

# I AM A PRIMITIVE MAN

## Chapter 5: Law abiding Primitive men

### **I am a Primitive Man**

What Han Cheng previously feared, being shared and eaten by the primitive people, did not happen.

Upon the senior brother's call, the people in the cave immediately got busy in an orderly manner.

The elderly primitive responsible for the fire source brought dry branches and logs, placing them on the pile of firewood. The faint flames soon soared, illuminating the cave brightly.

Two male primitives, armed with thin stone knives, skinned the newly caught rabbit while another plucked the feathers from an unlucky pheasant.

Five or six agile female primitives took the one or two-foot-long fish that the senior brother had selected from a corner of the cave, expertly threading them with tree branches and grilling them over the fire.

Soon, the aroma of grilled fish began to waft through the cave.

The small primitives, lively and active just moments ago, quieted down as the fragrance of the grilled fish filled the air. They gathered around the fire, salivating as they stared at the fish being roasted by the flames.

Some of the younger ones were even licking their fingers in anticipation.

Before long, the skinned and plucked wild rabbit and pheasant were also skewered with tree forks and added to the grilling lineup.

Watching this rustic barbecue and smelling the tantalizing aroma, Han Cheng felt like he was about to be enchanted.

Although he didn't see these people scaling or gutting the fish, and the two rabbits and the pheasant only had their skin and feathers removed without removing the innards, Han Cheng, who was starving, didn't care about these minor flaws.

He just wanted to get something into his stomach as soon as possible.

Especially when he saw the first seven or eight fish being taken down and placed on a stone slab, Han Cheng was so eager that he wished he could pounce over and eat them all.

However, reality was cruel. Like a statue, he couldn't move and could only stand here, staring eagerly, unable to do anything else.

Amidst his helplessness, some unexpected events occurred.

The hungry group of small primitives, upon seeing the grilled fish emitting an enticing fragrance, did not rush forward to take and eat them. Instead, they continued to gather around.

Their eyes, however, showed an even more intense desire.

This made Han Cheng quite emotional.

If this were in the modern world, with such a small amount of food, the children would have snatched it away long ago.

In modern times, children are far more precious than adults, especially in situations like feasts. Adults eating well or not wouldn't matter much, but children must be satisfied first.

After experiencing several meals, dealing with mischievous kids hogging the rotating plate, the fear of sitting at the same table with naughty kids, being unable to touch the dishes they like or a piece of pork ribs being chewed and spat back into the plate, Han Cheng developed a fear of eating with mischievous children.

That feeling was not as comfortable as having a plate of fried noodles to oneself.

"Gulu gulu."

Thinking of the abundant meals in the future, Han Cheng's stomach growled again. Considering he hadn't eaten anything since he arrived, it had been nearly two days and nights.

All the food, including the rabbit and pheasant, was ready and placed on a stone slab near the fire. No one went to take the food. Instead, they all waited for something.

Amidst Han Cheng's confusion, the senior brother, who had been staying elsewhere, walked over. He tore off a chicken leg and half of a chicken breast, placing them on a leaf.

After some thought, he tore off a rabbit's hind leg and placed it on the leaf. Holding it with both hands, he walked towards Han Cheng.

With eyes filled with longing, the senior brother walked directly past him without paying attention. He respectfully placed the extremely fragrant meat before the elderly primitive, then walked out.

It seemed that the senior brother held high authority in this tribe.

Ignoring the others, he went directly to where the food was placed, picked up the remaining half of the roasted chicken, and took five fish, leaving on his own.

After he left, the others came forward, but there was no chaotic grabbing. The process of taking food was still orderly.

After the senior brother, it was the plump second senior brother. He grabbed a rabbit missing a leg, and droplets of sparkling saliva flowed from the corner of his mouth.

He wanted to take all the rabbits, but looking at the junior brother, who was staring fixedly at the rabbit in his hand, he decided not to act on his desires.

Instead, he reluctantly tore off two rabbit legs and placed them on the stone slab. He then selected the two largest fish and left.

Like the senior brother, three women and two children also left with him.

Of course, more people left with the senior brother, including five women and seven children of various ages.

The distribution of food was completed silently and swiftly.

The men who obtained the food, accompanied by their families, found a place in the cave and began to enjoy their dinner.

Men were the main group taking food, with some exceptions. The last person to take food was a woman. Her man seemed to have injured his leg, making walking extremely inconvenient.

Han Cheng saw that the food was insufficient for everyone in the cave. So, in the end, when the last primitive woman approached to take food, only a fish was measuring less than a foot on the stone slab.

She did not show dissatisfaction but picked up the fish, leading her two slender children and her even more slender, lame husband to a corner.

Unlike other families where the men ate first, the woman held the fish and began to gnaw on it in this family.

After eating half, she handed the remaining fish to her lame husband.

The male primitive did not eat the fish meat first but reached out and scooped out the innards of the grilled fish. Greedily, he ate a few bites of fish meat, snapped the exposed fish backbone with his hands, and put it in his mouth, chewing forcefully. He then handed the remaining one-third of the fish to the two eager little primitives.

The small primitives, who had long been drooling in hunger, devoured the fish like hungry wolf cubs.

The senior brother, who got the first share of food, had already finished his dinner. He had eaten more than half of the pheasant and nearly half a fish.

He reached out and scooped out all the innards from the pheasant's chest cavity, leaving the chicken liver. Holding the remaining intestines, he walked to the lame primitive's family, handed the intestines to the primitive woman, and said a few words.

Then he turned and left.

The lame primitive man and the primitive woman looked at the senior brother gratifiedly. Looking at the bundle of intestines in their hands, their eyes sparkled.

The male primitive took the intestines, limped toward the cave entrance, and returned shortly after. The chicken intestines in his hand looked like they had been processed. He handed them to the primitive woman, who wound them around a tree branch and brought them to the fire to grill.

Han Cheng was hungry, and watching the primitive woman grill chicken intestines for her family made him incredibly envious.

Not far from him, the old primitive man sat on the ground, slowly and leisurely eating the grilled chicken leg, unlike the other primitives who devoured their food.

Indeed, in any era, there was no shortage of privileged classes. Moreover, without exception, the privileged class always lived more comfortably than the average person.

This damn old primitive man, eating so much good food alone, wasn't he afraid of overeating?

Being tormented by hunger and staring at the old primitive man, who had finished dealing with the chicken leg and was now starting on the rabbit leg, Han Cheng couldn't help but curse in his heart.

Han Cheng admitted that he had cursed the old primitive man unjustly just now. The old primitive man not only wasn't damned but was also exceptionally admirable, almost to the point of being inspirational.

This was when the old primitive man, having leisurely finished gnawing on the rabbit leg, held the succulent chicken breast meat and brought it to Han Cheng's mouth.