

Chapter 691: Monster Attack

"How is it?" Liang Chen came over. He reached out his hand and gently touched the gauze on Yan Huan's head, "Your brain wasn't damaged, right?"

"Fortunately," she said, touching her head. "There is just a big wound, and some bleeding, but my brain was neither damaged nor broken."

"That's good," Liang Chen said with a sigh of relief. "You really frightened me, I thought you really did suffer some problems after the fall, what if you become muddle-headed?"

"I am lucky," Yan Huan smiled, but her head was still hurting.

Yes, she was lucky. She was trapped in the flood for two days and two nights yet she was still alive because all of her sufferings were suffered by another person, so he died, and she was still alive, alone and lonely.

"Then, how do you film like this?"

Yue Ran reached out her finger and poked Yan Huan's head, "How do you film with the gauze?"

"Why not?" When Yan Huan thought about it, she reached out her hands and pulled down the gauze on her head.

"Do you want to die?" Yue Ran quickly stopped her.

"No worries," Yan Huan threw the gauze aside. "I am very resilient. I will not die, even the floods could not wash me away, so of course, this little injury will not kill me either."

However, while Yue Ran was listening to it, she felt like Yan Huan had no more intention to live anymore, and she was living only because she was alive.

Yue Ran opened the drawer, found a piece of tape from inside, and then she went aside, and then attached it on Yan Huan's scalp. Some of her hair was shaved off by the doctor, so a part of the scalp was exposed.

"I don't know if your hair will regrow in the future, Yan Huan the best actress. If you really become a baldy, you will be laughed at by others."

"Can't I just wear a wig?" Yan Huan had no more feelings, hence, she did not feel bad. Her mind was already settled like stillwater. Maybe her desperation was over, so it did not hurt her, it really did not hurt her anymore.

Even if all of her hair was shaved away, she would not feel anything.

Yue Ran combed her hair, and then took a hairband to tie it, which would also cover the skin tone tape.

"This hairstyle looks stunning." Yan Huan stood up, and she had already changed into a simple animal skin garment.

Yan Huan was looking at herself in the mirror, "As expected from Master Yue Ran, this hair looks good."

“Of course a good-looking person will look gorgeous. For someone who looks like a pig, no matter how their hair was set, they will still look like a pig.”

Yue Ran’s mouth was venomous.

Yan Huan smiled and did not say anything, she did not argue with Yue Ran as she could not win over her. When she went out and was blown by a gust of wind, her head seemed to hurt again.

“Are you okay?” Seeing her in pain, Liang Chen asked her worriedly.

“Yes, I’m okay,” Yan Huan shook her head, “Don’t worry, I will do my best.” After all, if her condition turned serious, the whole team would be implicated, and then everyone’s progress would also be delayed.

“As long as you know it.”

Liang Chen was worried that Yan Huan would risk her own life to film and dedicate her life to the movie. If it was so, then when they finished filming, they would have to send her chrysanthemums to mourn for her.

Fortunately, Yan Huan was still sober, and fortunately, she still had her set of boundaries in her heart.

A few days after Shi Jia and Yao Xiaoyu joined the new tribe, the tribe was attacked by a giant dinosaur.

The bows and arrows that Zhang Peng taught them to make were very ordinary. They were enough to deal with the small animals, but the skin of this giant beast was quite hard. Regardless of how many arrows they shot, it was just like scratching its itch.

The tail of the giant beast had already started hitting the wall.

“Haven’t you developed a new type of anesthetic?”

Shi Jia asked Yao Xiaoyu who was hiding behind her.

“Yes, I did.” Yao Xiaoyu took out something wrapped in a piece of big tree leaf from her pocket. “This is it, but the skin of this beast is too thick, this is just my experimental product, it would only be effective if it penetrates the target’s skin and flesh. When this trouble is gone, I will try to make something more powerful.”

“But, I can only do that if I survive this.”

Now, Yao Xiaoyu was not the Yao Xiaoyu she used to be when she first arrived. After going through a series of events, although she would still scream whenever she encountered weird creatures, at least now she had already calmed down a lot.

And of course, she would also analyze the current situation and knew what their troubles were.

If they did not solve the trouble when they faced them, who knew what would happen to them. It was really ridiculous as they used to be at the top of the food chain, and now they were somewhere in the middle of the food chain; it felt rather ironic.

“Give it to me,” Shi Jia took the anesthetic wrapped in leaves in the hands of Yao Xiaoyu, and then took out her short knife. She opened the pack of anesthetic and wiped it all on the knife.

She then put the short knife behind her waist and then walked up to the beast.

“What are you doing? You want to die?” Yao Xiaoyu quickly pulled her back.

“Anesthetize it manually.”

Shi Jia had already calculated the distance, and she was ready to sprint. She needed to go to the back of the monster and jump on its back. The skin of the whole monster was very hard and only a part on its back was its weakness, so the anesthetic could only infiltrate from there.

When she was just about to go, a person was blocking in front of her.

He was a barbarian, tall, strong, and very dark-skinned. All of them call him Tarzan, maybe he was named by Zhang Peng, and she was not sure if he deemed that every barbarian should be all called as Tarzan. There was also Huashan, and another called Songshan. They were the most powerful barbarians in this tribe.

Tarzan slammed his own chest, then pointed to the monster, and said something Shi Jia could not understand, but she knew the general meaning. He said that he was going on her behalf.

After she thought about it, she turned around and told Zhang Peng who was standing behind her, “Come and help me translate, and ask him to try to attract the attention of the monster.”

“Okay,” Zhang Peng nodded.

“Also,” Shi Jia still wanted to say a little more, “Ask him to be careful,” the barbarians’ minds were very simple, just like a string through to the end. They did not know how to play tricks, compared to those cunning people, they were so pure just like children, and this made Shi Jia have a sense of irresistible responsibility.

And now her sense of responsibility made her want to protect most of the people here.

When Zhang Peng and Tarzan were communicating, Shi Jia had quickly moved to the back of the monster. She ran a few steps backward and measured the distance; she knew she had to start with a boost. If her calculations were correct, then she would land at her target with one hop, and then climbed up from the monster from there.

Chapter 692: Sewing

Now, she thought as she charged at the monster. Using the momentum, she vaulted onto the monster, her hands clutching onto its back. This one was completely different from the ones she had seen in the past, with thick scales on its back, scales that cut right through her skin. Soon, her arms were filled with scrapes and cuts, but she couldn’t care less as she made her way up the monster’s back. The monster had its attention on the savages, trying to take them out with its large tail. None of the savages died, however. It even made Shi Jia think that the monster was only playing with them, like how cats play with mice before they get hungry and swallow them whole. Still, a monster of that size should be feeding on fish, not humans.

As the monster toyed with the savages, Shi Jia had reached a spot on the monster's back, where there was no skin to protect it.

She drew her dagger and stabbed at the patch of unprotected flesh.

