

Primitive 281

Chapter 281

The sick young member of the Fire Tribe watched with reluctance and regret as Han Cheng carried away the bowls. His face was full of reluctance and regret.

The bowls, which had never been used before, still had plenty of delicious food, but now they were being taken away, leaving them feeling very sorry.

Han Cheng looked at the bowl in his hand, which had been licked a few times, and couldn't help but sniff. Why did every primitive person seem to have the self-taught skill of licking bowls?

Setting the bowl down and turning to look at the primitive youth who seemed unsatisfied, Han Cheng sniffed again.

First, it was half a medicinal soup, then nearly a meat soup. Heaven knows how this guy managed to fit all that into his stomach.

With these thoughts in mind, Han Cheng poured half of the boiled water from the pot into a ceramic basin, then turned and scooped some cold water from outside the boat, checking the temperature and finding it acceptable. He then approached the curled-up primitive youth with water in hand.

He placed the warm water in front of the primitive youth, thinking that washing with just his hands would be uncomfortable. Then he turned and walked away, finding a piece of animal skin.

When he turned back, he found the youth burying his head in the basin, gulping down the water. A quarter of the basin was already gone.

Han Cheng was dumbfounded. How thirsty could this guy be? Why was he drinking face wash water?

Burp~

The primitive youth lifted his head, looked at Han Cheng, and burped, spilling water.

The primitive youth felt uneasy because he hadn't finished all the water meant for drinking.

In their tribe, wasting food was not allowed.

Seeing the youth's expression, Han Cheng could only shake his head in exasperation.

He approached, wetting the animal skin in the basin, then wringing it out and wiping his face with it before gesturing for the primitive youth to do the same.

The primitive youth looked bewildered as he glanced between Han Cheng, the basin, and the wet animal skin handed to him.

The last two times, the soup poured out was for him to drink. Why was it different this time?

After waiting for a while and thinking that the youth didn't understand, Han Cheng wiped his face with the animal skin and then pointed to the youth's face.

Taking the animal skin handed to him by Han Cheng, the primitive youth hesitantly brought it to his face and began to wipe, his expression still somewhat confused.

Han Cheng thought he was not used to washing his face and didn't think much of it.

The primitive youth only wiped his cheeks, nose, and eyes with the animal skin, neglecting the rest of his face, resembling a cat washing its face.

Han Cheng watched for a while, feeling impatient with his slowness. Then he took the animal skin back and rinsed it in the basin. The clean water turned black.

Han Cheng couldn't help but sniff. He hadn't even finished wiping his whole face...

With that in mind, Han Cheng wrung out the animal skin and personally began to wash the youth's face.

He deserved such treatment as a patient who was used to testing medicine.

The primitive youth being wiped out by Han Cheng remained somewhat bewildered, not only because he had drunk water not meant for drinking but also because he had never washed his face like this before...

After his face, which hadn't been washed for who knows how long, was wiped clean, its original color was revealed.

It was unexpectedly fair, whether because of the sickness or because his face had been covered and had never seen the sun.

Although not as fair as the "little white faces" of the future, he was the fairest of all the people Han Cheng had encountered since coming here.

His two black eyes on this face suddenly made Han Cheng think of pearl milk tea.

This must be Milk Tea Brother.

Han Cheng chuckled at the thought.

The weather was still relatively cool, especially after the water.

To prevent this man's condition from worsening, Han Cheng washed him down section by section, from top to bottom.

By now, the exposed areas from under the animal skin had been cleaned, so Han Cheng used his hands to pull off the dirty animal skin that was barely recognizable.

However, the guy who hadn't reacted suddenly hugged the animal's skin tightly, refusing to let Han Cheng take it away.

Han Cheng knew what he was thinking - he was worried that Han Cheng would take away his animal skin.

Burning with fever like this, this guy still cared so much about these external belongings.

Han Cheng thought to himself and let go of his hand, turning to find an animal skin package. After opening it, two pieces of animal skin clothes appeared, which Han Cheng had changed out of a few days ago.

Although they hadn't been cleaned after being removed, they were still much cleaner than the guy's clothes.

"Here, take this off."

The teenager took the animal skin clothes handed to him by Han Cheng, looking somewhat dumbfounded, as if he couldn't believe that such good things were meant for him to wear.

Han Cheng didn't care what the guy was thinking. He reached out and pulled the animal skin off the guy, throwing it into the water.

"~~"

The distracted primitive youth stood up excitedly from the boat, watching anxiously as the dirty animal skin drifted away from the boat. He seemed eager to retrieve it.

As he moved, the boat rocked.

"Stay still."

Han Cheng pulled him back outside to prevent him from falling into the water or overturning the boat.

Patting the clothes the primitive youth was holding, Han Cheng said, "This is yours."

After saying this, he picked up the animal's skin and wiped the guy.

After wiping him a few times, Han Cheng felt something was off. Why did this guy seem to be missing something?

He thought about it, puzzled, then looked down and saw a bulge that seemed a bit high.

But above this bulge, there was nothing but bare skin, missing a stick and the two little eggs...

"Brother, where's your thing?"

Han Cheng stared at the bare bulge for a while, then stood up straight, pulling the teenager's body over in panic and asking urgently.

The teenager was still looking unwillingly at the disappearing animal skin.

Hearing Han Cheng's question, he instinctively pointed towards the distant animal's skin.

Han Cheng's eyes widened instantly.

Did he accidentally rip it off while pulling the animal skin too hard and then throw it away along with the animal skin?

Han Cheng glanced down, but there was no sign of bleeding!

Slap!

The animal skin in Han Cheng's hand fell into the basin below, and then he turned his head dazedly. In his mind, that bare, empty bulge flashed back and forth.

How did peeling off an animal's skin turn Milk Tea Brother into Milk Tea Sister?!

The primitive youth, holding the animal skin clothes stripped bare by Han Cheng, looked dazedly at Han Cheng, who was holding his head with one hand, not understanding why this person, who had just taken away his animal skin and thrown it into the water, suddenly had such a big reaction...

Chapter 282: Deer! Deer!

Han Cheng cannot be blamed for this matter.

Like the others from the Fire Tribe, this guy's hair is messy, and the chest exposed under the animal skins is flat—not much different from other boys.

Who could have imagined a hidden surprise beneath the animal skins in such a situation?

Han Cheng took several deep breaths, finally clearing his confused mind.

On the other boat, Liang who had been watching them all along, thinking this was necessary to treat the illness. So he imitated Han Cheng's actions, facing downstream with hands on their backs and taking deep breaths.

Feeling calmer, Han Cheng turned around, gesturing for Milk Tea to clean the remaining parts herself. After waiting and stealing a glance, he saw that she was cleaning too slowly.

Moreover, with the illness on her body, being exposed for too long could worsen her condition. So Han Cheng turned around, helping her put on her upper garment, then changing the water basin and taking the animal skin from her hands to clean Milk Tea, who had suddenly changed.

Primitive people didn't care about this, and Milk Tea's body was smaller than Han Cheng's, still a child, so Han Cheng repeated in his mind the phrase "a doctor has a parent's heart" several times, finally feeling less embarrassed...

After the cleaning, Han Cheng heated some water and gritted his teeth as he soaked his hands in the hot water.

After walking forward for a while, when he saw willow trees on the riverbank, he asked the Eldest Senior Brother to bring the boat closer, then broke some willow branches and boiled them to sterilize.

