

Primitive 191

Chapter 191: Harvest song

A grand feast is naturally indispensable since it's a celebration of moving to a new home. All kinds of food the Green Sparrow Tribe can offer are brought out, and everyone can eat to their heart's content.

Although lacking various seasonings, for the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, these dishes are indeed the epitome of deliciousness.

After the meal, as night falls, many people are eager to return to their new homes and sleep on the heated bed again, experiencing that comfortable feeling again, but Han Cheng stops them.

What kind of celebration would it be without a bonfire party?

Han Cheng said there should be a bonfire, so the bonfire in the courtyard was lit. Han Cheng said there should be dancing, so

So everyone was stunned. They didn't understand what the Divine Child meant by "dancing."

But not knowing how to dance is okay, as long as there are people to teach and learn.

Street dance is cool, Latin dance is beautiful, square dance is trendy, ballet is challenging

None of these have anything to do with Han Cheng or the Green Sparrow Tribe because Han Cheng doesn't know them.

He only knows a bit of harvest song and two sets of radio calisthenics

Radio calisthenics are too serious and not suitable for such a joyous occasion. Plus, they remind Han Cheng of the fear of being controlled by the school.

So, the harvest song appeared earlier than it should have.

Without handkerchiefs or floral decorations, small pieces of animal hide are used instead. Without drums, wooden clappers and stones are used.

At first, some thought the Divine Child's steps and poses were mesmerizing, while others felt embarrassed.

But as the continuous sound of wooden clappers and stone strikes rang out and more and more people danced around the bonfire with the Divine Child, those who were initially hesitant gradually became attracted by the joyful laughter and infectious smiles of those dancing, and they became eager to join in.

Breaking through the barriers in their hearts, they joined the celebration.

The Shaman, who often dances as a deity, did not join this chaotic dance party. He stood aside, tapping the clappers, watching the joyful crowd. With missing teeth, he couldn't close his mouth.

This event if not for Han Cheng's announcement, even experts in harvest song dancing wouldn't recognize it as a bonfire dance. It gradually subsided after dancing for a while, and those drenched in sweat felt incredibly refreshed.

After venting their inner joy this way, everyone felt light-hearted and invigorated.

These people, who don't have many leisure activities on ordinary days, suddenly fell in love with this activity created by the Divine Child that brings joy to both body and mind.

Some of the less reserved ones walked toward their rooms, swaying

Han Cheng lay on the heated bed, layered with thick dry grass and topped with a piece of fur. Comfortably stretching, he pulled a soft and thick sheepskin over himself. Without the primitive tunes disturbing him, he soon fell asleep

"Cock-a-doodle-doo~"

Not very clear and causing some surprise from the future, the crowing of a rooster woke Han Cheng up. He opened his eyes.

With no dreams all night, he felt refreshed in the morning.

When he got up to wash, Han Cheng was startled because, as far as he could see, the eyes of the Green Sparrow Tribe adults were all red and bloodshot, looking as if they all had conjunctivitis.

Reading history makes one wise, mathematics makes one clever, but would dancing harvest song around a bonfire make everyone collectively get conjunctivitis?

Han Cheng thought absurdly like this, then hurriedly lowered his head to look at his own eyes in the basin. His gaze was clear and still carried innocence

And a bit of shamelessness.

He saw a child and found that his eyes were completely normal, like any other day.

Han Cheng grabbed Tie Tou, whose eyes were also red, and asked what was happening, but Tie Tou stuttered and couldn't explain.

Han Cheng instantly understood when he saw this, so he let go of Tie Tou and smiled at these troublemakers.

"It's not"

Seeing the expression on the Divine Child's face, Tie Tou immediately knew what the Divine Child was thinking and hurriedly shook his hands to explain.

The Divine Child seemed to know everything like a wise child, smiling as if to say I understand' and returning to his room with his toiletries, leaving Tie Tou speechless and bewildered.

Han Cheng misunderstood Tie Tou and the others this time. They didn't sleep well last night, which was somewhat related to what he thought, but not to a large extent.

The biggest reason was that these people slept in new houses on soft beds, and their spirits were too excited to sleep.

Tie Tou felt it would be embarrassing to say this before the Divine Child, so he seemed hesitant. As a result, this hesitation led to a big misunderstanding falling on his head.

He looked at the already large belly of Ru Hua, then looked at Hei Wa, who was shaking his leg and poking his teeth with a twig, appearing to be in a good mood, and beside Hei Wa, Zhuang, whose belly had shrunk after giving birth, felt even more wronged by carrying this blame.

It was Hei Wa and Zhuang. He hadn't done anything; he just peeked at the visitors in the middle of the night.

As if sensing something, Hei Wa, who had just spat out a mouthful of mouthwash, happened to turn his head.

He found Tie Tou looking at him, and without hesitation, he showed a smirk

The weather grew colder daily, with more and more leaves falling. The Green Sparrow Tribe prepared to cultivate the wasteland to plant rapeseed, and all the land was turned over with rapeseed already planted.

The first batch that was planted has already sprouted, and some of them have four leaves already.

The land that was burned and prepared for planting millet next year has been cultivated for half of it.

Today, all the work of cultivating wasteland has stopped, and the main labor force in the tribe is going to pick fruits.

Although the Green Sparrow Tribe is not short of food now, fruits still need to be stored, and they make excellent desserts after meals.

Nuts like pine nuts are especially delicious as snacks.

The people who went to pick fruits not only brought hooks and baskets but also took stone spears and reinforced vine shields.

For the past two autumns, when picking fruits, they have encountered the Flying Snake Tribe in the orchard. Last winter, the two tribes had another life-and-death battle, which can be said to have taken on a blood feud.

In the future, it will be difficult to reconcile if they encounter each other again, and disputes will not end like before, with both sides throwing away their weapons and fighting bare-handed.

So, they must be vigilant and make sure to bring enough weapons.

In the past, there were elders and children participating in picking fruits, but this year, none of them went, as their ability to resist danger is not strong enough.

At first, Shang didn't quite understand the seriousness of Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

It's just picking fruits, not hunting, so why be so cautious?

But after he learned the reason behind it, his previous thoughts disappeared immediately. Not only did he bring two stone spears and a vine shield, but he also placed half of the stone bullets, especially left over from when they were picking stones to build houses, into the baskets on his back for easy throwing.

Chapter 192: Gradually drifting apart

The sunlight filtered through, withered leaves falling to the ground, creating a faint sound, carrying a kind of serene, deathly beauty.

"Splut!"

The ripe fruits, hot to the touch, bursting with juice, couldn't hold on any longer. With just a breeze passing by, they trembled as if electrified, tumbling from the branches, spilling their juices.

This unusual sound shattered the unique tranquility.

"Rustle, rustle"

As if that sound had opened some sort of floodgate, the forest became restless, no longer peaceful.

As the rustling drew nearer and grew louder, a group of primitive people wrapped in fur, carrying baskets and weapons, appeared near the orchard.

Seeing the fallen fruits on the ground, the Eldest Senior Brother's eyes showed a regretful expression, followed by relief.

He didn't rush into the vast orchard but led his men to circle it, cautiously surveying the surroundings.

After completing a circuit, the Eldest Senior Brother finally relaxed.

Seeing the abundance of fallen fruits and no signs of recently broken branches, it was clear that no one had visited this orchard before them.

"Pick!"

After confirming it was safe, the Eldest Senior Brother gave the command, and everyone put down their weapons and swiftly began picking fruits.

Shang, the leader of the original Pig Tribe, tightly gripped a stone spear and a rock in his hand, his eyes scanning the surroundings with a crimson tint.

Noticing Shang's unease, the Eldest Senior Brother approached and patted him on the shoulder, saying, "We all remember!"

After a while, Shang reluctantly exhaled, nodding vigorously at the Eldest Senior Brother and then putting down the spear and stone to join the others in picking fruits.

Though they were almost certain that the hostile tribe that had caused them great losses wouldn't return to this orchard, the Eldest Senior Brother remained cautious, ensuring that everyone gathered the fruits together after picking them, to avoid dispersing.

The appearance of hooks and baskets made transporting the fruits back to the tribe much more convenient and efficient compared to last year when they used rope-bound clay pots and carrying poles.

