

Primitive 501

Chapter 501: The Flying Snake Captives Who Realized Their Dreams

Today's great battle left the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe extremely busy.

During the pursuit of the enemy, they had been highly energized and didn't feel particularly tired. Now, with their guard down, fatigue washed over them like a tide.

After forcing themselves to clean the battlefield outside, everyone returned to the courtyard and securely shut the gates.

Food was already being cooked inside the cave, which served as a dining area. After such a fierce battle, the group urgently needed sustenance.

As the aroma of the food filled the air, many realized it was already afternoon.

Remembering they hadn't eaten, their stomachs rumbled with hunger.

They quickly washed their hands and faces, eagerly awaiting the divine leader's announcement that it was time to eat.

The meal was incredibly sumptuous; the rhinoceros sent by the Flying Snake Tribe was the best ingredient.

Without much fuss, the meat was cut into large chunks and boiled in a big pot. Then, generous portions were served, with a bowl of soup and a bowl of golden millet rice for each person.

For Han Cheng, the meal wasn't quite as appetizing. Having just experienced a bloody battle and seen too much carnage, he found it hard to eat the meat now.

He tore the untouched meat in his bowl into four portions, giving one piece to his sister, Bai Xue, and the other three to three younger ones savoring their food. He soaked his millet rice in the meat broth.

“Brother Cheng, you should eat.”

Bai Xue looked at her brother with concern, not understanding why he wasn't eating such good meat.

Seeing the meat she picked for him, Han Cheng hurriedly shoved two bites of millet rice into his mouth and shook his head.

Despite the fear, the members of the Flying Snake Tribe were irresistibly drawn to the delicious aroma of the food, their mouths watering uncontrollably as they secretly watched the Green Sparrow Tribe feast.

As they admired the scene, they were also profoundly shocked.

It wasn't just that individuals in this tribe could use two precious pottery vessels at meals; the greater shock was that everyone could have ample food!

They saw that even the old primitive man tending the fire had such food.

After she finished eating, someone even asked if she wanted more.

Could there truly be a wealthy tribe where everyone could eat their fill?

Before this, the members of the Flying Snake Tribe didn't believe it, as their tribe was already extremely powerful. Yet, only the shaman and leaders could eat enough every day; for the rest, having enough to eat daily was impossible.

Especially for the weaker individuals, hunger was a common occurrence.

Yet, something unimaginable was happening right before their eyes.

In their tribe, who among them would not savor every morsel of food after obtaining it, unwilling to pass up any opportunity to eat more? This was especially true for those who were not strong and found it hard to secure food.

However, the least robust individuals in this tribe were shaking their heads, indicating they didn't want any more of the bountiful food.

This...

This was even more shocking than witnessing this tribe possess numerous precious pottery items and other valuable things they had never seen before.

This was food!

As Han Cheng continued to eat his millet rice, he monitored the reactions of the Flying Snake Tribe members.

Seeing their reactions made him unable to suppress a smile; indeed, in this era, nothing could have such an impact or inspire longing more than ample, delicious food... R

The captives from the Flying Snake Tribe were settled in the pigsty.

Since the pigsty in the tribe was divided into individual rooms and there weren't too many wild boars, it wasn't an issue for them to stay there.

The captives had no complaints about this arrangement.

They had come to attack the tribe and had been captured, so being killed would have been justifiable.

Having a place to stay was already beyond their expectations.

With a crooked leg, one tall man carefully held a ceramic bowl, cautiously sipping a mouthful of hot soup. The exquisite flavor flooded his mouth like never before.

Ravenously hungry, he didn't care that the soup was hot and quickly drank it all. To his surprise, he discovered some bits of meat at the bottom of the bowl!

He cherished it immensely, putting it in his mouth and chewing vigorously, feeling dizzy from the deliciousness.

Holding the empty bowl, he glanced around and saw others rapidly drinking their soup.

The tall man shook his head, thinking all of this felt unreal.

Their dream before arriving—eating salted food from precious pottery—was unexpectedly realized in this manner.

Moreover, it seemed better than they had imagined.

He heard from Tu Mao that they would become slaves and work for this tribe.

As long as they were obedient, the people of this tribe wouldn't kill them and would provide them with food.

The tall man didn't know what being a slave meant, but to him, as long as this tribe could provide such food every day—even if it was only every few days—he would happily live here and work diligently.

Even if it were more dangerous than leading a unicorn with grass in front, he would willingly accept it.

While in a daze, a large soup spoon appeared before him, filled with steaming soup and a bone covered in meat.

The tall man was taken aback, looking at the ladle, then at the scowling person holding it.

The scowling man didn't give him time to daze off; he impatiently muttered something incomprehensible to the tall man and shook the ladle filled with soup. The tall man instinctively leveled his bowl, and the delicious soup flowed into it.

Before he could gather his thoughts, the scowling man had already retracted the ladle and continued to serve food to others.

The tall man stared at the soup in his bowl, especially at the meat-covered bone, feeling completely stunned.

He thought just one bowl of such food was incredibly rare, yet he hadn't expected the tribe to give him two bowls directly!

His fear had completely dissipated. Not long ago, he was contemplating whether to find an opportunity to return to his original tribe, but now he had entirely abandoned that thought...

Han Cheng stood at the entrance, watching from a distance. It was he who had arranged for these captives to have such soup.

The Green Sparrow Tribe members ate meat while allowing the slaves to drink soup, which didn't provoke any dissatisfaction among the crowd.

Moreover, it was also a good method to appease the slaves.

With slaves, it wasn't sufficient to rely on intimidation; appropriate soft measures also needed to be implemented.

Simply relying on pressure wasn't a brilliant idea; they could be firmly controlled under the dual approach of reward and intimidation.

Chapter 502: It is advisable to pursue the retreating enemy with the remaining courage

As dusk descended, it cloaked all things in the world, obscuring the brutality of the daylight and making everything appear somewhat less bloody and cruel and a bit more serene and clean.

Under the night sky, the tribe looked as peaceful and tranquil as ever, with no trace of the chaos from the daytime battle.

However, the captives—who either did not realize they were living in a pigsty or did not care even if they knew—did not share this sentiment.

The day's events, which now seemed distant, remained vividly etched in everyone's minds, making it clear that this seemingly quiet tribe could be terrifying when roused.

Everyone sat quietly within, some letting out soft groans due to their injuries, while others curled up against the cold stone walls and drifted off to sleep.

This was their first night in the tribe.

It was not a wonderful night. Autumn was nearly over, and early winter had arrived slowly, bringing with it cold and desolation.

However, no one felt that their living conditions were wrong; after all, their situation had considerably exceeded their expectations.

The thick walls and roofs kept the cold at bay, and the warm orange glow of fire filled the room. A few wisps of light seeped through the door cracks, breaking the night's darkness.

Several prominent figures of the Green Sparrow tribe gathered inside a gray brick house that served as a temporary meeting place to discuss matters.

Unlike the ordinary citizens of the Green Sparrow tribe, who peacefully fell asleep with feelings of victory, these individuals still had to continue their labor of the mind and body.

