

Primitive 441

Chapter 441: The Hidden Aspects Behind Fair Trade.

In the rooster's crowing, Hong Song and a few others from the Fire Tribe woke up.

They slept more comfortably than ever last night, though they were stiff and sore.

Hong Song didn't know if it was from the hard work of clearing land with the tribe yesterday or if his body couldn't handle such good treatment.

Stepping out of their room, they found many people from this tribe already up.

However, unlike their tribe, where people would go hunting or gather food after eating, they were doing things in a courtyard that they didn't quite understand.

The esteemed Divine Child was vigorously chopping grass with a stone knife, and the second esteemed one was holding some grass and throwing it into something made of mud.

There were also many people squatting by a ditch, holding precious pottery in their hands, poking something into their mouths with a tree stick.

While poking, they shook their heads and swayed, looking like they were trembling...

This... this was indeed a rich and strange tribe.

Standing in a daze at the door for quite a while, Hong Song finally defined this tribe.

His strangeness did not last long because soon, someone came over and gestured for them to join in doing strange things together.

Looking at the pottery cup full of water in his hand and then at the tree stick dipped in salt in his other hand, Hong Song felt dizzy all over.

Salt, exceptionally cherished in his tribe, was being used to poke teeth in this tribe!

In his mind, the prosperity of the Green Sparrow Tribe soared to another level once again.

Such astonishment persisted until they ate the yellowish-fragrant porridge.

After the meal, Han Cheng and Bai Xue called Hong Song and others to take them to a room in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

In this room, there were four simple looms lined up.

Han Cheng's plan was to teach them how to make these simple looms and pass on the weaving technology so that the Green Sparrow Tribe could spend less effort on this in the future.

This year, the newly processed hemp also yielded some threads, which Han Cheng had people rush to make precisely for this moment.

Bai Xue sat down at her usual loom and began weaving fabric, one thread at a time.

Hong Song and his companions initially didn't understand what their tribe members were doing, but the up-and-down motions looked intriguing.

After waiting a while, something astonishing happened that made Hong Song and the others widen their eyes. The individual strands of hemp, which had been separate, were now woven together into a dense piece of fabric.

With Han Cheng's approval, a woman from the Fire Tribe approached and carefully felt the fabric woven by Bai Xue, expressing amazement and curiosity at the transformation.

"With things like this, we can trade for more pottery and salt and even exchange them for food from our tribe," Han Cheng said, seizing the moment. He pulled some hulled millet from his pocket and showed it to Hong Song and the others.

Since arriving at the Green Sparrow Tribe, Hong Song and his companions had already eaten this yellowish food three times, finding it exceptionally delicious whether boiled with water or made into dry rice. It was very different from their usual food.

Now, hearing the esteemed Divine Child mention that items made from hemp thread could be exchanged for plenty of salt, pottery, and this delicious food, they were thrilled.

Their tribe all highly valued salt, pottery, and this previously unknown but delicious food. Now, with just these hemp-made items, they could obtain them. It was indeed a delightful surprise.

These items made from hemp thread didn't seem troublesome to produce. As long as they stayed within the tribe, they could manufacture them, which was much easier than hunting.

In other words, people in their tribe only needed to perform these seemingly non-dangerous and not very tiring activities within the tribe to acquire these precious items.

People are always more eager and responsive to benefits than to other things.

"Really?" Han Cheng listened to Bai Xue's translation and looked at Hong Song and the others, who were hopeful yet afraid he might change his mind, vigorously nodding.

Han Cheng even thumped his chest to emphasize the seriousness of his words.

Seeing Hong Song and the others cheering, Han Cheng was delighted.

Since the people from the Fire Tribe arrived, Han Cheng has made sure they have millet every meal. This is to introduce them to this food they had never eaten before.

It seemed to have worked well, and his efforts were not vain.

Han Cheng deliberately suggested using fabric to exchange grain with the Fire Tribe. The cultivation and weaving of hemp fabric would undoubtedly affect the Fire Tribe's food procurement.

If they were only trading for pottery and salt, the Fire Tribe would likely limit the scale of hemp cultivation and weaving to ensure they could still hunt for enough food to sustain their tribe.

However, everything would change if grain-like millet were added to the exchange.

Because they could exchange hemp fabric for food, the Fire Tribe would accept this arrangement outright.

If the Green Sparrow Tribe had enough millet to trade for fabric and the amount of millet offered was sufficient to feed the Fire Tribe, they might focus on hemp cultivation and weaving instead of hunting.

If it came to that, the fate of the Fire Tribe would be entirely in the hands of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Perhaps not even that much was necessary; if just one-third of the Fire Tribe's food came from millet obtained through trade with the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng would have significant influence over their future.

This approach may not seem barbaric at all and might even seem a bit maternal, but the results achieved would far surpass those of relying solely on force.

Hong Song and the others were happy their tribe would gain so much. They couldn't have imagined that behind this seemingly fair and highly advantageous trade, there could be such profound implications.

After their cheers, they respectfully bowed to this kind and generous shaman, expressing their feelings that words could not fully convey.

Chapter 442: tiger with staring eyes and white forehead

Initially feeling jubilant because his scheme was about to succeed, Han Cheng became somewhat embarrassed when faced with the Fire Tribe's reaction.

He wondered if he had been too harsh in treating these simple-minded primitive people this way.

After these feelings arose, he suddenly felt less satisfied than before.

Thinking this, he shook his head.

He didn't come here to do charity; with limited abilities, he could only take care of his tribe.

As productivity drove the tribe forward, the surrounding tribes of the Green Sparrow Tribe were bound to be affected.

By the time they realized it, they would have few choices: either join the Green Sparrow Tribe or be crushed and then join the Green Sparrow Tribe.

That is to say, compared to the bloody methods, the current methods, while seemingly insignificant, are undoubtedly much better.

At least in the trade with the Green Sparrow Tribe, these tribes have gained tangible benefits.

Moreover, after joining the Green Sparrow Tribe, they can live better lives than in their original tribe.

After comforting himself like this, Han Cheng felt much more comfortable.

People are sometimes contradictory or hypocritical.

When doing something that is not very glorious, they always want to find some reasons for themselves.

There is no lack of effect. Just like the current Divine Child Han, his heart immediately became much more comfortable after such similar self-guidance.

Han Cheng's psychological activities were naturally unknown to the people beside him.

After hearing Han Cheng's words, a few people from the Fire Tribe were more interested in watching Bai Xue weave cloth.

Now, they were immediately enthusiastic about weaving cloth with fine linen threads.

Bai Xue had already received Han Cheng's instructions before, so she did not refuse to teach several people from the Fire Tribe to learn to weave cloth.

Moreover, Bai Xue was very interested in weaving and patiently taught the Fire Tribe people.

However, it was not on the loom she used but on another one.

Otherwise, the cloth she was weaving would be ruined.

"¥ ¥!"

Huo Song, who got a definite answer, patted his chest to indicate he would be the first to learn.

He was the strongest of the eight people from the Fire Tribe, and in the tribe, he was always considered one of the best, whether in hunting or other activities.

