

Primitive 491

Chapter 491: If the young men are strong, the tribe is strong; if the young women are strong...

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe stood there for a while, then spoke and led the unicorn forward.

He did not use the Flying Snake Tribe's usual ambushing tactics by hiding and launching a surprise attack.

One reason was that he saw a large open area between the forest and the yellowish mountain wall, where there was no way to hide. Moreover, he had heard from the Flying Snake Tribe's third leader that the rest of the strange tribe's territory was similar, and the strange caves were guarded by people, making it easy to spot their movements.

Another reason was that the large unicorn's presence eliminated the need for concealment. They could simply charge through and break open the cave, just like the previous time they attacked that tribe.

"Someone! Someone! Many, many people!"

The green sparrow Tribe had been waiting for the Flying Snake Tribe's arrival for days. The guards on the wall had their eyes wide open, constantly scanning the area outside the wall. With many leaves fallen and visibility clear, they spotted the Flying Snake Tribe before they even fully emerged from the forest.

The alarm bells rang, and the warning shouts began.

The enemy appeared from the west, while the east was signaled with bare beast skin flags, indicating no presence there.

When Han Cheng heard the alarm, he stood up from a rock. After waiting so long, the tribe had finally arrived!

Many people were already waiting in the Green Sparrow Tribe's courtyard. Hearing the alarm, those who had been eagerly anticipating quickly climbed the ladders to the walls, taking their pre-assigned positions.

They swiftly picked up their weapons and prepared for the tribe's defense.

However, as the chief, the eldest senior brother did not go up the wall this time. He and all the people in the Vine Shield team and Spear team stayed off the wall.

Instead, they were arrayed inside the tribe, not far from the main gate, quietly waiting.

Only the archers, slingers, and a few remaining non-regular personnel stood on the wall. These non-regulars were mostly also archers.

Under Han Cheng's guidance, even the non-regulars practiced archery. Han Cheng could hit targets within thirty meters with eight out of ten shots.

Some adolescents rushed out of the houses, saying they wanted to defend the tribe as well.

Han Cheng initially considered sending them back but reconsidered and let them stay.

When facing an invasion, the courage to defend one's home and country should never be lost. In this lawless and survival-driven barbaric era, such courage is even more crucial.

"If the youth are strong, the tribe is strong; if the young women are strong..." the tribe is also vital.

This era dictated that the tribe must face conflicts with other tribes, making it impossible to focus solely on development.

Thus, Han Cheng allowed the Green Sparrow Tribe's youths to go up the wall.

The shaman was worried, fearing the young ones might get hurt. However, when he saw that Han Cheng had pointed to the east wall, where no enemy was coming from, his worries were alleviated. It was relatively safe there, but it allowed them to experience the battle atmosphere up close.

Seeing the adolescents reluctantly head to the east wall, Han Cheng also approached the front wall. As an adult, he would also participate in this battle.

Taking a few steps forward, Han Cheng sensed someone following him and turned around to find it was the shaman.

"Shaman, you don't need to go up. We already have enough people."

Given the shaman's advanced age, Han Cheng didn't want him involved. If something were to go wrong, it would be a significant loss.

Although the shaman's role was now less crucial, his status remained high. If Han Cheng were away, the shaman would become the tribe's backbone, a role even the eldest senior brother could not match.

The shaman shook his head and pointed to the adolescents, quickly climbing the eastern wall.

Han Cheng, with no other choice, agreed.

"Divine Child!"

"Divine Child!"

The eldest brother and Shang, who stayed below, could not help but shout.

With the great enemy approaching, they felt uneasy about remaining on the ground while others went up the wall. Despite being explained their roles and the situation by the Divine Child, seeing the adolescents and shaman climbing the wall still left them restless.

"Wait down there! Don't move around. Be ready; there will be a time for you to contribute!"

Hearing their shouts, Han Cheng turned and shouted before climbing up the wall.

Through the gaps between the people on the wall, Han Cheng looked outside and saw a group of people on the western open ground.

These people were carrying stone spears and wooden sticks, wrapped in animal skins, approaching the tribe without any attempt to hide.

At the front of this group was a large, cumbersome figure that dwarfed the others beside it.

Han Cheng squinted and observed from afar.

This creature resembled the rhinoceroses he had seen in the animal world in later times, but with a notable difference: it had long fur.

Woolly Rhinoceros?

The name suddenly came to Han Cheng's mind, and he nodded, concluding that this must be it.

The people on the wall also saw the massive creature approaching the tribe.

Although the Divine Child had informed them of this beast and had prepared them somewhat, seeing it approach the tribe still triggered some panic.

“Don't panic! This isn't a monster; it's similar to the prey we hunt, just larger. Its meat is just as delicious!

Its fur is also solid and warm!”

Seeing the state of the crowd, Han Cheng quickly spoke up to reassure them.

Primitive people were indeed standard food enthusiasts. By associating the woolly rhinoceros with tasty meat, Han Cheng eased some panic from seeing the large creature.

The Divine Child was right; this beast had plenty of meat, equivalent to many other game animals.

“There are traps we dug out there. Even our smaller traps could kill tigers. The ones we have now are larger and more numerous, and they will take down this rhinoceros!”

Han Cheng loudly proclaimed their most significant reliance.

In this era, only the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe understood Mandarin, so there was no concern about the approaching Flying Snake Tribe overhearing and discovering their secrets.

Sometimes, a language barrier could be an advantage.

Chapter 492: Green Sparrow Tribe was looked down upon

The sudden appearance of the massive rhinoceros inevitably shocked the Sparrow Tribe people, who had never seen such a large creature before.

However, with Han Cheng's timely intervention, this shock quickly dissipated.

Especially when Han Cheng mentioned that they had already prepared traps to deal with the rhinoceros, the fear in everyone's hearts was almost entirely alleviated.

Yes! How could they have forgotten that?

The Divine child was right; if the small traps they used to kill fierce tigers could still be effective, then the larger and more numerous traps they had prepared would certainly be able to handle this massive rhinoceros!

With a sense of relief after realizing this, the people of the Sparrow Tribe, armed with weapons, scrutinized the group of people who were now closer to the tribe.

The Third Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, holding a stone spear, seemed somewhat servile as he followed the shaman. His sharp eyes were filled with pride and a hint of malice as he stared at the strange figures on the peculiar cliff.

He had seen the panicked reactions of people encountering unicorn monsters before, so he looked at the Green Sparrow Tribe people with intense scrutiny.

His purpose was to witness how these people, who had once caused him great trouble, would react with fear and disarray.

Their reaction did not disappoint him; they indeed appeared panicked.

A smile appeared on the Third Leader's face, and most Flying Snake Tribe members also wore similar expressions.

However, their smiles did not last long. As some strange words began to faintly emanate from the peculiar cliff, those who had initially been fearful and agitated gradually quieted down.

