

# Astral Apostle

## - Chapter 33: New Apostle (2) |

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[Model Template Addition Limit: 0 / 500]

[Remark: Model template addition limit refers to the maximum number of Astral Points that can be invested to convert into free allocation points.]

[This limit is based on the rarity of the model (Base Limit), as well as the rank of the Astral Projector (Multiplier Bonus). The higher the two, the more Astral Power enhancements an Apostle can accept.]

“So that’s how it is. Different s with different rarity levels can have different levels of enhancement...”

Zhou Jing scratched his head in slight frustration.

It seemed that the rarity of the model also had a “capacity.” It would be “full” once the allocated points were filled up.

This limit only specifically curbed Astral Points to enhance Attributes, Aptitude, Talent, and Skills. It was an upper limit on adding points towards a single model template.

On the other hand, the ability in the “Recording Illustration” to change the characteristics and abilities of the new template was not affected, and there was no upper limit. But, the cost would increase after every inheritance or adjustment.

“Raising the cap for the conversion limit depends on two factors. The rarity of the template depends on luck, but this Astral Projector Rank...”

Zhou Jing’s mind stirred, and the corresponding message popped up on the interface:

[Astral Travel Rank]

[Current: Lv 1]

[To raise the rank, 1,000 Astral Points and 20 Information State Particles are needed.]

[Remark: The Astral Projector Rank will affect the initial strength of the model templates created, the limit of the exchangeable free allocation points, the extent to which abilities can be transferred to the main body, etc...]

“This thing...” Zhou Jing figured out its use after a glance.

If the power of Astral Travel could be regarded as a Super system, then the Astral Projector Rank was equivalent to the “cultivation realm” of this system. It was equivalent to his own development of this ability.

The more in-depth the development, the stronger the ability. Basically, some of the key factors involved in astral travel were related to this Astral Projector Rank—the initial strength of the template, the limit of the template, and more.

For example, his current exchange limit was 500 points. If the Astral Projector Rank was upgraded to Lv 2, the multiplier would be 2. His final conversion limit would be  $500 \times 2 = 1,000$ .

If the Astral Traverse Energy was Lv 3, Lv 4, or even Lv 10, then the multiplier effect on the basic limit would be even greater. There would be more room for improvement, and more astral points could be invested to improve the template.

“It’s a pity that I haven’t even seen a strand of Information State Particles, let alone obtain 20. I can’t level up, so I don’t have to think about it for now.”

Since there was nothing he could do at the moment, Zhou Jing simply noted it down and threw it into the back of his mind.

He did not hesitate and directly spent all the available points.

[500 Astral Points have been converted. You have received 5 Free Allocation Points.]

[Current Free Allocation Points: 10]

Zhou Jing had already thought of what to distribute them to. This time, he added all of them into his attributes.

He had tried adding points to his Attributes and Talents before, but he realized he had to spend a lot of points to increase them by a little. It was probably the same for his skills. None of them would produce immediate effects.

Through his previous experience, Zhou Jing discovered that during the initial phase of adventuring, increasing attributes could increase the security of survival and make it easier for him to continue survival in the world.

Will·Wood had already proven that his 9 Physical Fitness was quite good, but he ultimately died from poison and injuries. It's probably because his resistance was not high enough, so Zhou Jing decided to match the numbers for the template's Physical Fitness and Resistance this time.

"The success rate of taking the blood potion seems to be related to both. If I add everything to Physical Fitness, it will bring me close to the level of an Extraordinary, but it's still lower than Barong's 18 points. It's better to increase my resistance and prepare for the use of the blood potion. That's the goal..."

Zhou Jing thought about it and immediately got to work.

[Free points allocated]

[Physical Fitness 5 → 10, Resistance 4 → 9]

"The last step is to consider loading a support function..."

Zhou Jing paused slightly as he thought hard.

Will·Wood's death unlocked the Support Function Column along with four basic support functions. Zhou Jing had already thought of several plans to try out today.

He looked at the template's attributes again before comparing the cost of the various support functions.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Zhou Jing made a decision.

[500 Astral Points have been consumed]

[The [Follower Function] has been applied to the Support Function Column.]

[Current Follower: Unnamed (Apprentice)]

Of the four basic support functions, the cost of installing each was different. Among them, [Character Level System (Level 10 Limit)] was the most expensive. It cost 800 points, and every time the character leveled up, it gave 0 to 2 attribute points at random, which was equivalent to additional growth.

Zhou Jing was originally conflicted about whether he should choose this. After thinking about it, he decided to forgo it because of one reason.

This character upgrading function could not be inherited. Even if the previous Apostle was upgraded to the maximum level of 10, the next apostle would still have to restart from level one. He could not inherit the additional attribute points from the support function.

Although he wanted to clear the realm as soon as possible, after analyzing it, he felt that the second apostle from the astral world should focus on developing itself. After accumulating enough strength, he would attempt to clear the objectives.

Since this was only his second trip, he lacked experience. Therefore, he felt that it was better to be safe than sorry. Besides trying to clear the level, he was more concerned about whether he could leave behind more “inheritance” for the future apostles.

Therefore, it was not worth it to choose a support function that he could not inherit... After all, 800 points were quite expensive for him now.

Furthermore, he had just checked and found out from the map overview, that the designated fee for starting at Frostwood Village was 100 points. This was a necessary sum.

If he spent another 800 points to obtain the [Character Level System (Level 10 Limit)], he would only have 77 points left. This might not even be enough to activate his Accelerated Learning.

## Chapter 34: New Apostle (3)

In contrast, the [Follower Function] only required 500 points and could save 300 points for Accelerated Learning.

And this function could be inherited as well.

[Follower Function] currently only had one slot, which hosted an apprentice rank follower. After it was summoned, it was essentially a follower that would mimic his own actions.

It did not matter if the follower died. Every apostle from the astral world had a chance to revive the follower. If it was used up, the next would be able to revive the follower as well.

The followers could train independently, and their files would not be removed. They would even retain their abilities when resurrected, even if they were revived to different s. With their fixed growth rate, they were more cost efficient.

*This is? It's basically the perfect cannon fodder... ahem, assistant!*

The world of mutant beasts was more dangerous, and the living environment was harsh. Compared to being a lone wolf, Zhou Jing felt that it was quite necessary to bring along a follower who had no complaints no matter how he ordered him around. It was easier to do things with more people.

In addition, there was indeed a certain element of danger in using the blood potion, and a loyal follower would probably be very willing to try it for him...

Zhou Jing coughed in embarrassment before turning to look at the template of this beginner follower. There was only the Ability Profile provided.

To be honest, the attributes of an apprentice rank follower were too horrible to look at.

Apart from the [Energy] attribute, which was 0 as usual, its other four Attributes were the standard 5 points, the same as ordinary people. However, its Aptitudes were either gray or white, and there was no green at all. They also did not have any talent, and there was also a hint that they could not use the Accelerated Learning function.

*Isn't this just saying that it's just stupid?!*

“It seems that this is a limitation of the follower function. Although the result of the follower training will be preserved and inherited, the problem is that the growth is slow...”

Zhou Jing nodded inwardly.

Fortunately, he only wanted a tool this time, so he didn't need high requirements.

While using Astral Points could increase the number of free points to add for his follower, the conversion limit was also capped at 500 points. It was also affected by his Astral Projector Rank.

However, Zhou Jing didn't have any extra astral points for his followers. Even if he had, he would rather save them for himself.

“This thing is really useless. I thought I had saved up quite a lot last time, but it looks like I was being underpaid.”

Zhou Jing grumbled to himself.

The appearance and name of the follower template were self-evident.

Zhou Jing restrained his extreme desire to play around with the appearance of this follower and just set a basic appearance.

It had a medium build and a plain and ordinary face...

*Alright, this is good. He can easily blend in with the crowd!*

The more inconspicuous it was, the easier it was to handle matters.

“As for the follower’s name... Well, let’s call him Ross.”

Zhou Jing thought of a common name that suited the style of the mutant world, so he directly used it without any special meaning attached to it.

“That’s enough... Excluding the 100 points required for the designated area, I still have 377 Astral Points left in my inventory. I’ll use them as emergency funds.”

Zhou Jing composed himself.

He entered the appearance adjustment interface and realized that the apostle had thick eyebrows and big eyes. He appeared masculine and firm and was probably half as handsome as he was. Thus, he did not adjust his appearance much and only added the bird tattoo that Will·Wood possessed on the inside of his forearm.

Then, he changed the name of the template from “Jason·Moore” to “Jason·Wood.”

[ Model adjustment complete!]

[Entering the preparation stage!]

[Current projected Astral Realm: [Mutant Beast World] Number 001]

[Astral Time Flow: 4.1 : 135.7]

[Duration of Astral Travel: 6 hours (default)]

“There are slight changes in the flow of time... Hmm, I’ll try to set the time to eight hours instead.”

[Confirming changes... Duration of Astral Travel for the current projection has been changed to 8 hours of main body time.]

[Map Overview Mode activated]

[Please select the delivery mode, [Random Area Delivery / Specified Area Delivery]?]

The map interface unfolded. It was different from the first time when it was completely dark. Now, there was a portion of the Black-Clothed Forest area on the map, as well as the location of Frostwood Village. Details could even be observed.

Zhou Jing had already decided.

[Choose [Specified Area Delivery].]

[Specified Location: Frostwood Village]

[Delivery to this location will consume 100 Astral Points... Points deducted.]

[Beginning Projection]

Whoosh!

The familiar noise sounded. A rift of light opened up in the starry sky below.

The second time, Zhou Jing was already mentally prepared and was directly sucked in.

After falling rapidly for an unknown period of time, the scene of a field finally appeared at the end of the rift and rapidly expanded in his vision...

## **Chapter 35: Will? That's My Stupid Little Brother! (1)**

Mutant Beast World.

White clouds drifted about, and the sky was a pale blue as though it had just been washed.

The sapphire-like river surrounded the black-clothed forest, separating the verdant plains from the gloomy woods. There was a village by the river, with smoke trails drifting about.

Somewhere far away from the village, where no one was present, the gentle and slow flowing water washed the pebbles in the riverbed continuously day after day.

At this moment, a light spot suddenly lit up at the bottom of the river. The water suddenly gathered and formed a transparent human figure. Then, different colors appeared and the substance reformed into the body of the .

Splish splash!

This body suddenly sat up from the bottom of the river and spat out a mouthful of water. There was even a confused little fish from within the mouthful.

“Good fellow, you really know how to pick a place!”

Zhou Jing hurriedly stood up from the river and crawled to the shore. His drenched clothes clung tightly to his body. With the cold wind still blowing, he immediately felt his skin shrivel.

Zhou Jing shivered and looked around helplessly.

Last time, it was a piece of wood. This time, it was made of water. He did not dare to think about what would happen next time.

If he were to be born in a manure pit and use years of fertilizer to reconstruct his body, he might as well commit suicide by swallowing manure on the spot. He could just do a thorough job of making this Apostle into true fertilizer before creating another.

As this was the second time he was born, Zhou Jing was familiar with the process. He looked at the reflection on the river and confirmed the appearance of this Apostle.

He had a new set of strong facial features, a clean-cut buzz cut, and a tall and strong body. He was half as handsome as his original body.

Zhou Jing bounced twice on the spot and felt his body spring up. He felt more energetic than he was back in Will·Wood's body.

"This time, my Physical Fitness is 10 points, one point higher than last time. The changes in my senses are quite obvious... It's just that my senses aren't as sharp as last time. No wonder. After all, my talent is different."

Zhou Jing tried for a while before he summoned the interface and scanned it.

[Estimated time of stay: 7~10 days]

[Current synchronization rate: 10%]

"Two extra hours of travel time. So the time limit in the Mutant World is two to three days longer than last time. It seems that the current time flow difference between the main world and here should be an hour to a day. But the time flow difference will also fluctuate, so this might change in the future."

Zhou Jing didn't think too much about it. He looked at the synchronization rate and then at the Trait Profile.

He had a determined personality, utilized a martial style, and pursued strength...

Based on his simple analysis, he was more or less a martial arts fanatic.

Regarding being determined, Zhou Jing felt that he had this trait as well. It seemed like it would be easy to synchronize this time.

Zhou Jing climbed up the riverbank and looked up. Soon, he saw a small group of houses in the distance emitting smoke. It was probably Frostwood Village.

"It's alright, it's not too far away... Let's get my followers out first."



Zhou Jing looked around. When there was no one around, he activated the support function on the interface and summoned his follower.

Rustle—

The sand a few meters away suddenly spun and flew. In a split second, it turned into an expressionless man. It was his follower, Ross.

“This is a follower?”

Zhou Jing was very interested and circled around him.

Ross stayed where he was, only his eyes following Zhou Jing.

“Why do I feel like he’s in a daze?”

Ross: (→ \_ →)

“Speaking of which, how do you control the follower... Hey, can you speak?”

Ross: (← \_ ←)

“Then... sign language?”

Ross: (→ \_ →)

“Okay, I guess not... Can you stop looking at me? It’s pretty scary.”

Ross: (← \_ →)

Holy shit!

His eyeballs were about to turn inside out!

“Stop! Look at me!”

Ross: (o \_ O)

Zhou Jing wiped his cold sweat from his brow.

*The eyeball is finally back to normal, but why is one big and one small? Did he just pull a nerve doing that crazy stunt just now?*

He didn’t dare to fool around with this follower anymore, afraid that something inhuman would happen again.

After a little test, he realized that his subordinate would respond to any sort of verbal instructions... He told him to lie down and drink water as if his life depended on it. Other than being a little rigid, there was no other problem.

The Apprentice Follower was rather clumsy, though. Ross looked simple-minded and did not have the ability to communicate, but he could preserve all the images that he saw with his own eyes. Zhou Jing could check the other person's experiences through physical contact.

Furthermore, he could vaguely sense his followers' positions and prevent himself from losing them.

"On the bright side, at least it can be a compass or a surveillance tool... Hey, follow me."

Zhou Jing figured it out, nodded, and walked towards the village in the distance.

Ross followed closely behind.

...

After walking for a while, Frostwood Village gradually approached, and a picturesque scene entered their eyes.

This was a peaceful little village built next to the river. There were three mills by the river, and on top of the river was a small stone bridge. On the other side of the river was the Black-Clothed Forest.

Around it was farmlands surrounded by fences. Short walls surrounded the village to form a boundary.

At a cursory glance, there were dozens of houses scattered around the village. They were made of stone bricks of different sizes, but all had yellow roofs and gray walls.

Zhou Jing and Ross walked along a dirt road towards the village. The farmers working in the fields noticed them and looked up curiously.

The moment they entered the village, their unfamiliar faces attracted the attention of more passersby.

"Who are these two?"

"They don't seem to be someone from the village..."

Numerous curious and vigilant gazes were gathered on the two of them. The villagers whispered among themselves and followed carefully behind them as if they wanted to see what the two of them were doing when they entered the village.

Zhou Jing noticed a young villager running away as if he was going to inform someone. He thought for a moment before he turned to walk towards the cemetery.

The cemetery was located at the edge of the village, with tombstones scattered everywhere.

Under the fearful and doubtful gazes of the villagers, Zhou Jing walked into the cemetery and searched for a while before finally finding his target.

He stopped in front of a tombstone. There were two sentences written on it:

“The Tomb of Will·Wood.”

“A brave soul sleeps here.”

*This is where my previous body was buried...*

Zhou Jing raised his hand and touched the tombstone. There was no dust. It seemed that someone had often cleaned it.

*Is this considered sweeping my own grave...*

This was quite a novel feeling.

Not long after, there was a commotion outside the cemetery.

The crowd of onlookers parted as three hunters with bows and blades on them hurried over.

The leader was Griff. Looking at this stranger who had suddenly come to the village, he shouted out warily.

“Who are you? Why have you come to Frostwood Village?”

Zhou Jing turned around, and his eyes lit up.

The three hunters were familiar faces. When he was controlling Will·Wood, he fought alongside them.

Hearing the question, Zhou Jing smiled in his heart. He didn't answer immediately. Instead, he pointed at the tombstone and deliberately put on a solemn expression.

“Do you know him?”

“Eyyhhh?” Griff made a puzzled nasal sound.

He could not help but size up Zhou Jing’s body, secretly curious about this stranger’s background.