Now, weaving linen threads seemed not tiring at all, and he thought he could master it quickly.

Bai Xue did not refuse either. After smiling at Huo Song, she began to teach.

How do you tie each linen thread carefully onto the wooden frame and use it to thread the linen?

Huo Song's confidence quickly crumbled.

These thin linen threads made him feel restless. Tying even one properly was difficult, and it ended up loose and sagging.

After much sweat, he didn't tie half of the thread correctly, which was even more tiring than digging the soil with a hoe.

Huo Song finally retreated, making way for another eager volunteer...

The fact proved that most women are better than men at tasks like needlework. With patience, they can do things that make men feel irritable.

After several attempts, two women from the Fire Tribe were exceptionally talented in weaving cloth, so they stayed here to be taught exclusively by Bai Xue.

The other two primitive women from the Fire Tribe continued to follow the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe to strip hemp, and the other learned how to use a thread to spin fine linen threads.

Huo Song and several other male primitive people continued as they wished, carrying hoes and digging these things, accompanying the Green Sparrow Tribe's pioneering team in clearing land.

A particular Divine Child gave them an impressive lofty title: "Learn skills, return to plant hemp and weave cloth, exchange for pottery, salt, and millet for the tribe."

Inspired by this lofty ideal, the people of the Fire Tribe were passionate in their pioneering efforts. Compared to the elderly hands of the Green Sparrow Tribe, their speed was not much slower.

The very generous and kind Divine Child and the gentle Shaman watched this scene with a pleased smile tinged with a hint of slyness.

Regardless of how lofty the slogans were, the addition of these energetic recruits from the Fire Tribe noticeably increased the speed of the Green Sparrow Tribe's pioneering efforts, which became an established fact.

So much so that Shaman quietly discussed with Han Cheng whether to keep these people in the tribe.

Upon hearing this, Han Cheng secretly laughed; Shaman always thought about the tribe.

Moreover, judging by the attitudes of these people, after staying in the tribe for a few days, they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

If they were to ask, there was a good chance they would agree to stay in the tribe.

However, this couldn't be done. After all, these eight people were like baits thrown out by Han Cheng.

If they didn't return, then everything planned for the Fire Tribe would come to an end...

Early in the morning, the Eldest Senior Brother returned with people to the salt mountain, bearing a heavy harvest on their shoulders.

There was no need to mention the antelopes and deer. Just the majestic tiger with its beautiful striped fur shocked everyone!

Even the eldest brother and his group did not expect the traps set there to catch such a fierce creature!

In the past, when encountering such wild beasts, they usually remained alert to each other and circumvented them.

Several years ago, the Green Sparrow Tribe also hunted down an old and sick tiger; otherwise, they wouldn't have succeeded.

But this time was completely different. The tiger brought back was in its prime, and its fur had just changed for the winter; when touched, it felt as smooth and comfortable as satin.

Han Cheng stretched out his arm and compared it with the tiger's paw; they were not in the same league.

Even when stretching out his leg, they were roughly the same thickness.

In his heart, he couldn't help but feel sincere admiration for Wu Song's bravery.

To kill such a creature bare-handedly was indeed something extraordinary that ordinary people couldn't do!

While Han Cheng marveled at Wu Song's bravery, several people from the Fire Tribe were also about to pop their eyeballs out.

They looked at the tiger lying in a heap on the ground, then at Eldest Senior Brother and the others, their mouths wide open as if they could fit a fist inside!

When Eldest Senior Brother went to check the traps in the morning, he didn't bring many people with him, and he only had about ten people.

And now, they had brought back a freshly killed tiger, which was such a strong one!

Most importantly, the hunters came back unscathed!

This...

Were they human?

With his mouth wide open in astonishment, Huo Song didn't know what to say to express his feelings...

Chapter 443: A cart that is harder to push than a wheelbarrow

After recovering from the initial shock, Han Cheng became happy and excited.

Not only would he now possess a hot and stylish tiger fur coat, but more importantly, this unlucky tiger turned out to be a male!

Looking at Bai Xue standing beside him, who was developing better day by day, and then at the tiger lying on the ground, Han Cheng secretly made up his mind that the tiger's kidneys and other important parts were all his—no one could snatch them!

As a young man still growing, it was right to exert oneself when working, but one should not be lacking in food...

"Thud!"

As the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe eagerly prepared to skin and clean the tiger, Huo Song's mouth finally closed.

His upper and lower teeth clinked together, making a clicking sound.

This tribe was too brutal, entirely beyond his comprehension!

You should know that even their tribe wouldn't dare provoke such a beast!

Yet this tribe not only provoked it but also brought it back unharmed...

Could people do this?

The Fire Tribe people, unaware of the trap, were confused in the wind...

Dinner was exceptionally sumptuous. Apart from anything else, the two large pots of tiger bone soup were enough to make one's mouth water.

Han Cheng bit into the tiger's kidney and then drank some simmered tiger bone soup, feeling excited.

This was a tiger!

Previously, it was an existence only to be looked up to, but now he ate it himself.

Even though he understood the fierceness of primitive times, he still felt a bit dizzy.

But this feeling quickly disappeared. He couldn't straighten his back after eating a whole tiger's kidney.

Amidst the tribe members' teasing laughter, Han Cheng held Bai Xue's hand and hurried toward their residence.

"Here comes the day!"

Early in the morning, Han Cheng, who was secretly clutching his waist, looked at another tiger's kidney in his bowl and felt as if he had been electrocuted, unable to help shivering.

This stuff was too potent, it would be more than they would.

"You eat, you eat."

Han Cheng promptly moved the bowl of things to the Eldest Senior Brother, the Second Senior Brother, and others.

Originally, Han Cheng was still planning to leave a few blocks for himself, but after meeting Bai Xue's bright eyes, he parted ways.

This is scary, too.

After Lame created the wheelbarrow, Han Cheng helped push it a few times. Without the rubber wheel, pushing the wheelbarrow was quite laborious. After a few trips, Han Cheng was sweating profusely.

At that time, he felt it was the most tiring cart he had ever pushed.

Now, Han Cheng had to take back that statement. The wheelbarrow without the rubber wheel wasn't the most tiring to push...

One deity held a bowl of soup and thought while holding his waist with the other hand...

The tiger skin hanging on the wall had dried somewhat, and the branches had few leaves left.

Several women from the Fire Tribe had already mastered tasks such as stripping hemp, spinning hemp thread, and weaving cloth.

Having calloused hands from grinding and having opened up several acres of land for the Green Sparrow Tribe, Huo Song, and the others were also proficient in tilling and planting wild hemp after tilling.

With this, they were also about to set off.

Huo Song and the others looked highly reluctant. During their time in this tribe, they experienced many things and felt that their lives were completely different from those of the tribe.

Though tired, their hearts were at ease, completely free from the anxiety they used to feel.

Most importantly, the food in this tribe was delicious, and they could eat to their heart's content!

How nice would it be to live in this tribe forever?

Huo Song and the others couldn't help but think the same way...

The chief of the Fire Tribe by the riverside appeared somewhat anxious. Each day after the people from his tribe left, he would mark a trace on the tribe's cave walls.

