

## Primitive 421

### Chapter 421: Three Tribes

The autumn heatwave unabashedly displayed its might, under a sky blazing like fire, igniting a fervor akin to flames among the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Glistening sweat washed down, breaking through the grain rust clinging to everyone's bodies, dripping onto the harvested fields, soaking this land of abundance.

Golden grains fell in swathes, carrying the joy of harvest.

"Let's go!"

Second Senior Brother shouted, his voice carrying as he exerted force. With a creak of wooden wheels, the single-wheeled carts loaded with bulging grains began rolling towards the threshing ground in front of the tribe.

Behind Second Senior Brother, a four- or five-year-old child squatted occasionally, picking up fallen ears of grain from the ground; she already had over a dozen in her hands.

There were five hand carts, each followed by a child like her.

Other children who weren't assigned this task continued tirelessly searching the harvested fields, picking up scattered ears of grain and placing them on grain piles.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe spared no effort in their respect for food.

Next to the threshing ground, a large pile of harvested grains had already accumulated.

The first batch of grains to be harvested was spread out on the ground.

With a wooden fork in hand, Qi Qiu would come over every so often to turn them over and ensure they dried evenly.

"Alright, let's begin!"

Seeing the sun already slanting westwards, Han Cheng grabbed a few ears of grain, rubbed them in his hands, and when they were about right, he brought over the stag, which had just had a good meal, and fitted it with the harness. Then, leading it with a stone roller, he headed for the well-dried field.

The other three also each led a deer with a stone roller to start threshing.

The heavy stone rollers pressed into the soft grains, sinking in halfway; deep tracks were left behind after rolling over them.

Some grains were dislodged from the ears during the process.

Han Cheng led the stag in circles around the field, not randomly but to ensure each subsequent circle pressed down the previous one, progressing and moving in circles.

This method ensured that all grains spread on the ground were evenly pressed.

Several first-timers using deer to pull stone rollers to thresh were excited, recalling the tips Han Cheng had told them earlier and watching his demonstration. It didn't take long for them to grasp it.

Qi Qiu was particularly excited because after one pass with the stone roller, the effect was better than his previous method of hitting with a wooden fork, and the speed was also breakneck.

Initially, seeing such a large area spread out at once, he was worried that they wouldn't finish today. After witnessing firsthand how quickly the deer could pull the stone roller on the threshing ground, all his previous worries vanished.

Not only that, he felt that they had spread out too little...

After rolling for a while, Han Cheng led the stags aside to remove their harnesses and let them rest in the shade.

Meanwhile, Qi Qiu and the others used wooden forks to turn over the compacted grains and continued to dry them. After a while, they would start the second pass, then the third.

Immersed in the joy of harvest, the Green Sparrow Tribe put their total effort into harvesting grain. Meanwhile, the Green Tribe leader and their people collected scattered wild grasses growing sparsely around their tribe.

Seeing that they only had a small bundle of grass with seeds, the leader of the Green Tribe felt like crying without tears.

If only he hadn't been so impulsive, their tribe wouldn't have had so few wild grasses to collect.

In this state of mind, he placed a piece of hide that hadn't thoroughly dried onto the pile of hides in front of him.

This particular piece of undried hide had been obtained not long ago.

"!"

The leader of the Green Tribe looked somewhat reluctant as he glanced at the ground, then forcefully hoisted the wild grass onto his shoulders.

The others carried pelts, fruits, and other items on their shoulders, following the leader as they departed.

Compared to previous trips to exchange goods, the mood among the tribe members was subdued.

Because this was the last they could offer, after trading for salt to eat, they didn't know what they would do next.

"... Joining that tribe would provide free salt to eat, which seems like a good solution, and that tribe is so wealthy..."

Such thoughts occasionally flashed through some people's minds...

Far from the Green Sparrow Tribe, along the banks of a large river, people from the Fire Tribe gathered.

A dugout canoe, gifted to them last year by the Green Sparrow Tribe, and several wood rafts moored on the shore.

Compared to the bamboo rafts made by the Green Sparrow Tribe, these wooden rafts were much more straightforward and rougher.

However, it couldn't be denied that they could navigate on the water and were adequate substitutes for bamboo rafts.

In the instructions shouted by the leader of the Fire Tribe standing on the bank, the people on the dugout canoe and rafts pounded their chests with their hands, indicating to the leader not to worry too much.

Among those showing a more carefree attitude were the four Fire Tribe members who had gone to the Green Sparrow Tribe last year with Han Cheng and returned on their boats.

The other four riding such watercraft for the first time appeared much more restrained than them.

One reason was that they had never ridden such crafts before, and the other was that they had never been away from the tribe for a long time.

Regardless of reluctance or anxiety, the dugout canoe and rafts carried them upstream, gradually moving further away.

The Fire Tribe people standing on the shore shouted, blessing them in their way.

Only after they could no longer see those people did the leader of the Fire Tribe turn around and lead his people away to go hunting and gather fruits.

They needed to make good use of their time; suddenly losing eight adults like this would mean much less food gathered during this time.

Fortunately, since they had eaten the things brought back from that water tribe, the people in the tribe had become much stronger, which more or less offset the food shortage caused by these few people leaving...

Several days later, the Fire Tribe's "fleet" stopped at a rattan field. These people, armed with sickles made from the two stone sickles presented by the Green Sparrow Tribe, stepped onto the rattan field, ready to harvest the mature wild rattan.

A dozen days later, the rafts returned downstream fully loaded, greeted by cheers.

Subsequently, bundles of wild ramie were thrown into a small river and underwent retting.

Many tributaries were close to the main river, and according to the accounts of those who had been to the Green Sparrow Tribe, finding suitable places for retting rattan was quite easy.

Over a month later, the retted wild rattan was pulled out of the water.

Ten days later, these people set off again, still using small boats and rafts.

Three rafts were placed on the bank of the rattan field, with only one dugout canoe paddling upstream and a raft loaded with many rattan skins.

## Chapter 422: Kind and sincere divine child

The leader of the Green Tribe was once again dumbfounded, standing there in awe at the grand scene before him, a sight he had never imagined. In the distant fields, many people bent over, their arms moving tirelessly as wild grass heads fell to the ground in swathes, astonishing in their speed.

Several strong men were pushing something strange, laden with harvested wild grass heads, towards the tribe. They pushed so much at once, far more than three people could carry.

In front of the walled-off tribe, a clearing lay where the harvested wild grass heads were piled up like small mountains. Even so, people continued transporting more wild grass here from the surrounding area, where many had yet to be harvested.

A group of people, identifiable by their characteristic green grass head markings, stood there in disbelief, watching everything unfold. They were deeply moved and stunned by the massive collective farming effort that the Green Sparrow Tribe had suddenly undertaken.