With food in his belly, knowing she wouldn't be burned to death, wearing soft clothes she had never seen before, Milk Tea felt much lighter. She stroked her soft clothes for a while before leaning against a corner of the small boat and falling asleep.

Thinking momentarily, Han Cheng found a piece of animal skin to use as a blanket and covered her with it.

He reached out to touch her forehead, which was still very hot.

People rushing home always seemed to have endless energy. With the sun still far from setting, they had already reached the place they had departed from that morning, rowing against the current.

They didn't rest here but continued to push forward.

They stopped at the riverbank when the sun finally set, painting the sky with varying shades of fiery clouds.

Milk Tea was still asleep. Han Cheng put his hand under her nose for a while and found her breath slightly scorching.

First, they removed the fish from the cage and put the cage back into the water before starting to cook it.

Han Cheng didn't share his meal with the senior brothers, fearing he might pass the illness to them.

After eating, Han Cheng asked the senior brothers to boil plenty of willow branch water again. He instructed them all to clean themselves, especially the parts that had intimate contact with the people from the Fire Tribe today.

Han Cheng's meal was eaten on the boat, sharing the same pot with Milk Tea, but of course, Milk Tea's utensils were kept separate from Han Cheng's.

After waking up the groggy Milk Tea, he made her drink a bowl of meat porridge with some vegetables, followed by half a bowl of soup made from what seemed to be bupleurum, before letting her sleep again.

This time, they didn't wash their faces, so they didn't drink face-washing water either.

The night was quiet, and the small boat gently swayed with the ripples, like sleeping in a cradle.

Sometimes, not far away, the gentle sound of water waves would be heard as startled fish flicked their tails, leaving a shimmering trail.

There were faint flickers of fireflies dancing on the water's surface, slightly overshadowed by the stars in the sky and the water below.

Perhaps feeling the chill of the night, the drowsy Milk Tea kept leaning towards Han Cheng, eventually snuggling next to him...

Let's push the timeline forward a bit and switch perspectives.

The setting sun gradually descended towards the mountains, and birds eager to return home flapped their wings across the sky.

"Deer! Deer!"

The Bone Tribe, who had been on their way, finally saw the silhouette of the deer, and someone shouted excitedly in their tribal language.

Following his pointing direction, more people saw the group of deer, large and small, numbering about thirty.

The leader of the Bone Tribe looked at the deer, raised his hand, and then waved it down.

The guy excitedly shouting at the deer stumbled momentarily, and his excited shouts stopped.

He looked puzzled at the leader. The leader of the Bone Tribe restrained the urge to hit him again and pointed forcefully at the group of deer.

Following their gaze, they saw the deer had already arrived in front of the tall, envy-inducing wall, walking elegantly and entering one by one.

It was obvious that these deer had been raised by the entire tribe. How could this guy still be shouting with excitement?

The leader of the Bone Tribe looked indignant and frustrated, wanting to continue hitting someone.

Shouts came from the opposite wall from far away, faintly mixed with the sound of something being struck.

Under the gaze of the leader of the Bone Tribe, several people not far from the courtyard quickly ran towards the courtyard, accompanied by the wolf that lived with them.

The open gate was quickly closed, and other people's figures appeared on the wall where only one person could be seen.

"Let's go!"

The leader of the Bone Tribe, who had seen similar scenes several times, waved his hand and shouted, leading the tribe towards the tribe.

The leader of the Bone Tribe was puzzled because the one who came out to negotiate with him this time was not the leader of this tribe but the old shaman, whose status was above the leader.

Where was the leader of this tribe?

He thought this way and carefully searched the wall with his eyes, only to find that many familiar figures were missing among the people on the wall.

Did these people go hunting and not return?

Just like last time.

He thought this way and began to convey his thoughts.

However, what surprised him was that this time, the people of this tribe did not ask them to wait outside. Instead, two strange ropes with wooden hooks were lowered from the wall, pulling them and their fur up.

After a while, two jars of salt needed by their tribe and a large pot obtained with many furs were sent down with the ropes.

After the trade, the western sky was already covered with fiery clouds.

Dusk had descended, and it wouldn't be long before it turned dark.

Camping in the wilderness was naturally unsafe, so the leader of the Bone Tribe proposed, as before, to rest in front of the walls of the Green Sparrow Tribe, which the shaman agreed to.

However, the number of people guarding the wall increased accordingly.

As night fell, the shaman did not sleep. He sat not too far from the wall.

The rest of the Green Sparrow Tribe, except for the ignorant children, remained alert.

After the Divine Child and leader left, they all felt uneasy sleeping.

Even the previously lazy Second Senior Brother stood on the wall with a stone-throwing sling in hand, keeping a close watch on the people camping outside the wall.

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Under the cover of night, the curiosity and bewilderment in the Bone Tribe leader's mind grew heavier.

Because, at this point, neither the leader of this tribe nor the others had returned.

This puzzlement persisted until the next day.

Early the following day, after exchanging greetings with the people on the wall, the leader of the Bone Tribe led his people, who had finished their breakfast, away.

Watching the Bone Tribe members walk far away, the Green Sparrow Tribe, as tense as a drawn bow, relaxed considerably.

The shaman climbed onto the eastern wall and looked downstream towards the river, hoping to see a canoe suddenly appear.

Many others were doing the same thing.

On the way, several miles from the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Bone Tribe leader, deep in thought the whole time, signaled for the tribe to stop and rest.

The visions of herds of deer, numerous precious pottery, soft fur, comfortable houses—things that had long existed in his mind—now flashed before his eyes again.

But all these things would ultimately be separated by a tall wall manned by people.

However, this time, the wall in his mind differed from before. This time, there were fewer people on the wall.

Including the tribe leader, who seemed wise and strong.

He pondered briefly, then shook his head and suppressed some of his thoughts.

Because even with so many fewer people, they still couldn't climb over that high wall.

"..."

After waiting a while, he glanced towards the Green Sparrow Tribe and then called out, leading his tribe back to their tribe, no longer thinking about this matter.

But many things, once thought of, couldn't simply be forgotten. Not long after they set off, the leader of the Bone Tribe unconsciously began to contemplate these things again.

How did the people of that tribe climb up such a high wall?

He thought about it and remembered the scene of the Green Sparrow Tribe people coming down from that strange thing leaning against the wall.

If they could climb the wall using that thing, couldn't their tribe also use that strange thing to climb up from the outside?

That strange thing didn't seem difficult to make.

"*&\$#@#!"

The leader of the Bone Tribe clenched his fist and shouted.

The Bone Tribe members walking with him stopped as instructed, looking at their leader in confusion.

They had just started walking. Why were they resting again?

The leader of the Bone Tribe said something to the people.

After a while, the Bone Tribe members understood the leader's meaning, put down what they were carrying, and eagerly began to follow the leader's instructions.

Some went to find rattan, some found stones, and after simple pounding, they made crude tools for hacking and smashing. They carefully recalled the scene of the wealthy tribe leaning against the wall and going to find suitable trees to hack and smash.

The Bone Tribe members were particularly excited and vigorous while doing these tasks. The wealth of that tribe had left a deep impression on them.

Most of them had harbored thoughts about what it would be like to live in that tribe.

But that was ultimately another tribe, not their own. If they wanted to get things from that tribe, they could only trade with fur or insufficient food.

Now, reminded by their leader, they immediately felt a sense of enlightenment.

Yes, they could still raid!

Once they seized these things, they would all belong to them, and they wouldn't have to trade their hard-earned food.

