

Astral Apostle

Chapter 19: I Am Who I Am (3)

Even if it didn't burn to death, it should have turned into a pin cushion by now... Will this be enough to kill it?

Just as he was thinking this, Zhou Jing suddenly saw Barong jump off the tree and walk towards the pit.

At some point, Barong had pulled out a small bottle filled with green liquid. He bit off the bottle stopper and gulped the contents down.

Veins popped out on Barong's forehead. His expression twisted as if he was in great pain, but his muscles seemed to swell.

The empty bottle fell from as Barong took off the giant ax on his back. Barong held it with both hands and dragged it diagonally on the ground. Gradually, he switched from walking to jogging, and finally, it turned into a long sprint, with every step sending mud flying everywhere like a charging bear!

At this moment, the flames within the pit exploded outwards!

Countless flame bombs flew out as the White Spider Beast jumped into the air, escaping the confines of the pit.

Its entire body was covered in burn marks, smelling pungent and burnt. There were also dozens of arrows stuck into its body which were also currently ablaze.

Meanwhile, Barong was waiting for this opportunity. Before the beast landed, he had already drawn close.

His charge came to an abrupt halt, and the momentum, as well as his strength, added together to draw a crescent moon using his giant ax.

The sound of the wind being pushed aside was deafening!

The White Spider was still in mid-air, and its two slender arms brazenly met the ax.

Clang!

The ax and flesh collided, but the sound was like two pieces of metal colliding!

The White Spider had nowhere to offset the force, so its huge body flew seven to eight meters away before landing on the ground and rolling, leaving a burning trail.

However, it immediately crawled up with a sideways roll. It looked like its injuries were miserable, but there was no sign that it was on the verge of death at all. Instead, it roared furiously, and it was sharp and ear piercing, causing even the air to tremble.

Zhou Jing's pupils constricted all of a sudden.

He discovered that the two seemingly thin and fragile arms of the White Spider monster only received a shallow wound mark after receiving Barong's heavy blow. It did not affect its movements at all, which spoke of its exceptional toughness.

On the other hand, Barong staggered backward and suffered the same recoil. His capillaries ruptured, and blood spurted out from his nose.

"Hu... Ha!"

Barong wiped away the blood on his nose and roared with his eyes wide open. He dragged his ax and charged forward again to fight the White Spider Beast.

The other hunters were still standing in the trees, shooting arrows to protect Barong. They were all ordinary people who had never used the blood potion before, so if they were to take a blow from the White Spider Beast, they would either be dead or seriously injured.

Only the official Mutated Beast Hunters could face mutated beasts head-on.

The weight of the mutant beast brought tremendous strength. Barong's was already strong enough, and he seemed to have drunk some strengthening drug. However, he was still sent rolling on the ground by the White Spider Beast.

However, his ax skills were superb. In his hands, the ax was both a weapon and a shield. Other than hacking and stabbing, he also used his skill to block and dodge.

Barong continued to roll around every time he was attacked to disperse the force. He circled around the beast like a whirlwind, waiting for an opportunity to leave a series of ax wounds on its body. As a veteran Mutant Beast Hunter, he fully displayed his hunting experience. Some of his actions looked simple, but they were very practical. He was able to restrain the beast for a while.

"Zii zaaaa —"

The White Spider Beast screamed in anger, but because of its body structure, it did not seem to be agile enough. Its pair of giant claws kept waving in the air, digging out claw furrows on the ground like a gopher.

Zhou Jing could see everything clearly from the tree. Barong had tried to find an opportunity to crawl under the White Spider and attack its abdomen more than once, but the White Spider paid great attention to protecting its damaged vitals.

Its abdomen had been injured when it fell into the pit. From time to time, it would leave a pool of white mucus, blood, and some broken organ tissue on the ground.

Right at this moment, the rain of arrows suddenly stopped.

The quivers... were empty.

The nine hunters jumped down from the tree, drew their hunting knives, and shot up. They followed Barong's example and rolled around, transforming into nine skilled combat masters.

They continuously attacked the spider's eight limbs, sending sparks flying.

They came up to share the burden of Barong, looking for an opportunity to gut the White Spider.