Just now, the villagers came to inform them that two suspicious men had entered the village and went straight to the cemetery. Griff immediately rushed over with his men.

He still didn’t know who these two outsiders were, but now he noticed that they were standing in front of Will·Wood’s grave and seemed to be... paying their respects?

*Are these two related to Will·Wood?*

Griff secretly exclaimed to himself.

Unable to grasp Zhou Jing’s intentions, Griff thought for a moment and answered truthfully,

“Yes, he’s a lost traveler we met in the forest.”

“Why is he buried here? How did he die?”

Zhou Jing asked even though he already knew the answer. He deliberately put on a stern expression to showcase his “emotions.”

Griff was even more puzzled about Zhou Jing’s identity. Worried that it might cause a misunderstanding, he answered honestly,

“We happened to be hunting beasts in the forest and happened to encounter Will. He asked us for help, so we brought him along. We planned on taking him out of the forest after completing the hunt.

“But, during the hunt, we were attacked by the nearby Subterraneans. Will was unfortunately badly poisoned. I brought him back to the village for treatment, but I was unable to save his life. Thus, I buried him here...”

At this, Griff looked absolutely torn.

Although some time had passed, he was still brooding over Will’s death.

Zhou Jing thought for a moment and asked, “How long has he been dead?”

“About 28 days.”

It had been about a day and a half since the last time he had returned to the main world. It seemed that the flow of time was still fluctuating, but it stayed quite true to his original prediction that an hour of his main body time was equivalent to a day in the Mutant World.

Zhou Jing calculated in his heart, but his expression did not change. He slowly said, "Did he die heroically?"

"Of course!"

Griff didn't hesitate.

Pausing for a moment, he explained, "Will wasn't a hunter, but he fought alongside us and helped us kill the mutant beast... if not for him, I might have died. He saved my life!"

At this point, Griff could no longer hold back his curiosity.

He spoke in a confused tone, "You asked me so many questions about Will. Who the hell are you?"

*You finally asked...*

Zhou Jing raised his eyebrows and pondered for a moment. He patted the tombstone and sighed deeply.

"Will... he's my dear brother!"

Griff and the two hunters beside him froze.

*Wha-? Will has an older brother?!*

And he even came knocking on their front door!

Griff subconsciously spoke out, "Then you're called...?"

Zhou Jing raised his eyes and looked at Griff, slowly speaking.

"My name is... Jason·Wood!"

[+5% Synchronization Rate]

## **Chapter 36: Acting Out**

*This person is actually Will's brother?!*

Griff and the other two gaped.

“You don’t believe me?” Zhou Jing raised his eyebrows.

“Well, that’s not true... it’s just that Will never told us about—”

Griff suppressed his shock and stammered.

He really did not expect Will to have relatives knocking on his door!

Actually, Will·Wood had always been quite mysterious. He had a surname and seemed to be a blood relative of a huge tribe but had never mentioned his family or relatives. They didn’t even know that this fellow had an older brother.

However, at the end of the day, they had only spent a few days together. Although Will had left a deep impression on them, it was normal for him not to reveal his background.

“Well... how did you find this place?”

Griff’s face filled with confusion. That was the last thing he did not understand.

For the time being, only the villagers of Frostwood Village knew that Will had died here.

*How did outsiders know about it?*

Zhou Jing’s expression did not change as he lied through his teeth.

“Brothers can sense each other. In addition, I have a bit of intuition that led me over here.

“Is, is that so...”

Griff was unsure how to respond to this.

He felt that something was amiss, but he could not refute it.

Griff was more inclined to believe that the man in front of him had been searching for the whereabouts of his brother and had only now found him. He just didn’t want to explain in detail.

After all, since he was already here, he could only believe it.

As for suspecting if this person was Will’s brother... he had no way of determining at all. He could not possibly go down and seek confirmation from Will right now!

Seeing Griff's hesitation, Zhou Jing secretly smiled. On the surface, however, he solemnly spoke.

"I can tell you're doubting me."

"Well, that's not exactly—" Griff wasn't sure how to express it.

"It's fine. I understand your concerns." Zhou Jing said nonchalantly. He rolled up his sleeves and showed the bird-shaped tattoo he had deliberately added. He slowly said, "Will has the same tattoo as me. This is our mark as brothers."

*I've seen this before!*

Griff secretly exclaimed to himself.

When he was taking care of the injured Will, he discovered that Will had this tattoo.

*Only people close to him would know about this tattoo.*

With this, Griff's suspicions were mostly dispelled. If he had only half-believed Zhou Jing's words just now, then he was 80-90% convinced now.

Jason·Wood was probably Will's brother...

A surge of guilt suddenly washed over Griff. He was at a loss, not knowing how to face Zhou Jing.

Will's family came searching for him, only to find out that he had died. This was a little difficult to explain...

If it had been an ordinary stranger, it would have been fine. But Will had indirectly saved the hunters' lives, only to sacrifice his own. Griff had been brooding about it all this while.

It had nothing to do with their friendship being deeper than that of his other companions just because they had interacted over the past few days when traveling. It was because Will was not a companion of the hunters, yet he had volunteered at the critical juncture to reduce their casualties. They were indebted to him.

Griff had originally thought that he had saved a lost person, but he had not expected that he was the one who had been saved in the end. The fact that the other party had died because of this made him feel guilty.

Now, facing "Will's brother," Griff felt even more guilty.

He didn't dare to look Zhou Jing in the eye and said in self-reproach, "My name is Griff, the hunter of this village. Your brother saved our lives, but we were unable to save him... I am very sorry."

Zhou Jing waved his hand and calmly replied.

"It's not your fault. I can see that you're a good person. You said that Will got lost and asked you for help. It's a good thing that you helped him, or else he would have died in the forest. Will owed you a favor first, so you don't have to apologize to me at all."

Griff froze at the sound of that, then felt a surge of warmth.

"As for my brother's death..." Zhou Jing paused for a moment and appeared very gratified. "He chose to fight like a man and saved your lives. Then his death was worth it. He didn't waste his life for nothing. I'm proud of him!"

Griff was moved.

They had just met today, and he did not know what kind of person "Will's brother" was. However, after hearing these words, Zhou Jing's image in his heart instantly grew.

He was so open-minded!

Griff felt a surge of admiration. He didn't think he could do that if the same incident happened to him.

Zhou Jing smacked his lips and acted as if he hadn't spoken enough, and he added in a more forceful tone.

"Our family motto is to die a worthy death! As long as one's life is worth burning, there is no need to regret! Will has carried out our family motto. He is a good man!"

Griff was now at the level of bowing to Zhou Jing in respect.

It sounded like a firm and noble family!

After seeing that they were intimidated, Zhou Jing kept a straight face and maintained a calm expression. Though he was complaining, *?I'm both of these guys. How can I not be magnanimous...*

Pretending to be Will·Wood's brother was a plan he had come up with. In this way, he could use it as an entry point to get to know Griff and the others and reap the benefits left behind by the previous apostle.



He wanted the new to form a connection with the previous apostle so that he could inherit some of the connections that the previous apostle made... This was a plan that he thought was feasible after some consideration.

Because of this, Zhou Jing had specially gotten the same tattoo on Jason's body when he did the character model, furthermore in the same style as Will·Wood.

With this tattoo, coupled with his understanding of Griff and the others, as well as the simplicity of them trusting others in this era... there was no need for him to probe about too many details. Just directly revealing his identity was enough.

He'd been wondering if he needed to dig Will out for verification, but he was glad Griff had seen Will's tattoo while he was tending him. At least he would not have to make this "heartless" suggestion.

Looking at it now, the effect of this plan was not only good, but it was also simply wonderful!

While he was secretly delighted, Griff glanced at the tombstone, his expression troubled.

"Logically, I should let you take Will's remains. I'm willing to help, too, but it's been buried for almost 30 days, so it might be a little..."

"No need. Let my brother rest here." Zhou Jing shook his head.

"Okay... What are you going to do next?"

Griff was curious.

Zhou Jing immediately perked up.

Everything he said before was for this moment. Now that the time was right, it was finally time for him to show his cards.

Zhou Jing turned to look at the tombstone and tried his best to put on a sad expression. He lowered his voice.

"I plan to stay in the village for the time being and accompany my brother..."

"No problem!" Griff immediately agreed. "You can stay at my house for the next few days."

However, Zhou Jing waved his hand and refused. He said slowly, "I plan to stay here for a long time, and I don't have the habit of letting others take care of me. I can work in exchange for a room in this village."

“You plan to stay here for a long time?”

Griff was taken aback before he secretly sighed.

*He’s strong and open-minded, but his relationship with his brother was really good.*

*Maybe this is what they meant by even an iron man having a tender spot, right?*

Griff sighed inwardly to himself before he curiously asked, “Then... how long do you want to stay in Frostwood Village?”

“I don’t know. Maybe for a long time... Does your village not welcome outsiders?” Zhou Jing raised his eyebrows.

“Not really. It’s just that Frostwood Village is very far away and there aren’t many outsiders. Besides, this is something only the village chief can decide. I can’t make the decision.”

Griff paused, then said sincerely, “I can take you to see the village chief. Since Will is indebted to our village, and you are Will’s brother, the village chief will agree.”

Zhou Jing nodded.

The few of them walked out of the cemetery. When the surrounding villagers saw that Zhou Jing was not in danger, they immediately dispersed. With the size of the village, this news quickly spread to everyone.

...

The village chief’s long house was in the center of the village. Griff led Zhou Jing there, talking as they walked.

“Speaking of which, which tribe is your surname Wood from?”

Griff was curious.

*Good question. I’d like to know, too... but I’d like to know more about what it means to be “blood relatives of the tribe.”*

Zhou Jing coughed and said ambiguously, “It’s all in the past. There’s no need to mention it again.”

Griff froze, thinking Zhou Jing didn’t want to talk about it. He didn’t force the issue.

However, when he thought about Will entering the forest alone and his brother choosing to stay in this remote village... Griff felt that they had an unbearable past.

With the identity of Will's brother, Griff didn't suspect anything. After some thought, he changed the topic once more.

"Then how many siblings do you have?"

"It depends..."

"What?"

"Ahem. I mean, I'm not sure. Our brothers and sisters are scattered all over the world. Many of them have lost contact with us as well."

Zhou Jing did not even blink as he casually spouted nonsense.

*He asks how many brothers are there in the family? I would be jinxing my own death if I said that there were more than two...*

Griff nodded as if he understood, then suddenly pointed at Ross.

"Is he your brother too?"

Just now, he had wanted to ask. This person did not say a word and followed Zhou Jing silently. He didn't understand their relationship.

Zhou Jing had already prepared his script and patiently explained it.

"He is my companion. He follows me everywhere. If I stay, he will stay with me."

"I see, you two must be very close friends!"

Realization dawned on Griff. He held out his hand to Rose and warmly spoke, "Hi. What's your name?"

Ross glanced down at his hand but didn't respond.

Griff stiffened in embarrassment, "Your friend... doesn't seem to like talking?"

Zhou Jing's mouth twitched.

"Uh, don't worry about him. His name is Ross. He's a mute, and his brain has been damaged. He can only understand what I'm saying, so I take him wherever I go."

Ross: (← \_ ←)

Griff froze as if he understood something.

He shook his head, patting Zhou Jing's shoulder as he sighed, "It seems that it's not easy for you either."

Ross: (→ \_ →)

## Chapter 37: God, Please Grant Me A Strong Man! (1)

Frostwood Village wasn't big, so the two of them quickly arrived at the long house in the center of the village and met with the village chief.

Village Chief was a middle-aged man with white sideburns and wrinkles on his face. His hands were full of calluses left behind from years of use of farm tools. His figure was slightly stooped, and he looked very down-to-earth.

Griff explained the purpose of his visit on Zhou Jing's behalf. Without another word, the village chief agreed on the spot.

"I've heard Barong and Griff talk about Will. Your brother was a valiant man, and he has done our village a favor... if all the hunters were sacrificed then, the village will lose its defenses."

Across the table, the Chief rubbed the back of his hand as he lamented.

"How many hunters are there in the village now?" Zhou Jing asked calmly.

Upon hearing this, Griff interrupted to explain:

"There are only five left. You've already met me and the other two hunters. Captain Barong and the other injured hunter are still recovering, so we haven't been hunting in a while."

Zhou Jing nodded and started pondering.

There were only five hunters left... He remembered that there were six of them who escaped. Three of them were poisoned, but only his apostle died.

*That's a little strange...* Zhou Jing narrowed his eyes.

It was not that his thoughts were dark. However, based on his logical judgment, with his previous apostle's physique, it did not make sense that an ordinary hunter would survive while his own apostle would die. Since an ordinary hunter could survive, with his apostle's stats, he should have been able to as well.

As for Barong, it was not strange for him to survive. This man had extraordinary resistance. Even if his injuries were worse, he could still end up alive and kicking.

He could not help but recall the scene in his [Death Playback] when the old man said that the medicine had been used up. He felt that something was wrong.

At this moment, the Village Chief sighed and shook his head.

“Barong said that your brother was very talented. He is very regretful. If not, our village might have another official Mutant Hunter... Unfortunately, Will was too badly injured to be saved by the witch doctor.”

Zhou Jing's heart skipped a beat.

“Is the witch doctor from the village?”

“Well, he was originally a wandering pharmacist. We invited him to stay a few years ago, and he agreed to stay in the village to make medicines. His only request was to have our hunter team enter the forest to gather herbs for him.”

This person is probably the doctor who treated me with the ritual of “Dancing For God”...

Zhou Jing narrowed his eyes, carving this in his heart.

His plan was to stay in the village, so he would definitely have time to slowly investigate in the future. As an outsider who had just arrived, it was not suitable for him to question someone who had been a doctor in the village for several years.

At this moment, Village Chief shook his head and returned to the main topic.

“You're welcome to stay in Frostwood Village, Jason. We do have a lot of places where we're shorthanded. Farmers, blacksmiths, hunters... what exactly do you want?”

Zhou Jing didn't hesitate and said straightforwardly, “Being a hunter suits me best.”

The only Mutant Hunter he knew now was Barong. If he wanted to obtain supernatural powers, he would have to be a hunter to get close to Baron. This was a plan he had thought of long ago.

Upon hearing Zhou Jing's decision, the village leader was elated. The hunters of Frostwood Village had suffered heavy losses and naturally needed more manpower.

Although the Terra Empire had been established for nearly 40 years, the beasts were still the main threat to the citizens, especially in a village like Frostwood Village. Every hunter was a precious resource.

It was not only because they wanted to repay the kindness that Zhou Jing's 'brother' gave them but also because this outsider was a labor force that the village urgently needed.

However, Griff wasn't that happy. Although they hadn't interacted for long, he respected Zhou Jing's character and couldn't help but remind him.

"A hunter needs years of training. It's not all about wanting to be one. I'd advise you to reconsider. Not everyone is born strong like your brother."

Zhou Jing raised his eyebrows and laughed out loud instead.

"You might not believe it... but I'm stronger than my younger brother!"

Griff froze, then looked Zhou Jing up and down suspiciously.

It wasn't that he looked down on others, but Will·Wood was the strongest mortal he'd ever met. Even the experienced and knowledgeable Captain Barong said it was extremely rare, one in a million.

*Even though you're Will's brother, that doesn't mean you're as strong. The odds are too low...*

*Are you bragging? Don't think that you can fool me just because I'm a country bumpkin!*

Seeing that Griff didn't believe him, Zhou Jing didn't explain. He stood up and walked behind Griff, holding the chair with both hands and exerting force.

Amidst the screams, Zhou Jing lifted him up along with the chair. He was very relaxed. He even casually made a few turns and shook Griff a few times.

"Jason·Wood" had a physical strength of 10 points, putting him above the already frightening strength of the previous apostle. Right now, Griff to him was as light as a feather. His body was filled with strength and energy.

"Stop stop stop stop, I believe you!"

Griff hurriedly jumped off the chair and landed on the ground, his face full of surprise. He couldn't help but reach out and pinch Zhou Jing's arm. It felt like iron bands!

*Are they really that strong? What did these two brothers eat growing up?*

Griff was flabbergasted.

"Why are you like this too?"

"It can't be helped. Our Wood Family is very capable. Our genes... cough, our bloodline is good!"

Griff was stunned. "Huh? Does that apply to everyone in your family?"

