

## Primitive 81

Chapter 81: Joyful Meng Er

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe looked back at the direction of that tribe with incredulity, fear, resentment, and cunning.

He had never experienced such a defeat before. He couldn't understand how this damn tribe could defeat the warriors of their Flying Snake tribe and cause such significant casualties.

He had come with many strong individuals this time, and he had never considered the possibility of failure because he didn't think this tribe could withstand the fury of their Flying Snake tribe.

However, the result was just that.

Now, besides harboring hatred for this damn tribe, he also felt anxious about his fate. Not only did he suffer a defeat, but he also lost so many people. When he returned, the Shaman and the Chief would surely not forgive him.

After coming to his senses from these two incidents, the second leader of the Flying Snake tribe realized an even more urgent and harsh reality: they had no food.

When they set off from the temporary assembly point to come to the Green Sparrow tribe, they never thought they would fail. To reduce the burden and carry more stones, they only brought the food they had when they left.

Now, in the aftermath of the battle and the subsequent hasty escape, the issue of food immediately became a sword hanging over their heads.

The earlier long-range attack and subsequent large-scale battle and defeat had depleted their physical strength.

They didn't feel it during the frantic escape, but now that they were safe and stopped, everyone felt tired and hungry.

Due to the previous exertion, coupled with the pervasive cold after the dissipation of body heat, they couldn't stop shivering.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe realized the seriousness of the situation. If they didn't take action, more people in the team would suffer losses, and even he might die.

But at this time, where could they go to find food? If food were so easy to find, their tribe wouldn't have traveled so far to plunder.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe is now in a difficult situation. Having suffered defeat and a series of misfortunes, he feels anxious about his fate.

"Er!"

Meng Er is a member of the Flying Snake tribe. During the escape, he was scratched on the leg by a spear thrown by the Green Sparrow tribe.

However, he persisted in escaping from there.

But the leg injury ultimately affected his speed. In the subsequent chaotic escape, he was gradually left behind.

People abandoned by the tribe in the middle of winter are exceptionally miserable. They either die from freezing and hunger or become food for wild beasts.

Fearful, Meng Er endured the pain, dragging his injured leg, desperately calling and trying to catch up from behind. However, no one paid attention to him. Everyone was running for their lives.

As he watched the tribe gradually move away, despair filled Meng Er's chest.

He followed the footprints left by his fellow tribesmen on the snowy ground, desperately chasing from behind.

Just when he was about to give up, he saw some tribe members resting in the woods ahead. After surviving the disaster, a strong sense of joy filled Meng Er's chest.

Tears blurred his eyes as he shouted joyfully and waved his hands when he saw the tribe appear again. Then, dragging his injured leg, he ran ahead at a slightly faster speed than before, limping. He was worried that the tribe would leave him behind again.

However, this worry quickly disappeared because, upon hearing his shouts, several people from the tribe rushed towards him.

From a distance, he had already recognized that the one running at the forefront was the second leader.

Tears of excitement streamed down even more.

He was originally one of the hunters following the second leader, and there was a time when he risked his life to fend off a fierce beast for the second leader. If it weren't for his self-sacrifice, the second leader would have been bitten to death by a fierce leopard.

Since then, the second leader had treated him slightly better than the others.

He had not made a mistake back then. He saved the second leader, who had not forgotten him.

Upon discovering that he had caught up from behind, the second leader came forward. At this moment, he must not have thought that he could catch up and must have been delighted by his arrival.

Meng Er's emotions surged, and intense joy filled his chest.

He accelerated, enduring the pain, limping faster toward the front. He yelled loudly, and when he approached the second leader, he joyfully opened his arms, wanting to embrace the several tribesmen who came to greet him, expressing the joy of a reunion after a disaster.

The second leader also came forward to meet him, but what awaited him was not a sturdy embrace but a spear tied with a sharp stone.

Intense pain, mixed with bone-penetrating cold, spread from his abdomen throughout his body.

This sudden turn of events left Meng Er completely bewildered. He forgot to scream.

He looked down in astonishment, watching the spear he had crafted for the second leader.

This spear had pierced the bodies of many prey in the past. He never expected that it would now enter his abdomen.

Fresh blood slid down the spear shaft, emitting steam resembling a winding crimson snake.

He stood still on the spot, then raised his head blankly, looking towards the familiar and friendly second leader.

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He questioned in a choked voice.

The answer to him was another forceful thrust from the second leader of the Flying Snake tribe.

The spear completely pierced his body, and blood dripped down from the sharp tip like broken beads, splattering on the pure white snow, a bit glaringly red.

Blood also spurting from Meng Er's mouth. He stared wide-eyed and mumbled unclear shouts, reaching to grab the person holding the spear. However, his body had run out of strength.

The second leader forcefully pulled the spear, dodging to the side simultaneously. Otherwise, blood would splatter on him, and he would have to expend effort to remove the blood. Without doing so, it would easily attract wild beasts while moving through the wilderness.

Meng Er lay on the snow, feeling light and floating. His vision gradually blurred, and he felt as if someone was biting his body.

At this moment, he remembered that when the tribe fell into a complete food crisis, they needed to kill the most useless person to eat and relieve hunger.

And himself, with a leg injury, had become the most useless person in the team.

When they heard his calls, they hurriedly welcomed him not as a companion but as food.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe lifted his face buried in Meng Er's wound, his teeth stained with bright red blood, looking terrifying.

He drank a mouthful of warm blood, then tore off several bites of the most tender meat from Meng Er's body. He felt considerably warmer after that.

Chewing on raw meat, he stood up, and the next to be eaten was the third leader.