This scene left the Third Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe extremely surprised.

What had that person shouted? How did it manage to calm everyone down so effectively?

Unwilling to accept this outcome, he thought to himself and then shook his head. These people must have been stunned into silence by the unicorn monster.

He glanced back at the unicorn monster, feeling a bit apprehensive.

Even someone like him, who frequently dealt with unicorn monsters, dared not come too close. It was unimaginable for those who had never seen such creatures before.

They must have been scared senseless!

Convinced that the Green Sparrow Tribe people were stunned by fear, the previous expression of superiority returned to the Third Leader's face.

If Master Lu knew that such a person existed in ancient times, he would be astonished to find that this fellow bore a striking resemblance to his fictional character, Ah Q.

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe was also surprised by the Sparrow Tribe's reaction to the unicorn.

Why did they seem so unafraid? What had that person shouted?

At the same time, he continued to scrutinize the peculiar cliff.

The tribe had many people, but the ones who appeared strong seemed few.

Their weapons were strange; he had never seen or heard of them.

A tribe like this wouldn't be too difficult to fight against...

However, one thing troubled him: the tribe's cave was too strange, and he couldn't locate the entrance.

Because of this, he refrained from acting recklessly and maintained a certain distance from the Sparrow Tribe, slowly circling them.

He didn't believe that the peculiar cave of this tribe lacked an entrance.

On the wall, Han Cheng observed the actions of the Flying Snake Tribe with a smile.

Just charge through the main gate. It will be a problem if you don't and recklessly crash around.

At the same time, his gaze quickly scanned the members of the Flying Snake Tribe, counting their numbers.

There were quite a few, between one hundred twenty and one hundred thirty. The exact number was complex because they were too far away, constantly moving and standing in a chaotic, crowded bunch. **r**

Shaman felt worried seeing so many people, but Han Cheng was excited. These people were here to deliver slaves!

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe led his people from the western side of the Green Sparrow Tribe's wall to the southern side and saw the weird cave entrance blocked by wood.

This discovery made him even happier. The cave entrance blocked by stones couldn't withstand the impact of a unicorn, let alone these wooden barriers that were not as solid as stones.

All it would take was for the unicorn to charge and apply some force to break through.

Then, his tribe's people could follow and easily capture this tribe.

Everything in this tribe would belong to theirs!

The numerous, exquisite pottery and the endless, delicious salt—just imagining these readily available things made the Flying Snake Tribe's shaman ecstatic.

As for the people standing atop the strange cave, he didn't pay much attention.

They were calm now because they hadn't yet witnessed how terrifying the unicorns could be when charging!

Once they saw their most significant reliance being easily destroyed by the unicorns, they would panic and lose their fighting ability, making them easy prey!

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe led the unicorn and other excited members of the Flying Snake Tribe toward the Green Sparrow Tribe's main gate.

They stopped only when less than eighty meters were remaining.

In their understanding, this was a considerable distance.

At such a distance, even the most vital members of their tribe couldn't throw that far.

Even if the people in this tribe were standing higher, they still couldn't throw weapons that far.

All members of the Flying Snake Tribe believed this, as it had been proven in their previous attacks on other tribes.

Even throwing spears, which are advantageous for throwing, couldn't reach this distance, let alone the curved wooden weapons many of these people held.

The second and third leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe, who had previously attacked the Green Sparrow Tribe, also didn't think there was any issue with this distance.

They remembered very clearly that this tribe couldn't throw that far.

Back then, the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have bows and arrows.

On the wall, Third Senior Brother drew back the bow wrapped in snakeskin, aiming the iron-tipped arrows at the shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe.

Standing on the wall at this distance, he was confident he could shoot down the person who looked like the leader with a single arrow.

Nearby, the Second Senior Brother, holding a sling, also wanted to swing his arm and smash the person pointing at their tribe's gate.

“Wait! We can't kill him now!”

After seeing their actions, Han Cheng quickly intervened.

The leader-like person couldn't die at this moment.

If he died now, the remaining people would likely be too scared to continue attacking and would turn and flee. Han Cheng wanted to take this opportunity to severely strike the Flying Snake Tribe and reduce their adequate strength, so his objective wouldn't be achieved if the leader was killed prematurely.

Chapter 493: A single bite to devour the unicorn—The Devil's Mouth

Aside from weakening the living force of the Flying Snake Tribe, there's another crucial reason to deal with this rhinoceros.

No matter how you look at it, the rhinoceros is more troublesome than the tribe's weapons. If the rhinoceros isn't taken care of now and the Flying Snake Tribe manages to leave with it, it will spell serious trouble for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Finding another good opportunity and setting up traps to capture it will be extremely difficult. Furthermore, as long as the rhinoceros is alive, eliminating the Flying Snake Tribe won't be easy either. Its presence remains a huge threat to the tribe.

After hearing Han Cheng's words, the Third Senior Brother slowly relaxed his bowstring, and the Second Senior Brother, holding a sling, also stopped his actions.

They decided to wait until the evil tribe's people got closer to the wall before launching their attack.

Meanwhile, the shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe, who was unaware he had already circled the edge of danger, continued speaking to his people. He instructed them to prepare and follow the rhinoceros for the attack.

The enthusiastic Flying Snake Tribe members nodded continuously, showing their complete understanding.

In truth, they would have done this even without the shaman's instructions; they were already eager to enter the strange cave of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Primitive people are always straightforward, even in battle. Without any war cries or exchange of names, the shaman removed the basket he carried on his back. Inside was the kind of grass the rhinoceros loved to eat.

He had specifically had it collected on the way here. Although the grass was uncommon and the basket contained little, it was enough to lure the rhinoceros to attack the tribe.

The fastest runner in the Flying Snake Tribe, experienced in such tasks, took the basket and opened it, pulling out a bundle of grass tied with vine.

He quickly threw the basket aside, distanced himself from the rhinoceros as much as possible, and waved the bundle of grass in front of the somewhat dazed rhinoceros.

The rhinoceros, which had been sluggish just moments before, immediately became animated. Its heavy mouth opened, and its rough tongue stretched out, swiftly reaching for the bundle of its favorite food.

The person, already prepared, avoided the rhinoceros's reach and quickly retreated a few steps, continuing to tease it.

Rhinoceroses are known for their single-minded aggression and can't tolerate such teasing. Within moments, it became enraged. Snorting angrily, it charged at the person.

This was the chance the person had been waiting for. Seeing that the rhinoceros was successfully provoked, he ran with all his might toward the Green Sparrow Tribe's gate.

The chasing rhinoceros followed closely, unwilling to let up.

"Don't shoot! Don't attack! It's about to fall into the trap!" Han Cheng, watching the dramatic scene from the wall, shouted, reminding everyone not to lose their composure.

At this moment, it was crucial not to kill the person leading the rhinoceros.

