

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 6: Good Heavens, finally had a bite to eat. - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 6: Good Heavens, finally had a bite to eat.

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

Han Cheng was on the verge of tears.

It wasn't that the chicken breast wasn't delicious or that the old primitive man refused to share it with him. The problem was his mouth – a small slit that couldn't open or close.

The tantalizing aroma of the food he had longed for wafted near his nose, yet he couldn't get it into his mouth.

He strained to control his mouth, but the rest remained immobile except for a slightly movable tongue.

The old primitive man looked puzzled, observing this peculiar figure covered in something strange. Wondering why, while everyone else was enjoying their meal, this person seemed capable of abstaining from eating or drinking.

Was he not hungry?

Perplexed, the old primitive man contemplated this strange being and offered the chicken breast to Han Cheng again, waiting patiently.

However, despite the man's eyeballs moving around, there was no sign of any intention to eat.

After waiting a while, the old primitive man, full of confusion and disbelief, took the aromatic chicken breast away from Han Cheng's mouth.

Then, holding the succulent meat, he left and tore it into small pieces, distributing them among the jubilant little primitive people in the cave.

The elder brother retrieved a pack of various-sized fruits from somewhere in the cave and distributed them individually.

As Han Cheng watched the master-like old primitive man relishing a fruit the size of a chicken egg, his heart yearned, and his mouth watered. However, in the cave, each person enjoyed their portion, paying no attention to the motionless trunk that could only move its eyeballs.

After dessert, the cave entrance was sealed with heavy stones, leaving a few not-too-large holes for ventilation and protection against large wild animals.

Subsequently, everyone started to fall asleep.

The sleeping arrangements were simple: lying directly on the ground inside the cave. Some more particular individuals would place dry grass and animal skins beneath them, while others simply slept on the ground.

An older primitive person took over the responsibilities of the previous one outside, squatting by the fire, tending to the flames.

The fire was much smaller than when they were cooking, just enough to keep it from extinguishing.

It seemed they were also intelligent, understanding the importance of conserving fuel.

Of course, not everyone would obediently go to sleep. After resting briefly, some energetic individuals started moving around in the dim light.

Before long, in the tranquil cave, the primitive singing sounds echoed.

Interestingly, it was quite similar to how women sang in later times.

As the night deepened, the people in the cave had already fallen into a deep slumber, including those who had been active at night.

Of course, these people did not include the statue-like Han Cheng, standing with a burning sensation in his stomach, and the primitive man sitting by the fire tending to the flames.

The cries of little primitive people resounded, followed by adults waking up in a daze, whispering something softly. However, the child's cries did not cease.

After a while, an adult primitive person picked up the crying child, got up groggily, and headed toward the cave entrance.

After moving around at the entrance for a while, the seemingly sealed entrance revealed a gap about a meter high and half a meter wide.

Carrying the child, the adult primitive person went outside, and one or two others who had woken up from their dreams followed suit.

Before long, they returned to the cave, returning to their original places to continue sleeping.

Based on experience, Han Cheng could understand what these people were doing.

Unexpectedly, these primitive people were quite hygienic. Even in the middle of the night, they went outside to take care of personal hygiene.

The cave's noisy sounds woke the dizzy and light-headed Han Cheng. As he opened his eyes, he felt incredibly light, realizing it was due to the prolonged lack of food.

Dizzy as he was, the agonizing hunger and thirst had disappeared. The stones and other objects used to block the entrance had been moved away, allowing light to penetrate from outside and brighten up the cave significantly.

Han Cheng noticed that the places where light entered were at the entrance and above the cave, with several bright spots.

It remains unclear whether these were naturally formed or deliberately created by the primitive people for light and ventilation.

The people in the cave seemed to have already eaten. Under the direction of the senior brother wearing a sexy tiger-skin skirt, the tribe members had each taken tools. After a brief commotion, they all left together.

As they departed, the cave immediately became quiet and empty.

Only twenty-three underage primitive people remained, along with a pregnant female primitive and three elderly primitive individuals. One was deep in the cave, Han Cheng's master and the other two took turns tending to the fire.

The one who had tended to the fire throughout the night had already fallen asleep.

Of course, there was also the male primitive with leg difficulties and the statue-like Han Cheng.

Han Cheng felt hopeless. He no longer cared about starving.

He stood in a daze, surveying everything in the cave, his mind slowly processing.

The elderly primitive beside him stood up, holding a piece of meat of unknown origin and again placing it at Han Cheng's mouth, the aroma wafting into his nose.

Even though he didn't feel hungry anymore, his stomach stubbornly growled.

The elderly primitive still looked puzzled and contemplative about Han Cheng not eating.

However, this time, he lacked the patience from the previous night. After feeling Han Cheng's stomach for a while, he took the food away with a smile despite Han Cheng's bitter smile.

But unlike the previous night, he didn't distribute the meat among the little primitives. Instead, he walked to the external cave crouched down on a stone.

There was a pit on the stone. He tore the meat into small pieces and placed them in the pit. With another stone on top of it, he started pounding the cooked meat.

The action was somewhat like crushing garlic.

Han Cheng was puzzled. From yesterday until now, based on the information he gathered, food was a precious commodity in the tribe. Why would this elderly primitive dare to treat it so recklessly?

In his confusion, the elderly primitive pounded for a while returned to where Han Cheng was, and brought out something like a bowl or plate made from a head bone. He walked to the stone, grabbed the already crushed lump of meat, and then went to a not-too-large stone basin filled with water.

After scooping out some water, he stirred the crushed meat and water together. Holding the bone bowl, he approached Han Cheng.

He brought the bone bowl close to Han Cheng's mouth, which was only slightly open.

Witnessing this scene, Han Cheng couldn't help but shed tears. Finally, he could eat something.

Luckily, the elderly primitive was clever. Otherwise, he might have starved to death, becoming a dried-up specimen, the most pitiful time-traveler in history.

The special meat gruel, moistening Han Cheng's cracked lips, flowed into his thirsty mouth. He used all his strength to control his tongue, which could only move slightly and swallowed this life-saving meat gruel akin to a refreshing rain.

Seeing that this method worked, a smile appeared on the face of the elderly primitive.

After the water in the bone bowl was completely drunk by the strange person before him, and about half of the crushed meat remained in the bowl, he walked to the stone basin, scooped out some water, stirred it, and continued to feed Han Cheng.