

Primitive 87

Chapter 87: Icy Despair

Unseen by the chief of the Pig Tribe, immediately after he left with the tribe, carrying food from the nearby friendly tribe, the two conmen, Divine Child Han Cheng and Shaman, who had been pretending to be in the inner cave, immediately came out.

They came to the gate of the wall and looked at the backs of the Pig Tribe people leaving with food, their eyes gleaming with cunning.

The chief of the Pig Tribe, leading the people, trudged through the snow, already panting heavily but unwilling to stop and rest.

Thinking about the crisis in the tribe, they had no intention of taking a break.

The snowy weather demanded a lot from the available food. The snow made travel difficult, consuming a lot of energy, and the cold weather increased the demand for calories.

After walking and traversing the wilderness in the cold night, the fish they filled up from the friendly tribe the day before had long been digested.

The chief of the Pig Tribe thought for a moment, then took six salted fish from the fish string carried by the tribe members, split them in half, and distributed one half to each person.

Carrying the food on his back, the chief felt happy. Not only were they about to return to their tribe, but they had also found two frozen large chickens in the snowy wilderness, a cause for great joy in a tribe where food was scarce.

Now, the two large chickens were held in his hands.

He looked at the two chickens in his hands and the salted fish carried by others on their backs from the nearby friendly tribe. The chief of the Pig Tribe couldn't help but smile with satisfaction.

He hadn't disappointed them. Just as he had promised when he left, he brought back food, saving some food that could last several days.

He could imagine the joy of the people in the tribe when they saw this food.

Thinking about how the people in the tribe would greedily eat the food he brought back, the chief felt a deep sense of satisfaction. The frozen smile on his face became even more pronounced.

"%^\$&\$&!"

He turned his head and shouted to the excited people behind him, speeding up towards the direction of their tribe.

Seeing the open entrance of the tribe from a distance, the chief's heart felt a bit heavy. He didn't think of the worst but assumed that the people who stayed in the cave had gone out to look for food.

He increased his pace, heading towards the cave, eager to discover what had happened in the tribe.

He saw many scattered footprints extending and winding towards the west about a hundred meters from the cave.

These footprints included those going out from the tribe and those coming from outside towards the cave.

The chief of the Pig Tribe stood here, looking at the multitude of chaotic footprints, and the smile on his face disappeared.

He stood here for a while, then gripped the spear in his hand, shouted to the others who sensed something was wrong, and rushed towards the cave.

Arriving at the cave, he saw the messy scene. The bustling cave of the past was now desolate. The large cave was empty except for the recently returned chief and his party.

The ground was a mess, the once-never-extinguished fire pits had cooled, and the cold ashes were scattered around.

On the icy floor, there were several dark imprints, the blood that had flowed out and solidified.

Amidst the cold ashes and the dark bloodstains, there were some glaring white bones, bones that had been gnawed clean."

Bones, the chief of the Pig Tribe, had seen many, but these bones made him tremble because they were human bones.

The once lively and bustling cave, now empty, stood silent. The people who had returned with joy after borrowing food, staring at this strange and cold scene, felt as if lightning struck them.

"^%\$&\$&\$!"

The trembling chief of the Pig Tribe suddenly shouted, holding a short spear, and turned to run out of the cave.

The remaining eleven people followed their leader.

The chief of the Pig Tribe, shaking all over, ran madly along the traces left on the snowy ground, his eyes already bloodshot.

The morning had dimmed even more, and the rising cold wind caused the snowflakes to fall, making a rustling sound as they landed. Before long, these snowflakes turned into a fluttering flurry of snow.

The accumulating snowflakes gradually covered all traces.

The chief, who still couldn't see the footprints, stubbornly chased forward until all traces disappeared.

Looking around, besides the standing trees, everything else was a vast expanse of white. The land seemed particularly vast and open at this moment.

""

Amidst the vast snowfield came a hoarse and mournful cry, like a wild beast losing its cub and wailing in sorrow.

In the boundless snow, the twelve people of the Pig Tribe appeared particularly small.

These events happening far away were unknown to the Green Sparrow Tribe, who, as usual, lived their lives.

Outside, the snow was flying; inside the cave, the fire sparkled, orange firelight, white steam, radiant smiles, and peaceful conversations, isolating the harshness outside, adding a touch of warmth to this cold and cruel winter.

Han Cheng held a bowl to his mouth, drinking soup. The now grown-up Fu Jiang looked at the bowl in Han Cheng's hand, eager with a wagging tail, hoping to get food from his master.

Han Cheng didn't disappoint him. A piece of meat-covered bone was scooped out from his bowl, blown with cool air, and thrown towards Fu Jiang, whose eyes never left the meat.

Under Han Cheng's diligent teaching, Fu Jiang had already developed excellent skills. Before the meat and bone touched the ground, he intercepted it mid-air and then squatted to enjoy it.

People inside the tribe, each holding a large bowl, squatted on the ground to enjoy the hot soup. Ever since the invention of boiled meat by Han Cheng, this way of eating has become popular in the Green Sparrow Tribe. Especially in the current weather, drinking two bowls of hot soup warmed the body, and people couldn't be more comfortable.

In the innermost part of the cave, farthest from the fire pit and closer to the entrance, there were three women, two sitting on the ground and one lying down.

Whether sitting or lying down, their eyes were unusually focused, staring at the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe enjoying their meal.