

## SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

### Chapter 6: Wild Wolf

A few hours later.

Three flint axes were placed beside Lynn.

He constantly crafted flint axes, with the [Production] skill experience continuously increasing, the knowledge in his mind steadily growing.

He added some thick logs to the fire pit, enough to keep it burning for several hours.

At the edge of the fire pit, Lynn surrounded it using flint shards and stones, preventing ignition of surrounding flammable materials.

Holding the stone knife, he squeezed into the shelter and casually covered the entrance with branches, laying down on the pile of grass.

Upon entering, the shelter was filled with the fresh scent of grass and the pine fragrance of pine wood branches.

These scents could mask Lynn's smell, reducing the likelihood of being targeted by predators.

Additionally, with the tightly arranged branches by Lynn, he didn't have to worry about venomous snakes or insects getting in.

Taking a deep breath, Lynn held the stone knife and gradually fell asleep.

...

Crack.

A footstep on the branches produced a slight cracking sound.

Though very subtle, Lynn inside the shelter still heard it.

He suddenly opened his eyes, grasped the stone knife tightly with his right hand, and slowly sat up without making any noise.

Faced with unknown threats in the wilderness, if one were to shout recklessly, it would not scare them away.

Instead, it might threaten them, angering them, with unimaginable consequences.

Crunch... Crunch...

The sound of chewing bones rang outside Lynn's shelter, his nerves tightening.

All those bones were leftovers from Lynn's meals.

A carnivore?

A wolf?

Or a bear?

Through the gap in the branches, Lynn could clearly see the fire pit still burning.

The beast outside was actually not afraid of the firelight?

Luckily, the pottery pot filled with rabbit meat had been carried by Lynn into the shelter.

Otherwise, it surely would have been taken by the beast outside the shelter.

Unsatisfied after finishing the rabbit bones, the beast circled around the shelter.

Lynn's eyes followed the sound of footsteps, slowly turning.

A foul stench wafted through the gap in the branches into the shelter, causing Lynn to frown.

The next moment.

A pair of eerie green eyes appeared outside a gap of the shelter, coincidentally locking eyes with Lynn.

Roar~

The beast felt threatened, a low grunt emanating from its throat.

Without any hesitation, Lynn gripped the stone knife and fiercely struck out.

Howl Howl Howl~

The stone knife seemed to have injured the beast, emitting a distressful sound akin to a husky, with rapid, retreating footsteps.

Lynn understood it was a wild wolf.

A starving wild wolf!

...

Pow!

Pow Pow!

The next day, dawn broke from the distant east.

Diligent Lynn was already wielding the flint axe, chopping at the pine trees.

Crack!

Lynn raised the flint axe high with both hands, capitalizing on the axe's gravity acceleration, and struck mercilessly on the pine wood, slicing it in half instantly.

During its growth, pine wood naturally sheds its bark, which Lynn easily cleared away, yielding two logs.

With bold steps, Lynn moved toward the next pine tree.

The sound of chopping arose once again.

Until noon, Lynn returned to the shelter, prepared for lunch.

As he approached the shelter, the sight before him made him frown.

The pottery pot left by the fire pit for warmth had already toppled into the fire pit.

The remaining third of rabbit meat was nowhere to be seen.

The doused soup extinguished most of the charcoal in the fire pit, emitting bursts of black smoke.

Lynn tightly gripped the stone spear, his glance scanning the shelter.

At the entrance of the shelter, traces of entry remained, with tufts of white hanging on protruding branches.

Wolf hair!

After pacing a circle, Lynn saw no sign of the wild wolf.

Evidently, after eating the rabbit, unable to find other food, the wild wolf had departed.

Lynn shook his head helplessly, never imagining encountering a thief in this wilderness!

He suspected it was likely the same wild wolf from last night.

Picking up the pottery pot from the fire pit, Lynn walked toward the riverbank.

After drinking a few mouthfuls of river water, as he filled the pottery pot with river water, a bold idea flashed in his mind...

After pondering for a while,

Lynn gritted his teeth and dug out the rabbit's entrails buried in yesterday's sand.

A strong odor of stench dived into Lynn's nose instantly.

Returning to the camp, Lynn buried the rabbit's entrails in shallow soil before pressing a pile of rocks atop them.

Even standing a few meters away, the stench under the rocks was still faintly detectable.

The wild wolf's nose was incredibly sensitive, sniffing out prey's scent from two or three kilometers away.

Lynn sensed that the wild wolf must be lurking amidst the grass in the barren land.

With fear and injury against fire and still returning to steal food from Lynn's shelter, the wild wolf must be extraordinarily starved.

Or perhaps due to some reason, it could not find prey elsewhere!

Having done everything, Lynn continued chopping and clearing the pine wood.

After chopping six to seven logs in half, Lynn paused.

Turning his gaze toward the shelter, a faint whimpering sounded to his ears.

Setting down the flint axe, he picked up the stone spear and strode toward the shelter.

After walking for more than ten meters, a scrawny wild wolf appeared in Lynn's view.

[Injured Adult Wild Wolf]: Possessing a certain level of aggressiveness; wolf meat is high in protein content, rich in various minerals.

The body was hunchbacked, with each rib distinctly protruding, the fur coarse and dull, even sticking together.

Its right leg bore a healing scar, with the corner of its eye showing bloody wounds.

Evidently, in order to recover from injuries, the wolf had expended all its body fat.

Overly hungry, it had no choice but to venture out for food despite the risk.

Moreover, this was the same wolf that had come to Lynn's shelter to steal food.

The wolf's paws were continuously scraping at the soil, desperately wanting to get the rabbit entrails beneath the rocks.

Seemingly hearing Lynn's footsteps, the wolf suddenly stopped and turned to face Lynn.

Roar~

Its yellow beast eyes stared at Lynn, baring sharp teeth, warnings echoing, with drool dripping from its maw.

Perhaps tempted by the rabbit innards, it chose not to flee!

Lynn gripped the stone spear, slowly advancing toward the wolf.

Whimper!

The wolf's low howl grew increasingly prominent.

Its body crouched low, its entire belly pressed against the ground.

The next second, the wolf's tense legs sprang forth, lunging toward Lynn.

Despite its injuries, the wolf's speed was incredibly swift, covering the five or six meters instantly.

Arriving in front of Lynn, the wolf leaped up, its wide-open maw lunging at his neck!

Lynn's heart was filled with tension as he quickly raised the stone spear to block, pushing away the wolf's body.

[Hunting Experience +1]

The wolf's claws stomped in front of Lynn, with the enormous force causing his chest to ache, and his feet involuntarily retreating several steps.

Seeing the wolf had not given up and was charging again, Lynn raised the stone spear.

As the wolf arrived, he fiercely stabbed out.

The stone spear sharpened by Lynn truly was very sharp.

The blade cut across the wolf's back, instantly slicing open the wolf's hide, exposing crimson and bone white.

[Hunting Experience +1]

But this did not prove fatal to the wolf, which leapt up.

Under the wolf's rapid advance and weight pressure, Lynn was directly knocked to the ground, losing his grip on the stone spear.

The wolf's gaping maw lunged once more at Lynn's neck...