It would be best to seize their houses and walls as well. Then, when they lived in them, they wouldn't have to worry about sudden attacks by wild beasts.

"%\$^&\$*!"

However, not everyone was extremely delighted about this matter. After the initial excitement wore off, some remembered the numerous human bones they had seen to the east of that tribe and felt a sense of fear. They approached the leader and voiced their concerns.

When he saw the leader of the Bone Tribe gesturing with rattan to secure the wooden sticks, he couldn't help but laugh when he heard their words.

The others laughed along with him.

The leader of the Bone Tribe leaned a crudely made ladder against a large tree and climbed up it.

"..."

Standing at the top of the ladder, one hand holding onto the tree and the other waving, he preached his ideas to the people.

The Bone Tribe members who had gathered around listened with shining eyes and couldn't help but laugh.

Those one or two who had expressed concerns also let go of their worries.

Yes, the leader was right.

The most troublesome thing about that tribe was the high wall.

Now that they had this thing, they could climb the wall. Once they climbed over it, the people of that tribe wouldn't be their match.

Yesterday, they saw that the people guarding the wall were mainly women.

Their leader and many others were not in the tribe; they had either been eaten by wild beasts or gone somewhere else.

How could they resist them after climbing over the wall?

In the afternoon, three extremely crude wooden ladders were made.

The leader of the Bone Tribe seemed particularly generous, providing enough food for everyone.

After eating their fill and resting for a while, they left the large pot here, covered it with grass, and carried the three ladders they had made with their weapons towards the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Thinking about all the good things that would soon be theirs, the Bone Tribe members couldn't help but smile.

Some shouted that after capturing this wealthy tribe, they would sleep on the salted fish heap and wouldn't get up.

Others said they wanted many, many pottery pieces.

In the tranquil night, a few small boats gently swayed on the water, like cradles rocked by a mother.

Including Han Cheng, the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe who had come out with him, covered in fur, were all immersed in deep sleep.

Some smiled in their dreams, perhaps dreaming of returning to the tribe.

Leaving the tribe for many days had only increased their longing for it.

But they weren't too worried about the safety of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Firstly, they had confidence in the tribe, and secondly, there were no other powerful tribes nearby.

At this time, the weather was getting warmer daily, and food was becoming more accessible. In such times, no tribe would be foolish enough to start a war.

As the sky gradually brightened, a faint mist enveloped the river and the grass on both sides.

Unknown birds called out, their voices rising and falling in the mist like a game of hide-and-seek.

When Han Cheng woke up, he looked at the milk tea girl wrapped around him like an octopus and couldn't help but smile wryly.

No wonder he had bumped into a spider's web and couldn't escape when he dreamed of being chased by a snake last night.

This girl's sleeping habits were terrible.

It was strange to think that if the milk tea girl were still a milk tea boy at this moment, Han Cheng would definitely shiver and push him away. But now, it was different.

Although this person was still smaller than Han Cheng and still a primitive person.

Opposites attract, same repel, as some straight men thought.

He freed his hands and feet from this person. After moving for a while, feeling numb, he reached out and touched her forehead. Then, his eyes lit up, and he realized that her forehead wasn't as hot as it was yesterday.

Chapter 284: She is still a child

"That thing is Chai Hu!" Han Cheng thought with joy in his heart. Then, he worried he might be mistaken, so he reached out again to cover the milk tea girl's forehead, carefully feeling it.

"It's not as hot as before.

It should be because she's feeling comfortable. The milk tea girl sleeps soundly, with some tiny beads of sweat on the tip of her nose.

Perhaps sensing something, the milk tea girl, in her dream, slightly shook her head and leaned towards Han Cheng.

With joy in his heart, Han Cheng withdrew his hand. After looking down at the milk tea girl for a while, he suddenly felt that the girl's appearance was not bad.

Then he realized his thoughts and couldn't help but shake his head and smile.

Being influenced by people like Zhuang, Ruhua, and Xing all day affected his aesthetics. Looking at this primitive girl, who was thinner, fair-skinned, and with softer facial features, he actually found her quite attractive.

Han Cheng stood at the boat's bow and released his urine into the clear river water.

Feeling good and peeing far away, the fish peeking at the water's surface were startled by the warm water and quickly darted away.

After securing his pants with a rope, Han Cheng turned around and found that the milk tea girl had already woken up at some point and was blinking her eyes, looking at him.

Han Cheng's face flushed red. He thought, "What's this girl looking at? Doesn't she know it's impolite to stare?"

Then he thought again, "Well, I examined her thoroughly yesterday, although it was for medical purposes. Since she's looking back at me now, it's not like I'm losing out. It's just a matter of reciprocity."

With these thoughts, he couldn't help but smile, thinking that this milk tea girl really had a knack for not losing out.

But who knows if she'll eventually turn into matcha.

Given the current situation, it's very likely.

The senior brothers had also woken up. Someone pulled out the fish traps soaking in the water, and Third Senior Brother and the others carried several birds that had been shot with arrows.

Soon, a fire was lit to start breakfast.

Compared to yesterday, the milk tea girl was no longer as terrified.

After bathing and changing clothes, she seemed like a different person.

At this moment, she stood in the small boat, hands pressed against her stomach, watching Third Senior Brother and the others plucking birds with wide eyes.

She couldn't understand how they had caught so many birds.

In their tribe, they could usually only find some bird eggs or chicks. It was rare to catch adult birds.

Han Cheng glanced at the milk tea girl's hands on her stomach and understood what was happening. Thinking momentarily, he pulled the small boat to the shore and signaled for the milk tea girl to take care of her business in a safe spot a few meters away from the senior brothers.

The milk tea girl understood quickly.

Han Cheng waited outside, planning to bring her back to the boat after a while.

Although her condition had improved, her illness hadn't completely disappeared, so it was best to minimize her contact with the senior brothers for now.

After waiting and not seeing the milk tea girl come out, Han Cheng thought, "Women are troublesome. It takes so long to handle personal matters."

With these thoughts, he waited a little longer but still didn't see her. Han Cheng's heart skipped a beat.

Could she have secretly run off or been carried away by something?

When he was younger, he had heard plenty of stories about wolves carrying off children.

Thinking like this, he disregarded the somewhat ridiculous male-female precautions of this era and turned to push aside the grass and take a few steps inside. He saw the milk tea girl standing there neatly dressed.

Han Cheng breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing that she was already dressed, he called her to come out.

He called twice, but she just raised her head like a startled deer and looked at him without coming out. Han Cheng thought she didn't understand, so he pulled her by hand.

The milk tea girl shook her head with some resistance, showing a nearly tearful expression.

Han Cheng looked down at the ground and didn't see any traces. Then he noticed that the milk tea girl's hands were placed on her waist, and the rope had been tied around her waist.

Han Cheng sniffled. How could he forget about this?

He went over and began to untie it for her.

For some reason, Han Cheng's mind was not functioning correctly. After untying it, he took off her pants, which was quite a service.

When he saw the bald little mound, Han Cheng realized what he had done and quickly helped her put them back on.

However, these pants were not the elastic kind from the future, and coupled with the mediocre sewing skills of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the pants were too big around Han Cheng's waist, let alone the much smaller milk tea girl.

As soon as he lifted them and let go, the pants fell again.

His mind was blank, and Han Cheng looked dazed as he reached down to pick them up again.

After doing this three times, he finally realized what was happening. Instead of struggling with the pants anymore, he turned around and awkwardly walked away.

As he walked, he flicked his forehead with his fingers.

Damn it, how could he do such a thing?