In the conference room, the shaman shook his head. He disagreed with Shang and Mao's proposal to lead a force to attack the Flying Snake tribe's stronghold.

He believed that the number of slaves in the tribe was already sufficient and that there was no need to venture so far to assault the Flying Snake tribe.

Moreover, having too many slaves could burden the tribe in the short term.

As the weather grew colder and winter set in, this was not an ideal season for food procurement.

This meant that the captured slaves from the Flying Snake tribe would end up consuming food for two or three months, or even longer, without any return.

During this period, the Green Sparrow tribe's food supply would not increase much, and they would have to rely on their already-stored provisions.

Although this year's millet harvest had been abundant, the sudden addition of more than sixty mouths to feed would be somewhat overwhelming.

If they were to conquer the Flying Snake tribe and bring the remaining people over, the number of individuals consuming free meals would increase even further. ¶

This would put more pressure on the tribe.

Given his age, the shaman lacked a strong drive for progress and was inclined to be content with the status quo.

The tribe's current state was already several times better than his most optimistic projections, and the number of slaves acquired was beyond his expectations.

With his worries about insufficient food, he resisted Shang and the others' suggestion of sending people to assault the Flying Snake tribe directly.

After the shaman shared his views, the room fell silent momentarily. The others inside stopped talking and focused on Han Cheng, waiting for the Divine Child to decide.

Han Cheng did not speak immediately; he lightly tapped his fingers on the stone slab tabletop in front of him, made of stone bricks, and after a while, he slowly began, "I think we should still attack this time..."

"One should use the remaining courage to pursue the fleeing enemy rather than seeking fame by imitating tyrants."

This time, the Flying Snake tribe was completely devastated, and those who had escaped were thoroughly scattered; the likelihood of them all returning was slim.

Now was the perfect opportunity to take advantage of the situation and wipe them out in one go.

The Flying Snake tribe had to be eradicated. First, because the two individuals taken from the original Donkey Tribe had not appeared on the battlefield today, there should still be two from the original Pig Tribe at the Flying Snake tribe's stronghold.

Han Cheng had once promised Shang and Mao that he would rescue their kin when the time was right.

Now that the timing was ripe, Shang and Mao would likely feel uneasy if no action were taken, which would not be conducive to unity within the tribe.

Second, as long as the Flying Snake tribe was not eliminated, they would continually threaten the Green Sparrow tribe, creating an uncomfortable feeling akin to being watched by a venomous snake.

From what Tu Mao had told him, Han Cheng understood the expansion tactics of the Flying Snake tribe.

In his view, this method was extremely crude.

However, it was undeniable that it was an effective way to increase strength rapidly in a short period.

If left unchecked, following the Flying Snake tribe's operational style, they could develop once more.

While achieving their current scale might be difficult, surpassing a typical small tribe would not be.

Third, the existence of the Flying Snake tribe was not a good thing for the tribes in this region.

They would further deplete the already limited manpower available.

Even though the impact of today's battle would make it difficult for them to muster the courage to attack again, in the long run, the Flying Snake tribe's presence would still be detrimental to the development of the Green Sparrow tribe.

As the Green Sparrow tribe continued to grow, it required more and more people, while the Flying Snake tribe did the opposite and continually reduced its population.

A person goes through countless trials from birth to adulthood, yet killing someone takes just a moment.

Destruction is always easier than construction.

To avoid the Green Sparrow tribe ultimately finding itself with no one left to use.

This is to ensure that the Green Sparrow tribe's trading teams do not encounter a single tribe when they set out.

Han Cheng believed it essential to launch an offensive against the Flying Snake tribe to eliminate them in one fell swoop.

As for the shaman's concerns about food shortages, Han Cheng was not overly worried—not because he had immense confidence in the tribe's food reserves, but because he was considering the Flying Snake tribe.

He clearly remembered that Tu Mao had said the Flying Snake tribe's shaman wanted to stockpile enough food before launching an attack on the tribes, so he had sent Tu Mao and a few others ahead to scout.

The fact that the Flying Snake tribe had attacked today indicated that they had stored enough food for themselves.

As long as they did not suffer significant losses, they should have enough food to sustain themselves, and now, with so many of their people dead, feeding the remaining members of the Flying Snake tribe with their stored food should not pose a problem.

When attacking the Flying Snake tribe, they took their population and seized their stored food.

With this food, the Green Sparrow tribe, now with many more slaves, could pass through the winter comfortably without worrying about food shortages.

Chapter 503: Directly Attacking the Flying Snake Cave

Han Cheng expressed his considerations and thoughts piece by piece to Shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother, the Second Senior Brother, the Third Senior Brother, Shang, Gu, and Mao.

Once they understood, everyone nodded in agreement.

Shang and Mao smiled. After hearing Shaman mention the food issue, they also felt some concern.

They wanted to attack the Flying Snake Tribe to rescue the remaining clansmen but were worried about whether there would be enough food in the tribe, which left them feeling extremely conflicted.

However, after Han Cheng's reminder, they suddenly saw things.

With the food issue no longer a concern, everything else that followed became manageable.

Shaman also raised his hand to gently pat his head, realizing that he had forgotten about the food reserves stored within the Flying Snake Tribe itself.

With this most pressing concern resolved, Shaman felt great relief.

Seeing that the divine child supported pressing the advantage to annihilate the Flying Snake Tribe, he no longer voiced any opposition.

Thus, the matter was settled.

After the discussion, it was already getting late. Han Cheng and the others exited the meeting hall, and a chill swept through, causing them to shiver involuntarily.

Han Cheng looked around and then walked toward where the slaves were held.

Not far from the pigpen, four members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, wrapped in thick fur, were armed and guarding the area.

He asked a few people some questions and glanced into the pigpen.

At that moment, some restless Flying Snake Tribe captives were startled awake. They appeared fearful as they looked outside, unsure of what the group wanted to do at this hour.

Han Cheng paused momentarily, instructing them to bring more furs from the cave, specifically those not tanned.

Before long, a few people returned carrying several bundles of furs.

Most of these had been exchanged by the last group from the original Donkey Tribe, who had brought pottery and salt from other tribes.

Because the Green Sparrow Tribe had enough tanned furs and had been busy dealing with the Flying Snake Tribe during this time, these furs remained untanned and were stored there. **RA**

Under Han Cheng's orders, they were being brought over to be distributed to the slaves in the pigpen.

These furs would not be tanned anymore; since they were now slaves, there should naturally be a distinction in terms of food, clothing, and supplies compared to the citizens of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The tribe's citizens wore clothes made from tanned furs, while the slaves wore untanned furs. This would become the norm in the Green Sparrow Tribe in the future.

With the fire ignited, some of the slaves huddled together and were shaken awake by those who were still alert.

Upon opening their eyes and seeing the bright firelight and the people standing outside, they recalled the day's events, instantly filled with fear.

Before the fear could fully spread among those who were woken, several furs were tossed over their heads, instantly dispelling their terror.

The furs felt warm to the touch, keeping the chill at bay.

Those startled awake looked at the furs in their hands and then at the silent figures who handed them the furs, feeling a mix of suspicion and various emotions.

