

## **Primitive 471**

Chapter 471: Fight a way out

“Help!”

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe did not expect to be discovered before reaching the Donkey Tribe's cave.

However, he reacted quickly. Almost as soon as the woman's voice sounded, his command followed.

The Flying Snake Tribe members stopped hiding and charged straight at the cave entrance, swiftly moving stones and pushing away the stone slabs.

Before the main force of the Donkey Tribe could reach the cave entrance to hold the stone slabs in place, the slabs were already being pushed inward.

The woman who had given the warning couldn't dodge in time, and a falling stone slab crushed her leg, twisting the bone and causing her to scream in pain.

The Flying Snake Tribe members ignored her and trampled over her like a pack of hungry wolves, viciously attacking the others inside the cave.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, carrying a stone spear, approached last and casually used his spear to kill the Donkey Tribe woman who had been trampled on the ground.

Watching the chaotic scene inside, he wore a cruel smile.

This tribe wasn't the damned tribe. Even if they discovered his tribe in advance, it would be useless; his tribe would still kill them!

Of course, the woman's early warning had its effect. If she hadn't alerted the Donkey Tribe leader and given them some time to prepare, the situation for the Donkey Tribe would have been even worse!

“A!”

The sudden warning cry and the ensuing battle left the Donkey Tribe leader and his people feeling unprepared.

They had never anticipated a conflict with another tribe; they wanted to trade peacefully. Yet, the battle erupted suddenly.

And it took place right in their cave!

The Donkey Tribe leader was even more enraged when he recognized that these attackers were from a tribe they had previously traded with and whom he considered lazy.

He swung his stone spear desperately, trying to kill the invaders, but the combat was not the strong suit of his tribe.

Members of the Donkey Tribe were continuously struck by the enemy, either falling to the ground or being killed outright.

Two children who had not managed to retreat to the back were directly impaled by a Flying Snake Tribe member's spear!

With bloodshot eyes, the Donkey Tribe leader faced brutal attacks from the enemies and could only retreat continuously!

After waiting a little longer, he could no longer hold back and shouted.

At his shout, the adults in the tribe gathered around him with all their might and charged desperately outwards.

They fought and pushed through the enemies blocking their path, suffering injuries and bleeding.

However, they ultimately cleared a path and continued to charge out.

Under the orders of the fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, a large portion of his people followed and quickly pursued.

Only twelve people managed to escape with the Donkey Tribe leader, several of whom were seriously wounded.

They ran in a direction after emerging from the cave.

The Flying Snake Tribe members chasing them from behind continued to throw stones and other objects at them.

The Donkey Tribe leader was struck in the right arm by a spear and hit by a stone.

In terms of running away, the Flying Snake Tribe members were no match for the Donkey Tribe, whose skills had been honed over years of long journeys.

However, today was different. Some of those who had escaped were seriously injured, significantly affecting their speed.

“...!”

The Donkey Tribe leader turned to look at the fierce Flying Snake Tribe members behind them and shouted.

The four heavily injured individuals stopped and, trembling with fear of death, used their weapons to block the path of the pursuing Flying Snake Tribe.

Though they feared death, they were even more unwilling to let their tribe be destroyed.

This was why their tribe had survived so long—just as they prioritized feeding the strong over the weak when food was scarce.

It was all about ensuring the survival of the tribe.

Living in a brutal era, they had to fight and struggle in harsh ways to survive.

“Help!”

The Donkey Tribe leader yelled towards the four and the direction of the cave, like a wild beast howling for its lost offspring.

Despite this, he did not dare to stop. Leading the remaining eight, he fled at full speed.

Only by escaping quickly could they avoid the destruction of their tribe.

The Flying Snake Tribe members surged forward, and the four blocking the path were quickly overwhelmed like small sand mounds on the coast being swept away by a huge wave.

However, this brief delay provided the fleeing Donkey Tribe members with a valuable opportunity.

They fled desperately, quickly increasing the distance between themselves and the Flying Snake Tribe.

After a while of chasing, the Flying Snake Tribe members, seeing no results, eventually gave up.

Breathing heavily and victorious, they returned to the cave they had just captured.

There, a feast awaited them—a feast for the victors.

As they passed the four fallen Donkey Tribe members, they carried them off, smiling, towards the cave, like hunters returning with their prey.

Inside the cave, it was a scene of devastation. The previous warmth was gone, replaced by the strong smell of blood and the bodies scattered on the ground.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe looked at the pottery and food grimly.

In the past, receiving such a large pottery and nearly a jar of precious salt would have made him cheer with joy. But now, he felt only disappointment and anger.

The reason was that the current haul was far from what he had anticipated.

He clearly remembered how much valuable pottery and salt the Donkey Tribe had carried when he first encountered them.

They were willing to trade these precious items for less important furs, showing just how much pottery and salt their tribe had!

However, the reality was highly disappointing.

The amount of pottery and salt stored in this tribe was significant, but the gap from his expectations was too large.

It was far less than what the Donkey Tribe had taken to trade with other tribes.

He had hoped for a big score but ended up with this, worsening his mood.

“Where are these from?!”

After a while, he suddenly grabbed an injured Donkey Tribe member who was cowering to the side and, pointing at the pottery and salt, loudly demanded to know how they had come by these items.

Chapter 472: Go to the Strong Tribe

Early the following day, as the sky was beginning to lighten, the tightly shut entrance of the Donkey Tribe’s cave was opened from the outside.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe and his people emerged from within.

The previous day's feast and restful sleep had wiped away all their fatigue, leaving them feeling particularly spirited.

Armed with weapons and full of energy, they set out.

Accompanying them were two Donkey Tribe members who had been captured and had not escaped after being injured.

The two Donkey Tribe members were being led in front by the Flying Snake Tribe members heading straight towards the Green Sparrow Tribe.

**"Move faster!"**

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe was irritated by the two Donkey Tribe members' slow pace and kicked them a few times.

He was eager to reach the Green Sparrow Tribe and seize all their precious pottery and salt, but the two were dragging their feet.

The two terrified Donkey Tribe members had no choice but to endure their pain and hasten their pace to lead the ruthless Flying Snake Tribe members to the affluent tribe.

The fourth leader's mood improved again.

He initially thought that dealing with pottery and salt would be straightforward, but he didn't expect to learn more information from these people.

Due to the language barrier, he couldn't understand most of what they said, but he clearly understood that the salt and pottery the Donkey Tribe had were acquired from another tribe.

So, he set out early in the morning with his people to attack the tribe that possessed the salt and pottery.

He intended to take all the salt and pottery from that tribe, and upon returning to his tribe, he would undoubtedly earn the great praise of the shaman.

Whether the tribe was challenging to conquer or very powerful, the fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe didn't consider it at all.

Since he could remember, he had never seen a tribe stronger than the Flying Snake Tribe.

