

SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

Chapter 2: Handsome Man

The biggest difference between humans and animals lies in the ability to manufacture and use tools.

Gathering sticks and flints, Lynn returned to the open ground, sitting on a pile of weeds.

He placed a piece of flint on a relatively flat rock, picked up a larger piece in his right hand, and struck down...

To make a Flint Knife, Lynn only had a vague memory of the knowledge in his mind.

The general idea... hammer out a sharp stone, choose a suitable stick, and then tie them together with rope.

What kind of flint is needed, how big and wide the flint fragments should be, how to polish them, how thick and long the stick should be, how to make the binding rope... Lynn didn't know.

But it didn't matter... Heavenly Artifacts knew!

Lynn just had to grind enough!

Bang!

"Hiss."

The force was so strong that Lynn's right arm became slightly numb and achy, causing him to inhale sharply.

The loud noise was accompanied by a few sparks.

[Production Experience +1]

The surface of the flint hit appeared to have some fine powder.

Lynn struck down again.

Bang! Bang!

[Production Experience +1]

The flint still showed no signs of breaking.

Hmm... a flint fragment with few internal cracks is needed.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

[Production Experience +1]

Hmm... reshape the flint fragment into the needed shape.

With each increase in experience, the knowledge of making a Stone Spear and Stone Knife fused in his mind.

Lynn selected two suitable blade fragments from the dozen broken flint pieces and began reshaping them according to the method in his mind.

This method allowed better control over the shape and sharpness of the blade.

[Production Experience +1]

Initially, Lynn's polishing movements were awkward, unable to smoothly polish the flint fragments.

Gradually, his movements became skilled.

The edge of the flint fragment scraped over the hard, flat stone, creating a swooshing sound.

In Lynn's hand, the flint fragment gradually took on the outline of a Stone Knife, as he rubbed the blade back and forth over fine sandstone.

In Lynn's hand, he'd now ground two sharp, glowing flint blades.

One would be used to make the Stone Knife, the other to make a Stone Spear.

Picking up one piece, he felt the sharpness of the blade.

The sharpness was enough to pierce into a person's heart!

Now he lacked binding rope to tie the flint blade and the stick together.

With a movement of his arm, Lynn picked out several blades of grass, placed them in his palm, and started rubbing them with both hands.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

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Three or four long blades of grass spun continuously in Lynn's hands, yet remained unable to become a rope.

The grass was distorted by the repeated spinning, losing its toughness and becoming limp.

Lynn didn't stop because of this; he picked out a few more blades of grass to continue rubbing.

In his mind, the knowledge of how to weave grass ropes was gradually emerging.

There were several methods for rubbing grass ropes: a simple two-strand method and a more solid three-strand method for binding objects.

Compared to grass, wild rice grass was the best for making grass ropes.

In the pile of weeds, there was no shortage of wild rice grass.

He was near a riverbank with abundant wild rice grass.

An hour later.

A one-meter-long rice grass rope appeared in his hand, with three bundles of grass tightly twisted together.

[Simple Grass Rope]: Can be used for binding and weaving, limited toughness.

Lynn held the two ends of the grass rope with both hands, exerting force several times; the rope only made a popping sound, showing no sign of coming apart or breaking.

"This sturdiness is perfectly suitable for binding."

He set the grass rope aside and continued rubbing.

With knowledge and experience in weaving grass ropes, the second rope only took half an hour.

Once the grass rope was made, Lynn picked up a stick about a dozen centimeters long and began to shape it with the flint blade.

With the sharp blade and the completed grass rope, he needed suitable knife handles and spear shafts.

According to his memory of making the Stone Knife, Lynn began to carve grooves for processing.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

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Lynn's hands continuously moved back and forth between the grass rope, the stick, and the blade.

He carved a shallow groove in the back of the Stone Knife, embedded the handle in the groove, and then secured it with rope.

Unfortunately, there was no resin-like adhesive to strengthen the bond.

As before, Lynn's movements started out awkward but gradually became fluid, finally becoming inexplicably skilled.

A Flint Knife with a blade about twenty centimeters long appeared in Lynn's hand.

[Simple Flint Knife]: Can be used for cutting, hunting, self-defense, and more, limited sharpness.

Lynn took a satisfied look and picked up another flint blade to tie it together.

With the experience he gained earlier, Lynn's tying skills became more proficient.

[Simple Flint Spear]: Can be used for hunting, self-defense, scouting, and more, limited sharpness.

Grasping the Flint Spear in his hand, Lynn swung it a few times; the Stone Spear was over a meter long — perfect in length, perfect in weight, and wouldn't tire his hand from holding it for long periods.

After finishing all this.

Lynn tightly gripped the Flint Knife in his right hand and walked with determined steps towards the nearby grassy field.

The wind carrying the smell of earth blew, causing the grass to tremble as if shivering.

With the aid of the Flint Knife, Lynn became faster and more efficient at clearing grass.

Previously, he could clear only about ten square meters of open space in two hours using merely his hands.

Now, another two hours passed, and the open space under Lynn's feet already spanned fifty to sixty square meters.

With the Flint Knife, his work efficiency increased nearly fivefold.

The grass on the wasteland was very high, almost reaching his knees; it's fine during the day, but at night, danger could certainly be lurking within.

A fifty to sixty square meter area would be enough for him to react before danger arrived.

As the sky darkened, Lynn, who was dry-mouthed and sweaty, stopped.

He was the illegitimate son of Marquis Duca, but not truly a noble.

Instead, he had lived with his mother who was a textile worker since childhood.

Until the age of fifteen, he learned his true identity when his mother died.

To survive, he had worked since childhood, making his physical strength no worse than those noble-born children raised on milk bread, making him even taller and stronger.

At only fifteen, he already reached 1.8 meters in height with a strong build full of muscular tendons.

Under black short hair, there was a face carved like with a knife, sword-like brows and starry eyes... wearing a dirt-resistant light blue coarse wool robe and trousers...

The very picture of a handsome man!

Even a sturdy and handsome man gets tired and thirsty.

After tucking the Flint Knife into his belt, Lynn gripped the long spear and walked toward the nearby river.

As he walked, he waved the spear to scout the way.

In this wasteland, the closer to the river and water source, the greater the danger.

As Lynn predicted, after walking less than a dozen meters, a strange yet familiar sound reached his ears.

Rustle rustle rustle!

It was the sound of a snake tail brushing against the surrounding grass, issuing a warning.

The Karedi Empire had a temperate maritime climate; as spring approached, snakes had already awakened from hibernation.

Lynn's gaze followed the sound's source, quickly searching the grass ahead.

A few seconds later, his gaze fixed on the forward left.

On the lower grass, its color gray with deep patterns, its body sturdy and having a distinctive triangular head.

The head lifted, a crimson tongue flickered constantly, oval vertical pupils stared directly at Lynn.

[Viper]: Highly toxic, snake meat contains high-quality protein, fat, and other nutrients.

Lynn's little heart couldn't help but tensed up.