

## Primitive 61

Chapter 61: Battle of the orchard and eating salt

"Ah, ow!"

A painful cry rang out. The Flying Snake tribe man from the Green Sparrow tribe was fiercely rammed in the waist by Iron Head, and he fell to the ground, clutching his waist.

After falling, the man wanted to get up and continue the fight. Iron Head ran over, straddled his stomach, and lowered his head abruptly, smashing it with the spirit of cracking a nut.

The collision of two heads produced a muffled bang. Iron Head's forehead showed a small red mark, while the Flying Snake tribe man on the ground suffered. A visible lump quickly formed on his forehead, and he was in a sorry state.

Iron Head stood up from the man only after this, then looked at the crowd grappling with each other.

As long as he noticed any Flying Snake tribe member breaking the rules, he would run over unexpectedly, knocking them to the ground.

After a series of struggles, the physical strength of the burly Second Leader of the Flying Snake tribe rapidly declined. Although the Elder Senior Brother felt tired, his strength did not decrease much.

With the ebb and flow, the gap between the two gradually narrowed and widened again.

The leader of the Flying Snake tribe was getting more and more anxious. He didn't expect this previously weak fellow, whom he could easily defeat, to become so troublesome.

It's worth noting that, except for his Chief, no one in the tribe was his match. Could it be that this weakling could now contend with the Chief?

"Ha!"

Seizing an opportunity, the Elder Senior Brother shouted and exerted force, throwing the burly leader of the Flying Snake tribe to the ground.

Before the leader of the Flying Snake tribe could get up, the Elder Senior Brother pounced on him, pressing him down.

The Flying Snake tribe leader felt extremely humiliated. He tried to push the person off, wanting to flip the former subordinate who was pressing him. However, after the previous struggle, he had lost much of his strength. Now, the Elder Senior Brother firmly pressed him down, making it difficult for him to move.

After struggling in vain for a while, he could only accept the humiliating fact that he couldn't overturn the person pressing him.

The fights between others also ended. The Flying Snake tribe won in five cases, but three of the victors went on to beat people from the Green Sparrow tribe, and Iron Head left them all with a lump on their heads.

Counting this, they only had two victories.

On the other hand, the Green Sparrow tribe won eighteen.

The one defeated by the second brother of the Flying Snake tribe was the most miserable, lying on the ground with his eyes rolling back.

"Orchard, it's ours."

The victorious Elder Senior Brother suppressed his inner joy and reiterated this to the leader of the Flying Snake tribe, whom he had just pressed to the ground.

"Yours."

The burly leader of the Flying Snake tribe, feeling humiliated, had no choice but to accept this reality.

Only then did the Elder Senior Brother release the Flying Snake tribe leader. Others also let go of their opponents.

"You guys, leave."

The Elder Senior Brother pointed to the direction the Flying Snake tribe came from and said to the burly Flying Snake tribe leader.

With a look of frustration, the Flying Snake tribe leader nodded, indicating that he would leave.

But when he passed by the Elder Senior Brother, he suddenly stooped down and tried to grab the Elder Senior Brother's waist, attempting to throw him to the ground.

Someone nearby exclaimed.

However, the leader of the Flying Snake tribe miscalculated this time.

The Elder Senior Brother knew the tribe's lack of discipline, so he had been on guard against their possible dirty tricks. As a result, he predicted accurately.

The leader of the Flying Snake tribe didn't manage to grab the Elder Senior Brother; instead, the Elder Senior Brother caught his arm.

After a brief struggle, the Flying Snake tribe leader, whose strength had greatly diminished, was ruthlessly thrown to the ground by the Elder Senior Brother. After several punches to his back, the Elder Senior Brother finally let him go after the Flying Snake tribe leader admitted defeat.

This time, the Elder Senior Brother didn't need to say anything. The embarrassed and resentful Flying Snake tribe leader and his followers picked up their weapons and the items they brought to prepare for the fruit and left sneakily.

Finally, the triumphant Elder Senior Brother patted his chest vigorously to demonstrate his strength.

The rest of the people also cheered, excited for the return of the orchard to their tribe and the success of revenge.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe, who stood at the edge of the orchard, paused for a moment, his expression becoming even more unpleasant.

He glanced at the cheering Green Sparrow tribe, snorted, and led the way, leaving.

The Elder Senior Brother and the others continued happily picking fruits.

However, after the joy of defeating the enemy gradually dissipated, a sense of confusion arose in his mind.

Not only he but also most people had this doubt. They didn't understand why their strength had increased.

In the beginning, most of them were not as strong as the people of the Flying Snake tribe. However, they could gain the upper hand after a brief struggle and ultimately defeat the enemy.

They naturally didn't know the role of long-term salt consumption.

After some thought, the Elder Senior Brother could only attribute it to the increased daily food intake, just like before.

Han Cheng and Shaman learned about their experiences today only after the Elder Senior Brother and the others returned.

In response, Shaman didn't say much to the Elder Senior Brother. After all, the Elder Senior Brother, as the leader, took the lead when it came to external matters.

Especially today, they not only won but also regained the orchard.

Shaman didn't speak, and naturally, Han Cheng wouldn't either. Regarding the orchard being plundered, he had been holding back his anger.

During that winter, if the tribe hadn't coincidentally encountered a river with plenty of fish, the consequences would have been unimaginable. There would have been instances of freezing and starving to death in the tribe.

Apart from not blaming them, Han Cheng enthusiastically asked about the process of their fight.

He was quite curious about the battles between primitive tribes.

Iron Head, who had knocked down three people in a row today, became very excited. While patting his head, which had achieved great success, he enthusiastically recounted his glorious achievements today.

Listening to it, Han Cheng wanted to smack him.

This guy has a one-track mind.

That being said, Han Cheng still approved this kind of fight because it resolved disputes without causing casualties within the tribe.

After hearing their question about the increased strength, Han Cheng smiled, took out the salt, and told them about the improvement brought about by long-term salt consumption.

Unintentionally, many people remembered this after he finished speaking. In the days that followed, they seized the opportunity to eat more salt and then, due to thirst, drank a lot of water.

Han Cheng only discovered this after several days. With a wry smile, he told them that the usual amount of salt was enough and excessive consumption could harm the body.

At first, some people were skeptical and continued to eat more salt secretly. Even if their mouths were salty, they persisted.

It wasn't until more than a month later when they found that their strength did not increase, and instead, because of drinking more water, they often had to relieve themselves, that the salt-eating uproar caused by Han Cheng's words finally settled down.