Even with this method, efficiency surpassed the previous method of wrapping fruits in animal skins and carrying them back.

"Bang!"

A stone hit the trunk, bouncing off and rolling into the nearby dry grass. Startled, a beast, unseen in detail, fled into the thicket, leaving only a ripple in the grass before disappearing.

"Run fast!"

The second brother, carrying a basket, watched the fleeing creature and remarked as he put away the stone he had been about to throw. Then, he hoisted his basket and continued walking.

Inside his filled basket were fruits and a few small game animals, one of them a tail-wagging creature, unmistakably a squirrel known for burying things in the ground.

The people in the tribe seemed excited because they had encountered quite a few game animals on their journey, more than usual when they went hunting.

It seemed that the traps for rabbits crafted by the "Divine Child" could be placed even further from the tribe.

It could be foreseen that this would surely be another bountiful harvest!

It was strange; back when the tribe lacked food and clothing, these animals were nowhere to be seen. But now that the tribe's life had improved and food was plentiful, these creatures had reemerged.

As the Eldest Senior Brother and his companions walked back while picking fruits, they occasionally discussed their doubts, vaguely concluding akin to "the rich get richer, the poor get poorer."

Seeing the small game their companions casually caught along the way and hearing their puzzled discussions about this phenomenon, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile.

Over the past year or two, the Green Sparrow Tribe had focused solely on development and rarely went hunting. With fewer predators hunting, the creatures that benefited from the opportunity to breed naturally multiplied in number, especially the species frequently hunted by the Green Sparrow Tribe, which saw even faster growth.

This was good; when the time came to focus on hunting again, they would surely have a bountiful harvest.

The orchard wasn't too far from the Green Sparrow Tribe's settlement. With nearly half the population picking fruits and the improved transportation methods, it didn't take long before the caves were filled with plenty of fruits.

Han Cheng climbed up the ladder onto the tall wall, standing on top and looking at the distant forest, now much clearer and brighter after the withered leaves fell. He felt he needed to go out as well.

Not for a leisurely autumn stroll but to go to the mulberry trees.

Despite the softening effect of saltpeter on fur, his obsession with making silk trousers had diminished significantly, but Han Cheng hadn't forgotten about it because it was indeed a treasure.

As a Han Chinese, now in this era, he naturally wanted to bring out the silkworms if possible.

The bald trees, the yellowing fallen leaves, and the struggling grass refusing to die all vividly showcased autumn winds' might.

Compared to its master, who used to wear animal skins and wield a stick while randomly beating things, Fu Jiang, with its owner now, seemed to possess much more poetic beauty. At least it could feel this loneliness.

In the past, it used to run around the tribe joyfully, but now, walking through this desolate yellow landscape, it appeared melancholic.

Han Cheng, preoccupied with thoughts of silkworms, didn't notice Fu Jiang's sudden change in behavior; he was too busy carrying his basket and swinging his stick forward.

Even Han Cheng, who is closest to Fu Jiang, didn't notice anything unusual about it. Those following, their attention focused on the surrounding sounds, were even less likely to notice its melancholy.

Han Cheng had always thought his methods were ruthless enough, but compared to the autumn wind, they were indeed insignificant.

At least the wild chickens in the tribe, after Han Cheng's handling, still had some feathers left to cover themselves. But the mulberry trees in front of them had been stripped bare by the autumn wind.

Looking up at the bald branches, Han Cheng searched inch by inch.

At the command of the Divine Child, the others also raised their heads, searching for something whose exact appearance they didn't know.

Fu Jiang also stood under the tree, lifting its not-so-nimble eyes and, with its master, looked up at the sky fragmented by the bare branches.

A gust of wind blew, and Fu Jiang's melancholic eyes suddenly brightened, seeming to come to life.

Tilting its head, it stood in the direction of the wind, its nostrils twitching.

After a while like this, it stepped forward in that direction.

After walking for a while, it looked back at its owner, still looking up at the sky with a sigh, and paused for a moment, seeming to hesitate about something. But eventually, it headed toward the direction of the wind, gradually disappearing into the distance, obscured by bushes and trees, completely out of sight.

Chapter 193: hanged person

Han Cheng still tilted his neck inch by inch, searching among the branches and leaves. The prolonged act of looking upwards made his neck stiff, and he felt a bit dizzy.

Would the silkworm-raising matter be postponed again?

This area wasn't particularly large, with only twenty-eight mulberry trees whose trunks were thicker than a bowl. He had already looked through more than half of them but still hadn't found any traces of silkworm cocoons.

He lowered his head, moved his stiff neck, and felt disappointed.

Where did that fellow Fu Jiang go?

He glanced around, but there was no sign of Fu Jiang. Puzzled, he was about to call out a couple of times.

"Divine Child! Look!"

Mu Tou's surprised voice suddenly rang out. Han Cheng followed the sound and saw Mu Tou under a mulberry tree with a trunk as thick as a bowl, pointing upwards with pleasant surprise on his face.

Fu Jiang always loved to run wild when he came out. He had disappeared before, but he always returned on his own after running around for a while. With such a precedent, Han Cheng didn't think much this time. Seeing Mu Tou's expression, he knew there must be results regarding the silkworms.

Immediately, he hurried over to Mu Tou. The matter of calling Fu Jiang was forgotten for the moment.

"Look."

Mu Tou pointed to a spot above them and spoke again.

Following his direction, Han Cheng's gaze searched for a while until he finally spotted a small object hanging from a branch. It wasn't large, probably thinner than his little finger, and shaped like an oval stick. The surface was a dark brown, perhaps due to long exposure to wind and sun. With the breeze, it swayed back and forth, resembling a hanging ghost not yet dead.

Han Cheng felt delighted. He was pretty sure this was it!

He didn't need anyone else to do it; he hugged the tree, climbed up, grabbed the branch holding the "hanging ghost" of a mulberry tree, and broke it off with his hands.

As he pulled the branch, he was pleasantly surprised to find two cocoon-like silkworms hanging next to each other on the branch's end.

Before descending the tree, he eagerly examined the branch with the cocoons. The initial excitement faded, replaced by disappointment.

Compared to the silkworms he had raised in his childhood, these cocoons were much smaller and thinner. They collapsed with a slight pinch.

Thinking about it, he couldn't help but shake his head and smile. It was already excellent to find silkworm cocoons at this moment. Why bother about so much?

The silkworms of the future underwent countless generations of breeding. How could these wild silkworms, tens of thousands of years earlier, compare?

Of course, while he reasoned this way, the disappointment lingered because these silkworms would also need to be nurtured slowly, just like rapeseed, millet, and wild chickens.

Taking the branch with the cocoon, Han Cheng descended from the tree, plucked one cocoon forcefully, and turned it over to examine. One end of the cocoon was already broken, and the opening was somewhat blackened.

As expected, there was no trace of the silkworm pupae inside the cocoons, only some dried and broken skins left behind. Presumably, they had already hatched into moths, mated, and ascended to heaven completely.

Han Cheng sniffled. It seemed he would have to continue searching for silkworms until next spring

Previously, he had only thought about finding silkworm cocoons in autumn. Still, he had forgotten that once the silkworms finished spinning their cocoons, they would emerge from them in just a few days, achieving greatness by laying eggs and then dying.

But it was still good. At least it confirmed that there were indeed silkworms here. Knowing this, as long as they were willing to put in the effort, they could find the silkworms.

Of course, it was also highly possible that they hadn't found the silkworms yet and were first ambushed by the hidden killer, the "foreign pepper," lurking beneath the green leaves.

Han Cheng looked at the three cocoons in his hand and then at the bald mulberry tree, feeling something was amiss.

According to the speed at which silkworms went through a cycle in just over a month, their reproductive capacity should not be lower than that of rabbits. Since there were silkworms here, many cocoons should have been hanging from the mulberry trees by autumn. Yet now, they were so scarce, which was truly perplexing.

Han Cheng's bewilderment lasted only briefly before a group of noisy birds flew overhead, dropping something, which solved his doubts.

Watching Mu Tou, who touched his nose and angrily threw stones at the birds flying away, Han Cheng couldn't help but chuckle. At the same time, his doubts about the lack of wild silkworms were dispelled.

