

Divine 2371

Chapter 2371: Mission 51

She had already returned to the chaotic spacetime.

“It appears that these missions present no challenge for you,” the voice within the chaotic spacetime remarked dispassionately.

Yet, Gu Chaoyan detected a trace of teasing in the voice, suggesting a familiarity that bordered on amusement. It was as if the chaotic spacetime observed her with a knowing eye, witnessing something subtle.

Although Gu Chaoyan failed to discern the specifics, she did sense something amiss.

“A lower-level cultivation bead?” Gu Chaoyan inquired once more.

A moment of silence ensued.

Then, abruptly, the chaotic spacetime spoke, “Hasten your self-tempering. It will lead you to the cultivation level of a Paragon Martial God, a goal you’ve long pursued.”

The chaotic spacetime must have overheard her earlier statement, a fact Gu Chaoyan was well aware of. However, he evaded her query, unwilling to discuss the matter, and had no intention of revealing anything. No matter how she inquired, the response would remain the same.

Consequently, Gu Chaoyan decided not to press further.

As she delved into the tempering process, each session left her with a profound sense of comfort. It entailed the influx of abundant spiritual energy that coursed through her body, rendering her light and at ease.

In this state of ease, her cultivation level ascended, one layer at a time.

Yet, just as she was on the brink of a successful breakthrough, the process came to an abrupt halt. This cessation engendered a measure of discomfort, impeding her progress.

Gu Chaoyan emerged from the tempering session in a somewhat disconcerted state.

At this moment...

Her cultivation had already reached the level of a Paragon Martial God.

The discomfort she had experienced previously likely stemmed from her inability to advance to the half-step Golden Immortal realm.

Indeed...

It was a formidable barrier to surmount, explaining her recent sensations.

This clarified why so many individuals chose to remain here.

Anxiety began to creep over Gu Chaoyan. When she emerged from the tempering, she urgently questioned the chaotic spacetime, "How can I attain the status of a half-step Golden Immortal?"

"I need to review the mission."

The chaotic spacetime fell into another prolonged silence.

After a considerable pause, it responded, "A half-step Golden Immortal? This cultivation level grants access to the Second World. Breaking through to the half-step Golden Immortal realm is no simple feat."

"Only the most challenging missions offer the potential to attain the status of a half-step Golden Immortal."

"I'm going to undertake the mission," Gu Chaoyan declared without hesitation, as if driven by an urgent desire to embark on the task.

"You've just completed a mission. It's advisable to rest before entering the chaotic spacetime for another mission," the chaotic spacetime advised, his tone notably composed, as if attaining the status of a half-step Golden Immortal held little significance to him. He appeared content to take things at a leisurely pace.

"I don't need to rest," Gu Chaoyan asserted.

"The chaotic spacetime requires time."

With her understanding, Gu Chaoyan ceased her insistence.

She nodded, signaling her acceptance.

And then, she exited the chaotic spacetime.

Returning to the Yan Family in the Shenyou Dynasty, the room was cloaked in silence. Energized by her recent breakthrough, she pushed open the door to survey her surroundings.

Dragonman, White Deer, Yan Wuji, and the head of the Undead Race stood guard outside, clearly concerned about any potential complications.

"Congratulations on your breakthrough, Junior Sister!" Di Hongyun greeted her with an enthusiastic smile.

"The signs of a breakthrough had been evident since last night. We were worried that something might go wrong, so we've been on guard. Thankfully, all is well, and you've successfully attained the next level," the head of the Undead Race acknowledged.

The head of the Undead Race subconsciously discerned Gu Chaoyan's elevated cultivation level.

The realization left the head of the Undead Race in a state of astonishment. Paragon Martial God's cultivation?

How was this possible?

How had she achieved such a rapid breakthrough?

Merely five days had passed.

He had assumed that this young woman had advanced to the Paragon Martial Emperor Realm, but her direct leap to the Paragon Martial God Realm was truly astounding. He had no knowledge of how she had attained such enlightenment in such a short time, but her breakthrough speed was undeniably remarkable.

Amidst his astonishment, he was also genuinely impressed.