And there wasn't a tribe the Flying Snake Tribe couldn't defeat.

Regardless of which tribe had the pottery and salt, it didn't matter to him, as he would break through and seize the salt and pottery.

With such ambitious thoughts, he deliberately ignored the tribe that had previously caused him great trouble.

That tribe was just an accident. There were many tribes on this land, and it couldn't be that coincidental for a tribe with strange caves to also possess precious pottery and salt.

Sunlight streamed down, and in a clearing among the trees, the Donkey Tribe leader and eight other members of the Donkey Tribe sat dejectedly.

Most of them were injured. Wounds, fear, and exhaustion... all these factors had left them in a state of utter despair.

The Donkey Tribe leader leaned against a tree, his eyes vacant as he stared at the ground.

Everything that had suddenly happened from yesterday until now left him in a daze.

His tribe had been destroyed just like that. After working so hard to build up the tribe and seeing it flourish day by day...

All of it had been abruptly shattered.

It all felt like a nightmarish dream he wished he could avoid.

The image of lively children being pierced and bleeding out, familiar faces in the tribe lying on the ground with lifeless eyes, the panicked and despairing screams of the people, and the four injured tribe members left to block the enemies...

These images swirled continuously in his mind, causing great emotional turmoil.

The thought of returning to fight those evil people, to kill them and rescue the remaining members of the tribe, had crossed his mind more than once. There were even several times when he had led the remaining people back partway, but in the end, he sat down in despair as if all his strength had been drained away.

He knew that even if they went back, it would be useless. They were no match for that tribe. With so many of their people dead, returning would only destroy the last remaining members of the tribe without changing the outcome.

Time passed slowly, and the sun sank lower into the sky. The Donkey Tribe leader, whose arm was swollen and no longer bleeding, remained silent for a while before suddenly standing up from the ground. A wave of weakness hit him, making him sway.

Ignoring this, he shouted to the remaining eight people.

The eight other Donkey Tribe members, who had also been silent, gradually regained their composure. They stood up from the ground and, despite their weakness, followed their leader, making their way with all their remaining strength.

They were heading towards the affluent and influential tribe to inform them of what had happened and beg for revenge for their tribe.

Their hasty escape had led them off the usual path to that tribe, but it didn't matter. They had spent most of the recent years traveling and could reach that tribe as long as they knew the direction.

The thought of seeking help from the wealthy and powerful tribe strengthened them. Despite their weakened state, they moved through the desolate terrain with determination.

This thought was like the last straw...

The Green Sparrow Tribe continued to be peaceful as usual. The first batch of millet had been stored indoors, and the second batch had also been harvested in good weather.

With the millet filling several rooms, everyone felt secure; having food on hand meant no worries.

The last batch of autumn silkworms had spun their cocoons the day before.

Some larger cocoons were kept to allow them to transform into moths and produce the next generation. The rest were collected by Bai Xue, the silkworm caretaker, who threw them into a pot of boiling water.

Unlike before, when she would open the cocoons to extract the pupae and fry them, this time, all the cocoons were placed directly into the pot.

Bai Xue, who had mastered weaving with hemp thread, wanted to try weaving with silk cocoons. Brother Cheng said that silk thread fabric was better than hemp fabric.

She had started experimenting with this after the previous batch of cocoons matured, but the results were far from satisfactory, almost a complete failure.

The problem wasn't with the weaving machine but with the cocoons. Before she could extract the silk, moths had already emerged from the damaged cocoons.

The silk broke quickly with holes in the cocoons, which was very frustrating. It was even more upsetting than her inability to grow a bigger belly during that period.

It wasn't until she consulted Brother Cheng that she solved this problem...

As the pot's water boiled, the cocoons floated and rolled around in the hot water. The boiling water killed the pupae inside the cocoons, preventing them from turning into moths and ensuring that the cocoons wouldn't break.

#### Chapter 473: Instantly Cowardly Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe

The sun set and rose again and then set once more.

The Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, holding a weapon, was leading his people on their journey.

Along the way, he occasionally kicked the two exhausted and injured Donkey Tribe members who had been leading them. They were weary from fear, injury, and the long trek.

The leader was impatient to reach the tribe with the salt and pottery and seize it all, but frustratingly, despite traveling for so long, they had not yet arrived.

So, the two Donkey Tribe guides suffered greatly.

As the light grew brighter and the forest ended, glimpses of the outside landscape appeared through the trees. One of the battered Donkey Tribe members pointed outside and spoke urgently.

Though the Flying Snake leader couldn't understand the words, he guessed the general meaning. It seemed they had arrived at the tribe's location.

Upon hearing this, the Flying Snake leader was uncontrollably excited. Finally, they were almost there!

He focused intently on the forest's edge.

Through the sparse trees and over a bare stretch of land, his gaze settled on a yellowish-brown cliff.

The Flying Snake leader was momentarily stunned. There was no sign of the cave—how could they have arrived?

Just as he was about to kick the Donkey Tribe member, he was suddenly taken aback.

After a moment of confusion, he turned his head sharply toward the cliff.

His eyes were fixed on the yellowish-brown cliff, and he was momentarily dazed.

Memories of several years ago came rushing back to his mind.

Thick snow, fallen tribesmen, the yellowish-brown cliff, people standing on the cliff, thrown spears, and steaming blood...

The scene from his memory gradually merged with the cliff before him, disorienting the Flying Snake leader.

His previous ambitions and fierceness were suddenly frozen in place.

The tribe with the valuable pottery and salt was indeed the same tribe that had once caused him a significant loss.

What a coincidence!

The Flying Snake leader's heart tightened.

Back in his tribe, he had often imagined what it would be like to retake this tribe and exact revenge.

But now, having unexpectedly returned to this tribe, he couldn't muster any desire to attack.

The other Flying Snake tribe members also realized they had reached their destination.

The valuable pottery and delicious salt made them anxious to proceed.

Some were puzzled to see the Flying Snake leader standing there, dazed, instead of quickly locating the cave and killing the inhabitants.

One of them spoke up to remind him.

The Flying Snake leader, still scanning the cliff inch by inch, finally spotted a small figure on the cliff.

His heart sank sharply.

This cunning tribe had indeed stationed guards on the cliff as before.

Lost in these thoughts, he was jolted by his companion's voice, causing him to drop his weapon.

Furious, the Flying Snake leader snapped angrily, scolding in a low voice before slapping the offending companion.

The excited Flying Snake tribesman was momentarily stunned. He couldn't understand why the leader had struck him.

Wasn't it urgent to find the tribe with the salt and pottery and charge in?

Why had he been hit for merely mentioning it?

Even more confusing was that after hitting him, the Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe picked up his weapon, lowered his voice, and instructed everyone to remain silent. Then he led them back, retreating deeper into the forest.

He kept glancing back toward the forest's edge as if fearing someone might come after them.

What was wrong with the leader?