Seeing Divine Child's joyful expression, everyone gathered around to see the object Divine Child was earnestly seeking.

Their experiences over the past year had taught them that anything Divine Child took an interest in and treated so seriously was extraordinary!

After seeing the true appearance of the object, Eldest Senior Brother and the others couldn't help but exchange glances.

They couldn't understand why Divine Child needed such a thing.

Someone voiced their doubts, and Han Cheng, in a good mood, said, "To make clothes."

After saying this, he pulled at the animal skin wrapped around him and added, "Like this."

After understanding Han Cheng's meaning, everyone became even more puzzled. The fur they were wearing was already very comfortable. Why did Divine Child insist on making clothes out of this strange object? Moreover, it was so small. How could it be worn on the body?

Could it be tied to the body with thin ropes, wound around in circles?

This appearance would indeed be too strange.

But wearing this way in hot weather should be very cool

Some of the more imaginative ones, looking at the silkworm cocoons in Han Cheng's hand, began to brainstorm.

Han Cheng didn't know what this person was thinking. If he knew, he would be amused.

The purpose of today's visit had been achieved, and it was time to go back.

Thinking happily, Han Cheng prepared to take everyone back. But when he turned around, he still saw no sign of Fu Jiang.

This playful fellow.

Thinking this, Han Cheng scolded with a touch of indulgence, then shouted, "Fu Jiang~!"

The voice echoed in the vast forest.

After shouting twice, Han Cheng stood still, looking around, waiting for the familiar figure that would usually come out immediately with joy, wagging its tail and bouncing around him.

However, he didn't see the familiar figure after waiting for a while today.

Han Cheng's relaxed heart suddenly tightened, suppressing his anxiety, telling himself not to overthink, and then continued to call out.

The voice was a bit louder than before, tinged with urgency and a hint of unease.

The forest, with its fallen leaves, was as quiet as ever. There was no other movement except for a few small animals nearby being scared away by the sound and running away.

Han Cheng's heart was in his throat. He quickly asked if anyone had noticed where Fu Jiang had gone or when he disappeared.

Everyone had just noticed when Han Cheng called out for Fu Jiang. Now, they were all trying hard to think, but they didn't know anything else apart from knowing that Fu Jiang had been following them until now.

Chapter 194: Feeling Empty

"Fu Jiang~!"

"Fu Jiang~!"

The anxious shouts echoed continuously in the forest, making the mountains and forests seem emptier.

The joy of finding wild silkworms had long disappeared, completely replaced by the anxiety and unease brought about by Fu Jiang's unexpected disappearance.

How could such a good fellow just vanish like that?!

"Fu Jiang~!"

Han Cheng's face was anxious as he shouted hoarsely, his voice somewhat hoarse.

"Fu Jiang~!"

Eldest Senior Brother and the others also joined in the shouting, equally anxious.

They had witnessed how Fu Jiang had grown from a chubby little ball of fur day by day. After more than a year of living together day and night, they had fully accepted this fellow who looked like a wolf but was different in every other way. One could even say they treated him as half a tribe member.

Now, suddenly disappearing like this, they felt uneasy, too.

As they walked through the forest, wielding their weapons and shouting, they looked around and noticed the surrounding movements. Wherever they went, all the beasts were startled.

Han Cheng had fantasized countless times that Fu Jiang would suddenly appear from somewhere, wagging his tail and playing around him as usual. However, when he turned to look toward his fantasy, the expected figure did not appear.

"Divine Child, let's go back. It's getting late"

Eldest Senior Brother looked at the sky and then at Divine Child, who was still shouting and searching for Fu Jiang. After hesitating several times, he finally spoke up.

Han Cheng felt very uncomfortable, a kind of emptiness inside.

He raised Fu Jiang from a young age, and he had already developed feelings for him. How could he rest easy when he suddenly disappeared like this?

Although there were no dog thieves then, the surrounding world was far more dangerous than in the future, especially for Fu Jiang, who was alone

Han Cheng shook his head and said, "Let's search a little longer."

Seeing Divine Child say this, Eldest Senior Brother didn't insist anymore and could only follow Divine Child.

He didn't want to give up the search like this, but compared to Fu Jiang, he was more concerned about the safety of the people in the tribe.

"Divine Child"

After searching for a while with no results, Eldest Senior Brother spoke again.

Han Cheng looked at the sky. Indeed, it was not early anymore. Although he felt reluctant, he could only return.

He couldn't risk putting most of the tribe's strength in jeopardy just to search for Fu Jiang.

"Perhaps he's in the tribe."

After walking back for a while, Eldest Senior Brother suddenly spoke up.

Han Cheng's spirit couldn't help but shake. How could he forget about this possibility?!

With renewed hope and a bit of anxiety, they hurried back to the tribe with everyone else, wishing they had wings to fly faster!

As the late autumn sky darkened quickly after the sun descended, darkness immediately enveloped everything at a visible speed.

The people left in the tribe began to feel uneasy.

The shaman came out from the depths of the cave, regardless of his age, climbing the ladder step by step onto the low wall over two meters high, looking towards the dim distance shrouded in dusk.

In his somewhat clouded eyes, there was unease and anticipation.

The adults in the tribe who had no other tasks to attend to had gone out with the Divine Child to search for the silkworms that had not been found before. They said it wouldn't take too long. Now that the sun had set and darkness was about to fall completely, neither the Divine Child nor the people from the tribe had returned.

A sense of unease spread throughout the entire Green Sparrow Tribe. Even the children, who loved to play, quieted down at this time.

After waiting for a while, with the surroundings becoming increasingly desolate, the shaman couldn't wait any longer. After instructing someone to make the fire outside the gate brighter, he carefully climbed down the wall and headed toward the cave.

He was going to pray to the heavenly gods, praying for the safety of the Divine Child and the other people in the tribe.

The people in the tribe were already living one day at a time, but they couldn't withstand such calamities!

"Hey~!"

A distant shout came faintly from afar. Lane, adding firewood outside the gate, hesitated momentarily. Then, another shout came, and his hesitant expression turned into pure joy. He had already recognized the voice.

"They're back! They're back!"

He shouted excitedly, then picked up a burning stick and waved it vigorously above his head.

The shaman, who was halfway there, heard Lane's shout and immediately forgot about praying to the heavenly gods. He turned around and headed towards the gate of the tribe.

The tense atmosphere dissipated, and the children, who had been as quiet as if their tongues had been tied, started cheering with the adults.

"Shaman, Fu Jiang"

After the short-lived joy of their return, Han Cheng couldn't help but ask anxiously.

The shaman, who was overjoyed to see everyone return unharmed, was puzzled by Han Cheng's words.

Wasn't Fu Jiang supposed to be with you guys?

He heard the anxiety in Han Cheng's voice and didn't hesitate to tell him what he knew.

Han Cheng's heart suddenly sank, and even Eldest Senior Brother and the others playing with children couldn't help but pause.

The whole joyful scene suddenly became bleak.

Even before reaching the gate of the tribe, Han Cheng had already confirmed that Fu Jiang had not returned because if that guy were in the tribe, he would have run out to greet them from afar.

He just didn't want to believe the news until he got the confirmation from the shaman.

Seeing Han Cheng and the others with such expressions, the shaman hurriedly asked what was happening.

Han Cheng ate very little for dinner, only drinking a few mouthfuls of soup. Without Fu Jiang eagerly waiting to share his food, Han Cheng felt uncomfortable.

He put down his bowl and walked out of the cave towards the gate. The shaman glanced at Han Cheng, who was walking out and hurriedly finished chewing his food. After finishing the food in his bowl, he followed suit.

He came to Han Cheng's side and looked towards the vast distance with him.

He wanted to say something, but in the end, he said nothing, just stood there quietly accompanying Divine Child.

Gradually, more and more people stood behind them

"Let's all go back to sleep"

Feeling both uncomfortable and moved, Han Cheng turned back and smiled at everyone

Lying on the kang, Han Cheng tossed and turned, unable to sleep. Fu Jiang lingered in his mind.

As the night deepened, this worry not only did not diminish but became even heavier.

Fu Jiang had grown up in the tribe since childhood, never interacting with other wolves. And Han Cheng had intentionally tamed his wildness

How could he survive in the wilderness? Probably, he would starve.