"Congratulations on attaining the cultivation level of a Paragon Martial God," the head of the Undead Race congratulated her enthusiastically. "One more breakthrough, and you'll be on the cusp of reaching the half-step Golden Immortal level. With the right opportunity, you could smoothly enter the second world!"

In his capacity as the head of the Undead Race, he had witnessed numerous individuals over thousands of years, some of whom displayed remarkable talent and progressed at an extraordinary pace. Yet, he had never before observed someone as remarkable as this young woman.

Moreover, he had witnessed her progress firsthand. How could he not be stunned?

Upon hearing the news, the head of the Undead Race, Di Hongyun, and White Deer radiated with jubilation.

However...

Gu Chaoyan herself was far from pleased. While attaining the cultivation level of a Paragon Martial God was undoubtedly a significant achievement and something she had aspired to reach, there was a “but” looming in her mind.

Upon reaching the Paragon Martial God Realm, she encountered the subsequent difficulty of breaking through, a challenge that had left her somewhat anxious. Her reason for emerging from the chaotic spacetime was to assure them of her safety.

Now that everything was clarified, Gu Chaoyan addressed them composedly, “I’ve just achieved a breakthrough, so I’m feeling a bit weary. I’ll return to rest. You’ve all put in a great deal of effort recently, so take a well-deserved break.”

The head of the Undead Race had been beaming, but upon hearing Gu Chaoyan’s words, his countenance assumed a complex and slightly rigid expression. Nevertheless, he complied with her request and nodded.

He led the others to disperse, leaving Gu Chaoyan alone in the room for a time.

In solitude, Gu Chaoyan took her seat.

Her thoughts replayed the scene in the chaotic spacetime.

At the time of her breakthrough, everything had progressed exceptionally smoothly. Yet, abruptly, she had struck an insurmountable barrier that stymied her.

The sensation from that moment.

It had left an indelible impression, and she had been unable to forget it. However, as she pondered it now, she found herself unable to recollect the experience precisely.

She shook her head slightly, eager to reenter the chaotic spacetime to resume her new mission and successfully break through to the half-step Golden Immortal realm.

Nonetheless, the chaotic spacetime had advised her to wait a little longer.

In the interim, she could only remain here.

It was conceivable that she had already neared the level of a half-step Golden Immortal but was currently unable to progress further. Perhaps she had encountered an obstacle during the refinement process. This marked the first time Gu Chaoyan experienced such profound frustration. Previously, she had calmly and confidently advanced through her cultivation, step by step.

Never had she felt so overwhelmed and anxious before.

“Girl, Yan Zhengchu wishes to meet with you,” the head of the Undead Race informed her.

Yan Zhengchu?

With his recent ascension to the throne of the Shenyong Dynasty, what was the reason behind his visit? Could it be related to her recent breakthrough?

“Kindly convey that I’m currently in seclusion. I’ll be available in a few days. Additionally, I’ll appreciate your assistance during this time. I intend to persist in my attempts,” Gu Chaoyan replied.

Chapter 2373: Mission 53

“Attaining the status of a half-step Golden Immortal as swiftly as possible is my top priority. Until then, I don’t have the luxury to dwell on anything else,” Gu Chaoyan declared, her intent to reenter the chaotic spacetime palpable as she sought to alleviate her anxiety.

The head of the Undead Race comprehended her stance.

Once in agreement, he promptly took action.

Earlier, he had gleaned some understanding from the girl’s demeanor and sensed her dissatisfaction. Consequently, he couldn’t derive the full satisfaction he desired.

“Don’t fret,” the head of the Undead Race assured her.

Gu Chaoyan offered no further words.

Instead, she entered the chaotic spacetime directly.

“Didn’t I suggest you take a few days of rest? Why are you so eager to return to the chaotic spacetime? You haven’t changed a bit,” the voice within the chaotic spacetime expressed a sense of helplessness, as if it was powerless to influence Gu Chaoyan.

“No change at all?” Gu Chaoyan queried.

The chaotic spacetime frequently uttered statements that seemed strangely familiar to her, yet it never elucidated the past or identified the speaker. If she weren’t already unaware of the speaker’s identity, Gu Chaoyan might have sought to uncover their identity and retaliate.