He had always been the type to grab his weapon and charge, so why was he now so cautious and fearful?

After retreating into the forest for a while and letting out a long sigh, the Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe and many of his people were puzzled.

Of course, not everyone felt this way. A few Flying Snake tribe members, who had fought in the brutal battle against the Green Sparrow Tribe years ago, reacted similarly to the leader.

Finally, someone voiced their confusion. The Flying Snake leader, wanting to hit the person who spoke, thought better of it and restrained himself. He angrily pointed toward the forest's edge and shouted in a low voice.

After a while, the Flying Snake tribe members understood the situation.

As they looked toward that direction, their faces were marked by fear and a hint of panic.

It turned out that the tribe with the salt and pottery was indeed the same one that had once defeated them so badly.

This revelation hit them like a bucket of cold water, leaving them momentarily stunned.

They looked to the Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, waiting for him to decide.

The leader, feeling conflicted between wanting to avoid the terrifying tribe and his unwillingness to give up the valuable pottery and salt, remained silent for a moment.

Eventually, he sent someone to observe the situation up close before making any further decisions.

He instructed the others to stay hidden and, along with three companions, cautiously approached the edge of the forest.

They crouched by the grass at the forest's edge, nervously surveying the open area and the yellowish-brown cliff.

The distance was still too great to look at the tribe's situation, but the Flying Snake leader dared not get any closer. The open area made it easy to be spotted.

The memory of past encounters made him wary of making any reckless moves.

Additionally, people were near the yellowish-brown cliff holding various items, but it was unclear what they were doing.

Getting closer would increase the risk of being discovered.

As the Flying Snake leader quietly observed the yellowish-brown cliff, the sun's rays cast a daunting shadow, making the cliff appear even more imposing and forbidding.



Suddenly, the sharp sound of drums echoed from afar, accompanied by urgent shouts.

The people near the yellowish-brown cliff immediately rushed to the other side.

The Flying Snake leader's heart raced. Having been here before, he knew this was the warning signal of the tribe ahead!

Chapter 474: Leave the Walls and Attack

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, lying in the dirt, broke out in a cold sweat.

Had he been discovered?

As this thought crossed his mind, he wanted to jump up and flee, worried that the tribe's people would rush out and kill him.

The battle from a few years ago had left him with a significant psychological scar.

At that moment, he noticed something else.

A few staggering figures appeared a certain distance away from him.

These people had just emerged from the forest, and upon hearing the alarm from the strange tribe, they not only did not stop but hurried towards the strange tribe with all their might.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe recognized these figures as the dark-skinned tribe leader who had previously escaped from them.

What were they doing here?

Seeking help?

Feeling a false alarm, the fourth leader of the Flying Snake Tribe lay even more flat against the ground, watching the stumbling figures heading towards the strange tribe with a look of confusion and puzzlement.

He wanted to go out and kill these people, but it was merely a thought.

He looked at the numerous people appearing on the strange cliff from a distance and could only lie still and do nothing.

Within the Green Sparrow Tribe.

When the alarm went off, Han Cheng crouched on the ground with Bai Xue, slowly drawing threads from the boiled silkworm cocoons.

This was genuine silk extraction.

It wasn't easy without prior practice.

When the alarm sounded, Han Cheng stood up, still holding a silkworm cocoon with its head opened, and slowly wrapped the silk around a wooden stick.

The other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe reacted quickly but did not expect a significant incident.

After all, a large quantity of fruit was ripening and was a season of ample food. Usually, no tribe would launch an attack during this time.

However, this thought quickly diminished, and everyone's mood shifted from indifference to seriousness.

“What?”

Surprised by the announcement, Han Cheng passed the silk cocoon to Bai Xue and hurried with the Eldest Senior Brother, who had a serious expression, towards the gate.

Climbing up the ladder to the wall, Han Cheng saw several people from the Donkey Tribe standing at the gate.

The Donkey Tribe leader and his companions were in a pitiful state. They supported each other, looking hopeful and pleading as they gazed up at the wall.

Upon seeing Han Cheng appear, the Donkey Tribe leader's eyes lit up, and his expression became even more pleading.

“...”

He weakly spoke, pleading for help.

Seeing this, Han Cheng's heart tightened. The Donkey Tribe had likely been attacked, most likely by another tribe.

After confirming that only these few members of the Donkey Tribe were around, Han Cheng ordered the gate to be opened to let the nine members in and quickly descended the ladder himself.

“...”

The Donkey Tribe leader was in a pitiful state, with deep-set eyes and cracked, dry lips.

The worst injury was to one arm, severely swollen, with yellow fluid oozing from it.

The other seven were in almost as bad a condition, all bearing wounds.

When the Donkey Tribe leader saw Han Cheng, he began to lament and plead.

At this point, he had no other options; all he could think of was this wealthy and powerful tribe.

They had previously defeated the attacks from the evil tribe and had annihilated the Bone Tribe that had attacked them.

Now that his tribe had faced utter devastation, the only chance for revenge lay with this wealthy, powerful, and kind tribe.

Without this thought supporting him, he might have collapsed on the road.

"Don't rush. Take your time to explain," Han Cheng said to the anxious Donkey Tribe leader.

He then had people support them in the courtyard.

The tribe's gate was tightly shut, and many people stood on the walls.

Someone brought some cool water, which the members of the Donkey Tribe drank greedily, improving their condition somewhat.

The leader set the cup aside and continued to speak, pleading with the Green Sparrow Tribe to help them exact revenge.

To this end, the Donkey Tribe leader even promised to join the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng's expression darkened, and the Green Sparrow Tribe members who heard the news also looked troubled.

Especially Shang, who had a similar experience with the Donkey Tribe.

Faced with the Donkey Tribe leader's plea, Han Cheng did not immediately agree. After a moment of silence, he asked the Eldest Senior Brother to inquire about the details of the situation.

After a long while, Han Cheng clenched his fist and instructed the people on the walls to be extra cautious. He also directed the Eldest Senior Brother and others to prepare weapons and food, planning to send people to the Donkey Tribe to investigate.

The militant Shang was the most enthusiastic. He wondered if the evil tribe attacking the Donkey Tribe was the same one that had attacked their tribe before.

On the other hand, Shaman appeared worried and expressed his concerns clearly.

He did not want the tribe members to wade into this mess. Being old, he wanted to develop and quietly watch the tribe grow stronger.

The recent death of Fire One made him cherish the tribe's population even more.

Moreover, from the Donkey Tribe's account, he knew that the attacking tribe was powerful and numerous.

Sending their people there might result in casualties if they encountered that tribe.

He expressed his worries by pointing at the walls, indicating his deeper fears.

Without the walls as their greatest defense, Shaman's anxiety was hard to dispel.

Han Cheng understood Shaman's concerns, but it was necessary to go. Some things had to be faced and could not be avoided.

