

## Primitive 351

Chapter 351: The consequences of the imitated bow and arrow

The small boat journeyed on, stopping here and there along the way, but by the time the sky was darkening, they had yet to reach the Red River's end. Seeing dusk approaching, Han Cheng ordered the boat to halt at a nearby shallow bay.

Docking the boat, Third Senior Brother and Shang brought the small boat ashore to clear a space for cooking and resting. Those who had accompanied Han Cheng on a previous boat journey had no issues, having grown accustomed to it over the near month-long voyage. But for those experiencing it for the first time, the initial novelty wore off quickly, leaving many feeling uncomfortable and weak, their legs like jelly upon stepping onto solid ground.

Living accustomed to the land, they felt uneasy on the water, finding it lacking in stability. Third Senior Brother and Shang, taking their responsibilities seriously, arranged for guards while Han Cheng's absence required them to be particularly vigilant.

Han Cheng had decided to leave the Second Senior Brother behind after considering his prolonged struggle with intestinal parasites. Although the parasites had been eradicated after two months of treatment, his weakened state had yet to recover fully.

For the tribe's defense, it was essential to have someone in sound health. Additionally, several neighboring tribes that had frequent contact with the Green Sparrow Tribe had begun replicating bows and arrows. Han Cheng foresaw the inevitability of imitation from the moment the bows and arrows were introduced. After all, bows and arrows were not particularly complex devices—at their simplest, just bent sticks and strings. Imitation was a notable human trait.

His only recourse was to prolong the time it took for other tribes to replicate them as much as possible. Bows and arrows weren't particularly difficult for primitive people to learn. This fact was evident from the records of almost all ancient civilizations using bows and arrows.

The emergence of bows and arrows had pros and cons for the Green Sparrow Tribe. On one hand, it provided them with a more powerful and longer-range weapon. On the other hand, once the bows and arrows were imitated, the tribe, relying on tall walls for protection, faced a certain threat. Although the imitators' bows and arrows were less effective than those of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who could say they wouldn't improve the basic equipment?

In this world, seemingly miraculous occurrences were abundant, and humans were adept at creating miracles. These seemingly illogical events brought about change and propelled humanity from barbarism to civilization.

Otherwise, people should still be living like animals, fighting over a few fruits with broken heads and bloodshed. Yet, from the mountains of corpses, people emerged. In places ravaged by plague where both humans and animals perished en masse, some thrived, burying one body after another.

In the wilderness, abandoned infants with no means of defense, discovered by wolves, should have faced certain death. But instead, wolf children emerged. Just as those expelled from the Green Sparrow Tribe for their unwillingness to work were deemed destined for death, they emerged from a near-death experience with a spouse, akin to bark on a tree.

Humans are truly a miraculous species, capable of enduring hardships that seem insurmountable. Many times, before adversity strikes, people exclaim, "Oh my, how will we ever endure this?" But when adversity does come, those who previously expressed such sentiments often persevere just fine.

One of the most important factors in this resilience is human adaptability. The world is material and in motion, and humans living within it are no exception. In different circumstances and experiences, the same person will often exhibit different behaviors.

For example, there's Lu Meng, who, after three days of separation, showed remarkable insight; Zhou Chu, the prime instigator of trouble, who woke up to his folly; and those who, living carefree in the Green Sparrow Tribe, struggled for survival after being expelled, striving to recall the tools and survival techniques they had seen in the tribe.

However, due to Han Cheng's appearance, it wasn't easy for surrounding tribes to catch up to the Green Sparrow Tribe in terms of bows and arrows. While they were still reveling in their ability to replicate the most basic and long-range weapon, Third Senior Brother's bow was already wrapped in snakeskin, with deer sinew treated with pounding, replacing the string, becoming the bowstring. Iron arrowheads would also appear if they collected enough iron bacteria on this journey.

When those imitators exhausted their efforts to replicate these things, they would be even more sorrowful to discover that the Green Sparrow Tribe had already developed more powerful recurve and compound bows.

Of course, this was just Han Cheng's conjecture; the surrounding tribes were unlikely to replicate this. The iron, which gave Han Cheng a headache, was enough to trouble them. And Han Cheng wouldn't give them much time to complete these tasks. Before they could finish, the growing Green Sparrow Tribe would have already overwhelmed them.

"Brother Cheng, have some fish."

The sweet voice and the steaming grilled fish brought Han Cheng back to reality. He took the grilled fish offered by Bai Xuemei and reached out to play with her braids, his expression turning from a hint of helplessness to a smile.

Whether it's a series within one's lifetime or an endless series of generations, walking each step steadfastly is what matters. As for how far one can go, let it be; perhaps only fate or reaching that step will reveal.

After dinner, as darkness fell, everyone boarded the boat, pushing it away from the shore and securing it with poles for the night's rest.

Some were pleased to spend the night on the boat, like Bai Xuemei, while others, like Ironhead, trembled uncontrollably. Ironhead swore that even after a night of passion with his new bride, his legs had never trembled like this before.

The next day, after breakfast, the boat set sail once again. By midday, it anchored again, and everyone disembarked, staying here for two days before setting sail downstream once more.

Chapter 352: Three bon fire

The wide Egret River flowed gently while the six small boats bobbed slightly.

The people on the boats followed the flow downstream.

Unlike before, there was no longer anything behind the six small boats.

Six rafts, much larger than the small boats, floated on the water, moving downstream along with the small boats.

On top of these rafts stood one or two people holding bamboo poles to help steer them and control their speed, preventing them from colliding with the small boats ahead.

These rafts were made of bamboo, with a width of no less than two meters and a length of over three meters. They were tied with bamboo poles on the upper and lower layers so people standing on them wouldn't get their shoes wet.

The heavy and large rafts were undoubtedly more stable than the swaying small boats. Therefore, those prone to seasickness opted to stand on the rafts, holding bamboo poles.

It was strange that they didn't feel seasick once they got onto the rafts anymore.

Tie Tou, whose legs were no longer trembling, held a long bamboo pole. When he saw that the raft was moving too fast, he inserted the bamboo pole into the riverbed to slow down the raft and create distance between the raft and the small boats.

Compared to the previous days of cutting grass all day, this was undoubtedly much easier.

The only thing that bothered him was the numerous bamboo tubes tied to his body.

Having these things tied to him was inconvenient, and he wanted to untie them. However, he remembered what the Divine Child had said before: with these bamboo tubes, they wouldn't drown if they fell into the water. So, he endured the discomfort, valuing his life over temporary inconvenience.

He wasn't the only one with bamboo tubes tied to him. Apart from Han Cheng and Bai Xue, everyone in the group had bamboo tubes tied to them.

This wasn't because Han Cheng was afraid of death; rather, he and Bai Xue had the more buoyant and lighter bladder tubes tied to them...

These six rafts resulted from Han Cheng leading the team to shore for two days.

Making these rafts was necessary; without them, there would be no way to back the harvested wild hemp. After all, the small boats were almost full of just people, leaving no extra space for the hemp.

And even if they cleared space on the boats for the hemp, how much could one boat carry? It wouldn't be as much as the rafts could transport.

Moreover, this move was a win-win. They could use the rafts to transport the hemp, but when they returned to the tribe with the hemp, they could dismantle the rafts and obtain a lot of bamboo.

Now that the tribe had iron knives, with more practice, they could gradually produce even and useful bamboo strips.

When the time came, whether for making sifters or mats, these bamboo strips would be excellent materials.