Should the chaotic spacetime be unwilling to broach the subject, it could simply remain silent. However, it persisted in making allusions without providing any substantial information. She had never encountered anyone as vexing as the chaotic spacetime.

True to form, the chaotic spacetime exhibited no intention to elaborate further on its prior statement.

Following a brief period of silence, it relented, stating, “Since you’re so keen to resume your mission, I’ll grant your request.”

“The missions for advancing from a Paragon Martial God to a half-step Golden Immortal cannot be chosen by you. The chaotic spacetime will select missions for you,” the voice conveyed.

“The missions may prove exceedingly challenging, yet the principle remains unchanged. If you encounter peril or abandon the mission prematurely, return to the chaotic spacetime.”

“Proceed.”

As soon as the chaotic spacetime finished speaking, Gu Chaoyan initiated the mission.

This swiftness took her by surprise. She had anticipated a more protracted interaction with the chaotic spacetime, but it acquiesced quickly.

Upon entering the mission, Gu Chaoyan struggled to regain her equilibrium, taking an extended period to stabilize herself.

She surveyed her surroundings.

What...

Where was she?

Previously, she had critiqued Baizhou Land for its desolation. Now, as she observed her present surroundings, it was evident that she was immersed in a barren wilderness. Except for a smattering of unkempt trees, there was no sign of any structures. Tents fashioned from animal hides were the only semblance of shelter from the elements, albeit rudimentary in design.

Moreover, there was a conspicuous absence of inhabitants throughout this expansive terrain.

In the near distance, a crystal-clear river flowed, its waters pristine and inviting. Gu Chaoyan was drawn to the idea of washing her hands in the river. Yet, just as she extended her hand, someone unexpectedly encircled her in an embrace from behind. "Tribe Chief, you mustn't! You mustn't exert yourself like this!"

"Despite our race's vulnerability and the oppression we endure, we can overcome it by uniting. Without your presence, we might indeed scatter and fall victim to bullying from every direction," an anxious female voice remarked.

"Exert herself too much?" Gu Chaoyan hadn't overexerted herself; she had merely sought to freshen up.

Tribe Chief?

Was she the Tribe Chief here?

This mission was exceedingly enigmatic. She possessed no recollection or prior knowledge, arriving at this location devoid of any memories or background information.

Chapter 2374: Mission 54

Upon mention of the chaotic spacetime's role in providing mission instructions, Gu Chaoyan experienced a sudden recollection. Whenever she completed a mission within the chaotic spacetime, it would furnish her with clear guidance on how to accomplish the task before she embarked on it.

However, in this instance, she remained completely unaware of how to complete the mission. This left her in a quandary; lacking the knowledge of what constituted effective progress in the mission.

She was not only oblivious to the situation she found herself in but also lacked any understanding of the mission's objectives. Was this genuinely a mission aimed at attaining the half-step Golden Immortal realm? If so, could this complexity be attributed to the inherent difficulty of achieving that level?

"I'm not overthinking it; I just wanted to wash my hands in the river. There's no need for excessive pondering. While alive, people encounter myriad experiences, and I have no intention of avoiding life's trials in death," Gu Chaoyan responded straightforwardly.

Even though she couldn't fathom the reasons behind this woman's misconceptions or the circumstances that might have led her to believe that Gu Chaoyan contemplated self-harm, she felt compelled to assuage those concerns entirely.

Upon hearing Gu Chaoyan's response, the woman appeared somewhat reassured.

"In the past two days, our clan has suffered incessant attacks, resulting in numerous casualties. Our clan's existence is a perpetual struggle, and you carry a significant weight of responsibility. I fear that you might bear the brunt of guilt and internalize the hardships," the woman explained.

Gu Chaoyan comprehended the situation now. The woman's conjecture was not unfounded. It was plausible that this enigmatic Tribe Chief of an unfamiliar race had genuinely shouldered an onerous burden and arrived at this place alone.

Nonetheless, with Gu Chaoyan's presence, there was no longer any need to bear the weight alone.

Having known this Tribe Chief for a considerable period, Gu Chaoyan possessed a reasonably accurate understanding of her personality.

"I'm here solely for relaxation. Rest assured, I won't leave you behind," Gu Chaoyan offered comfortingly.

