

Primitive 80

Chapter 80: Cruel Medical Skills – Learning While in Battle

Han Cheng walked back, holding a basket in one hand and leading Fu Jiang with the other, leaving behind the area stained red with blood.

It was essential to tie Fu Jiang with a rope. Regardless of how well-tamed Fu Jiang was, it was still a wolf, not a dog. Now, it was well-trained, and it should never be allowed to touch human blood.

More people came out from the walls to clean the battlefield. They first collected the spears that had performed well and brought them back inside the walls, ready for future use.

Damaged spears were not discarded. Many could be repaired and used again with a little effort, much easier than making new ones.

After completing these tasks, the next step was handling the corpses.

Handling corpses was necessary. The intense smell of blood would attract large carnivorous animals. Han Cheng didn't want the area outside the tribe to become a hunting ground for beasts that would lurk around.

During the icy and snowy weather, burying bodies deep in the ground was impossible. Using snow to cover them was a method, but it wasn't foolproof.

Firstly, snow couldn't completely mask all odors. It was easy for beasts to come and dig up the bodies. Secondly, it was only a temporary solution.

Snow would eventually melt. Once the weather warmed up, the issue of dealing with the bodies would resurface.

If burying was not an option, then burning was the only choice.

Luckily, the tribe now had plenty of firewood.

Under Han Cheng's arrangement, everyone brought a lot of dry firewood to a place about a mile from the tribe. On top of the firewood, they piled even more dry wood pulled from snowdrifts.

When the woodpile was thick enough and had a sufficiently large area, everyone placed the bodies of the Flying Snake Tribe left here on top of it.

There were a total of seventeen bodies. Adding the three injured women dragged into the tribe, the Flying Snake Tribe had suffered a loss of twenty people in this battle, almost half of their original number.

The fire ignited, emitting smoke and reflecting off the surrounding snow, engulfing the bodies piled on the woodpile.

The snow stained with blood was equally noticeable. The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe covered it with a thick layer of compacted snow.

Han Cheng was treating the injuries of the three injured women. Under the current conditions, the medical methods were equally rough and gruesome.

First, Han Cheng used a 3-centimeter-wide strip of animal skin to tightly bind above the woman's leg, where the spear had pierced. Then, he had two women from the tribe come over to hold down the woman's leg firmly. Next, he called a man with strong arms, asking him to grip the spear with both hands and forcefully pull it out.

Under the intense pain, the woman screamed miserably, abruptly sitting up from the ground. Both people continued to hold her down.

However, she quickly quieted down.

Because the severe pain had caused her to faint.

The woman's leg was almost crippled because, after pulling out the spear, a small piece of blood-stained bone came out from inside.

Han Cheng used warm water, prepared in advance, to clean the wound, removing any stone or wood fragments that might be present.

During this process, her wound kept bleeding. If Han Cheng hadn't used a strip of animal skin to tightly bind her leg to the side closer to her heart in advance, the bleeding might have been even more severe.

At this time, without any cloth available, there was no good way to stop the bleeding. Han Cheng could only grab some ash and sprinkle it on her wound.

In the beginning, when ash fell there, it was washed away by the blood. With more ash, it gradually covered the wound.

Dry ash fell on top, quickly becoming wet. Later, it slowed down.

After putting a large amount of ash on both sides of her wounds, Han Cheng wrapped them with animal skin to bandage them.

The treatment for the other two was similar. However, one of them wasn't treated by Han Cheng but by Shaman and another woman from the tribe.

The chances of this woman surviving were slim because she wasn't injured in her limbs but in her abdomen.

Part of her intestines had come out.

Shaman shook his head immediately, indicating that this woman was beyond saving. However, Han Cheng was unwilling to give up.

Having experienced a future where even organs could be transplanted, Han Cheng didn't believe that protruding intestines meant certain death.

Of course, in these extremely primitive conditions and dealing with Han Cheng, who only had basic first aid knowledge and could barely be considered a half-baked doctor, whether this woman could survive was uncertain.

The reason Han Cheng was unwilling to give up wasn't just that. If this woman could be saved, it would be more significant than the one with the injured leg. Another reason was to gain practical experience, accumulate knowledge, and improve his medical skills.

It might sound cruel, but in a world where the outer layers of glamorous appearances were stripped away, the true nature revealed itself, and it was usually more brutal than not.

Han Cheng cleaned the woman's exposed intestines with warm water. After cleaning the wound, he carefully placed them back inside, then used strips of animal skin to wrap them, not only to stop the bleeding but also to prevent her intestines from spilling out of her belly.

Han Cheng could only do so much. He couldn't sew up her wounds in an era without even needles.

The rest was left to fate.

As the three people were carefully carried into the cave at Han Cheng's command and placed as close to the fire as possible, an unpleasant smell of burning flesh drifted in from outside.

Han Cheng knew the source of this smell.

Three flowers bloomed, each showing a different side.

The second and third leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe, together with the remaining defeated people, hastily fled towards the distance. They ran while constantly looking back, fearing the cursed and cunning tribe might take advantage of the situation and pursue them.

In this process, many people were tripped by branches and logs buried under the snow. However, they didn't dare to slow down. They immediately climbed up from the snow and continued to run forward desperately, regretting that they were born with only two legs.

It wasn't until they ran deep into the woods, far away from the terrifying tribe, that the second leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, who had somewhat calmed down, stopped panting.

Wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, he looked at the miserable and greatly reduced number of tribal members, and his heart was as gloomy as his expression.

Including him, only twenty-seven people had gathered at this time.

Except for the twenty people who permanently stayed in the Green Sparrow Tribe, the remaining three, due to injuries, were left far behind when everyone else fled for their lives.

In this season, without food and with injuries, once separated from the main force, the only path awaiting them was death.