**"If we don't go, they will surely attack our tribe one day. By going now, we can learn more about them."**

Han Cheng persuaded Shaman.

He was not speaking recklessly; his words were based on truth.

From the Donkey Tribe leader's account, Han Cheng learned that the attack was due to pottery and salt.

The pottery and salt from the Donkey Tribe had been exchanged from their tribe.

There was a significant possibility that the attackers would trace their way to their tribe.

Even if they couldn't come immediately, over time, they would eventually reach their tribe.

Rather than living in constant fear, it was better to take the initiative to understand the situation and gather information about the enemy.

Of course, Han Cheng's decision was also directly related to the significant increase in the tribe's strength after the recent merger with the Bone Tribe and the Green Tribe.

If the population were still as sparse as before, Han Cheng would never have allowed the tribe members to leave the safety of the walls and take the offensive.

Chapter 475: Kill them all!

Han Cheng persuaded the shaman and he no longer objected to sending the people from the tribe to the Donkey Tribe, though the worry in his eyes could not be dispelled.

Under Han Cheng's orders, the Green Sparrow Tribe people quickly mobilized. The Vine Shield, Spear, Archery, and Sling Team gathered in the courtyard, totaling eighty-three people, looking quite impressive.

Due to its small overall number, the Green Sparrow Tribe, like other tribes of this era, followed the policy of universal military service. Almost all adults participated in the training.

Even Hei Wa and Lame were involved. However, they would not be assigned to combat teams or allowed to participate in external battles. They would only take part in the tribe's defense if the tribe were attacked. Their importance to the tribe was too great for Han Cheng to risk losing them.

Han Cheng selected fifty-three people from those who were prepared.

Fifteen each from the Vine Shield Team, Archery Team, and Spear Team, and eight from the Sling Team.

The Eldest Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, and Shang team leaders went out to lead their respective teams. The successful diet-reduced Second Senior Brother stayed behind to guard the tribe with the remaining people.

The Donkey Tribe's leader could not give a precise number of the attackers. Han Cheng asked in various ways before finally getting a rough idea of the numbers. The enemy had more strong adults than the Donkey Tribe, but not by much. There were twenty-three strong adults in the Donkey Tribe, and the enemy tribe likely had around thirty.

So Han Cheng sent out fifty-three people.

With these fifty-three well-trained and well-equipped tribal warriors, defeating the enemy tribe was not a problem.

“Be careful on the road; they might come toward our tribe...”

Han Cheng instructed the Eldest Senior Brother, who nodded solemnly.

Now an adult, Han Cheng originally intended to lead the team personally. However, the shaman strongly opposed it, fearing for his safety. Not just the shaman but also the Eldest Senior Brother and others persuaded Han Cheng not to go and promised to defeat the enemy. So, Han Cheng had to relent.

“Warriors of the Green Sparrow Tribe!”

After instructing the Eldest Brother, Han Cheng stepped in front of the fifty-three selected individuals, raised his voice, and gave a pre-battle pep talk.

“There is an evil tribe approaching us!

They want to kill our people! Steal our pottery and salt!

They want to occupy our homes! Take our food!

What should we do in the face of such a tribe?”

Han Cheng looked at everyone, speaking loudly.

As his voice rang out, the battle spirit of the Green Sparrow Tribe began to rise rapidly. These were things they had worked hard to acquire; they depended on them for survival. Now, another tribe wanted to take it away—how could that be tolerated?

Thinking of this, even those who were a bit scared about the upcoming battle had their fighting spirit ignited.

“Kill them!”

The belligerent Shang’s chest heaved, his eyes slightly reddened, gripping his spear tightly.

After Han Cheng’s words, he shouted.

“Kill them!”

“Kill them!”

“Kill them!”

The others waved their weapons, joining in the shout, their momentum impressive.

They were not an evil tribe and did not want to conflict with other tribes, but when other tribes tried to bully them and steal their belongings, they could also unleash overwhelming courage and combat power!

“Divine Child, I want to go too!”

“Divine Child, I’m going as well...”

The remaining people on the sidelines came over to petition, influenced by the atmosphere and wanting to join the fight. Han Cheng, of course, refused their request. If everyone went out, who would protect the tribe?

The tribe was their foundation.

The leader of the Donkey Tribe and a few others from their tribe watched in shock as the Green Sparrow people, who were now full of energy and spirit, felt excitement and envy.

If their tribe had so many people and such strength, they wouldn't be in such a dire situation, facing the threat of being overrun by an evil tribe.

At that moment, the Donkey Tribe leader suddenly realized that to thrive, it wasn't enough to have enough food; a tribe also needed powerful strength to defend everything!

He and the remaining few approached the esteemed Divine Child and excitedly and firmly expressed their desire to return with him.

A friendly tribe was helping their tribe, rescuing their people—how could they stay behind and not participate?

Han Cheng didn't want them to go; they were too tired and weak. However, he couldn't argue with them and, after a while, left three of the more severely injured and immobile individuals behind. The Donkey Tribe leader and the other six joined the main force of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

“Good!”

The belligerent Shang patted the Donkey Tribe leader on the shoulder. He was pleased with the Donkey Tribe leader's request to join the fight. The earlier discomfort caused by the Donkey Tribe leader breaking away from the tribe had vanished.

With the gates of the Green Sparrow Tribe wide open, the Green Sparrow Tribe members, who had drunk a bowl of fortifying liquor, walked out through the open gates.

Armed with weapons and led by the leader, the Eldest Senior Brother, they followed the stone-paved road towards the east side of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

This was the Green Sparrow Tribe's second expedition.

Their route was the one frequently used by the Donkey Tribe.

Due to increased trade between the Donkey Tribe and the Green Sparrow Tribe in recent years, their travels had worn down a clearly defined path.

As Master Lu said, the more a path is traveled, the clearer it becomes.

The team was divided into two groups, marching side by side along the winding stone-paved road, entering the forest, and heading towards the Donkey Tribe.

The forest was, as usual, empty. The people from the Flying Snake Tribe who had previously been here were nowhere to be seen.

At the courtyard entrance, Han Cheng and the others watched the Eldest Senior Brother and his team leave. After they entered the forest, Han Cheng turned and returned to the tribe.

The courtyard gate was tightly shut, and the remaining people were on high alert, with many standing on the walls.

Compared to before, the Green Sparrow Tribe had grown significantly. Even with fifty-three people sent out at once, there were still enough left behind to guard the tribe.

In addition to the thirty people assigned to the combat teams, others not on the designated teams could also take up weapons and participate in defending the tribe!

In the forest, at a hidden spot some distance from the path worn by the Donkey Tribe, the fourth leader of the Teng Snake Tribe lay low, not daring to move, as did the rest of their group.

They watched in shock and panic as the people walked by.

They had not expected that this tribe with the strange caves would have so many adults! Moreover, the adults in this tribe looked even stronger than their tribe.