Han Cheng looked at these rafts with a smile on his face.

Grain production will expand next year, and by then, the bamboo sifters made could come in handy.

With enough sifters and winnowing baskets, even without wind during grain cleaning, they wouldn't have to worry too much.

To cut down these bamboo, Han Cheng had brought the tribe's only iron axe and saw.

He also brought the stone chisel that had been sharpened by grinding on the ground.

If they hadn't brought these tools, like last time when they only brought bone shovels, they wouldn't have been able to cut down enough bamboo to make so many rafts, even with two more days.

The Third Senior Brother carried a bow and paddled with both hands. He looked at these rafts, admiring the Divine Child's wisdom as he looked.

Before, he had worried about how the Divine Child would transport the harvested wild hemp on the water.

From the Divine Child's preparation of so many sickles and bringing Tie Tou and other skilled harvesters, he understood that the amount of wild hemp needed to be harvested by the Divine Child was not small.

The only things he knew that could travel on water and be used to transport the wild hemp were the wooden boats they were riding in.

These few wooden boats were crowded with people. Even if they managed to free up two boats, they still wouldn't have been able to fit much hemp.

This doubt persisted until the first bamboo raft was launched after cutting down the bamboo, completely dispelling it...

"Little bamboo raft, flowing with the water, birds singing, fish swimming... in the land of abundance in the south, the little bamboo raft floats with the current..."

Bai Xue sang childishly, mingling with paddles hitting the water, chasing after the waterfowl flying close to the water's surface.

This verse, which resembles a poem yet is also a simple nursery rhyme, was taught to Bai Xue by Han Cheng, something he had learned before attending school.

Reciting it now seemed fitting, albeit lacking the presence of people and the scent of rice paddies.

It's strange how many things learned in childhood are deeply engraved in the mind and never forgotten, while things learned later, even if difficult to remember, are easily forgotten.

Was it because of the simple-mindedness of childhood and less external interference?

Or was it because of the excessive pragmatism and the abundance of things to learn as one age?

Han Cheng pondered these thoughts, but the answer remained unknown.

As darkness fell again, the small boats and bamboo rafts docked one by one, and people began to disembark. Campfires were lit, and fish were taken out of the fish traps...

In the dusk, the first wisp of smoke rose from the riverbank, the only cooking smoke here, drifting slowly over the water's surface in the evening breeze.

When the food in the clay pots was cooked, the river water, heated by the sun all day, began to emit a heat mist resembling cooking smoke.

At this moment, the cooking smoke mixed with the heat mist, and it was impossible to tell where the cooking smoke ended and the steam began.

At the same time, hundreds of miles away in the Green Sparrow Tribe, they were also having their meal.

The eldest senior brother, who stayed behind with the shaman in the tribe, put down his chopsticks and climbed the wooden ladder to the top of the fence in the last light of day. Looking towards the east, he could vaguely see the shining water surface.

Outside the tribe's gate, Fujiang and its five cubs squatted.

The eldest senior brother was somewhat worried about this trip. He feared the Divine Child would be in danger without him by Han Cheng's side.

Moreover, half of the people the Divine Child took with him this time were from the original Bone Tribe and were all robust individuals.

The eldest senior brother understood the Divine Child's intentions in doing so, but precisely because of this, he was even more worried.

After all, the people from the original Bone Tribe were not as reliable as the original tribe members. By taking them away, the tribe would naturally be safer, but there would be an added danger on the Divine Child's side.

Although he knew no one could match the Divine Child in wisdom, the Eldest Senior Brother couldn't help but worry.

It was like when he accompanied the Divine Child on outings and couldn't relax about the tribe.

When you are in a high position, you worry about your ruler; when you are far away from home, you worry about your people. Whether advancing or retreating, there is worry. So, when can there be joy...

The Eldest Senior Brother didn't know about the ancient masterpiece "Preface to the Pavilion of King Teng." But his feelings were similar.

I wonder what Mr. Fan would feel if he knew that his thoughts and feelings coincided with those of an ancient person beyond ancient times.

"Ptui, ptui..."

In the Green Tribe, where the cooking smoke rose, the Green Tribe leader spat out the cooked wild grass seeds stuffed in his mouth with disgust.

Even when cooked, this stuff wasn't any good to eat. He didn't know why that tribe had so much of it...

### Chapter 353: The Nostalgia of the Fire Tribe

Autumn's steps were swift, and even though Han Cheng and the others were traveling by boat, they were still caught up with her along the way. At first, they didn't notice, but when a gust of wind blew, and a tree by the river shed a flurry of yellow leaves, Han Cheng realized with surprise that autumn had already arrived so deeply.

Amidst the fluttering yellow leaves like butterflies, Han Cheng and the others stopped the boat by the shore and stepped onto the flaxen land adorned with tattered flags of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Flaxen land, as named by Han Cheng, had no flax but rather wild hemp plants towering above one person's height. Such a place should be called Hemp Land instead.

The reason for this misnamed land was related to Han Cheng. In the works of every writer, there's usually an unresolved, magical realm of the soul. Mo Yan had Dongxiang Gaomi, where blood-red sorghum grew; Cao Wenxuan had the flaxen land in the water village.

In the flaxen land, there was a small school covered with golden thatch, a mischievous yet kind-hearted boy named Sang Sang who loved raising pigeons, and a high school with red-tiled roofs and a middle school with black-tiled roofs... There, there was the innocence of children, as well as the troubles and growth of adolescents.

There was also a teenager named Du Xiaokang, who lived in the red door, went on a lonely journey with his father to desolate places, experienced a profound journey of loneliness in his soul, and grew up in adversity...

Before entering primitive society, Han Cheng preferred reading Cao Wenxuan's books, especially "The Grass House" and "Red Tiles, Black Tiles." When troubled, flipping through a couple of chapters could cleanse his soul and find those long-lost things that faded away with growing up and busyness.

Plenty of wild hemp was in the flaxen land, with many ripe hemp pods containing the seeds inside. Just as sesame flowers blossom continuously, so does wild hemp.

Seeing the handful of dark wild hemp seeds in Bai Xuemei's palm, Han Cheng smiled. With these, plenty of wild hemp would be around the Green Sparrow Tribe next year.

Han Cheng pulled up a finger-thick wild hemp and peeled the hemp skin from the tip to about twenty centimeters from the root. Seeing the resilient hemp skin, Han Cheng smiled again. Making ropes and cloth from hemp was not just a pipe dream.

After confirming the usefulness of the wild hemp, Han Cheng, with a playful mood, broke off the tender wild hemp stems from the roots, divided the hemp skin remaining on the roots into three even strands, and began to twist the ropes.

A whip made of wild hemp appeared in his hand in no time. With a few vigorous swings, it made a sound much louder than a muffled fart.

"Brother Cheng, what is wild hemp used for?" Bai Xuemei asked with twinkling eyes.

Han Cheng, who was fantasizing about using the whip to strike Bai Xuemei, didn't hesitate to answer immediately, "To weave cloth, to make a set of underwear for the little bride."

Tie Tou and the others held sickles and began to try harvesting the wild hemp. It wasn't as fast as harvesting millet or thatching grass, but the speed was still acceptable. However, after the wild hemp was harvested, they needed to be careful when walking from there. The straw sandals worn by Han Cheng and the others couldn't resist the attacks from the wild hemp stubble. If they weren't careful, they could get scratched and bleed.

Han Cheng and the others didn't stay here for too long. After confirming that the wild hemp was ripe and harvestable, they all returned to the boat and continued downstream.