The leader of the Green Tribe glanced at the numerous wild grass heads and then at the small bundle he carried on his shoulder. Despite his inclination to take advantage of situations, he couldn't help feeling ashamed by the contrast in contributions between their tribes. Due to a recent salt shortage in their tribe and the scarcity of remaining resources, he and his tribe had scoured the nearby scattered wild grass heads, resulting in uneven quality and many immature heads.

Comparing the situation with the Green Sparrow Tribe, the leader couldn't resist the urge to discard his burden. However, he refrained from doing so because they needed these items to trade for more salt to sustain their tribe.

Feeling somewhat shaky, he stood there for a while before reluctantly leading his tribe closer to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng and the others noticed the people from the Green Tribe but didn't show much alarm. Since becoming a trading hub for nearby tribes, the Green Sparrow Tribe had grown accustomed to such scenes.

However, as a precaution, some of the stronger individuals from the Green Sparrow Tribe approached with wielding farming tools, which could also serve as defensive weapons if necessary.

Han Cheng saw the smiling leader of the Green Tribe approaching from afar. With his Eldest Senior Brother accompanying him, Han Cheng warmly shook hands with the leader of the Green Tribe.

Their handshake was indeed sincere. After all, the two newly cleared paths to the millet fields and the pig pen foundations just dug were waiting for them to assist in construction!

The warm reception from the esteemed Divine Child to the unsuspecting leader of the Green Tribe moved the latter nearly to tears. After all, in their tribe's current impoverished state, such a high-ranking figure's gracious and friendly demeanor towards him was incredibly heartwarming.

As the Green Sparrow Tribe continued to grow and thrive, the leader of the Green Tribe increasingly felt the insignificance of his tribe and looked up to the Green Sparrow Tribe with tremendous admiration.

After a brief conversation, Han Cheng, who had long known the purpose of the Green Tribe's visit, inquired through his Eldest Senior Brother about the intentions of the Green Tribe leader.

Upon seeing the friendly demeanor of this esteemed Divine Child, the leader of the Green Tribe once again harbored thoughts of obtaining salt for free. He first explained to this tall and still very friendly Divine Child the hardships their tribe faced.

The compassionate Divine Child expressed deep sympathy upon hearing about their tribe's plight, which moved the Green Tribe leader even more. Thinking that this might work out, he began to state his request after venting his grievances.

However, despite the leader's hopeful anticipation, the compassionate Divine Child's face showed no signs of diminishing pity, but he shook his head firmly.

Then, with a sigh, he recounted the difficulties the Green Sparrow Tribe faced in obtaining salt.

Initially feeling somewhat uncomfortable with the rejection, the Green Tribe leader eventually empathized with the Green Sparrow Tribe's struggles upon hearing more. He began to understand their actions...

Han Cheng pulled out the bundle of uneven-quality millet hidden behind the Green Tribe leader. When the Green Tribe leader and his people hesitantly lowered their heads, he patted the bundle with his hands and righteously explained to his Eldest Senior Brother that this bundle of millet must be used to exchange for salt.

Although the Eldest Senior Brother was 'reluctant' under the Divine Child's authority, he nodded.

He immediately brought over a salt jar and scooped three spoonfuls of salt into the empty salt jar brought by the Green Tribe.

Then, appearing somewhat 'disdainful,' he brought the bundle of millet brought by the Green Tribe over and placed it next to the millet pile.

Compared with the carefully cultivated millet of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the millet brought by the Green Tribe looked even more unsightly.

The Green Tribe leader knew that receiving three spoonfuls of salt at once was already quite generous.

However, the compassionate Divine Child snatched the spoon from the Green Tribe leader's hand, scooped a whole spoonful of salt, and put it into their jar before finally withdrawing his hand.

This scene deeply touched both the Green Tribe leader and the others present, causing some emotionally expressive female indigenous people to cry on the spot...

The people of the Green Tribe departed, filled with deep emotions and half a jar of salt. As they left, many of them looked back several times.

Not only because they received excellent hospitality in this tribe and enjoyed a meal seasoned with salt for free, but more importantly, they felt the kindness and sincerity of this tribe...

"Divine Child, how long will it take for them to join our tribe?"

"Soon, their tribe no longer has much left to exchange for salt... If things go quickly, we won't have to wait until the first snowfall, at the slowest, probably not until the new year..."

"Hehehe..."

Amid his deeply moved reflection, the Green Tribe leader stood on the wall, waving farewell to the two leaders of the Green Sparrow Tribe, but the conversation in his mouth was like this.

Hearing Han Cheng's reply, the Eldest Senior Brother couldn't help but laugh.

Listening to the somewhat lewd laughter of the Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng raised an eyebrow and suddenly felt exasperated.

He scrutinized the Eldest Senior Brother up and down.

Could this guy be planning something mischievous regarding the two spouses of the Green Tribe leader? Why was he laughing so lewdly...

Chapter 423: Strive to create a good life

The arrival of the Green Tribe was just a minor episode amid the bustling and tense autumn harvest of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After the people of the Green Tribe departed, the busy autumn harvest continued.

People worked diligently and nervously, and although tired, their smiles never diminished.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh..."

With vigorous shaking, the man with the balloon in hand carefully sifted through a handful of grains, letting them rain down on his bare feet, tickling them pleasantly.

After shaking for a while, he scraped away the remaining chaff and some stalks from inside the bamboo sieve, then stopped.

He walked to the edge of the threshing ground, dumped out the contents, and then refilled the sieve with half a basket of freshly harvested, unprocessed grains, continuing to shake back and forth.

He cherished the tool in his hand, a bamboo sieve, especially in windless conditions paired with a winnowing basket. It processed freshly harvested grains with incredible speed.

This tool had been crafted at the direction of the Divine Child.

Turning his head to look at the Divine Child, who was barefoot and drying grains in the field, a deep admiration rose from the man's heart.

The Divine Child always created handy tools from ordinary materials, making tasks simpler, more efficient, and less laborious.

Without these tools created under the Divine Child's guidance, even if they were willing to exert themselves, it would be impossible to plant and harvest such a large quantity of grain at once!

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

With one ear missing and now much taller, Cheng held a trapezoidal wooden box in his hand, used for scooping up and gathering dried grains into piles.

This odd-looking wooden box, called a "yungzi," was specifically designed for cleaning and collecting grains, almost equivalent to the efficiency of five or six times that of a bone rake.

Cheng grasped the handle of the "yungzi" in his hand, scooped up a mound of grains, and swiftly withdrew it. The box already held more than ten kilograms of grains.

Then, turning around, he skillfully emptied the contents into a sizeable bark-wrapped basket. In just a few motions, the basket was filled.

Second Senior Brother, waiting nearby, hoisted the burden onto his shoulders and headed towards the house.

Round bundles had already been tied in one corner of the house, each filled with thoroughly dried newly harvested grains.

Second Senior Brother set down his burden, lifted a basket, exerted a little force, and swung it onto his shoulder. With a tilt of his hand, the grains inside made a pleasant sound as they slid into the tied bundles.

