

SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

Chapter 17: The Wolves Attack

Ignoring his injuries, Red sprinted madly towards the direction of the cabin.

Eleven wild wolves!

In this wilderness, the cabin was his only chance of survival.

Despite Red running with all his might, how could his speed possibly match that of a wild wolf?

Huff! Huff!

An urgent panting sound echoed behind Red.

Red glanced back, seeing a large wild wolf only four or five meters behind him.

He could even see saliva dripping from the wolf's tongue as it panted with its mouth open.

Even with a pack of wild wolves chasing him, Red's face showed no sign of panic.

He gripped his horn bow with his left hand and quickly drew the bow with his right hand.

At the moment the wild wolf behind him leaped toward him, Red suddenly turned and released the bowstring with his right hand.

Buzz!

Whoosh!

The flint arrow shot out instantly, piercing through the wolf's fur, through its lungs, and straight into its heart!

With the draw strength of the horn bow and Red's hunting experience, the flint arrow avoided the wolf's breastbone, fully embedding into its body!

The wolf that leaped high didn't even have time to let out a whimper before it lifelessly fell onto the ground.

This just happened to slow down the two wolves that were about to catch up.

Seeing their fellow fall, the two wolves instinctively paused and sniffed at the fallen one.

After confirming the death, they continuously emitted low growls.

Growl! Growl!

Red ignored the wolves' growls and continued running toward the cabin.

Due to the inconvenience of carrying without a quiver, he only brought two flint arrows out.

One of which was used to shoot a rabbit earlier.

Before he could retrieve it, the pack of wolves had charged out!

Seeing the cabin just twenty or so meters ahead, Red felt a bit heavy-hearted.

Growl!

With a wolf's low growl, Red felt a force from behind slowing him down.

Turning his head, he saw a wild wolf biting his robe.

Just as Red clenched his right fist, ready to engage the wolf in close combat, a flint shovel came crashing down beside him, striking the wolf's back hard.

Crunch!

The sound of bones breaking was accompanied by splatters of red and white matter falling to the ground, and the wolf let go of its bite.

Before Red could turn around, a strong arm suddenly supported him under his armpit, dragging him towards the cabin.

Not far away, Kuisi's voice rang out, "Hurry in, there's still time!"

At those words, Red's body trembled.

Was he saved?

Master Lynn pushed Red into the cabin and slipped inside.

Bam!

The wooden door closed, with Lynn bracing it from behind.

In an instant, sounds of impacts on the wooden door and vibrations were felt.

Bang! Bang!

Kuisi dragged a thick log from the corner, placing it alongside Lynn.

The shaking of the door subsided.

Outside the cabin, the pack of wolves prowled, a chorus of howls echoing continuously.

Once assured that the wolves couldn't break into the cabin, Kuisi, armed with a long spear, approached Red.

She asked with concern, "Red, are you hurt anywhere?"

A smile appeared on Red's pale face, "I'm fine, don't worry... with so many wolves, I thought I was doomed!"

For a moment, he had given up hope.

An eleven-wolf pack was a threat even a hunting team wouldn't dare confront.

Red hadn't expected that Lynn would be willing to leave the cabin to save him under such circumstances.

Kuisi spoke in a slightly relaxed tone, "Indeed, there were so many wolves... luckily Master Lynn was here, or else I couldn't have dragged you!"

Red looked at Lynn, grateful, "Master Lynn, you've saved me again."

Lynn, attentively listening to the external noises, glanced at Red, "You haven't helped me complete the spring planting; I can't let you die easily."

Red nodded earnestly, "Understood, Master Lynn."

Beside them, Kuisi felt a bit pleased.

Red's tone when addressing Master Lynn seemed much more sincere?

Outside the cabin, the howling of wolves rose occasionally.

But the sound of paws stepping on soil grew fewer, with only a few occasionally wandering by.

As night fell, the entire wasteland plunged into silence.

Seated on the ground, Lynn stood up, peering through the cabin's cross-shaped window.

The sight of wolves outside had vanished.

Throwing out a rabbit bone through the window, there was still no sound from outside.

Attempting to open a slit in the wooden door, and seeing no sign of wolves, Lynn stepped out with his stone spear.

Kuisi followed closely behind Lynn.

Leaning against the cabin wall, Red watched this scene, knowing Lynn was a cautious person.

In this world, without the power to utterly defeat the enemy, caution was key to victory and survival.

This was his experience as an old hunter.

As Lynn walked, his eyes vigilantly scanned the surroundings.

Once sure there was no danger, Lynn and Kuisi reached the wolf carcass nearby.

The wolf slain by Lynn's shovel was a grisly sight.

But once skinned and cleaned, there was a good eighty or ninety pounds of wolf meat!

Added with the wolf Red shot with the horn bow, it was enough to feed the three of them for ten days or half a month.

Lynn and Kuisi exchanged glances, understanding passing without words, as they dragged the wolf toward the riverbank.

Kuisi squatted by the river, cleaning the wolf.

Lynn held a long spear, keeping watch around.

The nightfall brought a chill to the wild grassland where small creatures chirped, the night wind sweeping over, bending the tall grasses.

Strolling through the wilderness, Lynn's eyes suddenly lit up about twenty meters ahead by the riverside.

A tree with slender branches stood there.

[Water Willow]: Branches can be used for weaving, building shelters, crafting handicrafts, and more.

Looking back at Kuisi to ensure there was no danger, Lynn walked towards the willow tree.

Taking out a flint knife, Lynn began to harvest the willow branches.

[Collection Experience +1]

After cutting a bundle of willow branches, he returned to Kuisi by the river.

Under Kuisi's puzzled gaze, Lynn bound the willow branches with a single one and soaked it in the river.

Kuisi asked with curiosity, "Master Lynn, what are you doing?"

Lynn replied, "For weaving."

Water willow branches have excellent flexibility, and after being soaked, they become softer, ideal for weaving baskets, crates, and fishing cages.

Red had recovered enough to hunt some wild beasts for meat.

But hunting was ultimately uncertain.

Until they could produce their own food, they needed more sources of sustenance.

Kuisi's eyes widened, "Master Lynn, you know how to weave fishing cages? I often see lots of fish at this riverbank!"

The nearby abundance of fish was naturally due to Lynn and the others cleaning meat here.

Beast meat leftovers accumulated here!

Lynn shook his head, "Not yet."

Kuisi: "???"

After cleaning the wolf carcass, Lynn and Kuisi returned to the cabin.

As he carried the water willow branches back, unfazed by his wet robe, Red asked curiously, "Master Lynn, what are you planning to do..."

Truly, the two siblings had remarkably similar questions.

As Kuisi prepared dinner, she jumped in to answer.

"Master Lynn said he plans to weave, but Master Lynn doesn't know how to weave..."