The ordinary hunters had limited strength, and opportunities were fleeting. It was difficult for them to grasp them because they did not dare to be hit by the giant claws of the white spider monster, so they were greatly restrained.

Most of the White Spider's attention was focused on Barong since it clearly felt that Barong was the greatest threat. The other hunters could not even scratch its lower limbs and carapace. To the White Spider, the rest of them were just annoying flies.

It was not very damaging, but instead extremely insulting.

"Is this considered successful or not..."

Zhou Jing muttered as he tried to focus on the hunt.

It seemed that no one could do anything to the beast, but it had fallen into a trap and accumulated a lot of injuries. As long as they kept delaying, it would eventually be weakened.

After a stalemate, the White Spider suddenly swayed, and its movements finally showed signs of slowing down.

A flaw appeared.

One of the hunters seized the opportunity and performed a sliding tackle. With a swoosh, he shot through the gap between the legs of the two limbs and went under the beast. He immediately stabbed his hunting knife into the soft abdomen and pulled the

handle horizontally along it, following the momentum of his sliding action. The blood that spurted out instantly sprayed all over his head and face.

“Ziiii —”

The beast howled miserably.

Beautiful! What a slide tackle!

The others were instantly delighted.

However, before they could celebrate, the White Spider suddenly retracted its eight legs and sat down.

Dong!

The beast’s astonishing weight caused the ground to shake. The hunter who had burrowed under it instantly fell silent. He was probably dead.

This... he probably turned into a pancake!

Zhou Jing’s heart jumped as he saw the scene.

In the next moment, the beast suddenly swung its huge claws. Since it had been aggravated by its injuries, its speed had actually increased by 30%.

Even if the other hunters were not stunned by the death of their companions, they could not avoid this move!

Bang! Bang!

With two muffled sounds, the two ordinary hunters were struck by the giant claw and flew more than ten meters away. They fell heavily to the ground, and large amounts of blood flowed out of their mouths.

As the situation turned for the worse, Zhou Jing cursed in his heart and couldn’t sit still anymore.

He hurriedly jumped down from the tree and ran to the side of a seriously injured hunter to see if he could save him.

“Hey, can you still hold on?”

Zhou Jing squatted down to support the head of the heavily injured hunter. Upon closer inspection, he realized that it was Dean.

Blood kept flowing out of Dean's mouth, and he could barely speak. His eyes were fixed on the White Spider Beast that had stood up again and was madly dancing.

He shakily picked up the hunting blade in his hand and used the last of his strength to pass it to Zhou Jing.

Take the blade and fill my place...

Dean didn't say anything, but Zhou Jing understood what he meant.

Zhou Jing subconsciously held onto the hunting blade that Dean handed over.

The moment he passed over the blade, Dean's hand loosened and fell weakly.

His chest also stilled...

Zhou Jing lowered his head to look at Dean, who had stopped breathing. Then, he turned his head to look at the maddened white spider monster not far away. His heart was beating violently, and his brain incessantly played flashbacks of his life.

He spent the last 20 years of his life following a path set by society and lived according to the prescribed order—reading, studying, examinations, graduation, unemployment...

He had never experienced a life-and-death battle like today.

It was rough, barbaric, and bloody... but it also carried an indescribable vitality.

He felt alive and fresh. This wasn't something one could get used to until they became numb to it, like a walking corpse.

The deadly monster was about ten meters away. At such a close distance, he could be in danger at any time. It seemed like he should be afraid, frightened, or cowering.

However, he suddenly realized that he did not have such emotions at all... Just like he had faced the Subterraneans a few nights ago, he wasn't scared, and he was even faintly excited!

Some say that the hardest thing in the world is to understand oneself. No one could say that they understood themselves completely.

After experiencing different things, they might do things that even they would not dare to believe, discovering their potential in certain areas that were previously as quiet as the night.

No fear, no cowardice.

It was just the purest... fearlessness.

There was no reason or consideration... He was just not afraid!

“So this is me...”

Zhou Jing muttered to himself.

He tightened his hold on the blade as the adrenaline rush engulfed every nerve in his body!