But Han Cheng was most worried that Fu Jiang, gentle and inexperienced in outdoor survival, would encounter other animals' hostility.

He didn't want to see such a result no matter what!

Unable to sleep, he tossed and turned for a long time before finally falling asleep.

The night was quiet, and the half-moon appeared silently at some point, casting its cold light over the land.

The closed door was suddenly pushed open, and Han Cheng, wearing only a pair of leather shorts, ran out of the room barefoot towards the gate.

Just now, he vaguely heard Fu Jiang calling and scratching at the gate.

When he arrived, the gate was as quiet as before. Where was Fu Jiang?

He stubbornly opened the gate and walked a few steps outside, looking around and calling Fu Jiang softly. Only the chirping of insects echoed around him.

He stood quietly here for a while, sighed softly, returned to the courtyard, bolted the gate, and returned to the bedroom with a sigh

The next day, Han Cheng woke up very early, and Eldest Senior Brother and the others also woke up early. They, who used never to understand Divine Child's thoughts, all guessed right this time.

They washed up, had breakfast, grabbed their weapons, and set off.

Before they left, they instructed the people left behind to guard the tribe.

The shaman also hurried over to instruct Han Cheng and the others, reminding them to remember to return to the tribe before dark, regardless of whether they found Fu Jiang or not.

Han Cheng nodded solemnly, saying he wouldn't forget

Chapter 195: Sabretooth?

The group from the Green Sparrow Tribe set out with vine shields, stone slings, and stone spears.

First, they arrived at the mulberry forest. After not finding any trace of Fu Jiang, they used the mulberry tree as the center point, excluding the direction of the tribe to the east, and began searching in a fan shape.

After turning half a circle without finding any trace, they expanded the search area and continued to turn a larger half-circle.

The calls for Fu Jiang were incessant, startling countless birds and driving away many small animals.

A leopard, concealed in the shadows, was preparing to charge at its prey not far away. The prey, completely unaware of the danger, was startled by the sudden sound of the grass and ran off. The leopard, too late to catch its prey, stopped and looked at the intruders who disturbed its hunt from afar. In its brown eyes, there was no discernible emotion.

After seeing the intruders who disturbed it, the leopard abandoned its plan to have them for lunch, turned its head to look here, and quickly climbed up a tree.

The group also saw the leopard. They protected Han Cheng in the middle, holding vine shields and stone spears while keeping a cautious eye on the leopard and trying to increase the distance between them, moving around from the side.

Even though they had vine shields and were a large group, they were unwilling to engage in conflict with such a fierce beast.

After safely bypassing the leopard, they continued their search

After passing a small mountain ridge, a somewhat hidden low-lying area appeared in front of them, possibly related to a spring, surrounded by lush trees.

Fortunately, it was autumn, and the leaves had fallen. Otherwise, it would be difficult to see things here.

Now, blocked by tree trunks and dry grass, more than half of the area was not visible.

"Hiss~"

Stepping on the dry grass and fallen leaves, they walked a distance here, and the visibility gradually improved. After seeing the true scene here, even the experienced Eldest Senior Brother couldn't help but inhale sharply, and his body immediately tensed up.

He made a low sound in his mouth, signaling the people around him.

Walking a bit behind, Han Cheng didn't understand what the Eldest Senior Brother had seen at first. After seeing the look of the Eldest Senior Brother and others, he took two steps forward, and the scene there immediately appeared before his eyes.

His eyes widened, his heartbeat accelerated uncontrollably, and his mouth opened slightly.

Encountering such a situation!

Around the spring was a relatively open area. To the north of the spring, two groups of wild beasts were facing off.

There were many animals in one group, roughly more than ten.

At the forefront were two large wild boars, with their tusks protruding outward, covered with dried tree sap, mud, and a mixture of broken sand and stones, like wearing a suit of steel armor.

The two wild boars were not small, much larger than the ones they had hunted before.

According to Han Cheng's visual estimation, the one with slightly smaller tusks and shorter size would also weigh upwards of one hundred and eighty kilograms.

The larger one would be no less than two hundred kilograms!

Behind the two wild boars was a group of young boars who had not fully grown, weighing about thirty to forty catties. They all looked somewhat cramped as they stood behind the two large wild boars, seeking protection.

Two huge creatures were also on the opposite side of the two large wild boars, about ten meters away.

Their short brown fur stuck tightly to their bodies, highlighting their powerful physique. Their hind legs were much thicker than their front legs, thicker even than the tiger legs Han Cheng had seen in the future zoo!

Their tails were not long, hanging down towards the ground, ready to exert force.

This is not the most attractive part; the most attractive part is the enormous head of this creature and the two fangs extending from the upper jaw, each at least twenty centimeters long!

These two "fangs," due to their excessive length, could not close inside the mouth and were exposed outside, making the zombie-like protruding fangs pale in comparison!

Saber-toothed tiger?!

After seeing the majestic appearance of these two creatures, Han Cheng didn't need to think deliberately. The name saber-toothed tiger leaped into his mind.

I didn't expect to encounter these creatures that disappeared in the river of history!

Han Cheng wasn't an archaeologist or a researcher of prehistoric creatures. After seeing the saber-toothed tiger, his initial surprise and excitement quickly faded.

When the two sides originally facing off noticed them rushing over, they all turned their spears towards them!

The two wild boars with protruding tusks, covered in "armor," stared at them with somewhat bloodshot eyes. Their hooves occasionally scraped the ground. If it weren't for the two saber-toothed tigers threatening from the opposite side, they would probably have already charged towards Han Cheng and the others!

The two saber-toothed tigers were the same. Their huge tiger heads looked over, and their long legs moved within a small range on the ground. Their mouths with protruding fangs occasionally opened and closed, with the angle between the lower and upper jaw exceeding ninety degrees!

This answered Han Cheng's doubts about how these two long fangs could open their mouths to eat.

The two saber-toothed tigers occasionally let out a low roar from their throats, issuing a warning to the sudden intruders.

Their dagger-like teeth shone under the sunlight like meticulously carved jade.

Imagine the feeling of these two long fangs piercing into one's body; Han Cheng immediately didn't find these two fangs beautiful anymore.

All the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe were tense, gripping their vine shields and stone spears, standing still in place, confronting these two groups of fierce beasts.

Due to the terrain, when Han Cheng and his group and the two groups confronting each other suddenly discovered each other, the distance between them was less than thirty meters!

The atmosphere was particularly tense at this moment. While the three sides confronted each other, the "Wu-Shu" alliance resisting "Cao" was also forming.

The two confronting groups were very angry at the sudden appearance of the third party.

It was only because this side had many people and didn't seem easy to provoke that they didn't launch an attack rashly.

Han Cheng's heart was pounding. He had never experienced anything like this before. In previous wilderness rescues, the most ferocious animals he encountered were a pair of wolves, and they left from a distance after seeing humans.

Unlike now, facing these fierce animals at close range and without any safety guarantees!

His hand holding the short stone spear was damp.

The more experienced hunters, like the Eldest Senior Brother, were calmer than Han Cheng, but they also didn't dare to act rashly. Such a large and fierce group of beasts was beyond their ability.

They wouldn't choose to fight these beasts if it weren't for the extreme food shortage.

"Let's go back!"

After the three sides confronted each other for a while and confirmed that the wild boars and saber-toothed tigers would not launch an attack rashly, the Eldest Senior Brother said in a low voice.

Following the leader's order, the people remained vigilant with their weapons against the wild boars and saber-toothed tigers, slowly and cautiously retreating

Fortunately, the wild boars and saber-toothed tigers were just moving within a small range in place, showing no intention of attacking. This made the extremely nervous Han Cheng breathe a sigh of relief.

They retreated together, wanting to leave this extremely dangerous place as soon as possible.

What's that?

As Han Cheng, who was retreating, suddenly glanced over, his gaze fell on a gray fur not far from the saber-toothed tiger in the grass.

There was a patch of gray fur revealed from the partially obscured grass. It seemed to be a dead beast

Han Cheng's heart suddenly jumped.

Chapter 196: Ruyi, don't fail me now

Han Cheng stared at the exposed patch of fur, stunned.

The retreating Eldest Senior Brother soon obscured his line of sight.

