

Primitive 67

Chapter 67: People! Enemies!

The Elder Senior Brother and the grateful leader, carrying the wild boar, were unaware that the Flying Snake Tribe had not gone far from their sight.

After advancing a certain distance, the Flying Snake Tribe discreetly returned and hid in the overgrown grass and trees, keeping a watchful eye on the two tribes.

"You, go there."

"You, go here."

Like an icy snake concealed in the bushes, the leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, observing the two departing tribes from afar, had a cold expression.

He selected two individuals from each tribe who were best at disguising themselves, pointing toward the Green Sparrow Tribe for one pair and the other for the second pair, instructing them to track the tribes.

Meanwhile, he and his people searched for prey nearby, waiting for the four individuals sent to follow to return.

The Elder Senior Brother and his group managed to catch two mountain chickens. Initially, they intended to spare them, as instructed by the divine child. However, things went awry, and both chickens ended up dead one pierced through the chest by the Elder Senior Brother's wooden spear and the other struck in the head by the second disciple's stone.

This left the Elder Senior Brother feeling frustrated. The divine child had given this instruction long ago, and he still hadn't brought back a live one.

Annoyed, the Elder Senior Brother slapped the head of the dead mountain chicken pierced by his wooden spear.

They were returning to the tribe with the fox and the mountain chickens. Lame and his spouse stood on a low wall inside the courtyard. They smiled upon seeing the leader return with the tribe. The watchtower system, implemented on Han Cheng's suggestion after the construction of the low wall, has been in place since then.

The Lames wife opened the door for the Elder Senior Brother and his group. As Lame found it difficult to move up and down, he didn't come down from the low wall.

Suddenly, Lame's gaze was drawn to a distant location where he noticed moving figures on the ground, about a mile away from the tribe, in the direction the tribes had left.

They wouldn't have been able to see this far in the past. However, since a large storm had passed through, knocking down countless trees, the visibility in the tribe had significantly improved, especially now with Lame standing on a wall over a meter high.

Certain he didn't see things, Lame observed two figures flickering on the ground. Although he couldn't make out their features from this distance, he was sure they weren't from their tribe because their tribe members wouldn't need to hide.

"People, there are people, enemies!"

Pointing at the two figures steadily approaching, Lame shouted toward the incoming Elder Senior Brother and his group.

The Elder Senior Brother hesitated for a moment, then quickly understood. He threw the hunted prey on the ground, exited the courtyard, and, along with the hunting team armed with weapons, rushed toward the direction pointed out by Lame.

Lame's call alarmed Shaman, who was feeding rabbits in the courtyard, and Han Cheng, standing nearby with Fujiang.

"Quick, close the main gate!"

"You two, get on the low wall. You two guard the main gate. You two, go to the back of this wall."

Upon hearing the shout from Lame, Han Cheng immediately made arrangements.

While getting as many people as possible to climb the low wall facing south and observe the enemy behind the wall, he also assigned two individuals to the back of the walls on the east and west sides. They climbed the low wall to check if any others were coming from those directions.

The two individuals from the Flying Snake Tribe stealthily approached one in front and one behind.

The one in front, bending down behind an inverted dead tree, straightened up halfway through and froze. This left the one behind from the Flying Snake Tribe annoyed, wanting to kick him. Standing straight like this would indeed expose them.

Just as he was about to speak up and tell the person to stop this foolish act, the person turned around and sprinted towards their direction.

"People! People! We've been spotted!"

He shouted while running, quickly passing the bewildered individual from the Flying Snake Tribe, who hadn't grasped the situation yet.

His confusion was immediately cleared when he stood up and saw a group of people who were supposed to have entered the strange cave, wielding weapons and rushing towards them.

Disregarding the need to hide their presence, he started running, shouting. His speed was even faster than the first person.

Having experienced the brutality of this tribe, especially the one who fought without using hands, using something on his head, the person from the Flying Snake Tribe felt a headache remembering the scene where the guy smashed his head onto his own.

He couldn't understand why their heads were so hard, almost like rocks.

The two individuals from the Flying Snake Tribe ran like the wind into the forest, hiding and dodging for four or five miles before escaping from that savage tribe.

By this time, the sky had gradually darkened.

They had gained a deeper understanding of the brutality of this tribe because they couldn't comprehend how they were still discovered despite hiding so well. They had done similar things

multiple times before, even directly approaching the entrances of other tribes' caves without being noticed.

But this time, even though they were far from this tribe, they were still discovered.

Fortunately, the two of them ran fast; otherwise, they might have become food today. After all, spying was a severe taboo to any tribe.

When the Elder Senior Brother and his group returned, the two individuals ran too quickly and hid too well, so they couldn't catch them.

Facing this situation, Han Cheng wanted to say to Lame, "Couldn't you wait until they were closer before shouting?"

Of course, Han Cheng didn't say it out loud. He worried that if he did, Lame might remember his words and, when more enemies came next time, wait until they were right by the wall before shouting.

Due to this incident, the atmosphere in the tribe was somewhat tense that night.

"It must be them."

The Elder Senior Brother appeared somewhat angry.

Indeed, being followed to the front of the tribe and the tribe being spied upon was something anyone would find uncomfortable.