The monster felt the pain and began to struggle violently, flinging Shi Jia to the ground in the process. She knew how to break a fall to minimize damage, but Tarzan bolted to her anyway. He was simple-minded but athletic, with quick reactions and running speed to boot.

He caught Shi Jia right before she landed. Tarzan smiled stupidly, his teeth gleaming white. They all had good teeth, despite the lack of toothpaste. Perhaps it had something to do with the water they drank and their diet of raw meat and bones.

Even the old savages preserved their good teeth.

This must be natural selection. Strong teeth are probably an important factor when it comes to surviving.

Just as she was thinking about the savages and their teeth, the monster fell limply with a ground-shaking crash.

The savages cheered, brandishing their hand-made weapons.

The meat from the monster was enough to feed the whole tribe for a few months.

Yao Xiaoyu retrieved her wooden first-aid kit, applied some medicinal herbs to Shi Jia's wounds, and wrapped them up in pelts.

"I have disinfected all of these, so you are safe from getting an infection."

"And how did you do that?" asked Shi Jia. There wasn't any disinfectant here, so how could she have disinfected her tools?

"With hot water, of course. The most primitive way."

Yao Xiaoyu finished the wrapping with a pretty bowtie. Despite the lack of tape, her self-made bandage proved to be rather sturdy.

"By the way, these monster pelts are good stuff. We can use them to make shoes," said Yao Xiaoyu. She had been eyeing on it for a while already. The pelt made good material for shoes, and the scaly side was great for soles, thanks to its durability. Not only that, it had good suction, which would help prevent sliding. The rough landscape had long worn out the shoes they arrived in. If they don't make new pairs soon, they would probably end up roaming barefoot like those savages.

Shi Jia walked to her, squat down, and tore off a piece of the pelt to feel its texture. It was soft on the inside, which made it perfect for a pair of leather boots.

"Can we have the pelt, Zhang Peng?" she asked over her shoulders.

"Of course," said Zhang Peng, in the middle of conferring with his savage friends on what to do with the monster carcass. He was deft and sure-handed. Clearly, his five years of experience had made him a passable savage.

“They aren’t interested in the pelts. All they want is the meat. Plus, you were the one who slew it. You can have all the pelts if you want them.”

Zhang Peng translated her notion to the barbarians, which provoked a lengthy response. Shi Jia did not understand their words, but she sensed the friendliness in their smiles. Smiles are the best way of communication, a universal language that bypassed any barriers.

And so Shi Jia began working on skinning the monster. It was a tedious process, for every bit of pelt came off with a chunk of flesh, which she removed with her knife and tossed the female savages who were in charge of cooking.

Before she could carry on, Yao Xiaoyue ran up to her, snatched the dagger, and took things into her own hands.

“Have you done this before?” asked Shi Jia.

“Yes. A lot of times,” replied Yao Xiaoyu.

“What type of skin do you usually deal with? Fish? Chicken?”

“Humans.”

Ye Jia paused, then understood.

Yao Xiaoyu wasn’t lying about peeling human skins; she was a surgeon after all! Her scalpels had probably sliced through countless skin. An honest person like her doesn’t lie.

And so they took the pelts, disinfected them, and made them into shoes and clothes.

With a patch of pelt on her lap, Yao Xiaoyu picked up a bone needle and began working on it. At length, she looked up.

“I can’t sew, though, Director Jin.”

Director Jin’s eyes twitched.

“Fine, I’ll give you a lesson,” he said as he demonstrated the art of sewing, giving concrete instructions along the way.

“Wow! You are good at these things, Director Jin. What a model husband,” praised Liang Chen, giving him a thumbs-up.

Director Jin smiled. “Things were rough during my time, and everyone had to pick up a bit of sewing to get by.”

“Here,” said Director Jin, handing the needle to Liang Chen. “Go ahead and give it a go.”

Liang Chen thanked him, took the needle, and began sewing. Yan Huan sat at the side, her head leaning against a tree. Her head was hurting a little. When she opened her eyes, she saw Qi Haolin sitting down beside Liang Chen to start a conversation. They laughed as they talked, a heart-warming sight to behold. But looking at them made Yan Huan feel awful, and her head seemed to hurt even more.

She stood up and walked to the doctor.

“What’s wrong? Are you alright?”

The doctor quickly got up and cleaned Yan Huan’s wounds carefully. The state of the wound worried him.

“The wound has opened up a little. Do you want to take a few days off?”

“I’m fine,” said Yan Huan, feeling her hair. “Help me patch it up. I still have more scenes to film in the afternoon. I can’t stop here.”

“That is important, but this is important too. If you go on like this, this patch of your head might become permanently bald.” Was she fine with that? Yan Huan should know better than anyone how important looks are to an actress.

Chapter 693: Negligent During One’s Youth

“It is okay, I don’t want to shoot anything else after this. I need a break.” Yan Huan still smiled, but her smile was dull. Yeah, after this shoot was complete, she would not want to be involved in the next scene anymore, she no longer had the mood.

Would her hair ever grow again on that particular scalp area? She did not care. Nobody would be concerned about her anymore, even if she went bald.

The doctor took over the antiseptic liquid and cleaned the wound for Yan Huan. She did not tell this to anyone, as if she did not get hurt in the first place.

Others were resting while it was raining heavily, but she was the only one that prepared for the raining scene.

At this moment, she was in the rain, her clothes were completely wet. She caught a furry animal. Its fur could be made into clothes. But such an animal was difficult to catch. They only appeared during rainy days, and only for a short while.

She wiped away the rainwater on her face and showed a signal to Tarzan who was just beside her. Tarzan was clever, he could roughly understand her meaning.

They hid beside the tree, waiting for the animal to appear. Finally, there was one after they waited for more than an hour. Tarzan was at the left, while she was on the right side.

Here, Shi Jia did not have to train because her daily routine was waking up, hunting, and hunting enormous animals. Therefore, her intuition, her smell, and her capability to respond were all enhanced.

Her body fell directly toward one side, all of a sudden, her face was being splashed by the muddy water, but her face was still emotionless. Deep in her eyes, a gigantic and furry animal ran toward her.

At the moment, she grasped the knife in her hand tightly, then she pointed the knife toward it, and the knife scratched its skin.

The animal growled in agony. At first, it struggled for a short while, but then it collapsed, seemed like it died with its big eyes were widely opened.

It was the latest anesthetic drug developed by Yao Xiaoyu. If it were being applied on the knife, even an elephant could be anesthetized almost completely if the drug contacted its skin. Their target was now slightly smaller than an elephant. However, although it was smaller, it was actually considered huge here. Its size was quite similar to a lion during their time, the fur of two such animals could be made into a blanket, and the rest could be used to make other objects.

With the blanket, it was not a problem for them to stay here until the winter ended.

The seasons here were distinct. However, while the summer was short, the winter was extremely long, almost two months longer than the other seasons. The barbarians would start to store food since summer. But such a way did not work well because their food could not last for a long period of time. Eventually, Zhang Peng, the modern man taught them how to make hams. The ham was made using a similar method of making bacon in modern times. Although it did not taste as good, it could be stored for a long time, for the whole winter, without spoiling.