Shaman wasn't idling, either. He was always cheerful, helping here or there all day long without stopping.

Han Cheng had advised him more than once to rest more and not tire himself out, to which Shaman always smiled and agreed, but soon after sitting down for a while, he would get up and start working again.

Han Cheng understood the Shaman's joy in his heart. Seeing him like this, he could only shake his head helplessly, smile, and remind others not to let Wu do too heavy work.

Such tense labor continued for twenty days before gradually nearing its end.

Throughout this long period, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were on edge, not daring to slack off in the slightest.

With most of the grains safely harvested and stored in the house, they could finally relax and no longer be in such a hurry.

The strenuous labor was not in vain for the Green Sparrow Tribe. Initially, five houses reserved for storing grain were now packed full.

Even so, plenty of grain was left without a place to store.

With great enthusiasm, some members of the Green Sparrow Tribe immediately offered to store the excess grain in their own houses, even suggesting they could pile it on their sleeping platforms without minding.

Han Cheng considered this but ultimately refused, concerned about what these stored grains might smell like after some time.

The final decision was to vacate one residential house to store the surplus grain. The Green Sparrow Tribe had only harvested the grain stalks once; while the second and third harvests yielded slightly less than the first, the quantity was still substantial, given the hundreds of acres of grain stalks.

Looking at the several houses filled with grains, everyone in the tribe showed genuine smiles. A sense of security and satisfaction spread among them, and they were assured of food in hand.

After such prolonged and continuous hard work, the tribe's people became much tanner and thinner, yet their spirits remained high.

Seeing the one house left with only a grain, Eldest Senior Brother and others felt uneasy, thinking it should also be filled like the other five houses. They immediately rallied some people to prepare for the second harvest.

These folks were truly dedicated.

Han Cheng couldn't help but reflect on this with admiration, understanding their sentiments well.

Initially, these people had lived day by day, unsure of their next meal.

Now, with the opportunity for better days ahead, they naturally grasped it tightly.

While the Green Sparrow Tribe had seen significant growth in recent years, guided actively by Han Cheng, without Eldest Senior Brother's and others' dedication and hard work, developing to their current extent would have been impossible.

Han Cheng smiled and halted them, declaring a half-day rest today and preparing delicious food to celebrate. The rest of the tasks could wait until tomorrow.

As the Divine Child, his words were naturally followed.

Before long, people in the tribe began preparing for the evening feast, chatting and laughing in the large courtyard.

As dusk fell and the sun set, the western horizon was adorned with magnificent fiery clouds.

The aroma of wine and meat spread through the Green Sparrow Tribe's courtyard, intoxicating the senses.

The shaman had too much to drink tonight, becoming more talkative and joyful. Eventually, he staggered to the grain storage house, clutching the doorframe and sobbing loudly.

Despite his stature, he cried like a newborn.

After eating their fill not long ago, many people soon nodded off to sleep.

Partly due to the alcohol, partly due to exhaustion...

Inside the room, Han Cheng lay quietly on the bed with Bai Xue, feeling a gentle joy in his heart and a profound inner contentment.

He made each day better through his efforts, ensuring those around him lived better lives. In a way, this was the meaning and value of life.

Achievements gained through hard work brought genuine joy and peace of mind.

Chapter 424: Cao Geng met the Flying Snake Tribe

The work on the farm was never-ending. After finishing the second round of harvesting grain, the fields where hemp had been planted were fully mature; the hemp leaves had nearly all fallen off.

Recognizing this, Han Cheng divided the people. Some continued to harvest the third round of grain, while others began to gather the hemp.

Simultaneously, they started cleaning out last year's hemp-soaking pits. After draining the water inside, they expanded them because the hemp planted by the Green Sparrow Tribe this year yielded more than what had been harvested in the oil hemp fields last year.

These soaking pits were connected to a small river. During heavy summer rains, the pits would fill up with water from the river, which would then recede once the water level dropped.

So, after draining all the water from the pits, a surprise emerged: black-backed fish were floundering about in the shallow mud, caught in quantities of two cartloads.

With the wild hemp harvested and submerged in water, the third round of grain was also successfully harvested.

It was necessary to thresh the grain stalks multiple times. Not only did they yield over four hundred pounds of grain this time, but after three successive thrashings, the grain stalks had become soft enough to feed the deer just right.

With these abundant grain stalks, Tie Tou and the others didn't need to prepare too much-dried grass for the winter; the deer would have enough to eat.

"Yo-yo!"

In the already autumnal wilderness, the deer stretched their necks and called out freely, filled with joy.

From the start of the grain harvest, they and their herd had never left the tribe, pulling a stone roller in the yard.

Now that the third round of grain was harvested, they could finally stroll in the wilderness.

Of course, this kind of joy wouldn't last too long because, not long afterward, the Green Sparrow Tribe would start planting rapeseed. With Han Cheng around, they still couldn't escape their fate.

Fortunately, the Green Sparrow Tribe hadn't yet brought out the plow. Otherwise, these deer would have faced an even more tragic fate.

"Ho-ho, ho-ho!"

At a certain distance from the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Flying Snake Tribe, the shaman was imitating the sound of something in his mouth.

The giant solitary monster with its horn had grown quite a bit, following alongside him as he walked forward.

Its four hooves moved like a small mountain shifting forward.

Some of the thinner trees were directly bent and broken by it.

The people of the Flying Snake Tribe watched this giant creature, born and raised in their tribe, with a mixture of fear and reverence.

They gathered around, showing a mixture of awe and fanaticism.

The three leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe led the way with some people in front, while the shaman led the horned monster, following closely behind.

This group consisted of more than fifty adults, plus the horned monster, who gradually left the tribe and disappeared from view.

The chief of the Flying Snake Tribe, looking at the departed shaman and the others, made some sounds and began to arrange things.

Not long after, the people of the Flying Snake Tribe began to gather food.

Today, as the chief of the Flying Snake Tribe hunted, he found himself constantly looking in the direction where the shaman had left.

Hopefully, the shaman's words were true. If they were, their tribe's strength would grow stronger in the future.

.....

"Smack!"

A ripe fruit fell from the branch and dropped into the grass.

Cao Geng picked it up, wiped it casually with his dark hand, and put it into his mouth.

As he ate the fruit, his gaze kept drifting towards the area where the stupid wolves and the damned deer had been encountered twice.

Not far from him was a pine tree with a significantly large hole in it, big enough for a person to stick their hand inside.

Two large-tailed squirrels sized up the detestable hairless monkey while carefully and swiftly transporting pine cones into the hole, fearing the hairless monkey might discover their tracks and return later to plunder.

Spitting out the fruit core, Cao Geng glanced back at the sneaky squirrels, revealing yellowed teeth as he chuckled.

If necessary, these two squirrels' hoard would still be plundered this winter.

Two others from his tribe were also in this area, picking edible food while keeping an eye on an empty space.