On the wall, many people, seeing this terrifying scene, were tempted to draw their bows for self-defense. Hearing the divine child's shout, they managed to suppress this urge and maintain their focus.

This is precisely why Han Cheng, who had built such a high reputation over the years, could achieve this effect. It wouldn't have had the same impact if it were someone else, even if it were the shaman speaking.

The person leading the rhinoceros towards the Green Sparrow Tribe's gate constantly worried that those standing in the strange cave would attack him. He was overjoyed to see that no attack came and ran even faster.

Fear and delight mixed, and he overlooked even the difference in sound and feel under his feet as he ran.

The Flying Snake Tribe's shaman and others watching this scene were initially puzzled by the tribe's people's lack of attack but soon realized the reason.

These people were paralyzed with fear by the rhinoceros and had forgotten to attack.

Realizing this, the Flying Snake Tribe's people showed smug and malicious smiles. This tribe would be at their mercy!

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe shouted. The eagerly waiting members, roaring and waving their weapons, charged toward the Green Sparrow Tribe with great fervor.

They had waited too long for this!

Among them, the third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe was the most excited and ran the fastest.

He was finally attacking this tribe again and was determined not to fail this time!

Normally, his nature wouldn't have had his charge so far ahead, but this time was different. First, the shaman was watching from behind. Second, charging behind the rhinoceros was relatively safe. Third, this was a nearly foolproof and advantageous operation.

The crooked-nosed Cao Geng, who had just gotten up from the ground covered in footprints, angrily cursed. He had been tripped by those rushing ahead at such a crucial moment!

This was incredibly frustrating!

He hobbled forward, trying to catch up, unwilling to miss such a good opportunity.

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe, standing behind and not moving, watched the scene with flushed cheeks and intense emotions.

“Boom!”

“Roar~! Roar~”

The Flying Snake Tribe member, running fast, had reached the Green Sparrow Tribe's gate. As he forcefully shoved the grass into the wooden gate, he looked back, fearing the frenzied rhinoceros might catch up with him.

But just as he turned, an unforgettable horror scene appeared before his eyes without warning!

The previously solid ground collapsed, and a large pit appeared on the once-even surface.

The enormous rhinoceros, seen by their tribe as a war weapon, plunged headlong into the deep pit and disappeared.

It was as if the ground had suddenly opened its mouth and swallowed the massive rhinoceros!

Amidst the swirling dust, the anguished roars of the rhinoceros filled the air, chilling to the bone.

The man stood frozen. His actions of stuffing grass into the wooden gate ceased unconsciously, the grass falling to the ground, oblivious to the situation...

Chapter 494: Death of Flying Snake Tribe's Third Leader

The third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe's face froze in an excited, grimace-like smile.

Others at the front with similar reactions also instinctively slowed their pace, no longer daring to advance.

The once-solid ground had suddenly collapsed, and the rhinoceros, which seemed unbeatable, was swallowed whole.

Seeing such a terrifying thing happen before him would be strange if he continued to charge forward!

Although he had stopped, his body still moved toward the frightening deep pit.

First, he had run too fast earlier and couldn't immediately stop. Second, the people behind him hadn't seen the horrifying scene.

The noise of the collapsing ground and the rhinoceros falling into the trap was overshadowed by their excited shouting and became much fainter.

Some people vaguely heard noises but didn't think much of it. No one expected the rhinoceros to face such a disaster.

Others, hearing the rhinoceros' roar and feeling the vibrations underfoot, became even more excited and impatient.

They couldn't see what was happening ahead and assumed the noise was from the ferocious rhinoceros attacking the cave. No cave could withstand such an impact; the wooden-blocked cave would surely be breached after such a blow!

Eager to rush into the cave, kill enemies, and seize it, they pushed forward with increasing speed and force, fearing that if they were too slow, they would miss out on the good things.

The third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe shouted in terror. His feet were firmly planted on the ground, and he leaned backward with all his strength, trying to push against the people behind him.

He wanted to stop the people behind, hoping to distance himself from the demon's mouth quickly. However, nothing he tried succeeded.

No matter how desperately he shouted or how hard he pushed back, his body continued to move uncontrollably forward.

Amidst his terrified cries, the third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe reached the edge of the demon's mouth. He desperately grabbed at a nearby person, like a drowning man clutching at a last straw.

Despairingly, the person he grabbed was also pushed around, and soon, both of them fell into the demon's mouth, with intense pain following.

The third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe didn't die immediately after falling into the trap, just like the rhinoceros, who also didn't die immediately.

At the brink of life and death, his potential was triggered. Ignoring the sharp pain, he struggled to push away the people crushing him and attempted to escape the demon's mouth.

Like the rhinoceros, it was bleeding and trembling on its hind legs, trying to stand and leave.

The third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe wished more than anyone else for the rhinoceros to escape the demon's mouth.

This wish was not because he still wanted the rhinoceros to attack the damned tribe, but because the rhinoceros' raised, the plump rear was directly in his face!

Heaven is strange and often ignores human requests. Instead, it tends to act contrary.

The rhinoceros' struggle was unsuccessful.

Just after the third leader of the Flying Snake Tribe made his heartfelt plea, the rhinoceros' trembling hind legs gave out, and it plopped back down.

The third leader's eyes widened like the suddenly enlarged rear before him, and then a strong impact hit him.

Darkness and pain enveloped him, accompanied by suffocation and an unusual warmth.

“Roar~”

The pain-stricken rhinoceros roared out...

“Fire!”

On the wall, Han Cheng, with his eyes sharp and focused on the scene, saw that the rhinoceros had fallen into the trap and that the pursuing Flying Snake Tribe members were now within effective range of the arrows. After observing the chaos, he made a decisive command to attack.

The sight of the rushing rhinoceros suddenly falling into the trap, like the collapse of the heavens and earth, also impacted the hearts and minds of the Green Sparrow Tribe members.

They could see everything more clearly from their elevated position on the wall. Even though they had set the trap themselves, witnessing this scene was still shocking and terrifying.

However, this moment of fear was brief, and it quickly turned into joy and anger toward the enemy as Han Cheng's attack order was issued.

As the divine child had predicted, the trap directly eliminated the enemy's greatest asset, bringing relief to the Green Sparrow Tribe members.

They then drew their bows and began shooting at the disordered enemy.

At this range, which was even closer than during their regular archery practice, the target was more accessible to hit with so many people packed together.

Dozens of bows and several sling stones were simultaneously fired, with a storm of arrows and heavy stones raining down on the clustered Flying Snake Tribe members.

In an instant, the sound of arrows hitting flesh and the dull thuds of stones striking bodies filled the air, accompanied by cries of pain.

Within moments, over a dozen Flying Snake Tribe members who were utterly unprepared were hit. This group was stunned by the sudden scene of the rhinoceros being swallowed up and was eager to rush into the tribe to seize things.

