

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 2: This is... Big Senior Brother - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 2: This is... Big Senior Brother

I am a Primitive Man

"Ssh, ssh, ssh..."

The rustling sound grew louder, and the movement of branches and leaves became more pronounced. In Han Cheng's eager and curious anticipation, his 'savior' finally appeared.

"Hiss."

Even though his throat was so sore that he couldn't make a sound, Han Cheng couldn't help but inhale sharply.

Because his 'savior' was indeed quite intimidating.

Carefully pushing aside some charred leaves, a head with messy long hair adorned with a few colorful bird feathers emerged. High eyebrows, an overly full forehead, a prominent nose, and a wide mouth with downturned corners left Han Cheng dumbfounded.

As he stared at this alert head ten meters away, a memory from his past suddenly flashed, overlapping with the face before him. It was the reconstructed half-body image of Peking Man from the first chapter of the first volume of the middle school history book on human origins.

Han Cheng's eyeballs were about to pop out. He looked at the person with astonishment, and a complex emotion surged in his heart, making him feel dizzy.

"Swoosh."

After he drew in a breath of cold air, the probing head immediately retreated, hiding behind the leaves to discreetly observe the strange presence in the ashes. After a short while, the head peeked out again, looked at Han Cheng, and, seeing nothing extraordinary happening, mustered the courage to come out fully.

Behind him, several more people with similar appearances gradually walked out, gazing at the strange circle of ashes and the charred figure within it with a mix of wariness and curiosity.

Han Cheng's eyeballs still hadn't retracted. He looked at these primitive people, and in his mind, ten thousand Alpaca were galloping away. This seriously violated the basic rules of time travel. Why were other people having all sorts of good experiences while he ended up like this?

Becoming a vegetable-like existence could be tolerated, but why bring out some primitive people? Making him experience prehistoric civilization?

At this moment, Han Cheng wanted to die, especially after seeing the appearance and attire of these people, which left him extremely speechless and helpless.

The leader, appearing lean and strong, was shirtless, wearing a tiger skin wrapped around his waist like a skirt. He held a smoothly polished stick, about the thickness of a baby's arm, with pointed ends.

The person following him looked broad and fat, especially the belly, akin to the common modern phenomenon of a beer belly. Why was this primitive person living so well?

Next to him, walking side by side, was another person with an unusually black face, a sturdy physique, and a messy beard. A string of animal skulls hung around his neck, some turning white and some yellow, indicating differences in their ages.

Behind these two, five or six people with various expressions, cautiously holding wooden sticks and stones, walked towards Han Cheng.

This... Are you sure you've encountered primitive people, not Big Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother, and Sand Junior Brother of the Journey to the West?

Looking at the approaching individuals, Han Cheng marveled but lamented silently. The three senior brothers didn't care about what Han Cheng was thinking, leading six members closer to Han Cheng.

Seeing their preparedness with sticks and stones, Han Cheng, like a vegetable, could only remain motionless. Otherwise, they might mistake him for a monster and beat him to death, which would be too unjust.

As the people slowly approached the motionless figure, their courage grew.

Wearing a tiger-skin skirt, Big Senior Brother, leading the way, straightened his back and raised his stick, pointing it at Han Cheng while opening his mouth.

"Monster, take a hit from Sun Wukong!"

Having watched the 1986 Journey to the West, Han Cheng automatically provided the soundtrack in his mind for Big Senior Brother.

However, the response he received was unexpected.

"\$%#\$^#^#."

With a serious expression, Big Senior Brother stared at Han Cheng and uttered this string of words, leaving Han Cheng bewildered.

With eyes already strained from staring, Han Cheng struggled to maintain his posture, witnessing this unexpected scene.

"\$^\$%&%\$% @."

Seeing the creature in front of him not reacting to his shouting and threats, Big Senior Brother raised his voice and looked more menacing, as if preparing to strike with the stick.

To avoid being mistaken for a monster and beaten to death, Han Cheng, with great perseverance, resisted the urge to move his eyeballs and ignored Big Senior Brother's threat.

The stick stopped halfway, never actually descending.

Perhaps confirming that Han Cheng was just an inanimate and non-threatening entity, Big Senior Brother visibly relaxed after two rounds of questioning and intimidation.

Turning to say something to the people behind him, Big Senior Brother and the others also eased their vigilance.

Han Cheng breathed a sigh of relief. He knew he had passed this perilous moment.

However, the relief was short-lived. While Big Senior Brother, holding the stick, went to inspect elsewhere, Second Senior Brother, the portly one, sniffed.

Observing him sniffing and gradually inching closer, eyes gleaming, with a thin thread of glistening drool escaping his mouth, Han Cheng's heart instantly tensed again.

He had forgotten that he now emitted the aroma of roasted meat in this age where the utilization of fire might not even be known. For a primitive person and a food enthusiast, his scent was undoubtedly an irresistible temptation.

Han Cheng could understand the sentiment of a food lover, but he absolutely could not tolerate becoming the food of a food lover.

However, in his present state, with only his eyeballs able to move, he could only remain still. Otherwise, these people might mistake him for prey.

"Smack."

Seeing Second Senior Brother, who was getting closer and drooling, attempting to bring his face to Han Cheng's, showing yellow teeth as if ready to bite, Han Cheng couldn't care much anymore. To prevent himself from becoming the primitive man's meal, he mustered all his strength to move his eyeballs and scare off this damned food enthusiast.

Just at that moment, a crisp sound rang out. The face, about to touch Han Cheng's, suddenly trembled and quickly moved away.

But, wearing a tiger-skin skirt, Big Senior Brother had somehow rushed over, grabbed Second Senior Brother's ear, and pulled him back while scolding him sternly.

Despite Second Senior Brother appearing robust, he was quite afraid of Big Senior Brother and dared not resist.

After eight or nine primitive people searched the area without any discoveries, Han Cheng, with tears streaming down his eyes due to the prolonged strain, felt relief and gratitude as they finally left.

Only, as Second Senior Brother left, he turned around with a drool-covered face, casting a sentimental look at Han Cheng, making him shudder involuntarily.