

Astral Apostle

Chapter 11: Mutant Hunter (2)

Griff seemed surprised. “Really? I don’t believe it... If you’re not a Mutant Blood warrior, then your body is too good, right? But you don’t look that strong.”

“That’s enough. I can tell that he is not a Mutant Blood Warrior.”

Barong interrupted Griff.

Then, he turned to Zhou Jing and asked, “You want us to take you out of the forest?”

“Ah yes, I am lost. Without supplies, I cannot survive in the forest alone. I hope to receive help from some kind people...”

Seeing that the other party was easy to talk to, Zhou Jing repeated his excuse.

While the three of them were conversing, the other hunters had finished cleaning up the stragglers and moved over to join in the conversation.

Upon hearing Zhou Jing’s request, the lanky hunter, who had previously objected, shook his head repeatedly.

“I still think this person is suspicious. It’s risky to let him tag along. I’ve never heard of the surname Wood. Who knows if he’s just making it up and pretending to be a blood relative of the tribe...”

Griff retorted, “Dean, you’re thinking too much. Is he a Subterranean? Is he a Mutant Beast? He’s Terran, our kind! In this Black-Clothed Forest, what can be more trustworthy than our kind?”

The lanky hunter, Dean, countered, “We’re going into the forest to hunt the mutant beasts that threaten the village. If we bring an unknown person along, we’ll all be in danger. He could act rashly during a crucial moment of the hunt.”

A few hunters immediately nodded in agreement upon hearing this. Of course, a beast hunter would lose his life if he wasn’t careful, so it was fine to reduce any factors of instability.

Griff shot back, “Then we might as well escort him out first. Either that, or we’ll send one or two men to take him out of the forest.”

“Don’t tell me you forgot about the Subterranean Lair nearby? If we move alone, what will we do if we coincidentally encounter those Subterranean looters? And, we have locked onto the whereabouts of that mutant beast. If we give up halfway, what if the strange beasts runs out and injures the villagers?”

“So you’re saying you’re going to leave him in the lurch?” Griff put his hands on his hips.

Dean cast a sidelong glance at Zhou Jing. “He’s not from the village. We don’t have the responsibility to protect him... Give him some food and water and point out a path for him to leave. That’s enough. Whether he lives or dies depends on his luck.”

Black-Clothed Forest... Subterraneans...

Zhou Jing, who was listening by the side, did not interrupt. Instead, he only pretended to be anxious while secretly memorizing the information that the two people revealed in their argument.

Barong listened for a while before he interrupted the argument in an impatient tone.

“Stop arguing. I’m the captain. It’s my call.”

The two of them immediately shut their mouths. Clearly, Barong’s prestige in the team was extremely high.

Baron looked at Zhou Jing carefully as he scratched his bald head. After a while, he simply waved his large hand casually.

“Then let’s bring him along. From his looks, he’s probably really in trouble. Besides, he’s just an ordinary person. Just watch him carefully. If he has other intentions, I’ll handle him.”

“I still think there’s a risk...” Dean muttered, but he didn’t continue to object.

Barong ignored him and raised his chin at Zhou Jing.

“Regardless of whether you’re a blood relative of a tribe or not, we have to hunt for mutant beasts first. We don’t have time to bring you out of the forest, so you have to follow us temporarily... If you affect our movements, then we can’t keep you with us. Can you accept that?”

“No problem.”

Zhou Jing immediately nodded and finally heaved a sigh of relief.

He had finally gotten rid of the crisis of survival and found someone he could communicate with... Next, he needed to find out more about the situation in this world.

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With Baron's order, the hunter team temporarily accepted Zhou Jing's existence.

Everyone packed up their traps and retrieved their arrows and axes. After dealing with the spoils, they rested for a while before continuing on their way.

Zhou Jing took some dried jerky and water they shared with him and even borrowed a beast skin jacket to cover himself. It was only then did he feel much more comfortable.

He followed the team through the forest, talking to the hunters from time to time.

In the previous exchange, Zhou Jing realized that Griff was easier to talk to, so he took the initiative to approach him and communicate with him. He carefully concealed his lack of common sense in this world and beat around the bush to obtain information.

Griff was a straightforward man, and he quickly spilled out whatever Zhou Jing needed to know.

Zhou Jing slowly gained a vague understanding of the current world.

This world was still in the early agricultural ages, mainly subsisting on hunting and farming. The known main intelligent species were currently only humans. Their living environment was harsh, and they faced a huge threat—mutant beasts.

The people of the current world divided beasts into two categories: wild beasts and mutant beasts. Wild beasts were ordinary non-intelligent creatures. For example, the dozen "Snake Wolves" that the team had previously hunted were purely wild beasts.

Mutant beasts, on the other hand, were very different. They generally had huge bodies, and some had special talents. Some could breathe fire, some could release electricity, and some powerful mutant beasts could fight against an army of hundreds or thousands of people on their own. They were extremely dangerous.

Moreover, there were many types of such mutant beasts. Some could be found in the air, some in water, and some on land. There were all kinds of beasts, and new species would appear from time to time.

Until today, no one had been able to calculate how many kinds of beasts there were in the world.

From the days of the wilderness, in order to survive, humans had united into tribes to fight against the mutated beasts. However, due to the huge disparity in strength, the living space of the humans had shrunk time and again, and they were on the verge of extinction many times.

This situation only took a turn for the better after the appearance of the mutant blood warriors.

In the long dark history, some people believed that the mutant beasts were powerful because their flesh and blood contained power. As long as they used a certain method to extract the power of the mutant beasts' flesh and give it to human warriors, they would be able to snatch the power of mutant beasts themselves... It was a very primitive idea, but it did not seem strange to believe in such a thing as well.