She accompanied the woman back to their clan.

It was during this moment that Gu Chaoyan finally had the opportunity to take a closer look at the woman's attire. The Tribe Chief was garbed in a very simplistic manner, with just two pieces of tattered fabric serving as her upper and lower body coverings, leaving most of her body exposed.

What kind of race was this?

Wearing such revealing attire was a stark departure from Gu Chaoyan's customs.

Surveying herself, Gu Chaoyan couldn't help but feel somewhat relieved. While her own attire might be revealing, it was marginally more modest than what this woman wore, especially given the additional piece of cloth that was wrapped around her lower body.

Fortunately, that was the case.

Upon returning to the clan, Gu Chaoyan gained a more profound understanding of the dire situation. The woman's initial misconception about her inclination toward self-harm began to make sense. The clan's predicament was evidently catastrophic.

The environment was challenging, and numerous clan members were gravely injured. The absence of medicinal herbs contributed to the lingering scent of blood in the air.

Those who sustained severe injuries lay incapacitated, while the less injured individuals endeavored to perform various tasks. Although characterized as work, these activities essentially involved the preparation of wild vegetables for consumption.

Observing the wounded individuals, Gu Chaoyan inquired of the woman accompanying her, “Why aren’t their wounds being tended to?”

The woman gazed at Gu Chaoyan with a bemused expression, seemingly taken aback by the Tribe Chief’s apparent unfamiliarity with the situation.

Nevertheless, she proceeded to explain candidly, “Tribe Chief, perhaps you’ve forgotten that our sole provisions were taken by the Moco Clan. In our efforts to safeguard the supplies, our clan members were willing to risk their lives. Regrettably, we lack medical supplies, hence the absence of bandages despite our injuries.”

Chapter 2375: Mission 55

“It’s also because of this that you blame yourself so much, which led you to run away,” the woman gently reminded her.

“Aina, come and help me!” someone shouted at the woman standing beside Gu Chaoyan from a distance. Still, she, the Tribe Chief, was ignored.

Aina, positioned beside Gu Chaoyan, heard the call and swiftly rushed to assist.

On the other hand, Gu Chaoyan strolled through the clan, attempting to discern what was happening within.

She noticed a troubling phenomenon.

The person known as Aina was completely disregarding her.

Now, regardless of whether they were injured or not, these people seemed to be treating her, the Tribe Chief, as if she didn't exist at all.

What could be the reason?

Had she done something to offend these people?

Why?

A dispute with the Moco Clan?

This was something Gu Chaoyan couldn't understand.

However...

She still intended to provide aid to these people.

She didn't know what kind of community this was. It was evidently impoverished, and more significantly, there weren't many residents left.

If more people perished, there would be even fewer survivors.

In this uncivilized world, *

Humans held greater value than resources.

Even with valuable resources, defending them from other races would be a challenge.

However, having a sufficient number of people would provide the necessary strength.

Hence, it was imperative to protect these people.

Furthermore, these severely injured individuals possessed valuable labor potential.

Lacking bandages, Gu Chaoyan needed to search for suitable herbs.

She intended to scour the nearby area for any suitable herbs.

Gu Chaoyan departed.

Finally, those who had been silent began to voice their concerns. “Should we stop her? What if she’s seeking her own demise again?”

“Let her be. Our clan is already in a wretched state, and she’s still so attached to it. If not for her, how could so many of our clan members have perished? With her around, such a fate was bound to happen sooner or later. Our clan’s numbers are dwindling. Just let her be. We have no hope left.”

Following this exchange, silence prevailed.

These were harsh truths.

She had been responsible for the deaths of numerous clan members. As long as she remained alive, she would continue as the Tribe Chief, and they would support her.

If she couldn’t think rationally, they would leave it to fate.

Gu Chaoyan scanned her surroundings and was not disappointed.

As expected, she found the herbs.

In a world devoid of civilization, there were still an abundance of flowers and plants.

It was relatively simple to locate materials for staunching bleeding.

After a while, she gathered a substantial quantity of herbs.

Without the necessary equipment for grinding the herbs, she resorted to using rocks to crush them.

The clansmen remained oblivious to her actions and continued to disregard her.