"That's right, our Wood Family was born with great strength, and all of us are fierce men!"

Zhou Jing laughed and patted Griff on the back. A weird muffled cracking could be heard.

*Ah! My bones are breaking!*

Griff nearly stumbled from the slap, grimacing in pain.

However, this did not affect his excitement.

The stronger Jason-Wood was, the better it would be for the village. This meant that the hunter team would now welcome another powerful companion!

## **Chapter 38: God, Please Grant Me A Strong Man! (2)**

Since Will-Wood's death, Captain Barong hadn't been able to eat or drink. He kept lamenting over wasted potential. If he saw a similarly strong and fierce man, he would definitely be very excited!

Griff rubbed his shoulders and eagerly spoke.

"You're very suitable to be a hunter. I'll bring you to see Captain Barong now!"

"Sure." Zhou Jing naturally had no objections.

The village chief, who was standing at the side, beamed with joy. He was happy that the village had gotten a powerful helper.

"Then I welcome you to stay on behalf of Frostwood Village."

The village leader then turned to look at Ross, who had remained silent this whole time, and asked curiously, "What about your companion? Is he going to be a hunter too?"

"Um, we'll see about that."

Zhou Jing gave an ambiguous reply.

He had not fully thought about how to arrange Ross at the moment. His current idea was to let Ross develop himself first, before learning some secondary occupation like blacksmithing or pharmacology, to provide logistical support.

After all, Ross couldn't be of much help in a short time, so he had to be trained first.

...

On the other side of Frostwood Village, Barong's residence.

Baron was sitting at the door of the house, lazily basking in the sun. He was still wrapped in some linen bandages.

From time to time, villagers would pass by and greet him. He would also nod in response.

"It's another sunny day... I should be able to recover faster."

Barong muttered to himself and touched the wound. It was almost healed.

He had been severely injured by the Subterranean's sneak attack and had been recuperating until now.

He was actually a Mutant Beast Hunter that was stationed in Frostwood Village. Unlike the local hunters, he had no family here and was all alone. His mission was to train the hunters and lead them to hunt. When he occasionally found traces of mutated beasts, he would pick up his ax and fight for his life. His life was lonely, bitter, and full of danger.

Although many of the farmer's daughters were curious about this Mutant Beast Hunter and had hinted more than once that they wanted to toss around in the barn with him, Barong generally did not treat anyone differently, whether they were men or women. Most of the time, he used exercise to vent his energy.

In his eyes, a true Mutant Beast Hunter should never pursue power, wealth, or preferential mating rights. They should either be hunting mutated beasts or training and honing themselves.

However, ever since the establishment of the Terra Empire, the ancient profession of Mutated Beast Hunters had become more and more impure...

Barong secretly sighed when he thought of it.

The person who received the enhancement of the blood potion was termed as a Mutant Blood Warrior, not a Mutant Beast Hunter. The former was just an entry requirement for the latter.



Mutant Beast Hunters needed to be proficient in combat skills, learn how to fight against all sorts of Mutant Beasts, undergo long-term training, and finally participate in a successful hunt before they could be considered to have graduated. Only then would they be qualified to call themselves Mutant Beast Hunters.

In the Wilderness era, every tribe had a way to train Mutant Beast Hunters. This was basically a training ground for each tribe to produce their own warriors.

After the establishment of the Terra Empire, a portion of the training methods were integrated to nurture more Mutant Beast Hunters. They were then assigned to resolve the threat of mutant beasts under their jurisdiction or to reside in certain territories.

However, Baron was not this type of “Empire Hunter.” He belonged to another category.

When he was young, he happened to meet a Mutant Beast Hunter who was wandering outside. The hunter took a fancy to him and brought him around to teach him. In the end, he also received the strengthening of the blood potion and became a freelance hunter. This was also a common situation. Like those Imperial Hunters, he was one of the mainstream Mutant Beast Hunters that wandered around.

Freelance or Imperial hunters would occasionally encounter ordinary people who were worth nurturing. They would not be stingy with their teachings when the time came—this was the tradition of this ancient profession.

The mutant beasts had always been the main threat to survival. For the sake of the entire human race, most Mutant Beast Hunters were willing to train newcomers. This was also to train future companions to fight alongside them.

Barong couldn't help but think of Will·Wood again as he let out a long sigh in his heart.

Even after dozens of days, every time he thought about it, he would still feel extremely regretful.

That was a really good seedling!

That was the most talented person he had ever seen. He was definitely a one-in-a-million genius, and his personality suited Barong as well.

He had planned to invite Will to stay in the village after they left the Blackshirt Forest and train him to become a Mutant Beast Hunter. He would slowly share his experiences.

It was a pity that fate was playing tricks on him. He has just discovered Will, the genius, but the poor guy didn't have a chance to shine before he died quietly.

*An outstanding seedling is gone just like that!*

*Where can I find such a good one again?!*

*Oh, God! Please grant me a strong man!*

Barong sighed deeply.

Just as he was wallowing in regret, three people came from the street and stopped in front of his house.

Amongst them, Griff was an old acquaintance, while the other two were unfamiliar faces he had never seen in the village.

“Captain Barong, how is your recovery?” Griff smiled and greeted him.

“Not bad. In a few days, we can enter the forest to hunt.”

Barong responded casually before looking curiously at the two strangers behind Griff.

One had thick eyebrows and big eyes. He gave off a masculine vibe.

The other was plain and unassuming, like a simpleton.

Before he could ask any questions, Griff started the introductions.

“This is Jason Wood. He plans to stay in the village and join our hunter team. And this is Ross, his friend.”

Barong stopped in shock. “Wood? Could it be...”

“He’s Will’s brother.”

Griff nodded.

Barong’s eyes widened in shock. His expression was exactly the same as Griff’s when he first heard the news.

He couldn’t help but examine Zhou Jing carefully, comparing him to Will’s appearance in his memory.

He did not know if it was a psychological effect, but he felt that their facial features were becoming more and more similar.

At this moment, Barong suddenly thought of something and quickly stood up, feeling a little uneasy.

Zhou Jing took a look and knew that he might have misunderstood his intentions. He deliberately laughed heartily before speaking in a loud tone.

“You must be Barong. I heard about you. You saved my brother’s life once. Although he didn’t survive, it’s not your fault. You don’t have to feel sorry. I’m not here to blame you.”

“...In fact, your brother saved our lives.”

Barong was no longer that nervous upon hearing the reassurance.

He then recalled what Griff had said and asked in curiosity.

“Why do you want to join the hunters of Frostwood Village?”

Zhou Jing’s face darkened when he heard that.

“I won’t hide it from you. I stayed because I wanted to accompany my brother, and because I wanted revenge. Will saved all of you, so I’m very proud of him. But those Subterraneans killed my brother. If I don’t kill them all, I can’t be considered his brother!”

“That’s right!”

Barong felt a sense of camaraderie straightaway from Zhou Jing’s declaration.

These words had reached his heart!

He truly appreciated these kinds of people the most!

*He has the same temper as me! It seems he is someone who is used to solving problems with violence!*

Unable to control his excitement, Barong slapped his thigh.

“Will was the most talented person I’ve ever seen. He’s definitely suitable to be a Mutant Beast Hunter. It’s such a pity that he died... You’re right. It won’t be over until we kill all those Subterraneans!”

“Speaking of this...” Griff could not help but interrupt, “Captain, Jason is stronger than Will. I’ve already tested him out.”

“Stronger than Will?!”

Baron was taken aback as he sized up Zhou Jing.

*Is this for real? Will was already a one-in-a-million talent, but his brother was stronger?*

Seeing that Barong did not believe Griff, Zhou Jing was not too surprised.

He thought for a moment, then picked up Griff by the back of his collar with one hand.

“???”

Griff, whose feet were off the ground, grew confused.

Barong’s eyes widened. He took two steps forward and grabbed Zhou Jing’s arm, kneading his muscles as though he was feeling something.

The more he touched his muscles, the brighter his eyes became.

*What a strong body!*

*What did these two brothers eat growing up?*

*Will left, and Jason came... did the heavens hear my wish and send down a fierce and strong man?!*

Barong took two steps back and looked at Zhou Jing in surprise as if he was looking at a rare treasure.

“How is it?” Zhou Jing raised his eyebrows as he put Griff down.

“I believe you.” Barong couldn’t help but be curious. “You and your brother are both so strong... Do you have any other siblings? Are they all like this?”

*I know how to answer this question!*

Griff immediately raised his hand and answered, “The Wood Family seems to be born with divine strength!”

Barong clicked his tongue in wonder and muttered to himself, “How astonishing... It’s a surname I’ve never heard of before. Could it be a blood relative of some small tribe?”

After muttering to himself for a while, he suddenly made up his mind. He looked at Zhou Jing and spoke in a perturbed yet expectant tone.

“Are you willing... to be a Mutant Beast Hunter?”

Zhou Jing smiled. This was his purpose in staying in the village.

“Of course!”

...

## Chapter 39: Hunter's Breathing Technique

The Mutant Blood potions were highly lethal, so even though they knew that this was an extraordinary path, not everyone had the courage to do so.

When he heard that Zhou Jing was willing to take the potion, Barong was overjoyed and laughed happily. His thick and fluffy beard trembled, and the corners of his mouth almost reached the back of his ears.

“Hahaha... Then, from tomorrow onwards, I'll personally train you. I'll give you all my experience! The training might be tough, but I'm sure you'll be fine!”

Barong waved his hand in a grand manner.

“Okay.” Zhou Jing nodded calmly in return.

It would certainly be more convenient to have a guide than to fumble around on his own.

...

They agreed to meet at the training ground of the village the next day. Zhou Jing bid farewell to Barong before continuing to stroll around the village with Griff.

Frostwood Village was small, but they had everything. There were small taverns, blacksmiths, leather shops, mills, and so on.

According to Griff, the Black-Clothed Forest that they were boarding was extremely vast. Stretching from the Schubert Mountains, only a portion of the forest was within the borders of the empire. The rest was outside the borders of the empire, in unknown and yet unexplored areas. The Terra Empire never had any plans for expansion, so the whole area was extremely desolate.

Frostwood Village was located in the northern part of the Terra Empire. Because it was close to the Black-Clothed Forest, it was very remote, and there were usually no merchants or travelers. Only a few Mutant Beast Hunters who intended to enter the Black-Clothed Forest would occasionally pass by the village.

There was a flourishing town a short distance to the south of the village. Frostwood Village was one of the villages owned by the lord of that town.

Zhou Jing walked around but did not see any facilities like a medical center or pharmacy. He could not help but ask in doubt.

“Why don't I see the witch doctor in the village?”

“He doesn’t live in the village. We built him a house outside the village, some distance away,” Griff explained.

Zhou Jing was a little puzzled. “Why does he want to live outside the village? Isn’t it inconvenient if someone urgently needs a doctor?”

“Indeed... But he said that concocting medicine requires a quiet environment—and that he makes mistakes when he’s distracted.”

Griff couldn’t help but complain as he brought up this matter.

“But even so, he always failed in making medicines. Our hunter team often picked herbs for him, but he didn’t manage to make many medicines each time. If it weren’t for the lack of potions, Will might have survived...”

Zhou Jing thought of the [Death Playback] and narrowed his eyes. He pretended not to know and asked, “He didn’t give Will any medicine?”

“Sigh, he said all the medicines were used up, and he could only do some simple treatment for the wounds and pray for good luck.” Griff shook his head.

*Something feels wrong about this...*

Zhou Jing suppressed his doubts, thought for a moment, and asked curiously, “Why do you guys keep going to that kind of pharmacist?”

Griff shook his head. “He’s quite good at treating minor illnesses, and he often treats the hunters’ injuries. After staying in the village for several years, everyone is familiar with him. Before him, our village didn’t even have a proper pharmacist, so he’s the only one we have.”

“I understand.” Zhou Jing nodded and noted it down.

It seemed that he had to find a time to get in touch with this witch doctor...

However, he still needed to focus on his development. He didn’t need to keep this in the front of his mind.

As an outsider, it was not convenient for him to do anything before he fully integrated into the village.

Before long, Griff brought Zhou Jing to an empty room. This was the house the village had given Zhou Jing.

It used to house a family, but they had since moved to the town, leaving the house empty. It was used to store miscellaneous items, and now it would be Zhou Jing's to temporarily live in.

The house had been cleaned, and there was a basket filled with vegetables and rice bags by the door. They were food supplies given by the village chief.

They arranged their items and settled in, and soon it was evening. Griff took his leave and went home to accompany his wife and children.

Zhou Jing closed the door, leaving Ross and himself in the room, staring at each other.

“Can you cook?”

“...”

Ross silently picked up the knife and held it in his hand. He looked at the vegetables in the basket as if he was facing a great enemy.

“Stop! Forget it, I won't dare eat the food you made.”

Zhou Jing was helpless.

Those who didn't know better would think that you were going to kill someone.

The living facilities in this era were more primitive, but Zhou Jing was not clueless. When he was traveling last time, he had discovered that the development phase of the Mutant World was similar to the Middle Ages era of the mother planet. Therefore, during the cooldown period of his travel, he specially checked some relevant information on living habits and made some preparations.

Although he was not used to their kinds of living tools, he could still use them.

It didn't matter if he didn't know about the unique vegetables in the Mutant World. He would just make a pot of stew and eat it if he felt that it was edible.

While Zhou Jing was thinking of ways to cook, Ross stood by the side and watched silently as if he was learning.

Zhou Jing glanced at him, hoping that he really understood.

This way, Ross could at least play the role of a chef in the future and be a more reliable tool man... That would beat him standing at the side like a boss, waiting to eat.

“How is this a follower? It's just a baby I have to take care of...” Zhou Jing had mixed feelings.

...

That night.

Moonlight streamed in through the window. It was serene yet lonely.

Although it was not deep into the night, the villagers had all returned home. Frostwood Village was quiet except for the occasional dog barking and intermittent stifled moans.

...In an era without entertainment, the night was long. There wasn't much to do besides make babies.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do..."

Zhou Jing sat at the table and mumbled to himself as he observed the weather outside the window.

There were two moons, one big and one small, hung in the night sky—one white and one green. The distant stars were shining brightly.

*The system mentioned that the so-called Astral Realm exists in a complete universe.*

*Maybe the Mutant World that I'm on is just a planet here??* Zhou Jing thought.

He didn't have enough information, so he only thought and noted down his conjectures.

Zhou Jing already had a plan for the Apostles in this astral realm—to develop themselves. First, he would think of a way to obtain the Mutant Blood Potion. Then, he would try to survive longer and gather enough astral points. When he grew to a certain extent, he would attempt to clear the mission.

He would still receive the ability inheritance slots when an Apostle died. Even if the Apostle died, he would be able to pass the training results to the next one. Hence, there were a lot of benefits to training. The hard work would not be wasted and would be accumulated in his future selves.

Although his goal was to clear the level within two months in the main world, Zhou Jing knew very well that it was not something that would definitely happen.

Therefore, he needed a "novice village" that provided a stable environment for development... and Frostwood Village's conditions were obviously very suitable.

"The first night in Frostwood Village was considered a preliminary integration. Everything went smoother than I expected... My last apostle's influence was indeed very helpful. Will's sacrifice was very meaningful."



Zhou Jing heaved a sigh of relief, his mood light and cheerful despite the lonely night.

It was his first time here, so he had to play it safe tonight.

He got into bed and covered himself with the blanket. He suddenly thought of something and said to Ross, who was standing in the corner, reflecting against the walls.

“Oh yeah, go to the other bed and sleep. Don’t just stand there like a fool... Remember to wake me up tomorrow morning.”

Hearing this, Rose strode over to the other bed and lay down directly on it. His hands were folded across his chest like he was sleeping, but his head was turned in Zhou Jing’s direction, staring straight at him.

Zhou Jing’s face twitched when he saw this.

“Don’t stare at me, and don’t hide your pupils in your eyes...”

Ross understood and looked at the ceiling instead, lying there akin to a corpse.

“Close your eyes! Cover yourself with the blanket!”

Ross pulled up the blanket and closed his eyes, pretending to sleep.

But he still left a gap between his eyes and stole a glance at Zhou Jing.

Zhou Jing took a deep breath as he felt his nerves jump.

He couldn’t take it anymore. Without another word... he turned around and faced the inside of the bed.

