

SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

Chapter 12: Hunting Hares

The arrow whizzed through the air, accurately striking the rabbit hiding in the weeds.

The immense power of the full-drawn horn bow pierced through it, embedding the arrow into the soil.

On the arrow, the rabbit let out a few pained squeals, its flailing limbs gradually losing strength.

Kuisi quickly ran over, pulled out the flint arrow, wiped off the blood, and picked up the rabbit.

Walking towards Lynn, Kuisi exclaimed with joy, "Master Lynn, your archery is so precise! This rabbit weighs at least eight to nine pounds!"

[Adult Rabbit]: Deceased, its meat is tender and delicious, containing high protein and a small amount of fat, etc.

Lynn nodded with satisfaction, "Not bad, let's have it for dinner."

Taking the flint arrow Kuisi handed him, Lynn walked again through the grassy wasteland.

It was now around five or six in the afternoon, the time when rabbits and wild chickens come out to forage.

Although Lynn shot many arrows, by nightfall, he had only hit one more wild chicken.

An eight or nine-pound rabbit and a three-pound plus wild chicken were plenty for a hearty dinner.

Carrying the rabbit and wild chicken, he walked back to the wooden cabin.

In the cabin, Kuisi, who had returned early, had already boiled a pot of river water, ready to scald the rabbit and wild chicken.

Pouring the boiling water evenly over the bodies of the wild chicken and rabbit, the two headed to the river's shallow area.

Just as he placed the rabbit down, before Lynn could speak, Kuisi rolled up her sleeves and began plucking the wild chicken.

Her speed and skill were far beyond what Lynn could hope to match.

In just a few minutes, a clean, white-skinned chicken appeared before Lynn.

When Lynn wanted to help, Kuisi quickly spoke up.

"Master Lynn, this is our task in the first place, leave it to me."

Kuisi reached for the rabbit and began plucking it.

Perhaps because the boiling water hadn't entirely evaporated from the rabbit's fur, tiny beads of sweat appeared on Kuisi's face, which she wiped away carelessly with her sleeve.

Lynn nodded, gripping his horn bow, vigilant of their surroundings.

Skillfully wielding a stone knife, Kuisi dissected the wild chicken and rabbit, retaining some edible organs, while burying the rest in the sand.

After washing them clean, Kuisi cradled the pottery pot filled with water in one arm and carried the rabbit and chicken in the other.

Her face beamed with a rustic smile as she said, "Master Lynn, we can go back now."

Lynn acknowledged with a sound, and the two began walking back toward the wooden cabin.

They had only walked a few steps when Kuisi suddenly stopped, gazing at the knee-high green plant, "Master Lynn, could you pick a few rosemary leaves? They can be used to add flavor and mask the gamey smell."

Lynn glanced and indeed, it was rosemary.

After a few more steps, Kuisi spoke again.

"Master Lynn, this thyme can also be picked..."

"And this dried pepper..."

"..."

The journey of less than a hundred meters took almost ten minutes.

Before nightfall, they finally returned to the wooden cabin.

Closing the wooden door, Lynn used a sturdy branch to bar it, ensuring no wild beasts could intrude.

After giving Red some river water, Kuisi came to the hearth to begin preparing dinner.

Kuisi deftly placed the whole wild chicken in, adding some foraged herbs to simmer together.

Crushing the handful of spice leaves in her hand, she rubbed them all over the rabbit, letting the leaf juice soak in, for a simple marination.

Using the stone knife to sharpen branches, Kuisi skewered the rabbit open, forming a sort of stand.

The ends of the branches were stuck in the earth at the edge of the hearth, with the embers of the fire adjusted to smoke and roast the rabbit...

After completing all this, Kuisi went to check on Red before returning to care for the pottery pot chicken.

Kuisi's eyes were restless, as she glanced towards Lynn.

She noticed Master Lynn, his face solemn, crafting flint arrows, hesitating to speak.