There were several more marks than when Huo Song and the others left last year, but those who had gone upstream had not returned.

Did something happen to them?

Such worries continued to haunt him...

After hunting, the chief of the Fire Tribe once again came to the riverside. He didn't have to wait long before shadows appeared upstream this time.

The chief of the Fire Tribe immediately felt relieved, having recognized them as the people who had left their tribe.

Amid the cheers of the people on the shore, Huo Song and the others approached the shore in their boats like returning heroes.

They brought back not only the boat but also three rafts loaded with bundles of wild hemp.

On their way back, this wild hemp was harvested again in the oil hemp field.

Several exquisite jars were unloaded from the boat, and the people of the Fire Tribe around couldn't help but cheer.

The cheers grew louder, especially when they saw the snow-white salt inside the jars.

As Huo Song and the others moved things down, they enthusiastically recounted their experiences in the Green Sparrow Tribe to the crowd.

The people around them occasionally exclaimed in amazement.

However, when Huo Song and the others mentioned how they had killed a colorful tiger unscathed, the exclamations abruptly ceased.

Because they thought this was simply impossible. They accused Huo Song and the others of fabricating stories.

Huo Song and the others were red-faced and vehemently argued to defend themselves.

After a thorough discussion, the people finally began to believe.

However, regardless of what was said, with their firsthand experiences at the Green Sparrow Tribe, the people of the Fire Tribe became even more eager to visit and see for themselves if that tribe indeed possessed such wonders...

In the cave of the Fire Tribe, the leader held a finely woven piece of cloth and looked at it with curiosity.

This cloth was woven by Bai Xue, and Huo Song and the others brought it back to set a standard for the Fire Tribe and prevent them from producing too many defective pieces.

The Fire Tribe leader released one hand, holding the cloth to the side of a clay pot, and reached inside; some yellow grains appeared in his hand.

He had eaten this stuff before. It wasn't as tasty as meat, but once cooked, it was much better than wild vegetables. It was indeed an excellent food.

After looking at it for a while, he returned the millet to the pot and glanced back at the hemp fabric in his hand.

This stuff, which looked hairless, could somehow be exchanged for so much from that tribe.

It seemed to be quite good.

However, his concern about coming and going to the hemp fields to gather wild hemp was quickly dispelled as Huo Song reached for some hemp seeds with his silky hand and held them out to him...

Chapter 444: Green Tribe leader constantly probing the edge of death

The weather was getting colder. When Han Cheng woke up in the morning, the sky outside was dark and overcast, with heavy clouds that looked like they were about to bring snow.

After having two bowls of thick, golden millet porridge, Han Cheng felt the chill in the air and decided to wrap himself up in his clothes and head back inside to continue sleeping on the warm kang.

However, Bai Xue wasn't willing to stay idle. After breakfast, she went to the "machine room" to continue weaving, accompanied by three other women from the tribe.

Initially, the elderly Fire One and Fire Two also wanted to join, but because the sky was so gloomy and the light in the room was poor, their eyesight wasn't good enough for weaving, so they didn't go.

Instead, they sat by the edge of the heated bed, which was heated by a fire, and began spinning hemp into thread using spindles, providing the raw materials for Bai Xue and the others' weaving.

Seeing that Bai Xue had left, Han Cheng quietly climbed from the bed, went to a corner of the room, and opened a sealed jar. He scooped out a bowl of something from it, gritted his teeth, and quickly downed it in one gulp. He held his breath for a while, and only after his tightly knit brows relaxed did he feel better.

After sealing the jar again, Han Cheng climbed back onto the kang.

What Han Cheng had just drunk was wine.

It was a fruit wine he had accidentally made. The alcohol content wasn't exceptionally high, but the reason for his reaction, as if he had just drunk strong liquor, was that the wine had been mixed with something—tiger penis!

As for why he had to wait until Bai Xue left to drink it secretly, there was a reason.

It wasn't that Bai Xue prohibited him from drinking alcohol, but whenever she saw Han Cheng drinking this tiger penis wine, she would become so aroused that she could barely stand still.

After several such incidents, Han Cheng had no choice but to drink the tiger penis wine in secret, like a thief.

He had to be sneaky because he was drinking it to replenish his strength, but each time, it ended up being more draining than beneficial, which was frustrating.

With the sudden drop in temperature, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe stopped going outside the courtyard.

They had already stored enough food for the winter. Even if they had no other supplies, the stored grain would be enough for everyone.

No major construction projects needed to be done during the winter, so as the weather got colder, the tribe members rarely left the courtyard.

And it wasn't just them. Most tribes in such weather would stay inside their caves, not venturing out to hunt or gather food.

I use the term "generally" because there are always exceptions to the norm.

Take, for example, the Green Tribe.

The temperature had started to drop last night. When they woke up in the morning and removed the stone slab blocking the cave entrance, the icy wind rushed in.

After wrapping himself tightly in animal skins and shivering a few times, the Green Tribe's chief, who had been a bit groggy, suddenly became fully alert.

He hunched his shoulders and stepped outside the cave, glancing up at the sky. Seeing the overcast, cloudy sky, he knew that the first heavy snowfall of the year was likely about to arrive.

"%\$#&!"

He muttered a few curses, seemingly complaining that the snow was coming too early.

After standing in the cold air for a while, he turned and went back into the cave.

Inside, someone was already cooking something in a clay pot.

The warmth of the steaming broth as it went down his throat made the Green Tribe's chief feel much more comfortable.

However, this sense of comfort did not last long because soon after, he grabbed his stone spear and led the tribe's people out of the relatively warm cave into the cold wind.

He was going out to search for food.

This year's snow came particularly early compared to previous years. By this time, the Green Tribe should have already stored enough food for the winter. There should have been no need to venture out in such weather, braving the cold to search for food.

But there's always an exception.

Unfortunately, this year, that exception fell upon the Green Tribe.

The Green Tribe's chief, with his hair blown by the cold wind, raised his hand, now numb from the cold, and gave his head a hard slap.

He slapped it hard, not holding back at all.

Yet, even so, his frustration did not lessen one bit.

He shouldn't have gone to the Green Sparrow Tribe for salt one last time!

If he hadn't gone to trade for salt, the tribe wouldn't be in its current predicament.

The Green Tribe's chief had gone to the Green Sparrow Tribe to trade for salt after autumn, not at the beginning of autumn, but well after most of autumn had passed.

After being without salt for ten days and after much internal struggle, the Green Tribe's chief finally couldn't hold out any longer and made the decision he now regretted—taking some of the food collected in autumn and a small amount of newly stored furs, he went to the Green Sparrow Tribe to trade for salt during the best days for storing food.

At that time, he thought that it wasn't sure the snow would come so early this year.

He believed that by trading some of the food he had gathered for salt, he could hurry back, continue gathering food, and still make it through the winter without much trouble...

But that kind of wishful thinking is always dangerous.

Often, even when you know something shouldn't be done, doing it can lead to severe consequences.

Yet many still test the limits, flirting with disaster.

The root of it is wishful thinking.

Most people believe that they are different from others, that they are a bit luckier than others.

The same thing that others failed at, they think will work out differently for them...

