

## One Planet 15

### Chapter 15: First Nation! The title of god of Jiang Fan!

Jiang Fan taught Desolate a lot of basic knowledge. These were familiar common sense. But in this primitive tribe, it's unheard of!

Bear the humiliation. This was the first lesson Jiang Fan taught Desolate.

Expand the population and train the army. This was the second lesson.

"Army? What is this?" asked Desolate in confusion.

"How did your tribe defeat that giant saber-toothed tiger the other day, teamwork... Army!!" Jiang Fan answered briefly.

Desolate nodded thoughtfully.

Jiang Fan's teaching was hard to learn. Always listening and rarely asking questions, then only think carefully after class.

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Time was like water, time was like a shuttle. Time passed day by day.

In a blink of an eye, twenty years passed since the two tribes allied.

From a green youth, Desolate grew up to a mature middle-aged man.

After years of teaching, Jiang Fan stopped, leaving Desolate alone in practice.

"Brave men, we bear the humiliation of twenty years, the time has come for revenge."

The central square of the Desolate Tribe, Desolate stood on the high platform. He gathered all the warriors of the tribe, getting ready to attack the Barbarian tribe!

The past two decades, the Desolate Tribe always submitted to the Barbarian Tribe.

The tribute was average, paid a lot of supplies and women.

Twenty years of peace. And in these 20 years, Desolate has been guided by Jiang Fan.

Agriculture was encouraged. Cultivate wild wheat, rice, potatoes, sweet potatoes, and other plants into crops.

Domesticate wild boars, wild horses, bison, and wolves.

Develop more advanced agricultural tools.

Secretly train soldiers and make weapons!

Improve text and language.

After twenty years of development, the population of the tribe already surpassed the barbarians.

Other aspects were also surpassed.

The day of revenge arrived.

“Desolate! Desolate! Desolate!” The soldiers below were shouting his name.

Twenty years of rule let Desolate’s prestige be higher than ever.

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The war between the two tribes broke out again.

This time, the situation turned upside down.

Although the number of soldiers on both sides was equal, about 2,000 people, the Desolate Tribe was a real army.

The barbarians still followed the traditional hunting team model.

They weren’t a match at all.

Even the leader and the number one warrior was already potbellied after he spent twenty years drinking.

His body had long been hollowed out by wine, leaving not much muscle.

There was no suspense about the ending.

The Desolate Tribe defeated the Barbarian Tribe without bloodshed. The leader was tied up in front of Desolate. There was no soft heart.

He’s being executed, and the latter absorbed the rest of the barbarians.

At this point above the planet, there was only one tribe left.

Unification was completed.

The throne was honored by everyone.

A small country named “summer” was born.

People started building cities.

After completion, Desolate personally named it “Great Wild City”.

Naturally, these were all achieved under the influence of Jiang Fan.

But years of hard work add to that the poor medical conditions of the time dried up the oil in Desolate’s lamp.

With his remaining time, Desolate continued to devote to the improvement of productivity and various systems.

Before death, Desolate kept shouting the word “Father”.

Father!

This was Desolate’s name for Jiang Fan. Jiang Fan appeared, manipulating the air.

In front of the sickbed, there was a ripple of shock!

“Father!” Wild joy and tears.

Desolate suddenly sat up.

Tears flowed!

“Father, I have done what you have taught me,” said Desolate excitedly.

“I saw it. You did a good job.” Jiang Fan replied.

There was a wild smile.

“What do you wish?” asked Jiang Fan.