After attaching the flint arrowhead to the shaft, the production was complete.

Lynn spoke, "Just say it."

Kuisi's eyes lit up, and she candidly said, "Master Lynn, are you the recently appointed lord here?"

Lynn looked at Kuisi in surprise.

Kuisi quickly explained, "Your wooden cabin is filled with the scent of pine, and there are no furniture or tools inside. Furthermore, with spring plowing upon us, outside your cabin is only a small patch of cleared land—the rest is wasteland..."

Saying this, Kuisi realized the young man before her was a lord!

She nervously said, "Master Lynn, please don't be angry. I just speak my mind, and if you're displeased, I won't speak again."

Lynn said, "It's nothing, as you said, I am indeed the lord recently appointed by Marquis Ducas. I need to build a village on this barren land."

Revealing his identity might bring trouble, but Lynn needed the title of lord.

The Kuisi before him was indeed more diligent and clever than he imagined.

Comprehendingly, Kuisi nodded.

No wonder Master Lynn's request was to help him cultivate the wasteland for spring plowing.

Everything matched up.

Crack.

In the fire.

The embers sparked slightly, making a light cracking sound.

Rising steam filled with rich meaty fragrance wafted up from the pottery pot.

The slightly white chicken soup boiled and bubbled inside.

The rabbit perched by the fire embers turned golden, emanating the scent of roasted meat.

Kuisi stood and lifted the pottery pot down.

Perhaps because the pot handles were too hot, she quickly blew on her fingers and then touched her earlobe.

Kuisi wanted to find some plates and cutlery but suddenly remembered the cabin had none...

She could only break a few twigs to use as chopsticks temporarily.

Handing the makeshift chopsticks to Lynn, Kuisi respectfully said, "Master Lynn, please eat first."

Lynn, unceremoniously taking them, said, "Let's eat together. In these conditions, there's no need to worry about etiquette..."

Kuisi felt a little astonished.

The Master Lynn before her seemed quite different from other lords.

Even so, Kuisi dared not eat with Lynn.

After Lynn finished eating, she lifted the pottery pot to feed the unconscious Red some chicken soup before starting her meal.

Lynn sat nearby, picking up branches, small strips of bamboo, and rattan, starting to weave.

Even with Red's horn bow, hunting daily for prey seemed unrealistic.

Hunting could only serve as a supplement to their food supply.

To avoid hunger, more food sources were needed to combine and balance.

Casually grabbing some branches, Lynn experimentally used rattan to bind them.

[Production Experience +1]

In his mind, the knowledge of making a rabbit cage emerged.

Lynn understood the general process of making a rabbit cage, his hands not stopping.

[Production Experience +1]

[Production Experience +1]

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Knowing how to make a rabbit cage, Lynn took four relatively straight and sturdy wooden sticks, setting them upright to determine the cage's height.

Cutting some appropriately long bamboo with a stone knife, he placed them at the four corners of the cage for structural reinforcement.

Using rattan to tightly bind them to the corner posts, forming the upper and lower frames of the cage...

Once the frame was complete, he crafted a movable door frame from bamboo, the rattan connecting it to a longer stick serving as a hinge, allowing the door to open freely...

On the other side of the door, with thin sticks and rattan, he built a trigger mechanism that would shut the door automatically when a rabbit entered and triggered it!

Once some dry grass and leaves were placed inside, a rabbit cage was complete!

[Production Experience +1]

Lynn extended a finger to test the trigger mechanism.

With a snap, the trap door of the cage shut automatically.

Watching silently from the side, having finished dinner, Kuisi looked at Lynn with curiosity.

She felt that Master Lynn could do anything!

Feeling this, Kuisi lay down next to Red and fell asleep.

In the quiet cabin, their steady breaths could be heard.

Lynn lay in a pile of grass and fell asleep.

It was just that, gripped in his hand, was a flint arrow he crafted.

Only, in his hand, he held the flint arrow he had made...

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