Shi Jia kept all the furs and made them into blankets, and she stored the meat after preserving them.

They went hunting every day. They ate some in the morning and kept the rest. Besides, Yao Xiaoyu found plenty of edible wild vegetables and she dried them to preserve them for a longer time. She liked to store food, to begin with. When the vegetables were dried, she would wrap them up, and bury them under the ground. When it was winter, they could be eaten.

“Achoo...!”

Yan Huan sneezed, she took a jacket and covered herself. The weather was turning much cooler. It seemed like she got the flu after getting wet in the rain for a whole night yesterday.

Luckily, the housekeeper had prepared some soup for her to drink.

Yan Huan took the soup, put it beside her mouth and started drinking. She drank this soup like medicine. Every time she caught a cold, Lu Yi would order the housekeeper to prepare this soup for her. In the beginning, she refused to drink it, but strangely, she got used to the soup now.

“How are you?” Liang Chen entered the tent, and put her hand on Yan Huan’s forehead, “You don’t have to work this hard.”

“I am fine. We can complete it a day earlier if we take a few more scenes. Oh, yeah,” she pointed at the bowl on the table, “You should have some, too.”

The housekeeper brought another bowl for Liang Chen.

And she said, “It’s getting colder now. You can prevent the cold if you have some. ”

Liang Chen accepted the offer to drink the soup. The smell of raw ginger was not too bearable for him. But she understood the kindness of Yan Huan, and she could not reject her. Regardless, the bowl was in her hands now. It would look bad if she did not drink it. She had to finish it even if it tasted really bad.

She tasted a little, and the pungent taste almost caused her to vomit. But she persevered and finished it. When she finished it, she felt like crying. The soup was too spicy.

She had a glass of water for herself, after drinking two glasses, only then did the spicy taste go away.

"It will be better once you are familiar with it," Yan Huan drank some more. She drank it slowly and tasted it silently. The taste was not too nice, but it was familiar and it made her miss him.

After she finished it, the housekeeper came with another bowl of soup and passed it to Yan Huan.

"Do you want more?"

Liang Chen felt like she almost wanted to vomit, but Yan Huan kept drinking the soup. Liang Chen swallowed her saliva unconsciously, is she a soup drinker, or a thirsty donkey?

The housekeeper came with another bowl of soup and put it in front of Liang Chen.

Liang Chen felt embarrassed so she could only accept it. How could she refuse?

"It seems like Miss Liang is having problems with the uterus," The housekeeper knew it when she saw her face. "It's similar to Miss Yan, isn't it? You did not take good care of your health when you were young, and you always filmed in the cold water during winter. That's why you would feel uncomfortable during your period."

Liang Chen nodded, "Yeah, that's mostly right," It is true that she had those troubles, she had tried many types of medicine before. Like traditional Chinese medicine, Western medicine, and many other supplements. She even went for body conditioning, but it was effortless. Her health was damaged during youth, hence she was suffering at this age.

However, there was no exception for every actor and actress. When they were young, each of them struggled to succeed, everyone started the journey from being nameless to gaining fame. When they were nameless, they would be willing to portray anyone. They were willing to wear winter suits during summer, and immersed in cold water during winter. This was normal for them. It was still acceptable for men, but it severely affected the woman's body. Who said that it was easy to be an actor or an actress? In fact, it was tough, sometimes they have to film without concern for their own health and life.

Chapter 694: Stocking Up

"But how did you know?" asked Liang Chen as she sat down. The hot soup warmed her hands, but she had no intention of drinking it; not after the odd taste of the previous bowl. She was afraid that the taste would linger at her tongue for the rest of her life if she had another bowl.

"I can tell from the color of your face and lips. You need to nourish your body properly, or you'll have problems getting pregnant in the future."

Liang Chen paused, and placed her hand on her tummy. It wasn't the first time someone had said this to her, telling her that the coldness had settled in her ovaries and made pregnancy difficult. But she was almost 36. Soon, she wouldn't even be able to give birth to a child. At this rate, she would have to go for a test-tube baby.

But she didn't want her child to come that way. A child born through such a cold method wouldn't even feel like her own.

"You should try my soup, Miss Liang," persuaded the nanny. "It's a home remedy that has been passed down for generations in my family. When I was having my first child, I had the same problem as you, and the doctor warned me about a miscarriage. My mother-in-law even tried convincing her son to divorce

me when she learned about it. My mother was the one who told me about the method, and after a year of drinking the soup, I had my first son.”

“Miss Yan faces the same problem too, so she has been drinking my soup consistently. Nourishing the body through food can be slow, but certainly safe.”

“Give it a try, sis,” said Yan Huan, gulping down a mouthful of soup. “I can’t promise it’ll give you a child, but it will take some of your menstrual pains away.”

She knew Liang Cheng had the same problem as her because she had seen her during her bouts of menstrual pain, rolling on the bed for an entire day before she was fit enough to do anything, just like her in the past.

But she was better now. At the very least, the pain no longer made her roll around and tear up.

Now that Lu Yi wasn’t around to take care of her, she had to take things into her own hands.

“Is it really that effective?” asked Liang Chen skeptically as she studied the bowl of soup. It didn’t smell good, but who knew if it had healing properties?

“Perseverance is the key,” said Yan Huan as she took another gulp.

“Okay, then,” Liang Chen gritted her teeth. If Yan Huan can endure it, why couldn’t she? She had gone through her own share of hardships in her youth. There might be a miracle in the soup.

She lifted the bowl to her lips and took a gulp. She almost spat it out. What kind of weird taste is this? She thought the soup didn’t taste that bad when she saw Yan Huan’s composed expression as she drank it, but the soup turned out to be absolutely disgusting.

She wanted to stop by the time the bowl was half-empty, but she made herself drink everything.

At night, they could hear the leaves being rustled by the wind. Someone who was in a bad mood would have mistaken the sound as a miserable, terrifying howl. Leaves brushed against each other as they fell to the ground.

With that many sounds blended inside, the wind didn’t even sound like the wind anymore.

Yan Huan took out her phone and unlocked it. The light from the screen illuminated her face, dazzling her for a second. She sheltered her eyes with her fingers, then started tossing and turning with the blanket in her arms.

There were many pictures stored in her phone—sneak shots of Lu Yi from when it all began, and occasional pictures she took after their encounter. There were about 20 photos, but she never stopped scrolling, as though there was no end. Then she realized she had long reached the end, and had since been going through the same pictures over and over again. The pain in her heart kept recurring too.

Clutching the blanket tightly, she put her phone aside and eventually fell asleep. She was frowning uneasily, even in her sleep, the way she always did ever since his passing.

She got up early the next day to take a jog in the safe zone of the forest. The settlement had been constructed with real stones and hills. Running alongside them, she breathed in the fresh air of nature

and left the clamor and stiffness of the city behind. It felt refreshing. Many of the casts' health had been improving, despite the lack of food variety.

