

Primitive 40

Chapter 40: Enchanting Salt

Shaman learned the name of this white stone from Han Cheng's mouth it was called salt.

However, he was somewhat skeptical of Han Cheng's words. The lingering taste that made his body shudder didn't completely dissipate, even after rinsing his mouth twice. He found it hard to believe that something not tasty now could become delicious by evening.

Could it be that salt, like fruit, is not tasty when freshly picked and green but becomes delicious after turning yellow?

Shaman thought about this and nodded, feeling that he had probably guessed the truth.

Han Cheng carefully scooped up the layer of salt that had condensed at the bottom of the jar. He then placed it on a clean stone slab, crushed it into a powder with a careful stone, and put it into a new, clean jar, sealing it with a lid.

He then directed the others to follow the same process to crush and cook the remaining two-thirds of the salt ore.

The salt content in this salt mine was quite high. From a small ten kilograms of salt ore, they obtained about one kilogram of salt, which pleasantly surprised Han Cheng.

The senior brothers returned with their hunt in the late afternoon, almost evening. The Eldest Senior brother, who had heard about the salt, opened the salt jar, pinched some salt crumbs into his mouth, and then made a spitting sound.

He looked at Han Cheng, repeatedly shaking his head, indicating that this wasn't tasty.

Han Cheng smiled knowingly and didn't explain much. If salt was tasty when eaten directly, that would be strange.

The hunted game was gutted, skewered on branches, and roasted over the fire.

Previously, Han Cheng didn't bother with such chores as roasting meat. After all, he was the Divine Child and needed to enjoy the results.

But tonight was different. He held a bowl in his arms, and inside it was some salt he had poured out from the jar.

He stood by the edge of the fire pit, sprinkling a layer of salt over all the meat to be roasted.

Those who had already tasted the salt couldn't help but twitch their faces.

Fortunately, it was Divine Child who did this. If it were someone else, they might have been punched.

Food was precious and shouldn't be treated like this.

Shamans eyes showed a hint of surprise. He didn't expect Han Cheng's definition of "delicious" not to involve eating the salt directly but rather sprinkling this strangely flavored salt on roasted meat.

Han Cheng looked at the golden brown meat dripping with hot oil and felt a sense of anticipation for tonight's meal.

Once all the meat was cooked, Shaman was the first to eat just like before.

The Eldest Senior Brother picked a piece of well-roasted meat, picked it up with chopsticks, put it in a bowl, and then held it with both hands. With the chopsticks and bowl together, he presented it to Shaman, who stood aside and watched.

Everyone watched Shaman, anticipating his evaluation of tonight's uniquely seasoned roasted meat.

Shaman, being a well-traveled individual, remained unfazed by the watchful eyes. He blew a few breaths onto the meat, waiting for it to cool, and then slowly took a bite.

Everyone held their breath, watching Shaman closely.

As Shaman took a bite, his eyes lit up. He chewed at a noticeably faster pace, a departure from his calm demeanor during meals before.

Seeing Shaman's reaction, everyone collectively breathed a sigh of relief. The food wouldn't be wasted.

Then came the bewilderment was the roasted meat seasoned with the peculiar-tasting white stone that the Divine Child called "salt" really so delicious?

"Delicious!"

Shaman announced happily to everyone, resisting the desire to take another bite after finishing his first. The news was already known to everyone.

The Second Senior Brother's mouthwatering gaze returned, looking at the salted roasted meat and then at the Eldest Senior Brother, eagerly waiting.

The message was clear: "Hurry up and get some food. Once you have it, I can quickly grab some too. Let's taste this roasted meat that Shaman can't stop praising."

The Eldest Senior Brother filled a bowl for Han Cheng and then eagerly took his food, leading his family to the side to dine.

Han Cheng felt an urge to shed tears. After being here for several months, he had finally taken a bite of salted food. It was a bittersweet moment.

The tribe ate noticeably faster than usual. Even Shaman slowed down after eating more than half of the meat in his bowl.

When the usual amount of food for the tribe was finished, everyone, especially the children, still felt unsatisfied.

After their parents ate, it was their turn, and usually, the food left by their parents, even if not enough to fill their stomachs, was sufficient. However, today, they receive less food.

Everyone looked expectantly at the Eldest Senior Brother, who also seemed unsatisfied. Fortunately, they had caught plenty of game today, so he didn't disappoint. He selected more meat to prepare for roasting.

However, Han Cheng stopped him. Under his guidance, the roasted meat turned into a meat soup, with less meat and more bones than before, utilizing the bones that were usually too tough to chew.

This way, they could save some food. Besides, everyone had eaten enough by now. The feeling of not being satisfied came from the novelty of tasting salted food for the first time, creating a desire to eat more. Under this psychological effect, they would feel unsatisfied even if they were full.

At this point, drinking some meat soup would be better than continuing to eat roasted meat.

A large pot specially used for boiling soup was placed over the fire. Someone skillfully added water, meat, and bones to it.

Under Han Cheng's instructions and supervision, people in the tribe washed the meat with water before cooking, unlike when they cooked it directly with blood.

Once the meat was in and the water was added, Han Cheng poured the remaining salt from his bowl into the pot. Then, he covered it with a lid made of grass and leaves.

The pottery lids were either too small or too easily damaged, not to mention heavy and inconvenient to use. After breaking twice, Han Cheng remembered the pot lids used at home and improvised to create the current lids made of grass and leaves.

When boiling meat, adding salt early to enhance the flavor was better.

Finally, much to everyone's anticipation, the meat soup was ready. It didn't disappoint, and the soup was extraordinarily delicious.

Even Junior Brother Sandy, who wasn't fond of meat soup before, couldn't stop praising it after a sip.

No one had expected that just eating the seemingly unpalatable salt alone and sprinkling it on food and adding it to the soup would make the food so delicious.

The Divine Child truly hadn't let them down.

Inside the cave, in front of the totem pillar serving as the altar, a new item was placed on the stone not food, but a small bowl of white salt.

Shaman led the tribe in a dance by the fire, thanking the heavens for bestowing them with such delicious salt through the hands of the Divine Child.