Once Gu Chaoyan had prepared the ingredients, she proceeded to apply the medicine. The doctor attempted to resist, but Gu Chaoyan swiftly intervened, preventing any further struggles.

As the medicine took effect, the pain subsided significantly, and the doctor's overall condition improved. He ceased his resistance.

Gu Chaoyan continued to administer the medicine one by one.

After finishing the application, she calmly explained, "This will staunch the bleeding. After three days of use, the wound will begin to heal."

Having anticipated the clansmen's aversion to her, she walked away and found an empty spot to sit.

Her mind raced as she contemplated her next steps.

Despite the chaotic spacetime having thrust her into the role of Tribe Chief, she felt a responsibility to fulfill her duties and attend to the tribe's affairs.

Chapter 2376: Mission 56

The current predicament of the clan was characterized by severe resource scarcity and a high number of injuries. Furthermore, it was evident that this clan harbored a strong aversion toward Gu Chaoyan.

She remained unclear about the underlying reasons, but it likely had connections to her past actions. Regardless, it wasn't a significant concern, and she intended to seek an opportunity to inquire of

Aina in the future. She wondered if their closeness from growing up together had any bearing on her current standing in the clan.

The fact that they disliked her didn't weigh heavily on her mind.

What mattered most at the moment was...

The wounded individuals.

In this uncivilized world, where combat and survival depended on physical prowess, it was evident that they were accustomed to such conditions, resulting in their resilient bodies. Even those seriously injured displayed remarkable mental fortitude and recovery capabilities.

With the prepared herbs, she estimated their recovery time to be around five days.

Additionally, her spatial inventory contained numerous valuable pills, but she decided against revealing them at this point. Given her limited understanding of the current situation, it was wiser to refrain from exposing too much and make the most of the era's resources.

Once these individuals had recuperated from their injuries, Gu Chaoyan needed to address the clan's resource issue.

In a world devoid of civilization, resources were a rare commodity. Aina's recent information transmission had implied that acquiring supplies here revolved around competition, and the clan lacked a substantial number of young laborers.

Competing didn't seem like a viable strategy.

Gu Chaoyan was more inclined to create.

She intended to establish suitable material conditions before delving into other concerns.

As Gu Chaoyan pondered this, she began outlining her approach.

“Tribe Chief, don’t be troubled. The clansmen don’t bear ill will toward you. It’s just that a series of unfortunate events within the clan has left them somewhat disgruntled,” Aina reassured her, joining her side after finishing her tasks.

Aina was aware that the clansmen were actually concerned about the well-being of their Tribe Chief. When she approached earlier, it was evident that everyone tacitly allowed her to do so. Nevertheless, the clan had endured significant losses, depleting their resources. Lingering unease still pervaded, stifling open communication.

Gu Chaoyan acknowledged this.

The people in this clan appeared to be straightforward, lacking ill intentions but harboring resentment toward her.

“Aina, could you enlighten me on the specific reasons behind their animosity or dissatisfaction with me as the Tribe Chief?” Gu Chaoyan inquired directly.

Aina regarded her with a perplexed expression.

Was the Tribe Chief not aware of the cause?

Aina found herself momentarily baffled.

It appeared that since rescuing the Tribe Chief from the river, her behavior had taken on a somewhat unusual and different aspect.

“Tribe Chief, the resentment primarily stems from the conflict with the Moco Clan, which resulted in substantial casualties. Moreover, the clansmen still support Adams and are willing to curry favor with members of the Thunder Fire Clan because you admire Adams. They believe that you have neglected your duties as a Tribe Chief and abandoned your dignity. While our Five Elements Clan may be weak, we are still a clan. Without dignity and unity, a clan is headed toward extinction, as history has shown us with many clans.”

“In essence,” Aina continued, “it’s not so much that the clansmen harbor resentment, but rather they expect more from their leader.”

Chapter 2377: Mission 57

Aina's agitation was palpable as she discussed the situation. It was evident that she held reservations about the Tribe Chief, but her enduring loyalty to the Tribe Chief was rooted in their years of friendship.

It had become clear that the Tribe Chief's actions had crossed a line.

It was no surprise that the clansmen harbored blame against her.