It wasn't yet time for large-scale food harvesting and storage, so they were able to move around here, waiting for the damn deer to return.

Cao Geng swore that this time, when reencountering those damn deer and wolves, he wouldn't let them leave in peace.

As he thought this, he suddenly heard some movement from behind, and the noise was not slight.

After a brief daze, Cao Geng immediately tightened his grip on the weapon in his hand, bent down a bit, turned, and looked toward the source of the noise.

After a glance, Cao Geng was astonished.

What surprised him wasn't some fierce wild animal appearing there but a large group of people wielding weapons and wearing animal skins.

These were unfamiliar faces to him.

The next moment, something even more unbelievable happened: behind this group of people appeared a giant monster with a long horn and long fur.

The monster was massive, making the people beside it look extremely small.

This sudden turn of events left Cao Geng petrified with fear.

He pressed his body even lower, peering stealthily through the gaps in the grass and bushes, afraid of being discovered by the numerous and formidable-looking people, especially that awe-inspiring monster.

However, before long, something even more frightening happened.

Instead of going elsewhere, these suddenly appearing people headed straight towards his location.

After waiting for a while and seeing the group approaching closer and closer, Cao Geng realized he couldn't hide. Without further hesitation, he emerged and sprinted away in one direction.

As he ran, he shouted to alert the two other tribal members nearby.

Moreover, the direction he ran wasn't towards where the tribe was located; he didn't want to lead this numerous and strange-looking group of people to their tribe.

The sudden leap and departure of Cao Geng from the bushes startled a group of people from the Flying Snake tribe.

After hesitating, the shaman leading the giant horned monster at the rear issued a command.

Immediately, seven or eight armed individuals swiftly chased after the terrified fleeing Cao Geng.

The commotion here alarmed two other Cao Geng's comrades nearby, prompting the Flying Snake tribe to send out over ten people to chase after the other two.

Chapter 425: Don't drink blood? I will kill you!

"Ah!"

Gasping for breath, Cao Geng was surrounded by seven or eight armed members of the Flying Snake tribe.

Terrified, he shouted, trying to communicate with these unwelcome guests, pleading for them to let him go.

Instead, what met him was a heavy club swinging down from behind.

The club struck hard, causing Cao Geng to cry out in pain and collapse to the ground.

Before he could get up, the others had already swarmed over him, pinning him down.

They twisted him around roughly, bound him with ropes, and dragged him towards the shaman and three leaders of the Flying Snake tribe standing under the pine tree.

Cao Geng struggled to escape, but all he received in return was a merciless beating.

After several such episodes, with his nose bleeding profusely, he dared not struggle vigorously anymore.

Cao Geng, in a state of utter terror, was brought under the pine tree. He stole glances into the distance, hoping his two fellow tribesmen could escape from these malevolent people.

However, his hope was dashed once again.

Before long, the other two tribesmen who had fled in different directions were also brought back, one of them severely injured on the thigh, crying out in agony as blood flowed profusely...

The shaman of the Flying Snake tribe glanced at the person with the severe leg injury, whose face had turned pale due to pain and blood loss, and uttered words that Cao Geng couldn't understand.

Then, a man who looked exceptionally strong, perhaps a leader, approached and drew a bone knife from his waist. He forcefully stabbed the terrified and trembling injured person.

A wail of agony filled the air. The pain and fear made the person struggle fiercely, but several others held him down firmly, rendering him unable to move.

"Poof!"

As the bone knife was pulled out, dark red blood spurted out. The three leaders of the Flying Snake tribe leaned over, kneeling by the wound, and greedily drank from it.

Cao Geng witnessed this scene, trembling all over like chaff.

What terrified him even more happened next.

After drinking a few mouthfuls of blood, the three leaders of the Flying Snake tribe stood up. Then, they threw the bone knife at another member of Cao Geng's tribe, who was completely petrified.

Pointing at the person who was already cowering on the ground, they then pointed at their own mouths, gesturing for him to repeat the action.

Cao Geng's tribesman was also afraid, but some sense of reason remained.

He stood there, trembling, without moving for quite some time.

The three leaders of the Flying Snake tribe angrily said something, then struck the paralyzed person's leg heavily with a club. The person cried out in pain and fell to the ground.

But then, he managed to get up again.

With blood smeared on his mouth and body, the three leaders of the Flying Snake tribe continued to threaten, pointing the bone knife at Cao Geng's companion and then at another injured person.

Seeing that the person still didn't move, one of those holding a stone spear or bone spear on the side took over a stone spear, pointed it at the chest of Cao Geng's companion, nodded, and then continued to speak angrily.

Cao Geng didn't understand the words, but he understood the meaning.

If his companion didn't obey the instructions of these extremely malevolent people, they would use the stone spear to kill him directly!

Clearly, Cao Geng's companion also understood this threat. His body trembled violently, but his feet began to move slowly.

After a while, another cry of agony rang out.

Watching his fellow tribesman lying on the ground, sucking blood like a wild beast, Cao Geng's fear reached its peak.

He wanted to run and scream, but he couldn't do anything...

When the bone knife was thrown at his feet, Cao Geng was stunned.

He wanted to stand still, but his body involuntarily bent down and picked up the bone knife.

Then, step by step, he walked towards his companion.

Seeing his weak companion's eyes filled with pleading and fear, he wanted to throw away the bone knife or turn around and kill these people. However, in the end, the bone knife mercilessly stabbed into his companion's thigh...

Cao Geng stood dazedly here, blood on his mouth and hands.

This blood was salty, somewhat like the water called 'salt' that was brought by those black people from the tribe.

His companion died, and there was no more blood flowing from him when he died.

Those widened eyes made Cao Geng feel very frightened.

But he soon stopped being afraid because his companion was separated by these evil people with stone knives and bone knives, and fire ignited here...

Unconsciously, Cao Geng's mouth moved, chewing on a piece of meat.

It was somewhat salty, like the meat sprinkled with salt he ate in the tribe.

Looking at the white bones on the ground, Cao Geng felt like he was dreaming.

He vaguely remembered that last year, when the weather was cold, and there was not much food in the tribe, his companion once said that he would kill and eat him as food.

Who could have thought that now, he had eaten him...

Feeling dizzy all over, Cao Geng felt nothing left to make him afraid. However, he became afraid again after walking forward with this group of people.

Because he suddenly realized that all their directions were leading toward his tribe!

His other companion was not leading the way ahead, so why did these people head straight towards his tribe?

".....Ah!"

He shouted, wanting to make these people stop, but besides receiving two beatings, he gained nothing.

These people continued to walk steadily towards their tribe.

Cao Geng was shocked and angry, but there was nothing he could do...

Two large-tailed squirrels, their eyes streaming with tears from the smoke, crawled out of the tree hole, embraced each other, and squatted on the pine tree branch, rejoicing at the departure of these terrifying bald monkeys...