The Eldest Senior Brother bumped into Han Cheng, turned around to look, and, seeing Han Cheng's gaze fixed straight ahead at the saber-toothed tiger, he thought he was worried about the tiger.

Just as he was about to say a few words in a low voice, Han Cheng had already started to retreat.

Though he was extremely eager to confirm whether the creature lying in the grass was indeed Fu Jiang, he couldn't put the entire tribe at risk.

As everyone slowly backed away, the saber-toothed tiger and the slightly red-eyed wild boars disappeared, and as the tense atmosphere dissipated, the group became more active.

The Eldest Senior Brother glanced back at the area and motioned for everyone to head elsewhere. However, it was at this moment that Han Cheng stepped forward.

"Divine Child!"

"Divine Child!"

Understanding Han Cheng's intentions, everyone grew anxious and began calling out to him in low voices.

Seeing the concerned looks on their faces, Han Cheng smiled reassuringly, telling them not to worry and that he wouldn't act rashly.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others refused to leave without Han Cheng, insisting on accompanying him back.

Only after Han Cheng displayed the authority of the "Divine Child" did they fall silent, their concern evident.

Han Cheng instructed everyone to wait there and, for safety's sake, had Mu Tou chop down several tough vines from a nearby tree with stone axes, using them to create a barrier in front and on both sides of the group.

Everyone was now located on a moderately steep slope surrounded by tall trees.

The chopped vines were entwined around these trees, forming three layers: one about twenty centimeters off the ground, one at waist height, and the highest one about a meter above the ground.

With these three layers of vines as a barrier, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others would be much safer even if a beast went berserk and charged.

Han Cheng picked up his slightly smaller stone spear and carried a small backpack.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others were extremely anxious. Still, under the authority of the Divine Child, they didn't dare to stop him or follow along, only gazing at him incessantly and silently praying to the gods to protect him.

As Han Cheng looked at the gradually approaching low-lying area, he smiled wryly to himself, finding it strange that he had willingly approached it despite wanting to leave just moments before quickly.

And what's more, he might have encountered the "white-eyed wolf" that had likely already met its end.

With these thoughts in mind, his footsteps didn't falter as he continued toward the low-lying area.

As he neared the area, his attention became more focused, and his steps slowed.

Fortunately, this area was relatively damp, and the fallen leaves didn't make the bone-crushing sound as they did elsewhere, which helped him conceal his movements.

Carefully reaching the edge of the depression, he cautiously peered inside. After they left, with no external factors influencing them, the two groups of beasts resumed their standoff.

He looked towards the saber-toothed tiger, but he couldn't see the fur he had seen before due to his low position.

After looking around, Han Cheng quietly approached a nearby large tree.

The tree was about twenty meters away from the two groups in standoff, thick enough that an adult couldn't reach around it.

The trunk wasn't very smooth. It was rough and bumpy, perhaps due to some disease or scars left behind by dead branches that had withered from lack of sunlight over the years.

The past two years of primitive living hadn't been in vain; the three pairs of leather pants worn through climbing trees weren't just for show. Han Cheng could only look up and sigh if such a tree had been placed before they crossed over. But now, carrying a backpack, he climbed up quickly and silently.

He left his spear lying on the ground, as bringing it along would hinder his climbing and risk making noise, disturbing the two groups of "thugs" on the brink of eruption.

The tree trunk was thick enough to conceal Han Cheng's figure completely, so the two groups of beasts, already on the verge of exploding, didn't notice that someone had sneaked back.

Han Cheng climbed about five or six meters in one breath before stopping.

There was a branch extending towards the center of the confrontation.

Though it was a branch, it was thick enough, about the size of a bucket.

Han Cheng flipped onto this thick branch and moved cautiously forward.

After advancing about three meters, he stopped at the fork. This spot was conducive to concealing his presence and provided stability.

With one hand holding onto the branch, Han Cheng looked towards the saber-toothed tiger. From his elevated position, he could see the lump in the grass quite clearly. His heart couldn't help but pound at the sight, as the fur color and partial body shape resembled Fu Jiang's!

However, the distance was still too far, and the creature had been bitten, so the details were unclear.

Feeling uncomfortable and hopeful, Han Cheng wished it wasn't Fu Jiang.

He wanted to get closer but restrained himself.

As the trunk extended forward, it branched out more, and the branches ahead quickly became thinner.

While it could support his weight, it couldn't conceal his figure, and it was very easy to make noise. It wouldn't be good if these guys found out he was here.

He looked down at the wild boars below, making threatening noises but ultimately unwilling to attack, and at the saber-toothed tiger, only growling softly. He cursed their fussiness in his heart. Were they going to bicker like this before every battle? Bicker first, then fight?

After waiting for a while, Han Cheng couldn't wait any longer. He quietly took off his backpack and wore it in front of him.

Inside the backpack were eight small stones, which Han Cheng had carefully selected and placed inside. Because there were only a few stones, they covered the bottom of the backpack. The stones wouldn't fall out even if he bent over with the backpack on.

He took out a stone from inside and held it in his hand, squeezing it tightly. Thinking of the scene in Water Margin where Yan Qing shot the sparrow, he silently prayed in his heart, "If Fu Jiang's life is not meant to end, let this stone hit the wild boar below, startling the beasts and leaving behind a broken corpse for me to inspect! If Fu Jiang cannot survive this time, the stone will miss, and the beasts will remain unmoved!"

After silently praying this way, Han Cheng raised his right hand, which he often used to practice throwing stones for fun. Looking at the stone in his hand, he whispered, "Ruyi, don't fail me now!"

Then, with a sudden swing of his arm, he let go of the stone, which flew straight downward!

Chapter 197: Tiger roars, pig squeals

"Bang!"

This stone didn't disappoint Han Cheng. It hit the wild boar below at an angle and struck the eye of the most significant wild boar standing side by side, perfectly and directly!

Although his original target was the smaller wild boar closer to him.

The long confrontation had made the two adult wild boars, whose size was much larger than the ones Han Cheng's Eldest Senior Brother had hunted, become restless.

It was only because the front male and female saber-toothed tigers were not easy to deal with characters, and they also had half-grown piglets to protect that they had been enduring and not attacking.

Now, one eye suddenly came under attack, and the pain spread instantly throughout its body. This wild boar, which had been teetering on the brink of madness, instantly exploded with anger!

It didn't even consider when the saber-toothed tigers in front of it had learned to attack pigs from a distance. Ignoring the stone that had fallen into the nearby grass, it focused solely on the two damn saber-toothed tigers that had laid hands on it!

It snorted angrily, vigorously digging its hooves into the ground, mouth wide open, and charged straight towards the two saber-toothed tigers in front of it, like a small tank full of momentum!

With this movement, the other adult wild boar on the side also charged forward, equally fierce.

The rest of the piglets scattered in all directions.

The male and female saber-toothed tigers, furious, roared, mouths open, their long, dagger-like teeth reflecting in the sunlight like divine weapons.

Compared to the charging wild boars, the saber-toothed tigers appeared more agile. They didn't want to confront the charging adult wild boars directly.

Upon seeing the two large wild boars charging towards them and the scattered piglets running away, they immediately turned their bodies and chased after the nearest piglet.

One unlucky piglet, in its panic, was suddenly tackled by one of the tigers. Before it could even squeal in fear, attempting to display its courage and struggle a few times to show its resilience, the two large tiger teeth had already ruthlessly pierced its neck!

Under the tiger's kiss, who could escape?

With drops of crimson blood dripping down, this piglet that hadn't grown up was doomed!

The red-eyed adult wild boar charged forward, and the saber-toothed tiger biting the piglet sensed the danger, instinctively leaping aside. But it was a little too late; one of its hind legs was grazed by the wild boar's fangs, leaving a bloody gash.

Watching all these from his perch in the tree, Han Cheng couldn't help but marvel at the battle ignited by his single stone. He had heard of the ferocity of wild boars and knew that these omnivores were not to be trifled with, but he had underestimated them.

After all, he had eaten plenty of pork in his future life and had seen too many fat pigs that would grunt and squeal only when they were bound up and prepared for slaughter during the New Year

Now, seeing the saber-toothed tigers struggling in this battle, unable to gain an absolute advantage, he gained a new understanding of their ferocity and understood why Wu Cheng'en wrote about Piggy as the second disciple in "Journey to the West," surpassing the monster of Flowing Sands River and the Little White Dragon!