Many were touched by the tribe's kind gesture, regretting their decision to attack this tribe.

The sentiment of regretting their decision to attack had already started flowing through most of their hearts since the trap had killed the unicorn.

However, the current regret felt different from before.

The former was born from fear, while the latter stemmed from being moved.

“Let's go; there's no need to guard here anymore.”

Watching several bundles of furs being distributed, Han Cheng said to the few members of the Green Sparrow Tribe who were standing guard.

“Divine Child, they...”

Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother pointed to the many captives in the pigpen, worried that without anyone watching them, these captives might become restless.

After all, it was only their first day in the tribe.

Han Cheng smiled and replied, “It’

This wasn't because Han Cheng had suddenly developed some mysterious confidence, believing that today's measures had subdued the captives.

This could be inferred from the fact that the few people he had called away did not return to the house but instead took a detour. After the flames near the pigpen went out, they quietly moved to a spot not too far from the pigpen, hiding in the darkness.

Han Cheng's strategy was to keep the outside relaxed while being strict inside, converting the visible sentinels into hidden guards.

The goal was to see if any of the captives would show signs of unrest; if so, he could catch them and make an example, using them to scare the others.

After Shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother, and others understood Han Cheng's intentions, they all gave a thumbs up, praising the cunning of their great divine child.

As the night ultimately settled, the houses were dark, and few sounds came from the pigpen. The slaves, covered with animal skins and feeling warm, gradually fell asleep.

After years of captivity, the roosters flapped their wings and crowed randomly. Their calls were quite different from those of later generations, but they were still capable of crowing.

Amidst these crowing sounds, the Green Sparrow Tribe began to wake up from their sleep.

Unlike the leisurely and refreshing mornings of the past, the Green Sparrow Tribe felt somewhat tense this morning.

This was because the great divine child Han, after washing up, stood in front of the blue-brick house and struck the gong.

The gong echoed in the morning, traveling far and wide, instantly tensing the atmosphere in the tribe.

Looking at the crowd gathered in front of the blue-brick house, Han Cheng announced their decision last night—to attack the Flying Snake Cave directly!

The ordinary people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had no objections to this matter and were very happy about it.

Most of the people in the Green Sparrow Tribe had pent-up frustration towards that tribe, which had attacked them repeatedly.

Hearing this news, they naturally felt eager to participate.

Han Cheng was delighted with the crowd's reaction and then began to select troops and commanders.

Naturally, the spear and vine shield teams could not be left out.

The archery and slingshot teams also each contributed half of their members, led by the Eldest Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, and Shang.

Along with them were non-regular personnel, including Mao, two members of the original Donkey Tribe, and Tu Mao, who had lived in the Flying Snake Tribe for several years.

In total, there were sixty-seven people.

After announcing this decision, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe immediately began to prepare.

Those selected had the main task of restocking their weapons and conserving their energy, awaiting departure two days later.

The rest of the people started preparing food for them and also accelerated the production of animal skin bags.

These animal skin bags were to be used for transporting food obtained from the Flying Snake Tribe, so naturally, more needed to be made.

Chapter 504: The Choice of Slave Living Quarters

Two days passed in the blink of an eye. Before dawn, those responsible for cooking had already gotten up to prepare meals, placing them in large clay basins to cool before everyone ate.

The ingredients had been carefully selected by the Divine Child and the leader last night and were quite abundant.

As the sky began to brighten, the Green Sparrow Tribe started to bustle with activity.

Those going on the expedition washed up and came to eat. Each person had their fill, and after drinking a bowl of tangy, addictive wine mash, they picked up their pre-prepared weapons and prepared to set off.

By now, the wine had been completely accepted by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and many had become loyal fans.

Unfortunately, due to the limited quantity of wine, people generally didn't drink unless it was an important day.

This year was different. After autumn began, the tribe carried out three proactive campaigns, each accompanied by a wine feast.

This made some primitive drunks jubilant, wishing there could be more campaigns like this every year so they could enjoy more of the delightful wine.

Their craving for wine completely overcame their fear of the campaigns.

The gate to the deer pen was opened, and Deer Lord, who had been cooped up for a while, stepped out, snorting at Han Cheng, clearly unhappy about being confined.

Han Cheng smiled and handed him a refreshing little cabbage while gently scratching his face.

Seeing this little two-legged creature's earnestness, Deer Lord graciously forgave this shameless fellow.

Contentedly accepting Han Cheng's offering, he moved his mouth, happily munching on the cabbage.

Han Cheng looked at the proud Deer Lord, grinning mischievously.

“Enjoy your moment of arrogance; soon, you'll realize my kindness isn't so easily accepted.”

Once Deer Lord came to his senses from such inhumane treatment, he turned around and discovered that some of his more muscular “wives and children” were all tied up with several stacked leather bags.

Some bags were filled with items, and even he had two tied bags on his back, one on each side.

Watching Deer Lord being led away by Tie Tou, occasionally turning back to snort and vent his dissatisfaction, Han Cheng couldn't help but laugh.

“Be good and do your work, and I'll feed you cabbage when you return!”

Deer Lord's response was a series of loud snorts followed by a muffled fart.

It seemed this fellow was quite upset with Han Cheng.

The other deer followed Deer Lord as well.

This time, the expedition would cover a considerable distance, making it necessary to bring them along.

On the way, they could help carry food and weapons for the elder brother and the others.

On the return trip, they could transport the many food items obtained from the Flying Snake Tribe.

With this large group of deer, the food that the Flying Snake Tribe had painstakingly stored wouldn't be reduced to much.

And even if they couldn't carry everything, the captured slaves could still bear the food.

Han Cheng had already decided to clear the caves where the Flying Snake Tribe lived, leaving them no fruit.

With the strongest fighting force in the tribe leaving, the entire tribe immediately felt a bit emptier.

Han Cheng stood at the door for a while and began organizing tasks.

Among the slaves, seventeen were lightly injured, and after a few days of rest, they were ready to start working.

Slaves are meant to be used, regardless of the type of slave. Han Cheng naturally wouldn't allow them to stay in the tribe and eat for free.

So, these seventeen people were taken out of the pigpen, holding unfamiliar tools like bone shovels, picks, hooks, and wheelbarrows. Under the watch of several Green Sparrow Tribe members, they walked out of the tribe's gates and began digging and transporting soil a short distance away.

Their task was to fill in the several traps dug out in front of the gate.

It was their first time doing such work, having previously only hunted and gathered food, and they were naturally clumsy. However, it wasn't surprising that humans could emerge from the wilderness without sharp teeth and claws.

Their most significant advantage was their strong ability to learn.

Moreover, the fear and tension generated under the watch of Green Sparrow Tribe members holding stone spears further enhanced their learning ability.

After the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe demonstrated how to do the work, their awkward practice gradually became smoother.

The shaman also came out and stood next to Han Cheng, watching the group of working slaves with a smile on his face.

They were indeed good laborers.

Watching this group of primarily lame slaves, Han Cheng's smile suddenly twitched.

He had previously thought about gathering seven Dragon Balls to summon a dragon and joked about gathering seven lame ones...

Now, that playful thought had somehow come true.

