

## Primitive 181

Chapter 181: The sour smell of love is everywhere

Watching the people of the Sheep Tribe pick up their weapons and walk away with the exchanged pottery, the Eldest Senior Brother quickly closed the gate, and any displeasure on his face disappeared. He turned around and ran to the place where the sheep were kept. Even on the way, laughter erupted uncontrollably, and no trace of seriousness remained.

Other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, aside from those on guard duty, gathered around to see this bountiful food. Fifteen sheep!

Back when the Green Sparrow Tribe relied solely on fishing, hunting, and gathering, there were times when, due to bad luck, they couldn't catch this much game for almost a month!

Now, just by using the common pottery in the tribe, they had exchanged for so much game. How could they not be pleased?

Among them, the shaman was the happiest, laughing heartily at the sight of so many sheep.

Now, he completely understood the intention behind Divine Child's insistence on giving fish instead of pottery during the Joyous Gathering. Looking at it now, if given a choice, he would also send some salted fish back to the participating tribes and, of course, possibly nothing. However, he definitely wouldn't send out any pottery.

After a short period of joy, Han Cheng announced that there would be no fieldwork in the morning. Instead, everyone should join forces to process the sheep.

Although the weather had cooled down, meat couldn't be left for too long. The sheep brought by the Sheep Tribe had been dead for some time now and needed to be skinned, butchered, and processed quickly, or it might go to waste.

There were already signs of bloating in the stomachs of the two sheep. Hearing that they didn't have to work in the fields today but could deal with the sheep, the already happy crowd became even more delighted. Without Han Cheng needing to instruct much, they dispersed, carrying or hoisting the sheep away, looking for suitable places to gut and clean them.

Most people were enthusiastic about the dead sheep. However, Han Cheng, the Shaman, and the Eldest Senior Brother were watching the three-and-a-half-grown lambs with unbridled joy.

The vines on the lambs had already been untied. The little lambs seemed very frightened. As soon as they were released from the restraints, they immediately struggled to escape. However, their vitality was weakened by injuries and being bound for a long time. Their front legs went weak after standing up from the ground, and they immediately fell down.

After several attempts, the three lambs were firmly squeezed together, helpless and crying baa baa,' which made people feel sorry for them.

Seeing their flat bellies, Han Cheng told Tie Tou to bring some green grass. Tie Tou ran swiftly and brought a bundle of green grass from not far away, placing it in front of the three lambs.

The power of delicious food was extremely strong, especially for three lambs who didn't know how long they had been hungry. Even in the face of several ferocious monkeys showing their teeth and looking extremely fierce, they couldn't resist the temptation of the abundant grass.

They walked over with trembling legs, reaching the bundle of grass, and stretched their necks to eat the greenery inside, mouths moving rapidly, eating very quickly.

Han Cheng took advantage of this opportunity to carefully examine the three lambs. Although they had some wounds, they were minor, and given some time, they would heal without causing significant harm.

With some food in their bellies, the three lambs gradually calmed down and revealed some of their natural behavior. The two ewes lowered their heads to eat grass peacefully, appearing quiet. The cheeky ram, on the other hand, was more domineering. Occasionally, it would use its head to nudge the two ewes, competing for the grass.

This guy was indeed a bit cheeky. When it saw a little ewe holding a long piece of grass in its mouth, struggling to finish it for a while, the ram tilted its head, opened its mouth, and used its tongue to bring the other end of the grass into its mouth. It ate quickly, moving its mouth rapidly.

While eating, it extended its neck toward the little ewe, following the gradually shortening grass.

A bit stubborn, the little ewe accelerated its chewing when it saw the food being snatched away. Then

In Han Cheng's widened eyes, the mouths of the two lambs touched.

The cheeky ram even extended its tongue to lick the little ewe, and then both lambs lowered their heads, continuing to eat the grass as if nothing had happened.

How could they be so indifferent, showing the demeanor of an experienced driver? You haven't even reached adulthood yet!

Han Cheng sniffled, lamenting in his heart. Damn, this was unbearable. We've come to a primitive society, yet we have to witness this lovey-dovey scene.

If it were just primitive people, it might be acceptable, but now, being tormented by two underage lambs, what's going on?

Single dogs, indeed, have no rights.

"Wu~ wu~!"

"Baa~ baa~!"

Not only Han Cheng, the single dog, was distressed by this decayed and sour smell, but also Fu Jiang, the second dog. Unable to bear this corrupt odor, Fu Jiang suddenly jumped up, making whimpering sounds, and pounced towards these two guys who were used to feeding the dogs.

Having recovered some strength, the little lambs never expected such a disaster to befall them. The two were making baa baa' calls in a panic, running with wobbly legs. The cheeky little ram was relatively unlucky and got pounced on directly.

Being frightened and struggling but unable to escape Fu Jiang's clutches, Han Cheng was also frightened by Fu Jiang's sudden move. After reacting, he raised his foot and lightly kicked Fu Jiang's buttocks, shouting, "Get up!"

He was worried that Fu Jiang, who had no habit of going easy, might accidentally kill the naughty lamb. After all, this guy was now the only offspring, and Han Cheng was counting on it to reproduce with the other two little ewes.

Fu Jiang, who usually practiced with the deer lord, had no habit of using excessive force. It just playfully pinned the lamb down, shaking its head and making threatening gestures.

At this moment, getting kicked in the butt and hearing Han Cheng's scolding, the frenzy immediately disappeared. It looked somewhat aggrieved as it stood up.

The little ram, who was frightened and pinned down, took the opportunity to jump up like a carp and joined the other two little ewes waiting not far away.

After a chaotic chase, the three lambs, scared and trembling, baa baa' incessantly, were carried by people and placed into the deer pen.

This place was relatively secluded, with few people coming, so it wouldn't make these frightened lambs uneasy. It was an excellent place for them to stay.

#### Chapter 182: Return Goods

"Someone! Someone!"

The shouts and the banging sound of a gong echoed again, startling the Green Sparrow Tribe, which had just finished trading with the Sheep Tribe and hadn't calmed down for long.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe gathered together, peeling sheepskins and salting them as they went, first froze for a moment. Then, quickly but without panic, they started to act.

Without the need for reminders from the adults, the children ran towards the cave. The adults ran towards the front wall of the courtyard while paying attention to the movements on the left and right sides of the surrounding walls, checking if anyone was approaching from both sides.

When the commotion started, Han Cheng was in the deer pen, watching three little sheep graze and drink salt water. Hearing the disturbance, he couldn't help but pause.

What day was it today? Why were people coming consecutively?

Thinking like this in his heart, some understanding suddenly emerged.

No one had come to trade during this long period when the joyous exchange had ended. But now, tribes came one after another. Han Cheng had been puzzled by this before, but now he suddenly understood.

Compared to other seasons, food was more easily obtainable in autumn. These tribes had a certain surplus, so they came to trade.

With the rabbit snares, the Green Sparrow Tribe no longer had as much demand for meat. The Sheep Tribe had even sent fifteen sheep, further reducing the need.

Because the rabbit snares caught only small wild animals or birds, large pieces of fur became something the Green Sparrow Tribe lacked.

The ultimate goal of trade was to satisfy their own needs. To address this change, Han Cheng had instructed the Eldest Senior Brother to convey that they could exchange pottery for fur.

For example, the Green Tribe and the Sheep Tribe, which had left not long ago.

Of course, for future considerations, Han Cheng didn't make the message absolute.

He only said that fur could be used for exchange, not that it must be used. After all, Han Cheng still wanted to continue receiving live sheep from the Sheep Tribe.

However, it could be anticipated that, after this message spreads, the amount of fur in the Green Sparrow Tribe will rapidly increase in the coming days.

Because over the years, these tribes relying on hunting for their livelihood had accumulated a lot of fur. Relative to precious food, they were more willing to trade with the Green Sparrow Tribe using fur.

Han Cheng didn't go to the main gate. Instead, he left the deer pen and looked in that direction, waiting with Shaman for Eldest Senior Brother to come and report the news.

Eldest Senior Brother quickly descended from the wooden ladder, running over with a strange and suspicious expression.

Seeing the expression of Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng was a bit surprised and didn't know what was happening outside.

Before he could ask, Eldest Senior Brother had already spoken.

