Black Night.

As Lynn was about to raise his bow, the gray rabbit sensed danger and sprinted into the distant bush thicket.

White Spirit Night was not sluggish, they immediately pursued.

Though White Spirit Night wasn't more than a few months old, faced with prey, they still retained their predatory instincts.

Lynn didn't chase but chose a different direction to continue hunting.

Regardless of whether White Spirit Night catches that rabbit, it improves their wild survival ability.

Consider it a field training exercise.

After searching for another half-hour.

Lynn's pace gradually slowed.

Ahead of him, a herd of Red Deer strolled through the forest.

Long, slender hooves stepped on leaves and branches, creating a noisy rustling sound.

Lynn held his breath, slowly lifted the Horn Bow in his hand.

His eyes slightly narrowed, aiming at a robust Red Deer in front.

In the next instant.

Lynn's eyes opened, his fingers releasing the arrow tail.

Whoosh!

A rapid sound of air breaking echoed through the forest.

The arrow containing terrifying power pierced through an adult Red Deer's lungs, puncturing the heart.

[Hunting Experience +1]

A nearly four hundred-pound body slammed heavily to the ground, producing a dull sound.

Lynn wanted to nock another arrow, but the herd had already scattered and fled.

Instead.

The guards who slowly closed in from a distance.

Raised their Iron Spears, hurling them toward the individual Red Deer ahead.

Forty men surrounding a dozen Red Deer.

Ultimately, only seven or eight adult Red Deer were hunted down.

The complex forest terrain makes hunting far from easy.

Nonetheless.

It's only half a day's time.

As the guards carried one Red Deer after another, preparing to return to the established camp.

The sound of stepping on dry tree branches reached Lynn's ears.

Lynn turned to look, it was indeed White Spirit and Black Night who chased the gray rabbit away.

Dangled in White Spirit's mouth was the runaway gray rabbit!

Though Black Night constantly attempted to snatch the rabbit from White Spirit's mouth, White Spirit agilely evaded.

Upon finding Lynn, White Spirit laid the rabbit at Lynn's feet.

Afterward, it looked up at Lynn.

Black Night made another attempt to seize, only to be scared away by White Spirit's growl.

Seeing this scene, Lynn instantly understood.

Lynn bent down, touched White Spirit's head, and said, "The prey you hunted is for you to eat."

White Spirit seemingly understood Lynn's words and retreated a few steps, allowing Black Night to snatch the rabbit away, heading toward the bushes.

White Spirit saw this and immediately gave chase...

...

As the night descended.

Lynn led the guards back to the camp.

The cooks had already built the bonfire, and as the guards laid the Red Deer down, they promptly began butchering and cleaning for Cooking.

Shortly after.

Red also returned to camp with a few guards.

Feeling Lynn's gaze, Red stepped up to Lynn, crouched, and began explaining.

"Master Lynn, we found plenty of Purple Fir Wood!"

Lynn nodded, "Arrange for twenty men to fell them tomorrow."

More than fifty men, felling a dozen logs, using axes and Iron Saws for initial processing.

Then transport the processed logs back to the village, easy and simple.

Red answered, sitting beside Lynn, warming by the fire.

Chapter 167: Succubus

In the Karedi Empire in October, the night temperature was slightly cool.

Except for the chefs busy cooking dinner, the other guards gathered around the campfire.

Leisurely conversations continually emerged from their mouths.

They talked about the taste of red deer meat to be eaten later, the chill of the primordial forest under the night sky, and matters between men and women.

They were originally villagers, and what they could chat about was just these topics.

Soon.

An entire red deer was roasted to a golden brown, being carved by the chef.

A plate of deer meat bubbling with hot oil, a bowl of meat porridge, and a large mug of beer were placed in front of Lynn.

Lynn picked up the fork and began to eat heartily.

An intense burnt aroma instantly filled his mouth.

The fresh meat flavor and the charred aroma mixed together, forming a unique compound taste.