Among this group of slaves, at least a quarter had some leg lameness issue, which was quite...

Their job wasn't just to fill in the few large pits at the courtyard's entrance. After they filled these pits, they still had an important task to do: tamping down earth walls and building houses.

As the weather gradually grew colder, it wasn't practical to have them settle in the pigpen, which lacked pigs.

Han Cheng had taken them as slaves to have them work more for the tribe and create more production resources, not to abuse them.

However, deciding where to build the houses was a tricky matter.

The core issue was whether to build within the courtyard of the Green Sparrow Tribe or outside of it.

Building in the courtyard would strengthen control over the slaves, and in case of danger, these slaves could also help defend the walls.

But there were also disadvantages; they had to constantly guard against slave uprisings, even being cautious while sleeping to avoid being surprised in their rooms and having their heads chopped off.

On the other hand, placing the slaves' living quarters outside the courtyard would indeed reduce the threat to the tribe but would make it more difficult to monitor and control them.

They would always need to be on the lookout for whether the slaves might sneak away at night.

This was an uncomfortable situation.

“Build the slaves' housing outside the courtyard...”

After hearing Han Cheng's words and understanding his dilemma, the shaman quickly provided an answer.

In his view, the lives of the tribe members were the most important. Even if building the slaves' housing outside made control more difficult, it was better than living under constant threat.

The shaman's words made Han Cheng immediately resolute.

Yes, compared to the difficulty of strengthening control over the slaves, one's own life was the most precious and important.

Safety first—how could he have forgotten such a principle?

Chapter 505: The Slave Courtyard Within Bow and Arrow Range

A person, weak and with a swollen belly, was carried out and disposed of in the area to the east of the Green Sparrow tribe, which was often used for burning corpses.

In recent days, the Green Sparrow tribe has been experiencing many deaths. This was not surprising, as many of the captured individuals had suffered severe injuries. Not everyone who had their belly torn open was as fortunate as Ru Hua, who not only healed from her wounds but also gave birth to two children for Tie Tou over the years.

In addition to the belly wounds, there were several cases of infected injuries, and so far, four people have already died. The remaining individuals had stabilized, and further deaths were unlikely.

Han Cheng and Shaman felt immense sorrow over this, as each death represented the loss of a strong laborer for the Green Sparrow tribe.

Not far from the pigpen, Liang was again boiling willow branch water. Compared to the initial fear, the slaves had experienced several days of such events and were no longer afraid; instead, they became eager for it.

The people of the Flying Snake tribe often participated in battles, and they understood better than others the risks of dying from injuries. However, they had no solutions in their original tribe; they could only watch people die or be killed and eaten before they even had a chance to die.

The captives were all injured, and many pessimistically believed that a lot of them would suffer painful deaths. However, what followed surprised them.

After Liang, the one with the name had treated and cared for them, the expected deaths did not occur, and only a few people died!

Such events could not help but bring wonder and joy.

Long Leg sat there, carefully taking a precious ceramic basin filled with willow branch water from Liang's hands and placing it gently on the ground. He lifted the water with his hands and slowly poured it over his wounds, which began to scab.

He was so meticulous in washing that no willow water spilled outside the basin.

Watching Liang squat down to personally clean the wounds of those more severely injured than others, respect unconsciously appeared in Long Leg's eyes.

This was someone who could save lives and deserved respect.

Such skills were something even the shamans from their original tribe did not possess.

He was stunned for a moment when he later learned that the young Divine Child had taught him these techniques.

How could such a young Divine Child know so much?

If these were skills from someone older than the shamans of their tribe, it would be more understandable.

As Long Leg spent more time living in the Green Sparrow tribe and learned more about them, he and others began to admire the young Divine Child even more.

Their original tribe's shamans were already capable of praying to the gods for that white, protective skin that kept the cold winds from cutting exposed skin, which was miraculous enough. Yet, this tribe's Divine Child could provide numerous solutions and teach everyone to create many valuable things.

Even the precious pottery, delicious salt, and the walls and houses he believed could not be built by mere mortals were constructed using methods taught by the young god.

Compared to the Divine Child, the shaman from their original tribe were utterly insignificant!

Han Cheng was unaware that his remarkable abilities had begun to spread among the slaves, instilling in them both astonishment and reverence. Even if he did know, his plan wouldn't change to build the slaves' living quarters outside the courtyard, separate from the Green Sparrow tribe's main camp.

He had already chosen the location for the slaves' quarters, situated diagonally in front of the courtyard. Not just one, but two were to be built, one on the left and one on the right, resembling two outstretched fists.

Constructing two instead of one was to disperse the slaves, making managing and controlling them easier.

As time passed, more slaves gradually recovered from their injuries.

Those who were mostly unharmed did not remain idle; they all shouted to go outside the courtyard to help build the new quarters.

At this time, nearly forty people were divided into two groups: laborers who labored in front of the Green Sparrow tribe, digging soil, mixing mud, and tamping the walls.

The two quarters for the slaves would not be significant, measuring no more than twenty meters in length and fifteen meters in width.

Han Cheng also set strict regulations on the height of the walls, allowing only 1.2 meters and prohibiting any higher construction.

This specification intentionally distinguished the differences between slaves and citizens while providing some protective function against the slaves without giving them a chance to hold the quarters.

Moreover, these two small yards were very close to the Green Sparrow tribe's main yard, only twenty meters apart at the closest point and no more than forty meters at the farthest, entirely within the range of arrows.

Additionally, with low walls, everything inside the small yards would be visible to those standing on the walls.

If the slaves were to revolt, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe could stand on the walls and shoot arrows to eliminate them.

Not only were the walls low, but the houses were also tiny.

If the roofs were included, the tallest houses in the Green Sparrow tribe reached 3.5 meters with their gabled roofs, while Han Cheng's earthen wall and tile-roofed house was about 3 meters high.

The houses of secondary citizens with earthen walls and thatched roofs stood 2.5 meters high, whereas the houses for the slaves only reached a peak of 2 meters. The doorways were just 1.4 meters high, requiring most individuals to bow their heads to enter lest they bump their heads.

The slaves' houses had to be built smaller; otherwise, it would not reflect their status as slaves and could easily lead to discontent among others.

In addition to situating the two small slave quarters within the shooting range of the Green Sparrow tribe, Han Cheng would impose strict control over the slaves in other ways.

First and foremost was weapons; slaves were strictly prohibited from possessing weapons. If necessary, tribe members could distribute weapons to them, but once the task was completed, all distributed weapons must be returned without exception.

Not only weapons but tools as well.

The Green Sparrow tribe members had to distribute all tools, and once the work was done, they had to be returned immediately. Allowing tools to stay overnight in the slave quarters was absolutely forbidden.

After all, tools like bone shovels and stone picks can be used for work and to attack people.

Moreover, there was another critical regulation: no food was allowed in the slave quarters. Their meals were provided daily from the main yard of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Without food or weapons in their hands, they would lack the necessary conditions even if they wanted to escape.

Additionally, Han Cheng was not a slave owner by birth, so he could not be excessively harsh on the slaves. Life in the Green Sparrow tribe might even be happier for them than their previous lives.