It would not be too late to return and harvest the wild hemp after finding the Fire Tribe downstream.

Han Cheng didn't take the six bamboo rafts with him but left them in the flaxen land, securely tied to a large tree. There was no need to worry about them being stolen at this deserted place.

Sitting in the boat, Tie Tou watched the flaxen land gradually shrink and felt reluctant. He wanted to stay here with the others to harvest the wild hemp and wait for the return of the Divine Child and the others. This way, they could save themselves from the trouble of traveling by boat and speed up the work to return to the tribe sooner. Unfortunately, the Divine Child disagreed, saying that splitting up was unsafe. After careful consideration, Tie Tou felt that the Divine Child's words made sense, so he didn't insist.

He didn't know that besides this consideration, Han Cheng had some other thoughts that he didn't mention. He wants to prevent the Fire Tribe from seeing Bai Xue fully recovered and trying to take her back. He brought more people along to be prepared if things went wrong and they needed to take Bai Xue back forcibly. She was the bride he had set his heart on, and no one could take her away from him.

The boats swayed down the river, past Wang Dong Mountain, and continued forward...

The leader of the Fire Tribe held a crudely made wooden spear in his hand as he stood on high ground. He put a somewhat sour fruit in his mouth and looked at the empty riverbank ahead. The whole fruit quickly disappeared into his mouth without spitting a single seed. With his empty hand, he took a reddish leaf from his messy hair, looked at it, and threw it away casually.

Many trees had started shedding leaves, and it was already autumn, as mentioned by the water tribe. Why hadn't the people from that tribe come yet? Did they find the journey too far and decided not to come, or... were they all infected by the sick child from his tribe and...

Thinking of this, the leader of the Fire Tribe shuddered and shook his head, not allowing himself to think further. That scene was too terrifying. He strongly hoped that the people from that tribe were telling the truth and had a way to cure this seemingly incurable disease in their eyes. This way, not only would the people from the waterborne tribe not die, but his tribe would also find a way to treat the disease without having to throw the infected people into the fire pit.

But recalling his tribe's past experiences and thinking about the fact that the leader of that tribe was just an unreliable teenager, the ominous feeling grew heavier.

Actions speak louder than words. This was not just what people of the future would think; primitive people thought the same way but couldn't express it succinctly.

Not only the leader of the Fire Tribe but also the other members of the Fire Tribe were hoping for the arrival of the people from the water tribe. Especially the women of the Fire Tribe. Going from frugality to extravagance is easy, but going from extravagance to frugality is hard. In this aspect, they hadn't felt much before, but since they tasted the satisfaction of being full from the Green Sparrow Tribe last time, the women of the Fire Tribe had increasingly felt that the men of their tribe were not good enough and had begun to miss the tribe that came from the water...

Chapter 354: Nice to meet you

"¥ 4!"

The leader of the Fire Tribe stood there for a while longer, then turned and said something. Following that, someone picked up the not-yet-dry leaves and placed them onto the burning fire.

Thick smoke quickly rose, standing out prominently against the clear sky...

"Why are those guys still lighting fires?"

The air was crisp and the sky was clear, with an unobstructed view. Han Cheng and his companions, drifting down by boat, saw the rising column of smoke upstream of the river.

It felt as if time had crossed back for a moment, returning to the first time they came here and saw the smoke column.

Han Cheng muttered to himself, wondering if someone in that tribe had fallen ill again and was being burned in that cruel way.

"Bai Xue."

Han Cheng, thinking of something, called out. Bai Xue didn't respond. In the past, she would have answered immediately whenever Han Cheng spoke.

Puzzled, Han Cheng turned his head and saw that Bai Xue was also staring at the column of smoke.

Her large eyes were full of fear, her face, already pale, was now almost deathly white, and her body was trembling slightly like a lone leaf quivering on a branch by the river in the cold wind.

"Bai Xue, don't be afraid, Brother Cheng is here."

Han Cheng's heart ached. He quickly walked over to embrace the lonely and helpless little child bride, gently comforting her.

He didn't need to ask to know that the smoke column had reminded Bai Xue of her previous experiences and those terrifying scenes.

Bai Xue, in terror and somewhat dazed, stared at the smoke column. Feeling the warm and solid embrace and hearing the familiar voice by her ear, much of her fear subsided.

Instinctively, she clutched Han Cheng's hand tightly, as if holding onto the last lifeline.

Yes, with Brother Cheng here, Brother Cheng who saved her from the fire and cured her illness, she wouldn't be thrown into the fire again...



Han Cheng gently patted Bai Xue's back, feeling heartache and reassurance.

He felt heartbroken for Bai Xue's tragic past and her current fragile, helpless state.

Reassuring was Bai Xue's reaction now, which assured him that even if the Fire Tribe people came to ask, the little child bride wouldn't return to the tribe that had once brought her nightmares.

As long as Bai Xue was unwilling to return, no one could make her stay.

Han Cheng's concern was not without reason. At this time, the most valued things in the tribe were twofold: food and people.

Seeing Bai Xue unharmed, the Fire Tribe people might indeed demand her return to the tribe.

"Get all the weapons ready, and be careful later."

Han Cheng, gently patting the now calm Bai Xue's back, issued orders to his companions.

Third Senior Brother and the others laughed, skillfully taking their respective weapons into their hands.

Their training has not ceased in the past six months. Besides clearing land, hunting, and planting, as long as it wasn't the busy farming season or rainy weather, they never missed the thrice-weekly training sessions.

Two months ago, those who had integrated into the Green Sparrow Tribe from the original Bone Tribe also began participating in the training.

The reason for waiting a while before allowing the people from the original Bone Tribe to join the training was still for the tribe's safety.

After all, there was a significant difference between those with weapons and those without.

"¥ 4!"

Standing on the high ground for a while longer, seeing that the river was still empty with no one coming on strange vessels, the Fire Tribe leader prepared to leave.

After all, they still needed to gather fruits and hunt for food and couldn't stay here indefinitely.

However, the two people tending the fire would remain to ensure that if the water tribe came, they wouldn't miss the Fire Tribe.

The method that could cure what he considered a fatal illness was extremely valuable to him.

Even though he didn't completely trust the words of that tribe's childlike leader, he still held onto some hope and didn't want to give up.

Just as he was about to turn and leave, he suddenly saw some black shadows appearing on the empty river.

At first, it startled him, but then he realized what it was and immediately became excited.

That water tribe was coming from the river again—they had not broken their promise!

The Fire Tribe leader shouted excitedly, and the tribespeople scattered nearby gathered around him. Together, they all ran towards the riverbank.

"We'll bring these things later."

Han Cheng also saw the people running towards the riverbank. Looking down at the items in the boat's cabin, he thought for a moment and then spoke to Shang, who had asked.

These items included salt, salted fish, and some pottery.

These were the gifts he intended to give to the Fire Tribe.

This time, Han Cheng had not only brought weapons but also gifts.

The weapons were for self-defense and, if necessary, for stealing a bride. The gifts were for presenting to the tribe.

After all, the Fire Tribe could be considered his in-laws, and he had taken a girl from their tribe as a child bride, so he had to bring some betrothal gifts.

Although people of this era did not know these customs, Han Cheng, as a modern person from the future, did not want to take advantage of the Fire Tribe.

Of course, the premise of giving gifts was that the Fire Tribe did not do anything excessive. If they did something Han Cheng did not want to see, then what happened next would be unpredictable.