"I'll go take a look."

After hearing Eldest Senior Brother's words, Han Cheng suppressed his astonishment and said a sentence. Then he followed Eldest Senior Brother, climbing the low wall together.

When they arrived at the edge of the wall and looked outside, the scene they saw was true, as Eldest Senior Brother had described.

Outside stood a crowd of people, and in front of them was pottery of various sizes.

Han Cheng recognized this pottery as the one produced by their tribe. He also recognized some of these people because some had left their tribe not long ago, and others had come a few days ago with obvious markings on their heads.

What was wrong with these people?

Why did they want to return the pottery that was perfectly fine?

When did primitive people become so indecisive and fussy?

"#2! SR"

The leader of the Green Tribe stood far away, shouting something loudly.

He didn't dare to approach too closely, afraid of being injured by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe holding weapons on the wall.

During the shouting, the leader of the Green Tribe deliberately or unintentionally glanced towards the east of the Green Sparrow Tribe, where there were many skeletons of those who had once invaded this tribe.

Han Cheng frowned slightly as he watched the scene in front of him. These tribes were elated when they received the pottery before, so why the sudden change now?

The problem should lie with the Green Tribe.

Because the Sheep Tribe had just exchanged for pottery, such a drastic change couldn't occur quickly.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe didn't speak. He seemed somewhat hesitant as he looked at the leader of the Green Tribe not far away, then at the many pottery items placed in front of him and the numerous Green Sparrow Tribe members behind the wall holding weapons.

With the addition of the Pig Tribe, the Green Sparrow Tribe displayed formidable strength, and at least the leader of the Sheep Tribe considered himself far from being an opponent.

As he looked, he suddenly regretted a bit, feeling that he shouldn't have easily believed the words of the leader of the Green Tribe and returned with the pottery.

If he were to become enemies with this powerful tribe because of this, it would not be good.

However, the leader of the Green Tribe felt some regret. He felt that he shouldn't have trusted the words of the leader of the Green Tribe so easily and returned with the pottery.

Just because of this?

Upon Han Cheng's signal, the Eldest Senior Brother communicated with the leader of the Green Tribe again to inquire about the reasons behind their actions.

Only by understanding the situation could it be resolved.

After hearing the reasons from the Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng sighed, feeling helpless. He couldn't help but smile wryly.

The reasons were far less complicated than he had thought. Upon hearing the cause, he didn't feel any urgency and even found it somewhat amusing.

The people of the Green Tribe brought back the pottery they had just carried away because the meat soup brewed with the pottery was far less delicious than what was brewed in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

At this point, Han Cheng finally understood why the leader of the Green Tribe had insisted on taking the old pot used by the Green Sparrow Tribe for a long time during the previous exchange rather than accepting a new one. It turned out that he had planned it this way.

He was still being somewhat tactful. The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who now understood what was going on, burst into laughter.

How could the soup be exceptionally delicious without adding salt?

They hadn't expected that these people from nearby tribes would go to such lengths just because of something so obvious to even children in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Many of them laughed for a while, but some suddenly stopped laughing. They remembered the scene when they first encountered salt and drank the soup with added salt.

If it weren't for the presence of the Divine Child, they would have been just as confused as the people outside about what they considered a very ordinary thing in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The outside atmosphere puzzled the leader of the Green Tribe, the leader of the Sheep Tribe, and the people of both tribes.

What were these people laughing about? What happy event had occurred?

However, amidst the confusion, many of them also felt relieved. Most of them were worried that this action would anger the rich and powerful neighboring tribe and lead to a conflict.

Seeing them laughing, they knew that their worries would not come true.

Some people from the two tribes, who were unclear about the situation, watched for a while and then joined in the laughter, albeit cluelessly.

#### Chapter 183: The Proud Fire One

The gates of the Green Sparrow Tribe opened once again. After hesitating for a while, the leaders of the Green Tribe and the Sheep Tribe finally led their people into the tribe, carrying the pottery they had taken back.

The Eldest Senior Brother stood at the tribe's entrance, warmly welcoming them. Initially, he had been quite displeased with the flip-flopping behavior of these two tribes. However, upon hearing the unexpected reason, his dissatisfaction mostly disappeared, and after a few whispered words from the godson, he even showed a smile, warmly welcoming the two tribes.

The leader of the Green Tribe widened his eyes again, looking at the twelve sheep still lying on the ground that hadn't been completely processed. He was extremely surprised.

This neighboring tribe always brought surprises.

As he thought about it, his gaze fell on the Sheep Tribe standing not far away, and he suddenly realized.

No wonder the people from the Sheep Tribe could bring back so many pottery items from here at once; it turned out they had brought valuable things!

Thinking back to exchanging a lot of not-so-good food for a large jar and two pottery vessels, he couldn't help but feel delighted. He felt that the leader of the Sheep Tribe wasn't as capable as himself.

If he had been the one making the exchange, he could have easily traded all the pottery of this neighboring tribe for so many sheep!

Thinking this way, he also considered that in the future, his tribe would only need to use basic grass spikes they didn't eat much and unused fur to exchange for precious pottery. Meanwhile, the people of the Sheep Tribe were still foolishly using precious food to make exchanges. This made him even more pleased.

Han Cheng, who was watching from a distance as a transmigrated person, didn't realize that the leader of the Green Tribe was such an internally dramatic primitive man.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss."

The elderly Fire One, carrying a hand drill, entered the courtyard. He piled up a small stack of firewood at the designated location as instructed by the Eldest Senior Brother, with an even larger pile next to it.

Fire One's actions were not unfamiliar to the people of these tribes. They knew he would start a fire by observing Fire One's actions.

As the tribe leader had said, they intended to use the large pot that they considered not good and cook a pot of soup to prove that there was nothing wrong with the pottery.

"Next, he will bring burning charcoal from the cave to ignite the firewood."

This was the collective thought of all the outsiders paying attention to the situation here when they saw Fire One neatly arrange the small stack of firewood. However, Fire One's subsequent actions surprised all of them.

Instead of getting up to fetch charcoal from the cave, as they expected, Fire One took the perforated wooden stick used for drilling fire that he had brought out earlier and placed it in front of him, securing it with his foot.

Previously, this wooden stick had been placed upside down, with all the fire-drilling grooves facing the ground. Since these people hadn't considered the possibility of drilling wood for fire, they hadn't paid attention to the wooden stick.

It wasn't until Fire One took the wooden stick, put it in front of him, and pressed it onto the fire starter, assuming a posture for drilling wood, that the onlookers showed surprised expressions.

Was this neighboring tribe so fierce? Did even the elderly have to drill wood for fire? Wasn't this something that required young and strong individuals to do?

Some people recalled occasional attempts at fire-drilling in their tribes, feeling uncomfortable at the thought. Even if this old primitive man could drill fire, it would take a long time.

They were eager to learn how to cook delicious meat soup with pottery, and just starting a fire took such a long time

"#\$!"

"!"

Before their thoughts could fully materialize, they were shocked by the smoke rising from the fire starter. Some couldn't help but shout, drawing the attention of those dealing with sheep offal, who couldn't help but look in their direction.

Fire One felt delighted and somewhat proud. The things created by the Divine Child were beyond the imagination of these outsiders. He didn't rush to blow on the fire starter; instead, he pressed the hand drill against his leg before picking up the fire starter to blow the fire.

This hand drill was a precious item to him. While he could use it to demonstrate wood drilling for fire to these outsiders, he didn't want them to learn it. Seeing these people's astonished and curious gazes when they looked at the hand drill, he naturally hid it first.

A small flame flickered, igniting the small pile of firewood. When people heard the commotion and saw the flames and the elderly primitive man adding more wood to the fire, they were amazed.

They didn't understand why a fire could cause such a commotion. Was it worth being so amazed?

After familiar people from their tribe explained the truth, they became like the others, wondering what kind of tribe this was that even starting a fire was so extraordinary!

"#DS!"

Someone both spoke and gestured to Fire One, wanting to learn this miraculous way of starting a fire.

Fire One, with an air of superiority, though he couldn't understand their words, understood their meaning. He naturally wouldn't reveal this proud skill to unrelated people. Faced with their inquiries, Fire One remained focused on adding wood to the fire.