Combined with the fact that the Green Sparrow Tribe members had not attacked during the rhinoceros's charge, leading them to believe the Green Sparrow Tribe was paralyzed with fear, they forgot that the Green Sparrow Tribe could still fight back.

These factors caused them to forget that the Green Sparrow Tribe could counterattack.

The rain of arrows and stones left them momentarily dazed.

The cries of those hit by arrows and the blood flowing from their wounds quickly silenced their frantic and agitated minds, filling them with fear.

They never imagined they would witness such a scene!

Even those hit by arrows and crying out in pain were bewildered, unable to believe that this tribe could launch such a fierce attack.

Yet, whether they believed it or not, the arrows continued to rain relentlessly, shattering their dreams and consuming their lives!

Someone finally reacted, shouting in terror and fleeing desperately.

At this moment, he had completely forgotten about the alluring salt and pottery of the tribe and was only focused on escaping this terrifying place and leaving the frightening tribe behind...

Chapter 495: Flying Snake Tribe's Shaman's Death

When the faint roar of the unicorn reached him, the Flying Snake Tribe shaman was momentarily stunned.

Unlike the others in the tribe, he had personally raised the unicorn.

So, he recognized that this roar was different from the usual; it seemed to carry pain.

What was happening?

How could the tough-skinned unicorn emit such a pained cry?

Wasn't the cave blocked with wood?

The unicorn could easily break through stone barriers, but now it was in pain from a wooden one.

After a brief moment of bewilderment, the Flying Snake Tribe shaman began to feel anxious.

The crowd obstructed his view because he was positioned at the back, and he couldn't see what was happening ahead.

He quickly moved to the side, trying to bypass the people in front.

But just a few steps later, an unexpected scene unfolded before him.

Those who had not retaliated since their arrival, whom he thought were paralyzed with fear, began to launch their attack.

However, the shaman was puzzled because they didn't throw the strange weapons they held but pulled something.

Then, small feathered sticks flew out.

Were the people from this tribe so foolish? Could such tiny sticks hurt someone?

The tribe was not foolish; these small sticks could indeed inflict harm, and the damage was substantial!

The Flying Snake Tribe shaman stopped in his tracks, staring blankly at those in his tribe who were hit by the tiny sticks, either lying still or crying out in pain, completely stunned.

After a moment, a deep fear arose from within him.

Not only had his tribe members suffered significant injuries in just moments, but more importantly, he had not seen any sign of the unicorn after moving to the side!

According to experience, the unicorn should have already breached the cave by now.

But now, the cave blocked by wood remained intact, and the unicorn had vanished without a trace!

Moreover, those from the tribe charging forward should have almost reached the peculiar cave by now.

Yet, despite their fierce charge, they were still stalled in front of the tribe.

What on earth was happening?!

The Flying Snake Tribe shaman, who always considered himself very clever, found his mind in utter chaos.

What was happening before him was inexplicable, completely overturning his expectations.

Everything he had been certain about was not happening, and everything unfolded in ways he could never have imagined.

He suddenly shouted hoarsely, trying to call back the people in his tribe, as in the brief moment of his stupor, those feathered sticks had struck many more.

He no longer cared about the exquisite pottery or the delicious salt; he only wanted to lead his tribe to leave this place as quickly as possible.

The events happening below the tribe filled him with immense fear.

His fear quickly dissipated as the two long-range pea shooters of the Green Sparrow Tribe on the wall noticed him.

The second elder brother swung his sling rapidly, creating a blurred motion in the air.

Then he released it, and the stone bullet wrapped in the sling flew out with an inaudible whoosh, heading straight for the Flying Snake Tribe shaman at the back.

A moment behind him, Third Senior Brother released the snake-skinned bow he held. An iron-tipped feathered arrow shot out, streaking through the air like a shooting star.

“Bang!”

A stone bullet struck the Flying Snake Tribe shaman, who thought he was at a safe distance, right on the head, splitting it open.

In an instant, blood splattered everywhere.

The bloodied stone bounced off the ground, and the Flying Snake Tribe shaman instinctively covered his head with his hands.

Before his pained cries could entirely escape his lips, a feathered arrow that followed soon after pierced through his chest.

The already terrible scream changed pitch with the arrival of this arrow.

The weakened Flying Snake Tribe shaman lay on the ground, gazing up at the azure sky, one hand pressed on his head wound and the other clutching the feathered arrow embedded in his chest.

He was at a safe distance, so why were they...

With his last confusion, reluctance, and fear of death, the Flying Snake Tribe shaman's life came to an end.

Cao Geng, terrified beyond belief, saw a feathered stick drive into the neck of a nearby comrade.

This comrade, stronger than him, fell to the ground, convulsed a few times, and then lay still.

As more of these feathered sticks fell and hit others, Cao Geng swiftly turned and ran.

At this moment, he no longer cursed the people who had pushed him down; instead, he felt a strange gratitude.

His aching leg, which had been stepped on, no longer hurt and felt lighter, allowing him to run even faster.

When he approached the same distance as the shaman, Cao Geng prepared to slow down because he knew the shaman was extremely clever and would never go into dangerous places, so staying on the same line should be safe.

However, just as he began to slow down, the shaman's head was hit by a stone and then by an arrow, causing him to fall cleanly to the ground.

The most mysterious, wise, and god-communing shaman of the tribe had died, right before his eyes.

Cao Geng was stunned momentarily and then ran even faster, like a rabbit shot with arrows or someone with their backside on fire.

In a brief moment, the Flying Snake Tribe completely collapsed. This unprecedented ambush had drained all their courage.

Everyone began to flee like a swarm of bees.

In the chaos, some people fell, and others had their animal skins ripped off.

They ran frantically, madly.

As fast as they had charged, now they ran with equal speed.

“Boom!”

Amid the chaotic crowd, even though the Green Sparrow Tribe had reinforced the traps, they couldn't withstand the weight of the Flying Snake Tribe members.

The two traps on the sides meant to prevent the unicorn from escaping, were trampled open by the Flying Snake Tribe members.

In an instant, more than a dozen people were swallowed by the traps with screams.

Some others, unable to stop themselves, fell in as well.

On the wall, Han Cheng, with a cold expression, suppressed his discomfort and, seeing that the people had started to flee and were about to leave the range of the Green Sparrow Tribe's archers, ordered the drum to be beaten.

In the courtyard, the impatient Eldest Senior Brother and others, who had been waiting, finally heard the drum sound. Overjoyed, they grabbed their weapons and rushed to the main gate.

Chapter 496: Open the Courtyard Door and Attack!

At this moment, the fastest runner from the Flying Snake Tribe wasn't running—not because he didn't want to, but because he was too terrified to.

In front of him were three large, gaping pits resembling a demon's mouth. These pits had swallowed the unicorn, which the entire tribe had viewed as invincible, and many of their people.

The unicorn struggled in the pits in agony, and the people screamed and desperately struggled.