This was a good place, truly. It would have made a unique experience, if Yan Huan hadn't been pining over Lu Yi.

She stood below a tree, leaning against its trunk as her breathing harmonized with the wind. She wished she was a tree too, so she wouldn't have to think about things.

The weather was getting chillier. A leaf fluttered in the air before her. She reached out and caught it, then spun it between her thumb and index. Their goal was to capture the change in seasons. This wasn't the roughest phase. The roughest phase was winter because winter was cold, and they had to act in that freezing weather.

Within the settlement, everyone doubled the efforts of hoarding food. It wasn't that bad, since they had a good harvest in the earlier part of the year. The tribe had increased in population, but Shi Jia's anesthetic traps opened up a new option to them. Sometimes, the bigger traps captured large prey that would usually take an entire squad to take down. In those days, Yao Xiaoyu had completed a good number of fur blankets that provided ample warmth. She also made a few fur coats and fur shoes.

They ended up spending the entire autumn stocking up on food. When autumn was ending and the days got colder, however, Shi Jia realized that hunting had become much harder. In previous days, they always had spare games to save up at the end of the day, but those days were over. They might soon have to eat from their storage.

Thankfully, they had enough food to last them a winter. If they ate frugally, they could even last until the next spring.

Chapter 695: More Than 30 People

It could be seen from the drifting of a leaf.

Autumn was finally here and a layer of leaves fell from the trees. However, hunting was still a must-do homework for them every single day. The weather was cold when their classes ended, giving out a sense of stronger survival.

It would be more difficult to hunt for prey after the last leaf of the trees had fallen. They had finished their stored up grains and there was nothing else here except for dried meat. They would usually cook the meat in a big pot and each of them would be distributed with one piece of meat. Also, they could only have meat for all three meals in a day.

"I want some braised pork," Yao Xiaoyu cradled a bowl and was tired of eating the same food every day. She really did not feel like eating but then she knew she would be hungry.

"Just pretend that it is braised pork." Zhang Peng drank a mouthful of meat broth and clicked his tongue with satisfaction, "I have not eaten any braised pork for five years while you have only been missing it for a few years, it will be better once you get used to it."

"Do you still remember how braised pork tasted like?" Yao Xiaoyu asked Zhang Peng. For someone who did not have any other food in five years, he must have forgotten the most basic taste of food.

Zhang Peng took a bite of the meat while imagining it as braised pork since he was asked whether he remembered the taste of braised pork or other meat in general.

He shook his head, "I don't."

On the other side, Shi Jia gave most of the meat from her bowl to Tarzan.

Tarzan touched his bowl for a while before he finally picked up the meat and ate it. Shi Jia never ate a lot of meat, she was fine as long as her body's physiological function was maintained at the most basic level. Therefore, she gave most of her portion to Tarzan. Besides, men should eat more because they got hungry fast and their consumption rate was also high.

"Shi Jia, you treat Tarzan quite well."

Zhang Peng picked up the bowl again to drink his broth. "Why don't you just settle down here? Finding a barbarian isn't a bad idea. You can even give birth to a baby barbarian." Yao Xiaoyu gave him a good kick before he could finish his sentence.

"What the hell are you talking about? We are the ones who are becoming barbarians. I'm going home, I still have a boyfriend."

"Home?" Zhang Peng's smile looked very bright but it was actually bleak, "I've been here for five years, I would've gone back long ago if I could. You should stop thinking about going back every day. In fact, it would be basically impossible."

Yao Xiaoyu kicked Zhang Peng again, "Just because you can't go back doesn't mean that I can't. My life is way better than yours."

"Right, way better," Zhang Peng did not want to justify anything to Yao Xiaoyu. It would be great if she could go back, but if she could not, she would end up like him. He waited for days, years, and eventually five years. He even became more like a barbarian, but he had long been at ease with his circumstances. He had accepted his fate.

Listening to their conversation, Shi Jia only focused on drinking her broth and did not once express any opinion. She was prepared to go back and prepared to stay here at the same time. Wherever she would be, the most important thing for her was to stay alive.

It was really getting colder. Their white breaths could be seen when they exhaled.

Yao Xiaoyu blew a mouthful of hot air into her palms. It's really cold.

Shi Jia was squatting on the ground while sharpening branches with Tarzan. The branches were sharpened into a sharp tip and made into arrows with animal's feathers. This bow and arrows were improvised by Shi Jia and they were much better than the unskilled ones brought by Zhang Peng.

Zhang Peng pressed his lips and could only shrug his shoulders. He muttered that this was really none of his faults as he was never a weapon-maker. He was just a nerd who liked gaming.

However, this was not the case with Shi Jia. She had been exposed to these things. Shi Jia might even be able to devise guns and explosives if they had gunpowder here.

The kills they brought back were getting lesser and lesser, they could be counted with single digits for almost every day. Shi Jia would be making arrows as backups when they had nothing else to do.

Until one day, the Tribe Leader brought back a large group of people. Zhang Peng translated and said that they were from a small tribe with over 30 people. They came to them to seek shelter and of course, since the people were from a tribe, they welcomed them and cooked a large pot of meat for them immediately.

As Yao Xiaoyu looked at the boiling meat in the pot, she could not help but feel a little anxious.

We have over 30 extra mouths to feed in such short notice, I don't think that our food supplies are enough. Such a big pot of meat is cooked at once, how much food do we have stored up?

Shi Jia took some stones and started counting on the ground.

She knew how much food was available because she had her share of credit for the food here. She hunted very quickly and she was especially agile. Although initially, she could not be compared to these barbarians who could hunt by natural instinct, given a little time to adapt, she became pretty swift. Coupled with various traps, the kills she gathered could equate to the sum of kills by these barbarians sometimes.

Zhang Peng and Yao Xiaoyu were squatting in front of Shi Jia, watching her swiftly scribbling Arabic numerals on the ground and making various calculations.

Shi Jia threw away the stones from her hand and looked at them, "Our food supply can only last up to a month if they are not being frugal about it. Added with the other kills that we may be able to get, the food may last a little longer."

"I'll go and talk to the Tribe Leader."

Zhang Peng stood up, having not enough food supply was a big deal.

He came back soon after but the look on his face was not very happy.

"They didn't agree, did they?" Actually, Shi Jia had already expected this beforehand. The unenlightened barbarians could not think of so far out. Also, dozens of people who came here this time comprised of more than a dozen women. For these women's sake, the Tribe Leader would certainly allow these people to stay.

"Zhang Peng, we may have to think about it."

They clearly knew that many might get starved to death but they were still insisting on continuing. This would not be what Shi Jia would do. Besides, Zhang Peng said that people were starved to death in the tribe every year, so it was a very normal thing to them. Initially, Zhang Peng thought that no one would starve this year. Who would have known that so many people came all of a sudden? The people who were going to be starved to death would not be just one or two. Although lives were invaluable here and the lifespan of barbarians was short, Shi Jia and the others still wanted to live. They must stay alive no matter what.