At the same time, he was curious about how his Eldest Senior Brother and the others had managed to kill these fierce wild boars during their previous hunts.

"Squeak!"

The saber-toothed tiger suddenly turned around, dropping the dead piglet from its mouth, and fiercely bit into the hindquarters of the large wild boar chasing after it.

The massive teeth, which quickly pierced the piglet's body, weakened significantly after encountering the "armor" on the adult wild boar's body, barely breaking through the boar's skin and only penetrating a little further inside before becoming powerless.

This bite didn't cause much damage to the wild boar; instead, it received a solid blow from the enraged wild boar

The tiger's roar and the pig's howl echoed here, sounding particularly fierce.

After a brief yet intense battle, one saber-toothed tiger fled empty-handed while the other carried a dead piglet and ran off. The two wild boars, now wholly enraged, chased after them with powerful strides.

Whether it was coincidence or some more profound arrangement, the two saber-toothed tigers and the wild boars ran in the direction Han Cheng had just come from.

Watching the roaring and swiftly departing tigers and boars, Han Cheng was dumbfounded and couldn't help but worry. How could these creatures choose the same direction?

Then he realized that his Eldest Senior Brother and the others were over a mile away from here, and there was such a vast expanse to the east. These saber-toothed tigers and wild boars couldn't just coincidentally stumble upon where his Eldest Senior Brother and the others were.

Even if they did, several vines were blocking the way, and his Eldest Senior Brother and the others were armed and experienced hunters. They shouldn't be at a disadvantage.

Thinking like this, he felt somewhat reassured. He looked in the direction where the wild boars had left but didn't see them returning. He then transferred the basket to his back, stood up from the tree branch, and prepared to continue sliding down the tree quickly to confirm whether it was indeed Fu Jiang.

As he slid down the trunk a bit, he suddenly hesitated again. He looked at the dead piglet left on the ground and then at the small wild boars gradually emerging from the surroundings. After hesitating for a while, he hugged the large branch of the tree and climbed back up.

Sitting against the trunk, he watched the piglets, who seemed somewhat frightened, grunting and squealing.

Not long after, a giant wild boar's grunt came from a distance, sounding somewhat anxious, accompanied by the rustling of dry branches, leaves, and grass being trampled.

Following the sound, Han Cheng saw the two wild boars that had left earlier running back.

Han Cheng inwardly exclaimed at the close call. Luckily, he had kept his wits about him and hadn't gone down immediately. It would likely have been hazardous if he had encountered these two fiercely enraged creatures at this moment!

Upon hearing the familiar call, the piglets all ran over to greet them.

The previous tension quickly dissipated after the big and small wild boars met.

The big and small boars grunted at each other, then went to drink water in the spring. After drinking, they approached the dead piglet that had been bitten by the saber-toothed tiger and left under the pressure of the big wild boar.

A big wild boar gently nudged it with its mouth, grunting as if it wanted the piglet to stand up again and leave with them.

The tusks that could easily tear apart the saber-toothed tiger's fur earlier now seemed surprisingly gentle.

After trying for a while and seeing that the piglet still couldn't stand up and the big boars, who had suffered several injuries and had some blood seeping out, the big wild boar finally led the rest of the piglets away

"Doot!"

As if aimed explicitly at striking Han Cheng, the Great Divine Child's face, an unusual sound rang out before he could finish his thoughts.

Holding the bow, the Third Senior Brother appeared excited and incredulous as he looked at the feathered arrow nailed to the wooden stake. He hadn't expected to hit the target on his first attempt.

"Many words will lead to failure, and many shots will hit the mark." Shooting arrows many times doesn't escape this rule.

Han Cheng couldn't help but feel excited and curious about Third Senior Brother's second arrow.

Third Senior Brother nocked the arrow, drew the bow, and with a release, a sharp thud resounded once again.

Two arrows were already embedded on the tree stump serving as a makeshift target.

With a mix of joy and surprise, Han Cheng watched the Third Senior Brother draw his bow again.

The third arrow missed, much to the disappointment of the onlookers and Han Cheng himself.

But upon reflection, Han Cheng's mood lifted again.

Hitting two out of three arrows on his first attempt indicated that Third Senior Brother had considerable talent in archery.

Moreover, the stump used as a target differed from the circular targets commonly seen in later eras. Hitting this target was much more challenging than hitting a typical bullseye.

Although the power of the bow and arrow fell far short of expectations, Han was quite satisfied. After all, this was a hastily made, rudimentary bow and arrow.

The bow and arrow were passed to the remaining people, and few managed to hit the target like the Third Senior Brother did. His consecutive hits raised expectations for the bow and arrow, among others.

Han Cheng went over to pull out the feathered arrow stuck in the stump. He wanted to gauge the power of the bow and arrow.

Compared to a real bow and arrow, the difference in power was considerable. Even though the outer layer of the stump used as a target had decayed, the arrows hadn't penetrated deeply.

Despite this, Han was content. After all, these were hastily made, rudimentary weapons.

The bow and arrow circulated among the rest of the people, with few managing to hit the target like the Third Senior Brother did. His consecutive hits raised expectations for the bow and arrow, among others.

When everyone cheered for Third Senior Brother, Second Brother's expression soured slightly. After all, he used to be the best thrower in the tribe. Now, he was overshadowed by Third Senior Brother. While primitive people didn't have the complex emotions of modern humans, many basic emotions were still present.

He picked up a few stones and approached Third Senior Brother, holding the bow and arrow, gesturing for everyone to move aside.

Then, he positioned himself next to Third Senior Brother, took a few steps back, and increased the distance from the wooden stump.

With a sudden wave of his hand holding a stone, the stone struck the wooden stump accurately.

All three stones hit the mark, and the last one knocked over the stump, which wasn't buried in the ground but supported by a few rocks.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe cheered for Second Senior Brother when they saw this.

Han Cheng also gave Second Senior Brother a thumbs-up. This guy's title as a Pea Shooter was well-deserved.

Throwing stones was a crucial skill in this era, and even later, after the widespread development of bows and arrows, stone-throwing remained a viable means of attacking enemies.

For example, the common practice of using slings to hurl stones.

One of the most famous instances was in the Water Margin, where Zhang Qing defeated seventeen generals of Liangshan with thrown stones in a single day.

Even Lu Zhishen, with his shiny bald head reflecting in the moonlight, was taken down by Zhang Qing's stones.

Then there were the catapults, capable of hurling projectiles like small artillery

Even today, stone-throwing remains a simple and effective method for hunting and combat.

Han Cheng wouldn't hesitate to praise Second Senior Brother from that perspective.

The third Senior Brother approached the area where the Second Senior Brother was and also prepared his bow and arrow. Today, the two of them seemed to have the intention of competing.

However, the Third Senior Brother was disadvantaged in the contest this time.

After multiple shots, the hastily made makeshift longbow had lost some elasticity, naturally not matching up to Second Senior Brother, the pea shooter.

After this comparison, most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe believed that the bow and arrow made by the Divine Child were not as effective as their original stone-throwing skills.

Han Cheng didn't mind the crowd's attitude too much because he knew how vast the future of bows and arrows was.

This scene suddenly reminded him of the early days of experimenting with steam trains, when someone on horseback easily surpassed the train, thinking it was nothing special.

But what about later? No matter how hard the horse tried, it couldn't catch up with the high-speed bullet train.

Second Senior Brother beat his chest to express that he wouldn't use bows and arrows in the future. On the other hand, Third Senior Brother appeared somewhat disheartened as he approached Han Cheng with his bow and arrow.

Third Senior Brother liked bows and arrows. While he wasn't very accurate at throwing stones by hand, he could achieve great precision with a bow and arrow. Therefore, he was unwilling to give up on them.

Han Cheng formulated a plan after looking at the bow for a while. He reached out and patted Third Senior Brother's shoulder, indicating that he shouldn't be discouraged.

"This is just the most rudimentary bow. We can make a bow and arrow that shoots farther and with greater power with some improvements."