"Hello, hello everyone."

As the boat gradually approached the shore, Han Cheng, holding Bai Xue's hand in one hand and a small bundle of dried Chai Hu roots in the other, responded in Mandarin to the Fire Tribe people who were excitedly greeting them from the shore.

Han Cheng also raised the hand holding the dried Chai Hu roots, waving it slowly towards them, the roots swaying gently.

Making a gesture of greeting was enough; it didn't matter if they understood.

As instructed earlier, Shang, Third Senior Brother, and the others went ashore first. After ensuring some level of security on the shore, Han Cheng led Bai Xue, whose eyes were blinking slightly, ashore.

Six people remained on the boat. Unlike previous times, when no one was on the shore, they had to leave a few people to guard the boat this time.

These people were skilled archers. They stayed on the boat to guard it and, if necessary, to provide long-range support for Han Cheng and the others on the shore.

As Han Cheng walked slowly ashore, he carefully observed the Fire Tribe.

There were quite a few Fire Tribe members, about forty or fifty gathered here.

The youngest children were slightly younger than Han Cheng; the rest were all adults with no younger children.

The previous incident of burning the sick person seemed to be some kind of ritual for the Fire Tribe, so everyone had come, but this time it was different.

The Fire Tribe leader stood at the front, smiling, with the men and women of the Fire Tribe behind him. Although they were holding weapons, they were relaxed and showed no signs of wanting to fight.

It was the female primitives, most of whom were still bare-chested, that made Han Cheng shiver slightly.

These people looked at them with eyes gleaming as if they wanted to eat them all up.

In contrast, the male primitives of the Fire Tribe appeared much more peaceful, though their smiles were somewhat meaningful. Some even chuckled as if thinking of something amusing.

Han Cheng was basically certain that the Fire Tribe had no hostile intentions, which made him feel much more at ease holding Bai Xue's hand.

When they reached the Fire Tribe leader, he spread his arms as if to give Han Cheng a warm bear hug. Han Cheng quickly let go of Bai Xue's hand and took the Fire Tribe leader's hand instead.

Putting on a solemn expression, he gently shook the leader's hand while saying, "Hello, hello."

Chapter 355: War started

It's not that Han Cheng refused to hug the chief of the Fire Tribe, but there was an unspeakable reason behind it.

His height was still his Achilles' heel. Faced with the Fire Tribe chief, who was a head taller, the kind of hug used to express affection had to be done in a manner reminiscent of a helpless little bird.

Thinking of that scene, Han Cheng felt a headache coming on.

Moreover, the Fire Tribe chief maintained the typical style of primitive people, not bathing much.

Dirty all over, Han Cheng even saw a pair of fleas crawling out from deep within the Fire Tribe chief's hair, achieving a feat in front of everyone's eyes...

At this moment, hugging him was difficult for Han Cheng.

A handshake would be better.

Indeed, influenced by Han Cheng's solemn expression and seemingly serious demeanor, the Fire Tribe chief was quickly led off track by Han Cheng.

No longer thinking about hugging Han Cheng, the Fire Tribe chief followed Han Cheng's movements with some stiffness and clumsiness, using this strange, never-before-seen, odd, but seemingly more advanced handshake.

"¥ 34~!"

With primitive people, there was no beating around the bush. After a simple meeting, the Fire Tribe chief was already eager to ask about the cure for the disease.

Although Han Cheng couldn't understand the Fire Tribe chief's words, he understood what he meant based on his actions and recall of previous events.

He nodded vigorously, smiled, and handed over the small bundle of dried Chai Hu roots he held to the Fire Tribe chief.

After asking the question, the Fire Tribe chief fixed his eyes on Han Cheng. When he saw Han Cheng nod, he was both surprised and delighted.

This obvious adolescent leader had cured the disease that they regarded as an unstoppable disaster! The rest of the Fire Tribe, especially the female primitive people, couldn't help but cheer, looking at Han Cheng with bright eyes.

The Fire Tribe chief took the small bundle of dried Chai Hu roots from Han Cheng's hands, cradling it like a treasure, and carefully examined it, afraid of damaging it.

The rest of the Fire Tribe also cast their gaze upon the small bundle of Chai Hu roots, eager to see this life-saving treasure.

"¥53..."

After looking at it for a while, the Fire Tribe chief suddenly looked at Han Cheng and opened his mouth, pointing to the Chai Hu roots in his hand.

Han Cheng smiled. Those who could become tribal chiefs were indeed not too stupid, knowing to ask for more details.

Turning around, he beckoned to Liang, who was carrying a pottery jar over.

Inside the jar was a Chai Hu plant that had just been transplanted from Wang Dong Mountain.

Instead of giving the Fire Tribe a small bundle of dried Chai Hu roots, it would be better to let them know about the plant itself.

"That's dug up from here."

Han Cheng pointed to the bundle of dried Chai Hu roots in the Fire Tribe chief's hand, then pointed to the Chai Hu plant in the jar and said to him.

The Fire Tribe chief took the jar, looking at the Chai Hu plant inside with several small yellow flowers, then pointed to the dried Chai Hu roots in his hand and used his fingers to probe the soil.

Then he looked at Han Cheng. "¥6?"

It seemed that this guy already understood that what he had in his hand was the root of this plant.

Han Cheng smiled and nodded vigorously.

The smile on the Fire Tribe chief's face became even brighter as he carefully examined the Chai Hu plant, which seemed like a priceless treasure.

Not far away, a woman from the Fire Tribe looked at the plant with a puzzled expression.

She had seen this thing before, and quite a few were not too far from their cave.

She had even tried eating it before, but it tasted bad.

Could such a thing be used to treat the disease that, as long as one got it, they would be thrown into the fire and burned to death?

"¥ ..."

She approached the chief of the Fire Tribe and, after closely observing the Chai Hu and confirming it was the same grass she had seen before, she began to speak to the Chief.

Upon hearing her words, some of the Fire Tribe women nearby also remembered the plant. They usually gathered more wild vegetables around the tribe than the average male primitive person, so they knew more about them.

"¥ 4?"

After listening to the words of these people in the tribe, the Fire Tribe chief vaguely remembered that there seemed to be such a plant growing not far from their tribe.

Could such a common thing cure the disease that was so dreaded?

How could that be?

Was this young chief of the Water Tribe just spouting nonsense and deceiving them?

The words of the female primitive people in the tribe made him calm down from his initial excitement of obtaining a treasure.

He couldn't help but glance at Han Cheng and the others, but he didn't see the sick tribesman they had taken away.

It seemed that the tribesman had already died.

This tribe that came from the water was indeed deceiving them!

Using such a worthless grass as a medicine to cure diseases!

Primitive people mostly didn't beat around the bush; good was good, bad was bad. And opposite to this straightforward temperament was their extreme aversion to being deceived.

So, the Fire Tribe chief got angry.

The Chai Hu, which he had just carefully held in his hands to avoid damage, was thrown forcefully onto the ground.

¥ ¥~!

He glared, shouting angrily at Han Cheng.

The Fire Tribe people, who had seemed relaxed just a moment ago, also tightened their grips on their weapons and followed their chief's gaze, glaring at the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Women always cause trouble.

Everything was going smoothly just now, but it was ruined completely by a few words from that woman!

Han Cheng, who didn't know what had happened, retreated while pulling Bai Xue with him, thinking like this in his heart.