"Let me think again," Zhang Peng was having a headache while trying to think of an alternative. He made many attempts, but these people were already staying in the tribe and it would be impossible to drive

them out. The only thing they could do now was to control the consumption of their food supply strictly from three times a day to once a day. Since the women in the tribe did not do much, they could eat less, allowing men to have more food. After all, the men had to go out for hunting. Although they would not have much prey now since it was winter, there would still be a few that escaped the net.

Chapter 696: Planning for Themselves

But as he said, savages were savages at the end of the day. Why would they listen to him? After a few tries at convincing them, he felt as though he was playing music to an ox. The savages didn't listen. They feasted and celebrated and even began hunting less. The store of food was being depleted, and fast.

In his stress, Zhang Peng hauled at his hair every day, until he was nearly bald. There wasn't any room left for him to doubt Shi Jia's prediction—the remaining food would last them a month, no more.

“We might have to start saving food.”

Shi Jia gathered the group together, including Tarzan, who had taken to following Shi Jia wherever she went. Shi Jia glanced at Tarzan's short hair. It had been her work. She made sure to include Tarzan in the council because he was different from the other savages. He wasn't very strong, and thus wasn't very respected in the tribe, but he was an agile and efficient hunter. He also enjoyed thinking, so he often hung out with Zhang Peng for the past few years. As a result, he had become a good deal more intelligent.

A few strands of hair were sprouting on the bald head Shi Jia had left him. Even so, he didn't look weird because his features were rather handsome,

“I agree,” said Yao Xiaoyu. She had been high-strung lately, worried about whether there would be a next meal. And what do they do when they run out of food a month later? Starve to death? “I have stocked up on wild greens, which no one seems to be interested in. It could last us for a few days if need be.”

She had intended to use them as flavoring at first, but now it seems like their lives might have to depend on them.

From that day onwards, they only ate half the meat they were given every day, wrapping up the other half in leaves and leaving them in the room to dry. In that weather, the shelf life of the jerkies was considerably long.

A few days later, almost to their surprise, they had saved up a lot of food. Every once in awhile, Shi Jia would transport the food to their hidden storage.

Everyone is selfish when it comes to life and death. If they couldn't convince the others, they could only try to keep themselves alive. And don't expect them to share their hard-saved food with the others. They weren't saints.

As time went on, the tribe members began putting on weight. Every day they crowded around the bonfire, capering around in merriment. What was there to celebrate? Funny how they had such bright smiles when food was running out.

After moving some food to their hidden storage, Shi Jia returned to the settlement. But Tarzan was nowhere to be seen. Not even during dinner.

"Where's Tarzan?" she asked Zhang Peng.

Zhang Peng shook his head. "Haven't seen him since he went hunting this morning."

"Where's the others?" asked Shi Jia, bits of snowflakes shining on her. Yes, it had begun to snow. The snow was good for their food supply, however. The colder it was, the longer the food will last.

"The others?" Zhang Peng frowned. "I'm pretty sure they came back already. I'll go ask."

He shuffled out, and soon returned with greater haste.

"They told me Tarzan had bled a lot after a beast clawed him."

"Where is he?" asked Shi Jia, impatient. "Where is he then? Isn't he bleeding? We have a doctor here."

Zhang Peng stood there and said nothing.

"I get it," said Shi Jia, heading out to look for Tarzan. That was how the savages were. It wasn't the first time they had abandoned an injured companion either. There was selfishness in their blood, selfishness that could be found in any humans, even modern-day ones.

Wind blustered against her face as Shi Jia left the settlement. Suddenly, she clamped a hand over her stomach.

The staff quickly ran up to her to support her.

"What's wrong? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," said Yan Huan, straightening. "My tummy hurts a little. Might have been something I ate yesterday."

The staff carefully supported her into the tent where the wind and snow had been blocked off. It was warm inside.

She still had her hand on her tummy. It hurt so much that her heart was aching too.

The nanny passed her a hot-water bottle.

"It's been getting colder lately, so something like this is bound to happen. This is the result of not taking care of your body in your youth."

"Thank you," said Yan Huan as she took the hot-water bottle and placed it on top of her stomach. She felt her heart tighten. Lu Yi had done the same for her back then. Knowing that she couldn't sleep during her bouts of pain, he always made sure that the water inside the bottle was hot. That had made her tummy feel a lot better.

He remembered it even more clearly than she herself did, so he prepared everything beforehand.

But now he was gone. No one would worry about her anymore. He had spoiled her so much that she had become useless, too weak to even twist the cap off a bottle.

She held the bottle tightly and felt a tingling within her nose. Then she cried silently, afraid that she might lose control if she cried loudly.

She knew she had to get used to the days without Lu Yi, and live like how she did in the past, persevering and living and also learning about life itself.

The nanny put a bowl of soup before her.

Yan Huan took it with her head dipped low. She only wiped the tears away and began drinking when the nanny had left.

She rested a little longer before getting ready.

Everyone was waiting for her, ready to shoot the next scene. She didn't want to waste their time by making them wait.

She finished the soup and headed out again. Like always, she told anyone who was concerned that she was fine. Truth was, her tummy was hurting again.

Was she used to pain? Or did she just choose to ignore it? It made no matter. What mattered was that the pain was always there, torturing her.

She only learned later that there wasn't a single person in this world who could ever get used to pain.

Chapter 697: Tarzan Went Missing

"Ready, action."

As the director shouted, all the different departmental members on-site got into position.

Shi Jia came out from the village as she searched along the path. To be honest, this big group of people would be easy to find since they would have left a trail as they came and went. No matter how heavy the snow was, there would still be a trail of footprints left behind.

It was these footprints that she followed step by step. In the same scene, she was filmed crouching down and scooping up a handful of snow in her hands to eat.

As the camera pulled away from the shot, the lone silhouette of the person before the camera became distant, as if she was the only one in this white snowy world.

Yan Huan bent over and scooped up a handful of snow. Although she knew that she should not move or else pain would overwhelm her, but it was not easy. She had finally nursed her body back to health to the point where it was not as agonizing anymore, yet with what she was currently doing, her condition would worsen in the future.

She lifted the snow before her and started eating it in mouthfuls. At the same time, the camera pulled in to focus on her expressions that portrayed endurance, misery, solitude as well as perseverance.

She did not feel like she was acting, but felt as if she was actually in the movie itself.

She stood up and continued stepping forward. Who could tell her what it was that she could do other than just walk on?

At the very least, Shi Jia still had one hope. However, there was no hope for Yan Huan.

If that person would just give her a small sliver of hope, she would not give up no matter what the consequences were.

As she pressed on, the snow fell on her ceaselessly. It was not long before the snow piled on her like a snowman and beneath the heavy snow was her pale colorless face.