Third Senior Brother perked up, recalling the story of "Hou Yi shooting the sun" that the Divine Child had told him last night, looking at Han Cheng hopefully. "Can we shoot down the sun too?"

Han Cheng was speechless. He shouldn't have told the story of "Hou Yi shooting the sun" in the first place.

He replied seriously, "We can't shoot down the sun, but we can shoot even farther."

Then he added, "There's only one sun in the sky now. If you were to shoot it down, we wouldn't be able to live."

Upon hearing this, the Third Senior Brother finally realized the problem and felt embarrassed.

Instead of dwelling on shooting down the sun, he asked Han Cheng for advice on making a stronger bow.

Han Cheng gave him explicit instructions. "Go to the mulberry forest and cut down a thick tree."

He demonstrated the size with his hands, indicating a bowl-sized circle.

"After you return, I'll teach you how to make a more powerful bow and arrow."

Third Senior Brother received the information he needed from Han Cheng, feeling elated, and dashed off. Han Cheng called for the Second Senior Brother and the others to accompany him.

After all, it's better to have company in the wilderness.

With the bow and arrow matter temporarily settled, Han Cheng could finally implement his sudden inspiration.

Chapter 198 – Parents are stressful

Han Cheng learned from his previous experience and waited for a while, ensuring the wild boars had left before descending from the tree.

First, he picked up the spear lying flat on the tree trunk and held it in his hand. Then, he quickly headed towards the spot where the saber-toothed tiger had been earlier. Along the way, his heart pounded, fearing that the creature he hadn't seen before might be Fu Jiang!

"Phew!"

Han Cheng breathed a sigh of relief, and his tense face suddenly relaxed, feeling exceptionally relieved.

The creature in front of him, mostly torn apart, was not Fu Jiang!

Although it was badly disfigured from the attack, Han Cheng could still recognize it.

After experiencing the worst-case scenario earlier, facing the continued absence of Fu Jiang, Han Cheng felt much better.

Han Cheng couldn't identify the specific species of the creature in front of him, as he had limited knowledge in this area, and the creature's injuries made it unrecognizable.

Judging by the wounds on its body, it hadn't been dead for long.

Han Cheng naturally had no qualms about picking up things found lying around. He casually picked up a handful of dried grass from the ground and used it to remove the creature's entrails, which had spilled all over the ground, making it lighter to carry.

As he dragged the half-bodied creature towards the dead piglet, Han Cheng suddenly realized a problem.

With this half-eaten creature as evidence, the two saber-toothed tigers shouldn't be lacking in food...

If they weren't lacking food, why would they confront this group of wild boars?

Could they just have an itch to find two tough wild boars to practice on?

Han Cheng shook his head, dismissing this unreliable idea from his mind. After the conflict that had occurred earlier, the two saber-toothed tigers didn't want to confront the big wild boars directly but only seemed interested in the piglets. Their goal was to obtain food.

Could it be that they had a litter of chubby babies at home and were eager to earn “milk money” for them, hence their desperate actions?

Even with prey already obtained, they still wanted to attract the attention of the wild boars.

Looking back at the half-dead creature he was dragging and the three to four pounds of dead piglet in front of him, Han Cheng felt it was highly likely.

As parents, the pressure of raising offspring was considerable. It was always the same from ancient times to the present, from beasts to humans.

Looking at the motionless piglet lying on the ground, Han Cheng let go of the half-eaten creature he was dragging.

Han Cheng knew about the story of the little monkey coming down from the mountain empty-handed after abandoning the corn to pick watermelons. He certainly wouldn't follow the example of that guy who was used as a negative example to teach people a lesson.

He was much stronger than that little monkey.

Instead of dragging the half-eaten prey back, he would have to return with his elder martial brother and the others to take the piglet away. Since both preys were available, why not leave both behind and go directly to find his elder martial brother and the others empty-handed?

Moreover, this place was a water source, and he didn't know when other animals might come to drink. Staying here alone for a long time was too unsafe for Han Cheng.

Dropping the half-obtained prey could also help him leave this place faster.

“Crack, crack...”

The sound of twigs being snapped suddenly rang out from a distance, startling Han Cheng, who had just taken a few steps.

Just as he was about to climb the nearest tree, he heard a familiar voice shout, “Divine Child!”

Han Cheng immediately stopped and turned his head, seeing his elder martial brother, second elder martial brother, Sha, and the others holding wooden sticks, spears, and shields not far away, their eyes filled with surprise and concern.

Han Cheng inwardly thought he couldn't trap his Eldest Senior Brother and the others like Monkey King.

Then, he chuckled lightly, feeling like he was the master now...

Han Cheng asked his Eldest Senior Brother and the others why they didn't follow his previous instructions and where they had come from.

His Eldest Senior Brother and the others seemed nervous, speaking cautiously in their unfamiliar common language.

It turned out they had been waiting there and had seen the saber-toothed tiger carrying away the piglet and the two big wild boars chasing after them for a while.

Seeing the fierce battle between the saber-toothed tiger and the wild boars and thinking of Han Cheng alone over there, although Han Cheng had explained to them before leaving that he was just watching from the tree and wouldn't be in danger, they still couldn't rest assured.

After waiting a while without seeing Han Cheng return, they couldn't bear it any longer and crossed the boundary marked with vines...

And then they saw Han Cheng sticking to the tree and climbing up.

Han Cheng wasn't the kind of person who didn't distinguish right from wrong. Although he intended to establish some rules through daily life, he wouldn't blame his Eldest Senior Brother and the others for this matter.

Seeing that Han Cheng didn't intend to blame them, everyone laughed along with him.

Second Senior brother, who loved food, was always very enthusiastic about food and didn't want others to intervene. He alone carried away the piglet weighing tens of pounds and the half-eaten prey.

Han Cheng secretly remembered this place. In the future, if he wanted to hunt, he could set traps here to capture large prey.

Chapter 199: Visit from the Bone Tribe

The wind blew, and some leftover leaves rose from the ground, making a rustling sound.

The bare tree branches shivered in the wind, whimpering as if crying in the cold autumn wind.

Han Cheng tightly wrapped his fur around him, glanced at the setting sun in the west, its weak yellow light lacking warmth, surveyed the desolate surroundings, and finally started walking back.

May the vibrant yet perilous nature be kind to this inexperienced, lost "white-eyed wolf" in the wilderness.

May this lost child find the way home to the doghouse by the hearth, where he will always be waiting.

Han Cheng poured out his heart to the howling wind, hoping that the omnipresent wind would carry his hopes to the dog, wherever it may be.

The wind whistled away, paying no heed to the disheveled bipedal creature below.

Wrapped in fur against the autumn wind, people returned from afar, joy evident in their hearts as they saw the towering walls in the distance.

But their joy was short-lived, replaced by suspicion.

Because outside the tribal gate stood many people!

Seeing this scene from afar, Han Cheng and the others quickened their pace towards the tribe, weapons ready in hand.

Due to the search for Fu Jiang, apart from Tie Tou and the other four who stayed behind, only the elderly, children, and women who were either heavily pregnant or had just given birth remained in the tribe.

The tribe's defense was severely lacking!

If these people hadn't been stationed outside as agreed but instead chose to attack the tribe now

Thinking of this, Han Cheng's heart sank, but he also felt a sense of relief.

It seemed that they couldn't afford to be careless in the future. The tribe must always maintain a certain level of combat readiness, at least leaving behind enough people who could rely on the walls to defend the tribe from being taken.

If the tribe were to be plundered like the Pig Tribe after a trip outside, Han Cheng felt he would go mad!

Most of the others didn't have such profound thoughts as he did, just feeling that there shouldn't be so many outsiders near the tribe.

The chief of the former Pig Tribe, Shang, with slightly reddened eyes, reacted more intensely than the others, anger mixed with deep fear.

This scene reminded him of his own tribe's plight. He had already wholeheartedly integrated into the Sparrow Tribe.

He loved everything about the Sparrow Tribe, from the houses, walls, and various foods to the snowmen piled up by the children and the polished tiles

If this tribe were to suffer a similar catastrophe

He didn't dare to think further.

"Divine Child!"

"Chief!"

Lame, holding a spear, his palms slightly sweaty, though so, he stood tall without the slightest retreat.

