

## Primitive 77

Chapter 77: Two lines

Han Cheng, holding a spear ready to pass it up, found it strange. He couldn't understand why, at this critical moment, these guys weren't preparing for the battle properly. He wondered what they were thinking when they kept glancing back at him.

"I'm not a woman, and I don't have flowers on my face. What's there to look at?"

He was just a supporting role in this battle, and they were the main characters. He couldn't comprehend why the main characters continuously checked out the supporting cast.

"Focus on facing the enemy," he shouted.

The charging speed of the Flying Snake tribe had already slowed down significantly. After consecutive falls, no one dared to run and charge rapidly in the snow-covered terrain filled with obstacles.

Approaching the peculiar cave at a speed barely faster than walking, many individuals showed hesitation in their eyes.

Although their eyes were uncomfortable, they were not blind. They saw the people standing in a row in the peculiar cave, holding spears and preparing to counterattack.

Under such circumstances, it would be strange if they dared to fearlessly charge forward.

"#\$%#^&"

The enraged leader of the Flying Snake tribe shouted again, urging everyone to move forward.

Human lives were only valuable to the shaman. In his view, they were not that precious. At least, between dead people and wiping out this accursed tribe, he would choose the latter without hesitation.

Considering the current situation, it was no longer suitable to continue attacking the Green Sparrow tribe. However, the leader of the Flying Snake tribe was unwilling. He harbored a deep hatred for this tribe that had insulted him multiple times. He had endured for a long time, secretly done many things, and now, it was finally time to start. He couldn't bear to give up now.

He would rather lose more people than give up on capturing this accursed tribe.

Of course, he and the third leader were hanging at the back.

After all, it was a bloody battle now, where people would die, unlike the previous fights where they just dropped their weapons.

Within the Flying Snake tribe, the hierarchy was strict, especially during battles. It was forbidden to disobey the leader's wishes. Any attempt to escape or hesitate would face severe punishment.

Although many people in the Flying Snake tribe had lost their will to fight, they reluctantly charged forward after hearing the urging from the leaders, picking up the pace compared to their previous sluggishness but still significantly slower than usual.

As the enemies approached, some of them began throwing stones at the people of the Green Sparrow tribe on the wall and the low wall behind the enclosure.

However, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe did not panic because these invaders had not yet reached the line covered by the accumulated snow.

This line was drawn by the Second Senior Brother, the best thrower in the tribe, based on the farthest distance a spear could be thrown. The attackers, who used stones and were coming from flat ground, didn't have the strength to throw stones to where they were.

Sure enough, the stones thrown by the Flying Snake tribe traced a parabola in the air, landing about seven or eight meters short of the wall, creating holes in the snow.

Elder Senior Brother recognized the Flying Snake tribe's second leader falling behind. Even though the opponent was now covered in thick animal skin, Elder Senior Brother quickly identified him. Like the Flying Snake tribe's second leader, Elder Senior Brother had a vivid memory of the guy who had robbed their tribe's orchard and had beaten him twice in a row.

It was this accursed tribe.

Elder Senior Brother was even more infuriated than before. This was a classic case of being bullied to the extreme.

Although angry, Elder Senior Brother did not throw his spear because these invaders had not crossed the second line covered by the accumulated snow.

The line was covered by accumulated snow, so they naturally couldn't see it. However, the Divine Child had instructed people to plant thick tree branches along that line, spaced approximately every five meters. With these clear markers as references, they could easily discern the line.

This line differed from the previous one. The previous line could be considered the tribe's safety line. Before the enemy crossed that line, in an era reliant on throwing weapons, those on the walls were generally safe.

The second line was closer to the wall, within throwing range for over three-thirds of the tribe on the low wall.

With these two lines and multiple prior drills, people, although nervous facing the enemy, could remain relatively composed. At the very least, they could keep their cool, unlike the people from the Flying Snake tribe, who started throwing stones from a distance, wasting their limited resources for throwing.

Five people had already crossed that line, but Elder Senior Brother hadn't thrown his spear yet. He was waiting for more people to cross the line, and for those who did, to get closer to the wall. This way, throwing would be more effective.

Nine people had crossed that line now.

Senior Brother no longer hesitated and angrily shouted, "Throw!"

As the word left his mouth, he swung his arm forcefully, and his spear traced an arc through the air, heading toward the oncoming enemies.

Prepared individuals, upon hearing Senior Brother's command and seeing the spear fly, also threw their spears.

Then, without looking at the results, they reached out to receive more spears handed to them by those assisting from behind and threw them again at the approaching enemies.

Elder Senior Brother's loud roar was also heard by the people from the Flying Snake tribe. They instinctively felt danger approaching and unconsciously accelerated their pace, though not too fast, as they still needed to watch for obstacles in the snowy ground.

Someone raised their arm, exerted all their strength, and fiercely hurled the stone in their hand toward the Green Sparrow tribe. However, even the strongest among them could only throw the stone about one or two meters away from the wall.

At this moment, thirty-eight spears traced arcs in the air, descending upon them.

Because it was a projectile rather than a direct aim at individuals, the accuracy of these thrown spears was insufficient. However, at this moment, the goal was long-range impact rather than precision.

The harvest was still significant. In the first round of projectiles, four out of the nine people who crossed the line were hit.

Among the two who died on the spot, one was at the forefront, closer to the wall, and initially lucky enough to evade two spears. However, he couldn't dodge the third one, which descended rapidly with gravity, piercing through his chest and abdomen, pinning him to the ground.

The other was at the farthest back. This guy died more straightforwardly, directly impaled through the chest by a spear, dying on the spot.

This spear was thrown by the Second Senior Brother.

Despite being cumbersome and having limited mobility, the Second Senior Brother was second only to Elder Senior Brother, surpassing even the him in the Green Sparrow tribe. Apart from his strength, his crucial advantage lay in his throwing skills.

Not only could he throw far, but his accuracy was also exceptional. Even Elder Senior Brother couldn't match him in this regard.