It was not easy for a woman to be able to go this far in such cold weather. In actual fact, she could have gotten a replacement, she could have used fake snow, or she could have used a green screen to get it done with computer graphics. Yet, she was unwilling to do so. She utilized both her feet, planting them solidly on the ground and acting at the expense of her own time and life.

Success did not come easy and neither did it come with a guarantee.

You could only reap what you sowed. While some people might not have gotten anything back regardless of how much they have sacrificed, but if you did not work for it, then where could you look for your rewards?

Her footsteps slowed to a pause and then, in adherence to the director's instructions, her foot twisted and she went tumbling down the snow. Even though there was someone to catch her down below, she was still dazed from the fall.

"No, no, the angle wasn't good, again."

Director Jin replayed the scene. She needed to tumble again.

Yan Huan stood up. With another twist, she tumbled down once again.

"No, again."

Director Jin frowned. This scene was very challenging so it had to be done right.

Yan Huan got up from the ground again. She was quiet as she stood up, slumped down and continued tumbling down the snow. Yan Huan did not know how long she was made to film the same scene; she only knew that her clothes were soaking wet from the inside out. At long last, when the director shouted 'cut', she sat on the snow and heaved a sigh of relief.

Hmm, as long as we are done with the filming.

These scenes that had involved filming in the snow was not child's play. There were high requirements for the expressions and body movements of an actor. Furthermore, they were on a real mountain, with real snow, harsh weather and a dangerous geographical location. Even if it was not for filming purposes, a great deal of energy was needed to be able to walk through the snowy ground.

Draped in a blanket as she drank soup from the bowl handed to her, Yan Huan finally felt slightly warmer but still trembled from the freezing cold. Thankfully, the pain in her abdomen had subsided. She was just a little cold, but in this weather, everyone was cold.

She finished a bowl of soup and slept for a while. When she next opened her eyes again, she found herself covered with sweat that was sticky and uncomfortable, but it was a good thing that she was

sweating. Being able to sweat meant that she was alright and that she was not sick with the flu, and also meant that she would not slow down the entire group's schedule for the shoot tomorrow.

She was the main lead and the heart of the whole team. Anyone could fall sick but not her, she did not have the privilege to do so. Hence, she had to be healthy to finish filming the remaining scenes no matter what.

At night, she had been woozy and dazed all the time until she was unsure if she really fell asleep. She had dreamt throughout the entire night, but of what, she had forgotten.

When she woke, the snow was still falling outside.

Walking out, she sensed snowflakes falling on her face one by one in an instant, making her feel cold and icy as she touched her face. She then raised her hand to catch the falling snow, letting flakes of snow fall on her palm but as they did, they melted from the heat of her body temperature.

No matter how cold the snow is, it will still melt one day.

Then, what about a heart that turned cold?

She walked out and came to the dressing room. She cleared off the snow on her before entering.

As she sat on the chair, she realized that the chair was cold too. It seemed that everything here never had a moment of warmth. Blowing hot air into her hands, the vapor that escaped her lips swiftly disappeared, along with the warmth that had come with it.

When Yue Ran arrived, Yan Huan had already been sitting there for quite a while.

He walked over and bent over in front of Yan Huan, brushing her hair to the side before taking a plaster from the drawer and sticking it on her wound.

"After this wound of yours heals, no hair will grow on this part of your scalp." Ever since she had this wound, it had constantly been in contact with water. In addition to that, the cold weather, the poor conditions here and the fact that she had not rested properly had contributed to the slow healing of the small wound. Now that it was obvious that the wound was inflamed, that part of the scalp would probably be bald even if it was to heal. It was such a pity for a woman to go bald just like that.

Yan Huan touched her hair as well, "It's alright, it's not obvious."

Yue Ran did not argue with this stubborn woman. Alright then, since she said that it was not obvious. Besides, it is her hair and not mine. Even if she were to go bald, it does not matter as long as she is able to act well.

The snow outside seemed to fall heavier and heavier, which was exactly what the whole crew had been waiting for in the past few days to perfect the shooting of the scenes. Otherwise, they would have to resort to fake snow which would be extremely energy-consuming and time-consuming.

Shi Jia struggled to get off the snowy ground. She was currently covered with snow and her face was green from the cold. Even though the animal leather she was clad in was warm but it was not modern era clothing after all. Hence, she could barely even feel her own body temperature.

Chapter 698: Fallout

She fell into pace with the others.

She could not say for how long she walked, walking alone through the ice and snow, as though she was only one in existence. The land was vast and empty... until she came across something buried in the snow.

She ran up quickly, but fell into the snow in her haste. She looked up, her long lashes crusted with ice, and squat down, her hands digging at the snow. She soon felt something, and she kept going.

As snow tumbled off to the side, the blue face of a savage came into view. It was Tarzan.

“Tarzan,” she called, patting his face.

At length, Tarzan opened his eyes and gave her a guileless smile.

Shi Jia rubbed his hands in hers, hands that never rested and were filled with blisters. Life as a savage was hard, and they rarely lived to old age, often succumbing to the nasty environment, starvation, or beasts. It was a place where danger lurked at every corner.

Not only did they have to deal with external threats, but they also had to watch out for other humans as well.

Shi Jia supported Tarzan on the way back. The sky had gone dark by the time they reached the entrance of the settlement. The tribesman denied them. According to the shaman, Tarzan’s illness was incurable and contagious, and therefore they could not have him in the village. Shi Jia had almost told him what she thought about his wisdom. It was the first time she heard that external wounds can be contagious.

That night, they huddled outside the settlement.

Yao Xiaoyu caught news of it on the following morning. She quickly ran out to meet them. Tarzan was badly wounded. He had lost a lot of blood, and was feverish. It was a miracle that he had made it back alive.

“We need to get him inside,” said Yao Xiaoyu after a brief examination. She helped him stand.

Shi Jia’s face was icy, her bloodless lips blue from the coldness.

The tribesmen stood in their way once again.

Shi Jia wasn’t surprised. She had seen it coming.

And now they were left with two choices. The first to abandon Tarzan and return to the tribe. The second was to leave the tribe with Tarzan and find a new place to settle down.

“We’ll leave,” said Shi Jia, supporting Tarzan with her shoulder. It wasn’t a bad decision either. Rather than a certain death of starvation, they might as well leave for new possibilities.

“Hold on, I’ll leave too,” said Yao Xiaoyu. She wasn’t going to be left alone with those uncultured savages. She returned to her living quarters, packed up the wild greens, and made to join her

companions. The savages checked through her belongings before she left. For the first time, Yao Xiaoyu realized that the savages weren't as naïve as she believed them to be.

At the end of the day, they were humans, and humans all have their own thoughts and concerns. They were the ones who had underestimated them.

Yao Xiaoyu unfurled her backpack, revealing the wild greens she had been storing. The savages never had any interest in the greens.

She then hefted the belonging and walked out in a dignified manner.

"Let's go," said Yao Xiaoyu, giving Shi Jia a hand. They were not the sort who could abandon their companions. They were civilized, with thoughts and morals.