These three terrifying pits had nearly blocked off all his escape routes. How could he dare approach those terrifying pits in such a situation?

He trembled and pressed himself tightly against the wooden door of the Green Sparrow Tribe, praying that death would not come for him.

His prayers went unanswered. A sharp iron spear suddenly thrust through a gap in the wooden fence door, piercing his thigh.

As the spear withdrew, he fell to the ground, wailing in pain. At the same time, the wooden door that the Flying Snake Tribe had been trying to break open suddenly swung open from the inside.

The Eldest Senior Brother was the first to charge out from within, wielding a vine shield.

The injured man's head was tilted towards the Green Sparrow Tribe's gate, and he watched in horror as numerous large feet and legs surged out. He feared that even if the pain didn't kill him, he would be trampled to death by these countless feet.

Amid his terror, the first large foot landed on him, bringing immediate pain.

However, that was the only foot that touched him. The anticipated other feet did not land on him, as the powerful kick had sent him rolling a few times, clearing the way in front of the gate.

“Be careful. Follow the paths covered in ash!”

After kicking the injured Flying Snake Tribe member, Eldest Senior Brother continued forward with minimal interruption. However, he didn't run straight down the middle but moved to the side while loudly warning the others.

One trap still hadn't been triggered, and he didn't want his tribe members to fall into it.

Due to the Flying Snake Tribe arriving later, the paths covered in ash on either side of the traps had been well-trodden by the Green Sparrow Tribe members, who had become accustomed to them over the days.

Thus, even though they were sprinting, no one made a mistake, and everyone safely passed through.

“Down!”

Upon reaching the edge of the second trap, Eldest Senior Brother struck left and forward with his vine shield, knocking a Flying Snake Tribe member who had just climbed out of the trap back into it.

At the same time, Shang, leading the charge, thrust his iron spear forcefully on another path.

A Flying Snake Tribe member, who had climbed up in a panic and hadn't suffered much damage due to the large number of fallen bodies covering the wooden stakes, was struck in the calf by the iron spear and fell back down with a scream.

After repelling the invaders and ensuring his people were unharmed, Han Cheng's priority was to save as many lives as possible, which he had instructed before the Flying Snake Tribe launched their attack.

When they had captured a few scouts sent by the Flying Snake Tribe, Han Cheng informed the tribe about slavery. Thus, they were highly receptive to the current actions.

Following the persuasive talk from the great Divine Child, they generally felt that capturing these invaders and making them slaves was better than simply killing them.

So, at this moment, in their proactive assault, they generally avoided targeting lethal spots.

“Chase them!”

Eldest Senior Brother, who had just emerged from the side path, urged loudly, holding up his vine shield.

Normally highly cautious, he was not at all careful now. Under the guidance of the Divine Child, their powerful and evil attackers had been routed and fled with no resistance. How could he not lead his people in a fierce pursuit?

Not just he but all the other Green Sparrow Tribe members who followed were also highly energized. They charged ahead as if on adrenaline without needing Eldest Senior Brother's command.

They paid little attention to the injured lying on the ground or those running slowly due to their injuries. Instead, they focused on pursuing the Flying Snake Tribe members fleeing swiftly.

With the death of the Flying Snake Tribe's shaman and the ensuing panic, their people scattered in all directions in their desperate flight.

As a result, Eldest Senior Brother and Shang, leading the vine shield and spear teams, respectively, split into several pursuit groups.

Even though they were divided, at least two people were together in each group, generally including spearmen and vine shield bearers.

This was the result of the Green Sparrow Tribe's long-term training.

Spearmen and vine shield bearers were usually paired together during training, and Han Cheng had instructed them never to separate.

The long-term training paid off well at this moment. When they dispersed to chase the Flying Snake Tribe members, they instinctively formed such combinations.

“Down!”

Eldest Senior Brother, sprinting furiously, caught up with a Flying Snake Tribe member fleeing desperately. He shouted and knocked the person down with his vine shield.

The person, driven by the threat of death, attempted to get up and continue running after being knocked down by Eldest Senior Brother. However, a sudden sharp pain in her leg caused her to cry out in agony and stumble, falling to the ground.

Shang, who was bloodied and nearby, watched with eyes filled with bloodshot anger, withdrawing his iron spear.

The injured and fearful woman curled up on the ground, expecting death to come. To her extreme surprise, the two fierce attackers did not kill her but instead continued to chase others.

In disbelief that she was still alive, she quickly scrambled to her feet, ignoring the severe pain in her leg, and dragged herself away in desperation.

She didn't get far.

Just as she was fleeing, a shout in a language she couldn't understand echoed behind her. A towering figure, larger than most primitive people, caught up to her.

At the sound of the alarming shout, the large pursuer leaped from about two meters away and, in her terrified gaze, came crashing down on her, tackling her to the ground like a hungry tiger pouncing on its prey.

Ignoring the primitive woman who had been left dazed and nearly unconscious by his powerful tackle, Second Senior Brother straddled her and quickly drew the hemp rope from his waist. He skillfully began to bind the already nearly helpless woman.

Chapter 497: Joy of Harvest

Han Cheng slowly eliminated the parasites in his abdomen using the toxic Liangcao. After a long period of slow recovery, the Second Eldest Brother, no longer burdened by his big belly, had become the strongest warrior of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Without weapons, just fighting barehanded, even the Eldest Senior Brother was no match for him.

Getting rid of both the parasites and his large belly increased his strength and greatly improved his speed.

When Tie Tou, carrying a spear in one hand and several ropes in the other, caught up from behind, the Second Eldest Brother had already bound the female native's hands behind her back and had tied up half of her legs.

“Go!”

He quickly secured the ropes, ignoring the female native's screams, tightly bound her legs, then swiftly got up and shouted to Tie Tou, heading towards a person from the Flying Snake Tribe who was also stumbling forward nearby.

“O!”

Tie Tou responded, following the Second Senior Brother to run towards that person, feeling somewhat frustrated about not having much use in their group.

He realized there seemed to be no need for him to take action; the Second Senior Brother was handling everything himself and was even as fast as the other two working together.

This was quite disheartening for Tie Tou, who wanted to show off.

Looking around, many similar pairs, like the Second Senior Brother and Tie Tou, were outside the Green Sparrow Tribe's gate.

These pairs, armed with ropes and weapons, were specifically targeting the Flying Snake Tribe members who were injured and moving slowly.

Most of these pairs consisted of one man and one woman.

Han Cheng didn't think men and women working together were less tiring, but rather that male natives had an advantage in physical strength over female natives.

In these pairs, the male native wielded a weapon, dealing with those who still resisted after being injured and forcing them to the ground.

The female native, more experienced with ropes, would quickly bind the Flying Snake Tribe members who were knocked to the ground.

They then swiftly moved on to the next target.

The efficiency and vigor were comparable to harvesting crops.