The people from the Green Sparrow Tribe who followed were equally unwilling to back down. Upon realizing that the Fire Tribe had become unfriendly, the Shield Team, standing aside, immediately raised their shields to separate Han Cheng and Bai Xue from the Fire Tribe people.

Shang, accompanied by a few spear teams, came to the back of the shield team, holding their sharpened spears firmly against the Fire Tribe people not far away.

Third Senior Brother, with the bow and arrow team, also drew their longbows, aiming sharp bone arrows at the Fire Tribe people, their bows like full moons, ready to release!

The six people left on the boat also reacted, each bending their bows and nocking arrows.

The harmonious situation just now suddenly became tense.

If they fought, the Fire Tribe people would truly gain nothing, but starting a fight without reason was damn stupid. He came here with full sincerity.

"Brother Cheng, let me go..."

Just as the conflict was about to erupt, Bai Xue, who had been silent before, suddenly spoke up and struggled to move forward.

Han Cheng held her tightly, not letting her move. It was too dangerous ahead at this moment.

"Brother Cheng, they are looking for me..."

Seeing that both sides were about to fight, she could no longer care less about her fear and anxiously told Han Cheng.

Han Cheng became even angrier when he heard this. Damn it, it turned out he had guessed right. This damn tribe intended to break them up!

Chapter 356: Releasing her braids

This makes it even more imperative not to go forward!

Anxiously protecting his wife, Han Cheng tightly held Bai Xue's hand, not letting her move recklessly. This silly girl, why is she so careless? Doesn't she know where it's safe to stay and where it's dangerous to go?

This little bride is still too young to understand the importance of preserving her life. It seems she still needs more guidance and education.

Han Cheng couldn't help but feel helpless as he thought like this, deeply feeling how difficult it was to be the head of a household.

"Brother Cheng... ¥ ¥!"

Bai Xue anxiously shouted, seeing the conflict about to erupt, and Han Cheng kept pulling her back, too preoccupied to explain too much to him. In the first half of her sentence, she still used Mandarin to call Han Cheng "Big Brother," but in the second half, she turned to the Fire Tribe and shouted in their language.

Worried that she would be blocked by the people in front holding shields and spears, the Fire Tribe people saw her.

Bai Xue is kind-hearted, unwilling to see conflicts between two tribes, and even less willing to see casualties on her side. So, at this critical moment, she overcame her fear, stepped forward, and communicated with the people of her original tribe in their language.

Seeing Bai Xue's reaction, Han Cheng's heart sank, and his expression became unpleasant.

What did this mean?

Was she so eager to leave him and return to her original tribe?

Couldn't he even hold her back?

After such a long time of careful companionship and care, it turned out that it still couldn't compare to that tribe that wanted to burn her alive.

When people care, they always involuntarily think of the worst or associate it with what they were worried about before. Han Cheng was like this now, to the point that even someone usually quite clever like him didn't perceive the truth of the situation.

Seeing Bai Xue still struggling and shouting towards the opposite side as if she couldn't wait to return to the embrace of the Fire Tribe, he felt even more uncomfortable, so he let go of her hand.

Deep down, he was still a modern person. In such matters, he couldn't adopt the fierce style of the primitives. If he had followed the primitive style, Bai Xue would have been knocked unconscious and dragged away with a stick...

Bai Xue didn't expect her big brother Cheng to let go, and caught off guard, she almost fell to the ground.

She glanced back in surprise, her face showing a puzzled and uncertain expression. She did not understand why Brother Cheng had done this.

Feeling something different vaguely, she didn't go forward but instead shouted towards the Fire Tribe while moving back towards Han Cheng, returning to his side.

In contrast, the Fire Tribe people were no longer as angry as before. Most of them looked puzzled, continuously sizing up Bai Xue.

With her strange hair, unique clothing like that of the Water Tribe, no black ash on her body, and a very pale face, she didn't look like the tribesman who had been taken away and fell ill.

But how could she speak their tribe's language?

"¥ ¥ ..."

After scrutinizing Bai Xue for a while, the Fire Tribe chief voiced his doubts.

For a moment, Bai Xue didn't know how to prove that she was herself, anxiously spinning in place.

Suddenly, as if she remembered something, she untied her hair tie and let her braids loose, messing them up with her hands.

Then, she picked up some mud from the ground and smeared it on her face.

"53 ¥ ~"

Pointing to her face, she shouted.

Seeing Bai Xue return to his side after noticing his unpleasant expression, Han Cheng gradually calmed down.

He carefully analyzed everything that had happened: the Fire Tribe chief's joy at receiving and discarding the medicine, his sudden change in attitude, and Bai Xue's reaction from initially being somewhat fearful of her long-time tribe to suddenly having a drastically different attitude.

Gradually, Han Cheng began to guess the truth behind the situation.

This wasn't a particularly complex matter, and after careful analysis, Han Cheng didn't find it difficult to guess the true nature of the situation.

Seeing Bai Xue untie her hair and dirty her face made him even more certain of his suspicions.

Still not calm enough.

Han Cheng thought with a wry smile, lightly tapping his forehead.

He reached out and gently pulled Bai Xue's hand up again, feeling guilty and indulgent as he lightly patted her head with his other hand.

Bai Xue turned her head and smiled at Han Cheng. She brushed her teeth every day with willow twigs, making her face appear particularly white against the dirt.

With messy hair and a dirty face, the people of the Fire Tribe finally recognized the person who had gained some weight compared to before as the sick tribesman from their tribe!

This sick tribesman, who would have been burned in their tribe, had survived all this time!

And she seemed even healthier than when she lived in their tribe.

This...

This...

This was truly a miracle!

The Fire Tribe chief, unable to believe it, stared blankly for a while, then suddenly dropped the weapon in his hand and hurriedly picked up the small bundle of Chai Hu that had rolled into the grass.

After sporadically shaking off the dust and grass from it, he held it tightly in his arms, unwilling to let go.

It turned out that the tribe from the water hadn't deceived them. This thing, not lacking around their tribe, could cure that terrible disease!

Why hadn't their tribe discovered it when it was so close by?



Realizing it was a misunderstanding, all the people from the Fire Tribe put down their weapons, turned their anger into joy, and looked at Han Cheng and the others with gratitude.

Shang and the others from the Green Sparrow Tribe looked at Han Cheng, asking what to do next.

They also felt a little unhappy that the tribe had been ready to fight without understanding the situation.

After all, to tell the Fire Tribe about this medicine, they had to travel for five days.

Han Cheng waved his hand, telling them to put down their weapons.

It was best to avoid bloodshed whenever possible, especially in such meaningless conflicts.

Looking at the enthusiastic Fire Tribe chief before him, Han Cheng couldn't help but wryly smile. Dealing with primitive people wasn't easy. A misunderstanding could easily lead to a fight.

But this straightforward way of dealing with things, where everything was laid out in the open, was much easier to deal with than the hidden daggers of later generations.

Because of the misunderstanding that had just occurred, Han Cheng and the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't want to stay there any longer. After telling the Fire Tribe chief how to use Chai Hu, Han Cheng prepared to take Bai Xue and the others back.

However, the Fire Tribe chief stopped them.

He felt a little guilty about the misunderstanding that had just occurred, and on the other hand, it had been a long time since their tribe had encountered another tribe.

Since the last time this tribe from the water left, several women have become pregnant, indicating that their tribe will increase in population after some time.

The Fire Tribe chief didn't want to miss out on people with such efficient and precise planting methods...

Chapter 357: Incomprehensible Han Cheng

To show their sincerity, the chief of the Fire Tribe generously offered to provide food for the members of the Sparrow Tribe if they stayed.