He was still a child, and she was just a child too.

Seeing the milk tea girl walking awkwardly with her pants held up, Han Cheng had to squat down again and teach her how to tie the belt.

The milk tea girl's pants slipped again during this process, making Han Cheng's face turn green.

With one hand holding a bowl and the other holding a bitten willow stick, the milk tea girl tried to recall the demonstration of a smiling, not much older than her, underage person from earlier. She clumsily poked her mouth with some white substance.

As she poked, she glanced at the underage person making a fire.

From yesterday to this morning, in this short period, she had encountered many things she had never seen before.

Among her peers in the tribe, she was the one who learned the most, but here, she found that she seemed to know nothing.

And the underage person who didn't seem much older than her knew everything and was very capable.

Thinking like this, she felt much better after brushing her teeth, drinking some bad-tasting hot water, and eating a big bowl of delicious food.

Sitting on the small boat, she looked at everything she had never seen before, constantly thinking: What kind of magical appearance would they have if it was already like this now?

With the oars paddling, the small boat moved against the water, and before noon, they arrived at Wangdong Mountain.

Carrying bone shovels and other tools, they abandoned the boat and went ashore to dig for the herb called Chai Hu, which the Divine Child said was quite common in this area.

From Han Cheng, everyone had already learned about the medicinal properties of this herb, so without his instructions, the senior brothers were all enthusiastic.

After all, they had witnessed the miraculous effects of this medicine with their own eyes.

In the other tribes, people were being burned alive, but after being given some water boiled with these herb roots by the Divine Child, they felt much better, as if they had been brought back from the brink of death.

They weren't fools. If something were this good, it would be strange not to notice it.

They replanted several jars with soil, replanted Chai Hu in them, and dug out many Chai Hu roots to return to the boat.

Han Cheng planned to dry and store these Chai Hu roots for future use.

Otherwise, it would be too late if they needed them later and had to travel by boat to get them.

Four small boats moved on the water, getting closer and closer to the tribe where they lived and the tribe that they were gradually building up.

Compared to when they left, the people's mood at this moment was undoubtedly much higher.

Chapter 285

Not far from the Green Sparrow Tribe, the leader of the Bone Tribe led his people, hiding in the grass and trees, quietly observing the tribe.

After watching for a while and seeing no opportune moment, they openly came out with ladders and weapons, heading towards the main gate of the Green Sparrow Tribe to the south.

They were familiar with the terrain around the Green Sparrow Tribe and knew that besides the main gate, a wide ditch surrounded the rest of the tribe, making it difficult to approach the walls.

So they carried ladders and headed straight for the gate.

The Second Senior Brother stood on the wall with a sling, pacing in a small circle. After sleeping for the morning, he looked very energetic.

"Huh, why are there more people coming?" He saw the Bone Tribe and then shouted to sound the alarm, banging on the gong.

The sound awakened some people still sleeping in their houses and quickly ran towards the wall.

The shaman also came out of the house and hurried towards the wall.

Before he could get there, the people who had rehearsed many times had already done what needed to be done.

"Why are these guys here again?" The second senior brother had already recognized the newcomers' identities.

Looking at this group of people who seemed somewhat strange compared to before, he felt puzzled.

He told the shaman about what he had seen.

Before Han Cheng arrived, the shaman was the wisest person in the Green Sparrow Tribe. After hearing what the second senior brother said and considering their tribe's current situation, he vaguely guessed what was going on.

"Be prepared; they want to attack the tribe," the shaman shouted to the people on the wall.

Then, he climbed a shaky ladder.

Facing such a situation, even though he was old, he was still unwilling to lag.

Upon hearing this, the second senior brother and the others were stunned, and many laughed.

They still remembered vividly the scene when the Flying Snake Tribe came to attack them in the winter.

Although they hadn't practiced much at the time, they were able to defeat the Flying Snake Tribe—not to mention now.

Although there were fewer people in their tribe without the leaders, there weren't as many people from the Bone Tribe as there were from the Flying Snake Tribe back then.

Moreover, their walls were not as high as they were now, nor were there bows, arrows, and slings that could attack from a distance.

These guys, who often shot straw men with bows and smashed tree stumps with slings, had long wanted to try their hands, but unfortunately, the tribe that suffered a significant loss from them never came back, which made them very regretful.

Unexpectedly, today, the Bone Tribe wanted to attack their tribe, which just scratched the itch of the second senior brother and the others.

The people gripped their bows, held slings, and prepared to throw stone spears, waiting for the Bone Tribe to come closer.

The leader of the Bone Tribe didn't rush forward without a second thought. Instead, when they were still about a hundred meters away from the Green Sparrow Tribe, he stopped and looked towards the wall of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

He was cautious, afraid that the Eldest Senior Brother and the others would suddenly return during their absence.

After careful observation and not seeing the Eldest Senior Brother and the others, a smile appeared on the leader of the Bone Tribe.

When he saw the weapons held by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, his smile became even more pronounced.

There weren't many of these guys holding stone spears or stones, but many were holding curved wooden sticks and soft ropes.

He had never seen people from this tribe use such weapons, but based on his experience, he knew these weapons had little power.

Today was the day for him to lead his people and conquer this tribe.

Thinking joyfully like this, he saw the smiles on the faces of the second senior brother and some others. He was first stunned, then followed by silently laughing along.

These people probably didn't know the purpose of his visit this time, thinking they were coming as usual to trade.

That was even better; it would reduce casualties among his tribe's people.

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Having assessed the situation, he completely relaxed, feeling rather pleased, and continued leading his people towards the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The shaman climbed the ladder and saw the Bone Tribe approaching with ladders.

"Let's not attack first," the shaman said to the second senior brother and others, whose anticipation outweighed their fear.

He wasn't being weak, allowing others to bully them, and still hoping for peace. He remembered the strategy of salt that the Divine Child, he, and the leader had discussed.

In their original plan, including the Bone Tribe, several nearby tribes were supposed to be merged gradually into their tribe.

The people of the Bone Tribe had long been on his mind.

Now, if a fight broke out, many people from the Bone Tribe would inevitably die. For the shaman, this would weaken the strength of their tribe, so he gave this instruction.

Then he spoke to the leader of the Bone Tribe, gesturing to convey his meaning.

The shaman was more inclined towards the strategy formulated by Han Cheng, which aimed to avoid casualties as much as possible.

So, he wanted the leader of the Bone Tribe and others to stop and not move forward.

When the leader of the Bone Tribe saw the shaman's demeanor, his smile widened. He thought the shaman was afraid, so he made such a gesture.

So after the shaman shouted and gestured, he not only didn't stop but urged everyone to hasten their pace.

The other people of the Bone Tribe, seeing the usually mysterious shaman now acting like this, were even more certain. They believed the words the leader had said before, thinking they could easily take down this wealthy tribe.

"Shaman," the second senior brother shouted, holding a sling.

The shaman sighed when he heard his words and saw the Bone Tribe people, who were now speeding up rather than slowing down. He didn't say anything further, nodded vigorously at the second senior brother and others, then found a place where he wouldn't be in the way and entered a state of observation.

"Attack!"

After seeing the shaman nod in agreement, the second senior brother didn't waste any words. After shouting, he swung the sling he had prepared over his head.

With sharp whistling sounds, the projectiles flew out.

The others either swung their slings or shot arrows, aiming at the people of the Bone Tribe, who were still sixty to seventy meters away from the wall.

