

SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

Chapter 7: A Close Call Without Danger

Lynn, lying on the ground, wanted to get up immediately, but the wild wolf had already come to his face.

Lynn was shocked, quickly raising his hands to grip the wolf's neck to prevent it from getting closer.

[Hunting Experience+1]

The wild wolf's head kept struggling, continuously trying to bite Lynn.

Sticky droplets even fell onto Lynn's clothes.

Despite feeling tense, he didn't panic, quickly thinking about a way to break the stalemate by integrating the hunting knowledge in his mind.

After several unsuccessful bites, the already thin wild wolf became somewhat exhausted.

Lynn supported the wolf's neck with his arm, instantly reaching for the stone knife at his waist.

Gripping the stone knife, he unhesitatingly stabbed the flint blade into the wild wolf's abdomen.

[Hunting Experience+1]

Lynn didn't stop at all, stabbing once, then pulling out, then stabbing again...

Ooh~ ooh~

Seemingly feeling the pain from its abdomen, the wild wolf let out a low howl.

Those tawny beast eyes seemed full of pity.

It wanted to escape, but realized it was too late.

Gradually, the wild wolf lost its power and collapsed on the ground, its beast eyes losing their light.

[Hunting Experience+1]

[Adult Wild Wolf]: Deceased, high in protein, contains various mineral nutrients.

Lynn slowly sat up, looking at the wild wolf corpse on the ground and the pool of red and white matter, breathing heavily.

He didn't care about the pungent odor emanating from the red and white matter.

Standing up, Lynn surveyed his body, finding only minor damage to his coarse wool robe, but no other injuries.

Using rabbit entrails as bait to lure back this wild wolf did carry a great risk.

But Lynn had no choice.

He needed food!

After drinking some river water, Lynn started to handle the scene.

The pool of red and white matter and the rabbit entrails under the rocks were buried together in a soil pit by Lynn.

The strong smell of blood, if not dealt with immediately, would surely attract more wild animals.

Dragging the wild wolf towards the riverbank shallows, Lynn began processing the wolf's corpse.

This wild wolf looked somewhat thin, but after Lynn finished cleaning it, there were still over forty pounds of wolf meat.

Enough for Lynn to eat for several days.

Carrying wolf meat in one hand and holding a pottery pot in the other, Lynn returned to the shelter.

At this time, dusk was just setting in.

In front of the fire.

Pale yellow flames danced on Lynn's face.

The pottery pot was full of boiling wolf meat, wafting strands of meat fragrance.

Lynn continued crafting a flint axe while waiting.

As Lynn produced two flint axes, the rich fragrance of meat continuously filled his nostrils.

Only when the wolf meat was thoroughly cooked did Lynn start eating.

Picking up a piece of wolf leg meat, he began tearing into it.

The taste was slightly gamey, with the meat being elastic and chewy.

If it hadn't been simmered for a long time, Lynn would have found it difficult to chew.

As for the taste, Lynn naturally wasn't picky; being able to eat and replenish his energy in the wilderness was already a great fortune.

After eating half a pot of wolf meat and drinking some river water, Lynn's stomach felt full.

After cleaning up all the wolf bone leftovers, Lynn continued to make flint axes.

The number of logs cut down was already enough for Lynn to build a simple wooden house.

If it were just one or two wild wolves, the shelter might still hold up.

But against a pack of wolves, wild boars, or brown bears, the shelter wouldn't withstand.

Only by constructing a wooden house would he have a safe place.

After making two more flint axes, Lynn stopped.

Daytime logging combined with the life-and-death struggle with the wolf had left his body somewhat fatigued.

Just as he was crawling into the shelter, the sound of heavy breathing accompanied by the rumble of footsteps approached from afar.

Lynn's heart tightened slightly, gripping the long spear tightly in his hand.

Peering through the shelter's gaps, nearly a dozen yellow-green beast eyes prowled outside the firelight.

A wolf pack!

They seemed to be searching for something, lowering their heads and sniffing the grass repeatedly.

Soon.

One of the wild wolves found the soil pit where Lynn buried the wolf and rabbit entrails.

Its front paws kept digging the soil...

The surrounding wolves also gathered around, but instead of sharing the entrails, they sniffed the smell and cautiously took a few steps back.

The wolf howls rang out one after another in the clearing.

After some time, the wolf pack eventually departed.

The existence of the fire made them abandon their plan to investigate the shelter.

Thrilling but uneventful.

Lynn lay on a pile of grass and gradually fell asleep.

...

The next day.

Lynn woke up early.

Intending to re-bury those entrails, he found the soil pit already empty.

Those entrails had been eaten by other carnivorous animals!

The key was that Lynn hadn't detected anything.

If it were small carnivorous animals, it wouldn't matter, but if it were large ones like brown bears...

Building a wooden house had become increasingly urgent for Lynn.

After eating some wolf meat and drinking a few sips of river water, Lynn began constructing the wooden house.

The wooden house could be built on the clearing next to the shelter, without needing to clear grass or stones.

Finding a twenty-centimeter log, Lynn raised the flint axe and started chopping.

[Construction Experience+1]

[Construction Experience+1]

Step by step, his [Construction] skill experience increased, and the knowledge of building a wooden house quickly surfaced and integrated in his mind.

Without iron nails for fastening, Lynn could only use mortise and tenon joints to build the wooden house.

Digesting the knowledge of mortise and tenon joints in his mind, Lynn continued wielding the flint axe.

To construct a wooden house, he first needed to build the foundation, which meant laying foundation stakes.

Lynn chopped a log into more than a meter long, then bevelled the ends to create inverted cone shapes as foundation stakes, driving them into the ground for stabilization.

Afterwards, Lynn picked up a large flint blade and drilled mortise holes into the foundation stakes.

The size and shape of these mortise holes must match the tenons on the ends of the sills to provide a stable foundation for the wooden house.

When a square wooden house base was established, it was already noon.

Although Lynn had the knowledge to build a wooden house, it wasn't easy for him alone to construct one quickly.

If he had a few villagers or slaves now, they could finish the wooden house in half a day...

The saying "many hands make light work" is very true.

After lunch, Lynn didn't rest, continuing to build the wooden house.

Starting from the ground, stacking logs one by one to construct the walls.

Using flint blade openings to carve matching mortise and tenon structures between adjacent logs for fastening, and driving wooden wedges into both sides of the tenon...

Similarly, mortise and tenon structures were used for doors and windows.

Making tenons and mortise holes between the horizontal and vertical wooden frame of the door and window to connect them tightly.

Otherwise, the door and window would become weak spots against large beasts.

Fortunately, the logs Lynn chopped were right next to the wooden house.

No need to expend extra effort for additional transportation.

A day's work, he raised the wooden house up to more than one meter high.

The sky gradually darkened.

After filling himself up, Lynn habitually crafted several flint blades before crawling into the shelter.

The wooden house walls visibly rising, the main beam of the roof was erected.

Rows of densely packed rafters laid out for the roof, likewise inserted into mortise holes using mortise and tenon joints.

First, small branches were laid as support for the gaps, then covered with a layer of straw and grass...

A simple wooden house with a gable roof stood in front of Lynn.