But the truth is, it's just an illusion.

Take, for example, the Green Tribe's chief, who was out in the cold, head down, leading his people in search of food, now caught in deep regret as the snow began to fall.

Snow eventually came down, starting with white snow pellets, then delicate snowflakes, and later a heavy snowfall.

At that moment, Han Cheng, who was drinking tiger whip wine, was doing push-ups on the heated brick bed.

Hearing the joyful shouts outside as the snow began to fall, he jumped out of bed without worrying about the cold and rushed to the door without even putting on his shoes, eager to see the falling snowflakes.

At the same time, the Green Tribe's chief, still out searching for prey and fruits, cursed as he watched the snow begin to fall.

But no amount of cursing could fight the forces of nature.

After continuing to search for a while longer in the wild and seeing the snowflakes falling thicker, he finally ordered his people to return with their meager harvest.

As they headed back far away, the second chief of the Flying Snake Tribe stood at the entrance of a cave, watching the snow fall, looking eager to go out...

Chapter 445: Cao Geng Discovered the Flying Snake Tribe Shaman's secret

In snowy weather, Cao Geng was unwilling to go out. Just last winter, his experience searching for food outside with several tribe members in the bitter cold left a deep impression on him. The frostbite marks on his body and face still bore witness to that ordeal.

Of course, things rarely went as he hoped. Whether in his original tribe or this stronger current tribe, his words seldom carried much weight. The next day, he emerged from the cave, trudging through snow nearly covering his ankles, heading towards a distant destination.

Their first task was to find some green grass that the solitary horned monster liked before continuing toward a prominent faraway tribe. This round trip would require a long journey.

Just thinking about it made Cao Geng feel highly reluctant. Yet, he marched with the larger group with unusual vigor. At the same time, he prepared himself for the possibility of frostbitten hands and face.

However, this time, a mysterious turn of events unfolded. The Second Leader of the Tengshe Tribe, traveling with them, presented a white substance obtained through prayers to the sky god by the shaman. This substance, when applied to their skin, acted as a shield against the biting cold, a miracle they couldn't comprehend.

As they rubbed this magical substance onto their hands and faces, marveling at the shaman's greatness and the sky god's kindness, Cao Geng couldn't help but feel doubtful. He seemed to have seen this substance before.

In the past, when their tribe cooked meat soup in clay pots, a layer of white substance sometimes formed on top when the soup cooled. It looked very similar to what he was applying now. He tasted a bit and found it smooth and similar in taste.

Despite his growing doubts, Cao Geng was determined to push them aside. He recognized the vast difference between what was cooked in clay pots and what was obtained through prayers to the sky god. Yet, the resemblance was uncanny, and it left him with a lingering sense of unease.

With these thoughts in mind, the Second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe led them to dig up the grass that the solitary-horned monsters loved before heading toward the tribe.

For this year, the story of waiting under the tree ends here. First, because the food stored in Cao Geng's original tribe was not enough for them to survive the winter here. Second, the tribe had a tradition of gathering together during winter.

If the food in the tribe were insufficient, they would follow the shaman's plan and lead an attack on the tribe they had discovered earlier...

The day after Cao Geng returned to the tribe with the Second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, he found himself back in the snowy field. Many others stood beside him, not to attack another tribe but for the annual ritual in which the shaman prayed to the sky god for something extremely useful that greatly benefited the tribe.

Cao Geng, who had never experienced anything like this before, was deeply reverent of the occasion.

It was a communication with the sky god in snowy weather like this!

And that white substance, bestowed by the sky god, was very effective.

This wait lasted until the sky was almost dark, and the shaman prayed to the sky god all day before finally opening the blocked cave for them.

While everyone else looked at the white substance stored inside skull caps and gifts from the sky god, Cao Geng's attention was mainly on the substance's odor.

This smell was somewhat familiar, reminiscent of burnt meat.

In his thoughts, the layer of oil that sometimes appeared on cooled meat soup came to mind again, causing his heart to tremble suddenly...

In the flickering light of the bonfire, the shaman of the Flying Snake tribe appeared extremely tired and mysterious, accepting the crowd's admiration and worship.

The north wind blew, lifting snowflakes over the high walls and filling the air with coldness.

However powerful it might be, it could only be displayed outside. Inside the houses, it wouldn't affect them.

Because of the cold weather, there was more moisture inside the bathhouse, a vast expanse of white, surreal as if in a dream or fairyland.

Han Cheng enjoyed this scene most, especially with Bai Xue, his little wife, by his side.

The two genders bathed together, always thorough and clean, inside and out, truly clean.

Bathing was tiring. With her red face, Bai Xue came out of the bathhouse and lay down on the kang in the room, and Han Cheng quickly fell asleep.

But Bai Xue, with her red face, seemed quite energetic.

When Han Cheng woke up from his dream, the outside was still as dim as before he went to sleep.

The house was quiet, with no sound in the courtyard, and for a while, he couldn't tell what time it was.

After being stunned, he looked at the heated bed and saw no trace of Bai Xue. Han Cheng shook his head and smiled. This little wife was indeed too diligent; without asking, he knew she had gone to weave cloth again.

After thinking for a while, Han Cheng's thoughts returned to the Green Tribe.

According to his estimation, the Green Tribe should have reached its breaking point by now. Why hadn't they arrived at this critical time? Could there have been another unexpected event?

Thinking randomly like this, what had been confident now felt somewhat uncertain.

While he worried endlessly, the leader of the Green Tribe led his people, trudging through the snow, shivering, and heading straight for the Bluebird Tribe.

They were shivering, partly because their bellies lacked food and partly because they had no extra fur; it had all been exchanged for salt with that kind of tribe.

Except for what everyone was wrapped in, there was nothing left.

Some people in previous years had taken some originally wrapped animal skins and exchanged them for salt even in order to exchange them for a little more salt.

The leader of the Green Tribe put his frozen and numb hands to his mouth and sighed. Looking back at the people behind him with blue faces and lips, he fell into regret once again.

The last time he traded for salt, he shouldn't have gone himself!

Of course, thinking about it at this time was useless. It was better to think about how to approach that practical, wealthy tribe and borrow food from them.

Borrowing food from that wealthy tribe was the only solution the leader of the Green Tribe could think of to solve the current dilemma.

It was fortunate that this nearby tribe was wealthy; otherwise, he wouldn't have had the courage to think about it this way.

After all, food was essential for every tribe, especially in winter.

The leader of the Green Tribe was very uneasy, worried that this trip might be in vain and that the tribe might not lend them food.

However, this unease diminished significantly when he thought of the kind and generous Divine Child.

The Divine Child should agree...

Chapter 446: The Green Tribe leader moved to tears

Facing wind and snow and enduring a difficult journey, the Green Tribe leader arrived at the Green Sparrow Tribe. As he gazed at the towering walls, even more majestic in the heavy snow, the leader of the Green Tribe let out a long sigh of relief.

Behind him, some couldn't help but shed tears.

They had finally arrived at this warm, prosperous tribe, abundant in food and exceptionally friendly. They would no longer starve.