The Green Sparrow Tribe had selected thirty people who regularly participated in training, but that didn't mean the others had completely given up on practicing slings and bows and arrows.

Few people in the tribe disliked these two things, which could greatly extend the distance of attack.

Their accuracy might not be as good as those specially selected, but the distance wasn't much different.

At a time like this, they could still play a significant role.

Chapter 286

Are the people of this tribe foolish?

To start an attack from such a distance?

This isn't just the idea of the Bone Tribe leader; it's the thought of all the Bone Tribe people.

Even the best throwers in the tribe can't reach such a distance.

However, what happened next wholly dispelled the thoughts that had just arisen in their minds.

"Thud!"

"Ah!"

The Bone Tribe leader was about to open his mouth to urge the tribe members to run faster to the wall and set up the ladders to climb up quicker.

But before the words could come out, a swiftly hurled stone smashed into his skull!

In just one blow, his head was smashed open, blood splattering everywhere. The words he was about to shout turned into a painful scream.

Before the scream could finish, he fell to the ground with a thud, rolling in agony while clutching his head.

Even the second senior brother on the wall was stunned. Although his slingshot was accurate, he never expected to knock down the leader of the Bone Tribe in one shot!

The people of the Bone Tribe hadn't even had time to cry out before more stones and arrows flew towards them, immediately hitting several people.

"Plop!"

One person carrying a ladder was shot in the leg by an arrow, causing him to collapse along with the ladder.

"Ah!"

Another person running was hit in the stomach by a stone, crying out in pain as they fell to their knees.

Most of the Green Sparrow Tribe recognized the leader of the Bone Tribe. Seeing him knocked down by a stone from the second senior brother boosted their morale, and they threw stones and shot arrows even faster!

Stones and arrows flew towards the Bone Tribe as if they cost nothing.

The people of the Bone Tribe were stunned by this sudden and utterly unexpected attack.

In their expectations, they thought they would have to run a considerable distance before the attack from this tribe would come.

But now, the attack came just like this!

And the power was surprisingly great. Not to mention the stones, even the sticks as thick as fingers, were so powerful?

"Attack!"

The Bone Tribe's assault only lasted a short moment before it fell apart.

Without needing the blood-covered leader of the Bone Tribe to order them, those who had been terrified by the attack turned and ran for their lives.

They didn't care about the uneaten food or the precious pottery they had longed for.

The blood-covered leader of the Bone Tribe also stumbled as he ran desperately.

He felt utterly dazed, the world before him turning into a blood-red scene.

"Attack!"

On the walls, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe shouted, using stones and arrows to greet the fleeing tribe.

Two unlucky ones were left behind.

Watching the Bone Tribe people run away in panic like a scattered herd of deer, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe felt unsatisfied.

They had prepared and waited for so long that they finally encountered enemies daring to attack the Green Sparrow Tribe. But before they could fight, the enemies ran away. It was truly frustrating.

Among them, the second senior brother felt the most remorse.

He deeply regretted not waiting for the Bone Tribe people to come closer before attacking.

If they had waited and then attacked, they could have left behind more people who dared to invade the tribe.

Those injured and unable to escape in time were unlucky in such a mood.

Lying there motionless was fine, but as soon as any attempt to escape was made, stones and feathered arrows would immediately come whistling through the air...

The leader of the Bone Tribe felt his head throbbing as if it were about to split open. He leaned against a tree and looked at the blood-red walls in the distance.

The walls stood silently as always, seemingly harmless to humans and animals alike.

However...

He slowly turned his neck to look at the people around him, all wearing anxious expressions.

These people had all turned into bloody figures, many of them bearing wounds.

The leader of the Bone Tribe shook his head in disbelief, wiping his eyes with his hand to dispel the bloody vision.

But the apparent reality was more cruel.

Many of the people who had followed him were now missing.

Thinking back on everything that had just happened, it all felt like a dream.

Yet, this dream was all too real.

His mind was no longer filled with desires for possessions or riches but rather with the sight of small stones and sticks flying towards him.

How could this be happening?

Their leader was absent, and far fewer people were standing on the walls than before...

The leader of the disheartened Bone Tribe, accompanied by his equally disheartened people, left that place they no longer wished to stay in as if in a dream, heading towards their tribe.

Even the group of deer grazing not far away, when encountered on the road, didn't stir any desire to hunt...

Skipping forward a significant amount of time, back to the second day of Han Cheng and his companions' journey downstream.

In the forest not too far from the river, the leader of the Sheep Tribe was leading most of the adults from the tribe in search of prey.

The mood of the Sheep Tribe's leader was good because last winter, their tribe hadn't suffered any losses due to illness, and their population had even grown compared to previous years.

With the weather getting warmer daily, food was easier to find now. Although it couldn't compare to the abundance of autumn, the threat of starvation was no longer imminent.

It was in such a mood that someone suddenly cried out in amazement, pointing to the river not too far away.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe followed the sound and saw several large objects floating on the river.

This sight, never seen before, startled him and some of the people from the Sheep Tribe.

They immediately hid behind trees with their weapons, peeking cautiously to observe the large, moving creatures floating down the river.

After watching for a while, the leader of the Sheep Tribe rubbed his eyes, shook his head, and continued to watch.

He watched as the giant creatures floating on the water slowly drifted away.

He blinked, and the rest of the Sheep Tribe blinked, too.

How could people from that tribe be floating on the water?

Where were all these people going with so many of them?

Although he couldn't see the faces of the people on the creatures due to the distance, he could recognize from their peculiar animal skin patterns that those floating on the water were indeed from the wealthy tribe.

After some hesitation, the leader of the Sheep Tribe wanted to go and ask, but the path along the riverbank was not easy to traverse, so he gave up.

In the days that followed, the leader of the Sheep Tribe would occasionally recall the scene of that tribe floating downstream.

Unintentionally, the hunting grounds were all near the river.

He wanted to see those people return to the surface of the water, but even after several days of hunting near the river, they never appeared.

Chapter 287

The human brain is marvelous; sometimes, even the person themselves doesn't know what kind of thoughts will spring forth in the next moment.

Take, for example, the leader of the Sheep Tribe.

At first, he was pondering why the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe chose to float downstream. But as time passed, thoughts about the Green Sparrow Tribe began to surface in his mind.

Such as the wealth and strength of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The root cause of all these changes for the Green Sparrow Tribe was the underage person they referred to as the Divine Child.

As he thought about it, that idea of snatching the Divine Child, which he had long since forgotten, somehow resurfaced.

This reemerged thought startled him because he knew full well the power of that tribe. Trying to snatch the Divine Child from them would be futile, and it would bring great disaster to the tribe.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe shook his head, pushing away this unsettling thought from his mind.

Several days passed without the return of the Green Sparrow Tribe. The leader of the Sheep Tribe, along with all the able-bodied adults of the tribe, sealed off their cave, armed themselves with weapons and fur and set off toward the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Since the adults from that tribe hadn't returned, there weren't many adults left in their tribe.

The Divine Child was still underage and wouldn't go with them to an unknown place.

If they all mobilized, there was a chance they could snatch the Divine Child.

If the people from that tribe had returned along the river without them noticing...

The leader of the Sheep Tribe looked at the large amount of fur carried by the tribe's members, and his uneasy heart began to settle.

If the large group of adults from that tribe returned, they could trade fur with them.

They wouldn't know what their true intentions were.

A fool may have many thoughts, but there's always one that works.

When a person keeps thinking about something, they can always come up with some ideas, whether they work or not for the time being.

