

## I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 3: Catch a monster for dinner. - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 3: Catch a monster for dinner.

### **I am a Primitive Man**

"Hoo."

"Hoo."

Finally freed from the fate of becoming primitive people's food after confirming that Big Senior Brother and the others had truly left, Han Cheng took deep breaths, feeling that the world was so beautiful.

However, his good mood didn't last long. When the sun set and the daylight faded, Han Cheng, who had become a tree, discovered a serious problem.

He was hungry.

Yes, hungry.

The kind of hunger where his front chest was touching his back.

However, he felt extremely helpless and desperate because he still couldn't move.

As a child, he watched TV dramas and always thought Master Thief Bai Zhantang's Sunflower Acupoint Sealing Technique was particularly cool. Especially the part where Li Dazui was acupunctured, holding two small red flags and posing as a sculpture near the door. It made Han Cheng both amused and envious.

Unexpectedly, now he was experiencing that feeling.

Damn it. He shouldn't have been so curious to touch that rough mural.

After thinking for so long, Han Cheng finally came up with a plausible explanation for why he had crossed over.

The culprit was the crude mural on the stone wall.

While walking through the desert, he encountered a desolate mountain with crude and simple drawings carved on a rock face. They were drawings from primitive hands.

Later, thinking he had discovered something extraordinary, Han Cheng leaned over and used his hands to press against the mural to observe and then ended up here.

Damn it. Since he had brought himself here, why not bring his backpack along?

There were still five or six potatoes, seven or eight boiled eggs, and several packs of compressed biscuits and instant noodles inside.

"Gurgle, gurgle."

Han Cheng shifted his attention for the eighteenth time, trying not to think about hunger, but his efforts failed again.

He found that no matter what he thought about, he would eventually bring it back to the topic of food.

Even the scent of roasted meat wafting from his body made him salivate.

If he could move now, Han Cheng wanted to take a bite of himself to satisfy his craving.

"Hiss."

"Howl."

Distant and deep roars echoed in the darkness, carrying a sense of ancient desolation.

Han Cheng, who had been slightly drowsy, shivered. His somewhat heavy head immediately cleared up, and he no longer had time to think about his stomach.

Only now did he realize a serious problem.

It was the primitive era now.

In the ancient times, fierce beasts were common. Humans, who later dominated the world, were still struggling for survival in the crevices, undergoing difficult transformations, and striving against adversity.

The primitive era's nights were destined to be unsafe.

Especially for him, an existence that continuously emitted the aroma of roasted meat, he was like a roasted chicken, constantly beckoning to potential diners.

At night in the primitive era, it was a paradise for fierce beasts.

In the tranquil night, distant or nearby roars echoed, making Han Cheng's hair stand on end.

Especially when he heard movement around in the woods and, aided by the moonlight, saw a few greenish orbs not far away in the woods, his heart almost jumped into his throat.

He had experienced encountering wolves in the wild at night. He knew these orbs were the eyes of wild animals.

Judging by the size of the orbs, the individuals crouching not far from him were much larger than wolves.

Han Cheng felt bitter, his heart pounding like a drum.

Damn it, he just narrowly escaped primitive people and now faced with the threat of becoming the dung of fierce beasts in ancient times. Who did he provoke?

Indeed, luck was important for a person. Although everyone crossed over, others were all showing off, while he, a crosser, had utterly rotten luck.

Was it because he didn't consult the almanac when crossing over?

Han Cheng, whose heart was about to jump out of his throat, couldn't help but complain in his mind.

He wondered if these ancient beasts found him, an outsider, not tasty, or if the mixed scent of burnt meat didn't suit the taste of these ancient big shots.

Unable to see through their true faces, these mysterious beasts lingered around Han Cheng in the surrounding woods. After a few low roars, they eventually left without coming to eat Han Cheng.

Avoiding becoming the prey of wild beasts, Han Cheng felt like his whole person was about to collapse.

This was only the first day in the original world, and he had already experienced many thrills. Who knew how many terrifying surprises awaited him in the future?

Thinking this, Han Cheng couldn't help but sigh secretly. He realized he had thought too much.

In his current state, even if he didn't become someone's dinner, he probably wouldn't last more than three days.

Standing there like a tree, Han Cheng looked at the moonlit woods shrouded in a vast atmosphere. A trace of helplessness appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"Sasha, sasha."

Sounds started again in the surrounding woods. Having heard this type of commotion many times before, Han Cheng, who had become indifferent, didn't even bother to open his eyes.

Ever since a flat-haired beast flew onto his head from who knew where, stood there for half a day, and before leaving, audaciously left a pile of incredibly smelly bird droppings on his nose, he had already lost all hope.

Rather than enduring this kind of undignified suffering and slowly dying, he might as well have a quick and easy death.

