

Primitive 38

Chapter 38: The Cunning Deer Lord

Han Cheng stared in disbelief, muttering, "How can it be so unaware? Even a deer dares to ignore me. Though it's the primitive era, and they are the bosses, they shouldn't dismiss people like this."

Enraged, Han Cheng, also known as Divine Child, grabbed a handful of dry grass from the ground and charged at the impolite creature, shouting, "Die, you beast!"

If this were the modern era, the deer would have fled in fright at a distance of eight yards. However, things were different now, and the deer completely disregarded Han Cheng, even rolling its eyes at him. It turned its head lazily, not understanding what this two-legged creature, who was yelling at it, wanted.

While looking back at Han Cheng, the deer lord nonchalantly chewed on a piece of rapeseed stalk, it had just bitten off. The scene was incredibly relaxed.

"F***, get lost!"

Feeling utterly ignored, Han Cheng decided to stop the shouting and opt for something more practical. He charged toward the deer, jumped, and slapped its belly.

However, the deer acted as if it didn't feel a thing, continuing on its way, even giving Han Cheng a disdainful look before moving on to the next patch of rapeseed. Han Cheng stood there, hand raised and bewildered.

"What the heck, it completely disregarded me."

Originally thinking of picking up a stone, Han Cheng changed his mind. It would be too easy on the deer. Instead, he looked around and plucked some grass from the ground, not to lure the creature away, as that would be too easy. Han Cheng wanted to be more cunning.

He wanted to capture the deer and bring it back to the tribe. After all, it was a considerable walking piece of meat. "You eat my rapeseed, I'll eat your meat. Let's see who's tougher."

Han Cheng twisted the grass into a rope with a malicious grin. In no time, a rope over three yards long appeared.

Han Cheng formed a loop at one end, then approached the unsuspecting deer. He took advantage of its distraction and flicked the rope towards the deer's neck, creating a loop.

"Haha, you're mine now!"

Quickly tightening the grass rope, Han Cheng laughed heartily, watching the startled deer.

Covered in dirt and disheveled, Han Cheng stood up, spat on the ground, and tossed the half-made grass rope aside. The deer lord continued to chew on the grass rope around its neck, occasionally snorting to express his disdain for Han Cheng's futile attempt.

F***, I've been bullied by this creature.

Feeling somewhat helpless, Han Cheng couldn't believe a deer had outsmarted him. The deer lord, seemingly unbothered, walked towards Han Cheng, who took a few steps back. Despite being an herbivore, the deer's size was imposing.

From their brief confrontation, Han Cheng realized the vast difference in strength. He understood that, for now, he was no match for this formidable creature. The deer lord stopped two meters away from Han Cheng, turning its head, leaving Han Cheng bewildered, thinking it might use its antlers on him. Yet, to his surprise, it turned away.

Han Cheng was a bit puzzled about what this deer was up to, but his confusion was short-lived because

"Splurt!"

A loud and lingering fart, accompanied by a pungent smell, immediately echoed.

The deer lord, wagging its short tail, took small, indifferent steps and walked away, leaving Han Cheng amidst the strong odor.

"Cough, vomit!"

"What the heck did you eat?"

Han Cheng lamented, then picked up a stone from the ground and chased after the retreating deer.

One can be killed, but one must not endure humiliation. This deer was truly too much.

Facing the two-legged creature chasing after it, the deer lord was fearless. It released more gas, feeling quite pleased, and even started jogging.

With its four long legs, the creature ahead easily outpaced the two-legged oddity behind. Playfully, the deer lord stopped and started again, occasionally looking back. When it saw the relentless pursuer closing in, it resumed its elegant stride.

Han Cheng, panting and out of breath, found himself unable to keep up. He thought the creature ahead was becoming cunning. He considered giving up several times, but seeing the creature taunting him made him angry, so he continued the pursuit.

Han Cheng wanted to ask the creature ahead, "Which one of us is human?"

The deer lord stopped at a mountainside, where more deer were present dozens of them, big and small. Han Cheng's eyes widened in surprise.

He hadn't expected a deer herd here. In the future, if the tribe lacked food, they could come here for a hunt. Even half-sized deer would be enough to feed the tribe.

The other deers didn't pay much attention to Han Cheng, who walked on two legs. The leader had already informed them that this guy's combat power was lower than a yellow sheep.

As the leader, the deer lord, after arriving at the deer herd, ignored Han Cheng. It needed to maintain its high and cold image as a leader.

With its head held high, the deer lord approached the mountainside, stuck out its tongue, and started licking the mountainside, reminiscent of polishing shoes.

"This pervert is even practicing tongue exercises like the yellow bug."

Those who have read *The Funny Bug* would understand. Han Cheng, who had suffered humiliation, muttered quietly.

Suddenly, as if he remembered something, his eyes lit up.

Yes, animals also need salt for supplementation. Otherwise, where would the salt in their bodies come from?

Could this cunning creature not be molesting the mountainside but rather replenishing its salt?

This entire mountainside was a salt mine.

With this realization, Han Cheng forgot about his exhaustion. He sprinted to the mountainside and, like the deer lord, stuck out his tongue for a lingering kiss with the mountainside.

"Heh, bleh, bleh!"

The taste was bitter and salty, with various strange flavors all mingling in his mouth.

The deer lord looked dissatisfied with Han Cheng's noisy behavior, gave a snort, and elegantly walked away, doing tongue exercises on his own.

Understood. This was a salt mine.

Apart from salt, there were many impurities. Although it was far from ready-to-eat salt, extracting edible salt from the mine was not difficult for Han Cheng, a half-baked science student who had also worked in wilderness rescue for five or six years.

He found a nearby stone and then smashed it against the mountainside. The deer lord nearby wasn't pleased with Han Cheng's noisy actions, snorted loudly, and took small, elegant steps to the side.

"Thanks."

Han Cheng bowed to the departing deer, then carried the head-sized salt mine back along the way he came. With this salt mine, Han Cheng had already forgotten about the deer's mockery.