The sun was setting slightly to the west. Step by step, Cao Geng approached the tribe. In the past, he would have been happy to return to the tribe, especially when he had hunted enough prey.

However, this time, he had no reason to return to the tribe. If possible, he would like to run away from it.

The gentle sunlight filtered through the gaps in the trees and fell on a not-so-conspicuous cave entrance.

Several naked young primitives were playing here.

A bit further away, some not very strong-bodied people were digging wild vegetables and picking fruits.

A taller young primitive saw a group of people coming from afar and couldn't help but cheer. He thought it was the people from the hunting tribe returning...

Chapter 426: Rampaging unicorn

A child's cheer sparked more cheers from others as they ran towards the group of people appearing in their view, just as they would greet returning hunters in the past.

Since they were far away, they couldn't see the faces of the people who had come into view. However, their disheveled hair and the animal skins draped around them were no different from those in their tribe. Moreover, apart from these people from the black tribe, who came with valuable things, hardly any outsiders came to their tribe.

So they didn't overthink about it.

The children's joyful rush attracted the attention of some nearby adults who were not very strong, and smiles also appeared on their faces.

Turning to look in the direction where the children were running, two of them couldn't help but follow the youngsters there.

The hunters' return from the Flying Snake tribe was their happiest moment.

The Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe looked at this scene with a smile. Most of them, not only him but also the three leaders of the Flying Snake tribe and others, had smiles.

Such smiles fell into Cao Geng's eyes, but they made him shudder, his whole body like falling into an ice hole!

These evil people can do anything!

Seeing the approaching youth of the tribe, Cao Geng finally shouted, warning them to hurry back to the cave and not to come out.

With one shout, he was greeted with a fierce whipping, his nose crooked to one side, sticky blood flowing from his nostrils like a winding little snake, dripping to the ground.

The warning of Cao Geng's voice worked, and those who had run halfway stopped their steps, some with doubts and suspicions, looking at the uninvited guests surrounding the tribe.

Some heard Cao Geng's voice and searched among the crowd, eventually finding Cao Geng being detained.

Compared to the hesitation of the young people, the response of these subsequent adults was much faster.

They vaguely sensed something was wrong in the direction of their running to meet them. At this moment, they heard Cao Geng's warning and suddenly panicked.

"a!"

Those who were not strong shouted in panic, asking the youngsters to return quickly and run to the cave.

These people hold tools made of wild vegetables, or simply the weeds grabbed from the ground in an emergency, are nervous and stubborn.

When these young people ran past them, they cautiously looked back while quickly moving towards the cave, afraid that these unexpected guests would attack them.

However, the people of the Flying Snake tribe did not chase after them; they stood quietly here, watching these people retreat to the cave in panic and hurriedly block it with stones.

Many people watched this, still smiling. Compared to Cao Geng's feeling, it was like when they surrounded an injured lamb during the hunt.

These people standing here motionless are not ignoring their tribe, but they do not regard their tribe as being in their eyes.

As long as they want, according to the current situation of their tribe, there is simply no resistance, just as easy as when they killed that injured lamb.

Cao Geng gained a little more confidence in thinking like this in his heart.

Because their tribe's cave only had one entrance, and now that entrance was blocked, guarded from the inside, it wouldn't be easy for anyone to rush into the cave...

This was his deepest hope.

The Flying Snake tribe's Shaman began to act calmly, leading a large, furry unicorn-like creature towards the cave entrance.

The rest of the people followed his pace, not hurriedly, resembling a cat toying with a mouse.

Contrary to Cao Geng's expectations, the Flying Snake tribe did not launch a direct attack on their tribe's cave entrance.

Upon arriving at the cave entrance, the people of the Flying Snake tribe spread out, surrounding the cave entrance and leaving a clear space in the middle.

Just as Cao Geng was wondering what they were up to, the Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe acted. He opened the basket on his back and took out a strange-looking green grass bound with a vine into a small bundle.

Seeing this bundle of grass, the giant furry creature standing beside him immediately became restless, turning around as if to devour it.

But the Shaman handed it to a swift runner standing nearby.

This man was the fastest runner in the Flying Snake tribe.

He took the grass from the Shaman's hand and immediately dashed towards the stone cave.

The restless unicorn creature spread its hooves and galloped after him, like a small mountain moving, causing the ground to tremble with each stride.

The bundle of green grass was stuffed into the gap at the cave mouth, which the stones had not completely sealed, and the man quickly ran aside.

Before the people hiding inside the cave could figure out what was happening, the massive creature, with its hooves spread wide, had already charged forward!

It paid no heed to whether it was facing rocks, lowering its head and ramming into them with its horn.

The people inside the cave were utterly stunned by this never-before-seen monster, standing dumbstruck on the spot.

Without any hesitation, the unicorn creature continued to exert force, and under its powerful impact, the stones blocking the cave entrance began to tilt. Then, with a rumbling sound, they collapsed into a heap amidst flying dust...

Watching the cave open wide, the people rushing frantically deeper into the cave, and the unicorn creature calmly chewing something not far from the cave entrance, the Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe smiled broadly.

"Ah!"

The people of the Flying Snake tribe erupted into a chaotic yet loud cheer, looking at the Shaman and the unicorn creature with reverence.

The Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe accepted the compliments of the crowd with calmness, then pointed his hand towards the now-open cave entrance. The fervent people of the Flying Snake tribe rushed inside with loud cries...

"...?"

In the cave stained with some blood, the Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe looked at several things before him, his eyes showing a curious and delighted expression.

He hadn't expected that this seemingly small and not very wealthy tribe would possess such exquisite and precious items!

Two pottery jars and several pottery bowls were placed before him.

One pottery bowl had been shattered in the recent chaos, causing the Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe much distress.

Chapter 427: The Shaman Who Ate Delicious Food Until He Transformed

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe held a bowl in his hands, examining it closely and looking utterly delighted. The bowl and the clay pot had captivated him for a long time, and the more he looked at them, the more amazed and incredulous he became.

His tribe was already formidable compared to the surrounding tribes. They had conquered many tribes and seized numerous items. However, nothing they had acquired could compare to these few pieces of pottery.

Even his two prized stone basins, which held the most water in his tribe, were outclassed by this seemingly smaller yet far more practical clay pot. Unlike the lightweight and delicate pottery, the stone basins were cumbersome and difficult to move. In terms of appearance, the stone basins could not even begin to compare.

The shaman had never dared to dream of such finely crafted items. How had they managed to carve the stone into such perfect shapes?

As he emerged from his astonishment and delight at the pottery, the shaman began to ponder its origin with growing suspicion. To him, such items should not even exist.

With these thoughts swirling in his mind, he approached Cao Geng, who was tied up, had his nose battered to one side, and asked a question. Though he wished to remain silent, Cao Geng found himself terrified in the presence of this seemingly frail man—more so than when facing the robust leader.

