

I am a Primitive Man

#Chapter 1: This is not in line with the rules of time travel -

Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 1: This is not in line with the rules of time travel

I am a Primitive Man

The sky was washed in a deep blue, with sunlight bathing the mountains and forests. The whole world appeared quiet and serene, exuding a unique tranquility.

"Crackle, crackle."

"Boom, boom."

A series of thunderous sounds echoed suddenly in the sky, the authentic sound of a thunderbolt on a clear day.

The sky, just moments ago cloudless, instantly darkened with this series of thunderous explosions, as if nightfall was imminent.

"Puff."

The continuous thunder suddenly stopped, and a sound of surprise, completely out of sync with the rhythm, followed. It sounded like an amplified muffled fart against the backdrop of the earlier thunder, making it comically out of place.

After this fart-like sound, the heavens, as if suffering from a stomachache, couldn't hold back. A streak of fire, accompanied by lightning, shot out from the gloomy clouds and descended straight down.

The glow elongated in the dim environment, appearing exceptionally dazzling.

After this lightning-laden fire descended, the space between heaven and earth immediately quieted.

The dense clouds that had obscured the daylight rapidly dissipated, vanishing without a trace.

The sun hanging in the sky continued to bathe the mountains and forests, and the sky became as clear as a pristine lake.

If it weren't for a certain area below, still flashing with firelight and emitting blue smoke, trying to prove that the scene just now had occurred, one might truly doubt if it was an illusion.

This astonishing scene's sudden and rapid occurrence, transforming the colors of the sky and earth, filled people with extreme amazement. It seemed as if the heavens had exerted their full force just to expel the churning substance within them.

While it might have been a satisfying display for the heavens, the forest below suffered a calamity. Trees fell, ignited, and emitted blue smoke, taking quite a while to gradually extinguish.

In the air, thick with the smell of barbecue, someone unlucky enough to be affected by this rare spectacle became a roasted presence.

As the smoke cleared, the scene below became visible. A circle, approximately ten meters in diameter and entirely composed of burned ashes, appeared within the somewhat leveled forest. It prompted people to marvel once again at the unique artistry of the heavens. Even in such circumstances, the aftermath could possess artistic qualities.

A completely charred object stood in the center of the circle, about one meter and thirty centimeters tall. The aroma of burnt flesh wafted from it.

The world quieted down, with only strands of blue smoke lingering.

Sunlight streamed through the dense and tall surrounding trees, casting down onto the ashes. It seemed as though even the sunlight was curious about the commotion caused by the heavens and what had been created.

Time passed quietly, and the diminishing blue smoke eventually disappeared completely. The place remained unchanged as if it was merely an unusually spectacular phenomenon.

Whether it was an illusion or something real, a barely audible sound emanated from the charred object's upper part.

As time passed, a few pieces of completely burnt crust fell off. Behind these blackened fragments emerged two white, somewhat shiny spheres, and the most frightening was that they appeared to move.

"Whoosh."

"Whoosh."

Feeling like he was about to be suffocated, Han Cheng, resembling a fish returning to the water at the brink of death, greedily breathed in the fresh air. It took him a while to recover.

He stared at the ashes before him, the dense trees further away, and a sense of confusion flashed in his eyes.

Once his memories gradually returned, his originally wide-open eyes widened even more. They would have fallen out without the eye sockets holding them in place.

Damn.

What's going on?

Wasn't he searching for those three foreign friends who recklessly ventured into the desert, whom he ended up losing contact with?

How did I suddenly end up in this damn place?

Han Cheng stared with wide eyes at the dense and unnatural forest before him, feeling completely puzzled and full of suspicion.

In any case, this couldn't be where he originally was.

That damn place turned into a desert hundreds of years ago. If there were such dense woods, those three idiots wouldn't have made him lose contact with them.

Han Cheng, alone and carrying his equipment, had been searching for his three reckless foreign friends in the desert for three or four days without any sign of them. Just thinking about it made him furious.

However, how could he explain what was happening now?

According to the knowledge he possessed, there couldn't be such a dense forest within a radius of three hundred miles from his original location.

In other words, he had moved at least three hundred miles.

This... could it be that he had crossed into another world?

A ludicrous idea suddenly flashed through Han Cheng's mind, making his heart tremble.

Although he desperately wanted to deny this absurd thought, the current circumstances and everything he saw forced him to entertain this possibility.

Moreover, only this reason could explain everything he was witnessing.

He didn't have any friends who enjoyed pranks, and he didn't have particularly close relationships with anyone. If he did, he wouldn't have agreed to Li Lin's request to cover for him on Valentine's Day and carry out this unpleasant task alone.

After all, he was the only single guy in the squad.

This alone ruled out the possibility of a prank.

As for hallucinations, it was impossible. Han Cheng was exceptionally clear-headed at the moment, and the widespread pain throughout his body constantly reminded him that this was not a dream.

After the brief astonishment, Han Cheng's heart gradually calmed down.

Whatever. He was originally a person without any attachments, wandering freely wherever he pleased.

Having crossed over, living differently wasn't a big deal.

In his leisure time, Han Cheng had read many novels and was well aware of the happy lives of those who had crossed over.

Han Cheng wasn't a greedy person. Having three wives and four concubines, holding high office, and enjoying wealth and prosperity – those top-tier configurations were not necessary for him. Just being a prosperous rural man would be enough.

Having been busy for half his life in the previous world without achieving much, he now had a chance to start anew. Why follow the old path when he could be kinder to himself and live a more comfortable life?

Thinking this way, he turned his attention to see if, as novels suggested, memories of someone else surged into his mind.

After trying for a while, he found nothing particularly extraordinary.

Well, it seemed he wasn't undergoing soul transmigration or body possession.

With these thoughts in mind, he pondered and checked to see if a system existed. Would the main god in the system be as insane as described in novels, threatening people by cutting off certain body parts for no reason?

However, he was disappointed once again. He found no trace of a system.

Han Cheng felt frustrated. Damn it, why did others have a system accompanying them when they crossed over, but when it came to him, there was nothing, not even the most basic contemporary memories?

Wanting to wipe his nose with his hand, a habitual action when he felt frustrated, he found something more unsettling. His hand didn't move as it used to when he thought about it.

What made him even more frustrated was that after discovering that his hand couldn't move, he quickly realized that, apart from his two eyes being able to move, his nose and mouth being able to breathe, and the rest of his body, no matter how hard he tried, couldn't move a bit.

He couldn't even produce a sound.

Damn it! Weren't all those who crossed over the darlings of heaven and able to defy heaven, earth, and even the air?

Why did everything change when it came to him? It wasn't just about lacking a golden finger or something. Now, he had become something like a vegetable.

This didn't align with the basic rules.

"Rustle, rustle, rustle."

A series of faint sounds came from the left side of the forest, and the branches and leaves swayed slightly.

In his heart, where despair turned into joy, Han Cheng eagerly thought that his benefactor had arrived.

According to the novel plots, most crossers would encounter a benevolent benefactor, especially when the main character, like himself, resembles a vegetable-like existence.

HomeNext