With Bai Xue acting as an on-site translator, communication between Han Cheng and the chief of the Fire Tribe became much smoother, avoiding the significant misunderstandings of before.

As for whether to stay or leave, Han Cheng was undecided.

Wiping off the mud from Bai Xue's face and clumsily braiding her hair into sheep horns, Han Cheng, after understanding the chief of the Fire Tribe's meaning through Bai Xue's translation, intended to consult with Shang and the others.

However, upon turning around, he realized it seemed unnecessary to ask. The guys who had just been furious were now flirting with the women of the Fire Tribe after hearing Bai Xue's translation and understanding the chief's meaning.

These guys were typical examples of lacking morals in the presence of the opposite sex!

Upon reflection, it had been over ten days since leaving the tribe, and it was customary for these guys to have a bit more energy. Letting off steam at this moment was not necessarily a bad thing overall. After all, wasting all these seeds would genuinely be a waste.

After pondering for a while, Han Cheng nodded to the chief of the Fire Tribe.

Seeing Han Cheng agree, the chief of the Fire Tribe was delighted, knowing that the people of this tribe couldn't resist the temptation of food. After all, their chief was just an underage kid, and their weapons looked strange and not very powerful. It would be difficult for a chief like that, accompanied by people with such strange weapons, to obtain sufficient and abundant food, incredibly delicious meat.

To thank the tribe from the waters for bringing the cure for their disease to their tribe and to broaden the horizons of the people of this tribe, the chief of the Fire Tribe instructed people to bring over most of the food they had recently obtained to entertain the tribe from the waters. All the meat should also be brought over.

Even in the animal kingdom, one showed off one's strengths or wealth. Humans, who were much more intelligent than apes and monkeys, were no exception.

With the chief of the Fire Tribe's command, over ten people quickly headed toward their cave. As for the people who stayed behind, they had already gone from flirting with their eyes to close combat...

Like a protective mother hen, Bai Xue opened her arms and shielded Han Cheng behind her. She glared with her eyes and bit her lower lip. Her two braids swayed slightly, like a little lamb ready to charge.

In front of her stood a strong female primitive person.

This female primitive person was lifting the animal skin on her body, gazing affectionately and meaningfully at Han Cheng, whom Bai Xue was protecting.

Seeing this woman continuously boasting about beauty while lifting the animal skin, Han Cheng shook his head helplessly.

In the past, someone like him who hadn't fully grown yet wouldn't be well-received in such situations. However, today was an exception. This was already the fifth female primitive person who had come to explicitly express her desire to sleep with him in the bushes.

According to the primitive people's aesthetics, all five female primitive people were considered reasonably attractive.

From being ignored by everyone to now being a sought-after commodity, Han Cheng naturally understood why.

It wasn't because he was particularly powerful, but because he had found a way to treat the incurable disease that the Fire Tribe considered necessary to burn to death.

This guy, wouldn't both of his kidneys be in jeopardy?

Seeing the massive female primitive person who could almost rival him in size doing nothing, Han Cheng felt a bit of kidney pain without even taking any action.

He shook his head repeatedly to indicate refusal. Seeing that the strong female primitive person still refused to leave and was approaching with a trend of forcefulness, the desperate Han Cheng hugged Bai Xue, who was blocking him and gestured to the other party that he already had someone.

Seeing signs that she still wanted to come over, Han Cheng, without any other option, grabbed Bai Xue and ran away, cleanly diving into the bushes with her while being watched by the primitive woman, and hugged her tightly.

The beautiful female primitive person stood there watching Han Cheng and Bai Xue hugging without doing anything, feeling somewhat dazed. She was surprised that someone like Bai Xue defeated her.

She stood there for a while, expressing her dissatisfaction with Han Cheng's lack of understanding, and then continued to search for her target.

This time, before she could lift her animal skin, she was intercepted by Tie Tou, who came over with a smirk.

Without Tie Tou's fast reflexes, she sighed regretfully and shifted her target.

This made the female primitive person feel much better.

Perhaps to prove how clueless Han Cheng was, she deliberately brought Tie Tou to the edge of the bushes where Han Cheng and Bai Xue were hugging. Once she got to the point, she cleared her throat and shouted.

As she shouted, she stared fixedly at Han Cheng and Bai Xue hugging each other, the provocation in her eyes very obvious.

Han Cheng had a black line on his forehead. What was going on here? Since when did primitive people become so good at teasing others?

Unable to bear the female primitive person's roar any longer, Han Cheng planned to leave the bushes with Bai Xue. With Tie Tou as a potential competitor now, this woman was unlikely to still be interested in eating him.

"Brother..."

However, Bai Xue hugged him, her face turning red, whether influenced by the atmosphere around her or stimulated by the primitive woman nearby.

Just like Tie Tou couldn't stand the teasing from Hei Wa before, Bai Xue, who had seen a lot of such things, couldn't stand the provocation from the primitive female person nearby.

Seeing Bai Xue's appearance, Han Cheng couldn't help but feel a bit moved.

After hugging and kissing her a few times, Han Cheng's somewhat oxygen-deprived brain finally regained a bit of clarity brought by reason.

With the sky as the blanket, the earth as the bed, and other female primitive people singing nearby... Han Cheng still couldn't act like a primitive person.

He intended to break free, but the stimulated Bai Xue refused to let him go, so...

More than ten people from the Fire Tribe who had gone to fetch food returned, piling up the food they had obtained near the campfire and forming a large pile.

The people from the Fire Tribe looked at the pile of food, then at the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe, their faces showing discontent.

They were somewhat unhappy. The tribe from the waters, faced with the food their tribe had brought out, didn't show much surprise or admiration, nor did many of them speak up.

However, their dissatisfaction quickly dissipated because they felt that the people from this tribe were tired from the journey after all...

Unlike some unwilling Fire Tribe men, these female primitive people appeared much more generous. They kept handing over roasted meat to the men from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After they were full, they couldn't let them go hungry, could they?

Chapter 358: The Fire Tribe wanted to surprise the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Fighting has never been an easy task, whether it's fairies or humans.

After a fight, the best way to recover strength is by sleeping, followed by eating some food.

Since sleeping wasn't an option, they had to rely on eating to replenish their energy.

The Fire Tribe had good hunting abilities and caught a lot of meat. They generously gave most of it to Han Cheng and his group.

The Fire Tribe acted this way partly because of their leader's orders and gratitude towards Han Cheng's tribe for bringing them the valuable remedy. Another reason was the personal preferences of the women of the Fire Tribe.

Additionally, they wanted to see the surprised expressions on the faces of the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe when they ate the food.

This psychological satisfaction sometimes surpasses physical satisfaction, which is why many people choose to endure hardships. However, the Fire Tribe was disappointed because the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't react as they expected.

The people from the Green Sparrow Tribe, accustomed to salted food, found it difficult to eat unsalted meat. Some even struggled to eat it.

Seeing this, some hot-tempered members of the Fire Tribe expressed their dissatisfaction, feeling offended that their hospitality wasn't appreciated.

They couldn't understand why the Green Sparrow Tribe members weren't impressed, thinking they must be used to feasting delicious food daily.

To demonstrate the taste of their food, some Fire Tribe members intentionally exaggerated their chewing movements.

However, the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe remained calm and unaffected. They were accustomed to a higher standard of living, especially when it came to food. They believed that they would be truly excited only when the Divine Child used his magical cooking skills.

