

SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

Chapter 15: The Greatsword and Shield

Hearing the word "price" from Lynn's mouth, Red's body instantly became tense.

He instinctively looked towards Kuisi.

Lynn explained, "Help me complete the spring sowing and lend me the wheat seeds on you."

Red was a bit surprised, "Hmm? It's that simple?"

He originally thought that the new lord, newly appointed by the Ducas, would take the opportunity to make some excessive demands.

For instance, taking Kuisi as a slave...

Lynn nodded, "It's that simple."

Red fell silent again, his golden eyes turning as if weighing the pros and cons.

Kuisi did not interrupt, sitting quietly beside Red, quietly waiting.

Red looked at Lynn and spoke, "We can help you complete the spring sowing, and then we will leave here."

Lynn said, "No problem."

The conversation ended, and Lynn, carrying the horn bow, walked out of the cabin.

Red's mouth slightly opened, wanting to say something but hesitated.

Wasn't that his horn bow?

Red looked at Kuisi, inquiring, "Did anything happen while I was unconscious these few days?"

Kuisi, while rekindling the fire, said, "Aside from the pack of wild wolves coming to the cabin once, not much else."

Familiar actions as if in her own home.

She thought of something and continued, "Oh, before Master Lynn saved you, I had already promised to help him with the spring sowing as a token of gratitude for saving our lives."

Red raised a thick eyebrow.

Kuisi had promised beforehand?

So this lord named Lynn had to tell him again?

To get his consent?

Immediately, Kuisi recounted the events after Lynn saved her and Red.

At the end, Kuisi added, "Red, Master Lynn is a good person!"

Red acknowledged with a sound.

...

As night fell.

Lynn strolled not far from the cabin.

His gaze constantly sweeping around, looking for some prey.

Whether Lynn, Kuisi, or Red, they all needed food.

Otherwise, tomorrow's mental state and physical strength would decline.

After searching for a while, Lynn found nothing.

Not to mention wild chickens or rabbits, he didn't even see a single rat or a poisonous snake.

Just as he was about to return, a 'chitter-chatter' sound reached Lynn's ears.

Lynn's gaze immediately followed the sound, which originated from a knee-high patch of overgrown wild grass.

He stepped forward, walking over slowly.

Searching a bit, he saw a small, daintily shaped gray-brown bird foraging among the grass.

[Quail]: Capable of flying, the meat is tender and flavorful, containing high protein, low fat, and various other nutrients.

Lynn raised an eyebrow and slowed his movements as much as possible, minimizing any noise.

He drew the bow, nocked the arrow, and aimed at the quail.

The quail seemed to hear the slight sound of Lynn's movements; its tiny head kept retracting and shaking, its round eyes lively observing its surroundings.

Whoosh!

The flint arrow shot out swiftly, hitting the quail accurately.

[Hunting Experience +1]

Squeak!

A sharp sound emanated from the quail's mouth.

The quail opened its wings and flapped a few times in the grass before going still, a few small feathers floating down slowly.

Lynn strode forward, picking up the quail and feeling its weight, around three taels.

Not much for the three of them.

Still, better than nothing.

Inside the cabin, Kuisi seemed to have heard the call and quickly walked out.

Seeing the quail in Lynn's hand, she exclaimed joyfully, "What a fat quail, Master Lynn, may I cook it?"

Lynn nodded and handed the quail to Kuisi.

Watching Kuisi quickly walk towards the river, Lynn hesitated for a moment but chose to follow.

Night had not yet fallen, but the wolf pack had just come yesterday.

Lynn didn't want such a talented farmer and cook from the village to be devoured by wild wolves.

Cleaning the quail thoroughly, Lynn and Kuisi returned to the cabin.

In front of the fire.

The quail simmered in the pottery pot.

Crackling!

[Production Experience +1]

Lynn used a flint blade to carve pieces of wood as large as his palm.

One after another, wooden shavings were carved off, gradually forming the rough shape of a wooden bowl.

Beside him, Kuisi examined a completed wooden bowl intently.

She exclaimed, "See, Red, I told you Master Lynn is not an ordinary person!"

Red nodded, truly a bit surprised.

He had never seen a lord like Lynn before.

Three wooden bowls were completed, and the quail in the pottery pot was also fully stewed.

Kuisi removed two quail legs, placed them in one of the bowls, poured half a bowl of milky white soup, and brought it to Lynn.

She respectfully addressed, "Master Lynn."

Red, sitting to the side, did not show any unusual expression.

As free people, when they faced other lords or people of high status, they also called them 'Master.'

Lynn did not stand on ceremony, "Let's eat together."

Red's surprise grew.

Most of them, free people, were only in an employment relationship with a lord, very different from peasants bound to a manor.

But their mindset was still like that of peasants, always serving the lord, the lord's status above all else!

Lynn, being a lord, actually invited them to eat together?

How unconventional!

Kuisi responded, "Okay, Master Lynn, you first."

Seeing the two sitting by the fire without any movement, Lynn shook his head helplessly.

After cleaning, the quail had only about two taels of meat and bones, not enough for the three of them.

Simply filling up their stomachs, Lynn and the other two sat by the fire, the flames flickering on their faces.

Red spoke up, "Lynn... Master."

The title sounded awkward, but he managed to say it.

Lynn turned to look at Red, Kuisi also looked over.

Red, with a curious expression, asked, "Master Lynn, as the new lord appointed by Marquis Duca, do you really have no support?"

No followers, no peasants, no seeds, not even a decent iron farm tool!

This was hardly like a lord!

More like a refugee from somewhere, trying to set root and live here!

Lynn did not speak, but moved his hand and took out a charter of granted territory from his chest.

The charter bore the crossed symbols of a greatsword and a shield.

It was the symbol of the Ducas Clan.

The greatsword symbolized the Ducas Clan as a sharp sword of the Kaldi Empire, while the shield could protect the Kaldi Empire.

Advancing for attack, retreating for defense.

Since the independence of the Kaldi Empire, the Ducas Clan had been the sword and shield of the Empire.

For all those in the Marquisate of Ducas, that was their god.

With a thought, it could decide their life and death.

And.

Red, sharp-eyed, noticed a tinge of crimson on the charter.

Extremely sensitive to the color of blood, Red knew that it was a trace of blood!

Something must have happened before Lynn came to this land.

Even without Lynn opening it, Red quickly lowered his head, "Sorry, Master Lynn, I was presumptuous."

Red continued, "Master Lynn, I think I have rested enough. It might still be a bit difficult to start farming immediately, but I can try to hunt some wild animals with a bow and arrow."

"That would be best!" Lynn's eyes lit up; that was exactly what he wanted.

Whether hunting or clearing land, both take time.

Even with the [Heavenly Artifacts], Lynn couldn't perform both tasks simultaneously.

Of course, Kuisi could farm alone, but the efficiency would be too low.

Kuisi had a Skill Level 2 in [Planting], but skill level manifests in understanding and recognition of the work, as well as years of experience.