*If you can't see it, then it doesn't exist!*

...

The next morning.

Zhou Jing was woken up by the human-shaped alarm clock, Ross. He came to the training grounds under the light of dawn and found Barong waiting there.

Seeing Zhou Jing arrive, Barong got straight to the point.

“From today onwards, I will teach you how to become a Mutant Beast Hunter... Do you know the history of the hunters?”

“I know a little about it.” Zhou Jing nodded. He had already inquired about it during his last trip.

“That’s good. Anyway, us Mutant Beast Hunters were born in the Wilderness. We have a long history and are an ancient and glorious profession that protects humans from the threat of Mutant Beasts.”

Barong looked proud as he spoke.

After a short pause, he continued, “The prerequisite for becoming a Mutant Beast Hunter is to use the blood potion and obtain extraordinary power... But the blood potion has a fatal element to it. If you rashly use it, you might die. After generations of experimentation, people finally found a pattern to reduce the danger.”

“What is it?” Zhou Jing asked curiously.

“By undergoing many rounds of tempering. If you get close to the limits of the human body, the success rate will increase... In other words, the stronger the body is before using potions, the easier it is to survive the strengthening from the foreign blood, and the better the strengthening effect.”

Zhou Jing’s eyes lit up.

The higher the basic physical attributes, the higher the enhancement... This was too advantageous for him.

It was already difficult for many people to reach the stats of having 10 points in Physical Fitness at the start of the game. Even Barong’s Physical Fitness was probably not as high as his when he used the blood potion.

At this moment, Barong suddenly took off his shirt, revealing his strong body that was covered in scars. Under Zhou Jing’s surprised gaze, he said in a deep voice,

“Your body’s talent is astonishing, but there’s still room for improvement. So the training goal I’ve arranged for you is to temper your body and try to become stronger.

As for the conventional training method, it will probably have limited effects on you. Therefore, I will teach you a technique that only circulates in the hunter circle.”

Barong’s eyes bulged as he spoke, and he suddenly took a deep breath.

“Hunter’s Breath-Forging!”

His breathing suddenly changed to a strange frequency. The muscles on his upper body began to ripple like water.

Baron picked up a stone plate from the ground and quickly raised it with one hand. However, muscle activity was different from ordinary exercise. The muscles used were vibrating at a high frequency.

Zhou Jing looked at it for a while and was confused about the principle, but he roughly understood its effect.

It seemed like... it could improve the efficiency of muscle training.

Barong raised it a few dozen times before throwing the stone plate away.

With his Physical Fitness, this should have been a very relaxing exercise. He could easily lift it a few hundred more times. However, at this moment, he was sweating all over and panting heavily as if he had gone through an intense exercise.

He wiped his sweat and calmed his breathing before explaining,

“Huff... This technique can greatly increase the effectiveness of training... but it consumes a lot of stamina. Normally, only the Mutant Blood Warriors can use it. Ordinary people will collapse from exhaustion after a few moves, but your stamina far exceeds that of ordinary people. This is the perfect method to quickly squeeze out your stamina.”

Zhou Jing was curious as he listened to Barong’s explanation.

“You invented this technique?”

“No, I learned it from my teacher.”

Barong paused for a moment, as if recalling some unpleasant memories of the past, turned slightly distracted.

But he quickly restrained his expression and looked at Zhou Jing with a solemn expression.

“The older generations of Mutant Beast Hunters gradually developed a secret technique called ‘Hunter’s Breath Techniques’ during their battles with mutant beasts. It was passed down and improved by generations of Mutant Beast Hunters, giving rise to even more variations with different uses...”

Unfortunately, some breathing techniques were passed down, while others were lost along with the deaths of hunters. My teacher only knew two, so I only learned two breathing techniques.”

“One of them was what I displayed just now. It’s usually used to train your body. I’ll teach you that first. The other is to increase your strength in a battle against mutant beasts. You’re not strong enough to learn it, so you don’t have to think about it for now.”

After hearing Barong’s lecture, Zhou Jing’s eyes flickered.

*Hunter’s Breath Techniques?*

*It sounds like a supernatural skill—I hope it’s at least more reliable than simply pumping iron.*

## **Chapter 40: Mutant Blood Potion (1)**

Barong stroked his beard as he continued, “Up until now, no one has been able to say how many kinds of breathing techniques there are for hunters. Everyone knows different kinds of breathing techniques. If you want to learn other breathing techniques, you can usually exchange them with other Mutant Beast Hunters in the future.”

“Has no one integrated all the breathing techniques?”

Zhou Jing couldn’t help but ask.

Barong shook his head as he answered.

“The Terra Empire has been trying in this regard, but it’s not that easy to learn Hunter’s Breath Techniques, and it’s even harder to master it. It’s impossible for ordinary people to master it just by relying on text records, so most of the time, it requires the guidance of a hunter who has mastered it.

“However... a person’s energy is limited. Generally, after learning two or three types of breathing techniques, one would not have the energy to practice new ones. Take me, for example. I spent nearly 14 years truly mastering these two types of breathing techniques to become proficient in using them. As for the less proficient breathing techniques, not only will they be useless in battle, but they can also disrupt one’s own fighting rhythm. After all, one can only use one type of breathing technique at one time.

“Thus, Mutated Beast Hunters will usually choose a breathing technique that is suitable for them based on the direction of their strengthening. Then, they will go and learn from hunters who understand them and rely on the two or three types of breathing techniques they have chosen for their hunts.”

Zhou Jing nodded. He roughly understood the process now.

The blood enhancement brought about extraordinary power, and Hunter's Breath Technique was a skill that allowed the hunters to better utilize this power, similar to combat skills.

There were many types of breathing techniques, but due to their limited learning abilities and aptitude, Mutated Beast Hunters took the path of quality rather than quantity.

At this moment, Barong had put back on his clothes.

He spoke out, "When you learn this breathing technique, use it to train your body. Once your body becomes stronger, you will be able to receive the enhancement of the foreign mutant blood... It will take about two to three years."

"That long?" Zhou Jing was slightly stunned.

"You call this long?!" Barong's eyes widened as he said seriously, "Do you think that the Hunter's Breath Technique is easy to master? Do you think that it will immediately take effect? The training of Mutated Beast Hunters is something that takes years! Wind or snow, you have to train hard every day. You can only grow stronger by growing slowly... Even with your physical talent, it's the same!"

At this point, he suddenly paused. As though he felt that it was a little harsh, he softened his tone.

"I know that you are eager to take revenge on the Subterraneans, but you need to make sufficient preparations before you receive the enhancement of the mutant blood. Otherwise, even with your body, you might die during the enhancement. You have to be patient."

"Alright."

Zhou Jing made no comment, but in his mind, he had already started calculating.

Based on the current time flow, one day in the main world was equivalent to one month in the Mutant World. Thus, three years in the Mutant World... would be more than one month in the main world.

He did not forget that his goal was to use an Apostle to clear the objectives within two months in the main world. Although he wanted to develop the Apostle, he did not plan to take so long.

*But, with Accelerated Learning, I should be able to shorten this time. It shouldn't take as much time as he mentioned... I just don't know how much it can shorten it.*

Zhou Jing thought to himself.

He did not dwell on this issue. He would find out once he started practicing. At this moment, it was better to focus on the details of the blood strengthening.

When his last apostle was with Barong, the latter had avoided this question. Now, he had the qualifications to ask more.

The world of mutant beasts was still in its primitive stages, and it was not the era of information explosion. Some remote villages might not even know the Emperor's name, so Zhou Jing could ask for some information without worry.

He deliberated over his choice of words and explained his doubts about the mutant blood potion. This time, Barong replied and explained the situation of the heterogeneous blood potion in detail.

When a person drank a blood potion, the effect of the potion would be released in their body, and their body would rapidly strengthen. This was a painful process.

There were three scenarios.

The first was naturally to successfully strengthen and become a Mutant Blood Warrior, obtaining stable Supernatural Powers.

The second and third scenarios were both failures, except in different forms.

One scenario would be that they died on the spot and rose into the sky, directly stepping into their coffins.

The other would be what they termed "false success." The user would seem to have passed the strengthening and gained powers. But, in the next few hours or days, they would be in intense discomfort, similar to rejection and gene collapse. In the end, they would still die violently. It was just a few more days of life, giving hope and despair.

Because the ingredients of the blood potion were made up of a multitude of different beasts, according to the characteristics of the ingredients, they had different ways of strengthening, such as strength, agility, defense, and so on.

However, the effect could only strengthen the body, and it could not obtain special abilities such as the release of electricity and fire. The effect of the blood potion made by these beasts was only to increase one's resistance to electric shocks and flames.

"During the tribal era, there were many pharmacists who tried to bestow the special abilities of mutated beasts to humans through the strengthening of the blood. After the establishment of the Terra Empire, it was said that many master pharmacists were even gathered to study it together. However, up until today, there has been no results."

Barong sounded regretful.

Zhou Jing's eyes flickered. He thought for a moment and asked, "In this world, is there any other way to obtain extraordinary power other than the mutant blood potion?"

"That... I've never heard of it." Barong scratched his bald head.

Zhou Jing exhaled.

It seemed his only way through would be using the mutant blood potion at the moment. As he suspected, it was indeed a pure physical Strengthening ability. It was impossible to produce any energy attacks.

Zhou Jing thought for a moment and asked, "How do we get the blood potion? Do we need to spend money to buy it?"

"You can spend money but you might not need to as well." Barong's answer was unexpected.

Zhou Jing was left stunned by his answer.

*'What does that mean? Are you planning to bring me to do some "Zero-dollar Shopping?'*

*I don't mind. After all, if I die, I can just open another apostle. But shouldn't you think twice before you act...*

At this moment, Barong explained in a muffled voice:

"Every tribe has their own hunting workshops that are used to process mutated beasts' materials and make all kinds of weapons or blood potions. After the Empire was established, they opened workshops in every town to recycle the mutated beasts' materials. Thus, mutated beast hunters would sell the hunted mutated beasts to the workshops in exchange for some money.

The products made by the workshop were all sold, including the blood potion.

"However, if the Mutated Beast Hunters have needs, the workshop can also give them the mutant blood potion for free."

Zhou Jing blinked in confusion.

*Giving it directly? Isn't that a losing deal?*

Moreover, with the efficiency of information exchange in this era, it was easy to exploit loopholes. As long as a mutant hunter went to a different town after the exchange each time, wouldn't it be easy to collect a large amount of the mutant blood potions?

As though he could see Zhou Jing's confusion, Barong laughed and further explained.

"Of course, there are conditions. The workshop will only give out potions based on the number of times the hunter had submitted and sold mutated beast materials to them."

"I see..."

Zhou Jing immediately understood.

Hunters would constantly submit or sell the beasts they hunted in certain workshops. Thus, there would be a record in the workshop, and they would get opportunities to obtain free blood potions.

However, it would not be the same in a different town. The records of the workshops in different areas were not interconnected. If a hunter went to another area, he would have to start over.

Therefore, Mutant Beast Hunters tended to stay around a certain town and wouldn't change places easily.

*This might be a way for the different towns and workshops to compete with each other. Using this method, they try their best to make the mutated beast hunters stay with them and bring mutated beast materials to the local workshops... Is this similar to not having any base cost to operate their business?*

Zhou Jing's mind raced.

In an era where information and communication were inefficient, this was indeed a feasible plan.

Unlike modern times, there was no way to ignore the distance. The hunters weren't on a centralized database, so they could only work locally in each workshop.

Moreover, it was not necessarily a loss for the workshop. If the processing skills were good, there might be a few sets of mutant blood potions that could be made from a mutant beast, not to mention that there were other body parts used to make equipment.

Barong stroked his beard and laughed. "I've been stationed in Frostwood Village for many years. I've submitted many hunting materials to the workshops in the city, and I've saved up quite a number of times I can exchange for the blood potion, but never used it. When you're almost done with your training, I'll get a blood potion from the workshops. You don't have to spend money."

"Then, I'll thank you first."

Zhou Jing smiled.



This was much easier than he had expected. At first, he had thought that obtaining the Mutant Blood Potion would be very difficult.

The main threat in this world was the mutant beasts. Therefore, the countries and tribes would definitely want more Mutant Beast Hunters. However, they were afraid that ordinary people would not dare to use the blood potion or that it was too costly.

However, while he did not need to spend money this time, he still owed Barong a favor. After all, he was using the free potion quota that Barong had saved up.

*It's probably not just because of my talent but also because of Will·Wood's influence. Barong's deciding to use this method to "compensate?"*

Zhou Jing pondered to himself.

In this case, the path ahead was clear. As long as the level of Hunter's Breath was increased, he would be able to receive the Supernatural Powers, and there was no need to worry about anything else.

At this moment, Barong suddenly changed the topic and pointed at the weapons rack at the edge of the training ground.

"Let's not talk about the strengthening through the mutant blood first. It's still far away from you. What you need to consider now is what weapon to practice with."

"Maybe a blade."

Zhou Jing did not think much about it.

For his current , [Blade Technique] was at the green level of Aptitude. Among the abilities that he inherited, there was also the Hunting Blade Mastery.

Although Barong was good at axes, Zhou Jing had studied the panel and felt that it was more cost-effective to determine the direction of growth based on one's own aptitude.

Normal people needed to figure it out personally to know what they were good at. Through the interface's ability file, he could directly see the innate talent of this body. He could start with targeted training and immediately work on his strengths.

With such an advantage, he naturally had to make use of it.

"That's fine too... I know some blade techniques too. I can teach you."

Barong sounded regretful.

He still wanted to recommend his own weapon so that this place would become an “Ax Gang.”

But, it would take at least three years to train Jason. There was still time.

*Perhaps in time, he will realize that he was not good at blade practice and turn around to follow me in ax practice, and we'll happily create miracles together?*

They finished discussing the training program and did not continue chatting. Soon, they started training.

Today was mainly to learn Hunter's Breath. As Zhou Jing listened to Barong's explanation, relevant information quickly popped up on the interface:

[Hunter's Breath·Forging!]

[One of the fabled Hunter's Breath Techniques has the ability to improve one's Physical Fitness rapidly.]

[Skill Level: Lv 0 (Novice)]

[Minimum Cost for Accelerated Learning: 100 Astral Points]

“The cost of Accelerated Learning for the Novice stage is already so high. I wonder how many Astral Points it will cost to level up... However, the higher the initial cost, it might mean that this skill is rarer and has more potential.”

Zhou Jing did not hesitate. He immediately consumed 100 points and activated the Accelerated Learning function for [Hunter's Breath·Forging].

He had already discovered it.

This Accelerated Learning function was basically a bottomless pit that burned money...

He probably didn't have enough Astral Points to finish developing his apostle.

*Looks like I have to think of a way to earn some resources...*

Zhou Jing sank deep in thought as he began his training.

## **Chapter 41: Fishy (1)**

A few days passed in the blink of an eye.

Frostwood Village was not big. After a few days, all the villagers knew that the Hunter Team had a new member and accepted Jason-Wood as a new resident. Occasionally, they would even greet him kindly.

Even Ross was recognized by the villagers. However, he never interacted with others and only 'wholeheartedly served' as Zhou Jing's follower—he wasn't very present in the village.

Zhou Jing did not let Ross idle around. His schedule for Ross was packed. Not only did he undergo combat training, but Ross would also learn how to forge from the blacksmiths in the village.

At first, the blacksmith was unwilling, but after interacting with him, he realized that although Ross did not communicate with others, he would silently carry out whatever he was told to do. Only then did the blacksmith reluctantly accept Ross as his blacksmith apprentice... Of course, it was mainly because of Zhou Jing.

Overall, the progress of integrating into the village was smoother than Zhou Jing had expected.

On this day, Zhou Jing visited the village chief again and expressed his intention to borrow the only map of Frostwood Village.

The map's overview mode on his interface could record the contents of a physical map. If he could unlock the surrounding areas of the map, he would obtain a unique first time achievement.

There were many ways to obtain Astral Points, but the Placement required him to return before he could activate it. When he was descending through the Apostle, obtaining Astral Points was mainly to trigger achievements.

In the past few days, other than training with Barong, Zhou Jing spent the rest of his time following the completion conditions revealed by the [Achievement List]. He was looking for achievements that could be easily triggered in an attempt to earn points.

Although there were many achievements on the list, there was a limit to what could be easily accomplished.