The sound approached from far to near as if coming in his direction.

Finally, a wild beast dared to enter the circle of ashes to eat him.

Han Cheng, not afraid but rather happy, eagerly anticipated the wild beast coming to devour him.

At the same time, he was calculating where the beast would start.

It would be best to take a bite out of his neck first so he could suffer less pain.

"Pa, pa."

"Pa, pa, pa."

Some unusual sounds accompanied by a strange sensation came from the charred shell covering his face.

Han Cheng, who had been waiting for death, became furious. Damn it, this is outrageous, bullying too much!

If you want to eat, then eat. If you don't want to, stop wasting time. Don't you dare slap me in the face before biting me, what the hell!

Angry, he opened his eyes, ready to see what kind of beast was so twisted.

However, the scene before him completely exceeded his expectations.

Standing before him was not some ancient fierce beast but an old primitive man with white hair and a weathered face.

He was obviously startled by Han Cheng's sudden opening of his eyes. The hand that was about to slap Han Cheng's face stopped in midair.

A look of surprise flashed in his somewhat cloudy eyes but soon became a deep confusion.

The hand that the old primitive man raised lingered in the air for a while. Then, much to Han Cheng's angry gaze, it descended onto his face again.

However, it wasn't a slap but a caress.

He caressed Han Cheng's mouth, nose, and many other places.

Han Cheng became even more furious, not just because this old primitive man was molesting him, but what angered him more was that the old bastard smeared the bird droppings from his nose all over half of his face.

He glared at the old man, expressing his anger.

At this point, he had already given up on concealing anything and didn't care about being exposed.

However, the old primitive man didn't stop because of his anger. Instead, he became more enthusiastic. After caressing Han Cheng's face, he bent down and continued exploring further.

As the old primitive man crouched down, Han Cheng finally saw the scene below.

Behind the old primitive man, there were other primitive people.

Looking at the sexy tiger-skin skirt, the guy next to him drooling at him, and the guy with a big belly staring at him, along with a bone necklace complementing his dark face—weren't these his senior brothers who had left yesterday?

It turned out their departure yesterday was just temporary. Leaving wasn't their goal; their real intention was to return and bring their master here.

However, this master was a bit too unconventional. Upon their first meeting, he thoroughly examined every inch of Han Cheng's body.

After all, Han Cheng was a man!

Han Cheng lamented in his heart. Although he was covered in a black charred shell, except for a few important parts on his head, the rest of his body was not spared. He didn't have any sensory feelings, but watching the old primitive man continue to touch him, he couldn't help but shudder.

Fortunately, the old primitive man didn't touch him for too long. He stood up and said something to his senior brothers, which Han Cheng couldn't understand.

Evidently, these primitive people respected this old primitive man greatly, including the leader, his senior brother, who looked at him with the utmost reverence.

These people chattered, spoke, and gestured, and Han Cheng had no idea what they were saying. However, looking at his second senior brother, who was drooling increasingly while gazing at him, Han Cheng knew it probably wasn't good.

Could these people, like the monsters in Journey to the West, be discussing whether to fry him with some sesame oil?

Their discussion didn't last long. Afterward, the old primitive man looked up at the sky and glanced at the circle of ashes and the footprints of some beasts around the ash circle. Suddenly, he placed his hands in front of him and made a strange gesture towards Han Cheng, muttering something indistinct.

Han Cheng could vaguely see some clues from their continuous conversation and gestures. He felt these people were telling the old primitive man about his origin.

However, the old primitive man's actions and chanting-like movements confused him.

Could it be that they considered him a heretic and wanted to sacrifice him to the gods?

Who cared at this point? He had reached a stage where he didn't care anymore. He wanted to see what kind of tricks this master and his disciples could come up with.

Han Cheng was now the epitome of "a dead pig not afraid of boiling water." The old primitive man's chanting stopped, and with a finger pointing at himself, several senior brothers holding stone sticks gathered around.

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Han Cheng was still alive.

He wasn't sacrificed or eaten. Instead, he was carried by his plump second senior brother. Together with a group of primitive people, they traversed through a forest where most leaves had turned yellow.

Looking at his second senior brother, who was panting and drooling while carrying him, Han Cheng had enough reason to believe that if it weren't for the old primitive man and the eldest senior brother, he would have been eaten by his second senior brother on the way.

At this point, Han Cheng couldn't help but wonder what kind of substance the charred shell on the outside of his body was made of. It seemed a bit too tough if it was charred flesh and skin.

He was being carried straight without any twists or turns.

Thinking about this, he couldn't help but worry about whether he could get rid of his current state and regain his freedom of movement.

Of course, this depended on whether he could survive.

Until now, Han Cheng didn't know what fate awaited him.