Driven by fear, Cao Geng began to explain. However, the language barrier made it impossible for the shaman to understand him. Simple gestures could convey basic concepts, but the story behind the pottery was complex. Cao Geng's fear only made his explanation more chaotic.

"..."

Even the intelligent shaman could not decipher Cao Geng's babbling. Growing irritated, he waved his hand to silence Cao Geng and returned to studying the fascinating 'stone' containers.

Upon opening one of the smaller pots, the shaman found a pleasant surprise: it contained white, grainy substances. His initial thought was snow, but he quickly dismissed this, knowing it wasn't the season for snow.

He cautiously touched the white granules inside, confirming they were not snow. The exquisite pottery seemed to hold something just as extraordinary. Curious, he approached Cao Geng again, holding a pinch of the white substance between his fingers and gesturing for Cao Geng to taste it.

Cao Geng understood the shaman's intent and eagerly consumed the salt. This precious white substance was precious, and their tribe had paid dearly to acquire it.

Even the tribe leaders weren't keen on eating much salt on ordinary days. His status within the tribe wasn't particularly high, so opportunities to taste salt were naturally rare.

At this moment, he had no reason to refuse. Despite the overwhelming saltiness, he couldn't bear to spit it out. After holding it in his mouth for a while, he swallowed it all, licking his lips in lingering satisfaction, looking like he wanted more.

Seeing Cao Geng's response, the shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe smiled, partly because of his cleverness and partly because, besides acquiring these exquisite foods for his tribe, they had also obtained something new and seemingly extraordinary.

Taking the not-so-large pot with him, the shaman left Cao Geng and eagerly picked up more of the white, finely ground sandy substance and put it into his mouth.

He took more than what he had given Cao Geng earlier to assert his status. Most of the people from the Flying Snake Tribe watched his actions, some even feeling the urge to salivate after witnessing Cao Geng's greedy eating.

Even without a shared language, they all understood this rare, unfamiliar substance was delicious.

The next moment, the shaman's eyes widened suddenly, confirming their suspicions. Indeed, this white substance was delicious. Otherwise, a shaman who had tasted many delicious foods and was well-traveled would not be exaggerating like this.

Thinking this way, some people couldn't help but salivate, eager to taste what had amazed the shaman so much.

However, their thoughts were interrupted when the shaman's face suddenly contorted unexpectedly after his initial surprise. His face twitched involuntarily.

"Is it so delicious that it's transformative?"

The Flying Snake people were astonished. What kind of substance was this?

Spit... spit... spit...

Unable to bear it any longer, the shaman spat it out, repeatedly spitting out saliva and rinsing his mouth with water from another clay pot to rid himself of that dreadful feeling.

leader of the Flying Snake Tribe appeared indignant, rushing over to punch and kick Cao Geng, whose nose was still crooked.

After spitting out the water from his mouth, the shaman spoke up to stop him...

The sun was setting aggressively in the west, about to descend behind the mountains. The orange-red light casts a radiant glow over everything, creating a spectacular sight.

In the golden sunlight-drenched forest, a group of people was moving. They carried weapons in their hands, and the spoils of their hunt or the fruits they had gathered were on their shoulders or in their hands.

Leading them was the chief of Cao Geng's tribe. At this moment, he was carrying a sizable prey on his shoulder, the tribe's biggest catch of the day. Tonight, even the weakest among them would get a share of meat.

Thinking of this and seeing the joyful expressions of those who had received the news, he couldn't help but feel happy.

With these thoughts, his mind drifted involuntarily to the large herd of deer. If they could capture that herd of deer...

His face lit up with longing.

Cao Geng and a few others were stationed there, watching closely, hoping to catch sight of the deer tracks...

Suddenly, a cry from behind interrupted his pleasant daydream.

Chapter 428: Team Wipe

The sudden exclamation behind him startled him awake. When he looked up, he saw many people standing on the open ground not far from the cave!

And those from his tribe, who would usually cheer and run over the moment they returned, were nowhere to be seen this time...

A bad thought suddenly flashed through his mind, making his heart skip a beat.

He shouted, warning the people behind him to be alert. Then he slowed his pace, holding his weapon, and cautiously approached the group of people, who were much more numerous than them.

He placed the food he was carrying on his shoulders and in his hands on the ground.

The shaman of the Flying Snake tribe was not at all flustered as he watched the people gradually approaching. This was not only because there were many strong individuals in the Flying Snake tribe but also because...

He looked at the people who were now quite close and were asking him questions in an incomprehensible language. He smiled, opened the lidded basket he carried on his back, and took out a bundle of tied grass.

He walked over to the dull, motionless, one-horned beast lying on the ground nearby and waved the grass before it.

The beast immediately became active.

It stretched its head and opened its mouth to eat, but the Flying Snake shaman dodged it.

Seeing the delicious food escape again, the beast suddenly stood up.

The Flying Snake shaman quickly handed the grass to the swift runner.

The leader of the Cao Geng's tribe, angrily and fearfully questioning the uninvited guests, gasped at the sight of the suddenly rising giant creature.

He hadn't noticed the beast lying motionless on the ground earlier and had thought it was just a big rock.

What kind of monster was this?!

Why was that person running towards them so quickly? Did he want to fight?

He tightened his grip on the stone spear as he thought this, preparing to teach the person who dared to charge at them a good lesson.

This thought was immediately replaced by overwhelming fear because following that person was the terrifying giant beast!

The man and the beast charged straight at them with a thunderous momentum.

As they approached, the runner hurled a bundle of something into the air, which landed behind the Cao Geng tribe members.

At the same time, the runner swiftly turned and ran to the side.

Like a small mountain, the giant beast charged forward with astonishing momentum.

Many were fearful, and those who wanted to run found their legs unresponsive.

The leader of the Cao Geng tribe finally reacted, shouting for his people to run. However, it was too late; the giant beast had already crashed into them...

The leader of Cao Geng's tribe couldn't help but wail, partly because the beast crushed his calf and partly because none of his people managed to escape; they were all captured.

In the process, five people died.

Four of them were trampled to death by the beast's hooves!

The other was stabbed in the stomach with a stone spear while trying to escape...

And this evil tribe didn't lose a single person!

This was all due to that terrifying beast. Some of their people could have escaped without it, even if they couldn't win the fight. Even if they couldn't escape, they could have at least killed or injured some members of the opposing tribe.

However...

What kind of terrifying tribe is this?

They have such a terrifying monster!

God knows how they managed to make such a monstrous creature obedient!

The wailing of Cao Geng's tribe leader did not last long because he soon died.

When he died, all the blood in his body had drained, and his body had many additional wounds.

The shaman of the Flying Snake tribe collected his blood from the pottery of the Cao Geng tribe, dividing half of it for the surviving members of the Cao Geng tribe to drink.

At first, some people were unwilling, but after one of the unwilling ones was killed by the third leader of the Flying Snake tribe with a stone spear, and another exquisite container was brought to collect blood, the rest became obedient...