Still, Yao Xiaoyu turned back and gave one last, searching glance. Shi Jia knew that she was looking for Zhang Peng. Even so, they did not know how to talk him into leaving. He had been staying with those savages for five years, after all. Going their separate ways was for the best.

That was when they heard a series of clumsy footsteps behind them. When they turned around, they saw Zhang Peng with his belongings.

He smiled stupidly, scratching his head.

"Why did you all leave without telling me? Thank goodness I caught up with you," he patted himself in the chest. "Thank goodness, thank goodness."

Otherwise, he wouldn't have known how to find them. They had no phones or computers here, so the day before could very well have been their last time seeing each other, had he not found them.

"Why did you come?" asked Yao Xiaoyu, turning away and pretending to be indifferent. Yet there was a look of joy in her eyes, something she did not realize herself.

"Of course I'm coming. That place is doomed anyway," shrugged Zhang Peng. Talking felt so good. Why would he stay there, gesturing and signaling with the uncultured savages? They were running out of food and wouldn't listen to him anyway. He wasn't a big fan of starving to death either. Plus, he trusted Shi Jia. With only a few of them, foraging food wouldn't be much of a problem.

He walked to them, hung his belongings on Tarzan's neck, and gave him a hand as well. He had since long turned from a weak, scholarly guy, into a real man.

And who could have seen it coming? It had already been five years since he lived as a savage.

They found a natural cave, where they decided to set up their base.

Yao Xiaoyu treated Tarzan, while Shi Jia and Zhang Peng scavenged for useful things, like soft grass and tree barks that could be used as flooring.

Thankfully, they had brought the fur quilts with them, so nighttime wasn't that cold.

"Where's Shi Jia?" Yao Xiaoyu asked Zhang Peng. For some reason, she was nowhere to be found.

"I don't know," Zhang Peng shook his head. "Must have gone hunting."

Yao Xiaoyu sat the entrance of the cave, propping her face up with an elbow. Life was hard without rice and grains.

They did not even have a pot to cook rice.

Soon, a shadowy figure emerged from the snow, a large bag slung across her shoulders and a bloodied animal in her hand.

Night fell, and so did the snow that never seemed to stop.

...

Yan Huan slipped into a cotton coat, blew some hot air into her hands, and rubbed them together.

They were done with the filming, so it was time to eat. This place was too cold. Everywhere was freezing and strewn with ice.

She took a bowl of rice and meat, their dinner for that day. It was a sumptuous meal, but there was no room to be picky. It had been hard enough to even get something cooked.

As she ate, snowflakes danced into her bowl, melting as they touched the hot rice. It felt as though she was melting herself, lost in the vast expanse of white snow.

Chapter 699: Such A Big One

The filming of the next scene took place right after their meal. Truth be told, filming a movie like this was difficult, especially on a snowy day. The wind was strong, the snow was heavy and the roads were difficult to walk on. Sometimes, a single scene would require several takes, causing those who were involved to sweat nervously.

The cold weather was nearly unbearable, chilly gusts of wind buffeting against them mercilessly. Moreover, the clothes they wore were very thin. At this point, it actually did not matter how low the temperature had dropped in this place.

The most important thing was that the movie had to be filmed regardless how bad the conditions were. The filming must carry on, and it had to be done as perfectly as possible until the very last scene.

Shi Jia walked into the cave, noticing the five campfires that were blazing away merrily inside. She turned around to open the sack on her shoulder, and added the contents to an existing pile in the depths of the cave.

“This is the meat that we’ve saved up.”

Yao Xiaoyu finally recalled something once she saw these things.

“I’ve totally forgotten about this. This is such a huge stash that it should be enough to feed us for a long time.” The stash had actually been saved up over a long period of time. Back then, they had thought of preparing for a rainy day and now, they were really prepared for it. No one remembered who was the one who had come up with the idea but at least they would not starve in the coming days. As for their other dilemmas, they would cross that bridge when they got there.

At the very least, they could still survive.

They brought back all the food that they had saved up in advance and as it turned out, the amount of food saved by several people was rather impressive. If they were careful with their portions, they would have enough food to last them for at least a month. Therefore, it was obvious how wasteful those savages were. If they had been careful with their portions as well, then it would have been possible for the food to last for up to two months.

Yet now, two month's worth of food had been wasted so much by these people that it could only last for a single month, meaning that they would have to starve for the following half a month. Starving for three days would already be an intolerable feat and starving for up to seven days would actually kill them.

Shi Jia had set up many traps in the area, and paired with the tranquilizer that Yao Xiaoyu had made, catching small animals would be an easy matter.

Thus, they had no problem with their food supply. Furthermore, all the leftovers that they could not finish eating were processed into smoked meat, preserved as part of their food source.

However, the snow grew heavier and scavenging for food became more difficult than before. Even with all the traps that they had dug, they had not caught anything for the past few days, not even a single bird. Their rations were running low as well.

Hence, it was inevitable that they would starve if they could not replenish their food supply.

Shi Jia picked up her dagger.

"I'll go look for food."

But the weather...

Yao Xiaoyu held her back, "There's a blizzard out there! How exactly are you going to look for food?"

"We'll starve to death if I don't." Shi Jia had never been one to wait around for death. If she was going to die, she would not allow herself to die by starvation. She would rather perish in this blizzard or go down fighting in the forest, but she would definitely not starve herself into a pile of skin and bones.

She walked out of the cave. The blizzard was indeed heavy and with all the snow that was covering her face, sight was limited. Yet, she stepped into the blizzard fearlessly, with Tarzan following behind her.

The two of them went to the place known as the Death Valley to the savages, fighting against the terrible weather and narrowly escaping death, but they still found no food.

Shi Jia only brought back some edible tree leaves when they returned.

Until one day, a heavy reverberating noise echoed from outside the cave. Tarzan ran out to investigate and when he came back, he started to gesture frantically at them.

"There is a huge monster outside?" Shi Jia asked.

Tarzan nodded and waved his hands in the air to indicate the size.

"A very big one?"

Shi Jia made her way over to the cave entrance. She had set up a lot of traps in the nearby area with such large animals in mind, thinking that they would appear when the snow fell harder. Therefore, she had made several big traps without knowing for sure if they were useful or if those animals would even be incapacitated by the traps.

They realized that the animals here were all showed signs of intellect and the bigger their size, the smarter they would be.

The reverberating noise outside the cave grew louder until they could even feel the ground shaking beneath their feet.

Several of them stayed behind in the cave and hid themselves.

Only when painful animalistic cries sounded from outside the cave did Shi Jia and the others go right up to the entrance. Upon a look outside, they saw a wild animal almost half the height of a mountain with half of its body stuck inside a deep trap. Coincidentally, it was the deepest trap that Shi Jia and the others had dug and that particular trap had been filled with sharp stakes laced with the tranquilizer made by Shi Jia and the others.

