

## Primitive 86

Chapter 86: In the primitive era, Granny Liu enters the Grand View Garden 2

The leader of the Pig Tribe, despite reminding himself more than once to be mindful of his eating manners to avoid ridicule, found his mouth disobeying. As he took a bite, a large gap appeared in the fish.

The freshly roasted fish was hot and still had bones, but these were not concerns at the moment. He blew on it, and his mouth moved rapidly. A large mouthful of fish meat had already been swallowed in a moment.

As for the fish bones, none were seen spat out; they were all crushed and swallowed with gusto.

Immediately after swallowing a mouthful of fish, he couldn't wait to take the second bite.

The other six members of the Pig Tribe, who got a share of the fish, ate just like their leader. While they might not match their leader in a fight, they were no less competitive when it came to eating fish.

The remaining five who didn't get any fish stared at their companions enjoying the feast with watery mouths, longing to snatch some from their mouths.

With just a few bites, the leader of the Pig Tribe had finished an entire fish. He didn't even spare the fish head; he crunched it all up.

After finishing these, he felt embarrassed and smiled at the Elder Senior Brother.

The Elder Senior Brother didn't have any mocking intentions. He had experienced the feeling of hunger and knew what it was like. He picked up a fish that had just been roasted and hadn't been taken down from the tree, handing it to the leader of the Pig Tribe with a friendly smile. "Eat."

The people of the Pig Tribe hadn't felt such joy for a long time.

Due to the early arrival of heavy snow this year, their tribe had implemented a policy of conserving food from the beginning of the snowfall. In other words, they hadn't had a full meal since the snow started.

Now, coming to this neighboring friendly tribe, the wealth and friendliness of the other side shocked and moved them.

Because they had put themselves in the shoes of the other tribe, even if it were them with so much fish, if a nearby tribe came to borrow food, they would at most offer them some cold and barely satisfying fruits, not delicious fish.

Little did they know that, due to the abundance of meat and the scarcity of autumn harvest, the so-called lowest-grade fruits, in their eyes, had become more popular than meat in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

In this situation, the Green Sparrow Tribe naturally couldn't use fruits to treat them.

"Eat."

The salty fish soup in the pot was ready. The Elder Senior Brother brought a bowl and scooped up a bowl of steaming salty fish soup, including half a fish, for the leader of the Pig Tribe.

The leader of the Pig Tribe took the bowl and chopsticks he had never seen before, looked at the steaming soup and fish in the bowl, and then at the two sticks in his hand. He, who had never encountered these things, felt at a loss for how to start.

Seeing the leader of the Pig Tribe in confusion, the Elder Senior Brother felt an air of superiority in his heart.

In addition to the warmth when drinking the fish soup in winter, his mind had another important intention. He wanted to subtly show off some fresh things in their Green Sparrow Tribe in this way.

Seeing the leader of the Pig Tribe and others, who held the bowl and chopsticks, looked at each other without knowing how to start, the Elder Senior Brother, holding a bowl, also picked up a bowl of fish soup. He took two chopsticks and skillfully picked up a piece of fish from the soup, put it in his mouth, and then brought his mouth to the edge of the bowl to savor the soup.

Upon seeing this, the people of the Pig Tribe suddenly realize how the unfamiliar food was eaten. The two short sticks were not so easily mastered by them, who had never touched them.

Sweating profusely, they struggled for a long time without much success. In the end, they had no choice but to hold the bowl, bring it to the edge, and slurp the soup before eating the meat.

The leader of the Pig Tribe, thinking that the hot water might not taste good, took a sip after trying it and immediately showed an expression of enjoyment on his face.

This was not only because the hot water was surprisingly delicious but also because, with one sip, the warmth extended from the mouth to the stomach, dispelling much of his body's coldness.

He hastened the pace of slurping the soup. After downing a bowl of steaming fish soup, the leader of the Pig Tribe's forehead was covered in sweat, and his whole body felt warm and comfortable.

He had never felt this kind of warmth radiating from deep within his body since the beginning of winter.

The two small wooden sticks in his hands were really hard to use. Watching the people in the tribe still using their hands to scoop and eat the fish, he also abandoned the chopsticks and joined the hands-on approach.

After being full and satisfied, a long-lost sense of comfort spread throughout his body, making the leader of the Pig Tribe feel lazy, with a desire to sleep.

Thinking of the people in the tribe eagerly awaiting their return with food, the leader of the Pig Tribe was suddenly shocked, and the fatigue that had just surfaced on his body disappeared without a trace.

He quickly put down the bowl, stood up, and talked to the Elder Senior Brother about borrowing food to take back.

The Elder Senior Brother suggested they rest here a bit longer before returning.

The leader of the Pig Tribe shook his head repeatedly.

Thinking of the people in the tribe waiting eagerly for them, he had no intention of resting anymore.

Seeing this, the Elder Senior Brother no longer insisted. Together with the Third Elder Brother, they took out some salted fish and wrapped them in the animal skins brought by the Pig Tribe.

Seeing that their animal skin wraps weren't suitable for carrying fish, they strung the salted fish into a bundle with grass ropes.

Looking at the pile of salted fish on the ground, the leader of the Pig Tribe was deeply moved. He hugged the Elder Senior Brother tightly and pressed his forehead against the Elder Senior Brother's shoulder, expressing his goodwill very dignifiedly.

After the embrace, guided by the Elder Senior Brother, he bid farewell to the Divine Child Han Cheng and Shaman, who had become cold and aloof but who had been secretly observing everything in the inner cave. The leader of the Pig Tribe expressed his gratitude in a series of incomprehensible words that Han Cheng couldn't understand.

The leader of the Pig Tribe, with the people of the Pig Tribe, left. They came here hungry but left with round bellies and a full load.

The leader of the Pig Tribe also coveted the thing that could make hot soup in this friendly tribe. If they had such a thing, they would be much warmer.

But he didn't dare to ask.

The people of the Pig Tribe felt a bit reluctant to leave here. After all, here, they could eat delicious food, which they could eat until they were full.

But they still left because this wasn't their tribe, and there were many fellow tribesmen waiting for them to bring back food to their tribe.