Compared with the wild boar and rabbit meat Lynn had eaten before, deer meat was richer and fuller!

Besides, deer meat was less fatty, rich but not greasy!

After gulpingly finishing all the food on the plate, Lynn drank a bowl of meat porridge and took a big swig of beer.

Lynn contentedly burped.

The guards who went out with Lynn for the first time saw Master Lynn in such a manner, their affection for him increased, and their nervousness gradually faded.

In the eyes of the guards, Master Lynn was like a god to them!

He provided them with meals with meat at every turn, comfortable red brick houses, and stable jobs.

Now they understood that Master Lynn was not a god.

Just like them, he needed to eat, and was satisfied with food and drink and even burped.

But it was such an ordinary person like them who accomplished things only gods could achieve.

The person who could ensure they were well-fed and clothed, without risking their lives, was as great as a god!

The night was getting deeper.

The temperature in the forest was getting lower and lower.

But with the guards constantly adding dry firewood, the temperature of the camp did not drop.

Instead, it became more and more warm.

The gazes of the guards on night duty occasionally scanned the linen tent not far away.

They were particularly attentive.

Because inside that linen tent, their Master Lynn was resting.

The continuous addition of dry firewood was to let Master Lynn sleep more comfortably.

Nothing happened that night.

...

Time swiftly passed by.

In the blink of an eye, Lynn and his group had been in the forest for three days.

Though numbering over fifty people, they had hunted only a dozen or so large prey.

Twelve red deer, five wild boars, five pheasants, and two foxes.

As for the harvested purple fir wood logs, there were forty to fifty of them.

Back in the village, after secondary processing, at least five hundred Purple Shirt Bows could be produced.

Just as Lynn shot the arrow between his fingers.

The arrow accurately hit a pheasant, and a text panel appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Hunting Experience +1]

[Your Hunting has leveled up to Level 2, unlocking: Resident Information Column]

[Reward received: Skill Duplication Book ×1]

Looking at the text prompt in front of him, Lynn's eyebrows slightly raised.

Resident Information Column?

Lynn opened the [Heavenly Artifacts] panel.

In the bottom right corner of the interface, there was a symbol of three overlapping human silhouettes.

With a thought, he entered the [Resident Information Column].

In the next second.

One by one, detailed resident information appeared before Lynn's eyes.

[Kuisi Harper]: Planting Level 2, Cooking Level 2, Collection Level 2 (View Details)

[Red Harper]: Hunting Level 3, Planting Level 2, Construction Level 2 (View Details)

[Erello Pier]: Forging Level 3, Production Level 2, Collection Level 2 (View Details)

...

After glancing through it briefly, Lynn understood the function of this feature.

Now, even without meeting the villagers, he could precisely know the detailed information of each resident.

Name, age, skills, talents, and even full-body photographs.

Moreover.

Lynn could filter based on the categories he needed.

No longer did he need to gather everyone together to search for villagers with [Production], sifting through them one by one.

This significantly improved Lynn's efficiency.

Lynn looked at it with satisfaction for a few moments before closing it.

His gaze turned to Red and others, telling them they could return to the village.

The Hunting skill had been upgraded to Level 2, the required quality wood was sufficient, and thousands of pounds of meat had been hunted. A few dozen sinews could be gathered to use as bowstrings.

Mounting his horse, Lynn rode towards the village.

It was not until dusk.

Lynn and his group finally returned to the village.

Lynn had just dismounted, sitting on the bench in front of the Red Brick House, when George approached with steps.

"Master Lynn, you've returned."

Lynn looked at George and nodded, "Anything matter?"

The [Disaster Warning] feature hadn't shown any alerts.

Evidently, there wouldn't be any major events.

George spoke, "A stranger merchant came to your territory, he says he was introduced by Mr. Grayson..."

Lynn questioned with curiosity, "Introduced by Grayson?"

George nodded, "He claims his name is... Zod Brown."