After more than two days of walking, the people of the Sheep Tribe approached the wealthy tribe. They could see the tall walls connected to the small mountain through the growing branches and leaves.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe couldn't help but feel his heart race.

"¥ 3!"

The leader of the Sheep Tribe, walking in the front, suddenly turned around and said.

The people of the Sheep Tribe threw the fur they were carrying on the ground and hid behind the trees, peeking out to look ahead.

Following their gaze, they saw a group of people heading towards the Green Sparrow Tribe.

This group was the Bone Tribe, carrying ladders and preparing to attack the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Because the leader of the Sheep Tribe had a guilty conscience, he stayed here without moving, intending to wait until the people of the Bone Tribe left before leading his people over.

And as they waited, they soon witnessed an unforgettable scene...

The leader of the Sheep Tribe, along with the people of the Sheep Tribe, watched as the people of the Bone Tribe fled in a hurry towards the south bank of the small river, mouths agape like hippos.

Fear, disbelief... these complex emotions intertwined, leaving them all dumbfounded.

What did they see?

More people came than them, a stronger Bone Tribe, yet before they even reached the front of the tribe's walls, they abandoned many lives and fled.

How could it end so quickly?

When the leader of the Sheep Tribe realized that the Bone Tribe was also attacking the Green Sparrow Tribe, he felt both excited and worried.

He was excited because, with the Bone Tribe in the lead, they could assess the strength of the Green Sparrow Tribe and pick up the pieces afterward.

But he was worried that the people of the Bone Tribe might conquer the Green Sparrow Tribe and snatch away the Divine Child.

Regardless of his thoughts, in his anticipation, this attack initiated by the Bone Tribe was supposed to last for some time before concluding.

However, the result was unexpectedly different!

The people of the Bone Tribe had barely started accelerating forward before hastily fleeing at an even faster speed.

Their speed was so fast that it caught everyone off guard!

Everything happening before their eyes seemed like a farce played out by children when they got carried away.

so much so that initially, both the leader of the Sheep Tribe and the rest of the Sheep Tribe, watching all this, were filled with astonishment.

What were these guys doing? Why did they flee so abruptly?

This astonishment turned into fear when they noticed that many people from the Bone Tribe were missing as they fled.

The people from that tribe who had floated downstream had returned when they weren't paying attention!

Otherwise, the people of the Bone Tribe wouldn't have retreated so quickly!

The leader of the Sheep Tribe's heart was pounding uncontrollably.

Amidst the fear and apprehension, there was also a profound sense of relief.

Luckily, the people of the Bone Tribe arrived ahead of them.

Luckily, they hadn't acted recklessly and had made preparations in advance. They brought not only weapons but also a large amount of fur. Otherwise, the Bone Tribe would have been their tribe now.

Suffering such a blow, their tribe would have inevitably weakened.

"¥ 3..."

Someone quietly approached and, with a trembling voice, asked what to do next, their eyes filled with intense unease.

After thinking for a while, the leader of the Sheep Tribe decided to go back and instructed everyone to be careful and not let the other tribe discover their tracks.

At this moment, they abandoned the idea of pretending to trade with fur, fearing that the aggressive Green Sparrow Tribe might attack them.

As they quietly and nervously made their way back, the invisible walls of the other tribe's compound finally disappeared from view. The leader of the Sheep Tribe and the others breathed a long sigh of relief.

They hadn't noticed how tense they were before, but now that they had relaxed, they felt the soreness in their bodies intensely.

Even though they hadn't done anything, they felt more tired than after a hunting expedition...

The second Senior Brother and the others on the wall were unaware of the secret events that transpired. If they knew, they would surely lament the missed opportunity.

The defensive ditch and the row of "wooden stake array" outside significantly reduced the area the Green Sparrow Tribe needed to defend.

This allowed them to concentrate manpower at the gate without a defensive ditch or wooden stake array.

The relatively dense defense, combined with the high walls and long-range weapons, made it easy for them to overpower the enemy in this scale of defense battle.

Of course, things were different once outside the walls.

The second Senior Brother and the others, who knew their most significant advantage, didn't quickly leave the compound. They held their weapons, vigilantly watching outside.

As for the Bone Tribe members who were injured and unable to escape, they were in deep trouble.

Experiencing the situation where any movement would attract stones and feathered arrows to them, they all obediently lay on the ground, not daring even to whimper.

Fear and pain, at certain times, can make people wiser...

Chapter 288

With Han Cheng leading the way, the eighteen individuals who ventured out were evenly split between men and women.

Among those left behind, the leader was Second Senior Brother, skilled in using slingshots.

The reason for not letting him go along was twofold: firstly, the tribe needed someone to stay behind, and secondly, slingshots were more suitable for defense than hunting.

Thirdly, his large size would take up too much space on the boat, causing discomfort for everyone, especially Han Cheng, who was worried he might sink the boat.

So, the Second Senior Brother stayed behind, and the remaining eight adult males were mostly individuals like Lamé, Mu Tou, and Hei Wa, who were not considered professional fighters.

There were more adult females left in the tribe, totaling twenty-seven.

Except for one woman in labor, the rest gathered on top of the wall, participating in the great "Defense of the Green Sparrow."

With the experience from the defense against the Flying Snake Tribe's attack two winters ago, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe were somewhat adept at handling the aftermath of war.

After waiting for safety confirmation, half of the people left the wall carrying rattan shields and stone spears.

The injured adult males were ruthlessly killed, while the injured adult females, in extreme terror, were left with their lives spared.

Only two wounded individuals were left behind, as four of the injured, in their attempts to flee, were killed during a second attack by the Green Sparrow tribe.

The two terrified primitive women were dragged back to the tribe.

The nine corpses, after the arrows stuck in them were removed, were gathered together and burned in a place far from the Green Sparrow tribe...

The shaman was furious. Despite their tribe providing them with delicious salt, the Bone Tribe still dared to attack their tribe!

It was simply outrageous!

At this moment, the shaman had selectively forgotten about his plan to use salt to strategize.

Filled with anger, he meted out severe punishment.

Following the methods previously taught by the shaman, the two primitive women were treated for their injuries. However, instead of offering comfort, they were slapped repeatedly while the shaman muttered curses under his breath.

The two women, already terrified, curled up in fear, barely daring to move, occasionally letting out uncontrollable cries.

To those who didn't know, the shaman seemed as vigorous and powerful as ever.

Meanwhile, Han Cheng and the others downstream were unaware of what was happening here.

At this moment, they rowed their boat, steadily approaching the tribe.

Each boat had four oars, two at the bow and two at the stern.

With their combined efforts, the four oars paddled in unison, propelling the boats against the current faster than one might imagine.

The clouds in the sky, the grass and trees on both banks and the birds in the air were all reflected in the water, giving the illusion of the boat gliding through a painting.

As they neared the tribe, everyone, including Han Cheng, wished they could rush straight to the tribe.

In the ceramic jar used as a vase, besides the well-cared-for Chaihu, a few more plants were added: the wild hemp that Han Cheng had ordered to be dug up on the way back.

Although he knew there would be another trip in autumn when the wild hemp would be ripe, he still wanted to bring some back now.

After a long journey, it was always good to bring something back to the tribe.

With a bowl in her hand, Milk Tea Sister reached into the water, scooping up some water and pouring it onto the Chaihu and wild hemp planted in the jar, mimicking Han Cheng's actions.

Her illness had completely recovered, and she learned from Han Cheng that something called Chaihu cured her illness. So, in the past few days, she had been very concerned about these things planted by Han Cheng in the jar.