Behind him were everything they had created with their hands, mixed with sweat and hard work. To protect these, he had to summon courage!

He glanced sideways at the primitive men and women with weapons in their hands and the children standing on the low wall, just high enough to see outside by tiptoeing. The conviction in his heart grew stronger.

What they needed to protect wasn't just the things they had created and the people who had been with them day and night in the tribe!

Fortunately, they could rely on the walls proposed by the Divine Child, and the people who came didn't attack but only stopped outside the gate. Although they seemed eager to try when they saw fewer people, they didn't launch an attack.

Hearing the shouts coming from the west, Lame quickly turned his head along with the others to see that the Divine Child and the chief, who had gone to search for blessings, were returning, heading towards the tribe.

Seeing the returning crowd, Lane breathed a sigh of relief, feeling a sense of reliance washing over him.

The tension that had gripped the people standing on the wall, and their faces relaxed instantly, with smiles appearing on the faces of the children.

"Divine Child!"

"Chief!"

They joyfully shouted out to their supporters, their reliance

The people standing in front of the gate also looked to the west, seeing a group of people approaching with spears and clubs, many of them gripping weapons.

Their weapons were mostly made of bone, and they wore many ornaments made of bone as well.

There were quite a few of them, a total of twenty-two!

These were the people from the Bone Tribe who had attended the Joyous Gathering before.

The leaders of the two tribes met, communicating with each other through gestures and language.

It was learned that the people from the Bone Tribe had come to trade for the large pottery vessels used for cooking food.

After the Joyous Gathering, the Bone Tribe exchanged a pottery vessel with the Green Sparrow Tribe because they had brought more food.

After returning, they learned from the Green Sparrow Tribe and began to try cooking food.

Although it was far from the delicious food they had tasted in the Sparrow Tribe, this new way of eating was still loved by many, especially those with poor teeth.

Having tasted the benefits, they wanted to return to exchange for a larger pottery vessel to cook food.

They also needed to exchange some jars for water and small pottery vessels for food storage, as eating cooked food without them was inconvenient.

Seeing the food they had brought and that the people from the Bone Tribe hadn't attacked the courtyard, Han Cheng and the others finally felt relieved.

They informed the people from the Bone Tribe that they could bring the food and enter the courtyard to trade once they put down their weapons.

A few people from the Bone Tribe were reluctant, but the big brother was firm, so they had no choice but to leave their weapons outside and then bring the food to the tribe through the gate that had already been opened under the command of the big brother.

Although it was already getting dark, the people from the Bone Tribe were still shocked to see everything in the courtyard.

This tribe always surprised people!

Initially, when they saw such a large group of people going out and returning at this time, only bringing back such a small wild boar and some food presumably snatched from some animal, many people in the Bone Tribe held a sense of disdain. However, after seeing everything in the tribe, that disdain was completely shattered, leaving only thick shock and disbelief.

Primitive people were still people and had a sense of comparison, especially regarding food. When different tribes met, they would consciously or unconsciously compare.

After shouting a few times, the leader of the Bone Tribe finally regained his senses and began to lay out the food they had brought, ready to trade with the big brother.

However, he seemed absent-minded, obviously not completely recovered from the shock.

Chapter 200: Rapeseed covered with snot

The food brought by the Bone Tribe wasn't particularly surprising; it consisted of meat, wild fruits, and some roots and tubers, making for a balanced meal.

They brought quite a lot, nearly half more than what the Green Tribe brought, but it wasn't as extravagant as what the Sheep Tribe would offer.

After bargaining, the Bone Tribe exchanged food for a large clay pot, a jar, and twelve clay bowls.

Once the trade was complete, the Bone Tribe didn't leave immediately. Firstly, it was already dark, and secondly, they were persuaded by the Senior Brother.

The previously stingy Green Tribe, when faced with the Green Sparrow Tribe, now appeared generous and hospitable once again.

They wanted to cook food to treat the visiting tribes.

The white mist illuminated by the red firelight looked somewhat splendid.

It was like adding salt to a tasteless soup; it immediately became much more delicious.

Eldest Senior Brother looked at the surprised and eager expression of the Bone Tribe's leader after tasting the soup with added salt, feeling particularly pleased.

Thinking about the instructions the Divine Child had given him before, he greeted the Bone Tribe while holding the salt jar, looking mysterious and proud, like a wealthy landowner.

The leader of the Bone Tribe looked carefully at the contents of the jar, called "salt," hoping everyone in the tribe could enjoy salted food. Pursuing good things was human nature, especially since salt could instantly enhance food taste. It was normal for the Bone Tribe's leader to want salt, just like people from other tribes.

The leader of the Bone Tribe had mixed feelings. On one hand, he wanted to own this magical thing, but on the other, he was worried about its cost.

Although the tribe had stored a lot of food this year, it would be difficult to spare more food for salt after exchanging it for pottery once.

Eldest Senior Brother, at this moment, was understanding and tactful, like a very experienced salesperson.

He carefully recalled what Divine Child had told him before and, in his way, emphasized the preciousness of salt and their status in the Green Sparrow Tribe to the Bone Tribe's leader.

After understanding Eldest Senior Brother's intention, the leader of the Bone Tribe, first in disbelief, then suddenly jumped up from the ground, hugged Eldest Senior Brother tightly, and pressed his forehead against Eldest Senior Brother's shoulder, showing gratitude.

The other members of the Bone Tribe who received the news were also extremely excited, constantly marveling at the friendliness and generosity of the nearby tribes.

However, friendly tribes soon became less friendly. After having their fill and discussing matters, the Bone Tribe asked if they could spend the night outside the Green Sparrow Tribe's courtyard.

The Green Sparrow Tribe had decided, during the Joyous Gathering, that they wouldn't allow other tribes to spend the night inside their courtyard.

They believed that one couldn't sleep soundly with others beside their bed. If they let other tribes rest inside the walls, the Green Sparrow Tribe wouldn't sleep well either. At least Han Cheng often imagined himself being roasted over a fire by other tribes.

It's dark now, and it's suicidal for the Bone Tribe to travel through the night.

They rest outside the Green Sparrow Tribe's walls, which are tall enough to block the wind from the north. They stay here, making a fire, so it's not too cold.

Some envy the Green Sparrow Tribe's tall walls and fantasize about when their tribe might have such defenses.

Tonight, the Green Sparrow Tribe's guard duty shifts from two rotations to four, as instructed by Han Cheng.

With long shifts, people doze off, especially with the Bone Tribe outside the walls.

While the primitives are generally simple, it doesn't hurt to be cautious.

Late into the night, Han Cheng isn't asleep. A small fire flickers in the room, casting uncertain shadows on his face.

He sits on a stool not far from the nest made for Fu Jiang, padded with dry grass.

Under Han Cheng's guidance, Fu Jiang is clean and never relieves himself in the den or the room, mostly going outside like others in the tribe, though sometimes to where the deer reside.

So, the nest is quiet and without any particularly foul odor.

Han Cheng can't help but sniffle. This guy, who often annoyed him when he was around, now fills him with an unstoppable longing in his absence.

He collects, pulling his gaze away from Fu Jiang's dog bed. Unable to find a place to rest his gaze in the room, his eyes settle on a wooden stick.

The stick is wedged onto a wooden peg on the wall, with two small silkworm cocoons hanging from it, the same stick Han Cheng brought back from the mulberry tree.

Because of Fu Jiang, this stick, which should have been cherished, has been neglected by Han Cheng and left lying around.

To shift his focus, Han Cheng stands up, takes the stick from the wall, and examines it closely in the lamplight.

With his fingers, he flattens and then reshapes the empty cocoons repeatedly.

Feeling some roughness in his right hand as he grips the stick, Han Cheng initially thinks it's just small knots on the mulberry stick, not paying much attention, just gently rubbing his hand over it.

After a while, he senses something amiss because these small knots aren't singular; they form a small patch and feel somewhat smooth.

Han Cheng turns the stick around, removes his hand, and sees what he touched moments ago.

A small patch, about two square centimeters, of small black knots appears before him. These knots are smaller than mustard seeds and tightly connected, resembling dried snot stuck to the stick like oilseed rape seeds.

"This silkworm eggs?"

Han Cheng didn't realize it at first, only making the connection after a while.

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