Just as George finished speaking, the sound of dress shoes stepping on the red brick ground echoed.

The pace was neither fast nor slow, yet followed an inexplicable rhythm and steadiness.

Lynn turned to look and saw a young man with a tall and thin figure, fair skin, slowly walking over.

Under the gazes of Lynn, Red, and others, the young man bowed deeply at a ninety-degree angle, his right hand bent and placed on his chest.

Chapter 168: Succubus _2

The young man's words were full of respectful humility, "Hello, Master Lynn. I am Zod Brown, Grayson's brother, and also a Slave Merchant!"

Lynn nodded.

Zod smiled slightly, "Master Lynn truly possesses extraordinary presence; to become the lord of such a large territory at such a young age, you are destined to be a great figure in the future!"

Listening to Zod's veiled flattery, Lynn couldn't help but smile.

"Mr. Zod, you overpraise me; it's Mr. Zod who is truly exceptional among his peers, establishing his own slave trading route at just sixteen years old. It seems Mr. Zod is bound to take the position of Patriarch of the Brown Clan?"

"In my opinion, compared to Grayson and Alan, Mr. Zod is the most suitable choice!"

Zod's elegant demeanor stiffened slightly.

He just remembered the young lord in front of him had built up this territory step by step with his own prowess.

He did not inherit this rapidly developed land!

He had underestimated the other party a little.

Zod's words carried a hint of apology, "Sorry, Master Lynn. I apologize for my presumptuousness."

Lynn smiled indifferently, "Mr. Zod, there's no need for pleasantries."

"Since you claim to be a merchant, just directly tell me about the goods you bring."

Zod nodded, "Master Lynn, I bring you three hundred slaves!"

In the midst of the conversation.

Zod started walking towards the clearing in front of the village.

Lynn gazed into the distance, noticing a group of figures on a clearing away.

Due to the distance, he hadn't paid attention to them on his way here.

Taking a glance at the slaves, their faces were sunken, lips chapped, and eyes full of emptiness.

Some of the slaves even curled up instinctively upon seeing Zod and Lynn, trembling uncontrollably.

Many of the slaves' bodies were covered with bloody, scarred wounds from being whipped with thorny lashes.

Lynn casually glanced, about to speak.

A shouted voice burst from the crowd of slaves, "She's dead, she's dead!"

The slaves' eyes searched among the crowd.

Finally, they settled on a middle-aged woman lying on the ground.

The middle-aged woman's face was pale, her eyes wide open, staring straight at the sky above.

No longer breathing.

Though she seemed somewhat young, her body was emaciated, devoid of any vitality.

The remaining slaves were not much different from her.

Clearly, these slaves hadn't eaten for a long time.

Despite a fellow companion's death, the slaves showed no fear or panic.

Having grown accustomed to such scenes, they were already numbed.

Lynn spoke calmly, "Where are they from?"

Beside Lynn, Zod quickly explained, "A small town in the Southern Empire..."

"Master Lynn, don't worry; they just haven't eaten for several days."

"I guarantee that as long as they have food, they will be lively and work energetically for you."

Lynn's gaze swept over the slaves.

From the series of written panels, Lynn saw no introduction of any contagious diseases.

Lynn nodded and said, "The price for these slaves?"

Hearing Master Lynn ask for the price, Zod didn't hesitate, "Three shillings each!"

If it had been a month ago, when these slaves first arrived at the Karedi Empire.

Their condition would have commanded a price of four shillings or even five shillings.

But now.

The delay was too long, these slaves had become emaciated, with signs of starvation.

If not sold quickly, this slave transport venture could end in complete loss!

Now, even if the price was three shillings, he had to sell!

Lynn scanned the area again, confirming, "No problem, we'll go with your price."

Zod's face couldn't hide a trace of happiness.

Grayson was indeed right.

As long as they're slaves and not diseased.

No matter how poor their condition, the lord before him would purchase them.