He didn't know if these primitive people, who treated him like a monster, brought him back for rescue or intended to eat him.

The possibility of being eaten was greater based on some knowledge from his past life.

Because primitive tribes tended to be exclusive.

And now he had this strange appearance.

Perhaps due to time constraints, this group of ten primitive people was cautious and in a hurry.

They continuously traversed through the forest.

The forest was not filled with grass and trees everywhere; there were some inconspicuous winding paths, which were unclear whether created by the primitive people or trodden by numerous wild beasts.

On the way, they encountered some beasts, the fiercest being two creatures resembling leopards but much larger.

At that moment, the atmosphere of the entire team became particularly tense.

The old primitive man and Han Cheng, carried by the second senior brother, were quickly surrounded by everyone else. The rest of the group confronted the two large leopards, slowly moving forward with weapons like sticks and stones in hand.

Fortunately, the two leopards didn't attack the group. After a short confrontation, they indifferently leaped onto a nearby tree and left through a shower of falling leaves.

Apart from that, they mostly encountered non-aggressive or minimally threatening beasts. Even the eldest senior brother and the other primitive people teamed up to hunt a rabbit and a colorful chicken.

However, the rabbit and chicken differed from what Han Cheng remembered. He could only guess based on his experience.

As the daylight gradually dimmed, the group quickened their pace. Even if some small prey appeared, they ignored it and did not pay attention.

Having circled for a while, a small river appeared before everyone.

For Han Cheng, who was carried on the back of his second senior brother, it was obvious that the people in the group relaxed significantly.

It seemed their residence was nearby.

The river wasn't large. The widest part was only about two to three meters, and the narrowest part was about two meters. At the narrowest point was a flat stone serving as a makeshift bridge.

Han Cheng, carried by his second senior brother with his face facing down, saw many black heads in the water.

Looking closely, he found that there were various sizes of fish swimming in the water.

As a child, he studied a passage describing the vast North Wilderness. He was extremely envious of the North Wilderness, where they could easily beat hares, scoop up fish, and have wild chickens fly into their cooking pots.

Because in his consciousness, the people living there have meat that can't be finished daily

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Looking at the number of fish in the river, it is by no means inferior to the North Wilderness.

The crowd walked past the solitary stone bridge and entered the forest, which had shed several leaves.

This time, the walk did not last long before a cave entrance, about one person high and two to three meters wide, appeared in front of them.

At the entrance, four or five primitive women with rudimentary weapons stood vigilantly observing the surrounding area.

As for why Han Cheng knew they were women, it's simple because, like the men, they exposed their upper bodies, and the developed chest muscles were somewhat excessive.

After seeing the approaching group, they shouted joyfully, dropped their weapons, and ran out to welcome them.

Many young primitive people quickly emerged from the cave, shouting and running towards the returning group faster than the adult women. Some mischievous ones directly climbed up their legs.

The cave, silent just a moment ago, immediately became lively and vibrant with the return of the men who had gone out.

Some primitive women wanted to take the strange-looking Han Cheng from third senior brother, Sandy, back, but the old primitive man stopped them.

After a brief moment of joy, everyone returned to the cave together, and by this time, the outside sky had already darkened.

Inside the cave, primitive women and children curiously looked at Han Cheng, asking questions in a language he couldn't understand. Han Cheng, in turn, observed the cave with curiosity.



The cave was not very dark because there was a pile of fire near the cave's entrance.

An old, bare-chested primitive man squatted there, occasionally putting some firewood into it, taking care of the fire, not letting it go out.

Due to years of smoking and burning, the stone walls near the fire pit were covered with a layer of smoky color.

The space inside the cave was large, at least 150 square meters, from what Han Cheng could see.

In some places of the cave, there were scattered piles of things, some of which were fuel like hay and branches, while others, due to differences in light and unfamiliarity with things from the future, Han Cheng couldn't identify.

Not many people were in the cave, only about fifty or sixty, including adults and children. The number of adult men was roughly the same as what Han Cheng had seen today.

Of course, as for accuracy, Han Cheng couldn't guarantee it because he couldn't move now. The light inside the cave wasn't good enough, and people were still moving around, so he couldn't categorize genders in such detail.

He started moving again.

This time, the one carrying him was not Second Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, or anyone else, but the Eldest Senior Brother in the sexy tiger-skin skirt.

The old primitive man was in front, and the Eldest Senior Brother carried him behind, walking towards the deeper part of the cave.

After walking about ten meters, Han Cheng was put down.

Borrowing the faint firelight from a distance, Han Cheng saw that this was a relatively secluded and independent space within the cave, containing some things he couldn't see clearly.

After being put down, the Eldest Senior Brother said something to the old primitive man, then went out and loudly spoke to the surrounding primitive people.

The people who seemed somewhat idle immediately became active.