He thought to himself, fortunately, he was the one starting the fire today. If it were Fire Two, he would lose control and show them the hand drill, maybe even personally demonstrate it a few times.

The fire was lit, and Fire One took the hand drill from under his leg at an age-inappropriate speed, hugged it to his chest, covered it with the animal hide he was wearing, and brought it back to the cave to place it in a secluded spot. Then, he continued tending to the fire.

Stones had been placed around the fire, and the large pot for cooking brought back by the Green Tribe, which had been taken away and returned, was stable on the stones after being cleaned a few times. Then, someone started pouring water into the pot, pot by pot.

After filling most of the pot with water, some people began roughly cutting the cleaned sheep offal with stone knives and throwing them into the pot. After covering it with a lid, they paid no further attention and went about their business, leaving the large pot to simmer.

The leader of the Green Tribe stood nearby, unwilling to miss any details.

Seeing this, he couldn't help scratching his head. He had done the same thing. How could the taste of what was simmered be so different?

Using sheep offal to make soup was Han Cheng's idea. Compared to sheep meat, sheep offal was much harder to store, so it had to be eaten first. And as long as you knew how to do it, the taste of sheep offal soup wouldn't be worse than sheep meat soup.

Of course, that was in the future.

In the present, lacking various seasonings and tools, he didn't have the skill to cook such a delicious sheep offal soup. However, it was not a problem to fool primitive people who had never eaten anything else.

Chapter 184: The Charm of the King of Flavors

The pot lid was lifted, dampened, and heavy with steam, and a large amount of white vapor surged, spreading a more decadent fragrance in all directions.

Many people from the Green and Sheep tribes, staring intently since the steam started rising from the large pot, couldn't help but take a deep breath, trying to capture all the rich aroma.

Han Cheng, the Divine Child and the top chef of the Green Sparrow Tribe walked over and stood steadily on a wooden stump that was a full forty centimeters high.

Holding a spoon tied with a long stick in one hand, he stirred the soup in the pot, which was almost level with the rim, a few times. With a quick attack from the right hand holding chopsticks, he lifted a piece of sheep offal from the large spoon to check its doneness, then put it back into the spoon and pierced it with chopsticks, effortlessly piercing through.

Han Cheng nodded slightly and then asked Fire One to remove the large wood that had not burned entirely under the pot. The soup was already done, and there was no need for additional fire.

Even if the firewood was removed, the charcoal under the pot could keep the sheep offal soup simmering for a while.

Han Cheng took the pottery bowl handed over by someone nearby and scooped some of the sheep offal soup into it.

He only filled two bowls and gestured for the leaders of the Sheep and Green tribes to come and taste.

These bowls were part of the batch used by other tribes during the Joyous Celebration, now cleaned and reused to entertain them.

The leader of the Green Tribe, after taking the bowl containing some soup from Han Cheng, blew on it gently to cool it down before eagerly taking a sip. He couldn't wait to taste the soup's flavor, wondering if it was as delicious as the one he had previously tasted here.

"Hmm?"

After the leader of the Green Tribe took a sip of the hot soup, he made a surprised sound, looking somewhat incredulous. After savoring the taste by smacking his lips, he took another sip, widening his eyes.

He moved the almost touching bowl away from his face, stared at Han Cheng with wide eyes, and waited for the Divine Child to say something.

At this moment, the leader of the Sheep Tribe also moved his bowl away from his face and, with a similar expression to the Green Tribe leader, looked at Han Cheng, waiting to hear what the Divine Child had to say.

Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother, who knew what the Divine Child was planning to do, watched the leaders' reactions of the Sheep and Green tribes and couldn't help but hold back their laughter.

The leader of the Green Tribe paused for a moment, held the bowl, and excitedly said something to the Eldest Senior Brother.

Of course, he was not praising the deliciousness of the sheep offal soup; instead, he found that this soup, like the one he cooked in his tribe, although consumable, was far less tasty than the delicious soup he had at the Joyous Celebration.

The soup was not delicious because Han Cheng did not add salt.

The leader of the Green Tribe, who had personally cooked food, did not know about adding salt to the soup because, during the Joyous Celebration, the Green Sparrow Tribe served them much-salted fish for soup, which already contained salt.

The Eldest Senior Brother waved to the leader of the Green Tribe, gesturing for him not to speak, and pointed to Han Cheng, indicating that he should watch what the Divine Child was about to do.

Han Cheng took a small jar containing finely crushed salt and tilted the salt jar toward the leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes, allowing them to see the salt inside.

The leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes, upon seeing the white substance in the jar, were amazed. Could this nearby tribe preserve snow from winter until now?!

Han Cheng moved the jar away before they could approach for a closer look. In front of everyone, he poured some salt from the jar into the spoon and then placed the spoon into the soup pot.

He stirred vigorously along the spoon handle, and more white vapor rose with this action.

After stirring for a while and feeling it was well mixed, Han Cheng stopped and turned to look at the leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes. He gestured for them to finish the soup in their bowls and handed them to him.

The two leaders looked at each other momentarily, not understanding what the childlike Divine Child meant.

It wasn't until the Eldest Senior Brother came over, held their hands holding the bowls, and pushed them to their mouths that they suddenly understood.

Han Cheng scooped another small spoon of sheep offal soup and poured it into the bowls held by the leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes.

This time, he did not need to gesture; they automatically lifted their bowls to start tasting the soup.

The eyes of the leader of the Green Tribe lit up again. Although the taste of the soup in his bowl was different from the fish soup he had during the Joyous Celebration, it was equally delicious.

Compared to what they had just drunk, it was like heaven and earth!

After taking a sip, he couldn't help but speed up. The bowl didn't contain much soup, and soon it was empty.

The leader of the Green Tribe raised his head high, tilting the bowl thoroughly.

Opening his mouth, he waited until two drops of lingering soup finally fell into his mouth before putting the bowl down. He savored the excellent taste, his eyes shining as he looked at the small jar beside the Divine Child.

If he wasn't afraid of causing misunderstandings and that his people couldn't beat this tribe in a fight, he would rush over, snatch the small jar, and hold it in his arms.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe had a similar reaction to the leader of the Green Tribe, also staring intently at the small jar.

What was inside that jar? How could adding a bit of it make the otherwise plain soup taste so delicious?!

On the side, the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had been eagerly anticipating, saw the expressions of the leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes, and their hearts felt extremely satisfied. Smiles of goodwill appeared on their faces.

This feeling of astonishing other tribes with something from their tribe was genuinely excellent, even more satisfying than seeing them enjoy the delicious sheep offal soup.

The leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes, unable to resist their curiosity, hurried to the side of the Eldest Senior Brother, eagerly inquiring about salt.

Han Cheng watched everything with a smiling face. He scooped some soup into his bowl, blew on it to cool it down, and took a sip. Frowning slightly, as expected, without star anise, Sichuan peppercorns, cinnamon, and other spices, as well as the flavorful chili oil, vinegar, and cilantro used in the future, this sheep offal soup tasted significantly less appealing.

After tasting a bit, he didn't want to drink more. After sending these people away, he decided to save room in his stomach and cook some lamb.

He didn't find it particularly delicious, but the people of the Green and Sheep tribes didn't think so. Each person held a large bowl of sheep offal soup, slurping it up as if their mouths and tongues were made of stone, oblivious to the scalding temperature.

#### Chapter 185: Salt as Free Gift

The fact proved that primitive people were genuine food lovers. The large pot of sheep offal soup from the Green Sparrow Tribe, except for Han Cheng, who tasted a bit, was left untouched by the rest. Twenty-nine people managed to finish it all!

Despite eating so much, several individuals, with their bellies full, extended their tongues to lick their bowls clean. Not satisfied with licking their bowls, they licked the bowls used by their companions, making sure they were spotless as if washed with water. They seemed unafraid of overeating to the point of discomfort.

Han Cheng turned away, unable to bear watching any longer. If he continued, he feared he might not be able to restrain the urge to hit someone.

These bowls had to be stored separately!

Anyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe who dared to eat like this or use these bowls for meals would have to endure kicks!

The leaders of the Sheep and Green tribes each held a small jar of salt and were unwilling to let go.

Inside the small jars was pure white salt.