Lynn's voice continued, "Eighteen hundred pounds of fine salt, or forty-five Gold Pounds, you choose."

Zod's eyebrows shot up sharply, "Fine salt, Master Lynn, I want fine salt!"

Grayson truly was a good brother!

Master Lynn indeed had fine salt!

Moreover, Zod calculated in his mind.

Master Lynn was actually giving him the conversion at the initial market price of six pence.

This generosity was remarkable, wasn't it?

No.

This wasn't generosity.

It was disregard.

Lynn nodded, "Of course."

Almost without Lynn needing to give instructions, George stepped forward with a few villagers to fetch the fine salt from the warehouse.

Eighteen hundred pounds of fine salt, not worth more than half a cartload.

After a short moment.

The fine salt was all loaded.

Seeing the gradually dimming sky.

Zod glanced at Red beside Lynn, noting Lynn had no intention of dismissing him.

Zod had to directly speak to Lynn, "Master Lynn, I know a friend, also a Slave Merchant, but his slaves are somewhat special."

"I wonder if you might be interested..."

Eyeing Zod's pale face, Lynn curiously asked, "How special?"

Zod revealed a smile, "Succubus!"

Listening to Zod mention those two words, Lynn's brow furrowed involuntarily.

Lynn had thought such beings were merely legends.

Turns out, such a peculiar race really exists!

However, Lynn gave it a thought and felt that it was not unusual.

Chapter 169: Succubus _3

After all, even the priest with the ability to resurrect, and the sea siren occupying the strait.

The presence of succubus is not surprising.

Legend has it that some emperors or lords with peculiar tastes kept succubi as tools for venting personal desires!

Because a succubus can change its appearance according to the other's preferences, transforming into the most attractive form in their hearts!

However.

No one knows when it started.

There are very few legends about succubi on this continent.

It became a forbidden topic even.

How did Zod manage to find a succubus and have a way to transport it here?

Seems interesting!

Lynn nodded and said, "Of course, as long as you can transport it here!"

If Zod can transport it here, then expand its scale and conduct training.

With the succubus's appearance and charming ability, it's the perfect candidate to infiltrate the royal family and the great lord!

Receiving Lynn's affirmative response, Zod bowed at a ninety-degree angle.

"Master Lynn, I won't bother you anymore!"

Lynn responded.

He watched as Zod rode away gradually with his horse and carriage.

Turns out, this world is even more exciting than he imagined!

Retracting his gaze, Lynn looked at the 299 villagers ahead.

The sky had already darkened completely.

Despite the illumination of the bonfire, Lynn still couldn't see each of their faces clearly.

However.

Lynn could still sense that they were staring at him with wide eyes.

Taking a deep breath, Lynn spoke to the slaves, "Everyone, I am the lord of this territory, Lynn."

"From now on, your lives will be in my control."

Listening to Lynn's voice, tension appeared on the faces of the slaves.

Lynn's voice continued, "But one thing... you no longer have to worry about hunger!"

A look of disbelief appeared on the slaves' faces.

"You heard correctly! You no longer have to worry about hunger!"

"Starting now, I will provide you with three meals a day, and you will be allocated red brick houses already built."

"The only thing you need to do is to bury yourselves in hard work!"

The slaves' expressions turned to shock.

Their once empty and silent eyes were filled with anticipation and eagerness.

They were very hungry, they needed food, they needed food to fill their stomachs.

Lynn glanced around and noticed that during his speech, some slaves even stood up longing.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

Looking towards the back, chefs had already brought out pots of food.

Lynn said, "Now it's supper time for the village, you will go collect your food under the watch of guards."

The slaves also saw the pots of steaming porridge and those thick chunks of bread.

They couldn't help but salivate, subconsciously swallowing.

Lynn glanced at Red, who immediately understood.

Leading dozens of guards, Red arranged for the slaves to line up to collect food.

As the slaves passed Lynn, they continuously cast thankful glances at him.