After spending this time together, Milk Tea Sister was no longer as timid as when she first arrived. She became much more lively.

However, her liveliness was only limited to Han Cheng. When facing adults like Eldest Senior Brother, she still appeared timid, like a frightened little deer ready to flee at any moment.

This might be related to the fact that she was once threatened with being thrown into a fire and burned to death by adults in the tribe.

"Milk Tea Sister."

Han Cheng called out.

She immediately looked towards Han Cheng.

Han Cheng smiled and pointed to the boat's bow, saying to her, "Write."

Milk Tea Sister immediately put down the ceramic bowl she was holding, put her two hands in front of her eyes for a moment to identify them, found her right hand, dipped her right index finger in the water in the bowl, and, relying on her somewhat blurry memory, clumsily and earnestly wrote on the bow of the boat stroke by stroke.

The characters were crooked and irregular, especially the first character, "奶," which looked like two characters to those who didn't know.

"Milk~ Tea~ Sister~!"

After finishing writing, Milk Tea Sister pointed at the disappearing character "奶" and the following two characters. She looked awkward and slightly tongue-tied as she pronounced each word.

After pronouncing them, she thought momentarily and pointed at herself with her finger.

Han Cheng smiled and nodded at her, rubbing her head.

Milk Tea Sister was very clever. Along the way, Han Cheng occasionally taught her some simple Mandarin, such as "Chaihu" and "Milk Tea Sister," which she remembered and could say.

She could even write her name now.

Praised by Han Cheng and having her head rubbed by him, Milk Tea Sister showed a happy smile.

The two braids swayed back and forth.

Of course, this was Han Cheng's handiwork.

Milk Tea Sister's hair had probably never been washed since birth and was messy like a chicken coop.

After she had recovered from her illness, Han Cheng boiled water and washed her hair with Mu Tou ash. However, no matter how he tried to style it, it was still unruly.

So, after it dried, he carefully burned off the ends with fire.

Even if he was careful, using fire to burn hair never looked good.

Feeling guilty as he looked at her hair, which looked like a blessing had gnawed on it, Han Cheng found two pieces of rope and tied two braids for her. Although they were somewhat crooked, they looked much better than before.

However, it made Milk Tea Sister look like the village's silly little girl...

Milk Tea Sister liked her two braids very much. Perhaps it was the innate skill of women. After trying a few times with water, she surpassed Han Cheng...

The small boats continued, and from afar, they could see the animal-hide flag waving proudly on the bank not too far away.

They were almost at the bamboo forest by the Egret River!

They had to dock here. Compared to wild hemp and Chaihu, bamboo shoots, which could be eaten as food, were undoubtedly more suitable as gifts to bring back home.

The four small boats successively docked. Tie Tou, the most active one, jumped off the shore, pulling the rope by hand to make the bow of the boat tightly against the riverbank so that the others could disembark more steadily.

Chapter 289

In the warm spring breeze, several terrifying birds that had encountered these monkeys before saw this group of brutal monkeys return again. They flapped their wings in panic and hurriedly flew away.

Third Senior Brother put away his bow and muttered in annoyance.

Milk Tea Sister lightly grabbed the edge of Han Cheng's shirt and followed him closely, quietly observing everything around her, like a little tail.

Han Cheng smiled and shook his head gently. In the tribe, Fu Jiang used to follow him around all day. Now that they were out of the tribe, he had gained another shadow...

People often use the phrase "spring up like bamboo shoots after a spring rain" to describe the rapid development of things. Although it hadn't rained much, Han Cheng still profoundly felt the truth of this saying.

When they left last time, these shoots had only begun to emerge sporadically. Now, in just over ten days, when they returned, the bamboo forest had grown many more shoots, towering like swords pointing straight to the sky.

Some faster-growing ones had already revealed their jade-like forms, stretching out new green branches and leaves.

Although they had only emerged briefly, they had already surpassed their predecessors.

They called this "the bamboo does not yield to its father."

The scene before Han Cheng dumbfounded him. You've all come out of the ground. What am I supposed to eat?

Fortunately, not all the bamboo shoots had emerged yet. Some were still waiting to emerge beneath the soil, which comforted Han Cheng's wounded soul.

In the face of delicious food, foodies always display fearless spirits.

Since eating bamboo shoot snake soup, Han Cheng was no longer afraid when he saw snakes. Not only that, but he also personally killed a snake with a bone shovel and prepared it for lunch...

Eldest Senior Brother and the others were also enthusiastic, digging the ground with bone shovels to find bamboo shoots.

After learning that the Divine Child wanted to bring back some bamboo shoots for the tribe's people to eat, these guys were even more enthusiastic about digging up bamboo shoots, making people look sideways.

They had dug up two large bunches of bamboo shoots and still refused to stop.

Han Cheng was also laboriously digging up bamboo shoots, while Milk Tea Sister followed beside him, carrying a small basket with four bamboo shoots that Han Cheng had dug up inside.

"Whoosh..."

The sound of dry bamboo leaves being disturbed rang out, coming closer and closer, quickly approaching.

Hearing this sound, one could tell that the visitor was not small.

Han Cheng, who was digging bamboo shoots, was stunned. Did the young ones come out, or did the old ones?

Was the giant python coming to avenge its descendants?

Thinking like this, he quickly raised his head, subconsciously blocking the bone shovel before him and stepping closer to Milk Tea Sister.

A black and white ball rolled out from the nearby bamboo forest.

Han Cheng's eyes widened instantly, and he quickly moved aside from the blade of the bone shovel in front of him.

At this moment, the black-and-white ball rolled over and hit Han Cheng's leg before finally stopping.

"Don't touch it!"

Han Cheng glanced aside and saw Eldest Senior Brother and the others holding bone shovels and other weapons rushing over here, so he quickly shouted to stop them.

Seeing this strange creature suddenly appear next to the Divine Child and hearing Han Cheng's words, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others feared it might hurt the Shaman, so they stopped their attack.

Then, they all gathered around Han Cheng.

As for the black and white ball in front of them, it was unaware of the danger that had just occurred. Covered in some dry leaves, it stretched its body, clumsily moved its four legs in the air a few times, and struggled to turn over.

The cute little creature stayed in place for a moment, then suddenly hugged Han Cheng's leg and rubbed its head against his leg.

Orcs never become slaves unless they're fed and sheltered.

Unexpectedly, they encountered a guy who relied on acting cute to survive.

This little fellow wasn't too big yet; it was still growing. Han Cheng touched it, feeling its fluffy fur, quite comfortable.

The sudden action of this strange beast, which had never been seen before and had a strange appearance, surprised Eldest Senior Brother and the others. They tensed up and were about to take action to rescue the Divine Child from the beast's grasp.

But they saw that the Divine Child wasn't afraid at all. Instead, he reached out and touched the creature, causing Eldest Senior Brother and the others to stop their actions, looking somewhat bewildered.

When did the Divine Child become so brave?

"Pack up, let's go!"

Han Cheng turned his head and said to Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

This sentence from Han Cheng left Eldest Senior Brother, and the others stunned again.

After observing for a while, they had already concluded that this was not a very ferocious beast and had no harmful intent.

In that case, why was the Divine Child so anxious for them to leave?

They hadn't dug up enough bamboo shoots yet!

Although they thought so in their hearts, they still followed the Divine Child's instructions and quickly prepared to leave.

