

Primitive 89

Chapter 89: The howling wolf and the deer who refused to eat

The final meal for the three women, including Ru Hua, was deliberately arranged by Han Cheng.

Although there was no opposition within the tribe to assisting these three individuals, Han Cheng knew that some people felt uncomfortable. To avoid affecting the internal unity of the tribe and to manage the emotions of the tribe members, he made deliberate distinctions in subtle aspects such as meals.

By elevating the status of the original Green Sparrow tribe members while lowering that of the newcomers, a sense of balance was maintained among the Green Sparrow tribe members.

Apart from meals, other aspects, like sleeping farthest from the fire and closest to the cave entrance, were also considered.

The heavy snowfall that began in the morning had stopped by evening, and now the sky was clear. A bright crescent moon hung in the pristine night sky, radiating a special brightness and tranquility.

Han Cheng, with a hat, gloves, and a fiery red fox fur scarf around his neck, stood in the snowy area outside the cave, quietly watching the moonlit landscape. A sense of indescribable peace enveloped his heart.

Because of the thick snow covering the ground and the crescent moon hanging in the night sky, the night appeared exceptionally bright.

From where Han Cheng stood, he could see the farthest wall and the people standing behind it, sculpted like figures responsible for guarding.

In the night, they appeared dark and blurry, like a curtain separating the distant horizon.

The sudden attack from the Flying Snake tribe two days ago had sounded the alarm for the Green Sparrow tribe. While they repelled the attack, no one dared to be certain that the tribe wouldn't return. To ensure the safety of the tribe members, an emergency meeting was convened by the three leaders of the Green Sparrow tribe.

The outcome of the meeting was a change in the guard system from daytime to around the clock. Even at night, someone had to be stationed behind the wall.

"Howl."

On this tranquil and beautiful night, humans and wolves were affected. Following Han Cheng, Fu Jiang seemed to have sensed something from the night and howled towards the moon, expressing profound emotions with a mournful and distant voice.

However, its expression of emotion was not smooth. It was forcefully interrupted when it hadn't finished half of its howl.

A small hand patted its head, stopping all the remaining sounds. Only Han Cheng dared to treat Fu Jiang, a wolf, in such a manner.

He turned to look at Fu Jiang, who looked quite aggrieved. Fu Jiang wondered what sin it had committed to end with such a master.

"Bark, bark, bark."

Under the bright moonlight and in the quiet night, Han Cheng, against his will, spoke the foreign language he didn't want to use.

Han Cheng's heart was also very tired. He had come to the primitive society, taught the tribe to speak Mandarin, and now, against all odds, he had to teach a wolf to bark like a dog.

It was simply unreasonable.

Fu Jiang regretted it now. Why did it howl unnecessarily?

Upon hearing these syllables from its master's mouth, the fur on Fu Jiang's body stood on end.

It cautiously glanced at its master, then turned around and ran away.

Even a wolf needs some face. Han Cheng, who could speak even the language of dogs, grabbed Fu Jiang's ear, staring at it angrily.

Fu Jiang looked dejected, hanging its head in dismay.

"Bark, bark, bark," Han Cheng watched as it opened its mouth again.

Unable to run away and with no way out, Fu Jiang, who had no choice, reluctantly gave a wolfish kiss.

"Woo, woo, woo," teaching a wolf to bark like a dog was indeed too difficult.

Even though the fur on Fu Jiang's body was standing on end, the emitted howling sounds were only slightly similar.

For Han Cheng, this was already quite satisfactory.

Teaching Fu Jiang a foreign language had been a whimsical decision on his part. After persisting for a while, the fact that Fu Jiang could produce such wolfish sounds exceeded Han Cheng's expectations.

"Bark, bark, bark," "Woo, woo, woo," "Bark, bark, bark," "Woo, woo, woo."

In the courtyard of the Green Sparrow tribe, a magical scene unfolded a person and a wolf engaging in a conversation using the language of dogs, a conversation whose meaning neither of them understood.

The human became more excited while the wolf grew more uncomfortable as they continued. The forced howls became more and more like the sobbing of an aggrieved maid.

It was simply insane. Who would torment a wolf like this?

After the conversation, Han Cheng released Fu Jiang's ear. Feeling like it had received a reprieve, Fu Jiang promptly turned around and darted back into the cave. At this point, it only wanted to escape its terrifying master as far as possible.

Han Cheng rubbed his mouth. Damn, he shouldn't have let it get this far. If Fu Jiang wasn't properly taught, he might be unable to revert it.

The heavy snow covered the mountains and forests, affecting not only the primitive people who lacked food but also the animals.

Carnivores were in a slightly better situation as the heavy snow wouldn't conceal their food or meat. However, herbivores were suffering.

Salt Mountain.

The proud deer lord used its slender hooves to dig through a thick layer of snow, revealing some snow-covered dried grass.

It stretched its head, curled the grass with its tongue, bit down with its teeth, and with a tug, the frozen old grass fell into its mouth.

The taste of the grass was terrible; it was icy, hard, and challenging to chew. After a turn in the deer lord's mouth, it was spat out in disdain.

The disdainful deer lord snorted loudly, lifted its head, and looked southward. It was quiet there, and there was nothing to be seen. After looking for a while, the disappointed deer could only lower its head again to eat the rejected hard grass.

In the past, the deer lord used to eat such grass happily, but this year was different.

Since the beginning of winter, those two-legged creatures with short legs often brought it delicious sun-dried green grass. Unconsciously, for more than a month, the deer lord's mouth had become accustomed to it.

Eating the grass from the snow-covered ground felt hard to swallow, even for the deer lord that had grown accustomed to the sun-dried grass with a hint of sunshine.

It nibbled on the grass on the ground, appearing somewhat absent-minded.

Suddenly, its long ears turned half a circle, facing southward, and its head lifted.

On the snowy field to the south, a group of two-legged creatures appeared, with the one often bullied by it at the forefront. In the arms of the little two-legged creature was the sun-dried green grass that haunted its dreams.

I hadn't eaten it for two days.

Even the proud deer lord became a little spoiled. It happily snorted and, lifting its slender legs, quickly ran towards the little two-legged creature.