The animal was probably really in pain as it kept growling in its efforts to escape the pit, but since half of its legs were probably numb by now, all it could do was growl, unable to lift its legs.

“Let’s go.” Shi Jia told the other two. Of course, Yao Xiaoyu was spared from this. She was indeed a competent doctor with her skillful handling of a scalpel, but killing something like this, even up till now, was still too advanced for her.

Despite being heavily tranquilized, the beast still retained its primal instincts. All of them were injured by the beast’s struggling, but in the end, Shi Jia and the other two succeeded in outlasting the beast. For those who came from the future, the fauna in this place was unfamiliar to them. Therefore, they could not determine if the meat was edible as they had never seen such an animal before. If it was edible, that would have been for the best, but if it was not, all they could do was throw it away. Thankfully, Zhang Peng had been here for five years and had accumulated some knowledge about this place and its inhabitants.

After looking at the beast, both Tarzan and Zhang Peng claimed that it was edible. Since both of them were the most experienced, everyone else also agreed that it must be edible.

It was such a big one that if they were to preserve the meat by smoking it, it could feed them for an entire winter. They could finally stop worrying over their food supply. The animal was huge and its skin was fairly tough, so its leather was eventually hung over the cave entrance as curtains. It was rather useful as it blocked off most of wind outside.

As for the animal’s meat, they divided it into pieces and eventually turned these pieces into smoked meat. In the end, half of the cave was stuffed full with it and it was because of the abundant food supply that the smile on everyone’s face finally came back.

As long as they had food, then even the coldest day would pass and they could set their mind at ease.

They did not know how long it had been snowing outside, but it seemed as though the snow had not stopped falling since the beginning of winter. Thankfully, they had stocked up enough food beforehand

and had come across this animal. Otherwise, even if they did not starve to death, they would have frozen to death.

The weather lasted until the spring of the second year, where flowers bloomed and the earth woke up. The temperatures were still cold and the snow had not melted yet, but they could already feel a sense of warmth, a tiny sliver that seemed all the more noticeable when compared to the wind and snow.

Chapter 700: Active Volcano

Yan Huan walked out of the tent. A year had passed, during which the seasons had graced them by turns.

And now, it was spring again. She reached out and touched her hands together, feeling a numbing pain.

She had frostbite.

It wasn't that bad of a thing, she decided. She wouldn't even need makeup now.

She then went back inside the tent, where she had already resided for a year. Time really does fly. She was 26, almost 27 in the coming year. In her previous life, she had died a year after 27.

She didn't know how long she had in this life. She didn't need it to be too long; just long enough to take care of Lu Yi's parents and send them off on their final journey. That's when they could all reunite again.

"The soup's ready, Miss Yan," said the nanny, putting the bowl onto the table.

Yan Huan walked over, raised the bowl to her lips, and drank deeply. Her hands were sad to look at.

What used to be pretty fingers, were now red and swollen from the frostbite. It might even give her a sequela.

Why would a woman push herself this hard? Yes, why, indeed? Yan Huan often found herself asking the same question. But what was there to do other than pushing herself? Dwell on the past? Hope for the future?

Her past was brittle, and her future bleak. That's why she was fine with the way she was living. Call it penance, or letting loose, it made no matter. To her, it was just another year.

Before the Beginning had reached its final scenes, the most challenging scenes of the entire film, where they had to escape from a volcano eruption. The volcano will be added during the after-production, so the actors had to use their imagination and coordination to complete the shooting.

Yan Huan laid down her bowl. The soup warmed her stomach. The weather was warm too. Basking in the warm sunlight, she hankered for a rocking chair, a book, and a cup of tea. In the lazy afternoon, she could listen to the birds sing, the winds whisper, and the leaves rustle as they fall.

But she didn't have time for that kind of leisure. The shooting had to go on.

There was more work to be done, so they had to work hard.

Shi Jia lifted the fur curtain and saw him standing there, a hand over his eyes to ward off the glaring sun.

Spring was here.

She looked up too. Her fingers were frostbitten and swelling. A deep gash had appeared on it too.

But she didn't seem to mind at all. Her lips even curved up slightly as she looked at the sun. It had been a close shave, but we made it.

At night, Zhang Peng brought bad news. As expected, there had been many deaths in the tribe they were exiled from. Most had died from starvation.

Shi Jia couldn't bring herself to pity them. They had warned them, but they chose not to listen. There was nothing more they could have done. They continued living in the cave, living peacefully and hunting for food.

As the earth grew warmer, all kinds of animals awakened from their wintry slumbers, and they no longer had to hunt actively thanks to the foolish creatures that kept stumbling into their traps.

Yao Xiaoyu and Zhang Peng cultivated some lands for the purpose of planting anesthetic plants. Yao Xiaoyu also tried to figure out how to grow mushrooms, since there wasn't much for her to do anyway. Even though she hadn't done it before, she made progress after a few trial and errors. That was to be expected, since she did know how it worked theoretically.

But their peaceful days soon reached an end. The tribesmen sought them out, begging Zhang Peng to return and help them rebuild their homes. Half the tribe had died, leaving the old, young, weak, and sick. Grown men had headed out on the coldest of days, foraging for food, only to never return.

Only five people remained in the village. The rest had made off with the women, and what remained of their food.

Zhang Peng didn't even want to entertain them. So they needed him now. Back then, they had treated his words as farts. He was living well now, and he wasn't responsible for their lives.

But the tribesmen never stopped coming, bringing their children along with them. In the end, Zhang Peng softened and gave in. He had spent five years living among them, witnessing the birth of those children, watching them grow. If he left them to themselves, the kids might not even get to mature.

He returned by himself, but Yao Xiaoyu didn't. Why would she? She liked their current base. Besides, that was where she grew her mushrooms and anesthetic plants.

Shi Jia was fine with anything, but she leaned towards not going as well. Mainly because she was lazy. Tarzan followed Shi Jia like a shadow, so her decision was as good as his.

Shi Jia often sat on the ground working on bows and arrows. She wanted to craft a proper weapon, which could come in handy in times of emergency and make hunting easier. Apart from her inner thoughts, she was very much a savage now, clad in fur skirts, eating beast meat, and living like a primitive.

Her skin had become tanned and coarse, her muscles more developed than before. Her senses had also gotten sharper, and nearly no prey could escape her now.

Perhaps this isn't a bad place to live after all. She set her work aside and looked towards Yao Xiaoyu, who was puzzling over a method to grow mushrooms.

Yao Xiaoyu had adapted way faster than she did. She had her own forms of amusements and spent every day grinning like a fool, living happily without a care in the world. Perhaps that was a good way to live.

Life passes, whether you are happy or sad.

She picked up an arrowhead and continued sharpening it.

Suddenly, for some reason, she couldn't explain, her eyes turned towards the nearby active volcano. She had felt some trembling in the ground lately. That had always been her only fear. Where could they hope to run to, if the volcano were to erupt?

She brought up her concerns to Zhang Peng.