With all these measures, the likelihood of slave rebellions or escapes would be significantly reduced.

Chapter 506: The Coffin Lid Cannot Close on The Snake Tribe Shaman

Long Leg's leg had almost healed, and he joined the ranks of those working. After a period of doing nothing but eating, he felt a bit guilty.

At that moment, he was holding a bone shovel, moving the soil dumped from the wheelbarrow from one side to the other.

The soil was covered with some chopped grass and several handfuls of what they considered extremely precious salt!

Even though it wasn't the first time he had seen the people of the tribe sprinkling salt on these mounds of dirt, Long Leg still felt a sense of shock and heartache.

How could such delicious and precious salt be wasted like this?

What a shame!

Amidst the shock and sorrow, he worked even harder, having heard that this was the Divine Child building houses for them to live in.

How could he not be moved to think that such tasty, precious salt was being used in the houses built for him and his people? How could he not work his hardest?

Recalling how the shaman of their original tribe hoarded a little salt only for himself and a few leaders while denying the rest, Long Leg felt increasingly respectful of the generosity and kindness of the shaman and the Divine Child in this tribe.

He even thought that the original shaman and leaders deserved to be executed.

If the shaman of the Snake Tribe, burned to ashes, knew Long Leg's thoughts, he would surely rise from the grave, lift the coffin lid, give Long Leg a few good hits, then point at him and shout in fury.

Their tribe had only a little salt, while this tribe could continuously produce large amounts—how could the two be compared?

If only their tribe's salt could match this tribe's, building houses wouldn't be a problem, and they could even pickle Long Leg to make salted meat!

Unfortunately, the shaman of the Snake Tribe had already turned to ash, along with others who met the same fate, now buried in the latrines of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After a while there, they would turn into fertilizer to enrich the fields.

Thus, even if the shaman could hear Long Leg's grumbling, the most it could do was create a few thick bubbles in the restroom.

As Long Leg pondered these things, he shoveled the seasoned dirt to the other side with his bone shovel.

After flipping the pile, the salt and dried grass on the surface mixed evenly with the soil.

Then, someone would use a bowl to splash some water on top to make it a bit damp, scooping it up to put into molds that had been propped up.

After compressing it firmly, it would become a wall.

Once he finished flipping the pile of dirt, Long Leg straightened up and looked at the section of the earthen wall emerging from their labor, feeling a wave of emotion.

So, walls and houses didn't always exist; people could build them.

He realized that people could accomplish such great things besides gathering, hunting, and attacking other tribes!

Long Leg looked at his hands and the wall, excited and in disbelief.

He could hardly believe that they had built this wall.

While Long Leg felt stirred by the wall they had constructed, Han Cheng observed the working crowd atop the wall.

The selection of locations for the two small slave yards and the implementation of corresponding measures relieved him.

Moreover, during this time, the slaves had shown no resistance to their status. They all followed his arrangements and worked diligently without causing any trouble.

"That's good," Han Cheng muttered, a smile creeping onto his face.

According to his nature, as long as the slaves were obedient and didn't cause trouble, he wouldn't be overly harsh with them.

He would never resort to waking them up before the rooster crowed, pretending to be a rooster himself to get the laborers out of bed to work—that would be too hard for a slave master.

His gaze lingered on the group of slaves busy constructing the houses before shifting to the east side of the wall, downstream near the small river.

The tribe's hemp had finished soaking, and, having recovered from the war, people had freed up their hands to begin stripping it under Han Cheng's direction.

At this point, hemp had become an essential crop for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

In addition to the increasing variety of uses for hemp cloth, the sturdiness and usability of hemp rope compared to other fibers were also important factors.

Thus, after the people were free, Han Cheng immediately sent them to strip and wash the hemp.

This would allow them to weave cloth indoors during the cold winter months.

He wondered how the Fire Tribe was faring with their hemp cultivation and whether they had also begun weaving.

Han Cheng recalled the large population of that tribe downstream by the river.

After observing the people stripping the hemp from a distance for a while, he turned his attention to the west side of the tribe.

Now bare of leaves, the trees looked much sparser, allowing his gaze to extend further into the depths.

However, it remained quiet there, with no sign of those who had gone out returning.

Han Cheng thought about this and then shook his head, chuckling.

He realized he was too impatient—only a few days had passed, and he was already thinking about when his senior brothers would return.

According to the previous accounts from Tu Mao, they were likely arriving at the Snake Tribe's stronghold, and there was still a considerable amount of time before they returned.

He decided to be patient.

Yet this waiting was genuinely tormenting.

However, this torment was soon alleviated by a joyful shout from behind, "Brother Cheng!"

Han Cheng turned around to see Bai Xue quickly climbing the wooden ladder.

From his elevated position, he had a clear advantage, and he caught a glimpse of quivering white through her neckline.

Bai Xue didn't notice Han Cheng's slightly improper gaze; even if she did, she wouldn't think much of it.

After all, they had done more inappropriate things than this countless times.

"Brother Cheng, I found something amazing!"

Once Bai Xue reached the top, she grabbed Han Cheng's arm, hopping with excitement.

Feeling the soft and bouncy touch on his arm, Han Cheng worried that Bai Xue wasn't holding on tightly enough, so he kindly leaned his arm a bit closer to her.

Then he smiled and asked, "What amazing thing? Let me see."

Even if Bai Xue hadn't said anything, Han Cheng could have guessed what she meant by "something amazing." However, seeing her so joyful, he couldn't bear to dampen her enthusiasm and intentionally asked along those lines.

"Guess what!"

As she said this, she loosened her grip on Han Cheng's arm and reached into her clothing pocket to pull out the item.

Chapter 507: The torn little underwear and the silk that appeared for the first time

Han Cheng smiled as he reached out and tapped Bai Xue on the head. "How else am I supposed to guess?"

Bai Xue, eager to show her labor results to her older brother Cheng and receive his praise, suddenly realized what she had done, and her face turned a bit sour.

After pausing momentarily, she quickly pulled her hand back, stuffed the item back into her pocket, and smiled again. "Now Brother Cheng can guess again."

Is there such a magical operation?

Han Cheng rolled his eyes helplessly in his mind, surprised. This girl had already grown up but was still adorable and naïve.

"Is this the torn little underwear you made?"

Han Cheng pretended not to see what Bai Xue held and joked casually.

Bai Xue quickly shook her head. She wouldn't be like her brother Cheng, wasting a perfectly good piece of underwear by cutting a hole in it.

Thinking of the holey underwear made her heartbroken; it was her favorite pair.

However, remembering Brother Cheng's happy expression made her feel less heartbroken.

"Well... it's a piece of hemp cloth handkerchief!"

Having successfully teased his little wife, Han Cheng put on a serious expression, pondered for a while, and then spoke with certainty.

Bai Xue showed a joyful smile, happily shaking her head, her braids swaying back and forth.

"Wrong, wrong! Brother Cheng, guess again."

Han Cheng pretended to think deeply for a moment, then frowned. "What on earth is it? I can't guess anymore."

"Brother Cheng, look!"

