

Primitive 52

Chapter 52: Thunderstorm

Han Cheng was not communicating with the heavenly god. Instead, he was observing celestial phenomena.

The weather today was unusually hot, and even the sun in the sky seemed to be melting from the heat. The sun's shadow disappeared from the sky, making the atmosphere gloomy.

This seemed like the prelude to a heavy rain.

"Stop, it's going to rain. Go to the river and collect the fish!" After waiting for a while, dark clouds rose in the distance. Han Cheng didn't hesitate and immediately gave the order.

Upon hearing that rain was imminent, the people, concerned that the dried fish by the river might be soaked, quickly rushed towards the cave.

As they reached the cave entrance, Shaman hurriedly exited, ready to inform everyone about the approaching rain.

Hastily grabbing clay pots, jars, and animal-skin containers, the people sprinted towards the river.

During this process, the sky had already dimmed significantly, and ink-black clouds covered half of the sky.

Han Cheng stopped those still joyfully catching fish with fish traps, instructing them to quickly pull the fish traps out of the water and join the others in collecting the dried fish.

With the dimming sky and the increasing wind, an oppressive feeling enveloped the group.

No one spoke; everyone swiftly picked up the dried fish from the ground and threw them into the containers they had brought.

For every full container, strong, fast adult men carried them and sprinted toward the cave.

The entire riverbank was shrouded in a wordless tension.

"Crack, rumble."

Bright lightning cut across the sky.

Deafening and hair-raising thunder exploded, causing everyone to look fearful.

Compared to people from later generations, those at this time harbored a deeper fear of such unmatched heavenly power.

The wind grew stronger, and Han Cheng shouted after collecting the last batch of partially dried fish. The already terrified group, clutching bottles and jars filled with fish, rushed towards the cave.

The entire sky was almost completely dark at this moment, as if the night was about to fall.

Only when bright and dazzling lightning flashed across the sky did it bring a frightening brightness.

"Patter, boom, boom."

After the thunder and awe-inspiring lightning had built up enough momentum, large raindrops eagerly smashed down, hitting trees, stones, and the ground.

In the tribe, the group of people, panting heavily, stopped inside the cave, looking at the world outside that was on the verge of complete darkness due to the raging storm.

Many children clung tightly to their mothers' embrace, showing expressions of fear. Some of the timid ones were already crying loudly.

Their parents, although also affected by the abnormal celestial phenomena, held onto their children tightly, continually comforting them.

The raging wind, carrying torrents of rain, poured into the cave through the entrance as if to engulf everyone inside.

More children were frightened to tears, and many adults trembled in fear.

The shaman stepped forward, loudly shouting at the Elder Senior Brother and others to seal the cave entrance with stones.

The heavy stone slab blocked the entrance, isolating the world inside the cave from the seemingly apocalyptic world outside. The sounds of the wind, rain, and thunder became somewhat muffled, and the people felt more at ease.

Under Shaman's command, the fire, which had nearly been extinguished, was replenished with more wood. The flames brightened, dispelling the darkness inside the cave, and the people felt a bit more settled.

Han Cheng wasn't too afraid. He was somewhat curious about why the heavens were going crazy now. Perhaps some unlucky person, like himself, had touched the mural, provoking a divine retribution.

If that were the case, it would be great. It would be best to bring those three damned foreign friends here. They liked exploring deserted places, right? They could come and experience life in a primitive society.

The shaman put on his feathered crown again, held the bone staff, and danced in front of the totem pole. He fervently prayed to the heavenly god, seeking forgiveness for the people's sins and asking to extinguish the fire of thunder.

Inside the cave, everyone else was terrified by the horrifying celestial phenomena. At this moment, Shaman was like a lifesaving buoy. They devoutly and shiveringly pray to the heavenly god.

However, it seemed that the heavenly god did not heed their prayers. Instead of calming its anger, it became even more ferocious.

"Thud, thud."

A dull sound echoed, and the heavy stone slab blocking the cave entrance was blown down by the wild wind, tumbling on the ground like paper with little weight, rolling for two rounds before stopping.

Fortunately, except for Han Cheng, everyone else in the tribe had followed the shaman to another location to pray to the heavenly god, preventing casualties.

After the stone slab blocking the cave was blown away, the raging wind forcefully surged, extinguishing the flames. Sparks flew, and darkness enveloped the cave.

Thunder roared, lightning danced wildly, and the people in the tribe were frightened, screaming, trembling, and crying uncontrollably. They all crowded towards the deeper parts of the tribe, seeking some sense of safety.

Even the tribe's wise Shaman was completely helpless at this moment, scared by the heavenly god's wrath.

"Quiet, everyone quiet!"

Han Cheng shouted amidst the chaos, but no one paid attention to his words in the confusion.

It wasn't until breathtaking lightning illuminated the sky outside that Han Cheng appeared exceptionally tall.

"I swear in the name of Divine Child, this is just the heavenly god expelling some evil spirits. It won't trouble us. Our Green Sparrow Tribe works diligently, using our hands to feed ourselves, creating a beautiful life with our labor and wisdom. We have never neglected our offerings to the heavenly god. If even our tribe is to be punished by the heavenly god, which tribe can survive? Stand up! We haven't done anything wrong, so there's no need to be fearful. I have communicated with the heavenly god, and he will not trouble our tribe."

Han Cheng felt like a complete swindle, even more so than Shaman. He appeared even more convincing, especially with the dim lightning outside acting as background lighting.

The others only vaguely grasped his speech, which even the best-educated Shaman didn't fully understand. But it didn't matter. What was crucial was the sonorous tone of the Divine Child, the calm and confident posture, and the last sentence that almost everyone could comprehend.

The collective fear of the people diminished greatly as they looked at the composed and sacred Divine Child. They felt considerably reassured.

Yes, there was a Divine Child in their tribe. How could the heavenly god possibly bring punishment upon their tribe?