Although their tribe faced today's hardships due entirely to trading food for salt with this tribe, they harbored no resentment toward them. To them, the exchange of food for salt was fair.

Moreover, the kind-hearted shaman always gave them extra salt during these exchanges. It could be said that they greatly benefited from these salt exchanges.

Furthermore, bringing food and fur voluntarily was their own decision; the prosperous tribe did not force them.

As the people of the Green Tribe sighed with relief at the sight of the towering walls, guards hidden in the arrow towers above spotted them through small holes left for observation.

Without hesitation, they turned and shouted into the tribe, "People! People!"

At the same time, they picked up sticks lying on the ground and banged them loudly.

Due to previous attacks by the Snake Tribe during winter, the Green Sparrow Tribe was especially cautious about newcomers during this period and maintained a high level of vigilance.

As the warning cries echoed through the courtyard, tightly closed doors opened, and figures rushed out swiftly.

Though swift, there was no chaos—this resulted from frequent drills.

The once-empty courtyard was suddenly filled with many people.

After identifying the direction of the newcomers, the crowd quickly moved toward the front of the wall while a few went to the left and right sides.

The running people mostly carried no weapons in their hands.

It wasn't that they all had unique skills that allowed them to stand on top of the high walls and use air cannons to bombard the incoming people; rather, there were hidden bunkers every two meters along the wall, each about a meter long, thirty centimeters deep, and forty centimeters high, stocked with ample weapons year-round.

Han Cheng was also alarmed. After a slight shock, he was delighted because he thought the Green Tribe, which he had longed for, had finally arrived.

As for the Flying Snake Tribe, since they suffered a great loss under their own tribe wall that time, they haven't been seen since.

But even if they came now, Han Cheng wasn't worried.

In the past, the manpower in the tribe was far less than it is now; the walls weren't as high, and the weapons and personnel training were far inferior to what they are now.

There was no reason to think that in the past, they could easily defeat the Flying Snake Tribe; now, everything had improved significantly, and they couldn't confront them anymore.

With this thought in mind, Han Cheng did not slack off but instead headed towards the wall with Shaman. Before they reached the main gate, they received news that the arrivals were from the Green Tribe.

Upon hearing this news, Han Cheng and Shaman halted their steps and exchanged smiles—one elderly, one young.

In the cold air, there was immediately a subtle sense of sly triumph pervading...

The Green Tribe leader and his people had visited the Green Sparrow Tribe many times before and were familiar with their customs.

Without waiting for anyone from the Green Sparrow Tribe to speak, they voluntarily dropped their weapons and looked up with faces filled with envy and awe at the swiftly appearing figures dressed neatly and full of vitality on the wall.

The Green Sparrow Tribe quickly entered a defensive posture. Although they had seen it before, each time they saw it, they felt a deep sense of awe and dared not entertain any improper thoughts.

After a brief exchange, the gates of the Green Sparrow Tribe opened, and the shivering Green Tribe people entered the courtyard.

The gates were promptly closed and barred from inside.

Wu looked at the group entering the Green Sparrow Tribe with an unusually gentle gaze.

He had the same kind and gentle look when he watched Deer Lord and the others being lured back to the tribe by Han Cheng from Salt Mountain.

"¥"

"Enough talk. Let's eat something first to warm up!"

Upon seeing Han Cheng, the leader of the Green Tribe, was about to greet him and state his request. Before he could finish speaking, Han Cheng, tightly holding his hand, interrupted him.

The eldest senior brother acted as the translator in a timely manner.

Tears welled up in the Green Tribe leader's eyes, partly because of the sincere kindness of the noble Divine Child and partly because his hands were cracked from the cold, and now Han Cheng's firm grip made it hurt...

Following the understanding conveyed by the eldest senior brother, the Green Tribe people behind them were deeply moved one by one.

Although their bodies were icy, their hearts felt warm.

Perhaps they couldn't articulate their feelings accurately in such clear words, but the feeling was profoundly real.

Upon Han Cheng's orders, some quickly headed to the rooms newly built this autumn, lighting the hearths inside.

At the same time, others carried large pots to three rooms to add water and cook food.

Nothing was more comforting in such weather than sitting by the fire and drinking warm soup.

Cooking inside the rooms rather than using the Green Sparrow Tribe's cave as a cafeteria was necessary because the rooms prepared for the Green Tribe had just been lit up, and the temperature hadn't risen yet.

Cooking inside would help raise the temperature faster.

This was also why Han Cheng insisted on braving the cold wind and dragging the Green Tribe leader and his people away from entering the rooms.

The moment they entered from the cold into the warm room left a deeply pleasant impression, aimed at leaving a more profound impression on the Green Tribe people and making them yearn more for their tribe.

Chapter 447: We will join you all

After enjoying the golden millet porridge, warmth spread throughout their bodies.

The cold inside them was driven entirely away.

The people of the Green Tribe finally slowed their eating pace, holding warm bowls in their hands and feeling incredibly comfortable in the warm air around them.

So this was how life could be!

Even in winter, it could be this comfortable.

The people of the Green Tribe thought to themselves.

At this moment, they all began to entertain the thought of how wonderful it would be to live here forever.

Including the Green Tribe leader.

After eating and drinking their fill in such a warm environment, it was easy for people to feel drowsy.

These people who had endured the cold and hardships now relaxed, some lying sideways on the warm beds and falling asleep.

The leader of the Green Tribe also felt like dozing off, but he refrained from doing so because he was still thinking about borrowing food.

As the door darkened, when the Green Tribe leader looked up, he saw the kind shaman and the leader of this tribe approaching.

The Green Tribe leader wanted to greet them but was stopped by Han Cheng's gesture.

Before the Green Tribe leader could speak, Han Cheng inquired about the current situation of the Green Tribe leader.

The Green Tribe leader, who had lost nearly half of his hair, almost cried when he heard Han Cheng's question. Despite his size, he choked up, with red-rimmed eyes, slowly recounting the tragic plight of their tribe to Han Cheng.

As Han Cheng had suspected, the Green Tribe had no food for the winter.

Han Cheng listened attentively as the Green Tribe leader recounted, expressing deep sympathy for their plight.

Hearing this emotional moment, Han, the Great Shaman, wiped his eyes with the sleeve stained with scallion juice, which instantly turned red.

With a hand grasping the hand of the Green Tribe leader, who had become more sensitive due to warmth, Han emotionally said, "Your tribe is in trouble. Why didn't you come earlier? We have spare houses here, each warm enough for your entire tribe to live in..."

The eldest senior brother danced around, translating eagerly.

Because of the frequent contact between the Green Tribe and the Green Sparrow Tribe in recent years, they had gained some understanding of each other's languages, making translations more accurate and effortless.

Upon hearing the translation from the eldest senior brother, tears welled up in the eyes of the Green Tribe leader for quite some time before finally falling uncontrollably...

The Green Tribe members who understood Han Cheng's intentions immediately became hopeful and moved.

Their eyes wandered around the rooms they had never stayed in before. Simply imagining living in these warm rooms for a long time filled them with longing.

The tearful Green Tribe leader almost nodded in agreement, but at the last moment, he stopped himself.