Seeing that even the usually clever Brother Cheng couldn't guess, Bai Xue giggled, her eyes squinting into crescent shapes.

She quickly pulled her hand out of her pocket again, happily extending her palm in front of Han Cheng, presenting it like a treasure.

In her hand lay a small piece of cloth.

It wasn't hemp but a piece of fabric that was much smoother and whiter than hemp.

This was a piece of silk woven from silkworms!

Han Cheng held the silk in his hands, examining it closely.

The silk was incredibly smooth; it felt cool and slippery, giving an excellent hand feel like he was touching...

It was whiter and denser than hemp, though inevitably, there were some fine stitches on it, making it far inferior to the silk of later generations.

However, for this era, it was already quite rare.

“Little wife, you're competent!”

Han Cheng earnestly looked at the piece of silk in his hand and said to Bai Xue, who was watching him with a mix of expectation and nervousness.

He didn't hold back his praise.

To produce such silk using rudimentary tools at this time truly deserved commendation.

For both public and private reasons.

Bai Xue immediately beamed joyfully; she loved hearing Brother Cheng praise her for being capable.

She took the silk from Han Cheng's hand, her face full of delight and determination. “After a while, I can weave even better ones...”

As she spoke, she was about to jump over the wall to continue her weaving project.

But Han Cheng reached out and stopped her.

“Rest a bit before you go; don't wear yourself out. Stay here and keep me company for a while.”

Bai Xue's palms had developed calluses from frequently weaving, making them hard to the touch, which made Han Cheng feel a bit hurt.

Bai Xue originally wanted to say she wasn't tired, but after hearing Han Cheng's suggestion to stay here and keep him company for a while, she obediently stopped.

Han Cheng pulled Bai Xue in front of him, wrapping his arms around her from behind as they stood on the wall, quietly looking outside.

In the courtyard behind them, the lucky dog, seeing this scene, rolled its eyes repeatedly and then, with its tail drooping, walked away listlessly. It wanted to get as far away from this place as possible; a sour and unpleasant atmosphere had made breathing hard...

As the poor lucky dog retreated in despair, the warriors of the Qing Que tribe, led by Eldest Senior Brother and guided by Tu Mao, along with their weapons, gradually approached the lair of the Flying Snake tribe.

Eldest Senior Brother, carrying a rattan shield, felt somewhat worried.

He feared that the people left behind in the Flying Snake tribe might abandon their cave and flee to another place in fear after learning that most of those who had gone out to attack their tribe had either died or been captured.

Such a thing was not impossible. After all, they hadn't managed to capture all the attackers.

Furthermore, during their journey, they discovered two fresh sets of human bones, likely eaten by someone.

The fleeing members of the Flying Snake tribe probably left behind these bones.

Apart from the bones, they hadn't encountered a single living person.

This meant that some of the Flying Snake tribe members had already fled back to their tribe before them.

In this situation, they would not likely abandon the cave or move elsewhere.

If they did so, finding these people again would be pretty tricky.

From Tu Mao, he had learned that this tribe knew the locations of many abandoned cave dwellings.

Because of this, Eldest Senior Brother had been leading his group rapidly.

“Over there, ¥ ~”

Tu Mao, who could now say some simple Mandarin, pointed at a big tree ahead and spoke in a mix of Mandarin and her own language.

After passing that tree, they only need to walk a short distance to reach the Flying Snake tribe's lair.

After hearing this news through the translation from Shang, Eldest Senior Brother, he pondered for a moment before instructing Tie Tou and a few others, who often tended the deer, to tie the deer up here and not proceed further.

At the same time, Tie Tou and his companions would stay behind with their weapons to watch over the deer.

This arrangement was made because deer were quite timid; while they could handle ordinary walking and transportation, they could quickly get startled and scatter in a fight.

These deer carried their food supplies, and as the tribe grew, they became increasingly important, so Eldest Senior Brother didn't want any accidents to happen to them.

Moreover, bringing the deer closer to the target made them a larger target, likely to alert the enemy.

The significance of Tie Tou and the others staying behind was not fighting but taking good care of this group of deer.

Following their instructions, they tied the deer to the trees to prevent them from running off.

After years of contact, the deer gradually became accustomed to this treatment.

While Tie Tou and his companions were doing this, Eldest Senior Brother had already led the others to continue moving forward, getting closer to the Flying Snake tribe...

In the cave of the Flying Snake tribe, a heated argument was taking place.

The two arguing were the Fourth Leader, who was left behind, and the Second Leader, who had escaped with his life and rushed back to the tribe.

Chapter 508: The Taste of Power

Two days earlier, in the caves of the Flying Snake tribe.

The daylight, much shorter than before, quickly passed, and when the sun was still a considerable distance from the southwestern mountains, it had completely disappeared.

Twilight surged quickly, eager to dominate the land.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe stood on a large rock on the west side of the cave entrance, continuously gazing eastward.

He wanted to see the victorious return of the others.

With the shaman and others absent, he always felt somewhat uneasy.

Another important reason was that he wanted to eat food with salt.

The salt brought back by the third leader had been mostly taken by the shaman, leaving him with only a little.

Knowing that the tribe would soon have a large supply of salt, the fourth leader did not hold back on the little he had. Just a few days after the shaman left, he had consumed all the salt he had left.

He had been without salt for several days.

Like him, others left behind eagerly awaited the team's return.

They, too, were very eager for pottery and salt.

Everyone hoped that the shaman and the others would return soon, bringing back many precious items.

As for the thought of the shaman failing, no one even considered it, as it seemed impossible.

They had the wise shaman, the unmatched unicorn, and fierce adults far superior to the other tribes, while the other tribe only had a strange cave.

In such circumstances, how could they possibly lose?

After waiting for a while, as dusk descended and the sky gradually darkened, the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe prepared to order everyone back into the cave to start distributing food.

During the days of guarding the tribe, he felt somewhat unwilling, but he also discovered another benefit.

This benefit was the freedom to do as he pleased.

Previously, he had the shaman and the other three leaders above him.

In the tribe, he had little say.

He had long been accustomed to that way of life and did not think it was wrong.

Now that the shaman and the three leaders had all left the tribe, he had become the chief, and he suddenly realized how refreshing it was to have no one above him.

Every day at mealtime, he was the first to eat and could eat the best meat until he was stuffed.

Unlike before, how much he could eat depended on the shaman or the chief's mood.

Moreover, everyone left behind had to listen to him; he arranged what work to do, what to eat, and how much to eat.

With the primitive women remaining in the tribe, he could sleep with whomever he wanted.

This unprecedented feeling of pleasure made the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe intoxicated, even more so than eating salted food.

So much so that sometimes he even entertained the thought that it might be good if the shaman and the others never returned.

This thought was very dangerous and entirely unrealistic, so he only briefly considered it before dismissing it and burying it in his heart.

Just as they were preparing to turn back into the cave, suddenly, there was a commotion coming from the east.

It was the sound of dry twigs and leaves crunching underfoot.

Moreover, judging by the sound, whatever was coming was quite large.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe was somewhat surprised yet also pleased.

He wondered what kind of prey had inadvertently stumbled into his cave.