After screening, he took the time to do three daily achievements: [Good-For-Nothing], [Fighter], and [Tired Driver].

The first was to eat until his stomach was so full that it was about to explode. The second was to pull the hunters to practice boxing and defeat everyone ten times. The last was to borrow livestock used for farming from the old farmer at the edge of the field after completing a day of training. The three achievements awarded a total of 250 Astral Points.

The village chief had a deep impression of Zhou Jing and hoped that he would become a Mutant Beast Hunter attached to the village. Naturally, he agreed to lend the map.

The two of them went to the back room. The village took out a yellowed animal skin roll from the cabinet and spread it out on the table.

Zhou Jing took a look at the content, and his face twitched slightly.

*Wow, this painting technique... it's like a pre-schooler made it!*

However, it was good enough that he had it. At least they knew to make a map.

Shaking his head, Zhou Jing tried his best to identify it.

This was a map of the nearby area. In the middle was a town called White Plains City. There were many subsidiary villages, including Frostwood Village. Frostwood Village was the most remote village on the map.

According to the information he had gathered over the past few days, the Terra Empire was not large, and its administrative divisions were relatively simple. The highest level was the fortress city, followed by the towns, and finally, the villages like Frostwood Village.

White Plains City was equivalent to the “main city” of Frostwood Village, and it was also the center of this area.

[A physical map has been discovered. Do you want to record it?]

[Recording complete. The known area has been refreshed.]

[Remark: If you obtain a map of the same area, you will be able to complement the details and perfect the map.]

[Triggered achievement: First recorded physical map!]

[Obtained 200 Astral Points! Obtained [Support Function—Map Radar]!]

“A new support function?”

Zhou Jing's eyes lit up as he looked at the function carefully.

This map radar function could display a map within a certain range and show the individuals in the area in real time. The unknown individuals were marked as red dots, while the ones he knew were displayed in green.

“It's like a gaming minimap. It should be practical in terms of exploration.”

Zhou Jing nodded to himself... However, he could only switch his support functions at the Molding stage. He definitely could not use it now.

With a new reward in hand, coupled with the previous gains, he had 727 Astral Points on hand. He was no longer that desperate for points.

...

After walking out of the village chief's house, Zhou Jing heard a childish voice calling him.

"Jason! Jason!"

Zhou Jing turned around.

A boy of about 10 years old ran over in large strides. He looked strong, and his face was red from the cold wind.

The child's name was Reiner, and he was Griff's eldest son.

Zhou Jing had been in the village for a few days and mainly interacted with Griff and Barong, so he naturally was acquainted with Griff's family.

When he saw the kid run over, Zhou Jing quickened his pace without another word.

"Wait for me!" Reiner rushed up and blocked Zhou Jing.

Zhou Jing stopped helplessly, "What do you want now?"

"I want to hear more about the outside!" Reiner's face was full of excitement.

"What a coincidence. I want to hear about that too."

Zhou Jing remained impassive.

This kid had never left Frostwood Village and yearned for the outside world.

Since Zhou Jing was a newcomer from outside, Reiner thought that he knew a lot. From time to time, he would pester him with questions, making him feel a little helpless.

"If you want to know what's going on outside, you should pester Barong."

"I didn't dare... In the past, I ran into the forest alone and he beat me up."

Reiner muttered under his breath, his tone indignant.

“With Barong’s strength, if he really wanted to hit you, you would have long fallen apart...”

Zhou Jing wondered if he should also beat up a child to set an example.

At this moment, Reiner chuckled. “But you definitely won’t hit me. Father said that you’re a good person, so you definitely won’t bully me!”

“A good person?” Zhou Jing was a little surprised.

Because of his “open-mindedness,” Griff respected him quite a bit, but this didn’t seem to have anything to do with being a good person. He wondered what Griff’s private evaluation of him actually was.

## Chapter 42: Fishy (2)

Reiner raised his chin. “Father has often said that he admires your character. Everyone in the village knows that you don’t leave your friend despite his brain problem. You even take care of his daily life every day. You’re a good person!”

“What friend with a brain problem... Oh~”

Zhou Jing’s expression froze as he turned around.

Hidden in the shadows at the corner of the street was a familiar figure peeping silently.

Ross: (o \_ O)

Zhou Jing: “...”

It seems that in the eyes of the villagers, I’ve been taking care of this stupid follower...

Zhou Jing shook his head lightly, speechless.

“Alright, move aside. I still have to train. I don’t have time to talk to you today. Let’s talk about it later.”

“Ah? Alright then.” Reiner hesitated for a moment before stepping aside. He asked expectantly, “Then can you tell me the story of the outside world next time?”

“I’ll definitely do it next time...”

Zhou Jing quickly slipped away.

He was about to head to the training ground when he saw a familiar figure.

It was a strangely dressed old man. His face was smeared with paint, and he had two feathers stuck in his head. He wore a robe woven from black feathers, and he held a walking stick—it was the witch doctor he had seen in the death replay of Will Wood.

In the past few days since he came to the village, Zhou Jing had not met the other party in the village, nor had he specially visited the pharmacist's hut outside the village.

The witch doctor was stunned for a moment. He stopped in his tracks and hesitated.

*What? Are you worried about this "family member" causing trouble?*

Zhou Jing narrowed his eyes and went straight up to him. He said in a deep voice, "I'm Jason Wood, a new hunter of the village. You must be the witch doctor of Frostwood Village."

The witch doctor was hunched over, looking old and frail. He spoke like a whisper. "That's me... I've heard of you too."

"They say that you were the one who treated my brother before he died?"

"Yes..." The witch doctor nodded weakly as if he was too old to do anything. He only shook his head slightly.

"I haven't visited you in the past few days. I'm new here and I'm not familiar with the village yet. Do you mind showing me your pharmacist's hut?"

Although Zhou Jing was asking, his tone was firm.

The witch doctor paused twice on his cane as if hesitating. Finally, he nodded.

"Alright, come with me."

With that, he turned around and slowly led the way.

...

They walked out of the village and followed a small artificial dirt road for a while before arriving at a small slope that overlooked the village.

There was a sparse forest here with a small house—it was the witch doctor's hut.

Beside the hut were flowerbeds with many unknown herbs.

The witch doctor opened the door and walked in. Zhou Jing followed behind, sizing up the layout of the room.

The house was not small, but there were too many things placed inside, making it appear narrow. There were rows of shelves by the wall filled with old books and some bottles and cans.

There was a workbench inside. On it was a set of strange metal tools that were most likely used to make potions.

“It’s a little messy. Sit anywhere...” The witch doctor slowly sat down.

Zhou Jing looked around and locked his gaze on the only chair in the room under the witch doctor’s butt.

...If not for your old arms and legs, I would be sitting on your lap right now.

Zhou Jing shook his head and did not mind. He asked, “Speaking of which, I still don’t know your name.”

“... Gamma.”

Zhou Jing nodded and continued to ask, “I heard that you used to be a wandering pharmacist? I’m a little curious. How many years have you been in Frostwood Village?”

“I’m old and can’t remember. Six, maybe eight years?”

Gamma shook his head and suddenly paused. However, he suddenly sighed before he changed the topic.

“Maybe you heard some rumors from Griff. When I was treating your brother, I used up all my potions, so I could only do my best. Unfortunately, I couldn’t save him in the end.”

Zhou Jing’s heart skipped a beat.

*This guy took the initiative to mention this... Maybe he thought it was my intention to denounce him.?*

Zhou Jing remained calm and only slowly spoke.

“I heard from Griff that you stayed in the village to be a doctor on the condition that the Hunter Team help you gather herbs?”

“Yes, that’s right...”



“Then after staying in the village for so many years, you can’t possibly not have enough medicine to save a person, right?”

Hearing this, the wrinkles on Gamma’s face seemed to deepen. He replied in an ashamed tone.

“I know that my level is not good enough, so I chose to stay in such a small village. Besides, I’m old and my limbs don’t listen to me, so I always fail in refining potions. Hunters need to enter the forest to hunt often, and they will be injured occasionally. I’ve used up most of the potions I made in the past... I’m sorry about Will, but I had no choice.”

Zhou Jing raised his eyebrows slightly.

Gamma knew that his standards were poor, so he stayed in a remote place like Frostwood Village to live as a form of retirement.

He sounded quite sincere, but Zhou Jing felt his covering up seemed to make things more suspicious.

However, there was no evidence, so he could only keep his suspicions to himself.

“Alright, I understand. You don’t have to apologize to me anymore.”

Zhou Jing did not continue to pester him. He felt that he would not be able to get anything out of Gamma at this rate.

“Thank you, thank you...” Gamma repeatedly nodded, his voice in a barely audible murmur.

Zhou Jing touched his chin and suddenly said, “Then you’re old and can’t operate well. Have you thought of finding an apprentice? I have a candidate here.”

He wondered if he could bring Ross over as an apprentice pharmacist. Even if Gamma claimed to be very inferior, he should at least know how to identify herbs. There should be no problem teaching him.

Gamma hesitated but then shook his head. “No, I don’t have the energy to teach an apprentice...”

Zhou Jing narrowed his eyes at his words.

*Not recruiting apprentices... Does he not have the energy, or did he not want to?*

*From the looks of it, he’s worried that he’ll starve to death if he teaches his apprentices his abilities...*

*Or was there something else going on?*

Several thoughts flashed through Zhou Jing's mind.

Although Gamma was quite sincere, Zhou Jing still felt suspicious of him. However, he did not have any evidence or clues at the moment.

There was still a long way to go. He would slowly investigate in the future... For now, there was no need to complicate matters. The most important thing was to develop himself in peace.

"Alright, sorry for disturbing you today. I'll leave first."

Since the other party was unwilling to teach herbalism, he could not force the issue.

Zhou Jing did not stay any longer and left.

Gamma sat silently in his seat for a while before suddenly opening his eyes wide. His eyes were bright and full of life, and his appearance no longer looked old and haggard.

He walked to the window and looked out to confirm that Zhou Jing had left.

Only then did Gamma look away and pace the room, his expression guilty and regretful.

"Tsk, I didn't expect Will to have a brother—especially one who wants to stay in the village! If I had known earlier, I would have given Will some medicine. I wonder if I've managed to fool his brother.

"At this juncture, there is an unknown outsider in the village. I'm worried ... Sigh, I hope there won't be any accidents during the next delivery."

Gamma looked uncertain.

## **Chapter 43: The Dumbfounded Barong (1)**

On the eighth day, at the training ground.

The scorching sun hung high in the sky. Zhou Jing was bare-chested and holding a heavy training saber as he practiced. His entire body was covered in perspiration that reflected the light.

His breathing was following a special sequence. As he moved, his muscles trembled at a high frequency.

Suddenly, Zhou Jing's eyes flashed. He exhaled and slashed down with his heavy saber.

“Ha!”

Bang! A trench was formed on the ground.

[[Hunter's Breath: Forging] has been upgraded.]

[Current Level: Lv 1 – (Apprentice)]

[Effect: Physical Fitness +1]

“It's finally upgraded!”

Zhou Jing let out a long breath and flexed his muscles. He felt that his strength had clearly increased compared to a few days ago, and the fatigue from using the Hunter's Breathing Technique had decreased greatly.

He had constantly been practicing for a few days. At first, he was not used to it, but now, he had quickly formed muscle memory. Now, he had truly grasped the basics.

“This move is indeed different from other skills. There's even an increase in attributes when leveling up. Then every time I level up, it increases my physical fitness...”

Zhou Jing was secretly happy. He had finally obtained a skill that could clearly strengthen himself.

At this moment, Barong, who was supervising from the side, walked over with an extremely complicated expression.

“You... you've already mastered it?”

“That should be the case. I feel stronger again. The breathing technique you taught me is very effective!”

Zhou Jing clenched his fists and laughed.

“...”

Barong instinctively clutched his chest.

His heart felt sour.

If he had not personally guided Zhou Jing and confirmed him to be a newbie, Barong would have strangled Zhou Jing's neck and roared, "Why are you pretending to be a pig?!"

Barong originally thought that it would take more than 10 days for Zhou Jing to even remember the secret of this breathing technique. Then, after a long period of repeated training, Zhou Jing would be able to master this technique and slowly get used to it... The entire process would take at least a few months.

That was how he had learned in the past.

However, after a few days of guidance, Barong was left stunned.

Zhou Jing's speed of improvement shocked him. He almost doubted his worldview that he had developed over the past few decades.

If Zhou Jing had only managed to understand the technique quickly, he would accept it. At most, it meant that he was smart, which was still within his understanding.

However, his body had only been training for a few days, but he had already become stronger at an unbelievable speed... *Is this something a human could do?!*

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would have given the person who spoke about it a tight slap!

Barong swallowed and looked at Zhou Jing in surprise. He did not dare to speak in his usual loud voice.

He did not dare to speak loudly, afraid that it would shock the heavens!

*Genius! An unbelievable genius!*

Zhou Jing did not know that Barong was roaring in his heart. After being happy for a while, he asked, "My Hunter's Breathing Technique has reached the entry level. To what extent should I train it before I can use the blood potion?"

Barong suppressed the shock in his heart and opened his mouth to answer, but he suddenly stopped and hesitated.

He originally wanted to do the same as before—to train for two to three years. However, Zhou Jing's situation was clearly beyond his understanding.

He felt that his previous experience was no longer valid with this person...

After hesitating for a long time, Barong carefully spoke in a measured voice.

"I have to admit that your performance far exceeded my expectations. I don't know how long you'll be practicing... Why don't you practice for a few months first?"

"Sounds good."

Zhou Jing nodded and started calculating.

A few months in the Mutant World were only a few days in the main world. It was worth it to use the time to better develop himself. After all, it was much shorter than his original expectations.

If he could obtain a +1 to Physical Fitness every time [Hunter's Breath: Forging] leveled up, then he could accumulate more of his basic attributes and increase the strengthening effect of the blood potion on himself.

He needed at least two or three more levels.

As for [Hunter's Breath: Forging], when it was upgraded to Level 1, he saw that reaching Level 2 using Accelerated Learning required 150 points. If this was the case, then the cost of Accelerated Learning from Level 2 to Level 3 should be 200 points... Therefore, he had to invest at least 350 Astral Points in this.

He also needed to invest some Astral Points to accelerate his blade skills. Although the cost was lower than the breathing technique, it was still an expense.

*I have to set aside quite a bit... Fortunately, I have enough astral points.*

Zhou Jing did not hesitate and directly activated another round of Accelerated Learning on [Hunter's Breath: Forging]. He reached out and grabbed the handle of the heavy saber, wanting to continue training.

At this moment, his heart suddenly trembled.

*Time's up...*

Zhou Jing immediately noticed the anomaly. He looked up and saw a crack in the sky.

Buzz—

In the next moment, his consciousness left his body and floated into the sky.

Zhou Jing looked down and saw the body of his .

After his consciousness left his body, Jason-Wood only seemed to have paused for a moment. After which, he continued training in the same way as before. There was nothing else unusual.

Zhou Jing retracted his gaze, and his consciousness quickly soared into the sky, entering the spatial rift.

...

The last time, he returned when he was in a daze. This time, he returned to a normal state of consciousness. There was no need to adjust.

After returning to the projection space, Zhou Jing looked at the interface. The settlement information of his return had appeared.

---

[The projection has ended!]

[Actual time of stay: 8 days]

[Current resource collection: 124 Astral Points]

[Experience log has been recorded, and relevant exploration results have been entered into the Records.]

[Cooldown till next Astral Projection: 15 hours in main body]

---

The Astral Points collected this time were not as good as the last time. After all, he had killed a mutated beast last time, while he did not do anything big this time.

However, this was within Zhou Jing's expectations. He had already planned it out. The goal of the second apostle's first transmigration was to find a stable environment and start developing itself.

Now that Jason·Wood had successfully integrated into Frostwood Village and started training with Barong, he was on the right track.

According to this trend, he would soon be able to accumulate strength and obtain supernatural abilities... At that time, his first step would be completed.

What he wasn't sure of now was how the would act under circumstances in which he was not residing within.

During the placement period, the actions of the s would also be recorded into the experience log in the form of a first-person image. He could check it at any time or directly receive the relevant memories.

The last time he did a placement for Will-Wood, the latter was unconscious the entire time. He “acted” in bed from beginning to end and had no reference value.