"¥"

He shook his head with difficulty and mentioned the matter of borrowing food.

Han Cheng also shook his head with difficulty.

"Your tribe has no food now. Even if we lend you food, what will you use to repay it later?"

Moreover, you'll still need to trade for delicious salt in the future. Your current food supply is not enough..."

Han Cheng spoke while the eldest senior brother translated beside him. The Green Tribe leader, now understanding Han Cheng's meaning, looked somewhat bewildered.

Indeed, what would they use to repay the borrowed food?

If they didn't trade for salt, it might be somewhat manageable. Still, adding salt to the equation, their resources would be even more inadequate.

In such circumstances, he wouldn't even lend food to such a tribe, would he?

But if they couldn't borrow food, how would his tribe survive this cold winter?

"Join our tribe. Once you join us, you become family. You can live in these warm houses without freezing.

After joining, you'll have plentiful food every day, just like us, without worrying about hunger.

After joining, you'll have salted food every day. Although our salt is hard-won, we don't owe anything to members of the same tribe..."

Han Cheng now seemed like a gentle guide, urging the Green Tribe leader to join the Green Sparrow Tribe.

His voice was highly persuasive.

Yes, just joining this wealthy tribe would solve all their difficulties.

His tribe wouldn't have to live in such hardship anymore.

They wouldn't have to worry about salt and food anymore...

Once the Green Tribe leader understood Han Cheng's intentions from the eldest senior brother, he was immediately moved.

Joining the prosperous Green Sparrow Tribe had been on his mind for a long time.

The two little people had been arguing in his mind for a long time.

On one hand, he truly wanted to join the Green Sparrow Tribe, but on the other hand, as a leader, he instinctively didn't want to give up his tribe.

This conflicting, painful decision has persisted until now.

Ultimately, the little person named 'not joining' gained the upper hand.

"We can refrain from using salt in the future, accumulate food and fur to repay..."

Listening to the translation from the eldest senior brother, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile inwardly. That was because they still had salt to eat now.

Externally, he maintained a sorrowful appearance, seemingly considering the Green Tribe's well-being.

"You may choose not to use salt, but what about the infants and the elderly? They are so young and old. How could they possibly endure without salt?"

"You can eat less food, but what about them? According to your thinking, can they survive this winter?"

"Don't hesitate anymore. There's nothing wrong with joining our tribe. In the future, we'll still live together, and you can still see your tribe members daily..."

Yes, he and others were relatively strong. Going without salt and eating less food in winter wouldn't be a problem. But what about the children and the weak in the tribe?

If that were the case, could they survive this cold winter?

The more the Green Tribe leader thought about it, the more alarmed he became, and the more he felt that joining the Green Sparrow Tribe was excellent.

All these crises could be avoided, and the tribe members could still live together, just like before in the cave...

Han Cheng's thoughtful consideration for the Green Tribe completely dispelled all the leader's doubts.

It made him feel that joining the Green Sparrow Tribe was not shameful. On the contrary, it was precisely for the tribe's sake that he was doing this.

"We will join you."

After a moment of silence, the Green Tribe leader finally said these words that he had hesitated over for a long time.

Before saying it, he felt the weight of those words was unbearable, impossible to say.

Now that he had spoken them, it didn't feel burdensome.

On the contrary, he felt that his previously heavy heart suddenly lightened...

Chapter 448: The shocked Green Tribe people

"¥!"

After the Green Tribe leader agreed to join the Green Sparrow Tribe, the first to cheer were not Han Cheng, the master persuader, the shaman, or the elder brother who had eagerly anticipated the Green Tribe's integration. It was the many Green Tribe people who had been eagerly awaiting this moment.

Seeing the cheers from the Green Tribe people, Han Cheng couldn't contain his joy. This proved that his gradual approach over these years had been correct and indicated that integrating the Green Tribe would be much simpler.

Most importantly, the Green Sparrow Tribe's strength would undergo a significant leap forward.

With reinforced labor, the untouched pigsty and the two paths leading to the fields were finally being repaired... How could he not be delighted?

He gripped the Green Tribe leader's hand tighter, shaking it vigorously to express his sincerity.

Afterward, Han Cheng ordered people to prepare a sumptuous feast to celebrate the joining of the Green Tribe. Upon hearing about the richer food, the Green Tribe leader and the others couldn't help but swallow hard, though they ultimately resisted the temptation of the delicious food.

The Green Tribe leader stood up and mentioned that there were still many people left in their tribe, and there wasn't much food left. It would be best to bring them over first.

Upon hearing this, Han Cheng nodded in agreement. Initially, he had thought that the Green Tribe people had endured a long and arduous journey and would rest in his tribe for two days before bringing some food back to pick up the remaining people to avoid any casualties.

Upon hearing the Green Tribe leader take the initiative to suggest that, Han Cheng agreed. Because he remembered the suffering of the Pig Tribe back then, he was worried about the long nights and dreams.

After all, the Green Tribe people who remained behind were already considered part of their tribe.

After seeing Han Cheng's agreement, the Green Tribe leader brought some food prepared by Han Cheng and prepared to return to the tribe to fetch the remaining people, but was called back by Han Cheng.

Some of the Green Tribe members were left behind, the reason being that their bodies were not strong enough, and making repeated trips in the snowy terrain could easily lead to illness.

This was indeed a very legitimate reason, and considering the well-being of the Green Tribe, the Green Tribe leader quickly agreed upon a bit of thought.

Of course, behind this legitimate reason, some of Han Cheng's subtle intentions were to use these people as ties to the Green Tribe, preventing the Green Tribe leader from suddenly having second thoughts about joining the Green Sparrow Tribe after returning.

In addition to this arrangement, Han Cheng instructed the Eldest Senior Brother and Shang to bring twelve strong members of the Green Sparrow Tribe along with the Green Tribe leader.

The reason was that the journey ahead was fraught with danger, and this time, the Green Tribe intended to bring all the elderly and weak from their tribe rather than making the journey individually.

Things would go much smoother with the help of the Eldest Senior brother and the others.

The Green Tribe leader and the others who understood Han Cheng's intentions felt warm-hearted, moved by Han Cheng's thoughtful consideration and sincerity.

At this moment, the Green Tribe leader felt that bringing people to join the Green Sparrow Tribe was a sage and correct decision...

Their hearts were warm, but they couldn't resist the harsh cold outside.

However, when people like Ruhua followed Han Cheng's orders and brought out thick hats, gloves, and nitre-treated animal skins, the people of the Green Tribe immediately felt warm again.

The numerous and finely crafted warm clothing from the Green Sparrow Tribe was incomparable to their meager winter gear, which was prone to insects and bites.

Now dressed in these garments, everyone from the Green Tribe felt warm.

Warm bodies led to warmer hearts.

The chief of this tribe did not lie; they indeed treated themselves and others as members of the same tribe.

Now, with clothes and hats on, the Green Tribe leader was confident. With this warm clothing, he would surely bring all the remaining people of the tribe safely over.

He believed this was sufficient, yet he had not realized that the people of this tribe had more means left to use.