Those doing the binding were the same people who, earlier on the wall, had used bows and slings to attack the crowded Flying Snake Tribe members.

When the Flying Snake Tribe members began to scatter, running out of the archery range, and the Eldest Senior Brother and others charged out from the courtyard to chase them, Han Cheng gave the order.

Except for a few who stayed on the wall for surveillance, everyone else came down from the wall, armed with ropes and weapons stored not far from the gate, to bind the injured Flying Snake Tribe members.

The purpose was to prevent their escape and to avoid further harming the Green Sparrow Tribe members.

After a long-awaited battle finally began, it was now the crucial moment to reap the rewards of the war. Every surviving Flying Snake Tribe member was a tremendous asset to the Green Sparrow Tribe, and Han Cheng was determined not to let this opportunity slip away.

The Flying Snake Tribe members had been completely stunned and frightened, and under such circumstances, there was no need to worry about them regrouping and attacking the tribe again.

The pretense of retreating to lure the Green Sparrow Tribe members out and then turning the tables would never happen.

Not only was the Flying Snake Tribe's defeat too devastating, but another crucial reason was that, according to the numbers provided by Tu Mao, Han Cheng could be certain that the recent battle had included nearly all of the Flying Snake Tribe's adult members.

Given this, even if the Flying Snake Tribe's shaman were clever enough to consider laying an ambush, there weren't enough people to carry out such a plan.

Understanding this, Han Cheng confidently ordered his people to pursue the fleeing members of the Flying Snake Tribe.

He also allowed the majority to leave the walls to bind those about to become slaves of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng and the shaman stayed on the wall, observing the scene below.

In the distance, some people desperately fled, only to be caught and knocked down by the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Throughout the pursuit, there was hardly any significant resistance. The fleeing members of the Flying Snake Tribe were terrified and only focused on escaping, lacking the courage to fight back.

Nearby, the Green Sparrow Tribe members were actively capturing and binding their injured enemies, delighted with their bounty.

Watching the scene, Han Cheng felt a mix of emotions: relief from the resolution of the situation, joy at the prospect of many new slaves for the tribe, and an uncomfortable and sorrowful feeling over the bloodshed and loss of life.

As a modern person, seeing so many lives lost, the blood staining the ground, and hearing the terrified and desperate cries of the injured stirred some indescribable emotions within him.

Despite this, he knew these events were unavoidable.

If time could rewind, he would still make the same choices, perhaps even more decisively.

He was not a saint and couldn't just turn the other cheek when faced with those trying to take away their right to exist.

In the face of a tribe that sought to destroy them, his only option was to retaliate with even sharper methods, either killing them or capturing them as slaves.

As for the discomfort he felt, it would pass with time.

There was no other way; the world was inherently cruel, and the primitive era made this cruelty more straightforward and stark.

To survive in this world, one has to grit one's teeth, fight with all one's might, struggle against heaven, earth, and humanity, and never take a step back.

The shaman beside him had no such useless feelings compared to Han Cheng's complex emotions. Watching the Flying Snake Tribe members being continuously knocked down and bound, he silently smiled.

His smile was so genuine and joyful that even his little tongue trembled.

These were all about to become slaves of their tribe!

With so many slaves, the tribe could cultivate more land, grow crops, and accomplish much more!

All the worries before the great battle had vanished, and the shaman was filled with a sense of harvest joy.

After such an unprecedented major battle, their tribe not only did not become weaker but gained significant development—something unimaginable before!

“Divine Child!”

He saluted Han Cheng, trying to make his expression more solemn, but his smile couldn't be contained.

Chapter 498: Warrior who fought the rhinoceros with his life

The sun slowly slanted westward, and the chaotic scene gradually became quiet.

In front of the gate of the Green Sparrow Tribe, not too far from the large pit, there were scattered people lying around in various awkward positions.

These people were all bound with ropes, and except for a few sitting up, the rest were lying or crouching on the ground in positions resembling silkworms wrapped in cocoons.

Surrounding them were Green Sparrow Tribe members holding sharp stone spears pointed at them. The fear of death completely enveloped them, and apart from the occasional muffled groans of pain, the area was eerily quiet with no other sounds.

The members of the Flying Snake Tribe sat quietly, anxiously awaiting their unknown fate.

"Move out!"

A distant voice called out as the returning eldest senior brother and a few others escorted two bound individuals back to the gathering place.

These two had jumped into the Green Sparrow Tribe's river in a desperate attempt to escape but, lacking swimming skills, ended up gulping down water. They were pulled out by the Eldest Senior Brother and others stationed at the riverbank, and after some water was expelled, they were led, stumbling, toward the place that terrified them.

Seeing the Eldest Senior Brother and his group return safely, Han Cheng's tense expression finally relaxed into a faint smile. All the Green Sparrow Tribe members who participated in the pursuit had returned without casualties.

Except for one seriously injured person, the rest had only minor injuries, with even fewer suffering light wounds. The only significant issue was exhaustion from the prolonged chase.

A total of sixty-eight Flying Snake Tribe members had been captured, with thirty-one dead. Combined, the total was ninety-nine people!

In other words, this battle had resulted in at least ninety-nine casualties for the Flying Snake Tribe!

Most of the deaths occurred due to traps or the initial barrage of arrows. During the later pursuit, because Han Cheng had specifically instructed, the Green Sparrow Tribe members did not kill indiscriminately. Only a few of the most resistant individuals were killed.

Han Cheng had roughly estimated that the Flying Snake Tribe had about one hundred and twenty people before the battle. This meant fewer than thirty had escaped.

After this battle, the powerful and evil Flying Snake Tribe could be considered defeated.

Such a stark contrast might seem surprising when only the results are considered, but given the pre-battle and in-battle conditions, this outcome was only to be expected.

After arranging for Liang to tend to the more severely injured tribe members, Han Cheng inquired about the situation of the important tribe members and then summoned Tu Mao.

While the war was crucial, the post-war handling was equally important. After all, the war was fought to protect their interests, and now it was time to reap the rewards.

The immediate task was to intimidate further and somewhat comfort the captives. By combining benevolence with severity and firmness, Han Cheng aimed to stabilize them initially before quickly treating their wounds.

Every life saved was valuable since the Green Sparrow Tribe considered these captives the most important spoils of war.

Tu Mao's leg had not been injured to the bone but only pierced through the flesh. After some rest and treatment, his injury had greatly improved. If he moved quickly, his limp was less noticeable.

However, that was before the battle; after it started, Tu Mao's limp had returned, and he hobbled, almost as if he were about to fall.

Especially after walking past the traps that had not yet been cleared due to the rush of time and seeing the unicorn covered in blood lying motionless in the pit in a rather peculiar position, Tu Mao's limp became even more pronounced.

What had he just seen?

The unicorn, which had seemed invincible, was now dead without even reaching the tribe's gate, and no one from the tribe had been injured.

