

Astral Apostle

Chapter 10: Mutant Hunter (1)

“Over there!”

“Slow down, slow down! We’ve gone too far. Quick, turn down the hill in front!”

Zhou Jing dragged the burly hunter and ran to the front of the team. He became the guide instead.

The other four hunters followed closely behind, followed by a dozen wolfhounds.

As he ran, the cold wind hit his face like a knife. His center of gravity kept rising and falling, but his vision remained relatively stable.

His legs turned as if flying as he strode over the decaying soil. He could feel his feet sinking into the soil. Every time he stepped on the ground, the muscles in his legs would tighten and pump with astonishing strength, giving his body a strong and stable reaction force. He moved through the forest like a gale, sweeping up layers of fallen leaves.

It was only when he started running at full speed did he realize how fast he was running.

Wow, 9 Physical Fitness is already so strong... If I were to return to ancient times with this physique, I would definitely be a fierce general.

Zhou Jing thought idly to himself as he blindly charged forward.

As soon as he ran into an open forest with sparse grass, he heard the twang of a bowstring suddenly ring from the dense canopy above him.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

A few arrows shot out from the treetops. With a few consecutive sounds, several of the beasts were pinned to the ground.

Crash! Zhou Jing and the others had just run to a place with a large net of vines covered by leaves. Those vines rose up, wrapping around six to seven wild beasts and leaving them dangling in the forest.

More than half of the beasts were gone, and the remaining few escaped.

“Fight back!”

A few hunters stopped in their tracks and released their arrows. The burly hunter also broke free from Zhou Jing's hand, took off the longbow on his back, and turned around to shoot.

The arrows were continuous, but trees were blocking them. The five of them and their companions, who were hiding in the treetops, only shot three of the beasts to death.

The last beast ran around the tree and used the trees as cover. It was about to escape from the range of the arrows.

At this moment, the sound of rushing wind could be heard.

Whoosh—

With a flash of cold light, two axes flew past Zhou Jing's side and headed straight for the wild beast, drawing two spiraling cold lights in his peripheral vision.

Halfway through, the axes collided in the air, and sparks exploded.

With a crisp clang, the trajectory of the two axes changed at the same time. The first one was deeply embedded into the other tree trunk, while the second one deviated out of its original trajectory. Coincidentally, it bypassed the cover of the tree trunk and hit the area behind the tree.

A miserable howl came from behind the tree. The last of the beasts stumbled out and flopped to the ground, kicking wildly on all fours. The ax was embedded deep in its neck.

Zhou Jing's eyes sharpened.

... If it was a dart, he could still have accepted this outcome. But he was amazed that an ax with an unbalanced center of gravity could be used like this.

At this moment, another four hunters jumped down from the treetop. They were dressed similarly to the previous five. The moment they landed, they drew their daggers from their waists and stabbed the beasts on the ground.

Zhou Jing turned around to look in the direction where the hand-axes were thrown and saw a man walking out from behind a tree. His attire was clearly different from the other nine hunters.

It was a tall and strong bald man. There were a few fine scars on his face, and the lower half of his face was buried in a thick reddish-brown beard. He looked rough.

Dressed in a dark green beast hide robe, the hem hung down to his knees, and he wore a black beastman's mane shawl on his upper body. A few straps were tied around his

leather shoulder pauldrons with animal stripes on both sides, while his waist was tied up with an armed leather belt. There were four buckles on the leather belt, and two of them were empty at the moment. The rest were equipped with hand axes, and his hands were covered with gray metallic bracers.

The most eye-catching part was that the bald man was carrying a long single-edged ax. The silver-gray surface of the ax was so huge that it was almost like a door. It looked very heavy. In addition, there seemed to be a few lines of inscriptions on the surface of the ax.

The bald man noticed Zhou Jing's unfamiliar face and asked, "Who is this?"

When the burly hunter heard that, he hurriedly leaned over and explained to the bald man.

"Captain Barong, he's someone lost whom we bumped into in the forest. He wants us to take him out of the forest. His name is... Eh, what's your name again?"

"Will Wood."

Zhou Jing spoke simply.

The default name of the should at least fit the naming format of this world. He had thought it through on the way here. If anyone asked, he would use this name.

As soon as he finished speaking, his interface jumped.

[+5% Synchronization Rate]

[Current synchronization rate: 15%]

Zhou Jing's eyes flickered.

Just using the name of his carrier in the realm increased the synchronization rate... He would remember it.

Upon hearing this, Barong's expression became slightly solemn. "Wood? Never heard of it... But since you have a surname, it seems that you're a blood relative of some tribe."

What the heck, blood relatives of a tribe?

So not everyone had a surname?!

Zhou Jing was startled. He didn't know much about the current world. Afraid that he would be questioned further, he quickly asked, "Then who are you?"

Barong didn't try to hide anything. He directly told him where they came from.

"My name is Barong, a Mutant beast hunter from Frostwood Village. I'm also the leader of this hunter team. They're all hunters from the village."

Zhou Jing's heart stirred.

Mutant beast hunter?? That was one of the life goals mentioned in the current template.

At this moment, the burly hunter beside him interjected with a passionate tone.

"I'm Griff. You ran so fast just now, I felt like I was about to fly. Your body is amazing. Are you a Mutant Blood Warrior?"

"I'm not." Zhou Jing shook his head cautiously, not daring to agree casually.

Mutant Blood Warrior... That was also a term mentioned in the life goal of my current model.

Judging from this person's reaction, it might be some kind of supernatural power or occupation for people with strong bodies...?He secretly analyzed.