When all the slaves had received their food, without a moment's hesitation, they began wolfing down their food.

When their stomachs were full, they finally believed that the young lord's words were true!

They really were eating food, even barley porridge with meat!

Until they finished eating.

Under the leadership of the guards, the slaves went to the red brick houses at the back of the village.

After registering, they could move in!

Of course.

Lynn arranged for Red to have dozens of guards patrol through the night.

For these newly arrived slaves, although they were full and watered, they were still like startled birds.

Constantly attempting to escape the lord's territory.

If so, they could only be executed!

Under the night, the village returned to leisure once again.

...

The next morning.

Lynn woke up early.

The newly arrived 300 slaves, Lynn gave each of them an iron farm tool and drove them all to the wasteland.

At night, Lynn had already checked.

Among the 300 slaves, dozens had skills in handicraft.

But, their mindset needed refining, until it completely stabilized before screening.

And the wasteland being developed outside the village is undoubtedly the best place for refinement.

Since it can train their physique and speed up the wasteland's cultivation speed!

Why not?

Arranging these slaves.

Lynn called Kuisi, "How's the progress on linen drying?"

Kuisi didn't hesitate and explained, "All 4,000 pounds of linen have been dried and sent to the material area of the textile workshop."

Lynn acknowledged with sound, striding towards the textile workshop.

A few minutes later.

Lynn arrived at the textile workshop.

At this moment, in the textile workshop, Yimini was vigorously crafting linen robes with the women.

Seeing Lynn arriving, she immediately stood up from the workbench and greeted Lynn.

Yimini glanced at her waist, "Master Lynn."

Lynn looked at her and said, "Select ten people, I need them to use the spinning wheel to weave the linen in the warehouse into thread!"

Yimini didn't hesitate to inquire, and directly turned and walked into the workshop.

Moments later.

Yimini brought ten women to Lynn's side.

Yimini explained, "Master Lynn, these are the ten best at handicrafts in the workshop."

Lynn's gaze scanned them, as text panels emerged one after another.

As Yimini said, each of them had level 2 in [Production].

Lynn nodded and said, "Yimini must have told you, next, you will work hard to make twine!"

"The twine you make will be used for bowstrings, you must not slack off."

The ten women quickly replied in a rush, "Yes, Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, "Go try the spinning machine first."

Watching the women walk a short distance away, Lynn said to Yimini, "Later I'll transfer a batch of villagers skilled in handicraft to you."

The whole textile workshop has only fifty people, which is indeed too few.

I just casually transferred ten, and the production efficiency of the textile workshop will drastically shrink!

Listening to Lynn's words, Yimini's eyes lit up, "Thank you, Master Lynn."

Lynn nodded slightly, walking towards the spinning machine ahead.

There.

Ten women were trying to use the Saxon spinning wheel.

Chapter 170: Bow and Arrow Workshop

The village women stood around the Saxon Spinning Wheel, occasionally voicing their doubts.

"Is this a hand-operated spinning wheel? Why does it look so strange?"

"Yeah, it's my first time seeing it too."

"It seems a bit complex..."

"Have any of you seen it before, or know how to use it?"

"..."

It was also their first time seeing and using the Saxon Spinning Wheel.

Lynn did not mind in the slightest.

Currently, this world had no such advanced Saxon Spinning Wheel.

When the village women saw Lynn approaching, they all lowered their heads respectfully and said, "Master Lynn."

Lynn acknowledged with a hum and stepped in front of the Saxon Spinning Wheel.

He explained to the village women, "This spinning machine is called a Saxon Spinning Wheel, and it might be different from the hand-operated spinning wheels you've seen before."

"It improves the speed and efficiency of spinning, but it's fundamentally still the same."

"First, you secure one end of the flax fiber bundle onto the spindle, and hold the other end with your left hand, gently pulling it tight to maintain some tension in the fibers."

"Next, you use your foot to depress the pedal, which, through the transmission device, swiftly rotates the spindle while your right hand helps feed the flax fibers..."