Zhou Jing casually glanced at the statistics of the settlement and switched to the interface of the placement mode.

---

[Please select a placement for the .]

[Subject: Jason-Wood]

[Highest synchronization rate: 32% (Stage 2)]

[Placement Benefits Limit: Astral Point 0 / 2,000, information state particle 0 / 20]

[Please set the main action target, the secondary focus, procedures for events, procedures for combat, and the interaction with the characters...]

---

“My goal is to develop, so I’ll focus on cultivation to reduce the possibility of accidents...”

Zhou Jing thought for a while and quickly came up with a plan.

The main objective was to “focus on cultivation.” The other procedures for events, battles, and interactions were all chosen in a more conservative style.

In addition, there was a special setting. The main skill he cultivated was set as [Hunter’s Breath: Forging].

[Placement plan has been saved. Effective immediately.]

[Do you wish to open the map overview mode and additionally specify the activity area during the placement or to plan out an activity route?]

Zhou Jing thought for a moment and designated the area as Frostwood Village. He chose the plan of “not leaving unless necessary.”

[Set-up complete]

[Shutting down the projection shuttle space]

[Countdown to next projection: 15 hours]

Zhou Jing's vision blurred, and his consciousness returned to his body.

When he opened his eyes, he was back in his rented apartment.

The starry night outside the window was brilliant, and neon lights constantly flashed.

Zhou Jing looked at the time. When he entered, it was past five in the afternoon yesterday. Now, it was past one in the morning the next day. The travel time was exactly eight hours.

He immediately tried to recall the situation in the real world before he transmigrated, finding out that his memory was very clear. Even after staying in the Mutant World for eight days, his sense of time was not messed up.

“Did my Spirit attribute increase?”

Zhou Jing glanced at the attributes of his main body, but there was no change. His Spirit attribute was still fixed at 7 points.

His body did not feel tired from his bitter cultivation in the Mutant World. Instead, it felt as comfortable as if he had rested enough.

“Next is to wait for 15 hours...”

Zhou Jing then turned on his phone to look at the recording.

When he was traveling this time, he especially disconnected his phone from the internet before placing it on the corner of the wall in video recording mode. He only let his main body, who was lying on the bed, appear on the screen at the edge of the camera to record the situation of his main body when he was traveling. He realized that it was no different from sleeping normally.

Zhou Jing quickly watched the video and confirmed that his main body was normal. He couldn't help but fall into deep thought.

“Although I feel energized every time I return, it's best to use my sleep time to project. I should not exceed 12 hours every time unless there's a life support cabin.”

“The cooldown time for astral travel seems to increase proportionally with my descent time. If my analysis is correct, then according to the current ratio, I can roughly travel through the astral world once a day.”

Zhou Jing calculated.

It was now July 20th, and there were still some days before his deadline of September 20th.



In this case, there were still plenty of opportunities for astral travel.

With the training method of the Hunter Breathing Technique in his mind, Zhou Jing thought for a moment, stood up, and carefully tried it.

Although he could not inherit the abilities of the s, who had yet to clear their life objectives, his knowledge and memories obtained through his descent would not be affected. He had also grasped the trick to [Hunter's Breath: Forging].

It was not easy for him to have obtained a skill that was a little close to the supernatural level. He was also excited, so he naturally would not miss the opportunity to let his main body try to practice it.

However, after struggling for more than ten minutes, Zhou Jing's entire body was aching. He panted as he confirmed two things.

Firstly, the Hunter's Breathing Technique was also effective in the main world and could be used normally.

Secondly, he wasn't strong enough, so he could not train properly.

"Looks like I have to exercise..."

Zhou Jing rubbed his cramping calf helplessly.

His current main body was still too weak. It was far inferior to the initial physical fitness of the that he had created. His body could not even reach the threshold required to train in [Hunter's Breath: Forging].

Although clearing the s was the best way to obtain supernatural powers and was also the most cost-effective, his main body could not be idle. He had to make use of the time during the cooldown period to train.

He had to grab this opportunity with both hands and grasp it hard.

Zhou Jing's heart was filled with unprecedented motivation. His thoughts raced as he thought about his main body's plans for the next two months...

First, he had to teach himself the language of the Terra Empire and master it as much as possible. This way, if there were more valuable skills in the future, he would not have to inherit this language skill and leave this free inheritance slot to other skills.

Secondly, he went online to search for some historical information that matched the development stage of the Mutant World, as well as some information on wilderness survival and cold weapons. Although the worlds were different, the knowledge

accumulated in the interstellar era was also useful, and a portion of it was actually more advanced than what the world had.

He was wondering if he should find some ancient technological information and try to climb up the technology tree in the Mutant World, but after thinking about it, he temporarily gave up on this idea.

There might be subtle differences between the laws of the two planes, and it would take a lot of time to figure it out. It was better to consider this problem after obtaining supernatural powers. For now, it would be better to focus on exploration and development.

Next was to train his body. Although he could not practice Hunter's Breathing Technique, he could do some basic training to at least make his body stronger.

Not to mention anything else, he still had to train out a six-pack...

Finally, he had to work hard to travel through the astral realms and try to clear his apostle's life objectives so that he could complete his plan as soon as possible...

Zhou Jing made up his mind and formulated an entire schedule.

"It's quite fulfilling..."

Zhou Jing felt that after having something to look forward to, his entire body was filled with motivation.

Only then did he have the leisure to look at his phone to see if there was any news during the eight hours he was traveling.

Soon, Zhou Jing discovered that a message was flashing in a group chat named "Best Buddies."

## **Chapter 44: Childhood Friends (1)**

Zhou Jing's eyes moved as he checked the timestamp. This was the chat message at eight o'clock last night.

[Li Xiaoyin: Brothers, come out for a meal! @Everyone]

[Xu Lingyun: As a person officially in the lower bracket of society, I refuse to participate in any spending activities.]

[Li Xiaoyin: Don't worry, it's my treat this time. I'm going to announce something big!]

[Xu Lingyun: If you mean that, then I have to be there to eat... ahem, to listen.]

[Zhang Xiao: What's the big deal? Did you finally find someone willing to marry you?]

[Xu Lingyun: Who is the victim? Are they mentally stable?]

[Li Xiaoyin: Hmph, what nonsense! Let me tell you, I really changed my fate this time! Wahahaha!!!]

[Xu Lingyun: I understand. She caught a rich guy.]

[Li Xiaoyin: Do you want to die? Do you?!]

Zhou Jing's lips curled up unconsciously as his body relaxed.

Best buddies... There were a total of four people in this group chat, including him. They were all hardcore friends who had grown up together.

They played together when they were young and were together when they were in school. Their relationship was especially close.

It was only when they graduated that everyone got busy with their own matters and saw less of each other. However, they still often chatted in the group chat and asked each other out for a meal from time to time.

When he was in school, Zhou Jing was quite popular and had many friends. However, he really only considered these three his best friends.

He continued to scroll down the messages.

[Li Xiaoyin: Seriously, how about coming out for a meal tonight? If I don't tell you this good news today, I won't be able to sleep! (rolling emoji)]

[Zhang Xiao: It's already past eight o'clock, and you're only asking me out for a meal?! Big Sister, don't think that you can do whatever you want. I've already finished my meal!]

[Xu Lingyun: Anyway, I have no problem. I haven't eaten all day and am still hungry. As long as someone treats me, I'll crawl over!]

[Zhang Xiao: What's the good news? You can tell us now.]

[Li Xiaoyin: No, this is of great significance to my life. It's too rude to say it in the group. I have to say it in person.]

[Zhang Xiao: Did you find a job, like me?]

[Xu Lingyun: What? Find a job? Why do we have to degrade ourselves? Didn't we agree to leech off of our interstellar migration benefits? What happened to being noble worms? @Everyone]

[Zhang Xiao: ??? Who agreed with you?]

[Li Xiaoyin: @ZhangXiao, forget it. Is what you do even called getting a job? You're going to your own company to work, right?! Your family gave you a salary, and the money was digested internally within the family. How is that considered getting a salary? Isn't it the same as pocket money!]

[Zhang Xiao: There's no need to calculate some matters so clearly...]

[Li Xiaoyin: @Zhou Jing, Jing Jing, why aren't you saying anything? What time can you give me a definite answer?]

[Li Xiaoyin: Are you asleep? Baby, wake up! @ZhouJing]

The next few messages were all from her as well.

Zhou Jing thought for a moment before replying.

[Zhou Jing: I fell asleep previously and didn't look at my phone. I have time during the day today.]

When the message was sent, he saw that it was a little late and decided to put down his phone to eat something.

However, he did not expect the chat to actually ping with a reply immediately.

[Li Xiaoyin: Haha, Jingjing is finally here!]

[Xu Lingyun: Good lord, what's with your routine now? You slept at 8 PM last night?!]

[Zhang Xiao: Jing, are you feeling weak?]

Zhou Jing's face twitched when he saw this.

What the hell? Everyone is awake at this time. Don't any of you need to sleep?!

[Li Xiaoyin: Hey, everyone is awake. Why don't we just have supper together? That way, I can sleep tonight. Let's go!]

[Zhang Xiao: Eh, that's not a bad idea. I'm hungry from playing games.]

[Xu Lingyun: I was ready to starve for another day, but I actually have something to eat now. Tsk, there's no challenge at all.]

[Zhou Jing: This is too sudden. I haven't even brushed my teeth...]

[Li Xiaoyin: @Zhou Jing, let's go. You've just woken up anyway. Treat it as breakfast!]

Zhou Jing scratched his head.

Deciding to go out for supper in the middle of the night did seem like something a group of best friends would do.

Nightlife in this era was rich, to begin with. Many shops were open all day long... This was the main reason that mechanical workers did not need to rest and could be squeezed without limit—not to mention 9-9-6, they were basically 0-0-7.

(TL Note: 9-9-6 is the slang for working from 9am to 9pm, 6 days a week. So I guess you all know what 0-0-7 is...)

Zhou Jing thought for a moment. It was not impossible. In any case, he had just returned. There were still more than ten hours before the cooldown period for his travel was over. There was nothing urgent he needed to do as well.

If humans were made of metal, then rice would be the steel used to make it; if one did not eat, they would definitely starve to death. It was the same no matter where he went to eat, so if someone treated him to a meal, that would save him some money. After all, he was not rich at the moment.

In addition, Zhou Jing was also a little curious about the good news Li Xiaoyin mentioned.

Although she was usually clamoring every day about finding an opportunity to defy the heavens and change her fate—reaching the peak of her life from then on—with her financial situation, it was rare for her to be so excited that she would treat someone to a meal.

*Then... let's go have a meal.*

Thinking of this, Zhou Jing didn't refuse. He decided on the location and time for supper in the group, put on his jacket, and went out.

...

Even though it was late at night, the sky was dyed in myriad colors by the flashing neon lights—a nightless city.

Zhou Jing boarded the public hovercraft and arrived at the gathering place.

As soon as he got out of the car, he noticed a person squatting on the curb. He was wearing a long-sleeved jacket and had his hands on his sleeves. He looked like an old farmer.

This person also noticed Zhou Jing. His eyes lit up, and he hurriedly raised his hands in his sleeves above his head.

## Chapter 45: Childhood Friends (2)

“Brother, brother, I’m here!”

Zhou Jing took a look and saw a handsome man with sharp eyebrows and bright eyes. However, his chin was covered in sparse stubble that he was too lazy to shave, and he exuded a dispirited and lazy aura.

It was his childhood friend, Xu Lingyun.

Zhou Jing walked over. “What about the other two?”

“Those two still aren’t here. I was the first to come.” Xu Lingyun was still squatting on the ground as he raised his head and replied.

Seeing this, Zhou Jing also squatted down and as he curiously asked.

“Normally, you are always the last to arrive. Why are you the earliest today?”

Xu Lingyun grumbled, “I’ve been hungry all day. I’m just waiting to freeload. Of course I had to come early.”

“It’s just a meal. Must you do this...”

“Well, not really, but my savings have their own thoughts.” Xu Lingyun shrugged.

Zhou Jing’s face twitched when he heard this.

He had almost forgotten that Xu Lingyun’s life was quite stable—stably poor.

His childhood friend’s life had been rough. His parents couldn’t max out the three spots in the fertility welfare fund because one of their children had some defects. In the end, they couldn’t take it anymore and divorced.

His mother formed a new family with someone else, and his father targeted the immigration welfare allowance and participated in the previous batches of interstellar immigrants. Xu Lingyun was abandoned, and from then on, he lived alone.

Xu Lingyun did not choose to go to the orphanage. He grew up casually by himself, and no one cared about him.

He had made an effort to change the current situation, but it had never been possible to immediately reverse the situation with determination. Many times, he didn't even know how to start. Life in poverty and hardship was sometimes like seaweed—even if one wanted to break free, they would only find themselves falling deeper and deeper into a vicious cycle.

In the end, Xu Lingyun just got by. More than once, he said that his plan was to receive welfare benefits. In any case, he would not starve to death in this era. He could just be a salted fish.

Zhou Jing shook his head and shook off these thoughts.

He patted Xu Lingyun's shoulder and joked, "It's fine. With your looks, you can just clean yourself up a bit and hook up a rich woman."

"Forget it." Xu Lingyun rolled his eyes and curled his lips. "I'm not interested in doing physical work."

After a pause, Xu Lingyun suddenly elbowed Zhou Jing and laughed evilly.

"Then how have you been recently? I know that there are many big sisters who like refined young and fresh meat like you. Hurry up and tell me the truth. Have you been in a relationship recently? Have you been corrupted by the beauty and lust of the world?"

"I don't have such thoughts." Zhou Jing shook his head and laughed.

"That's true. I almost forgot. When those female classmates confessed in school, half of them were for you, and the other half were for me. I agreed at least two or three times, but you didn't agree once..."

Xu Lingyun hesitated for a moment before asking in a soft tone.

"Don't tell me you don't like girls?"

"I think you're an eagle burping—you've eaten too many chickens and all that's coming out of your mouth is their farts."

Zhou Jing snapped back.

*I was just focused on my studies, okay!*

Xu Lingyun shook his head and pretended to sigh. "There's definitely something wrong with you. With our looks, it's hard for us to remain clean in this era."

Zhou Jing rolled his eyes. "Stop pretending. Do you think I don't know? You'll blush if you hold a girl's hand. Are you still pretending to be a casanova?"

"What do you mean by blushing... I just have a lot of blood vessels on my face, and they accidentally got congested!"

Xu Lingyun was embarrassed at being exposed.

However, Zhou Jing couldn't be bothered to expose him further. He stood up and kicked Xu Lingyun's butt.

"I'm not going to chat with you anymore. Don't squat here. Go wait in the restaurant. I'm a little cold."

After saying that, he was about to take a step forward when he realized that Xu Lingyun was still squatting on the ground and looking up at him.

"Why are you still squatting? Let's go." Zhou Jing was puzzled.

"Help me up. I don't have the strength to stand up." Xu Lingyun reached out for a hug.

*Nonsense, it would be strange if he had the strength after starving for an entire day...*

Zhou Jing was helpless. Just as he was about to reach out and grab Xu Lingyun, he suddenly stopped.

"Speaking of which, you didn't go to the restaurant before and kept squatting here. Don't tell me you were waiting for someone to arrive and help you up?"

"If you're so smart, then hurry up!"

Zhou Jing's face twitched once more. He grabbed Xu Lingyun's hand and pulled him up from the ground.

Xu Lingyun looked like he had been saved. His legs were numb from squatting for too long, so he could only hold onto Zhou Jing and slowly shuffle forward.

Not long after, the two of them finally arrived at the restaurant they had agreed on. They found a corner booth and ordered drinks while waiting.



About five minutes later, a man and a woman walked into the restaurant. They were the other two childhood friends.

The man's name was Zhang Xiao. He was a round little fatty, clad in a woolen trench coat, a beige scarf around his neck, and a well-made mechanical watch on his wrist. With one look, anyone could tell that he came from a good family.

The other woman was Li Xiaoyin. Her clothes were simple. She wore a wide white and green striped short-sleeved shirt, casual blue pants, and black and white flat canvas shoes. She didn't wear accessories on her.

Her skin was fair, her neck was long, and her face wasn't that stunning. However, she looked clean and lively. Her hair was tied into a ponytail, and it swayed from side to side as she walked.