"Divine Child..." Shang and the others spoke up, seeking permission.

Han Cheng nodded, signaling for them to go ahead.

Shang led half the group to the riverside boat to fetch their food.

Han Cheng instructed them to bring the food he had prepared for the Fire Tribe.

The Fire Tribe members didn't care much about the departure of the Green Sparrow Tribe members, as they didn't believe the Green Sparrow Tribe could offer better food than them.

With her braided hair, Bai Xue picked up a piece of roasted meat to eat but was stopped by Han Cheng, who took it from her. She looked at him with a pouty face, her big eyes blinking.

"Wait until Shang brings the utensils... You... you should rinse your mouth first."

Han Cheng couldn't resist Bai Xue's pleading eyes and said, feeling slightly embarrassed.

Blushing, Bai Xue nodded obediently, her braided hair swaying gently.

She couldn't help but wonder why Han Cheng insisted on such formalities when she didn't mind.

Shang and the others brought some jars and bottles, with two people carrying a long string of salted fish on their backs.

Once these items were placed down, they immediately caught the attention of everyone from the Fire Tribe, whether they had noticed them before or not.

Many people's mouths fell open in an "o" shape.

However, it wasn't the dried fish that caused this reaction but the jars and bottles.

Neatly arranged items naturally attract people's attention. Humans have always pursued neatness, whether it's tools, living spaces, or accessories.

Of course, this rule always has exceptions, but there are few.

Hei Wa and his two apprentices had become more skilled at pottery making. Especially after Hei Wa ingeniously invented a method of placing clay on a rotating stone slab, allowing people to slowly turn the stone while shaping the pottery with their hands. This innovation elevated the quality of pottery in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Even the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were accustomed to pottery, couldn't help but praise the pottery when they first saw it, let alone the Fire Tribe, who had never seen such well-organized objects.

Previously, they had been amazed by the jars used to store a herb called "chaihu" for medicinal purposes. They never expected the tribe to possess so many large organized jars.

How did they manage to polish the stones so neatly? And how were they able to hollow them out to store things inside?

Even the most skilled stone craftsmen in their tribe couldn't produce perfectly round stone balls. The difficulty level of creating these objects from stone was undoubtedly higher than making stone balls.

Watching the Fire Tribe members cautiously touch the pottery, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniff in exasperation.

He wanted them to appreciate the food inside the jars. Yet, they were so captivated by the jars themselves that they ignored the food.

Encountering a situation like this, akin to throwing pearls to swine, might not have happened for thousands or even tens of thousands of years.

What idiom would emerge if this were to be recorded as an amusing anecdote?

"Treasure in the trash"?

"Surprised by simplicity"?

Han Cheng chuckled at the thought.

Suddenly, a commotion and loud shouts from the Fire Tribe members interrupted his thoughts.

What's happening now?

That was his immediate thought.

He quickly focused his gaze to see a water-filled pottery jar overturned near the fire, spilling its contents and wetting a large patch of ground. The water was flowing downhill, carrying some bits of dry straw on its surface.

A pile of extinguished fire emitting white smoke was not far from the jar.

Standing nearby were Tie Tou and a few others, along with several bewildered members of the Fire Tribe.

What's going on here?

Chapter 359: Triumphant Baixue Sister"

"What's going on?" Han Cheng asked.

"I was cooking food, and they grabbed the pottery..." Tie Tou said indignantly.

The water in the pot had been brought from the river and was about to be used to make soup, but for no apparent reason, the people from the Fire Tribe snatched the pottery, causing it to spill on the ground. This kind of incident would upset anyone.

"Grabbed the pottery?" Han Cheng furrowed his brow.

"What's happening?" He asked Bai Xue.

Of course, he wasn't asking Bai Xue directly since she wasn't involved. He wanted her to ask the people from the Fire Tribe why they did it.

After much chattering that Han Cheng couldn't understand, Bai Xue turned around.

Before she could speak, she giggled.

"Big Brother Cheng, they're worried the fire will damage the pottery..."

Upon hearing Bai Xue's outcome, Tie Tou and the others also chuckled, and the slight discomfort from earlier disappeared instantly.

Tie Tou returned to the river to fetch water and simmer the salted fish soup. By now, the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe felt uneasy about not having soup meals each day. It was almost comparable to Popeye after eating spinach.

Three rocks were arranged triangular around the fire, and a pottery filled with water was placed on top. Inside, some cleaned, salted fish and dried meat, along with some vegetables the Fire Tribe had dug up, were added.

The people from the Fire Tribe widened their eyes as they watched the pottery placed on the fire, and some of them even pinched themselves.

Although they had learned from Bai Xue that the fire wouldn't damage the pottery, they couldn't help but worry. Even if it couldn't be damaged, it wouldn't look good if such a beautiful thing turned black from the fire.

The mood of the Fire Tribe vanished with the appearance of the delicious salted fish soup.

The most knowledgeable leader of the Fire Tribe took the precious pottery, called "pottery," and looked at the strange food they had never eaten before, unable to start.

After waiting for a while and seeing the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe start to eat, he followed suit and brought the bowl to his mouth, taking a sip.

As the hot soup entered his mouth, a wonderful taste that couldn't be described in words filled his mouth...

The leader of the Fire Tribe widened his eyes, and so did the others who tasted the soup. They stared dumbfoundedly at the food in their hands, then at the seemingly ordinary people from the Green Sparrow Tribe. They wanted to ask questions but couldn't resist the temptation of the food.

No wonder they didn't show surprise or admiration when eating the meat roasted by themselves; with such delicious food, the food provided by their tribe couldn't evoke admiration from others.

The leader of the Fire Tribe thought more deeply than the ordinary people. While the Fire Tribe people thought that the Green Sparrow Tribe had brought out such delicious food to compete with them, just as they wanted to surprise each other by bringing out all the meat, the leader of the Fire Tribe didn't think so. When the people from this waterborne tribe ate this food, it amazed and praised them. They seemed very relaxed and casual, just like the people from their tribe, who were used to eating wild fruits, vegetables, and meat daily.

The leader of the Fire Tribe's hand holding the bowl trembled slightly. What kind of tribe was this?

Even their everyday food was so delicious. What would they eat on more important occasions?

At Han Cheng's signal, Third Senior Brother and the others opened a salt shaker, pinched some fine salt from it, sprinkled it evenly on the roasted meat from the Fire Tribe, and then handed it back to them, indicating for them to eat.

The people from the Fire Tribe hesitated, then took a bite. Their eyes widened instantly with disbelief.

Are the people from this waterborne tribe endowed with magical hands?

The meat is still the same, but how does it become so delicious after passing through their hands?

Many stared intently at the salt shaker, eager to know the secret.

"This is salt produced by our tribe. It makes food taste very delicious..." At Han Cheng's signal, Bai Xue began to explain to the people from the Fire Tribe.

The people from the Fire Tribe listened attentively to Bai Xue's explanation, sighing in amazement from time to time. They looked at Han Cheng's group, then at the salt, and took another bite of the food with salt added, feeling like their brains couldn't keep up.

In awe of the salt, they found nothing inappropriate about Bai Xue referring to herself as "our tribe" from the waterborne tribe's perspective.

"Can we have some salt..." The leader of the Fire Tribe licked his lips, looking somewhat eager and cautious as he asked Bai Xue.

Just earlier this spring, they had been planning to throw this sick little girl into the fire to burn her to death. Today, after recognizing this girl, who was different from before, as the sick minor, they were happier to have found an effective way to treat the disease.

