

## SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

### Chapter 4: Nine Great Skills

The fleeting shadow Lynn saw at the edge of the forest earlier was indeed a wild wolf.

Eight or nine wild wolves charged from the forest edge, eventually stopping about twenty meters from Lynn.

They were beyond the range illuminated by the fire's glow.

Fortunately, he had just lit the fire, otherwise, he would have become the wolves' prey by now.

The wild wolves circled around Lynn, occasionally letting out low howls.

But, they didn't dare to approach easily.

Not only wolves but all wild beasts have an innate fear of fire.

Half an hour later, the wild wolves gave up on Lynn and gradually left.

Lynn felt slightly relieved; these wolves didn't seem too hungry.

If they were ravenous, even a fire wouldn't have deterred them from taking a desperate risk...

Gurgle~

The sound of hunger rumbled from beneath Lynn's coarse wool robe.

He hadn't eaten anything all day since morning.

Lynn couldn't help but look at the viper's corpse lying by the fire.

Taking out the flint knife, Lynn began to skin the viper.

He instinctively felt some aversion towards snakes.

But he had no choice if he wanted to fill his stomach and replenish his strength.

Lynn's hands were clumsy and awkward as he slowly stripped the snake's skin off.

[Collection Experience +1]

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Gradually, his technique became more skilled.

With his left hand gripping the severed part of the viper and his right hand pinching a bit of the snake's skin, he abruptly exerted force, stripping off the entire snake skin.

Smooth and fluid, without the slightest bit of messiness.

The stone knife in Lynn's right hand moved nimbly, starting to carve open the viper, removing its organs and poison sacs.

[Collection Experience +1]

Once cleaned, Lynn cut the viper into sections, tossing them into the pottery pot.

Using a few stones as supports, he placed the pottery pot on top and started boiling the viper in clear water.

[Cooking Experience +1]

Without a lid, it would take a long time for the water in the pottery pot to boil and cook the snake meat thoroughly.

While warming himself by the fire, Lynn began planning for the future.

The world he was in resembled early medieval civilization but far surpassed it in both territory and population.

Moreover, all sorts of legends existed here.

Demons lurked in the Abyssal Land...

Other Ghosts waited beyond the Desperate Great Wall...

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But with the existence of "Heavenly Artifacts," Lynn had limitless potential!

Construction, planting, collection, breeding, hunting, cooking, medicine, production, forging—the nine great life skills covered almost every industry.

By building houses, paving roads, constructing bridges, and decorating, he could improve his Construction skill level.

Through farming and harvesting crops, he could advance his Planting skill level.

By clearing weeds, logging, mining, and excavating, he could elevate his Collection skill level.

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In other words, as long as he kept working hard, he could acquire the knowledge of various professions!

Then there were the Empire Ascension mode and Imperial Myth mode...

The premise was that he could survive!

The immediate threat came from the wolf pack.

If the wolves adapted to the presence of the fire, they would draw closer.

He had to quickly build a wooden house capable of withstanding wild beasts.

Wolves, adult wild boars, or brown bears, or even venomous snakes and insects, were all deadly threats to Lynn...

The water boiling the viper in the pottery pot finally came to a boil, and the faint aroma of meat drifted into Lynn's nose and mouth.

Having not eaten for a day, Lynn couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

After the pottery pot boiled for half an hour, Lynn took it off the fire.

[Clear Snake Broth]: Non-toxic, capable of replenishing strength.

Once the snake soup cooled a bit, he eagerly grabbed a piece of snake meat and started munching on it.

The meat was tough, and the taste was bland, with a slight gamey smell unique to snake meat.

At this moment, Lynn couldn't care less about the taste; he was simply too hungry.

After consuming most of the snake meat in the pot and downing half of the snake soup, Lynn's stomach felt full, and his strength gradually returned.

The glow of the fire danced across Lynn's face.

He didn't stop at all, picking up a small bundle of straw from the pile of weeds and continued twisting rope from it.

To build a wooden house, Lynn must have a suitable tool for logging.

Stone Axe!

Six or seven stalks of straw were quickly woven together under Lynn's skilled hands.

[Production Experience +1]

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In less than ten minutes, a qualified straw rope appeared in his hand.

Lynn didn't stop but continued twisting straw rope.

He didn't stop until there were four ropes beside him.

Finding two large pieces of black flint with few cracks, Lynn started preliminary shaping and crafting.

He found a larger stone to use as an anvil and placed the selected flint on top.

Using another smaller but hard stone as a striking tool, Lynn began to make initial strikes on the flint.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sound of stone striking stone echoed across the wasteland.

Some insects and beasts lurking in the weeds were scared away and fled.

After striking continuously dozens of times, a flint axe initially took shape; next required fine grinding.

Lynn grasped a piece of granite to grind the edge of the stone axe blade...

Scrape, scrape.

Who knows how long passed.

With the rope in hand, he bound and reinforced the axe to a wooden stick, and a flint axe appeared in Lynn's hand.

[Simple Flint Axe]: Can be used for logging, hunting, self-defense, etc., with limited sharpness.

[Production Experience +1]

The axe handle is about fifty centimeters long, weighing about five pounds.

He tried swinging it a few times, slightly heavy, but very suitable for chopping logs.

Having finished the first one, Lynn continued to prepare for making a second one.

Unlike an iron axe, a flint axe easily develops worn notches.

With the continuous increase in production experience, Lynn's understanding of making flint axes grew deeper.

Choosing suitable flint, striking and shaping, initial forming, fine grinding, and final assembly and securing.

As a faint white appeared on the distant eastern horizon.

It's not far from dawn.

Two flint axes sat quietly at Lynn's feet.

Even though he hadn't rested all night, Lynn was just slightly tired.

This showed his strong physical condition.

After eating the last small portion of snake meat from the pottery pot, Lynn gripped one of the axes and walked toward dozens of tall trees not far away.

Spring had not yet arrived, and the morning temperature was still very low.

Lynn rubbed his right arm with his left hand for warmth.

As he approached the tree trunks, a faint cracking sound was heard.

Lowering his head, Lynn saw a layer of needle-shaped leaves covering the ground.

He moved his right hand, and the axe back brushed across the ground, pushing aside the needle-shaped leaves to reveal black soil beneath.

Humus!

The soil below had been covered and decomposed by needle-shaped leaves for years, and through microbial decomposition and transformation, it had become humus.

Natural fertilizer!

Perfect for enriching crops.

There were only dozens of pine woods here, with limited humus, but there was a forest a few hundred meters away!

[Pine Wood]: Light in weight, relatively strong, easy to process, suitable for building simple houses, furniture, and more.

Looking up, each pine wood stood about twenty meters tall, with a diameter of about fifty centimeters.

Standing firmly on the ground, holding the flint axe in both hands, he took a deep breath and suddenly exerted force with his arms, striking the pine wood with the flint axe.

Bang!

The flint axe clashed with the raw wood, producing a loud bang, as several yellowing leaves drifted down, leaving Lynn's hands tingling.

An indentation was left on the pine wood.

Luckily, the pine wood was light in texture, and the flint axe blade suffered no damage from the chop.

[Collection Experience +1]

In Lynn's mind, more knowledge about logging emerged.

He raised the axe again, bringing it down on the pine wood.

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Crack! Crash!

A pine wood more than twenty meters tall fell with a crash, striking down toward an open space not far away.