

## Primitive 65

### Chapter 65: Kill the Monster

The previous tribe had already explored the western area, and the chances of finding prey were insignificant. So, the Elder Senior Brother led his people in the opposite direction of where the wild boar had fled.

After some searching, a fiery red fox was spotted by the tribe members.

The fox wasn't immediately killed because its fur was too similar to the red leaves scattered on the ground, making it almost indistinguishable.

It lay still, and they couldn't notice it at all.

If it weren't for the stick swung by Tie Tou brushing against its nose, startling it, and making it jump up, the Elder Senior Brother and his group might have ignored it.

After five or six stones and spears missed, the Elder Senior Brother and his group joined the chase after the prey.

After a chase through the woods, the surroundings suddenly opened up.

The Elder Senior Brother's expression changed.

What alarmed him wasn't the suddenly expanded field of view but the group of people outside the woods.

This wasn't the most surprising part; what surprised him the most was that this group was from the tribe that had chased the wild boar from before them not long ago.

People from their tribe looked quite disheveled, with many having injuries, and two needed assistance to walk.

The Elder Senior Brother didn't see the shadow of the wild boar among these people; it seemed to have escaped.

These people's injuries were probably sustained while trying to catch the wild boar.

It was a pity, such a big pig.

The Elder Senior Brother, who was running after the fiery-red fox, thought with regret.

At the same time, he found it somewhat amusing. Just a short while ago, he and the others had envied them, but unexpectedly, they were now chasing prey from in front of them.

While thinking this way, the Elder Senior Brother didn't let his guard down. He was also wary of these people who had just lost their prey, wondering if they would compete with their tribe for prey.

The Elder Senior Brother had experienced many things; he knew that not everyone would be friendly if you were friendly to them.

Like the previous wild boar, the red fox immediately changed direction upon noticing the group of people in front of it.

Behind it were the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe, including the Elder Senior Brother, brandishing sticks and stones.

The encounter between the two tribes was brief, and they quickly separated. With the Green Sparrow Tribe running, the distance between the two sides quickly widened.

Running and paying attention to the tribe's movements behind him, the Elder Senior Brother, seeing that the other tribe had no intention of catching up, finally relaxed. He then focused on chasing the fox, now crying out loudly.

Seizing the opportunity, the Elder Senior Brother's powerful arm suddenly swung amid the chase, and a stone from his hand flew out.

The running fox was hit by the stone thrown by the Elder Senior Brother, emitting a series of miserable cries and flipping over on the ground.

The Elder Senior Brother and the other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe were delighted, rushing towards the fox at an accelerated pace. However, this whimpering creature managed to climb back up from the ground.

Though it continued its whimpering run, it had inevitably been affected, and it wouldn't take long before it was killed by the Elder Senior Brother and his group.

While chasing, the Elder Senior Brother, in a moment of distraction, turned his head, and his expression instantly turned cold.

Because the tribe they had encountered earlier was now running towards them from behind, swinging weapons and shouting.

Although the distance was too great, coupled with the language barrier between the tribes, the Elder Senior Brother didn't know what they were shouting, but their intentions became clear to him instantly.

This is an attempt to snatch prey from our Green Sparrow Tribe.

The Elder Senior Brother felt somewhat angry but not afraid. If they wanted to compete, then let's fight first.

With this thought in mind, he ignored the unfriendly tribe behind them.

He decided to catch this fox first and then observe the reaction of the other tribe.

If they still wanted to compete when the time came, there would be no choice but to fight.

After chasing forward for about a hundred meters, the Second Senior Brother, panting heavily, raised his hand, and a stone flew out, hitting the head of the limping fox running hard ahead.

The whimpering sounds from the fox's mouth immediately stopped, and it somersaulted to the ground.

Then, it rolled down the slope.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe cheered and ran towards the fox rolling down the hill.

This fox now belonged to their Green Sparrow Tribe, and no one could take it away from them.

However, after running to the slope, the Elder Senior Brother and the others became somewhat stunned because there was another group of people underneath the somewhat lengthy slope.

Many of these people carried grass baskets or animal skin wraps containing fruits and other items besides these fruits.

For example, a wild boar, placed on a crossbar and carried by two people, and the robust leader of the group holding the lifeless fiery-red fox.

The second leader of the Flying Snake Tribe was very happy. He didn't expect his luck to be so good today. First, a half-dead wild boar bumped into them, and not far away, a fox rolled down the slope, directly coming to his feet. Their shaman didn't say it wrong; they were a tribe favored by the gods.

The second leader of the Flying Snake Tribe placed the fiery red fox on his shoulder, not bothering to look at the people who appeared on the slope.

He didn't care who had hunted this prey. This fox was in his hands, it belonged to their Flying Snake Tribe.

However, the next moment, he no longer thought so.

Because the person above spoke, "The prey, ours."

Although he couldn't fully understand what the person above was saying, the second leader of the Flying Snake Tribe could understand the meaning of these words. After all, he had just experienced a similar situation not long ago.

"The prey is ours."

He replied with a mocking tone in their tribe's language.

Then, he stopped his steps to leave and looked up to see the group of people about to get beaten.

It was this look-up that changed his thoughts.

Because he had recognized the identity of the newcomers.

He remembered this group beating his tribe not long ago, especially their leader.

"The prey, ours."

The Elder Senior Brother also recognized the people from the Flying Snake Tribe, and his impression of them was equally profound.

Seeing this group of people holding the prey they had worked hard to catch, the Elder Senior Brother already had the idea of teaching them a lesson.

However, he suppressed this thought, realizing that if a fight broke out, someone would get hurt. As the tribe leader, he needed to consider the entire tribe and couldn't act impulsively.

Considering these considerations, the Elder Senior Brother chose not to engage in a direct fight but stood there, attempting to resolve the situation through language.