Han Cheng smiled bitterly. The little guy looked adorable, but he couldn't ignore the fierce and cute mother!

When pandas were young, their mothers wouldn't stray too far from them.

There was no reason with a mother to protect her cub.

Milk Tea Sister also plucked up the courage to touch the panda. She immediately fell in love with this cute little creature.

Looking eagerly at Han Cheng, she wanted to return this little guy.

Han Cheng smiled bitterly. He also wanted to take it back, but it couldn't be done that way.

It was very likely that they would be chased down by the mother panda, leaving them with an unforgettable impression.

Secondly, there would be nothing to feed it after taking it back.

In his previous life, Han Cheng had only seen pandas but never touched one. Now that he had the chance, he naturally wanted to take advantage of it.

Seeing that Eldest Senior Brother and the others had packed up, Han Cheng took the opportunity to touch it once more before preparing to leave. But this little guy didn't let go of Han Cheng's leg, no matter what.

Han Cheng felt a bit anxious.

But on second thought, he couldn't just touch it for nothing, right?

He quickly took a bamboo shoot from the basket Milk Tea Sister was carrying and gave it to the panda.

The little fellow released one claw but didn't let go of Han Cheng.

Han Cheng sniffled. Indeed, there were no free lunches in this world. He quickly took out another bamboo shoot and handed it to the panda.

Only then did the little fellow let go of Han Cheng, satisfied.

Han Cheng glanced at it again, then held a bone shovel in one hand and Milk Tea Sister's hand in the other, running towards the shore with Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

Afraid of being seen by the little guy's mother.

After Han Cheng and the others left, there was another rustling of dry leaves. A bigger black-and-white ball rolled out from the sloping bamboo forest, hitting the little cub holding a bamboo shoot on the ground, causing it to roll along with the ball.

After a delicious meal of bamboo shoot snake soup, the boat set sail again, slowly heading towards their closer homeland.

Chapter 290

The leader of the Sheep Tribe, accompanied by some strong adults from the tribe, was out hunting.

He had been back from that tribe for several days, and only now did his heart settle down.

Today, luck was on their side. The sun hadn't yet begun to set, and they had already caught quite a few animals, enough for tonight and tomorrow.

He was calculating happily in his mind like this.

Just then, a deer was startled, and the leader of the Sheep Tribe and the others quickly grabbed their weapons and rushed towards the deer's direction, shouting and yelling.

After a while of chasing, they arrived at a hill not far from the river. The deer, cornered by the people of the Sheep Tribe, had nowhere to run.

"¥!"

One person from the Sheep Tribe shouted and raised his spear. The desperate deer attempted to escape and ran towards the leader of the Sheep Tribe.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe was skilled in hunting, and with the deer already exhausted from the chase, running towards him was like seeking death.

All it took was a weapon swing, and the deer wouldn't survive.

However, things took an unexpected turn.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe missed, letting the deer escape.

The others were a bit stunned but didn't think much of it. Excited, they continued to chase after the almost-caught deer while the leader of the Sheep Tribe stood still, unmoving.

Following his gaze, they saw several wooden boats slowly sailing upstream in the river...

"Thud!"

The leader of the Bone Tribe dropped his wooden stick to the ground and stared fixedly at the boats on the river. After a while, he sighed as if his teeth were hurting.

It wasn't until the others from the tribe, carrying the captured deer, came over joyfully that he finally regained some composure.

Someone noticed his unusual behavior and asked.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe, with a somewhat distracted gaze, told them what he had seen.

At first, the people of the Sheep Tribe didn't understand. They thought that people from other tribes could also float on the water with big pieces of wood; they had seen it before.

Although surprising, it wasn't worth making a fuss over.

Thinking like this, some people suddenly realized something, and their faces changed color, showing disbelief in their eyes.

Some still hadn't realized what was different and looked strangely at the somewhat distracted tribe members.

It wasn't until later, when they asked the leader, that these slow-witted people showed signs of astonishment and uncertainty.

They had thought that the Bone Tribe people were beaten so severely because the rich tribe people who had left had returned.

But just a while ago, the people from the other tribe were using wood to return to their tribe.

After understanding the implications, it would be strange if they weren't surprised...

The rain started to fall from the sky like pearls.

There was no roof on the small boats, so when it rained, they had to wear raincoats and hats to resist it.

Han Cheng had anticipated encountering rain, so the people of the Sparrow Tribe were all wearing raincoats and hats.

They had already entered the Red River, and there was just over half a day's journey left to home. No one intended to stop, wanting to rush home in one go, so they rowed the boat even more challenging in the rain.

When Milk Tea Sister saw the sun obscured by clouds, her heart filled with sorrow.

Her worry increased when the rain started to fall.

Because they were in the wild now, with no cave to shelter from the wind and rain.

Getting soaked in the rain can make you sick.

This was something she didn't know before. Since the last time she went out to pick wild vegetables in the rain, she understood this.

Her worries quickly disappeared because everyone in the tribe wore something she had never seen before.

Although she had never seen it before, she could tell it was used to shield her from the rain.

Nineteen people, nineteen sets of raincoats and hats.

No one could have expected they would bring someone back this time, so Milk Tea Sister was left out.

Watching everything happening before her, feeling the cool raindrops on her face, Milk Tea Sister felt happy and worried.

She was happy because not everyone had to get wet, but worried that she might get sick again.

Glancing at the Chaihu growing in the jar, her anxious heart eased slightly.

But some melancholy feelings lingered. After all, everyone had something to shelter from the rain except for her.

Her mood quickly disappeared when Han Cheng walked over and foolishly pulled the primitive girl into his arms, covering her with his raincoat.

The raincoat he wore was for adults, but wrapping her, who was even smaller than him, wasn't too tricky.

But the two of them had to hold each other tightly.

Having seen this scene more than once, hugging each other like this was too childish for Han Cheng.

Moreover, he was still a child, and Milk Tea Sister hadn't grown up yet...

Han Cheng thought calmly in his heart, but his expression became somewhat strange after a while, and then he felt a bit uncomfortable, shifting his body awkwardly.

Damn it, why does this girl seem a bit restless?

This won't do!

He's still a child, and Milk Tea Sister hasn't grown up yet. Her chest hasn't even developed...

A certain Divine Child lamented in his heart, but a particular uncontrollable guy still stubbornly got up.

Completely hiding under the raincoat, Milk Tea Sister, who was hugging Han Cheng tightly, didn't know if she felt the threat from the gun, and her body moved slightly...

The rain seemed to be getting heavier, and on the small boat, people occasionally used bowls to scoop out the accumulated water.

Han Cheng held Milk Tea Sister, looking at the rain with a somewhat unpleasant expression. After a while, he finally ordered the boat to stop and dock.

Big Brother and the others were a bit reluctant because, according to Han Cheng's estimate, they were only about twenty li away from the tribe. They could make it back to the tribe with a little effort.

But considering Han Cheng's warning about possible flooding and the terrifying scene of the boat capsizing, they didn't dare to insist on moving forward.

They found a suitable place to dock and dragged the wooden boat ashore.

Finding a high ground, they leaned the wooden boat against a relatively steep rock and overturned it.

This would prevent rainwater from continuing to collect in the boat, and there would be more space underneath to shelter from the wind and rain.

After doing these things for a bit of a while, surprisingly, the rain stopped.

The people eager to return home couldn't help but cheer. Setting off now, they could still return to the tribe before dark.

They cheered and went to find Han Cheng to inform him that they were ready to continue sailing, but they were again stopped by Han Cheng.