Li Xiaoyin surveyed the restaurant and quickly noticed Zhou Jing and Xu Lingyun. Her eyes lit up, and she greeted them loudly.

"Yo, brothers!"

Her voice was indeed a little loud. The other customers in the restaurant could not help but turn their heads and look at her strangely.

Li Xiaoyin was not embarrassed at all. She smiled brightly and calmly raised her hand to gesture an apology to the other customers. Then, she ignored the gazes of others and ran all the way to Zhou Jing's seat before sitting down.

Zhang Xiao was a little embarrassed and pretended not to notice the gazes of the other customers. He kept his expression straight and followed behind Li Xiaoyin.

"You two came together?" Zhou Jing was a little curious.

"Haha, doesn't this guy have a car? My house is too far away, so I asked him to drive me here."

Li Xiaoyin laughed and casually patted Zhang Xiao's back, making a muffled sound with each smack.

Zhang Xiao bared his teeth and moved his aching back away in annoyance, "Let's order first."

"Order whatever you want! It's my treat today!"

Li Xiaoyin waved her hand and said generously.

Xu Lingyun chuckled. "No wonder you're so beautiful today. You attracted everyone's attention the moment you came in."

"What's the connection?" Zhang Xiao could not help but question.

"Those who treat are always the best-looking!" Xu Lingyun gave a thumbs up.

Zhang Xiao immediately became indignant. "I've treated you many times, but none of you praised me."

"That's on the premise that you look like a human. Otherwise, praise will also sound like mockery. Do you fulfill this condition? Obviously not."

"Hey, I'm not convinced. You..."

Zhang Xiao rolled up his sleeves and was about to argue.

Zhou Jing rolled his eyes, not wanting to argue with the two of them. He looked at Li Xiaoyin curiously.

"Have you found a job? Why are you so happy today?"

Li Xiaoyin waved her hand and chuckled. "That's not it. I haven't looked for a job in the past few months after graduation."

"Then what are you doing? What's the good news you spoke about in our group?" Zhou Jing was surprised.

"Hmph, don't be frightened."

Li Xiaoyin smiled proudly and placed her thumb on her chest.

"I'm a Super now!"

The atmosphere froze.

## **Chapter 46: Super (1)**

Xu Lingyun and Zhang Xiao also stopped bickering and looked at Li Xiaoyin in surprise.

"Don't you believe me?" Li Xiaoyin raised her eyebrows.

Xu Lingyun pondered for a few seconds before raising his hand to touch Li Xiaoyin's forehead. "Do you have a fever?"

“Go touch your balls.” Li Xiaoyin slapped his hand away angrily.

Zhang Xiao was shocked. “Well, this news is too sudden. I wasn’t prepared at all...”

Zhou Jing scratched his forehead. “I’m a little surprised... but I believe it.”

Li Xiaoyin immediately beamed with joy and slammed the table.

“It’s still my Jingjing who trusts me the most!”

“Don’t always call me that. It feels strange...”

Zhou Jing was helpless.

This news indeed shocked him, but it was not to the extent that he did not believe it. After all, something even more magical had technically happened to him.

Therefore, Zhou Jing’s acceptance of such matters was unprecedentedly strong. Even if the Interstellar Joint Government were to announce its dissolution tomorrow, he felt that he would still be able to take it with the calm eyes of a dead fish.

However, he had to ask in detail what was going on...

Before the three of them could ask, Li Xiaoyin openly explained everything.

“I don’t remember the date, but a few days ago, I woke up early in the morning and inexplicably obtained superpowers. I almost blew up the house and attracted the people from the Supers Bureau. They said that I had awakened and lost control. Then, they dragged me to do a test and asked me to register as a Super. It was only yesterday that I got my official ID... Let me show you.”

Li Xiaoyin took out a tattered wallet covered in cute stickers from her pocket. There was a photo of four people within, and they all had childish looks.

She took out a black card with silver words on it from her wallet and slapped it on the table. Xu Lingyun and Zhang Xiao leaned over to take a look curiously.

Zhou Jing also took a look and compared it to the Super ID he had found online.

*Hmm... this looks like a very legitimate form of identification. There’s a name, date of birth, registration time, and a photo with the logo of the Supers Bureau in the background.?*

It was not a fake identification.

The Supers Bureau was officially known as the “Superpower Management and Control Bureau.” It was the direct agency of the Interstellar Joint Government. Its responsibility was to manage the Supers of the entire civilization and resolve the problems of losing control of the various superpowers.

Be it awakening or mutation, registering in this organization would officially certify Supers. They would then get different treatment, rights, subsidies, and so on.

In the various member states, there were branches of the Supers Bureau to facilitate the management of Supers of various nationalities.

In this current era, Supers were not rare. Ordinary people could see them displaying their might in the Super League or follow them on social media as they shared their lives online. However, there were very few opportunities to come into contact with them personally in life. Supers were a relatively closed ecological circle.

To commoners, the world of Supers was separated by a layer of gauze. They could see it vaguely, but it was difficult to touch. When Supers did not appear in the public eye, it was difficult for ordinary people to know what they were doing.

*The information I've learned about Supers so far is all gathered from the Internet. I can't find some deep-level things. Perhaps I can ask Xiaoyin...*

Zhou Jing's heart skipped a beat.

Only those who had personally experienced the social ecology of the Supers would be able to completely understand it. He originally never had the means to find out, but now, there was someone who knew about it besides him... Although she was still a newbie at the moment.

Speaking of which, he was still working hard to become a Super, but Li Xiaoyin had naturally awakened and directly became a Super... But Zhou Jing did not have any other emotions and was calm.

He already had Astral Travel with unfathomable potential, so he didn't need to be jealous.

Besides, he was also happy for his childhood friend.

Among the four of them, Zhang Xiao's family background was the best. His family owned a company. Although he was not very popular with his family and was typically marginalized, he did not lack anything.

On the other hand, although Xu Lingyun's background was bumpy, in terms of misery, Li Xiaoyin was the true heavyweight.

Li Xiaoyin was a real orphan who had no parents. She grew up in the orphanage, and when she reached the age of admission, she entered the school in a daze. However, there were always ignorant brats who formed groups to bully her.

They even mocked her for having no parents and usually hid her school bag between classes, throwing it into the men's toilet and even tearing up her textbooks that were filled with learning notes.

However, even though she had a miserable background and had to face all kinds of difficulties, Li Xiaoyin was not affected. She faced everything with a smile and developed a forthright and cheerful personality.

... After all, there was nothing to be depressed about after beating up all the people who bullied her.

Especially the boy who tore her textbook. During class, Li Xiaoyin kicked the door open and barged into the classroom, dragging him all the way from his seat to the female bathroom. Amidst the boy's heart-wrenching cries, she gave him a "friendly lecture," making him reflect on his mistakes and feel so ashamed that he did not return to school for half a month.

Li Xiaoyin grew up in this way. She had always lived alone and was not financially well-off as well.

Now that she had become a Super, she no longer had to worry about her livelihood in the future. Just the allowance from the Supers Bureau was enough for her to live comfortably. It was many times better than now. She had changed her fate. Zhou Jing was indeed happy for her.

At this moment, Xu Lingyun suddenly pointed at a column on the document and asked curiously.

"Eh? How come this says that you're only a Preparatory Super?"

"That's right. I haven't taken the test yet. Of course I'm considered as Preparatory."

## **Chapter 47: Super (2)**

Li Xiaoyin explained matter-of-factly.

There were many types of superpowers in the world, and each had its own cultivation methods. Every set had its own standards for differentiating realms. Some superpowers could not even be cultivated or developed.

Therefore, in order to facilitate statistics and management, the Interstellar Joint Government did not differentiate the strength of Supers according to any system. Instead, they let Supers take the test themselves!

The Supers Bureau stipulated the strength level of all Supers. No matter what ability a person had, as long as their strength reached the corresponding level and they passed the relevant assessment, they would be assigned to a certain rank.

The higher their rank, the better the treatment.

The current Super level system was divided into seven ranks, each with a different badge and name. However, for the sake of convenience, most people directly used the rank system.

Ranks 1 and 2 belonged to the grassroots. Rank 3 and 4 were the backbone of the human race's strength, where the majority lay. Their actual strength was already very shocking, and those Rank 5 and above belonged to the category of high-level Supers.

As for the peak Rank 7 Supers, there were only a mere few dozen of them even today, when the total population of civilization was already in the trillions.

Supers who had just registered were only at the Preparatory Level because they did not have the time to take the test. They only received the most basic treatment. This was the case for Li Xiaoyin.

"I see..."

Zhang Xiao understood the situation better now. He shook his chin and asked curiously, "Then what is your ability? What rank do you think it can reach?"

Xu Lingyun rubbed his stubble and analyzed it seriously.

"Xiaoyin... Oh, no, Big Sister Yin! Speaking of which, you're usually so violent... I mean, you can fight, so you can't have awakened a superpower like extraordinary strength, right?"

Hearing this, Zhang Xiao nodded vigorously in agreement. "Maybe she's like that Super League player who can directly transform into an ape beast!"

"Yes, yes, yes. This ability is simply tailor-made for Sister Yin!" Xu Lingyun gave a thumbs up.

"... Are you two crazy?"

The corner of Li Xiaoyin's eyes twitched as she clenched her fists, her knuckles making menacing popping sounds.

Zhou Jing smiled and interrupted, "So I'm also quite curious about your ability."

"Right, no more jokes." Xu Lingyun waved his hand, his unshaven face full of interest. "Sister Yin, show us your skills and broaden our horizons."

"Well... the Supers Bureau made me sign a lot of agreements. One of them is that I don't advocate using my abilities in my daily life unless it's necessary. My allowance will be deducted."

Li Xiaoyin blinked.

Zhang Xiao quickly said, "Then don't use it here. We can't possibly force you to deduct your money."

Hearing this, Li Xiaoyin raised her eyebrows and smiled nonchalantly.

"Heh, who cares about the agreement? Since my brothers want to see it, I'll use it a little. It's just a little money. If you want to deduct it, so be it!"

With that, before the three of them could continue asking questions, she raised a finger and carefully tapped it on the table.

Dong.

With the point of contact between the fingertip and the table as the center, a faint white wave of air suddenly burst out.

The force was very light. The bowls and plates on the table jumped at the same time and were pushed outwards.

Two plates even fell off the table. Fortunately, Zhou Jing reacted quickly and caught them.

Li Xiaoyin raised her eyebrows proudly. "I'm not familiar with it yet, so I still can't control the power well. Fortunately, I didn't break anything... How is it? Do you understand?"

Xu Lingyun blinked and hesitated for a moment before nodding.

"I understand. Your ability is to fart with your fingers."

"Get lost." Li Xiaoyin scolded jokingly, "It's to release shock waves, you silly sh\*t!"

"That's true. A fart isn't that strong unless it's a special kind." Xu Lingyun agreed.

Zhou Jing couldn't help but interrupt, "Are you trying to make things difficult for us? I suspect that you're deliberately affecting our appetite so that you can snatch our food later."

"Eh, how are you so smart today?"

Xu Lingyun was shocked.

Zhou Jing held his forehead, not wanting to continue this dirty topic.

Speaking of which, as long as the strength of the shock wave was increased, it seemed to be quite the fierce skill.

Based on his many years of experience watching the Supers League, this was most likely another powerful style of combat.

He turned to look at Li Xiaoyin and said thoughtfully, "Your ability seems quite powerful. As long as you develop it well and increase its intensity, its destructive power will be astonishing."

"Right, right? I think so too!" Li Xiaoyin nodded excitedly.

"Moreover, this is clearly a destructive ability. It's more than enough to survive in the Super League. When the time comes, you might even become a celebrity player."

"That's right!"

"If you don't want to play in the Supers League, it's not a bad choice to join the Supernatural Bureau directly. If you get an official position, you'll be walking on a paved golden road."

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"..."

Zhou Jing looked at Li Xiaoyin, who was nodding in agreement and was a little speechless.

"Did you not think about what you wanted to do after you have superpowers?"

Li Xiaoyin scratched her head in embarrassment. Her eyes curved into crescents as she smiled like a silly dog. "I was too busy thinking about sharing the good news with you guys. I haven't thought about this carefully."

"... You're still so carefree."



Zhou Jing was helpless and could not help but laugh.

Although there were some conflicts regarding the interstellar development of various countries, they were all small problems. Superhumans did not have much use for their abilities. If they wanted to display their abilities in battle, they could only go to the Supers League. That was a legal arena and also the most popular program.

If they became famous, they could still be celebrities. There were s, endorsements, acting invitations, and various other benefits. It was a popular choice for Superhumans to work in.

As for the rest of the employment directions, although they would still have a lot of choices, they were generally similar to ordinary people. It was just that their treatment would be slightly better, and the form of work they did would be a little different. In addition, as Supers, they would naturally be more popular in their workplace.

According to the information Zhou Jing had found, it was a peaceful era now. Materialistically, it could barely be considered a prosperous era as well. Other than dealing with some terrorism and illegal supers organizations, there was no need for the combat power of Supers. Even interstellar development and interstellar exploration rarely required Supers, so “management” was more important than “use.”

Most of the time, Supers were just an ordinary part of society. Although they did not have to work hard to survive, they could not do whatever they wanted. The law was still more important than anything else.

Li Xiaoyin could release shock waves. From the looks of it, it seemed to be much stronger than the Mutant Blood Warrior system in the Mutant World. After all, the Physical Enhancement category was a little monotonous.

However, Zhou Jing was not discouraged. The Mutant Blood Warrior system was the only supernatural power that he had a chance of obtaining at the moment. It was enough for him to become a Super and satisfy the needs of his plan.

He was not a competitive person. He would never despise what he was given just because others had better ones, not to mention that Li Xiaoyin was his best friend.

Moreover, in the long run, there were infinite possibilities for astral travel. As long as he explored it, he would have a chance to discover more supernatural powers.

At this moment, Zhang Xiao suddenly said something that stunned everyone.

“It’s said that after every Super who awakens naturally will obtain an assistant slot. They will have the authority to buy a gene potion and give it to the chosen assistant to use... Xiaoyin, why don’t you sell this slot to me?”

## Chapter 48: Loyal (1)

“Assistant slot? I have that?” Li Xiaoyin looked surprised.

“... Don't tell me you didn't read the things to take note of in the Supernatural Bureau? Besides, you can find out about this on the Internet.”

Zhang Xiao had a helpless look on his face. He really did not know what to say about Li Xiaoyin's “unconcerned” behavior.

This slot was so precious, yet she did not care at all!

Zhang Xiao had no choice but to explain to the confused Li Xiaoyin.

There were many types of superpowers in the main world, but in a certain sense, they could be divided into two types of people.

One was a “Natural Superhuman” who had awakened, cultivated or was lucky enough to successfully mutate and produce his own abilities.

The other was to use genetic potions, mechanical prosthetics, and other methods to produce “artificial Supers.”

All the governments had a genetic potion industry that could strengthen the bodies of ordinary people to extraordinary levels. However, genetic potions were strictly controlled, and every portion was supervised. They were not circulated to the public and were generally digested internally. For example, they were used by law enforcement departments like the military and the police to strengthen themselves to become superhuman soldiers.

Ordinary people did not have the means to buy genetic potions.

However, after every newly awakened natural Super was registered, they would receive special treatment. They would be qualified to choose a person to be their assistant.

If the assistant they chose was an ordinary person, the Supernatural Bureau would open up a channel for genetic potions to allow said Super to buy one and strengthen this assistant to the level of a superhuman. In the future, the assistant would also become a “superhuman” recognized by the Supernatural Bureau and enjoy all kinds of treatment.

Generally speaking, every natural Superhuman only had one assistant, but the choice of assistant was almost arbitrary.

This meant that as long as the Super agreed, all ordinary people without criminal records were fair game.

This was also the most likely way for ordinary people to obtain the genetic potion.

Therefore, every Super's assistant spot was a treasure that could not be bought with money. Countless rich people would wave their money around just to obtain a chance to become supernatural beings!

This could be a benefit for the Super to use for family or friends.

Or they could choose not to select an ordinary person but a "Super Soldier King" who had long been strengthened and had practiced a lot of military skills as his assistant.