However, this sense of joy at the thought of prey quickly vanished.

Accompanying the crunching sound were some shouting voices.

They were speaking the language of their tribe.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe was startled and also found it strange. If he remembered correctly, everyone who had gone out with him to gather fruit had returned. Why was one person coming back again?

And it sounded pretty anxious too.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe led the others forward to meet the person rushing over, stumbling as they ran, and not even wearing a piece of animal skin. Upon seeing the people left behind, the joy became relief as his tightened heart finally eased.

“¥5?”

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe angrily cursed.

Before he could even ask anything, the guy collapsed.

A wave of panic spread among the Flying Snake tribe. Suddenly, the disheveled person was recognized as one of those who had gone with the shaman to attack that wealthy tribe.

But why had he returned alone? And why did he look so extremely disheveled?

“¥ ...!”

As the crowd fell silent, the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe suddenly slapped his forehead and stood up in surprise.

He understood what was going on!

It must be that the shaman and the chief had achieved great success in that wealthy tribe, and perhaps they could not take the tribe down, so they sent this guy back to report.

Maybe they were even considering having him lead a group to help collect some spoils.

Hearing him say this, everyone felt it made sense; it was the only explanation for the current situation.

The fourth leader's words swept away the momentary panic within the Flying Snake tribe's cave.

Everyone became extremely cheerful; their warriors were coming back, bringing endless treasures!

Even some impatient individuals began shouting to leave the cave to welcome their comrades' victorious return and share in the joy of victory.

Just then, the person who had collapsed without saying a word woke up.

As soon as he regained consciousness, he panicked and shrank to one side.

Once he realized he was in his tribe's cave, surrounded by his people, and had escaped from that terrifying tribe, his feelings of fear began to diminish somewhat.

“¥ ...”

He opened his mouth and began to wail at the crowd, his voice trembling, with endless fear in his eyes.

Seeing this person awaken, the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe and some others rushed over, eager to hear good news, only to be left dumbfounded.

It was as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over them on a frigid winter day, instantly freezing them into ice statues.

The fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe was stunned, completely shocked.

What did he hear?

The unicorn was dead, the shaman was dead, many of those who went to attack that tribe were dead, and their tribe had suffered a great defeat.

How... how could this be possible?

Was this guy crazy? Are you spouting nonsense here? How could such things happen?

“¥!”

In an instant, the once noisy cave fell silent, and the still fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe suddenly began to shout curses at the disheveled tribesman, kicking him hard.

He felt this damned guy was talking nonsense, and he wanted to wake him up properly...

Chapter 509: Divisions and Camp Howls

The fourth leaders of the Flying Snake tribe sat on the ground in despair, their minds a chaotic mess.

How could this be possible?!

How could the shaman and the unicorn possibly die? With their strongest fighting force deployed, how could they possibly be defeated?

Though extremely unwilling to believe that this was true, the harsh reality forced him to bow his head.

Shortly after beating that man, another disheveled person returned.

This person was the second leader.

He could dismiss the other man's words, but he couldn't dismiss the words of the second leader.

After days of anticipation, the people of the Flying Snake tribe finally awaited the return of their warrior.

However, the delicious salt and precious pottery they had imagined would be brought back were nowhere to be seen.

Not only that, but they also brought back an overwhelming sense of fear.

Inside the cave, flames flickered and burned, casting an orange glow that dispelled the darkness and illuminated the faces of the people, all filled with disbelief and the unease that followed that disbelief.

The firelight, which used to bring warmth, now offered them no comfort.

The shocking news hit everyone like a blow to the head, leaving them all in a daze...

After a night passed, the Flying Snake tribe's fear did not dissipate in the slightest; on the contrary, as time passed, they only intensified.

Because on that day, an endless stream of disheveled people returned from the east to the tribe.

Each disheveled person's return brought even more panic to those already frightened, unsettling everyone.

After eating food and resting for a night, the second leader of the Flying Snake tribe, whose condition had improved significantly, could no longer tolerate the atmosphere.

Before noon, he proposed to leave the cave with the tribe and their food, heading somewhere else.

He feared that the terrifying tribe would take the opportunity to pursue them from behind and attack their tribe.

Some supported his suggestion, while others opposed it, with the strongest opposition coming from the fourth leader of the Flying Snake tribe.

The main argument was that although the shaman and the third leader had died, the great leader had not been confirmed dead, so they should wait for the great leader to return and decide.

Otherwise, what would happen if they left and the great leader returned only to find no one there?

In the Flying Snake tribe, the shaman held the most prestige, followed by the great leader.

The great leader's authority surpassed the other leaders by a significant margin.

So when the fourth leader presented this reasoning, even the second leader, who was most anxious to leave, had to suppress his urgency and anxiety, enduring a torturous wait.

The divisions within the Flying Snake tribe were temporarily suppressed.

The next outbreak of this division occurred on the third day after the second leader returned to the tribe, which was also the day when the elder brother and the others approached the Flying Snake tribe.

Another exhausted member of the Flying Snake tribe returned, bringing news that that terrifying tribe had captured the great leader.

Once this news spread, the tenuous balance that had been barely maintained shattered completely.

The second leader shouted that they should immediately leave with the people and their stored food to avoid being killed by the terrifying tribe.

If this had been in the past, under such circumstances, the fourth leader would have immediately agreed with the second leader's approach and left with him and the others.

But now, everything was different. After leading those who stayed behind in the tribe for a while, he experienced feelings he had never felt before.

He wouldn't dare entertain such thoughts if the shaman or the great leader were alive.

But the current situation was that one was dead, and the other was captured.

This caused those thoughts of his to snowball.

Those who followed the second leader would still have to be managed by him, which made it difficult for him to accept after having experienced that wonderful feeling.

So, he boldly expressed the view that the terrifying tribe would not come, directly opposing the second leader.

Within the tribe, some were willing to leave, and those who were not, each side supporting their respective leader, led to a heated argument.

“...aa ¥!”

“...aa!”

In the cave of the Flying Snake tribe, which appeared much more spacious yet lively than before, the two leaders of the Flying Snake tribe were engaged in a fierce argument.

The others had split into two factions, arguing vehemently.

At first, their argument was not so intense, but after realizing they could not persuade each other, the second leader prepared to leave with his people.

Naturally, when he left, he couldn't just take people; he also needed food.

As soon as food was involved, the conflict escalated immediately.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe felt that since he was taking more people, he should naturally take more of the food.

Such a thing was unacceptable to the fourth leader.

He insisted that this was the tribe's foundation and that, just like before, most of the food should be stored in this tribe. If the second leader left with his people, he could only take a small amount of food.

In many families in later generations, when it comes to matters involving property division, even brothers can fight each other fiercely, let alone in this era, especially with two leaders who were not easygoing.

Such arguments quickly escalated into a fight.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe, along with those determined to leave, were cowardly against the Green Sparrow tribe but were merciless against their kin. After all, they knew their fellow tribesmen very well.

Moreover, fueled by fear and the fact that they were fighting over food, a matter of life and death, it didn't take long before someone's eyes turned red with rage.

Finding weapons, they began to stab at their opponents...