Initially, they hesitated to touch it with their hands, fearing it might melt like snow. After much hesitation, they tentatively reached out to touch it.

The leader of the Green Tribe withdrew his hand from the jar, looking at the snowy substance inside with excitement. It was as if he had seen a bowl of hot and delicious food emitting steam.

Although his unwashed hands had discolored the surface layer of salt in the jar for who knows how long, the charm of these things was not diminished in his eyes.

"Salt!"

He repeated the name he had just learned from the leader of this tribe, feeling a bit awkward pronouncing it but not having much thought about it. After all, these were things he had never encountered before.

"Salt!"

The leader of the Sheep Tribe looked at the snowy substance in the jar in his hand and couldn't help but repeat the word.

Hearing the somewhat awkward pronunciation of the leaders of the Green and Sheep tribes, Han Cheng suppressed a smile. Well, he had inadvertently influenced the pronunciation of two tribes.

They could say more words in Mandarin than just the newly learned "salt." They also learned "jar," "pottery," and "pot" from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

All were new things they had encountered through the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The leaders of the Sheep and Green tribes felt somewhat uneasy but were unwilling to put down the jars of salt.

They were uneasy because the salt in their hands was too precious. Just a bit added to the soup would make it exceptionally delicious.

In their eyes, pottery was already quite precious, and the fact that salt was stored in pottery made it even more valuable.

Thinking about the various things they had exchanged for pottery, they naturally felt uneasy facing this precious salt.

However, they couldn't give up these jars of salt.

The delicious and nostalgic meat soup was the biggest reason they exchanged for pottery. Learning that salt was the key to making the soup delicious. They were naturally unwilling to give it up.

"Salt!"

After a moment of silence, the leader of the Sheep Tribe pointed to a lamb being skinned, raised two fingers, waved them, and patted the jar of salt in his hand. He spoke.

The meaning was to exchange two lambs for one jar of salt.

In his view, this salt jar was more valuable than two lambs, which were quite common in their tribe.

Worried that the Eldest Senior Brother might raise the price, after stating what they were offering in exchange, he immediately took out three bowls and a pottery jar from their previously exchanged pottery, pushing them in front of the Eldest Senior Brother.

This is what he exchanged for using two lambs previously.

Han Cheng, who had been watching the development of the situation nearby, couldn't help but sniff when he saw the leader of the Sheep Tribe's actions.

Three bowls and a pottery jar were very precious to the Sheep Tribe, but for the Green Sparrow Tribe, lacking only two lambs made a significant difference! After all, the Green Sparrow Tribe had long since popularized pottery.

The leader of the Green Tribe looked at the three pottery bowls and a pottery jar brought out by the leader of the Sheep Tribe, then looked at their tribe's only pottery jar and two large pottery jars, feeling quite conflicted.

Just as he was about to send someone to bring over the grass spikes and fur hidden at a distance from the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Eldest Senior Brother spoke up.

Seeing that the Sheep Tribe was willing to exchange two lambs for a jar of salt, he was very tempted to agree. The Sheep Tribe could temporarily do without sheep and take the salt back first. When the sheep were brought next time, they could exchange them then.

However, remembering what the junior disciple had quietly said to him before, he dispelled this tempting idea. Although he hadn't determined the junior disciple's intentions yet, he decided not to agree to the exchange.

The Eldest Senior Brother squatted down, shaking his head, pushing the pottery jar and bowls brought by the leader of the Sheep Tribe back to him.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe felt a little disappointed at this, realizing that two lambs were indeed not enough.

After a slight hesitation, he was about to bring over three more bowls, but the Eldest Senior Brother stopped him.

In his puzzled gaze, the Eldest Senior Brother waved his hands repeatedly and said, "%&Don't %@".

Understanding the Eldest Senior Brother's meaning, the leaders of the Sheep and Green tribes widened their eyes in surprise and disbelief.

%@\$

They looked at the Eldest Senior Brother, then at the salt jar in their hands, wanting to confirm and ask about something.

"%D is"

The Eldest Senior Brother nodded vigorously while saying that to convey his meaning more clearly, he also pounded his chest.

Although in conveying this meaning, he had a vision of six-skinned lambs suddenly coming back to life and then running away without a trace

The leaders of the Sheep and Green tribes suddenly became happy. They hugged the Eldest Senior Brother one after another and pressed their foreheads against his shoulder. Learning that they were

getting this precious salt for free, a gift from the intentions of the junior disciple, they came to thank the generous but seemingly young Divine Child sincerely and paid their respects to the shaman.

Having eaten their fill, each carrying a jar of salt, the leaders of the Sheep and Green tribes, along with their tribespeople and exchanging pottery, left happily.

The recently cleaned large pot of the Green Tribe was blackened again, but they didn't care about it. Rejecting the proposal of the Green Sparrow Tribe to wash the pot with water, they swiftly carried it away. The pot retained the delicious meat soup, and they were reluctant to wash it away.

After reaching a place invisible to the Green Sparrow Tribe, the two tribes separated and headed in the direction of their respective tribes.

Han Cheng climbed up the wooden ladder until he couldn't see the two tribes anymore, then came down from the low wall, wearing a triumphant smile.

" Divine Child"

As soon as he descended, the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother surrounded him, asking about the doubts in their hearts.

They were puzzled by the Divine Child's insistence on giving away free salt to these two tribes.

Previously, with many people and limited time, the god hadn't explained clearly. Now, it was time to clear up the confusion.

Chapter 186: A plan with salt

Han Cheng knew that the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother must be very puzzled by his actions. He led them towards the inner cave when he saw the two approaching.

Before entering the cave, he instructed the others to continue working. He told the wife of Lame, who was washing the turned-over sheep intestines, to add salt to the basin and scrub again

Han Cheng made the decision to give away salt to the tribe not long ago. Although it seemed impulsive, there was a lot of careful consideration behind it. Or rather, it was something he had been thinking about for a long time and suddenly found a solution.

The labor shortage in the Green Sparrow Tribe had been greatly alleviated with the addition of ten adults from the original Pig Tribe, led by Shang, and the recovery of injuries of people like Hua, Left Limp, and Right Limp.

However, as the planting area of rapeseed and millet expanded, labor would once again become scarce. And now, with nine new members added to the deer herd and seven pregnant does, it wouldn't be long before several fawns were born, and the size of the deer herd would surpass thirty-five.

Rabbits continued to reproduce as before, especially after adding eight wild rabbits. Their population increased significantly. At this point, the rabbit population had already exceeded three hundred.

Because of this, Han Cheng had to allocate manpower to nearly double the size of the rabbit enclosure a few days ago.

The domesticated chickens hatched two broods, totaling twenty-nine chicks of different sizes.

Oh, yes, they also had to add three sheep to the mix.

With so many mouths to feed, the demand for food was astonishing. Just providing grass for these fellows required a lot of manpower.

Not to mention, the daily consumption of over three hundred rabbits was staggering. These creatures, after eating, would defecate; after defecating, they would eat again. They were like over three hundred constantly operating grass shredders.

Two people were dedicated to harvesting grass for them just to keep up with this terrifying consumption rate.

At present, as it wasn't yet winter, the deer lord took his tribe out to forage every day and didn't need much feeding. However, once the snow fell and the deer lord refused to go out again, grass consumption would become even more staggering.

Two months ago, there were only four people harvesting grass. Not long after, it became six people.

After all, the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have much grain. These creatures' winter food depended entirely on the grass harvested and dried in advance.

As the saying goes, a full stomach leads to deep thoughts.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe did not lack food and drink. In the past, they would only be particularly active in spring. Nowadays, with good food, they are not very selective about the time.

They diligently planted seeds, and the land was fertile rather than barren. Naturally, the survival rate of seeds was higher.

For example, one of the Eldest Senior Brother's spouses gave birth when spring flowers had not bloomed. Now, her belly was growing again. It was estimated that after heavy snowfall in winter, she would give birth again.

The presence of many pregnant women and women giving birth greatly reduced the available manpower in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Although pregnant women, women giving birth, and children were not as precious as in the future, they still affected labor to a certain extent.

After considering all of this, one problem once again presented itself to the Green Sparrow Tribe: a manpower shortage.

Han Cheng had always considered the issue of labor shortages in the tribe. With the example of the Pig Tribe merging into theirs, he naturally looked to the nearby tribes for solutions.

