

Guardian gods 67

Chapter 67

Hearing Ripple words, the look of recognition crossed everyone face as they all seek out the three Zephyr messengers " Did father mention anything about the shrine you guys"

The zephyr looked confused at the question as they all shook their heads showing that they had no idea about what the leaders were talking about. Terra poke calmly to calm everyone down " No need to panic besides the one that resides in the shrine should have no problem surviving this disaster"

In the eastern continent, where the humans dwelled in their primitive age, the disaster wreaked havoc among the scattered tribes. The seismic upheavals and destructive forces claimed many lives, leaving the survivors in a state of shock and grief. The primitive human settlements, built from wood and stone, had suffered extensive damage.

Among the survivors was Omadi, a resourceful chieftain who had managed to lead his people to a safer region prior to the disaster. However, the loss of their brethren weighed heavily on the hearts of the human tribes. As they mourned their losses, curiosity also gripped them regarding the strange objects that had fallen from the sky.

Venturing into the impact zone, the humans discovered remnants of the disaster's aftermath. Among the debris were peculiar resources, unlike anything they had seen before. Shiny pieces of metal, strange artifacts, and most intriguing were the small seeds.

The humans, still in the early stages of experimenting with iron and steel, marvelled at the fallen treasures. The shiny metal fragments seemed to possess qualities beyond their understanding. Omadi, recognizing the potential of these newfound resources, gathered the tribe's craftsmen and wise elders to deliberate on their use.

As for the seeds, they had no hesitation in planning on how to plant it as they see it as a possible resource that will prevent them from venturing into the forest in search of food.

As the humans examined the metal fragments, they noticed their durability and malleability. The chieftain spoke, "These materials are unlike any we've encountered. With them, we can learn to forge tools and weapons stronger than our current ones, we can even improve our settlement making it stronger. Praise the sky for the gift it has bestowed upon us."

The head-hunter in the village had no fear. He was the first to start picking up the rare resources. A horn with a piece of flesh hanging on it caught his attention. He picked it up to observe.

As soon as the head-hunter picked up the horn, it moved like it was alive. It cut open the hand of the head-hunter before turning into dark red smoke. The smoke got into the wound, sealing it back up. All of this happened in seconds. Confusion clouded the head-hunter's face as he stared at his hand, cut open but miraculously bloodless. Unable to comprehend the bizarre turn of events.

Shrugging off the strange occurrence, the head-hunter called out to his people. He urged them to pick up the resources so that they could head back to their settlement.

On the icy northern expanse of the continent, where snow-covered peaks and frozen landscapes dominated the scenery, Maul, the formidable leader of the Werewolf Kingdom, stood amidst the chaos. His fur, usually a majestic silver-gray, was dusted with ash from the fires that had torn through their territory. His only son, a young werewolf prince, stood at his side, both surveying the aftermath of the disaster that had befallen their kingdom.

The once-mighty castle that loomed over the snowy plains now lay partially crumbled, its towers reduced to ruins. The howls of werewolves mourning their fallen kin echoed through the cold air,

creating an eerie symphony of grief. The icy winds carried the scent of destruction, and the ground bore the scars of a battle against an unexpected enemy.

Maul, his eyes reflecting both sorrow and determination, turned to his trusted advisors and the leaders under him. The council, a mix of experienced warriors and wise elders, gathered around their leader, awaiting guidance in these dire times.

"The very essence of our kingdom has been shattered," Maul began, his voice resonating with the weight of their losses. "But we are survivors, who have managed to build a kingdom in this continent with its weathered countless storms. We must rise from these ruins, for the sake of those we have lost and the future of our people."

The werewolf prince, his black fur also dusted, stepped forward. "Father, what is our next step? How do we rebuild from this devastation?"

Maul placed a paw on his son's shoulder "First, we must ensure the survival of our people. Gather the remaining supplies, tend to the wounded, and mourn our fallen kin. We will need to regroup and find another sanctuary since this devastation has already ruined the land for us."

The council members nodded in agreement, their expressions a mix of grief and determination. One elder, known for talent in mapping out land said " I can bring my map, for you to decide our next place of settlement your highness"

Maul nodded acknowledging the elders word's, before looking over to his son Wulv " Take the men other there and gather as much food as you can, if need you can cross the sunny land to gather resources"

Wulv, hearing his father's instruction nodded as he walked out; the elders also did the same, leaving Maul alone in silence.

" If father was here, His blessing would be what my people needed right now" Maul thought to himself as he looked at the destroyed earthen soil.

Because of the conditions in this icy continent, it is hard to find people with elemental talent that doesn't branch from the water element. The only possible place possible to find such talents is the sunny land where the humans reside, but Wulv has no plan on asking the humans for help.

If this disaster spreads like he thought it did, then the humans are certainly in a worse position than his people, if they are in a better situation none of the humans has yet shown an understanding of the usage of mana. Rubbing his furred chin Wulv thought to himself " I have check out these things that feel from the sky maybe if i can find something good"

Someone already had the idea of checking what fell from the sky and this was the human's occupying the sunny land located in the middle of the Icy northern continent. This particular tribe of humans lives on a border close to the icy plains where Maul and his people reside.

This tribe of humans has had a problem with maul before and they already paid the price, this became something of a story to their kids and future generations of a white haired beast capable of tearing people in half.

The humans after the incident have both come to fear Maul and his people, but thankfully Maul showed no aggression towards them as they no longer got attacked, this made them realize that they had somehow offended the beast and it came for revenge.

The humans through their observation of their neighbour the beastly monster, they let a lot of things like imitating the weapons and way of hunting they have seen, this led to them being one of the strongest tribes in the whole whole sunny part of the northern continent. This imitation even went to the level of copying the status of the goddess Mahu because they saw how the monster worships so they tried to do the same.

This imitation brought them some surprising results like the women having more kids and having a higher safe delivery, the goddess statue also blessed their imitated weapon making it stronger for then when they hunt, it went to the level they worship the statue more than the werewolf in hope of getting more gifts or favours. Today, the tribe out of curiosity even though they were beyond terrified went out to seek out the things that fell from the sky and destroyed there home and killed a lot of people, there curiosity led them to find a lot of things similar to the weapons they imitated and this brought them joy as they forgot the pain of losing their loved ones as they frantically began going to each crash sites.

Their journey led them to a particular stone the size of the average humans, there was still heat coming from the stone but it was bearable, the leader of the group Björn approached the stone with caution by the closer he got the less on guard he was as he saw nothing of what he was looking for.

Shaking his head on not finding more weapons, Björn turned back before gesturing to his people that nothing was here and with that he started heading back to the group, behind him from the stone a blob of red skin fell out from the stone, small tendrils came from the small skin before piercing into the leader unguarded back causing him to scream out in pain.