"As the spindle rotates, the flax fibers, due to the twisting action, gradually form into flax thread."

"During the twisting process, make sure to control the thickness and twist of the flax thread..."

"Because the thickness of hemp rope used for making bowstrings is different from that for making clothes!"

Watching Master Lynn sitting on the bench, personally demonstrating and starting the weaving process.

All the village women were filled with admiration in their hearts.

Their Master Lynn, capable even in spinning flax threads.

What else could he not do in this world?

Lynn looked towards Red, "What diameter is needed for the longbow's hemp rope?"

Red thought for two seconds, "Around five millimeters would be enough."

A five-millimeter bowstring would give the arrows fired enough lethality, and also ensure the bowstring's flexibility and the bow's durability.

As Lynn continued to operate, the Saxon Spinning Wheel also spun quickly and steadily.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

...

One hour later.

A two-meter long flax rope appeared in Lynn's hand.

Handing the flax rope to Red, Lynn asked, "Can this kind of flax rope be used for making bowstrings?"

Red reached out to take it, examined it carefully, and then pulled it several times.

There were no signs of looseness or breakage.

Red nodded and said, "Very good flax rope, it's adequate for making bowstrings."

With these words from Red, Lynn nodded with satisfaction.

He looked again at Yimini and the ten village women, "Make five hundred pieces of flax ropes to this specification and length."

The difficulty and time required to produce five hundred pieces of flax ropes is indeed simpler than animal sinews.

Under the current conditions of the territory, to mass-produce longbows, flax ropes are currently the only option.

Yimini and the village women promptly replied, "Yes, Master Lynn."

After producing a few pieces of flax rope and confirming they met the standards needed for longbows.

Only then did Lynn leave the weaving workshop and head to the bow and arrow workshop.

Before leaving the town to go to the forest for hunting and logging.

Lynn had already instructed Colin to replenish some of the tools needed in the bow and arrow workshop.

Generally, these were some wood processing tools like saws, planes, chisels, and the like.

Tools for bowstring production, Saxon Spinning Wheel, rope measuring devices, etc.

Tools for shaping the bow body, some molds, clamps, etc., used to shape the bow body.

The Purple Fir Wood felled from the forest was transported to the raw material area of the bow and arrow workshop yesterday.

Handing the flax rope to Red, Lynn said, "The rest is up to you?"

Red reached out to take it and walked directly into the workshop.

Lynn raised an eyebrow and followed behind Red.

At this moment, Red exuded endless confidence!

Arriving at the raw material storage area, Red quickly searched across the Purple Fir Wood planks.

Looking to find the suitable raw wood for making the bow body.

A few minutes later, Red came out holding two logs.

Placing the logs on the workbench, Red then picked up a saw and began to saw.

The raw Purple Fir Wood logs brought back from the forest had only undergone preliminary processing for convenient carrying and transport.

To make them into a bow body, secondary processing was necessary.

Without using any measuring tools, Red sawed the log into the desired size.

Then, he took a block of lime made from quicklime and roughly traced a shape on the log.

Red picked up a chisel and began to carve out the general contour of the bow body.

Clang clang clang~

The iron hammer struck the flat top of the iron chisel, producing crisp sounds that echoed through the workshop.

After an unknown amount of time, a roughly formed bow blank appeared in Red's hand.

Only at this moment did Lynn understand.

What it meant for his eyes to be a ruler!

Red's hands never stopped moving.

He picked up a plane and began to grind and smooth the roughly formed bow blank, making it smooth and comfortable to handle.

After smoothing and adjusting, Red approached a heap burning with anthracite coal.

He needed to bend the bow blank!

Using either fire roasting or hot water soaking, the bow blank could become pliable and moldable.

Once the bow blank was bent to a certain degree, Red picked up a mold, keeping the bow blank in its bent shape until it completely cooled and set.

This process continued until the afternoon when Red finally removed the blocks of the mold.