However, the opportunity for the Pig Tribe to merge was a stroke of luck and not easily replicable.

The Flying Snake Tribe suffered heavy losses last year and was unlikely to come looking for trouble in the vicinity for a short time.

Without such a powerful external threat, it was difficult to integrate these tribes into their tribe, like the Pig Tribe.

Han Cheng had considered launching wars and attacking neighboring tribes, killing their adult men and even children taller than a cartwheel, then plundering the remaining people into the Green Sparrow Tribe. But after much deliberation, he gave up on the idea.

Once outside the walls, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe did not have an absolute advantage over neighboring tribes. Under such circumstances, casualties among their people were inevitable and not insignificant.

Humans are emotional creatures, and Han Cheng, not a ruthless conqueror, naturally didn't want to see people he had lived with for so long die. So, he temporarily put aside the idea of launching battles to annex other tribes and thought of using gentler means.

Han Cheng had started preparing for this during the Joyful Gathering. Through a series of measures, he endeavored to instill in these people a desire for the prosperity and strength of the Green Sparrow Tribe, letting them yearn for it.

Then, through trade, he strengthened the connections between several tribes and the Green Sparrow Tribe, constantly reinforcing this understanding, coaxing them little by little, and slowly achieving peaceful integration.

However, these methods were not mature enough or strong enough to persuade the leaders of these tribes to abandon their tribes and lead their people to join the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng had been considering this problem all along. Still, he hadn't come up with a practical solution until today when the leader of the Green Tribe, who was returning with exchanged pottery, encountered the Sheep Tribe on the way back and returned to discuss it. Suddenly, this problem was resolved, giving Han Cheng a sense of enlightenment.

Salt!

It's salt!

The deliciousness of salt is hard to resist for anyone who has tasted it.

In recorded history spanning thousands of years, salt has left a deep mark on every dynasty. Whether in the Spring and Autumn Period, the Warring States Period, or even earlier in the Xia, Shang, and Zhou dynasties, enfeoffed states profited from boiling salt. None of them were poor.

Later, after the state monopoly on salt and iron, salt taxes became a stable source of national revenue.

Later, under the bombardment of cannons and cannons, people who claimed to be civilized did extremely barbaric things. Those intoxicated gradually woke up from the dream of the celestial kingdom, and the decayed dynasty was overturned. Mass production of salt and salt taxes were gradually abolished.

Now, the Green Sparrow Tribe guarded the salt mountain. However, in the era in which Han Cheng had previously lived, salt had long become an extremely common and cheap commodity. Influenced by this mindset, he had never realized the huge impact of salt in other aspects.

Now, awakened by a word from the leader of the Green Tribe, he suddenly felt enlightened.

Primitive tribes did not consume salt initially, such as the Green Sparrow Tribe and the surrounding neighboring tribes, who lived just fine without it.

These tribes, having tasted salted food at the Joyful Gathering and still resisting the temptation of delicacies upon returning, only coming back to trade after several months, provided a glimpse into the situation.

However, habits are slowly formed. Han Cheng is now providing them with salt for free, aiming to cultivate the habit of salt consumption among these tribes.

Going from frugality to luxury is easy, but going from luxury to frugality is difficult. Primitive people are still people and cannot escape this principle.

Once their taste buds and stomachs get used to the flavor of salt, consuming food without it will become extremely uncomfortable for them.

At that time, the generous Green Sparrow Tribe, led by their kind but somewhat naive Divine Child, will begin to show their fangs

Thinking of this, Han Cheng couldn't help but reveal a cunning smile.

After Han Cheng explained, it took quite a while for the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother to understand the intricacies of the plan. They looked at their shaman with a reverent expression.

The shaman lived up to his title; he could even think of such a convoluted scheme.

They only thought that giving away salt for free was a self-sacrificing act benefiting others, but they didn't expect the shaman to set such a huge trap with it.

With this, the Green Sparrow Tribe was bound to develop and become the largest tribe in the vicinity!

Thinking of the grand scene after several tribes joined the Green Sparrow Tribe, the shaman couldn't help but tremble with excitement, and his elderly face flushed with excessive excitement.

The Eldest Senior Brother was also extremely excited.

He carefully recalled the scenes of drinking unsalted meat soup daily, feeling a strong aversion throughout his body.

The Divine Child's plan will surely succeed!

This was their most sincere hope and their confidence in their Divine Child.

When Han Cheng arrived, the Green Sparrow Tribe had only ten able-bodied adult men, including the disabled Lame. Later, with the growth of Tie Tou and Hei Wa and the addition of six adult men from the Pig Tribe, the number of adult men experienced explosive growth, reaching eighteen.

There were initially twenty-eight adult women. With the addition of strong adults and the integration of three female war captives and four female primitives from the Pig Tribe, there are now thirty-six.

The number of elderly primitives has not increased; there are still only the shaman, Fire One, and Fire Two.

This is understandable since it is the primitive era. For various reasons, living in old age is not easy for people.

There were initially thirty-five children. Eight died last year, leaving seven, and fourteen have been born this year. Two died, leaving twelve, and four are still in their mother's wombs, waiting to be born.

Excluding Hei Wa, Tie Tou, and Zhuang, the Green Sparrow Tribe has fifty-one underage individuals. Among them, the largest number are children aged zero to four, who have no labor capabilities, accounting for nearly half of all underage individuals.

The Green Sparrow Tribe has fifty-four adult members with strong labor capabilities.

The total number of elderly people and children is also fifty-four, which means one adult must support one of them. Compared to modern times, this ratio isn't low. Fortunately, at this stage, only basic needs like food, clothing, and shelter must be provided for the children, and the cost of raising them is much lower than in later times. Otherwise, both the Green Sparrow Tribe and Han Cheng would be overwhelmed.

It's unknown if it's a coincidence, but as of now, the Green Sparrow Tribe has one hundred and eight individuals, adults and children combined, which coincides with the celestial numbers in "Water Margin."

Of course, this doesn't include Han Cheng, who serves as the Divine Child.

Except for a few infants who died shortly after birth, no one in the Green Sparrow Tribe has passed away during this period. This might seem somewhat unreasonable at first glance. Still, it becomes more plausible after careful consideration of the significant changes in their way of life and production methods since Han Cheng's arrival.

This strength is considered top-tier among the nearby tribes, rivaled only by the Bone Tribe.

Of course, if we only consider the number of adults, the Bone Tribe still has a slight advantage over the Green Sparrow Tribe. However, since the arrival of Han Cheng, the measure of strength has changed.

Strength is not solely measured by the number of people but also by factors such as housing, weapons, food reserves, and cultural soft power.

In terms of overall strength, even the populous Flying Snake Tribe cannot match the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Of course, regarding combat power, the Green Sparrow Tribe cannot surpass the Snake Tribe once they leave the enclosure.

This is the aftermath of rapid development. Because too many areas need improvement and too few hands are available, they can only focus on one aspect for now.

The Green Sparrow Tribe's foundation has been laid. In the future, while considering development in other aspects, Han Cheng also needs to gradually shift the focus towards enhancing combat power.

Otherwise, letting the Green Sparrow Tribe follow the path of the Song Dynasty would be regrettable.

He doesn't want to end up like Zhao La'er, who completely squandered the winning hand left by Song Zu Zhao Da. He led the Song Dynasty straight into disaster, and even after being destroyed by the Yuan Dynasty, it took centuries to recover.

Ultimately, the problem lies with Zhao La'er, the scoundrel.

#### Chapter 187: The Secret Not Passed Down

The three leaders of the Green Sparrow Tribe came out of the inner cave. Each was enveloped in a profound joy, leading many to secretly speculate what good fortune would befall their tribe.

Their speculations quickly vanished when Han Cheng, the chief chef, and the Divine Child, announced what they had discussed in the secret chamber to the crowd. Divine Child declared that he would personally prepare delicious food to share with everyone.

For the primitive people, who were true foodies, there was nothing more exciting than eating. Even clothing, housing, and humming primitive tunes had to take a backseat to eat.

"Produced by the Divine Child, it must be a masterpiece." This had long become the consensus of all the people in the Green Sparrow Tribe. Even the three-year-old primitive children knew.

