

Primitive 69

Chapter 69: Warmth in the Snow

It's snowing.

This year's snowfall is much earlier than usual.

In previous years, an early heavy snowfall would have caused worry and sighs from the shaman and Elder Senior Brother. The earlier the snow came, the less time the tribe had to store food, resulting in a loss of time and provisions.

However, this year is entirely different. The arrival of heavy snow did not cause panic in the tribe because they had an abundance of food and firewood for warmth. Although the tribe's caves were filled with the smell of dried fish, most people didn't mind, and many even found it delicious, taking deep breaths whenever they could.

The sky was covered in thick gray clouds, casting dim light as snowflakes fell. The ground, once covered in various colors such as yellow, now turned into a pristine white landscape.

Snow covered the dried grass, mud, branches, stones, and even the sprouting lush green rapeseed plants. The children in the tribe were the happiest about the snowfall. In their lively age, they went wild with joy at the sight of snow, expressing their welcome in their unique way.

When Stone stuffed a handful of pristine snow down Cheng's collar, Cheng shivered from the cold, and a snowball fight ensued.

Initially, it was just Cheng and Stone chasing each other, but soon, more children joined in, turning it into a large-scale snowball battle.

Engaging in snowball fights significantly benefited the tribe's children, helping them develop skills such as running, dodging, jumping, and throwing and fostering a spirit of teamwork and cooperation.

However, Han Cheng disdained participating in such activities. He preferred standing quietly outside the tribe's cave entrance, watching the snowflakes dance in the air and appreciating the silver-covered landscape. His refined taste developed after participating enthusiastically in a snowball fight competition, receiving a warm welcome from the children in the tribe. Previously lacking such elegance, his interest became more sophisticated.

Fu Jiang was also excited, frolicking in the snow with the children, displaying even more enthusiasm than them. Having fully grown, Fu Jiang stood over half a meter tall and, after Han Cheng's careful training, showed signs of evolving into a second-tier divine beast, approaching the level of Erha.

Of course, not everyone enjoyed snowball fights. Han Shizi, afraid of being bullied by mischievous children, built two snow dogs at the tribe's cave entrance with his hands reddened from the cold. This activity became popular in the tribe.

However, the boys did not maintain their enthusiasm for building snowmen for long. Accustomed to their clumsy hands, the strange shapes they created often led to ridicule from the girls. Moreover, they found the activity less enjoyable than snowball fights.

Conversely, girls remained curious and maintained their enthusiasm for building various things with snow. Sisters like Xiao Mei and Xiao Li, in particular, enjoyed it tirelessly, even if their hands turned red from the cold.

They dared not play so freely in previous years, but this year was different. The three sturdy and robust walls provided them with enough safe space to play freely in this open area.

Not to mention during the day, behind the three walls, there was always a person standing guard for them.

Standing guard outside in the snow is a very arduous task. Even though they were wrapped in animal skins, wearing hats with large ears made of animal skin, gloves on their hands, and socks on their feet, standing in the snow and wind for a long time was still intolerable. Therefore, Han Cheng had the three shifts take turns.

Moreover, before leaving and after returning, the person on guard duty could drink a large bowl of bone soup.

The shaman was wrapped in thick fur, roasting by the fire, watching the children playing happily in the snow through the opening. His face was filled with smiles.

This carefree life was something he had never dared to dream of before.

Divine Son, ah.

All these changes came from the Divine Son.

The arrival of the Divine Son brought about the current happy life in the tribe.

The shaman looked at Han Cheng playing with Fuzhao, his heart full of respect and gratitude.

For the Divine Son, he was certainly respectful.

He was also very grateful. If he hadn't decided to bring back the Divine Son in the first place, the Green Sparrow Tribe would still be living in dire straits. The current life, not to mention living it, wouldn't even be considered.

Because of the relaxed mood and the appearance of boiled meat, the shaman's spirit was better than a year ago. It could be said that he was getting younger as he lived.

However, thinking about the conflict with the tribe that had spied on them, the shaman's heart was clouded with a hint of worry.

Their current days would be too comfortable if this incident had not happened.

But life is like this; there are rarely perfect times. Joy contains a hint of worry, and there is still joy in worry.

One thing leads to another, and these layers of things make up life.

Although this matter was a shadow, the shaman did not worry excessively because they were well prepared. With the courtyard wall and someone specifically keeping watch, harming their tribe would not be easy.

And now it was snowing again. In this freezing weather, there was no deep-seated enmity between their tribe and the other tribe. Even if they had plans to attack their tribe, they probably wouldn't come in such a dangerous season.

Just because of this conflict, they wouldn't go that far.

Salt Mountain. Han Cheng went there every three days. Each time he went, he didn't go empty-handed. Besides breaking the ice to bring the deer delicious saltwater, he also brought a bundle of dried grass each time.

The deer lord was very satisfied with this.

Of course, Han Cheng never went alone. In addition to Elder Senior Brother and Iron Head and seven or eight others accompanying him, there was also Fu Jiang.