

Primitive 96

Chapter 96: The Articulate Eldest Senior Brother

Even though immersed in the sorrow of numerous people being abducted from the tribe, the leader of the Pig Tribe widened his eyes upon seeing such a large group of deer.

The shock in his heart was indescribable.

He took two quick steps and leaned over an opening in the deer pen, excited and incredulous as he looked at the large group of deer. Then, he looked at the Eldest Senior Brother who came with him, unable to conceal the astonishment in his heart.

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Excited, the Leader of the Pig Tribe asked Senior Brother about the situation with these deer. He desperately wanted to know how this tribe could have so many deer. Although he knew asking wasn't appropriate, he couldn't help himself.

The leader of the Pig Tribe had now been so overwhelmed by these deer and the magic of this friendly tribe that he had forgotten his grief.

It's worth noting that not much time had passed since his last visit.

Moreover, during this period, it was winter, which was unfavorable for hunting. Yet, this friendly tribe managed to capture such a large group of deer quickly, and these deer were all alive, seemingly unharmed. For him, it was like a miraculous existence.

Tormented by food shortages, he couldn't help but be excited upon seeing this. He urgently wanted to know the secret behind this.

Eldest Senior Brother was quite pleased with the chief's reaction. This kind of genuine shock from others was more gratifying to him than countless words of praise. Even compared to the fierce tribe that had previously invaded, this reaction was three times better.

He looked at the deer that had earned face for the Green Sparrow Tribe and then at the chief of the Pig Tribe. With a solemn expression, he began to explain and gesture to the Pig Tribe leader.

The leader of the Pig Tribe attentively listened to Eldest Senior Brother convey meaning, gradually widening his mouth in amazement.

As time passed, his expression became more solemn, and he cast a somewhat awed glance at the sky and the entrance of the friendly tribe's cave. Just now, the Divine Child of this friendly tribe had entered there.

The message conveyed by the Eldest Senior Brother was simple: their tribe was blessed by the gods.

In the past, life in their tribe was tough, but the gods sent the Divine child, delivering divine instructions to help them solve problems like food shortages.

These deer were also the work of the Divine Child.

Eldest Senior Brother spoke some of the words Han Cheng and the shaman taught, but most were his genuine sentiments.

Although he had never seen the gods, he firmly believed that the Divine Child was a true divine figure. In Eldest Senior Brother's eyes, only the Divine Child could achieve what he brought to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The chief, who had always toiled for the Green Sparrow Tribe, usually didn't talk much. He had never shared these thoughts with others. Today, with the arrival of the leader of the Pig Tribe, perhaps witnessing the dismal state of the Pig Tribe or due to some other influence, Eldest Senior Brother had poured out these long-buried sentiments.

Only now did the leader, the Pig Tribe, truly understand why this seemingly young shaman held such a high position in the friendly tribe.

A person like this, if appearing in his tribe, would undoubtedly elevate them highly.

If the leader of the Pig Tribe knew that the person he wanted to elevate was currently in deep conversation with the shaman inside the tribe's cave, secretly discussing the absorption of their Pig Tribe, he might not have had such thoughts yet.

After witnessing the prosperity and strength of the neighboring friendly tribe, the leader of the Pig Tribe couldn't shake off the heavy feeling in his heart.

Both tribes were communities, so why couldn't his tribe receive the blessings of the gods, and why had no divine child descended upon them?

Without delving into much detail, the mere presence of this group of deer could alleviate many hardships in his tribe.

Following the successive profound impacts on the Pig Tribe's leader by Eldest Senior Brother, he didn't linger outside. He knew that what the people of the Pig Tribe needed most at the moment was a delicious meal.

After a feast, the people of the Pig Tribe comfortably gathered around the bonfire, relishing the happiness of being full and the warmth of the flames. None of them wanted to leave.

They didn't wish to return to their desolate tribe, endure pervasive cold and hunger, and worry about the unknown hostile tribe that might attack them one day, killing and consuming them as food.

If there were still many women and children in the tribe who needed them to bring back food, their thoughts might not be as intense. However, now, there were only them left in the tribe.

While they entertained such thoughts, the leader of the Pig Tribe didn't share the same sentiment. Regardless, his tribe still had ten people—four females and six males, all adults. As long as they endured this winter, with their efforts, the tribe would surely endure.

With the help of these four women, they should be able to create many lives.

Borrowing food again made it difficult for the leader of the Pig Tribe to speak, but for the tribe's sake, he had to let go of many things.

Summoning his courage, he was about to speak.

However

He hesitated and didn't open his mouth because, before he could speak, Eldest Senior Brother had already suggested that the people of the Pig Tribe come and stay in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The conveyed message displeased the leader of the Pig Tribe. After all, few tribal leaders were willing to give up their tribe, even though his tribe was currently in dire straits.

Almost without much consideration, he promptly shook his head, rejecting Eldest Senior Brother's proposal.

Senior Brother pointed to the large quantity of salted fish in the tribe and some salted meat hanging on the walls, along with fish caught a few days ago. "We have plenty of food. It can ensure all of you are well-fed. Our resources will be yours."

He gestured towards the large vat used to cook the salted fish soup. "You can have this too. What's ours is yours."

Some of the people of the Pig Tribe who understood Eldest Senior Brother's words had a gleam in their eyes, looking at their leader expectantly. They hoped their leader would heed the advice of the wealthy and friendly tribal leader, persuading them to stay.

However, the result was disappointing. The leader of the Pig Tribe, despite being tempted by the abundant food and understanding Senior Brother's words, remained unmoved. Between food and the survival of the tribe, he chose the tribe.

Expressing gratitude for Eldest Senior Brother's goodwill, he shook his head again, declining Senior Brother's proposal.

The leader of the Pig Tribe had already sensed that this friendly tribe might not lend food to his tribe again. Despite this, he summoned his courage and spoke about borrowing food, assuring they would compensate with even more food when the time came.