Previously, they had watched people from the Green Tribe and the Sheep Tribe feasting with envy, and now, upon hearing the Divine Child's announcement, how could they not be excited? The entire tribe instantly boiled with excitement!

Han Cheng, Shaman, and the Eldest Senior Brother looked at the lively scene and couldn't help but laugh heartily.

As per Han Cheng's instructions, his spouse had already washed and salted three strings of sheep intestines. She knew that the Divine Child liked cleanliness, so each string of intestines had been scrubbed several times, showing her earnestness.

Recalling the days when food was scarce in the tribe and how they roast the intestines without washing them, she smiled and shook her head.

Looking at the abundance of food and the smiling faces of the people, and finally focusing on the Divine Child who was instructing people to clean the large vat, her smile grew even broader.

Those days were long gone!

The three strings of intestines, thoroughly scrubbed and kneaded, were thrown directly into the large vat without being cut.

A large sheep skeleton with plenty of meat on it was broken into pieces by stone knives and axes and also thrown into the vat.

Then, two sets of sheep offal and half a sheep's head were added. Without adding any water, these items alone nearly filled half the vat!

Several jars of clear water were poured into the vat, submerging the meat. The heavy lid was placed on top of the vat, and the fire, tended by Fire One, had already been lit.

The flames burned vigorously, and with his less-than-perfect teeth, Fire One blew continuously on the fire.

Fortunately, Fire One didn't wear dentures. Otherwise, Han Cheng was worried that Fire One might accidentally blow out his dentures while blowing on the fire

Tie Tou returned, panting, dragging two large branches of pine needles that had just been broken off.

Han Cheng sniffed, realizing that the primitive way of doing things was rough and bold. He had only asked for a small piece of pine branch, but Tie Tou had brought back so much.

Han Cheng nodded towards Tie Tou, who was grinning foolishly at him. He reached out and forcefully broke off two pieces of pine branches, not the kind with pine needles, and washed them with clean water. Then, he opened the lid of the large vat and threw it into the soup, which continued to simmer.

Han Cheng's colleague, Li Lin, in the former's previous life, was the guy who had to accompany his wife on Valentine's Day instead of executing the mission with Han Cheng. He is the shameless guy from the Northwest.

According to him, his family had been running a lamb soup restaurant since his great-grandfather's generation, and their lamb soup was a local specialty.

It's unclear whether Han Cheng knew that his family had been operating a lamb soup restaurant since his great-grandfather's generation, but what's for sure is that this guy's lamb soup tasted really good.

If he weren't single and didn't love eating so much, he wouldn't have been swayed by this guy's promise of three meals of lamb soup. He wouldn't have agreed to it and gone alone to find that reckless foreign friend, and he wouldn't have become such a tragic person who crossed over

Thinking about this, Han Cheng felt a pang of bitterness and tears.

Putting pine branches in the lamb soup was the secret that Li Lin had inadvertently revealed to Han Cheng, who got drunk.

He had tried to cook a few times before, following Li Lin's advice and adding pine branches to the soup, and indeed, the taste was greatly enhanced. But compared to what that guy Li Lin cooked, it was still far inferior

A row of clean pottery bowls was placed beside the large vat as backups.

Amidst the expectant gazes of the crowd, the Divine Child, standing on a wooden stump, finally announced that the soup was ready.

Everyone was excited, with anticipation, waiting to take turns to get the soup.

However, what puzzled everyone was that the Divine Child didn't scoop the soup directly into bowls as before. Instead, he had a few people fish out the large pieces of cooked lamb, offal, and intestines from the vat and place them on a tightly woven wooden rack that had been cleaned earlier.

Then, he had people use stone and bone knives to cut these cooked meats while they were still hot.

As a few people were cutting these meats, Han Cheng picked up a pottery basin filled with the cut meat and placed several large pieces of lamb, a few pieces of offal, and some segments of intestines into each bowl one by one.

After placing the meat, he picked up another pottery basin containing chopped wild onions and sprinkled some onto each meat bowl.

As he sprinkled the onions, Han Cheng's heart twitched. To make the vat of soup as good as possible, he had directly used up more than half of the scarce wild onions

After sprinkling the onions, he took a small jar of salt and, holding a pottery spoon in one hand, sprinkled salt into each bowl.

Han Cheng scooped up a ladleful of the boiling, creamy white lamb soup from the vat and poured it into each bowl.

The steaming lamb soup met the onions, lamb meat, offal, and intestines, immediately releasing a tantalizing aroma.

The white soup, the slightly red meat, complemented by the green onions, not to mention how it tasted. Just looking at it made people hungry.

"Gulp."

"Gulp!"

As they smelled the fragrance and looked at the delicious food, everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe, including the Divine Child and Shaman, couldn't help but swallow

"Ah~"

The Eldest senior brother held up his empty bowl and exhaled, feeling completely comfortable.

He thought the fish soup and meat soup with salt were already delicious. Today, drinking the lamb soup personally made by the Divine Child, he realized how shallow his previous understanding had been.

The second senior brother vigorously gnawed on a bone with lamb meat in one hand, juices flowing everywhere

A delicious lamb soup feast made the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe feel like they were floating on air, feeling that happiness was both real and illusory

"Someone! Someone!"

When people are comfortable and happy, a stick is always in the mud.

The shouts of the guards outside and the banging of the drums pulled the Green Sparrow Tribe back to reality as they were still savoring the aftertaste.

Instantly alert, they filed out, not knowing who was coming.

Looking at the crowd outside the tribe's gates, Han Cheng suddenly felt the urge to facepalm. These guys had just left not long ago. Why were they back again?

When did primitive people become so troublesome?

Chapter 188: a flash of inspiration

The chief of the Green Tribe smirked smugly as he looked at the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe gathered before him, then glanced at the many furs and useless grass tufts laid out in front of him, his face glowing with satisfaction.

Occasionally, he glanced at a tribe member standing beside him, showing a hint of approval.

The people of this tribe must be very surprised at how quickly they returned and brought so many things back, right?

The chief of the Green Tribe guessed correctly; Han Cheng and the others were very surprised.

Considering the distance between the Green Sparrow Tribe and the Green Tribe, it would take about the same amount of time for the Green Tribe's people to return by car.

Moreover, they returned with heavy pottery.

However, where did the pottery they took earlier go if they hadn't returned? And how did they acquire these furs and grains?

The Senior Eldest Brother looked at the smirking chief of the Green Tribe, who was chatting loudly with him, his face filled with doubt.

Could it be that the world he came to wasn't just a primitive era, but a world without fighting spirit, yet with magic and wizardry?

Could the people from the neighboring Green Tribe have magical powers?

Han Cheng's mind raced with thoughts, and he couldn't help but smile.

He almost fooled himself into believing it.

Han Cheng looked at the chief of the Green Tribe standing outside, looking very pleased with himself, and thought this guy was indeed cunning.

There was only one possible explanation for the current situation: when they came earlier, the people of the Green Tribe had brought these things with them. To gain as much advantage as possible from their tribe, after getting close to their tribe, they hid the fur and grains and only brought the pottery.

If the large pottery and the small pottery produced the same tasting soup, he couldn't resolve this matter himself, and they would do the same as they are now, taking out the things they brought and exchanging them for goods.

Or perhaps they thought he was deliberately keeping secrets and then took out these hidden items to bribe him

Sure enough, interests were a good thing. Under its drive, primitive people became less primitive

The chief of the Green Tribe was a short-tempered person. After exchanging the fur and grain for two pottery jars and ten pottery bowls, he proudly explained the whole matter to the Senior Eldest Brother, confirming Han Cheng's guess almost entirely.

Feeling like he had regained the upper hand, the chief of the Green Tribe led his people away with their newly exchanged pottery, looking extremely pleased.

Of course, he was overjoyed because, as per his original expectations, these furs and less tasty grains were meant to be exchanged for ways to make the soup taste better.

Now, not only did he obtain salt to make the soup delicious, but he also exchanged it for many precious pottery items, which were practically picked up for nothing. Naturally, he was ecstatic.

It's unknown whether this guy would still be as happy once he learned about the intentions of the Green Sparrow Tribe's shrewd but seemingly foolish godson.