Overall, they appeared stronger than their tribe!

After the shock, they felt a deep sense of relief. Thankfully, their leader had moved them to a new location not long ago. If they had still been in their old spot, facing this tribe with strange weapons and a much larger number, they would likely have been in grave danger.

The Teng Snake Tribe's four leaders, realizing they couldn't withstand the strength of this formidable tribe, began to retreat slowly, preparing to sneak away.

However, they suddenly stopped when they realized something. With so many people gone from the tribe, few adults were left behind. Now might be the perfect time to attack...

Chapter 476: Won the Flying Snake Tribe in an unseen manner

The sudden idea greatly excited the Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe.

The more he thought about it, the more feasible it seemed.

He remembered that when they last attacked this tribe, the number of people in it was small.

Even if the population of this tribe had increased a bit over time, it wouldn't have grown too much.

With so many strong adults having just gone out, the remaining number in the tribe would be limited.

Moreover, he was leading the valiant warriors of the Flying Snake Tribe. With such a force, the chances of capturing this tribe were extremely high!

They often took advantage of other tribes' vulnerabilities by launching sudden attacks.

When the Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe shared this plan with those around him, their excitement grew.

The people of the Flying Snake Tribe emerged from their hiding places and headed towards the edge of the forest.

There, a wealthy tribe possessed a large number of pottery and salt. Now, this tribe would be attacked, and these precious items would all belong to them!

The Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, leading the way, was so excited that his body slightly trembled. After all this time, he was back at the base of this tribe. This time, he was determined to kill everyone in this tribe!

However, his excitement quickly vanished, and not just him—everyone from the Flying Snake Tribe who was thrilled earlier was now stunned.

They looked straight ahead through the sparse forest as if frozen like ice sculptures.

Through the thinning trees, they saw that the strange mountain wall in the distance was crowded with people.

There were no fewer people than before!

What... what is happening?

How did this tribe suddenly have so many people?

Even though their own tribe often attacked other tribes and recruited some of the population, their population growth rate was not as fast as this tribe's!

The Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe was disoriented in the wind.

What kind of tribe is this?

Their population growth rate certainly could not compare to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Many of the people they had captured in the past had been eaten, and with the harsh living conditions, it was a miracle that their population growth rate could match that of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe did not know why. All he saw were the results.

He looked at the crowd of heads on the strange mountain wall, then glanced back at his own meagerly small group. After a stunned silence, he suddenly turned and ran into the deeper forest behind them.

He no longer dared to stay here or attack this strange and frightening tribe.

The other Flying Snake Tribe members followed suit, turning and running into the forest behind them...

Within the Green Sparrow Tribe, many people were on the walls. Besides the adults, even the older children had climbed up the walls.

The fate of the Donkey Tribe had shocked them and made them more aware of the evil tribes.

In their panic, more than anything, there was a rising sense of anger and determination to defend their tribe.

They would not allow anyone to come and attack what they had built with their hands!

Han Cheng also stood on the wall, looking at the silent surroundings and the fearless Green Sparrow Tribe members. Feeling the atmosphere, he showed a hint of a smile.

People walked on the high walls as dusk fell, carrying weapons and vigilantly observing their surroundings.

The number of people on patrol had increased from three to six.

Inside the room, Han Cheng and the shaman were discussing the situation.

They were speculating about which tribe had attacked the Donkey Tribe.



Was it the same tribe that had attacked them a few years ago and captured the remaining people from the Pig Tribe?

After some discussion, Han Cheng ruled out the possibility that the same tribe carried out the two attacks.

He had learned from the Donkey Tribe's leader that the tribe that attacked them had followed them from a distant location and launched a surprise attack on their tribe.

Given the long distance and the time gap between the two incidents, it was unlikely they were the work of the same tribe.

This meant there could very well be two evil tribes near their tribe.

This wasn't good news, especially since the recently appeared tribe seemed interested in salt and pottery. The likelihood of their tribe being targeted by other tribes increased.

Although the wall offered some protection, if their tribe had been well-prepared, major losses could have been avoided. However, the constant threat of potential danger was unsettling.

He didn't know when or where these evil tribes might strike.

Moreover, many of the tribe's activities required going beyond the wall, which made people even more anxious.

It was hoped that the Eldest Senior Brother and his team would encounter the members of this evil tribe.

If they captured some of them, they could trace them back to the tribe's lair and eliminate them in one decisive blow.

This would remove the threat once and for all.

After some discussion, Han Cheng noticed that it was getting late. He advised the shaman to rest first and decided to check the tribe before going to sleep himself.

The shaman shook his head and followed Han Cheng to inspect the area together.

This old man had a deep-rooted love for the tribe. Although often idle, he always stepped up when significant issues arose, dedicating his aging body to the tribe.

Seeing the shaman wanting to come along, Han Cheng did not refuse. Instead, he found a large fur cloak for the shaman to wear.

The night was fantastic outside, and he didn't want the shaman to catch a cold.

With the passing of Fire One, Han Cheng became more concerned about the health of the remaining elders and about any potential accidents.

After inspecting the main gate and speaking with the sentries on the wall, Han Cheng gave some instructions before returning to his room with the shaman.

That night, Han Cheng watched the situation outside, contemplated various issues, and only fell asleep after a long while.

The night passed without incident. The next day, Han Cheng wanted to set up more defensive measures around the tribe.

However, since the Eldest Senior Brother and his team had not yet returned and could not be sure whether the tribe that attacked the Donkey Tribe might bring them along, he decided to postpone further actions.

At this moment, being cautious was the best course of action.

#### Chapter 477: Missed Opportunities and Preparations for Battle

In the cave of the Donkey Tribe, which is some distance from the Green Sparrow Tribe, the exhausted Donkey Tribe leader wept uncontrollably in front of everyone amidst the debris scattered everywhere.

There were white bones from eaten flesh, some corpses that had begun to stink after death, and buzzing flies and white maggots...

All the pottery and salt the tribe once had were gone, even the broken pieces, with some larger fragments also taken away...

The Eldest Senior Brother and his team searched the area around the Donkey Tribe but found no traces of the evil tribe.

Fire rose as the dead members of the Donkey Tribe were burned.

After the flames died down, the Donkey Tribe leader grabbed some of the slightly hot ashes and partially burnt bones and scattered them around the perimeter of the cave where they once lived.

After doing this, he came before the Eldest Senior Brother and spoke.

He implied that he had previously been to the cave of the evil tribe and could lead the Eldest Senior Brother and his team there to annihilate the evil tribe.

The belligerent warrior Shang, frustrated by the inability to find the evil tribe, immediately brightened when he understood the Donkey Tribe leader's meaning.

He looked at the Eldest Senior Brother with hope, urging him to agree quickly and lead everyone to attack the evil tribe.