The clansmen, in their own way, displayed kindness. Despite the numerous audacious actions of the Tribe Chief, they had chosen to simply ignore her.

"It is my fault," Gu Chaoyan admitted straightforwardly.

Indeed, her feelings for Adams were genuine. Nevertheless, in her role as the Tribe Chief, she recognized the paramount importance of her duty to the clan's welfare.

Aina gazed at her Tribe Chief in astonishment.

In the past, no matter how many times she had attempted to reason with the Tribe Chief, she had been met with resistance. The Tribe Chief had tirelessly protected Adams and even employed the clan's resources to appease him. However, the Tribe Chief's stance had now shifted.

Now...

The Tribe Chief acknowledged her errors?

If that were the case, would she lead the clan to a better future? Failing to reconsider her actions would only result in further losses for the clan.

“Tribe Chief, is this true? I must go and share this good news with them,” Aina, a genuinely innocent person, beamed with excitement, eager to broadcast the fact that the clan would continue to accept their Tribe Chief.

However...

Before Aina could depart, Gu Chaoyan gently restrained her.

She motioned for Aina to remain seated.

She then said, “Let’s set this matter aside for now.”

Aina was riddled with doubts. She believed that it was a positive development, so she wondered why Gu Chaoyan hadn’t shared it openly.

“I’ve committed too many wrongs, and if I were to speak these words now, it would only bewilder the people. Instead, I’ll take actions that will lead them to accept me. Aina, let’s see what my next steps will be,” Gu Chaoyan declared with a determined gleam in her eyes.

Aina comprehended her intent and nodded earnestly. “Tribe Chief, I understand.”

“Then go ahead with your work. Don’t concern yourself with me.”

“Very well.”

Aina’s emotions were transparent; her joy or displeasure were plainly evident on her face. Following this exchange, she appeared to be in exceptionally high spirits, as if something remarkably auspicious had just occurred. She eagerly went about her tasks.

Upon encountering her clansmen, they couldn’t help but inquire about her exuberance.

Aina remembered what the Tribe Chief had instructed and opted not to divulge it.

Meanwhile, Gu Chaoyan continued to contemplate her next course of action.

The wounded individuals had the necessary herbs for treatment, so that aspect was manageable.

The foremost concern was the procurement of supplies.

In a world devoid of civilization, the most abundant resources were in the form of plants, soil, and natural flora.

Basic necessities like clothing, food, shelter, and transportation were imperative.

Food, in particular, held paramount importance.

Furthermore, the members of the Five Elements Clan required formidable defenses.

In light of this, weapons needed to be prepared.

For now, they could begin with arrows.

As she pondered these considerations...

Aina abruptly rushed over. "Tribe Chief, come with me quickly. Rain is imminent, and we must seek shelter."

As the Tribe Chief, her safety was of utmost importance within the clan.

Chapter 2378: Mission 58

Even the wounded hadn't received proper attention yet, but Gu Chaoyan was directed to take cover initially.

It was evident that the members of the Five Elements Clan held her in high regard.

Gu Chaoyan rose and followed Aina, although her intention was not to shelter from the rain, but rather to address clan matters.

“I am uninjured and in good health, so there’s no need for me to seek shelter. Let’s focus on tending to the injured individuals first. They should not be exposed to the rain. Only when they recover will our clan slowly regain its strength,” Gu Chaoyan asserted.

Aina and the others were taken aback.

They were astonished that the Tribe Chief prioritized their welfare.

Recalling what the Tribe Chief had said earlier, Aina beamed with delight. The Tribe Chief was indeed undergoing a transformation.

“Very well,” Aina promptly agreed.

“Absurd,” an elder member of the clan scolded Aina, believing she shouldn’t have made such a suggestion.

“I am the Tribe Chief, so heed my instructions. Go and care for the injured first, and then attend to the others,” Gu Chaoyan advised.

Having conveyed her sentiments, the members had no choice but to comply.

Once things were settled, Gu Chaoyan gazed at the sky. Dark clouds loomed overhead, heralding impending rain. Fortunately, there was no sign of lightning.

To be frank, the tents of the Five Elements Clan were rudimentary structures fashioned from animal skins. They provided some shelter from the elements, but their number was insufficient to accommodate everyone adequately.