Afterward, the eight deer that had previously dazzled him were led out. These deer were tied with strange ropes and tethered to peculiar wooden frames behind them...

What does the Divine Child intend to do?

He was planning to return to bring the tribe's people over. Why did he have people lead the deer and drag along some wooden frames?

After pondering these questions, they eventually turned into complete astonishment.

The chief of the Green Tribe sat on a plow adorned with many furs, gripping the wooden handle tightly, fearing he might fall off.

Despite this, he refused to descend and looked ahead in amazement at the deer walking through the snow.

Deer are not just for eating but have such uses.

His mind churned incessantly. When he glanced back at the people walking alongside the plow, his surprise and admiration grew even stronger.

Without walking, they could move forward automatically—a rare sight. For the Green Tribe leader, riding a plow for the first time reshaped his perception of the world.

Heavy snowfall covered the ground, making the roads more difficult to traverse, but the tribe he had just joined had found an ingenious solution!

Not only did they save effort, but it was even more effortless than walking on ordinary days!

Thinking this, he cautiously released one hand from the warm glove and lightly touched his face.

It felt a bit sticky, but there was no pain at all.

Unlike when he arrived, the cold wind had cut numerous tiny cracks into his face...

This tribe was genuinely unique. Faced with difficulties, they always managed to come up with brilliant solutions.

According to the elderly who accompanied them, these were all things the shaman had invented, which deepened the respect of the Green Tribe leader and its people for this seemingly just grown-up shaman.

Unknown to Han Cheng, in the hearts of the newly joined Green Tribe members, he had already been elevated to the highest esteem.

Senior Brother Shang and the others watched the curious and nervous Green Tribe members sit on the plow, all smiling kindly.

When they remembered how they had reacted when they first saw the shaman's various miraculous creations, they were no less impressed than the Green Tribe members.

Before it got dark, under the command of the Eldest Senior Brother, everyone stopped moving forward.

They cleared the accumulated snow in a relatively open area and cleaned out an ample space.

Several makeshift tents made from stitched animal hides were set up.

The people of the Green Tribe's eyes lit up upon seeing them. Considering these things, spending the night would be much more comfortable.

However, what happened next puzzled them. The Green Sparrow Tribe members brought back the cleared snow and piled it layer by layer outside the animal hide tents.

The Green Tribe members exchanged bewildered glances. What were they doing?

Putting snow outside would make it even colder, wouldn't it?

Chapter 449: No one was left behind.

Facing the inquiries from the people of the Green Tribe, the Eldest Senior Brother, and the others smiled without saying a word.

When the Divine Child initially told them about this method, they, too, raised similar questions. However, the reality proved that covering the outer side of the fur tents with thick snow was much warmer than leaving them uncovered.

As for the reasons behind it, the Divine Child had mentioned something about the tents becoming thicker or something like that, which the people didn't quite remember clearly, but the method was meticulously noted.

Now, amid the snowy night, they were putting it into practice.

Once the snow was piled up outside the tent and a fire was lit inside, the Green Tribe leader and the people quickly realized how mistaken their previous ideas had been.

Piling snow outside the tent not only didn't make it colder inside but made it warmer.

With such a simple method and readily available materials, they wondered why their tribe hadn't thought of it.

If they had known, they wouldn't have been so horribly frozen last night...

When asked who came up with such an excellent solution and found out it was the Divine Child again, the Green Tribe leader and the people couldn't help but be amazed.

Was there anything the Divine Child didn't know?

At this moment, Han Cheng, who was preparing to sleep on the tribe's warm, heated bed, hugging the soft Bai Xue, did not know what the Green Tribe and others were thinking. If he knew, he would definitely show a wry smile.

It's not that I know too much, it's that you know too little. Many common sense things in future generations will become unprecedented here...

While the people of the Green Tribe were amazed by the warm snow caves, Senior Brother and the others remained busy.

Tie Tou was melting snow in pottery jars and boiling water.

This hot water wasn't for drinking, but after it was heated, it was sprinkled with salt and used to feed several deer, who bowed their heads and ate grass.

As more uses were developed, this group of deer also gained more attention from the people of the Green Sparrow tribe.

They were used for meat in the past, but now it's completely different.

So Tie Tou took care of these eight deer that came out to pull the plow very carefully.

Not only did he put salt in the hot water, but he also added some shelled millet to the grass they ate.

While Tie Tou fed the deer, Eldest Senior Brother and the others used ropes to wrap the trees around the snow-covered bags and encircled the place where they were going to rest.

Then they drew some rabbit traps placed around where they would rest...

The leader of the Green Tribe and the people of the Green Tribe looked at the busy Eldest Senior Brother and others individually.

"Isn't it enough to find a sheltered spot and light a fire when spending the night outside? Why go to all this trouble?"

However, they couldn't deny that having these things made them feel much more at ease.

The leader of the Green Tribe and the others wanted to help, but they were unable to contribute much. They could only stand around wide-eyed or do the simplest tasks, like boiling water.

The people of this tribe knew so much and could make so many things...

This was the sentiment of all the Green Tribe members...

That night, the people of the Green Tribe slept soundly.

Lying in the warm snow caves, they realized for the first time that spending the winter outside, even in the cold, could be this comfortable...

The following day, after having their meal, they continued their journey toward the Green Tribe.

As they drew closer to their tribe, the Green Tribe members grew more excited. They had found a good place and no longer had to worry about the cold and hunger. The people waiting for them back at the tribe, hoping they'd return with food, would be overjoyed when they heard the news.

However, Shang was walking with a heavy heart. The familiar scene reminded him of what had happened to his tribe a few years ago.

He feared that the people of the Green Tribe might suffer the same fate as his tribe, with the stronger members away, leaving the rest vulnerable to being captured by evil forces.

Because of this, he kept urging the Eldest Senior brother to pick up the pace.

The Eldest Senior brother, aware of Shang's past experiences and understanding his concerns, didn't hesitate. He followed Shang's suggestion and urged everyone to move faster, aiming to reach the Green Tribe as soon as possible.

This gesture moved the Green Tribe members once again...

The Green Tribe's cave was now in sight, and some members cheered as they ran toward it.

Shang's eyes kept scanning the area around the cave. Seeing no signs of disturbance, he finally relaxed.

He had been genuinely worried that the Green Tribe would meet the same tragic fate as his own.

As the tightly shut cave door opened, people rushed out from inside, cheering to welcome their returning kin. Watching this scene, Shang smiled, though his eyes were red with emotion...

"¥ ~"

Inside the Green Tribe's cave, where a large bonfire was burning, the elderly and children who had stayed behind, upon hearing that the leader had agreed to join the Green Sparrow Tribe, not only didn't feel sad but even cheered.

The kindness, wealth, and strength of the Green Sparrow Tribe had been well-known for years. Everyone had fantasized about how wonderful it would be to live in that tribe.

Now that their wish had come true, they were, of course, overjoyed.

The thick, golden millet porridge they were eating received endless praise. They had never imagined that what they once thought was tasteless wild grass could be so delicious.

The salted fish and meat soup were so good that they nearly swallowed their tongues.

With these two dishes as a base, they were even more eager to go to the well-known tribe they had heard so much about.