The scene at the Donkey Tribe's cave reminded him of the harm his own tribe had suffered, and he was deeply stirred, eager to go to the evil tribe immediately and kill everyone there.

Third Senior Brother also had some anticipation.

In this anticipation, after thinking for a while, the Eldest Senior Brother slowly shook his head.

Although slow, it was extremely firm.

He believed this was a significant matter that needed to be discussed with the Divine Child and the Shaman before action was taken, and they couldn't just rush in.

Moreover, they were not prepared for a long journey and did not have enough food.

With so many people, relying solely on hunting along the way would not be sufficient without bringing extra provisions.

As the long-term leader of the tribe, the Eldest Senior Brother had to be more thorough and cautious in his decision-making than ordinary people.

The Donkey Tribe leader and Shang tried to persuade him, but seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother was unmoved, they dared not say more and could only return to the tribe with the animal hides they had painstakingly exchanged for.

The Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe deemed these hides unimportant, so they were not taken.

Inside the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng and the Shaman listened to the reports from the Eldest Senior Brother's team.

Seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother did not follow the Donkey Tribe leader's advice and did not lead the team to find the evil tribe, Han Cheng smiled and patted the Eldest Senior Brother's shoulder, expressing approval for his decision.

Indeed, acting hastily at that time was not appropriate.

Shang and the Donkey Tribe leader, seeing the Divine Child praising the Eldest Senior Brother, felt somewhat ashamed and lowered their heads.

Han Cheng approached them, comforted them with a smile, and affirmed their courage.

The two raised their heads again with a glimmer of light in their eyes.

“Divine Child, will we still attack that evil tribe?”

“Yes, we must attack, but not at this moment.

The evil tribe is too far from us; we must prepare more.

Besides, he also needs to recover more; otherwise, he might not make it to the evil tribe.”

Han Cheng said, pointing at the severely exhausted Donkey Tribe leader.

Upon hearing that they would still attack the evil tribe, Shang immediately brightened up. Looking at the exhausted Donkey Tribe leader beside him, he fully agreed with the Divine Child's words.

If the Donkey Tribe leader died, it would be much harder to find the tribe again.

The Eldest Senior Brother, observing all this, scratched his head, feeling somewhat confused.

His intention seemed similar to the Divine Child's, right?

Why was it that they accepted them when he expressed his views but weren't very happy, whereas when the Divine Child said the same thing, they were readily agreeable?

With these matters settled for the moment, Han Cheng quickly arranged for people to tend to the wounds of the Donkey Tribe members.

These people were now considered part of their tribe.

The three who remained in the tribe and had more severe injuries had stabilized after several days of treatment and rest.

However, those with lighter injuries were in more trouble.

Their wounds had not been treated promptly and were significantly exacerbated by the long journey.

The Donkey Tribe leader and two others were in relatively better condition, with their wounds mostly scabbed over, but the remaining three were in poor shape.

Their wounds had become infected and were festering, and they had developed fevers.

Despite Han Cheng's guidance, including removing the rotting flesh, cleaning with saline and willow branch water, wrapping them with fine cloth, and brewing an infusion of Bupleurum root, two of them still died.

The Donkey Tribe leader was deeply remorseful about this.

Now, including the leader, only seven members of the Donkey Tribe remained.

Meanwhile, the Green Sparrow Tribe was actively preparing for battle.

They cut meat into pieces, boiled it vigorously in ceramic jars, and then cooled it into meat jelly in ceramic pots.

Several simple water mills for pounding rice were continuously in use.

Others were cleaning and maintaining weapons.

People were also working outside the tribe, but unlike before, everyone was extremely vigilant and carried weapons.

They no longer worked separately; each area had a group of five working together.

In the woods around the Green Sparrow Tribe's fields, people dug the ground to set traps.

These were not for capturing prey but for enhancing the tribe's defenses.

The traps were quite sturdy, and small animals passing over them would not be harmed.

Each trap had one or more markings that the Green Sparrow Tribe members could understand to prevent accidentally injuring their people.

At one trap, Han Cheng repeatedly explained to Deer Lord and Fu Jiang, pointing out the marks and surroundings to ensure they understood.

After thorough instruction, he picked up a large stone and threw it into the trap.

With a cloud of dust, the once-flat surface immediately collapsed, revealing sharp sticks underneath.

The commotion startled Deer Lord, who took two steps back, stretching his neck to watch warily. Fu Jiang, less brave, hid behind Han Cheng and made whimpering noises towards the trap as if to protest.

Han Cheng was satisfied and then took the two to check the next trap, ensuring they remembered the locations and markings.

Chapter 478: Brush Past again!

Eight days later, the prepared Green Sparrow Tribe warriors, now in much better condition, led by the Eldest Senior Brother, set out towards the evil tribe.

For their safety, the Green Sparrow Tribe warriors took proactive measures. This time, the group had grown to sixty people, as Han Cheng wanted to be more cautious. The tribe itself was well-prepared with numerous arrangements and a significant number of adults, making it much stronger than when Han Cheng left the tribe to follow the river downstream. There was no need to worry.

This time, they were determined to eliminate the evil tribe.

Han Cheng stood on the wall, silently reciting in his heart as he watched the Eldest Senior Brother and the others depart. As for the possibility of casualties among their people, he deliberately chose not to think about it.

While the Eldest Senior Brother and the others were away, the remaining Green Sparrow Tribe members were not idle; they were still busy outside. Initially, the shaman did not want them to do this, as they would suffer more significant losses if attacked outside the compound. However, reality soon forced them to relent.

The fruits in the orchard were ripening in large quantities and needed to be picked and transported to the tribe. The rapeseed also needed to be planted soon, requiring the land to be prepared in advance.

For the Green Sparrow Tribe, these were crucial tasks that could not be neglected. However, when carrying out these tasks, the tribe members did not go out individually but in groups of ten or more, always carrying weapons.

Han Cheng also released Fu Jiang and the other four small Fu Jiangs, along with the third generation of dogs, to patrol around the tribe.

These traps were designed to catch humans and were made robustly. Not only had Fu Jiang previously identified their locations with Han Cheng, but even without identification, stepping on them would not typically cause any issues. Their weight was insufficient to collapse the traps.

Despite this, the shaman remained worried about potential accidents within the tribe. Han Cheng was somewhat concerned but not as anxiously worried as the shaman. Even though the likelihood of the evil tribe coming now was lower than before, if they did come, the tribe would still be in no better position with the Eldest Senior Brother and others away.

Han Cheng could only continually reassure the shaman to ease his worries and maintain a relaxed demeanor to influence and calm everyone's nerves.

During these somewhat uneasy days, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others, under the guidance of the former donkey tribe leader, gradually approached the evil tribe's cave.

“Hold on, send someone to check the situation quietly.”

When they were still a certain distance from the cave, the Eldest Senior Brother gave the order.