The tribe he had previously been with, which had overrun several other tribes in recent years, had been crushed with hardly any resistance.

Even after seeing this tribe's traps and preparations, he felt that the evil tribe could not take this place.

Still, he had never imagined such a powerful and invincible evil tribe would be defeated so thoroughly and decisively!

He was thankful that the shaman had sent him here as a scout; otherwise, he might have been dead today.

"Divine Child."

"Shaman."

"Chief."

The Green Sparrow Tribe has always focused on the cultural assimilation of new members into the tribe and quickly increasing their cultural identity.

So, after spending some time here, Tu Mao could speak a bit of the Green Sparrow Tribe's official language, Mandarin.

He approached and respectfully greeted the three significant figures of the tribe, not daring to show any negligence.

He was incredibly respectful to the young Divine Child, who appeared to have recently come of age and was not very mature, and he was even a bit frightened.

Having witnessed the arrangements made by this young Divine Child during the defense against the Flying Snake Tribe, Tu Mao knew that these arrangements were the key to their success.

He had indeed seen the power of wisdom.

Previously, Tu Mao had admired strong individuals the most, but after this event, his respect for those with wisdom had grown even more.

Even the strongest individual could not have killed the fearsome unicorn, but wisdom had achieved it effortlessly.

"Look through here and find out which ones are the leaders of the evil tribe."

Han Cheng nodded to Tu Mao and spoke.

Tu Mao found it challenging to understand such long sentences and needed Shang to translate. After grasping Han Cheng's meaning, Tu Mao hurriedly went to examine the row of corpses.

Not long after, Tu Mao pointed at one of the corpses and called out.

Was this a leader of the Flying Snake Tribe?

Seeing the corpse Tu Mao pointed to, Han Cheng's face twitched involuntarily.

He remembered this person well because he had been dragged out from underneath the armored unicorn.

To be more precise, he had been pulled out from the unicorn's nether regions.

This warrior, who had fought fiercely against the unicorn, was a leader?

This is genuinely heroic.

Chapter 499: Slit Throat

“Is it him?”

The Eldest Senior Brother also came over, looking at the Flying Snake Tribe's third leader, who had died in a rather agonizing position, with some surprise.

He recognized this person immediately. This was the same individual who had led the raid on their tribe's orchard a few years ago.

He had fought this person more than once before and was surprised to see him among those attacking their tribe this time, and now he had died in such a pitiable manner.

Tu Mao shouted in disbelief, pointing at an older man who seemed much older than the typical Flying Snake Tribe member, with a face full of astonishment.

Had the shaman, who was said to communicate with the gods and was extremely mysterious, died like this?

Tu Mao was in utter disbelief.

Was this person the shaman?

Han Cheng, understanding Tu Mao's meaning, looked at the person with dried blood on his head and an arrow wound on his chest, which had been removed, leaving behind a bloodstain.

In all his time here, Han Cheng had never encountered a tribe with a shaman other than his own. He hadn't expected the shaman to die so completely.

The bodies of the Flying Snake Tribe's third leader and the shaman, who had died in such a miserable way, were dragged out from the pile of corpses and brought to where the captured Flying Snake Tribe members were gathered.

Seeing the lifeless shaman and the third leader, the Flying Snake Tribe members were filled with terror. Losing the third leader was one thing, but how could the shaman have died as well?

This kind of shock was more terrifying to them than seeing the fierce unicorn devoured by a demon's mouth.

The wisdom, mystery, and inviolability of the shaman were deeply ingrained in their minds, and now, seeing him dead like the rest was a profound shock.

However, when they recognized Tu Mao standing among the victorious fighters, the terror caused by the shaman's death diminished considerably.

Many people focused their attention on Tu Mao.

They couldn't understand why Tu Mao was still alive and seemed to have integrated into this tribe.

The fear of death and the desire for life made people more perceptive. It didn't take long for many worried about their lives to realize why the tribe had captured them without immediately killing them.

They looked at Tu Mao with intense longing. If it weren't for their fear of the victors, many would likely have asked questions by now.

"Is it him?"

After scanning the captives, Tu Mao pointed to a man with wet hair.

Han Cheng looked at Tu Mao, asked a question, and then gestured for the Eldest Senior Brother and the second Eldest Senior Brother to move toward the captives. They grabbed the frightened man and dragged him out. ǎ

The Eldest Senior Brother clearly remembered this man as the one who had jumped into the river while being chased and swallowed a lot of water.

He hadn't expected this person to be a leader, and a very important one.

Tu Mao's gaze slid over the remaining captives, and he finally shook his head, signaling to Han Cheng.

Han Cheng's brows furrowed slightly. Did a leader manage to escape?

Then he relaxed. Even with one missing leader, having the most important leader, the dead shaman, and the other captive was sufficient.

"Tell them they don't have to die. As long as they listen and submit to our tribe, they can survive."

Han Cheng instructed Shang, who relayed the message to Tu Mao. Tu Mao, who had lived with the Flying Snake Tribe for several years, conveyed the message to the captives.

After Tu Mao relayed Han Cheng's message, the anxious Flying Snake Tribe members breathed a sigh of relief, no longer as terrified as before.

As long as they're not killed, everything is negotiable.

After Tu Mao's words, some of the captives quickly twisted their bodies, mumbling incoherently and repeatedly touching their heads to the ground to show their willingness to submit.

The Flying Snake Tribe's great leader, held by the Eldest Senior Brother and the second Eldest Senior Brother, was panic-stricken.

He was not a fool. Having experienced similar situations in their tribe, seeing the dead shaman and the third leader beside him, and listening to Tu Mao's words, he immediately understood what fate awaited him.

He struggled desperately, trying to escape, but with his hands and feet bound and the two strong men holding him, there was no way he could break free.

Seeing his resistance, the Eldest Senior Brother loosened one hand and started punching the Flying Snake Tribe's great leader's chest with a few heavy blows. He showed no mercy to the enemy.

The Flying Snake Tribe's great leader bent over in pain, spitting out some of the water he had swallowed from the river, gasping for air for a while.

After the recent encounter, although he was extremely fearful, he no longer dared to struggle desperately.

His eyes were filled with terror, and his body trembled uncontrollably as he awaited his impending death.

After briefly conveying his message to the captives, Han Cheng said nothing more. Holding an iron knife, the shaman came forward, accompanied by Shang, who carried a ceramic jar.

Han Cheng had initially wanted the Eldest Senior Brother to deal with the Flying Snake Tribe's great leader, just as he had with the Bone Tribe leader previously.

However, the shaman unexpectedly took on the task himself.

Given his age, Han Cheng did not want the shaman to act, but the shaman insisted on doing it.

Regardless of the outcome, it couldn't change the fact that the Flying Snake Tribe had attempted to attack the Green Sparrow Tribe.