Everyone, including the Flying Snake tribe members, drank the blood of these two people. The Flying Snake tribe members drank more than the Cao Geng tribe members.

This was because the Flying Snake tribe shaman discovered that after drinking the blood and eating the meat of these defeated and killed people, they would become more spirited in the following days.

Therefore, even though the original members of the Flying Snake tribe didn't need to drink the blood of their comrades to signify breaking away from their original tribe like the Cao Geng tribe members, they didn't miss this opportunity either.

The Flying Snake tribe members licked their lips greedily, like a group of bloodthirsty beasts, unsatisfied...

As night fell, the cave that initially belonged to the Cao Geng tribe flickered with firelight. Compared to usual, the firelight inside the cave was brighter and the atmosphere more lively, but everything had already changed.

The aroma of roasted meat wafted out of the cave, spreading in the night.

Inside the cave, illuminated by firelight, the Flying Snake tribe shaman leisurely ate the delicious food served in a bowl decorated with several small tadpoles.

He initially didn't know how to use the bowl like this. After a difficult exchange with the crooked-nosed Cao Geng, he understood the purpose of this small item.

Today, the Flying Snake tribe shaman ate a lot. He didn't stop until he had eaten two dripping roasted breasts.

It was not only because he hadn't eaten such food in a long time but also because a fine layer of white crushed stones, which twisted his face in disgust, was sprinkled on top...

He took the last bite of food, licked the oil from the corners of his mouth, and put down the pottery bowl in his hand.

He looked at the crooked nose squatting not far away, who smiled at him with fear and flattery when he noticed the shaman's gaze.

Then he looked at the others huddled together, not daring to escape or move. The shaman of the Flying Snake tribe smiled.

He was skilled at making a tribe obedient and gradually integrating them into their tribe.

Some of these methods were his inventions, but most were passed down from the previous shaman...

As the long night passed and the morning sun shone its light, a group of people wrapped in animal skins and carrying weapons emerged from the cave and stepped away.

It was just like going out hunting as usual.

The difference this time was that there were no minors or other old and weak people to see them off...

Chapter 429: Xiao Fu leaves, and Divine Child rears pigs

The wind blew, lifting a few yellow leaves into the quiet cave, spinning as they flew in.

Inside the cave, it was empty and deathly silent. There were bloodstains on the ground, glaring white bones, and the ashes of burned remnants.

This tribe, whose presence here had lasted for an unknown length, had vanished in a single day.

This place may be taken over by wild beasts as a shelter in the future.

Maybe a migrating tribe will come, light a bonfire, and continue living here.

Or perhaps no one will discover this place again, and the wind-blown dust will gradually cover it. Many years later, a group of people with equipment might come here, peel back the layers of sediment, carefully clean the area, and excitedly shout over the skull of the Cao Geng tribe leader...

Not far away, a pair of squirrels burying acorns for the winter stood up, their large tails touching the ground as they cautiously looked around with their forepaws slightly drooped.

Moments later, the pair scurried up a tree, hiding in a hollow, with only one head poking out to observe cautiously.

Before long, the hairless monkeys that scared them appeared.

They passed under the tree without pausing, with one even kicking a bone to the side...

"Yo-yo~!"

On the clear, breezy, autumn-tinged plains, Deer Lord walked gracefully with his long legs.

Behind him, his group followed, eating grass as they walked and looking leisurely in the autumn sunlight.

Xiao Fu continued to roam the outskirts of the deer herd, sometimes pouncing suddenly on an unlucky creature that couldn't escape in time, giving it a wolf's kiss.

After wandering for a while, Xiao Fu suddenly stopped, stood upright, and stretched his neck, sniffing the air occasionally.

After a while, he started moving in a particular direction.

He walked for a bit, sniffed again, and continued this way, stopping, starting, circling, without knowing how far he had gone. Eventually, Xiao Fu stopped once more.

A small wolf pack was not far ahead, consisting of only eleven or twelve wolves.

The wolves had noticed the lone, uninvited guest, Xiao Fu. The previously playful wolf pack became alert immediately.

They stared at Xiao Fu, and Xiao Fu stared back at them. The two sides stood quietly, watching each other.

Perhaps sensing that Xiao Fu had no hostile intentions or deeming the fully-grown Xiao Fu too formidable, the pack, led by a one-eyed alpha wolf, slowly walked away.

Xiao Fu hesitated for a moment before following the wolf pack...

The sun moved westward, its warm rays slanting through the forest.

"Yo-yo~!"

Deer Lord, always punctual, raised his head and called out, then turned and headed back toward the tribe.

The deer herd followed, and the few infiltrators returned to the tribe with the herd.

No one noticed Xiao Fu's absence because they were used to his solitary adventures...

The foundation of the pigsty was entirely completed in the Green Sparrow tribe, though only a small seven—or eight-square-meter space was built up.

The seven slightly grown wild piglets had already been moved from the makeshift pen to this new area.

Han Cheng devised a makeshift solution by temporarily setting aside the construction of the original pigsty and creating a small one in the southeast corner.

The primary reason was to reassign the people, who initially meant to build the pigsty so that they could continue constructing houses.

The current housing in the Green Sparrow tribe is sufficient for its inhabitants. However, with the gradual integration of Green Tribe, space has become tighter.

After all, just this year's harvested grain occupies six houses.

As for the blue-brick houses, Han Cheng does not plan to let anyone live in them.

The newly built houses have the exact specifications, with twelve rooms in a row. However, unlike before, not every room has a partition wall to support the beams. Instead, a wall was built in every three rooms.

The rest of the support comes from triangular wooden beams, similar to those used in the blue-brick houses.

The walls resemble before, with stone at the bottom and rammed earth above, without using bricks.

Firstly, brick-making is too cumbersome, time-consuming, and labor-intensive. Secondly, these residential houses have not yet reached the level of being built with blue bricks.

After all, Han Cheng consciously wants to highlight the superiority of blue brick buildings, so he won't allow blue bricks to be used for residential houses now.

Tietou and a few regular grass cutters are harvesting thatch on the mountain behind.

After drying, this harvested thatch and previously accumulated ones will be used to roam the newly constructed houses.

Using thatch instead of tiles for these new houses was a deliberate instruction from Han Cheng to match the two types of identification cards he planned to implement.

These newly built thatch houses are prepared for newcomers to the tribe.

Secondary citizens with wooden identification cards can only live in these thatch houses, while primary citizens live in tiled houses.

This distinction differentiates the two groups.

Han Cheng watched the busy workers for a while and then looked down at the seven wild piglets in the pigsty.

The wounds on the wild piglets mainly had healed. After this period of captivity, they had become less wild and no longer attempted to escape from their tiny enclosure.

Even with Han Cheng nearby, they acted as if he wasn't there.

Two piglets were eating from the trough, while four others lay against the stone wall of the pigsty, basking in the autumn sun.

One piglet was staring hesitantly at the sky.