The Green Sparrow Tribe members, having traveled a long way, stopped in the forest as instructed. A few armed individuals accompanied the former donkey tribe leader as they slowly approached the cave.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others watched them leave, gripping their weapons tightly and preparing for an immediate strike.

The former donkey tribe leader, whose arm had healed significantly, carried a stone spear with his good arm as he led the way, his eyes showing a fierce and vengeful excitement.

His eyes were slightly reddened, and he looked menacing.

This time, bringing more people than the evil tribe and with stronger combat capabilities!

They would rescue the surviving members of their own tribe and kill everyone in the evil tribe!

Just like when they killed the people of their tribe!

With such thoughts, the entrance to the tribe's cave came into view.

The former donkey tribe leader and a few Green Sparrow Tribe members hid here, quietly watching the cave entrance.

The cave was open, and the surroundings were eerily quiet, with no one seen coming in or out.

After waiting a while, one person returned to report the situation to the Eldest Senior Brother, while the others slowly approached the cave...

**“Not a single person?”**

The Eldest Senior Brother and his armed companions, standing inside the cave, looked around in stunned silence.

The cave was deserted, with no people, no constant fire burning, and even the essential food and weapons were missing.

It appeared to be a completely abandoned hollow.

**“Did you possibly remember the location wrong?”**

The Eldest Senior Brother looked at the former donkey tribe leader, who anxiously scratched his head and asked.

The former donkey tribe leader shook his head vigorously. He was confident he hadn't made a mistake; he had been leading his tribe in trade for years and had never previously mistaken a location.

Seeing the former donkey tribe leader's certainty, the Eldest Senior Brother couldn't help but scratch his head.

From the situation here, it seemed the cave had been uninhabited for some time. The evil tribe should have left after attacking the donkey tribe.

But why hadn't they returned? Such migration was usually undesirable for most tribes.

Or did they foresee that the others would come to attack them?

The Eldest Senior Brother shook his head. Even a demigod might not foresee such things, let alone the people of the evil tribe.

He ordered his people to split into several teams to search for traces around the tribe but found nothing.

By now, night had fallen, and the Eldest Senior Brother decided to rest in the cave.

The cave was safer than outside, and he hoped to wait longer for the evil tribe to appear. They had traveled for many days to get here, only to see nothing; it was pretty disheartening.

Most importantly, if they did not dismantle the evil tribe, the potential threat to their tribe would remain unresolved...

The night passed quietly without any visitors. Despite their reluctance, the Eldest Senior Brother and his team had to return to their tribe.

In this era, finding a tribe without any visible sign of it was exceedingly difficult.

Time moves forward a bit, back to when the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe fled in a panic from the outskirts of the Green Sparrow tribe.

After a frantic escape, the distance from the strange tribe increased, and the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe finally settled down.

He did not return to the temporary residence but instead, after avoiding the tribe, headed west.

Having discovered valuable salt and pottery, he planned to return to the tribe early and convey this exciting news.

It could be anticipated that the shaman would be thrilled to learn that he had brought back so many precious items and discovered the tribe's location possessing them.

And he would become a revered figure in the tribe.

#### Chapter 479: Send Scouts

The wind blew, causing leaves to sway and fall, landing on Cao Geng's tangled hair.

Feeling a bit irritated, Cao Geng brushed the leaves off his head and continued staring into the distance.

As he stared, he muttered curses about the dark tribe that had yet to appear.

He had already been beaten several times because of this. If that tribe didn't show up soon, he would surely be beaten again.

Just as he was worrying about this, he suddenly noticed figures appearing in the distance—first one, then a second, and a third.

After a brief moment of surprise, Cao Geng's heart leaped with joy and quickly focused his gaze.

A moment later, he was even more delighted because he could see from afar that these people were carrying clay pots on their shoulders.

Cao Geng shouted excitedly and ran toward the tribe to bring this good news to the Leader.

The second leader of the Flying Snake Tribe was feeling frustrated due to the delayed arrival of that tribe. But when he suddenly saw Cao Geng running toward him, panting and looking overjoyed, he also felt a surge of excitement.

Upon hearing from Cao Geng that the tribe had finally arrived, the second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe also became thrilled. He quickly gathered his men, preparing to capture the tribe that had finally shown up and take their valuable pottery and salt back to the prominent tribe.

They grabbed their weapons and eagerly followed Cao Geng, but after walking for a short while, they stopped in their tracks, dumbfounded.

Indeed, the newcomers were carrying valuable pottery, but those carrying it were not from the dark tribe—they were their own tribe members!

“What the...?”

The second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe pointed at the pottery, his face filled with astonishment.

He couldn't understand why their tribe members carried the pottery.

The fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe saw the shocked expressions of the second Leader and the others and felt extremely pleased with himself. Even the frustration he had felt earlier from not being able to do anything about that strange tribe was now gone.

With great pride, he recounted his glorious deeds to the second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe.

Cao Geng got beaten again, and it was the second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe who hit him. The reason was that they had waited so long here, based on Cao Geng's information, without seeing the dark tribe, while the fourth Leader had already obtained the precious salt and pottery elsewhere.

After hearing the fourth Leader mention that the dark tribe had obtained their pottery and salt through trade with another tribe—and that this other tribe had even more pottery and salt—the second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe immediately stood up. It proposed that they join forces to attack that tribe.

However, to his surprise, the fourth Leader shook his head and refused.

“What...?”

After a brief moment of confusion, the second Leader pointed at the fourth Leader and mocked him. Since when was the Flying Snake Tribe afraid of anyone?

This guy hadn't attacked the tribe before, and now, even though the two of them had more men to lead, he still didn't dare to go after them. Such behavior was genuinely despicable.

Facing the second Leader's ridicule, the fourth Leader's face turned red with anger.

He responded just as angrily, revealing the identity of the tribe that owned the salt and pottery.



Upon learning that this was the same tribe they had jointly attacked before and suffered a great defeat, the second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe fell silent and no longer spoke of leading an attack.

The battle in the icy wasteland from years ago had also left a deep impression on him.

After resting here for a day, the second and fourth Leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe, along with their people, left the area and set out for the main tribe.

The second Leader's task had been to wait for the Donkey Tribe to obtain salt and pottery.

Now that the fourth Leader and his men had defeated the dark tribe, he no longer needed to stay here.

After the Flying Snake Tribe's branch, lingering here for nearly a year, left, the place quickly fell into silence again...

The fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe was correct in his thinking. When they returned to the prominent tribe with salt and pottery, they were given a warm welcome.

Seeing many pottery items and nearly a whole jar of salt, even the usually reserved shaman couldn't help but let out a joyful laugh.

That evening, he got to taste food seasoned with salt. The shaman, who had been without salt for some time, praised the fourth Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe endlessly after eating the salty food and immediately promoted him to the position of the third Leader.