After walking for a while, the people of the Green Tribe stopped at a considerable distance from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

They cleared away the pulled-up grass, revealing a large pottery jar and two pottery jars.

The chief of the Green Tribe patted the pottery with a happy smile and personally carried the large jar back to his tribe, looking like a triumphant general returning from victory.

Han Cheng didn't care about the chief of the Green Tribe's little schemes.

While the chief of the Green Tribe thought about gaining advantages from the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng planned to swallow the entire Green Tribe.

Standing at different heights naturally revealed different attitudes.

After a day of relaxation, life in the Green Sparrow Tribe returned to normal. The land was tilled, the grass was cut, rabbits were chased, and chickens' backsides were peeped at. The days were plain but flavorful.

The chief of the Green Tribe was cooking soup again, this time in the Green Sparrow Tribe. He carefully reviewed the steps of soup-making, remembering them all, feeling confident.

Especially when he saw the jar of snow-white salt, his heart was even more assured.

Before starting to cook the soup, he took a step ahead and pounded his chest, assuring the tribe members that they would make delicious soup this time.

The flames under the large pot were burning, and the water inside had already started to boil.

Following Han Cheng's example, he found a thin stick and prodded the meat inside the pot. Feeling it was right, he instructed someone to remove the fire.

Then, he picked up a bowl and scooped some soup from the pot, letting those who didn't go to the Green Sparrow Tribe this time taste it individually.

Of course, these people complied, but the soup tasted the same as before; it wasn't as delicious as the chief had claimed.

Seeing the puzzled looks of the people after tasting the soup, the chief of the Green Tribe felt satisfied. He cleared his throat and then solemnly picked up the jar of salt.

Like Han Cheng, he tilted the jar to let the people see the pure white salt inside, then turned around mysteriously and poured the salt into the pot.

The chief of the Green Tribe had a deep memory of the failures of the previous attempts to cook soup publicly, so this time, he was determined to shock the tribe's people with delicious soup.

While pouring the salt, he had a sudden idea.

This pure white salt made the soup taste so delicious with just a little bit. Wouldn't it be even better if he added more?

This sudden thought brightened the chief of the Green Tribe's eyes, and he couldn't help but secretly applaud his ingenuity.

He tilted the jar even more aggressively, and nearly half of the jar of salt fell into the boiling soup instantly, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Watching so much salt disappear from the jar all at once, the chief of the Green Tribe felt a bit heartbroken. However, considering that this salt was obtained for free, and this meat soup would be even more delicious, far surpassing the Green Sparrow Tribe's, he felt much better.

He put down the salt jar and picked up a wooden stick to stir the tantalizing meat soup vigorously.

The other people of the Green Tribe were all eagerly watching. Their throats couldn't help but roll in anticipation, eagerly waiting to taste the delicious meat soup cooked by their chief.

To carry on the imitation to the end, the chief of the Green Tribe suppressed his eagerness and picked up the bowl again, scooping out a half-bowl of incredibly delicious soup with added salt, letting those who had not tasted it before take turns tasting it.

A deep and confident smile appeared on his face as he looked forward to the shocked expressions of the people in the tribe after they tasted his exquisitely cooked meat soup.

"Splat!"

The first person who eagerly anticipated tasting the soup distorted their face and couldn't help but spit it out, sticking out their tongue and grimacing.

The smile on the face of the chief of the Green Tribe, who had been waiting for the expressions of shock, instantly disappeared.

He snatched the bowl away and handed it to the next person to taste.

Staring at the female primitive man with dissatisfaction, he thought, even if the meat soup I cooked was extremely delicious, you shouldn't be so impatient, right? You've drunk the meat soup several times; can't you wait a bit longer without burning your mouth?

"Splat!"

Under his gaze, the second person, cautiously sipping the soup, twisted their face for a while before finally spitting it out.

The chief of the Green Tribe's eyebrows raised. Was this the delicious soup he cooked, wasted like this?

He angrily snatched the bowl of soup from the second person's hand and didn't give it to the third person. He wanted to personally demonstrate to the impatient people in the tribe how this exquisite meat soup should be drunk!

"d!"

He raised his voice to make everyone watch him demonstrate. After everyone looked over, he slowly brought the bowl to his lips, blew gently to cool it down, and then took a strong sip. Half of the delicious meat soup had already entered his mouth.

The chief of the Green Tribe's eyes widened instantly. At this moment, he finally understood why the first two people had shown such expressions. It wasn't because it was too hot, but because

"Splat!"

"Gulp, gulp"

The chief of the Green Tribe put down the empty bowl in his hand, and before he could even catch his breath, he burped loudly.

His stomach was already full of water, but he still couldn't resist wanting to drink more.

Not only him, but all the other people of the Green Tribe were the same.

He squatted down, scratching his head, looking at the remaining half jar of soup, full of doubts. Putting some salt would make it delicious, so putting more should make it even more delicious, right? Then why

Chapter 189: Enter the Jia Mansion, Lin Meimei

The azure sky stretched endlessly overhead while the warm autumn sun bathed the earth below. In the distance, majestic mountains stood motionless, and birds soared through the sky.

Tranquility and serenity pervaded every corner as if the world was at peace.

"Baah~!"

A pitiful bleat suddenly shattered the illusion of tranquility, disrupting the peaceful scene.

With his snorting nose and swaying tail, Deer Lord casually strolled away, paying no heed to the three fellows who were no better than barking dogs.

The three little lambs gradually calmed down as the big fellow moved off. They cautiously emerged from their huddled corner, eyeing the much larger creatures with fear and awe. After a while, they tentatively approached the green grass placed not far away on the wooden planks.

"Baah~!"

But then, several more pitiful bleats rang out, causing the three timid lambs to huddle together again, trembling in fear.

The poor little fawn, often bullied by its father and other unruly creatures when young, had grown significantly.

While its size had increased, its maturity had not, and it had become mischievous.

Of course, one could also say that it had inherited the traits of its elders.

Seeing its father intimidating the three white-coated fellows, the fawn joined in, hopping and skipping to show off. It went even further than its father, scaring the timid trio and boldly eating the grass right in front of them.

Watching them cower in fear, the fawn became even more excited.

Perhaps this behavior stemmed from the psychological trauma it endured in its youth, always being bullied and pushed around for milk.

Just as people have to bow under a roof, so too did the sheep in the deer pen. The three little lambs dared not take a step or utter a word outside their designated area.

Unaware that these three little lambs had been bullied into the "Lin Meimei" role in the Jia Mansion, Han Cheng was busy with his affairs.

Of course, it wasn't lurking near the henhouse to peek at pants-less hens.

Today, the Green Sparrow Tribe was unusually lively, not because another tribe had come to trade but because the Green Sparrow Tribe was moving. They were officially leaving their caves and moving into the houses built some time ago.

This was cause for celebration! Of course, it had to be lively.

If it weren't for the fact that bamboo hadn't been found and there was no saltpeter or sulfur, Han Cheng would have set off some firecrackers to celebrate.

Moving house wasn't much of a big deal. There were no furnishings or other odds and ends to worry about. They just needed to roll up their bedding and place it on their assigned heated beds, and that was about it.

With twelve rooms, there was more than enough space for all the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After all, this wasn't modern times. Han Cheng, the number-one Divine Child, and Shaman, the second-rate fraud, only enjoyed the luxury of single rooms. Everyone else slept on the large heated beds.

The layout of these twelve rooms was different from Han Cheng's room.

In Han Cheng's room, there was only one heated bed. But in these twelve rooms, each had two very large heated beds.

One against the back wall and one against the front wall.

The earthen-heated beds were 1.6 meters wide and three meters long, the same width as the room. A low mud wall separated the beds, dividing the space into two heated beds, each about 1.6 meters long and nearly 1.5 meters wide.

For couples like Tie Tou and Hei Wa, who had just had a child, or for other couples expecting a child, sleeping on separate beds on either side was just right.

This not only promotes unity among the tribe members but also can stimulate fighting spirit. With a low wall separating them, they exchange smiles and then engage in a "plowing" competition, which is quite nice.

Han Cheng's design can be described as very humane.

Small couples like Hei Wa and Tie Tou can accommodate four people in such a room.

For someone like Third Senior Brother, who has two spouses and several children, having one family on the front and one on the back heated beds is more than enough.