However, Supers could also let others spend money to buy this spot, which would net them a sum. Although it was not recommended, it was still tacitly feasible. In any case, there was only one spot, and it could be handed over to Super to deal with on their own.

After hearing the explanation, Li Xiaoyin understood and blinked.

"So, you want to be my assistant and obtain a genetic potion to become a Super?"

Zhang Xiao nodded repeatedly. "Yes, I want to buy this spot."

Li Xiaoyin chuckled. "Hey, with our relationship, what's there to talk about buying or not?"

"That won't do." Zhang Xiao shook his head firmly. "Since we're friends, I can't let you suffer..."

After becoming a Super, he would not be short of money in the future. However, Li Xiaoyin had always been short of money in the past, and Zhang Xiao did not want to take advantage of his friends.

Actually, Zhang Xiao had limited money and was already prepared to borrow money to succeed in this deal.

Although his family ran a company, it was a large family, and he was a marginalized person within the family. His family had already arranged for him to work with other marginalized siblings in the future to help the real successor of the family and maintain and strengthen the family business.

They had to act according to the mood of those at the top, and most of their siblings accepted such an arrangement.

But Zhang Xiao was unwilling to do so. He was still a little ambitious. Compared to the living arrangements that could be seen at a glance, he wanted to find his own way out more, but he did not find any opportunities to break from his mold.

Now that he had discovered the opportunity to become a Super, he was naturally tempted.

“In that case...”

As Li Xiaoyin’s eyes darted around, she suddenly thought of something and hesitated.

Seeing this, Zhang Xiao thought that Li Xiaoyin was worried about the money and immediately said, “The money will be paid according to the market price. Give me some time to gather it. I...”

Li Xiaoyin suddenly interrupted Zhang Xiao and shook her head. “It’s not about money. It’s just that... I don’t think you need this spot that much.”

Zhang Xiao was stunned, not knowing what she meant.

Li Xiaoyin thought for a moment and decided to be direct.

“We’ve been friends for so many years. I don’t want to beat around the bush, so I’ll just tell you the truth... Your family is quite rich. Whether you become a Super or not, your life is still not bad. I just feel that someone needs this spot more than you.”

Zhang Xiao sat there with his mouth agape.

At this moment, Li Xiaoyin turned to look at Xu Lingyun and snapped her fingers. “Bro, wanna be my assistant?”

Xu Lingyun had been silently watching the two of them communicate and did not feel that this matter had anything to do with him at all. At this moment, he got a rude shock.

“Hey, this Big Sister Yin, don’t cause trouble. Why are you suddenly talking about me? I didn’t say I wanted this spot!”

“Then you really don’t want it?” Li Xiaoyin raised her eyebrows.

Xu Lingyun pursed his lips and suddenly fell silent.

If one were to ask him if he wanted it, he would definitely want it. And he desired it more than anyone else.

Anyone would want a chance to become a supernatural being. As long as he became a Super, he would be able to get out of his current poor and desperate situation. His life would have hope.

However, after hearing Zhang Xiao explain the preciousness of the assistant slot, Xu Lingyun held back his desire. He knew that he could not afford it and was not worthy.

## Chapter 49: Loyal (2)

Xu Lingyun also didn't want to take advantage of his friend, so he couldn't speak confidently like Zhang Xiao. He just watched the two of them discuss silently, but he didn't expect Li Xiaoyin to suddenly want to throw this spot at him.

*What the hell? She's just asking me without even thinking about it first.*

This style of doing things was very in line with Li Xiaoyin's personality...

*But don't you care what Zhang Xiao thinks? He was the one who suggested it first!*

After some deliberation, Xu Lingyun sighed.

"Sister Yin, I don't want to lie either. Who doesn't want this spot? But this spot is too precious. I can't afford it at all, and I don't want to take advantage of you. Moreover, Zhang Xiao was the one who said this first. If not for him, I wouldn't have known about this. How could I snatch his opportunity..."

Hearing this, Zhang Xiao's expression turned complicated.

He wanted to buy the assistant spot from Li Xiaoyin, but in the end, it still depended on whether Li Xiaoyin was willing to sell it to him or not. How she handled it was her business, and if she didn't want to sell the spot to him, it was fine.

He did not think that the benefits would fall on him just because they were friends.

However, Li Xiaoyin did not want money and generously gave the spot to another childhood friend who needed help more. This action and reason made him not know what to say.

To be honest, he felt a little uncomfortable and could not help but feel that he had been treated differently. However, when he thought of Li Xiaoyin's usual personality, he knew that she did not mean that. She was just slow when it came to interpersonal relationships and was never the kind of person who was smooth-talking.

Seeing Xu Lingyun's terrified expression, Zhang Xiao felt even more complicated. He naturally had a good relationship with Xu Lingyun.

He was conflicted. On the one hand, he was unwilling to give up this opportunity, but on the other hand, he was conflicted about the current situation.

After a while, Zhang Xiao gritted his teeth as if he had made up his mind.

"Xiaoyin is right. You need this spot more than I do. To put it bluntly, without this spot, I would still be a rich kid, but you... Sigh. Although I was the one who suggested this, the spot still belongs to Xiaoyin. I only reminded her, but it doesn't mean that this is my chance. She has the right to do anything to the assistant spot. You don't have to mind me."

Zhang Xiao was conflicted. He wanted to be an assistant and become a Super to make a career, but compared to Xu Lingyun's dire situation, he felt that there was no need to insist on fighting for it.

His own troubles could not reach the level of threatening his survival, and he still had a lot of choices. It was not like this was the only way. He felt that there was no need to snatch the opportunity for his best friend to change his fate... Besides, Li Xiaoyin was the one who would make the decision.

With Li Xiaoyin's personality, even if he had suggested this in private, she would most likely not sell it to him unless she saw that his situation was really necessary.

Although he was reluctant, Zhang Xiao still decided that as long as Xu Lingyun needed it, he would not fight for it and not make things difficult for his friend.

"How loyal!" Li Xiaoyin patted Zhang Xiao's shoulder.

"You're so offensive. If it wasn't me sitting here, anyone else would hate you." Zhang Xiao's tone was helpless.

"Ah, is that so? Then I'm sorry, I'm sorry. You know I don't know much about these things... I just feel that we brothers can say anything openly." Li Xiaoyin was a little surprised, then scratched her head in embarrassment.

"You don't have to apologize. I'm not so ignorant as to feel that someone has let me down just because I can't get something. Besides, you're not wrong. Lingyun indeed needs it more than me." Zhang Xiao shook his head and sighed. "Honestly speaking, you're much more righteous and loyal than me."

She did not even want the chance to sell such a precious slot. Instead, she gave it away for free to help her brother in need... He felt that this was what true loyalty was.

Li Xiaoyin did not hesitate. She turned to look at Xu Lingyun and said straightforwardly, "You know me. I don't like to be polite. Anyway, this is the situation. I'm just asking if you want it."

"Sister Yin..."

Xu Lingyun wanted to say something but hesitated. In the end, he mustered up his courage and said, "Don't tell me you like me? Let me make it clear in advance. Although we're familiar with each other, I only treat you as a brother and have no earthly interest in you. I still prefer someone gentler..."

"Get lost! I'm not interested in a boy toy like you!"

Li Xiaoyin cursed.

Xu Lingyun scratched his head and put away his joking expression. He looked at the three of them and hesitated for a while before taking a deep breath and saying in a rare serious tone.

"Sister Yin, since we've already reached this point, I want this spot and am willing to be your assistant."

"That's more like it. If you want it, just say it. Why are you so shy? I hate peoples who always pretend to be polite." Li Xiaoyin laughed and teased, "But as my assistant, you have to at least shave your stubble clean. I don't want to bring such a sloppy assistant around."

"No problem!" Xu Lingyun slapped his thigh and immediately said, "Not to mention stubble, even if you want me to shave all the hair on my body, it won't be a problem!"

"That's not necessary..."

Li Xiaoyin's mouth twitched in slight disgust.

Zhou Jing had been watching silently. Seeing that they had finished chatting, he smiled and said, "Congratulations."

The three of them turned to look at Zhou Jing. Only then did they realize that Zhou Jing had not spoken at all.

"Why didn't you say anything just now?" Li Xiaoyin poked Zhou Jing's arm.

Zhou Jing smiled. "I don't need this spot. It's not convenient for me to interrupt."

This assistant slot was indeed a way to become a Super. It could directly exempt him from immigration, which was also useful to him.

However, he already had the Astral Travel Interface, so he only needed to carry out his plan to become a Super. Therefore, Zhou Jing did not have any thoughts about it. Moreover, he did not intend to fight for the opportunity to change his friend's fate.

Everyone had their own interests at heart, but if one only placed benefits in their eyes and kept thinking that all the good things should belong to them, they would easily lose their friends.

Hence, Zhou Jing decided not to speak and just remain quiet.

But then again, these three best friends were really kind. Even if he wasn't the one who benefited this time, he still felt gratified.

Hearing this, Zhang Xiao gave him a thumbs up.

Xu Lingyun also bowed to Zhou Jing with gratitude in his eyes.

Anyone would want to be a Super, but Zhou Jing said that he didn't want it. Was that possible?

It had to be an act.

The two of them felt that Zhou Jing definitely wanted it in his heart, but for the sake of their friend, they could only hold back their desire and not speak.

In their eyes, he was just as loyal.

"As expected of Jingjing!" Li Xiaoyin chuckled.

They had been best friends for many years, and their relationship was the same. Zhang Xiao was quite rich, and in her opinion, there was no need to help him. Although Zhou Jing was not that rich, at least he had a family, and his life was stable. She felt that there was no need to help him much. In the end, she still felt that Xu Lingyun needed help the most.

Her thoughts were simple. There was only one spot, so she had to give it to the friend who needed it the most.

As for the fact that this assistant slot was very valuable... that was not a problem. Even if her life was financially tight, she still felt that money could be earned at any time.

Seeing that the three of them had misunderstood, Zhou Jing shook his head and did not explain.

He did not intend to talk about his current situation. It would be useless if he did. Besides, it was not appropriate to talk about it in this situation.



Only his immediate family had the right to waive the forced immigration. Even if Li Xiaoyin became a Super, she would not be able to directly help him in his current situation.

He still had to use his own plan to resolve his situation and tell his friends in the future. Otherwise, he would have to spend a lot of effort explaining.

At this moment, Li Xiaoyin put away her Superhuman ID and said generously,

“Today, I specially brought everyone here to celebrate. Everyone knows that I’ve become a Super. If you have any problems in the future, just look for me! Don’t stand on ceremony with me!”

“Definitely, definitely.” Zhou Jing nodded.

Li Xiaoyin changed the topic. “It’s just me. How have you been recently? Jingjing, how are you?”

“I’ve been doing well recently.”

Zhou Jing shook his head and smiled without saying anything.

He turned to look at Zhang Xiao. Seeing that Zhang Xiao still looked a little dispirited, he thought for a moment and patted his arm.

“Don’t think too much about it. This isn’t the first time we know Xiaoyin. She’s a little stupid, but she doesn’t mean anything else.”

“... Don’t worry, you don’t have to comfort me. This isn’t the first day you’ve known me either.”

Zhang Xiao composed himself and let go of the grudge in his heart. He also gave a genuine smile.

If he only cared about benefits, with his family background, he would not have played with the three of them since they were kids.

## **Chapter 50: Three Months (1)**

The atmosphere was lively. They ate until it was almost dawn before they parted ways and went home.

Although Zhou Jing wanted to ask Li Xiaoyin for some internal information about the Supers, she was also a newbie at the moment and given her “unconcerned about trifles”

attitude, she might not know as much as he did, so Zhou Jing temporarily suppressed this idea.

After returning to the rental house, Zhou Jing rested for a while. After sobering up, he started to plan out a detailed schedule according to the training plan.

After a while, the cooling down period finally ended.

“Now is the time to see the results...”

Zhou Jing rubbed his sore eyes and turned off the computer that he was using to search for information.

He lay back on the bed and closed his eyes.

“Enter!”

...

Buzz—

His consciousness returned to the preparatory space, still surrounded by stars.

Zhou Jing looked at the huge fluorescent panel. The results of his placement were displayed:

[The placement of Jason·Wood has ended.]

[You may view the Placement benefits report (Automatically Expanded)]

[Duration: 18 days (Astral Realm Time)]

[Reward: +210 Astral Points]

[Accumulated Rewards: 210 / 2,000 Astral Points]

[Ability Growth: [Hunter’s Breath—Forging] Level 1 → Level 2, [Weapon Mastery—Hunting Blade] Level 1 → Level 2, [Weapon Mastery—Heavy Blade] Level 0 → Level 1

[Triggered Achievement: None]

[Current Placement rating: Average]

[Do you want to see the experience log?]

“Wow, he’s still alive!”

Zhou Jing's tense heart relaxed.

*Not only that but his skills had also been upgraded... It seemed that the plan was feasible. His development in Frostwood Village was indeed stable.*

The benefits of Placement were indeed not bad. As long as he laid the foundation during his descent and had a stable environment, performing a placement would be of great use.

He opened the log and viewed all of Jason·Wood's experiences during his placement in the first person image.

Furthermore, there were additional note notifications at those contact nodes where he encountered events, improved skills, and interacted with people.

The experience during the placement could be slowly seen or directly absorbed and turned into memories. The latter was more efficient.

Zhou Jing took a look. There were no special events during the time Jason·Wood was placed. According to the set "Focus on cultivation" plan, he spent most of his time training.

Other than occasionally interacting with Barong, Griff, and the others, he would be silent and would not take the initiative to raise the topic. He would keep a low profile and focus on training... It was also possible that this was Jason·Wood's determined and martial nature at work.

*Oh, it looks quite normal. There's nothing strange about the way the placement works. At most, he is now much quieter than when I was personally controlling... It seems that the higher the synchronization rate, the more complicated the response that the can make. It's fine now. I don't have to do anything.*

Zhou Jing thought to himself.

If the s had good personalities, they would be more stable.

In short, this confirmation of the effect of the placement mode had already reached his expectations.

"Next is to maintain the current situation and let this develop."

Zhou Jing confirmed his plans to himself.

...

...

The passage of time did not change according to human will.

The sun rose and the moon set, and the seasons changed.

Three months passed in the blink of an eye in the Mutant World.

At the training ground of Frostwood Village, a strong figure held a heavy black saber as he smoothly practiced the basic saber techniques.

Sweep, slash, stab, smash, thrust... Every move was full of power, sweeping up a low whistling wind.

Hoomph!

The figure slashed down one last time, and the blade suddenly stopped a few centimeters above the ground. The force blew away the dust, showing the precise control of strength used.

Hoomph!

Zhou Jing put away his saber and stood up. He let out a breath of turbid air, and his muscles trembled at a high frequency.

“My breathing technique has finally leveled up.”

He opened the interface and took a look. [Hunter's Breath: Forging] had finally reached Level 4.

This was the fourth time he had descended to Jason-Wood. The time he added together from his projections and placements had already allowed the character to survive in the Mutant World for more than three months.

Most of the time, he developed in Frostwood Village. Occasionally, he would follow the hunters into the forest and hunt some ordinary prey to provide meat for the village. As he did not go too deep into the forest, he did not encounter the Subterraneans.

There were very few people in Frostwood Village. Nothing happened during the days when he was focused on cultivating, and there were no irregularities. The village was, after all, only that large, so in the past three months, he had become familiar with most of the villagers.

The result of his cultivation was mainly Hunter's Breathing Techniques. As his skill level increased, even if he had the Accelerated Learning function, the time needed to reach the next level would also increase.

In the first month, [Hunter's Breath: Forging] had risen two levels to Level 2, and in the next two months, it had only risen to Level 4.

Zhou Jing also understood why the cost of Accelerated Learning was only a guaranteed minimum. In fact, he could invest unlimited Astral Points to further increase his learning speed. If he reached a very high level, even if he activated the minimum speed of Accelerated Learning, it might take him a few years to level up his skills.

Just like ordinary people, the more difficult a skill was, the harder it was to improve.

In addition, in addition to the improvement of the Hunter's Breathing Technique, he had also mastered the skills of hunting blades, heavy blades, sabers, and other knife-type weapons. After learning three similar weapons, the skills of these similar weapons fused into a skill and became [Weapon Mastery – Blade Technique].

“Being able to train up these two abilities in three months is already comparable to the results of others in ten years...”