Screams, glaring blood, and the smell of blood permeated the air; instead of causing them to stop, it only further stimulated their aggression.

More and more people sought weapons, their eyes bloodshot as they joined the fray.

At first, they fought in two groups, but it wasn't long before the battle became chaotic, with no regard for whether they were friend or foe. As long as someone was nearby, they would strike with their weapons mercilessly.

The people in the cave seemed to be caught in a frenzy.

The immediate cause of their madness was the unequal distribution of food, but the underlying reason was the long-suppressed life within the Flying Snake tribe.

When the Flying Snake tribe was strong enough, with the shaman or the great leader alive to maintain order, they could suppress all of this.

But now, they were both gone, and the Flying Snake tribe had suffered a heavy blow. In such a situation, the long-repressed people could easily fall into madness.

The state of the people in the Flying Snake tribe at this moment was similar to the camp howling of ancient armies.

When soldiers endure immense pressure while fighting for a long time, their mental state becomes increasingly strained.

A camp howl is likely to occur once that strain reaches a certain point.

The so-called camp howl refers to soldiers in the barracks acting as if they've gone mad, shouting and running around. More people would pick up weapons and fight recklessly, and once a camp howl occurs, it becomes a disaster for the army.

The triggers for a camp howl are often quite simple, such as someone shouting.

Even a loud fart at night could potentially cause a camp howl.

Chapter 510: Surrounded the Flying Snake Tribe's camp

The senior brother led the group forward and arrived at the large tree. Just as he was about to send someone to check the situation at the Flying Snake tribe, he suddenly heard a loud commotion and shouting.

The senior brother was momentarily stunned, and Shang, Mao, and others were also taken aback.

Why did it sound like a fight?

And it seemed quite intense.

They couldn't immediately understand what was happening over there.

"Get ready!"

After a brief moment of confusion, the senior brother reminded everyone.

Those already armed and on high alert became even more vigilant upon receiving the order.

Then, the senior brother instructed Tu Mao, familiar with the area, to take two other tribe members to investigate the situation quietly.

Tu Mao, along with the two others, crouched down and made their way toward the stronghold of the Flying Snake tribe. As they got closer, the sounds of fighting and shouting grew louder.

The scene soon became apparent. At least ten people were engaged in combat on the open ground outside the cave.

Through the fighting individuals, they could vaguely see the chaos inside the cave...

What... what was going on?

Such a situation left Tu Mao somewhat dazed. How did it suddenly turn into a fight?

Besides their tribe, which other tribe dared to attack the evil Flying Snake tribe?

Which tribe had learned that the Flying Snake tribe had suffered significant losses and decided to come?

As Tu Mao watched the intense fighting, he contemplated these questions and quietly moved a little closer.

At that moment, two more people stumbled out of the cave and engaged in a fight.

The frontman was struck down by a spear from the man behind him and fell to the ground.

The man behind shouted and continued to stab at the fallen one with his spear, trying to kill him.

However, the fallen man managed to stab the other man in the leg with his spear.

The man behind also lost his balance and fell to the ground.

Now, on the ground, they fought each other with their spears for a while. The distance was too close, and using their weapons became cumbersome, so they both discarded their weapons and began to wrestle like wild beasts, growling and grunting.

Tu Mao, hiding nearby, was utterly stunned because he recognized the two people grappling with each other, desperately trying to kill one another.

They were none other than the Second Leader and the Fourth Leader!

How did they end up fighting?

Why were the other people in the tribe fighting as well?

Shouldn't they be preparing to engage in battle or getting ready to flee?

Tu Mao couldn't bear to watch any longer. He turned around and quickly left with the other two members of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Partly because what was happening here was too bloody and bizarre, which filled him with fear, and partly because a few fighters were getting closer to their hiding spot...

The senior brother and the others waiting there could not help but feel puzzled after hearing what Tu Mao and the others said about the situation at the Flying Snake tribe.

They couldn't understand why members of the same tribe would engage in such mutual slaughter.

Aren't members of the same tribe supposed to unite and work together to live, all for the tribe?

Just like their own tribe, under the leadership of the divine son, where everyone worked hard together to improve their living conditions...

Accustomed to the harmonious scene in the Green Sparrow tribe and the camaraderie among its members, the others couldn't comprehend what was happening in the Flying Snake tribe.

However, this confusion didn't last long.

Because the senior brother suddenly realized this was a perfect opportunity to attack the Green Sparrow tribe.

So, after a brief moment of confusion, he put it aside and began to organize the already-prepared group into formation, swiftly heading toward the Flying Snake tribe's cave.

They didn't wait long before setting out because they were concerned that if they delayed too long, the people of the Flying Snake tribe might kill each other too thoroughly.

Just like in past expeditions, it was crucial to eliminate the Flying Snake tribe while also bringing back as many people as possible to their tribe.

As the divine son had put it, only by doing so could their tribe ensure a profit.

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe maintained their formation as they advanced without concealing their presence.

Meanwhile, the members of the Flying Snake tribe had become frenzied from their fighting and paid little attention to the approaching Green Sparrow tribe; they continued their battles and killings without interruption.

As a result, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe managed to reach a point not far from the cave entrance. They partially surrounded the area, encircling those fighting inside and outside the cave without encountering any resistance.

Those individuals completely ignored the approaching Green Sparrow tribe members.

“𠄎!”

One Flying Snake tribe member, who had just killed a comrade, staggered in place, spinning around three times with his blood-soaked weapon, finally locating another opponent.

He shouted incoherently, stumbling as he charged towards the Green Sparrow tribe members on the outskirts.

At first, he aimed for Mao, but by the time he reached the front, he found himself facing Shang.

Before this 'dazed grasshopper' could launch an attack, Shang, unable to watch any longer, thrust out a spear, targeting this guy's calf.

The man fell to the ground with a thud, and it wasn't until two agile individuals restrained his arms and legs that he slowly began to regain his senses.

“Fire arrows!”

Seeing these people had gone mad, the senior brother did not allow anyone to charge forward recklessly. Instead, he ordered the archers and slingshot teams to take action to bring the fierce fighters back to their senses.

The prepared members moved into action, sending nearly twenty arrows and a dozen heavy stones whistling toward the fighters in front of the cave.

The Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake tribe gasped as he stood up from the ground, swaying slightly, but a distorted smile spread across his face.

Half of his face was stained red with blood, and his mouth and chin were drenched in it.

Thick blood dripped from his chin, and his teeth were also bloodied as he chewed on a piece of throat.

The Second Leader on the ground was motionless.

The Fourth Leader felt a rush of exhilaration; he was now the only leader left in the tribe!

He was the biggest one!

With a large stockpile of food in the cave, he could do whatever he pleased within the tribe.

Lost in such fantasies, an arrow suddenly pierced his thigh, the searing pain jolting him back to reality.

He then realized that stones and arrows constantly hit people around him.

Moreover, a large group of strangely dressed individuals wielding bizarre weapons had appeared around them!

These attacks were coming from them.

Looking at this sudden emergence of strong individuals and then at the arrow in his leg, the Fourth Leader of the Flying Snake tribe trembled violently as if he had been electrocuted.