The leader of the Flying Snake Tribe and others, after licking their clay bowls clean, looked at the numerous pieces of pottery and the nearly full jar of salt that had been brought back. They began discussing with the shaman about attacking the tribe from which these items had come.

After experiencing it, the wonderful taste of salt was unforgettable, and it had been very difficult for them to spend time without it.

Now that they had news of the salt and pottery, they were eager to attack and take everything back to their tribe.

They believe such precious items should belong to their tribe and no other tribe deserves to possess them.

As for the strange caves that had made the second and third Leaders anxious and fearful, they didn't seem like much of a concern anymore.

Their tribe now had a terrifying one-horned beast. With it, the strange caves of that tribe were nothing to worry about.

Looking at the one-horned beast lying nearby like a massive boulder and recalling how easily it had broken through the caves, even the second and third Leaders, who had once suffered a major defeat at the walls of the Green Sparrow Tribe, felt a surge of confidence.

Yes, with this one-horned beast on their side, no matter how strange or populous that tribe's caves were, they would be no match for their tribe.

They looked at the shaman with eager faces, hoping he would immediately agree.

They were already impatient to attack that cursed tribe and kill everyone inside.

However, the shaman remained silent for a long time. It was only after quite a while that he slowly shook his head.

The Leaders looked at each other in confusion, not understanding why the shaman had made such a decision.

In their view, with the one-horned beast and the many warriors in their tribe, attacking and defeating that tribe should not be a problem.

The tribe's leader spoke up, asking if this meant they would no longer be attacking that tribe.

The shaman slowly shook his head again, deepening the others' confusion as they couldn't understand what the shaman meant by this.

The shaman then began to explain his plan slowly.

He suggested that they first send a few people to scout around that tribe carefully. Meanwhile, their tribe should take this time to store up food. Once the scouts returned with information, they would decide on their next course of action based on the situation...

#### Chapter 480: Catch a Glimpse of a Secret

Compared to the warlike nature of the leaders, the shaman of the Flying Tribe was much more composed.

As the tribe's wise one, he thought long-term and was cautious. The devastating defeat they experienced long ago left a deep impression on him. In his memory, their tribe had never faced such a catastrophic loss before.

That defeat had a significant impact on the tribe, and it took a long time for the adult population to recover to its pre-loss level. Because of this, when he learned that the pottery and salt were from that tribe, he became very cautious. Even though their tribe possessed a unicorn beast, he did not act recklessly.

Seeing the shaman's firm attitude, the leaders said no more and slept. Amid the flickering firelight, the shaman lay there but did not fall asleep quickly. He kept pondering the information about the mysterious tribe he had received.

Strange caves, formidable combat power, precious salt, and pottery, rapidly increasing population...

What kind of tribe was this?

He tried hard to recall any information passed down from the previous shaman about such strange tribes but was at a loss. The previous shaman had never encountered such an unusual tribe.

After thinking for a long time, his head spinning, he finally fell asleep.

The following day, the Flying Tribe members became busy. Under the leadership of the four chiefs, they quickly began gathering food. They had seen the precious pottery and salt, and the shaman said that once they had collected enough food, they would lead them to attack the strange tribe and retrieve the larger quantities of salt and pottery from them.

While they were gathering food, five people left the main group and headed east. They were the original scouts sent by the shaman to gather information about the Green Sparrow Tribe.

They carried sturdy tree branch weapons and had grass baskets on their backs, which were filled with stones and long-lasting food.

When they set out from their tribe towards the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Eldest Senior Brother and his group, who had returned empty-handed, were back in their tribe.

Han Cheng thought their trip would be almost undoubtedly successful, but the outcome was unexpected. While he was glad that no one in their tribe had died, he was also worried. Because the evil tribe had not been eradicated, their tribe could not fully relax.

In the courtyard, Han Cheng sat in silence, reflecting on recent events and why the evil tribe had not returned to their original residence after attacking the Donkey Tribe.

They should have returned logically. From the Donkey Tribe chief's account, he knew that the evil tribe had not suffered significant losses during the attack.

Such a battle should have been a great victory for the evil tribe. Especially since the Donkey Tribe had a considerable amount of pottery and salt.

With so many spoils, they should have returned to their tribe to celebrate or regroup.

Yet the current situation was far from what was expected.

What exactly was going on?

Han Cheng was troubled by these thoughts, unable to find a solution despite his deep contemplation.

After pondering for a long time with no clear direction, Han Cheng called in the Eldest Senior Brother, the Donkey Tribe chief, and the remaining members of the Donkey Tribe to question them again about their encounter with the strange tribe.

The answers they gave were the same as before.

As Han Cheng questioned them, he noticed that one of the Donkey Tribe members seemed eager to speak, so he asked him to share what he knew.

The man began speaking rapidly, and the Eldest Senior Brother, looking somewhat confused, said, "Divine Son, he mentioned that they didn't see any minors or elderly people in the evil tribe's cave."

No minors or elderly people? Han Cheng was slightly taken aback. This was indeed quite strange.

Every tribe has minors and elderly people, but this tribe seemed to have none, which was puzzling.

As he pondered this, a sudden thought flashed through his mind.

With many adults but no minors and recalling what the Donkey Tribe chief had said about the tribe's stored furs being very few and all new, the idea became clearer.

The cave Eldest Senior Brother and the others had visited might have been only a temporary residence for that tribe, while the tribe had other permanent residences.

After attacking the Donkey Tribe, they probably returned to their original residence, where the minors and elderly lived.

This explains the current puzzling situation.

The more Han Cheng thought about it, the more plausible it seemed. However, his relief was short-lived as another concern arose.

The evil tribe's power must be significant.

This situation suggested that the tribe's population was likely substantial. If everyone lived in one tribe, the resources around the tribe would not be sufficient to sustain everyone, so some people would need to be separated.

These people would be sent to distant places to hunt and gather food, alleviating the pressure on the original tribe.

Han Cheng fell silent, realizing that a large and powerful evil tribe was not good news for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

He thought for a while and then shared his conclusions with the shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, and others.

The shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother were surprised and impressed by the Divine Son's ability to deduce so much.

As Han Cheng explained his reasoning, they followed his lead and found it increasingly convincing. This led to a somber mood among them.

For the Green Sparrow Tribe, the most distressing aspect was not just the existence of a potentially powerful enemy but the unknown location of this tribe.

Being in the dark while the enemy remains hidden was the most passive and troubling situation.

Han Cheng didn't have a good solution for this. All he could do was strengthen his vigilance, maintain his weapons, and increase the intensity of his training.

Days passed, and the anticipated enemy still did not appear, making Han Cheng increasingly uncertain and anxious.

The feeling of knowing that danger is imminent but not knowing when, where, or in what form it will come was highly unsettling.

Meanwhile, in this anxious waiting period, the five scouts from the Flying Tribe were gradually approaching the Green Sparrow Tribe...