Of course, someone like Big Brother, who originally had five spouses but later gave one to Shang and now has four, can occupy a room alone with their wives and children.

There is no need to worry about several families living together being inconvenient, as in the past, everyone was used to living together in a cave.

Even in an unobstructed cave, they still made the original noise of playing musical instruments, and no one felt embarrassed.

Now, living in this room with some shelter, the grade has improved. I don't know how much.

Inside the room, apart from the front and back heated beds, there is only a middle passage over a meter wide for walking, nothing else.

People in the tribe don't think there's anything wrong with this because when they lived in caves, they didn't have anything besides a place to sleep.

They are already very satisfied with what they have now, carefully touching their allotted heated beds one by one with joy and disbelief.

Many people who have participated in erecting earth-heated beds, with a heart full of pride, speak with their spouses or children in broken language about when they were building these earth-heated beds.

Some children happily play on the laid heated beds, flipping head over heels.

Many boys who haven't mastered the strength will flip to the bottom of the heated bed suddenly. They are a bit naughty but don't cry or fuss. They quickly get up from the ground, climb back onto the heated bed, and continue playing.

Girls who fall and hurt themselves may shed a few tears and cry for a while, but this crying will soon disappear. With tears on their faces, they smile and play again, having already thrown the pain out of the window.

Not every room has a door, which would be too much trouble and waste space inside the room because the place where the door is opened cannot be used to build a heated bed.

A total of two south-facing doors were opened for the twelve rooms, one at each end of the fourth room.

With this door as the boundary, the twelve rooms can be divided into three sections, with the number of rooms from east to west being three, four, and three.

The doors are left like this as part of Han Cheng's considerations.

These twelve connected rooms are not individual small rooms; their interiors are connected, with the ten inner doors left by the eleven mountain walls allowing passage.

People living in the three rooms at the eastern and western ends can enter and exit from the adjacent doors, while those living in the four rooms in the middle can decide which door to use depending on the situation.

Leaving these doorways like this maximizes the convenience for everyone to enter and exit.

The eleven doorways inside the rooms do not have doors, as there is no need for them, and installing them would be cumbersome.

When the skin and fur of the Green Sparrow tribe increase or when they can make cloth after finding hemp, they can hang a curtain half a meter above the ground to cover it.

#### Chapter 190: The Useful Charcoal

Within the tribe, there was joy as everyone lay on the heated beds, surveying their new homes. Each person wore a satisfied smile, deeply feeling that the hard work of the past six months had not been in vain.

The earth pits were smooth and dry, far superior to the uneven caves. Even without laying down dry grass or fur, sleeping on them naked was more comfortable than in a cave. Not to mention that the heated beds were covered with hay and fur that had been dried and warmed in the sun for half a day.

It wasn't just the children who were cheering and jumping on the heated beds; even the adults in the tribe were lying there, reluctant to get up.

As for the concern that the earth-heated beds would be too hot to sleep on in the summer, that worry had long been thrown out the window. Over this period, they had already figured out how to use the earth-heated beds.

When the weather wasn't cold, there was no need to light a fire, so the heated beds naturally wouldn't be hot, and sleeping on them wouldn't be uncomfortable.

That wasn't the main point; the main point was the scene described by the shaman.

Outside, snow fell heavily, and the cold was biting, with even urine freezing. Inside the rooms, a faint light from the fire pit of the earth-heated bed leaked out. The thick, heated bed was warm from the flames, and lying on it with an extra layer of softened skin after being treated made one want to moan in comfort just thinking about it.

In the past, the people who least liked the arrival of winter and heavy snow were now eagerly anticipating the severe cold to come early. If this kind of anticipation of the Green Sparrow tribe were known to other tribes, they would surely be cursed.

Even Lamé had a happy expression on their faces. After lying on the heated bed for a while and feeling the beauty of the earth-heated bed with their spouse, this particularly diligent person got off the heated bed.

At this moment, he held a broken pottery shard with some smashed, unburnt black charcoal.

He came to the edge of the newly installed door, squatted down, pinched a few small clumps of charcoal crumbs into the stone pit below the door hinge, and then used his hand to move the door back and forth.

With the movement of the door hinge, these crushed charcoal crumbs gradually spread evenly around the hinge. Some unlucky ones had already run to the bottom of the door hinge and were crushed.

Compared to before, the door was much lighter to open and close.

After doing this at one door, Lame did the same at another door.

He didn't care about the charcoal crumbs that weren't crushed. As time passed, with everyone's daily opening and closing of the doors, these charcoal crumbs would gradually wear out in the friction between the door hinge and the stone pit, becoming their lubricant.

As he put charcoal crumbs into the stone pit below the door hinge, Lame couldn't help but marvel at the Divine Child's wisdom.

He originally thought putting grease under the door hinge was a very good method, but he didn't expect the Divine Child to develop an even better method like this!

Unburnt charcoal was very easy to obtain, and compared to delicious grease, it was not so painful to use. And the effect was even better.

With grease, you had to add some to it occasionally, and it was also easy to attract small insects. Charcoal crumbs had none of these troubles; you only needed to put some in now and then at the beginning, and then you didn't need to worry about it anymore.

Moreover, after adding charcoal crumbs, the door hinge became smoother and lighter as it wore down. Besides the reasons Lame knew, there were two other reasons why Han Cheng changed the original method of adding grease and used charcoal crumbs instead.

One reason is that Fu Jiang, the gluttonous fellow, just stumbled over to lick the door hinge and got kicked several times on the buttocks for it, but he still enjoyed it.

Another reason is that when thinking about solutions, he remembered the later generations when the lock on the front door couldn't open and close well, and family members would scrape some pencil lead into the keyhole, then insert the key, move it back, and forth a few times, and the lock would become smooth.

There was no lead in the Green Sparrow tribe, but there was plenty of unburned charcoal, even blacker than lead.

There was some resemblance between the two, so Han Cheng tried his sudden inspiration, and the effect was surprisingly good.

There was no trace of the Divine Child image when rolling around on the spacious earth-heated bed, so naturally, he didn't know that someone was praising his wisdom behind his back.

Fortunately, this world didn't have any capricious gods and spirits. If it were another world, Han Cheng felt that if things continued to develop like this, he might gather a lot of wishes and become a deity

No one was in the east wing room; it was empty in the room reserved for the shaman.

At first, when they saw the completed deer fence, they associated it with a house. Those who wanted to build similar houses for the tribe suddenly became hesitant and started to regret it when it came time to move in. They said they would let everyone else move into the rooms and stay in the inner cave themselves.

This unexpected change caught Han Cheng off guard. When he asked the shaman why he didn't want to move in, he just shook his head and refused to say, but when Han Cheng pressed him, he finally revealed the truth.

He said he had lived in the inner cave long and couldn't bear to leave. Moreover, there were totem poles, bone wands, and feather crowns in the inner cave. These important things needed someone to guard them, and he was the shaman; he should guard them.

Han Cheng was touched and amused at the same time. After persuading him for a long time, the shaman refused, so Han Cheng had no choice but to let him be.

Since the weather wasn't too cold, if the shaman didn't want to leave, let him stay inside temporarily.

When the weather got colder, he would figure out a way to get him to move in.

"Time to eat! Time to eat!"

Someone shouted from outside.

Upon hearing this voice, the people in the room started to move, pouring out from the two doors and heading towards the cave.

Even though the children had short legs, they ran to the front, reminiscent of students in later generations who were ready to run to the cafeteria when the school bell rang.

Han Cheng also stepped out of the door and headed towards the cave. Influenced by the scene, his pace quickened involuntarily. Whether he walked fast or slow, the first meal was his

As people moved out of the cave to live, the once crowded and lively cave became empty and deserted. With the influx of people, it once again regained its lively atmosphere.

The empty cave would be used to store tools in the future, and it would serve as the dining hall of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Han Cheng had no plans to change the practice of communal dining. Not only was it convenient, but gathering together to eat also fostered camaraderie. Moreover, by determining the order of serving food, it subtly maintained and reinforced the order of the Green Sparrow tribe.

As for private ownership, that was something to consider only after the productivity had greatly improved and the size of the tribe had expanded, which was unsuitable for the current Green Sparrow tribe.