They were pleased with this fortunate tribe member who had returned from the dead, but they didn't pay too much attention to her. After all, she was just a minor.

But now, things were different.

As the waterborne tribe revealed more wonders, this clearly favored minor girl began to receive more attention from them.

By now, even the most esteemed leader of the tribe wanted to inquire about the situation from her and ask if the leader of the waterborne tribe could provide them with some salt and pottery.

And no one felt that there was anything inappropriate about doing so.

At this point, Bai Xue no longer felt any fear toward the tribe she had once lived in because, behind her, her big brother Cheng was smilingly pushing two jars of salt toward the leader of the Fire Tribe.

With Big Brother Cheng around, the tribe where she had lived before would never do anything harmful to her again.

"Talk to them about our tribe's matters, but don't mention how salt and pottery are made." Han Cheng affectionately patted Bai Xue's head and said with a smile.

The adult women from the Fire Tribe soon surrounded Bai Xue. They listened earnestly to her words, sometimes asking questions but mostly showing expressions of disbelief and uttering exclamations.

The delicious food that couldn't be finished, houses more comfortable than caves, fences that kept wild animals away, little bugs that could spin silk, hemp that could be used for weaving...

All these things they had never heard of before left the women from the Fire Tribe dumbfounded.



What impressed them the most and sparked their imagination the most was Bai Xue's mention of underwear.

Because when talking about these things, Bai Xue's expression was the most excited and proud...

Chapter 360: Fire Tribe? Weaving workers?

Bai Xue undoubtedly became the most dazzling presence in this encounter with the Fire Tribe.

The women and the male primitive people of the Fire Tribe were gradually drawn by what she said. Like the women, they gathered around and listened attentively to Bai Xue's stories.

Han Cheng kept smiling as he watched Bai Xue, like a star surrounded by many moons. Through his efforts, he had made the daughters-in-law who were not valued by their "natal families" shine brightly upon returning to their "natal families". It felt good.

When idle women gathered together, the final topic always revolved around clothes, hair, and similar things, whether in ancient times or later eras.

After a round of storytelling, while the men were still amazed at the various aspects of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the women of the Fire Tribe had already turned their attention to the braids that Bai Xue wore.

Bai Xue, mindful of the Green Sparrow Tribe's customs, called a few women from the Tribe over and handed them the method of braiding adult women's hair.

Han Cheng, watching the women of the Fire Tribe with their braids tied up with washed ash, smiled even more. If you stripped off the animal skins they were wearing, cleaned them up, and then dressed them in their tribe's clothes, they would look exactly like people from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After teaching the women of the Fire Tribe how to braid their hair, Bai Xue bounced over to Han Cheng. The hesitant chief of the Fire Tribe followed her.

For the chief of the Fire Tribe, many things Bai Xue said were incomprehensible, but they were also surprising and somewhat unbelievable. He felt that a tribe could not possibly make these things.

After all, they exceeded their understanding too much.

The rest of the Fire Tribe's people had the same attitude.

It's just that these pottery, salt, and boats can sail on water... These things, as seen with their own eyes, all confirmed the correctness of what Bai Xue said.

What kind of tribe was this?

Similar words had lingered in the mind of the chief of the Fire Tribe more than once.

Originally, he thought that being led by such an underage person would be difficult, but the fact was that they were living better than their tribe.

He also discovered that there were more people from this tribe than there were last time.

And regardless of gender, they seemed to have more energy than the people of their tribe.

This made him believe about seventy or eighty percent of what Bai Xue said about the Green Sparrow Tribe being more populous than their Fire Tribe.

"Ask him what's the matter."

Seeing that the chief of the Fire Tribe had been hesitant and silent after coming over, Han Cheng opened his mouth and asked Bai Xue, the little translator.

Do they want more pottery and salt?

Han Cheng pondered over this sentence.

The chief of the Fire Tribe looked at Han Cheng, who didn't speak. He felt somewhat awkward and felt that he had gone too far. They had already been given some precious pottery and salt as dowry, yet they still wanted more.

Thinking this way, he was about to withdraw the request, but at this moment, the silent underage tribal leader spoke up.

Could they have some more?!

The chief of the Fire Tribe, upon understanding Bai Xue's conveyed message, stood up from the ground with excitement.

Han Cheng looked at the excited chief of the Fire Tribe and smiled kindly.

Of course, this time, it wouldn't be free. The things given earlier were considered Bai Xue's betrothal gifts. If they wanted more, they would have to pay a price.

Could they exchange them for bamboo or hemp?

The chief of the Fire Tribe was completely puzzled; he didn't know what bamboo and hemp were.

Han Cheng had Bai Xue tell the chief of the Fire Tribe that these were things that grew upstream in the river.

Bamboo and hemp were too far from the Green Sparrow Tribe, and a round trip would take nearly a month, which was too laborious. It would be much more comfortable if a tribe could transport them to its own tribe.

With these imported hemp, their own tribe could plant less hemp and more edible grains in the future.

It would be even better if the Fire Tribe were taught to weave with hemp and then let them use the woven cloth to trade with their own tribe for salt, pottery, and other things.

Weaving cloth had always been a laborious and not easy task.

When the Green Sparrow Tribe began to grow hemp and weave cloth, many people were inevitably bound by the small looms and unable to move freely.

Correspondingly, the number of people doing other work would decrease, and productivity would decline.

If such a time-consuming and laborious task were outsourced to the Fire Tribe, the Green Sparrow Tribe would be much easier.

As long as they harvested wild hemp and wove cloth, they could exchange what their tribe needed. The people of the Fire Tribe did not refuse.

If this continued, as the Fire Tribe continuously expanded production and became accustomed to trading with woven hemp cloth for their livelihood materials from the Green Sparrow Tribe, their lifeline would be controlled by the Green Sparrow Tribe, and when the time came... hehehe...

Didn't want to exchange for hemp and bamboo?

The message conveyed by Bai Xue was undoubtedly a bucket of cold water poured down, extinguishing the fire burning in Han Cheng's heart.

After thinking for a moment, Han Cheng said, "If they are willing to join our tribe, then they will have everything we have, not just pottery and salt, but also other things..."

As expected by Han Cheng, as soon as such conditions were stated, the chief of the Fire Tribe immediately shook his head and refused.

As a leader, he would not give up his tribe to join another tribe as long as they could still survive. On the contrary, some female primitive people who heard these things around them were somewhat moved.

First, they were not leaders and didn't consider much, and second, Bai Xue's life was too tempting.

Bai Xue herself was the best example - a person who was about to be burned to death, but after coming to that tribe, she transformed and became an existence they admired...

After thinking for a while, the chief of the Fire Tribe shook his head and left, looking disappointed.

Although he longed for pottery and salt, he had not reached the point of giving up his tribe for them. After all, their tribe was doing fine without pottery and salt.

Compared to that, exchanging for bamboo and hemp seemed a good choice, making him somewhat tempted.

But as soon as he thought about the need to travel upstream for these two things, he gave up the idea.

They were not from the tribe that came from the water and couldn't make boats that could sail on water. Moreover, they didn't know what hemp and bamboo looked like.

"We can send a few people to go with us to see what hemp and bamboo look like and then see if our tribe is as Bai Xue said..."

Seeing that the outsourcing of weaving was about to fail, Han Cheng thought for a moment and spoke up.

"We don't need to exchange for hemp this time. As long as someone goes, it will be given as a gift..."