Once the injured had been tended to, it became evident that many of them lacked tents to shield them from the wind and rain.

Given the scarcity of resources, it was no wonder that the clan harbored numerous grievances against their Tribe Chief.

The question remained: How should the others be accommodated?

“Aina, rain is imminent, and the tents can’t accommodate so many people. We can’t just stand out in the rain. Come with me; we can take shelter beneath that tree to stay dry,” Gu Chaoyan called out to Aina, signaling for her to bring along some individuals.

“Tribe Chief, no, you mustn’t do this,” Aina expressed with anxiety. “In the past, there were people from other races who sought shelter like this and were struck down by the heavens.”

“It’s a terrible way to go,” Aina exclaimed as though she had recalled something harrowing.

“No, there are just a few dark clouds directly above us, and they are meant to produce lightning. Without lightning, they won’t be struck. Our top priority right now is to prevent them from falling ill,” Gu Chaoyan asserted with confidence.

“But...” There were evidently certain fears Aina couldn’t overcome. She hesitated to comply.

Within the tent, someone interjected, “Aina, heed the Tribe Chief’s instructions.”

In the past, they might not have been inclined to obey. However...

They could sense the effectiveness of the herbs that the Tribe Chief had administered earlier. Their pain had subsided, and they were no longer bleeding excessively. Furthermore, their tempers had cooled considerably.

Many of them hadn’t succumbed to their injuries but had perished due to their agitated mental states.

Now, the injured individuals were in better condition.

All of this was thanks to the Tribe Chief.

Hence...

They had trust in the Tribe Chief.

She likely wouldn't deceive them.

The Tribe Chief must have asked them to do that for their own good.

"Aina, go." This person had some prestige in the clan. After he finished speaking, Aina had no reason to disobey and brought those people to the tree to hide from the rain.

Chapter 2379: Mission 59

While they had all sought refuge under the tree, it was evident that everyone from the Five Elements Clan was gripped by fear. Their apprehension was unmistakable, as they were genuinely concerned about the potential wrath of the heavens.

Nonetheless, their unease proved to be short-lived.

The rain ceased promptly, without any mishaps. No one got drenched; they had all escaped the downpour unscathed.

To a certain extent, the clansmen began to see merit in the Tribe Chief's decision.

The man who had earlier spoken up in favor of the Tribe Chief felt a sense of relief.

When he had spoken up, it had been somewhat of a gamble. However, he hadn't anticipated that the outcome would be so favorable.

Had the Tribe Chief genuinely undergone a transformation due to the Moco Clan's incident? Had she truly taken on the mantle of responsibility as Tribe Chief?

After the rain, it was time to resume packing.

The clansmen diligently attended to their belongings.

Gu Chaoyan paused by the side of the man, opting to engage in a discussion with him.

Why had she chosen him?

Firstly, he possessed considerable prestige within the clan.

Secondly, his attitude appeared to have shifted in response to the herbs, increasing the likelihood of his agreement. Furthermore, his capacity to convince his clansmen was considerable.

Gary gazed at the Tribe Chief before him.

The Tribe Chief was good-looking.

Her temper had always been good in the clan.

However...

In the past, everything had been harmonious, and the clan had encountered no troubles.

However, as time passed, the Tribe Chief also reached the age when a woman could consider marriage. She didn't set her sights on a young and robust member of the Five Elements Clan, but rather on the Tribe Chief of the Thunder Fire Clan.

Subsequently, she gradually became embroiled in various misdeeds.

Gary held no grievances.

His sole wish was for the Tribe Chief to realize her mistakes and spare herself further harm.

“Gary, our clan’s resources are currently insufficient. While the rain is tolerable, a storm could bring catastrophe. I believe the skies are clearing, so we should attempt to construct some wooden houses. What are your thoughts on this?” Gu Chaoyan proposed.

Gary hadn’t anticipated the Tribe Chief would approach him with such a suggestion.

Wooden houses?

In their region, people primarily resided in tents or caves.

The most sought-after spots within the caves were those sheltered from wind and rain. Yet a clan like theirs, spanning 500 meters, lacked the privilege to occupy these prime locations. The caves were predominantly claimed by more powerful clans.