Watching their tribespeople smile broadly and greedily eat their food, the leader of the Green Tribe felt deeply that joining the Green Sparrow Tribe was the right decision...

After dinner, the Green Tribe members began to pack up their belongings.

Though "packing" wasn't the right word, there wasn't much to pack.

They wore everything they had.

There was almost no food left.

All that remained were a few pieces of pottery, which they had exchanged for many goods from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The next day, after having breakfast in the Green Tribe's rather dirty cave, the senior brother and his group set out.

Aside from those pottery pieces, the only things the Green Tribe took with them were a few crude weapons.

The Eldest senior brother initially didn't want them to bring the pottery since their tribe had plenty of it.

But the Green Tribe's leader insisted as they had traded for these items at a high cost.

Finally, they packed the heavy pottery, placed the smaller ones inside the larger ones, and loaded them onto the sleds, letting the deer pull them.

Some of the elderly and weak members of the Green Tribe, wrapped in the soft, thick furs that had been transported on the sleds, sat on what they saw as miraculous sleds, gradually moving away toward the best tribe they could imagine.

With a better place waiting for them, they didn't feel much sadness about leaving the cave they had lived in for so long.

Only the Green Tribe's leader kept looking back at the open cave entrance, feeling a bit reluctant to leave

Chapter 450: Bathe? This will kill us!

For the Green Tribe, this winter was exceptionally tough and bitterly cold.

But that feeling vanished completely once they arrived at the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Warm clothes, cozy beds, heated houses, hot soups... All of these made them forget about the cold outside.

With these things, the fear-inducing cold that once terrified them didn't seem so dreadful anymore.

The life they once envied and dreamed of living suddenly became a reality.

Moreover, this tribe didn't disappoint them. Everything here was much better than they had imagined.

So much so that many from the Green Tribe found themselves occasionally dazed, wondering if this new life they were living was real.

However, this dazed state didn't last long before they were brought back to reality.

The one who brought them back was the smiling, mysterious, and highly respected Divine Child.

Because the Divine Child said they should bathe!

Once they understood what bathing meant, including the Green Tribe leader, they couldn't help but shudder.

During warmer weather, washing with water was acceptable, but in this season, when water turned to ice, how could anyone endure that?

Wouldn't they freeze to death?

But they had just joined the tribe, and the tribe had given them so many good things. Now, if a request were made, it wouldn't be good for them to refuse.

So, after thinking about it for a while, the Green Tribe leader gritted their teeth, took off their hat and gloves, handed them to a former member of the Green Tribe standing nearby, and then took a step forward.

While untying the ropes of their clothes, they asked Han Cheng, with a pleading expression, if he could bathe alone, and the rest wouldn't need to bathe.

After understanding the Green Tribe leader's intentions from Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng was stunned.

It was just bathing. Why did it feel like a major ordeal?

They say primitive people don't care much about hygiene; today, Han Cheng saw it firsthand.

Han Cheng looked at the Green Tribe leader's strange behavior and shook his head. Bathing was necessary for everyone.

If one person bathed and was clean, what about the dust and uncomfortable little bugs on the others?

Other things could be substituted, but bathing couldn't be replaced.

Seeing Han Cheng shaking his head, the Green Tribe leader became even more anxious. Babbling, they began to untie their clothes, grab a handful of snow, and rub it on their bare chests.

Han Cheng was taken aback by the Green Tribe leader's sudden action, eyes widening in surprise.

Was this guy so bold?

Rubbing snow on their body right in front of so many people?!

Afterward, Han Cheng understood what was happening and couldn't help but burst out laughing.

On the other hand, the Eldest senior brother also understood the Green Tribe leader's intention from his 'babbling' words and conveyed them to Han Cheng.

The bewildered Green Sparrow Tribe members standing beside, taken aback by the Green Tribe leader's bold actions, all suddenly felt relieved.

Watching this scene anxiously, the Green Tribe members couldn't quite understand it. The Green Tribe leader, rubbing snow on their chest, stopped abruptly.

Vaguely, they felt they might have misunderstood something.

"Hurry, stop him..."

Han Cheng spoke up, addressing the Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

After rearranging their clothes neatly, including their hats and gloves, the Green Tribe leader stood there in a daze.

Didn't they say to bathe? Why did they stop themselves?

Was there another way to bathe besides using snow? Even if they used water, wouldn't it be just as cold?

Not only that, but all the Green Tribe members felt dizzy from the esteemed Divine Child's actions.

The misty steam spread through the stone-built room, thick fur curtains blocking the cold air outside. Sitting in a large pottery tub, the Green Tribe leader's skin reddened from the hot water as they wiped some water off their face with their hands, showing a blissful expression.

So bathing in winter wasn't just not cold, but quite comfortable!

Recalling their reaction shortly after hearing the Divine Child talk about bathing, the Green Tribe leader's face flushed rarely.

They had misunderstood. How could the kind-hearted Divine Child possibly suggest something like that?

Just as they were thinking this, not far away in another tub, Eldest Senior Brother stood up, holding a bone-made box containing a piece of soap in his hand.

Initially, he didn't need to bathe. However, considering the Green Tribe had just joined and was unfamiliar with the bathhouse amenities, he came in to accompany them.

The Eldest Senior Brother was quite willing to take on this task. He had long appreciated the comfort of soaking in a hot bath during winter.

"Here, rub it on your body..."

Senior Brother said to the Green Tribe leader, demonstrating as he spoke.

After a while, seeing the Green Tribe leader struggling, Senior Brother couldn't bear it and personally helped apply the soap.

The Green Tribe leader was deeply moved by the smoothness of their skin and the occasional bubble. Even bathing in this tribe was uniquely comfortable and pleasant.

Under Senior Brother's guidance, the Green Tribe leader's emotions deepened even more after experiencing the sauna built on the side.

They even had a feeling of not wanting to leave.

Other members of the Green Tribe had similar thoughts.

However, the Divine Child repeatedly emphasized the rooms that could generate a lot of heat and make people sweat: elders and young children were not allowed in, nor were they allowed to enter alone. This left some people feeling somewhat regretful.

The people emerged from the bathhouse with their hair loose and feeling relaxed all over. After just one session, they fell in love with this bathing method.

The bathed Green Tribe members gathered in the grass-roofed houses assigned to them for residence.

Specialists taught the female primitives and underage females how to braid their hair into twisted braids and use goat horns.

As for the male primitives, the elderly from the Green Sparrow Tribe held sharp iron knives, cutting their cleaned hair bit by bit into short hairstyles like those of the Green Sparrow Tribe men.

After being busy for half a day like this, the Green Tribe members who had just joined the Green Sparrow Tribe were utterly renewed.

This was genuinely starting anew.

With their bath and hairstyles resembling those of the Green Sparrow Tribe members, it was hard to tell the difference between them and the elderly of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng, Wu, and Senior Brother looked at the curious looks exchanged between the newly integrated Green Tribe members, unable to hide their smiles.

This was just the first step in integrating the Green Tribe. A series of measures would follow.

Once these measures were primarily implemented, the Green Tribe members would be nearly fully absorbed and integrated.