

## SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

### Chapter 8: Save Me

Three days.

A simple wooden cabin was finally completed by Lynn.

Walking into the cabin, the scent of pine wood branches immediately greeted him, refreshing yet not overpowering.

The cabin was empty inside, and the space wasn't very large, about four meters long, three meters wide, and a little over two meters high.

Two single beds or a small double bed could be placed inside, with some space left for placing items beside the beds.

There was a section of open space in the middle of the cabin that Lynn reserved for making fire.

The cabin doesn't have a chimney; given his resources, constructing one would take too much time.

Lynn placed the glowing embers from the fire into the cabin, added dry fluffy material, and gently blew through his lips.

The fluffy material ignited by the embers produced a wisp of smoke; as the smoke cleared, the flames rose.

Lynn gradually added some small branches and then placed thicker logs nearby, causing the fire to gradually grow larger.

He covered the flames with a pile of damp weeds, producing dense smoke.

The ground beneath the fireplace was dirt and rubble, bordered by large stones, so there was no worry about the cabin catching fire.

The cabin soon became filled with thick smoke, but Lynn wasn't surprised.

Without a fireplace and chimney, the smoke from burning dry wood could only escape through the cracks in the walls and the straw roof.

The dense smoke was just right for driving away or killing bugs and drying the moisture in the pine wood.

Lynn stepped out of the cabin and closed the wooden door.

Carrying the pottery pot, he walked toward the nearby river.

Comfortably cleaning it by the shoals, Lynn carried the water-filled pottery pot back toward the cabin.

However, he hadn't walked far when a loud wolf howl sounded in the distance.

Lynn quickly turned to look in the direction of the sound, only to see seven or eight wild wolves slowly emerging from the forest hundreds of meters away.

The howling wolf was probably the Wolf King, seemingly giving orders to the other wolves upon discovering Lynn.

Seven or eight wild wolves with straightened tails came charging rapidly toward Lynn.

Lynn furrowed his brow and quickened his pace as well.

Ignoring the water spilling from the pottery pot, he sprinted swiftly.

He was still dozens of meters away from the cabin!

The journey, initially just half a minute away, now seemed so distant to Lynn.

Huff, huff~

Lynn's breathing began to accelerate.

Seven or eight wolves had already reached his left side.

Amid a tug of force from behind, Lynn dove into the cabin.

Bang!

With a loud noise, the wooden door slammed shut.

Outside the cabin, the painful howls of a wild wolf could be heard.

He picked up a thick branch and braced it against the wooden door for support.

Looking through the cracks in the door, Lynn saw eight or nine black-gray wolves pacing at the doorstep.

Frustrated, several wolves scratched at the wooden door with their front paws, making a clattering sound.

Lynn's breathing was still somewhat hurried.

He looked behind him and saw tears in his rough wool robe.

The tugging force from earlier was a wolf biting onto his robe!

Reassured that the wolves couldn't push open the door, Lynn walked to the fireplace and removed the wet grass covering the flames.

The smoke gradually dissipated.

The wolf pack outside the cabin retreated, unsuccessful, and gradually dispersed.

Lynn's tense mood slowly restored, leaving him puzzled.

The wolf pack usually came out at night.

But now it was only evening, and they emerged from the forest.

Lynn suspected that killing a wild wolf marked him for these wolves!

Fortunately, Lynn had built the cabin; otherwise, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

Taking a sip of river water to calm his nerves.

Lynn placed the pottery pot on the embers and added the remaining few pieces of wolf meat, simmering them.

Casually, he added a few leaves collected from his pocket.

[Rosemary]: Strong aroma, enhances flavor and removes odor.

[Cooking Experience +1]

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Sitting cross-legged on the wooden floor, Lynn stared at the flames in the fireplace, deep in thought.

With the cabin, at least he wouldn't have to worry about wild animals or sleeping issues for the time being.

As for water, with the whole Acadia River, there was no need to worry.

His main concern now was food stability.

The wasteland was overgrown with weeds and bordered by bushes, perfect for wild rabbits, pheasants, and quails to thrive.

Especially the abundance of rabbits!

Not surprising, given a rabbit had recently knocked itself out in a panic.

He could make some simple rabbit cages.

There were lots of fish in the Acadia River, but it was too deep to catch them with just a stone spear.

He could weave a fishing cage to catch fish.

Besides that, there's hunting.

A forest with rich animal resources lay hundreds of meters from the cabin.

Yet, it also posed dangers.

Lastly, cultivating wasteland for farming remained.

Farming is the most stable source of food, bar none!

It's early March now, just in time for spring tilling.

Given his current situation, he needed quicker ways to obtain food...

Despite the lack of a bed and furniture, Lynn wasn't the least bit bothered.

Survival is paramount!

Lynn lay on a pile of grass, warming by the fire, and fell asleep.

It was the most restful sleep Lynn had since arriving in this world!

No more worrying about the fire going out or beasts suddenly attacking and biting his neck.

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At dawn.

Finishing the remaining two wolf meat pieces and drinking the stew from the pottery pot.

Sweeping his gaze around to confirm there was no immediate danger, Lynn grabbed his stone spear and stepped out of the cabin.

He needed to find materials to make rabbit cages and explore what resources lay around.

Living off the mountain, living off the water.

Lynn walked through the wasteland, swatting at weeds with his stone spear to scare away snakes and insects.

The dense weeds and shrubs were home to numerous wild rabbits and chickens.

Detecting Lynn's approach, they fled into their burrows.

Some chickens even clucked in alarm.

Lynn wanted to catch them, but the weeds were too thick, and without proper hunting tools, their speed made capturing impossible.

Once he made beast cages, he'd catch them all!

Shaking his head, Lynn headed towards the forest in the near distance.

Making rabbit cages required branches or bamboo for a frame, woven twine for a grid, and a string for a trigger mechanism.

Lynn knew the forest harbored wolves, yet he had to take the risk.

The wasteland lacked such materials.

Upon reaching the forest edge, Lynn looked deep inside.

Countless tall trees with dense branches blocked sunlight, mysterious and endless.

As Lynn expected, the ground was covered with layers of rotten leaves, beneath which lay black decomposed soil.

Testing with a stick, the soil was loose, at least thirty centimeters deep.

The whole forest was composed of decomposed soil!

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Slowly entering the forest edge, Lynn cautiously scanned his surroundings.

[Dried Lingonberries]: Non-toxic, can replenish vitamins and quench hunger.

Plucking two berries from a small tree, Lynn peeled them and popped them into his mouth.

The sour-sweet taste carried a subtle fruit fragrance.

These were likely remnants from last year, but only a few were left.

As Lynn swallowed the lingonberry pulp, a wolf's howl rang out from afar.

His gaze shifted as he turned to locate the sound.

Not far away.

A woman in a dirt-gray linen robe was being chased by a wolf...

The robed woman caught sight of Lynn, "Help me."