“Why?” Gary inquired with curiosity.

Gu Chaoyan had recently come across some machetes, which held potential utility.

She was relieved that despite the scarcity of material resources, there were still machetes and similar items at her disposal. Otherwise, she might have been at a loss.

The machete, crafted from a piece of iron, appeared quite serviceable. She considered the possibility of refining some new blades in the future. For now, the available tools would suffice.

Since Gary had inquired, it signified a good likelihood of success for the proposal. Thus, Gu Chaoyan proceeded to discuss the matter in greater detail.

Her initial plan had involved constructing the houses with wood, but upon further reflection, she deemed this choice unsuitable and opted to use bamboo instead.

In meticulous detail, she elucidated the process of cutting the bamboo into segments and delineated the structure’s design.

She also discussed the roofing materials.

Gary's eyes sparkled with interest as he absorbed the information.

The houses described by the Tribe Chief didn't seem overly complex to construct. If they could be built...

Chapter 2380: Mission 60

This plan had the potential to address several pressing issues within their clan.

As the rainy season progressed, days marked by rain were manageable. They only needed to take shelter and dry their clothes following the downpour. However, the impending winter brought the challenge of cold and snow. Without a proper shelter from the elements, many clansmen would face the risk of freezing to death.

If this endeavor succeeded, it could potentially ensure their clan's survival through the harsh winter.

Gary's enthusiasm continued to shine.

He didn't pose the question of what would happen if this plan failed. The Tribe Chief had devised an ingenious method, one that no one had considered previously. It was a venture worth pursuing. Without trying, there would be no success. By trying and succeeding, they stood to gain.

"Alright, we will proceed with that," Gary agreed.

Gu Chaoyan breathed a sigh of relief.

With Gary's approval, they could launch the project in earnest starting the next day.

The clan had numerous capable laborers who could contribute their efforts. It was feasible to have some structures erected in a single day. Once the situation was apparent to all, it was likely that everyone would become proactive.

With these intentions in mind, Gary stood and accompanied Gu Chaoyan to address the clan.

Inside the clan, people were busy drying their clothes.

Upon Gary's arrival, numerous individuals paused their activities and turned their attention to him.

"The Tribe Chief has suggested that we utilize the bamboo to construct houses. If successful, we will have a place to shield ourselves from the cold during the winter. Everyone, take today to rest, and we'll commence tomorrow morning," Gary arranged.

Upon learning that it was the Tribe Chief's idea and that it involved an unknown endeavor, the clan members averted their gaze and displayed no intention of participating.

While they trusted Gary, their trust in the Tribe Chief remained tenuous.

They had no desire to embark on this venture. All they sought was a tranquil existence, devoid of any unforeseen incidents.

"If we can construct bamboo houses, we can prevent the elderly and children from freezing to death during the winter," Gary stressed earnestly.

Yet, the people remained unresponsive. Their disinclination to participate was palpable, rooted in their deep-seated prejudices against the Tribe Chief.

Understanding their sentiment, Gary chose not to compel them. Instead, he called out, "Oliver, Warren, please come here for a moment."

The two of them pondered for a moment and then rose. They had applied the herbs provided by the Tribe Chief to their wounds, which had substantially alleviated their pain and ceased the bleeding. To some extent, this experience had cultivated trust in the Tribe Chief.

Initially, they had been disinclined to engage in the project. However, because Gary had summoned them once more, they agreed to give it a try, recognizing that it was for the greater good of the clan.

Still, as they prepared to depart, they eyed Gary with suspicion. “Why has the Tribe Chief suddenly changed for the better? Is she genuinely considering the clan’s welfare?”

“Perhaps the matter with the Moco Clan has spurred her to reflect on her actions. Regardless, it’s a favorable development. The Tribe Chief wasn’t foolish to begin with; otherwise, she wouldn’t have been chosen as our leader. As long as she has had a change of heart and is committed to working for the clan, that’s positive. Let’s offer her our support. Perhaps our clan can eventually lead a better life,” Gary expressed with a degree of optimism.

After all...

If they persisted in their previous ways, their race might be teetering on the brink of extinction.