While the shaman was pleased with the increase in captives for his tribe, he also harbored hatred toward the Flying Snake Tribe, so he was determined to handle the situation personally.

The Flying Snake Tribe's great leader was pinned to the ground by the Eldest Senior Brother and the second Eldest Senior Brother, unable to move. Shang gripped his hair tightly and yanked his head back, exposing his neck.

The captured Flying Snake Tribe members gathered together and looked up in fear at the scene before them.

Despite the shaman's age and lack of focus on proper duties usually, he never faltered at crucial moments.

Once everything was ready, he glanced at the terrified Flying Snake Tribe captives, then, without any hesitation, he drove the iron knife into the great leader's neck.

Han Cheng, unable to look directly, turned his head aside. The former leader of the Donkey Tribe, now a trade representative, stared with reddened eyes, refusing to blink.

As the shaman drove the iron knife into the Flying Snake Tribe's great leader's neck, his fists were tightly clenched, almost wanting to stab the great leader himself personally!

The iron knife was withdrawn, and bright red blood splattered out. The Flying Snake Tribe's great leader emitted 'gurgling' sounds from his throat and struggled desperately.

The shaman ignored the blood splattering on him, taking the ceramic jar from Shang and collecting the blood flowing from the great leader's neck.

After some time, seeing that the great leader was still struggling and not yet dead, the shaman tightened his grip on the knife and made another cut to the leader's neck.

When facing the enemy, there was no trace of kindness or mercy on his face...

Chapter 500: Rhino Horn

The Flying Snake Tribe's great leader no longer moved. His lifeless eyes remained wide open, filled with unending terror.

"Clap, clap, clap!"

With red eyes, Shang held the great leader's hair to keep him from falling. He repeatedly slapped his face, producing a series of sharp sounds. Years of repressed anger exploded at this moment, directed entirely at the still-warm body of the Flying Snake Tribe's great leader.

Mào, with his red eyes, couldn't hold back either. He let out a furious howl and joined in the beating of the corpse.

Observing this scene, Han Cheng thought for a moment but did not intervene. Both men were direct victims with deep-seated grudges against the Flying Snake Tribe. Allowing them to vent their frustrations on the dead, great leader was acceptable; it was better than having them suppress their feelings, which might lead to more serious issues later. Also, if they were denied this outlet, facing the Flying Snake Tribe's slaves daily could potentially lead to even more problems.

The terrified Flying Snake Tribe, captives, seeing Shang and Mào's frenzy, were even more frightened. The intimidation they felt was even greater than witnessing the great leader's death right in front of them.

After their outburst, Mào, gasping for breath and with red eyes, sat on the ground and began to weep loudly, with Shang also shedding tears.

Han Cheng approached them, saying nothing, and gently patted their shoulders.

The heads of the Flying Snake Tribe's shaman, great leader, and three leaders were severed and placed on a stone, their dead eyes staring at the captives.

All the ropes binding the captives were removed. Shang carried the jar of blood to them, instructing them to dip their hands in the blood and smear it on their faces.

Anyone refusing to smear the blood would be killed on the spot.

Given the prior events, no one dared to refuse to smear the blood on their faces. Some even attempted to take a sip of the blood from the jar but were quickly stopped by Han Cheng, who kicked them away with force.

Han Cheng was highly averse to consuming their kind's blood despite such acts not uncommon in this era. He did not want such things to happen in the Green Sparrow Tribe, even among slaves.

Another purpose was to teach the now-enslaved captives to obey the rules. Complying was crucial; even if drinking the blood would show more decisiveness, it was not acceptable.

After Han Cheng's intervention, no one dared to act out of line. All the captives obediently smeared the blood on their faces.

Under Han Cheng's orders, the captives were herded by the Green Sparrow Tribe members into the courtyard they had previously tried so hard to enter.

As they crossed several traps, they became increasingly cautious, with some trembling uncontrollably.

Large vats filled with boiling willow branch water were set up in the courtyard. Fire Two was tending the fire, and white steam wafted from the vats.

Even amid their fear, the sight of these large ceramic vats and the surrounding jars left many of the captives astonished. The tribe indeed possessed many valuable ceramics!

Unfortunately, they had no chance to seize them now.

As they were brought near the steaming vats, those familiar with ceramics recognized the method of cooking food and grew increasingly apprehensive.

The captives were understandably terrified, expecting that the tribe might select a few to be killed and cooked in the vats. Such events were not uncommon in their past experiences.

"Come here."

Liang scanned the group and focused on one of the severely injured individuals. He called her over, signaling her to move closer so he could tend to her wounds.

The woman, pale from blood loss, turned even whiter, her fear palpable. She trembled and shrank back in terror.

While still fearful, the surrounding captives felt a bit of relief that the one being chosen was not one of them. Puzzled by her fear, Liang called over two assistants to help lift her to the vat's edge.

Despite her situation, the woman stopped resisting, resigned to her fate but still unable to shake her deep-seated fear.

Liang took a basin of slightly cooled willow branch water from one of the vats and cleaned her wounds. To the observers, the tribe seemed meticulous in its practices, even cleaning its food before cooking it.

After witnessing the preparations, the captives were increasingly unnerved by the tribe's detailed and seemingly luxurious practices, especially its use of ceramic vessels.

The injured woman, still alive when she expected death, was relieved to learn from Tu Mao that the treatment was indeed for her injuries and not for cooking. This news eased the captives' fears significantly, though they were still puzzled that the tribe did not consume human flesh.

Meanwhile, Han Cheng had his people clean up the mess outside the courtyard. They gathered a large amount of firewood on the east side of the courtyard and piled the bodies there. A fire was lit to burn them, purifying the world of their darkness and sins.

Years ago, Flying Snake Tribe members had been burned here, and now another batch met the same fate.

"Hee, hee!"

To the rhythmic chants, the Green Sparrow Tribe members dragged the massive, dead rhino out of the traps. The sheer size of the creature left the tribe members shocked and uneasy. Without the Divine Child's guidance on setting traps, they would have had no means to deal with such a formidable beast.

Han Cheng stood before the Rhino, gently stroking its horn. The horn was radiant and of high quality, explaining why it was sought after despite legal protection against poaching. The temptation to steal such valuable items was strong even with laws in place.

If not for the Green Sparrow Tribe's recent growth in strength, military prowess, and careful preparations, they might have been overpowered by the Flying Snake Tribe and lost their prized bison horn.

The Rhino was too large to move in one piece, so Han Cheng ordered the hide removed and the meat cut into sections for transport. He also took the heavy horn.

At the same time, others descended into the traps to pull out the large wooden stakes. The stakes were carefully extracted from the soil to preserve their use, and the untouched traps were also dismantled and cleaned.

Some workers used bone shovels to scrape the blood-soaked soil from the ground, which was then placed into the blood-soaked traps. Clean soil was added to cover the traps to eliminate the lingering smell of blood.