The trough did not contain only grass but a mixture of chaff, chopped grass, and water used for washing pots and dishes.

The water had some grease and a bit of saltiness, which suited the wild pigs' taste.

These animals, after all, are omnivorous. Besides grass, they also enjoy meat.

Of course, the Green Sparrow tribe's chances of eating meat would be rare.

The scale of wild pig farming in the Green Sparrow tribe is not large, so the small pigsty doesn't feel crowded.

When the wild pigs grow, and the herd expands, the pigsty can be enlarged.

As for feeding the wild pigs, there is no need to worry.

The number of wild pigs is small, so they can manage with what they have.

For a long time to come, the diet of these wild pigs will mainly consist of chaff, grass, or hay.

Some rapeseed, millet, or spoiled fruits will occasionally be mixed in.

As for the concern that such a bland diet might stunt their growth or fattening, there is no need to worry too much.

Han Cheng once read a news story about someone who frequently fed pigs with spoiled fruits, resulting in fat, healthy pigs...

In his memory, farmers fed pigs with steamed sweet potatoes mashed and mixed with bran to make them grow faster and have more meat for the new year.

However, such treatment is out of the question for the tribe's wild pigs. So far, millet is the only grain available in the tribe.

Feeding the pigs this way won't make them as fat as modern pigs, but the farming enterprise can continue.

Sweet potatoes were introduced to China in the mid to late Ming Dynasty. Before that, China had thousands, if not tens of thousands, of years of pig farming history.

#### Chapter 430: The First Goodbye

Han Cheng shifted his gaze from the pig trough to the solitary piglet lying on its side, gazing wistfully at the sky.

This piglet was understandably melancholic. Just ten days ago, these merciless hairless monkeys had dragged it out of the pen, tied it to a wooden post with its limbs spread out, and a man with an iron knife came over to feel around between its hind legs. Just when it thought it could endure it, something even more horrifying happened. After excruciating pain, it became a castrated, incomplete pig. The hairless monkey had cruelly cut open its skin and removed its testicles.

Since it was the first time the handler had done such a thing, the technique was far from perfect, resulting in even more significant harm to the piglet. But the most dreadful part came later when it started to heal. It realized that the other pigs looked at it differently. It was ostracized in the pen; neither the five sows nor the lone boar wanted to play with it.

Han Cheng watched the gloomy piglet for a while, a smile slowly spreading across his face. He had eaten its testicles after they were cooked, but that wasn't why he was smiling at the piglet now. His mind hadn't become that twisted. He smiled because he remembered what happened that night after eating the cooked testicles.

The effect of those things was surprisingly potent, far beyond Han Cheng's expectations. That night, in a moment of heat, he couldn't control himself and finally lost his virginity, surrendering it completely to Bai Xue.

The details of the process were unnecessary to recount. Han Cheng's smile while looking at the now-castrated piglet said it all—it had been an unforgettable experience.

"Brother Cheng..." Bai Xue's voice broke into Han Cheng's reverie.

"Look!" Han Cheng's body still faced the pig pen's outer wall, but he twisted his neck around awkwardly.

Full of excitement and pride, Bai Xue held up a basket made from tree branches, presenting it to Han Cheng as if seeking his approval. The basket was full of silkworm cocoons, the year's last batch. Even if the silkworms could still hatch later, there wouldn't be enough mulberry leaves to feed them.

Han Cheng thought the cocoons looked bigger than the initial ones, but his attention quickly shifted to Bai Xue, and he entered what he called his "lover's gaze" mode.

Perhaps due to Han Cheng's attention, Bai Xue's figure had developed significantly recently.

Holding up the basket, Bai Xue soon felt Han Cheng's unusual gaze. Her face, already flushed from excitement, turned even redder. She lowered her head slightly, avoiding Han Cheng's bright eyes.

Thanks to Han Cheng's persistent guidance, Bai Xue had become more reserved in this aspect compared to the wildness of other primitive women.

Han Cheng, already stirred by his earlier recollections, felt a wave of emotion when he saw Bai Xue's bashfulness.

Han Cheng discreetly adjusted himself to avoid any conspicuous signs of excitement. He then turned utterly, walked over to Bai Xue, and patted her gently, praising her earnestly, "My little wife is so capable!"

He took the basket from Bai Xue and pretended to examine it closely. "Hmm? Why do some of these cocoons look different?"

"Which ones?" Bai Xue perked up at Han Cheng's mention of the cocoons.

Han Cheng tossed the cocoons back into the basket and looked around. "It's not convenient to check them out here. Let's go inside, and I'll show you."

"Okay." Bai Xue nodded thoughtfully, following Han Cheng inside while peering into the basket, trying to identify the unique cocoons.

Seeing Bai Xue's innocence, Han Cheng felt even more tempted.

"Clunk..." The wooden door closed.

"Brother Cheng, why close the door? We won't be able to see properly..."

"We can see just fine, trust me."

...

"Ahh..." Han Cheng lay on the heated bed, breathing heavily with satisfaction.

He truly believed in the saying, "The benevolent enjoy the mountains, the wise enjoy the water." As a person of great benevolence and wisdom, he deeply appreciated the joy of both mountain and water.

"Brother Cheng, we need to look at the cocoons now..." Bai Xue, her cheeks flushed, lay beside Han Cheng like a kitten, quietly speaking after a while.

Han Cheng stroked her hair. This silly girl...

Han Cheng's blissful mood lasted until evening when someone noticed Xiao Fu was missing, gradually dampening his spirits.

After checking the deer herd and the other wolves and ensuring no one was injured or missing except Xiao Fu, Han Cheng felt somewhat relieved. He ordered the search to stop after they had scoured the area around the settlement without finding Xiao Fu.

With previous experiences of Fu Jiang suddenly disappearing and Deer Lord returning late, Han Cheng was more composed this time. He speculated that Xiao Fu, like Fu Jiang, might have been lured away by a mate.

There was no need to worry excessively. What happens before lust is like magic. What happens after enlightenment? After a few days, Xiao Fu's impulsiveness would subside, and he would return...

In a place unknown, light rain drizzled from the sky. Xiao Fu stood under a tree, quietly watching a nearby wolf pack. This had been Xiao Fu's mode of interaction with the pack over the past few days.

They did not drive him away harshly, but they also did not fully accept him. The main reason was that Xiao Fu was a male wolf.

Not far from the wolf pack, the one-eyed alpha wolf sat quietly on the ground, occasionally glancing toward Xiao Fu. It was old; in its younger days, it would have attacked and driven away the young male wolf without hesitation. Now, however, it no longer had the strength.

It could only watch vigilantly, trying to intimidate Xiao Fu. As time passed, perhaps sure that Xiao Fu posed no immediate threat or simply due to exhaustion, the one-eyed wolf lay down and closed its eyes.

After a while, a female wolf cautiously approached the edge of the pack. After lingering for a bit, she went to where Xiao Fu was...