

Astral Apostle

Chapter 4: Astral Traversing (1)

Back in his room...

Zhou Jing threw himself onto the bed and looked up at the ceiling in a daze. His mind was a mess.

Originally, his plan was to get a degree in a higher education institute so that it would be easier for him to find a job. He did not need a high salary for his job. It would be best if he stayed closer to home.

His Eldest Brother and Second Brother had separated from the family and went their separate ways. They all went out to live and rarely came back. Meanwhile, his parents were getting older, and his remaining three younger brothers and sisters were still underage. The oldest was only ten years old and still needed to be cared for.

One of the grown-up children thus had to stick around to protect the family. Since his two elder brothers were unwilling to hamper their futures, he had to take responsibility. Zhou Jing's plans after graduation were to work nearby and take care of his family at the same time.

As for his career and future, he would just take it slow. He could wait until his younger siblings reached adulthood before considering any further. After all, he did not have such big ambitions for his career path and felt that he was still young and could afford to wait. He didn't need to be as anxious as his two older brothers.

However... the sudden forced migration disrupted his future plans.

He had nothing to say about the official policies, but the attitude of his family was really "heartwarming."

In the interstellar era, due to various reasons, the concept of "family" had long gradually faded. However, even though the relationship between family members was somewhat indifferent, Zhou Jing had always been careful to protect them. He felt that they were still family in his heart.

However, despite him cherishing his family... they didn't seem to reciprocate. Compared to asking him to stay, his father and brothers seemed to want an extra interstellar immigrant to bring them possible career benefits... Or rather, everyone was against being selected as the forced immigrant, so they couldn't wait to make him the scapegoat.

"They're sacrificing me so that everyone benefits?"

Zhou Jing stared blankly at the ceiling for a while before turning his head and looking around the room.

The edge of the table was missing a corner, and there was a piece of tape wrapped around it. It had been broken when he was nine years old. The curtains were missing two hooks, which he had taken to use as earrings in his middle school, and accidentally lost them. That was when he was... 12.

There were also seven different Supers League posters around his room. He had been a loyal fan of the league series since he was 13 years old. These posters were the different celebrity players that he liked...

And here... and there...

Zhou Jing's gaze slowly and carefully swept across every corner of the room despite it only being 12 square meters wide.

He had lived in this room for more than ten years. There were traces of his own life everywhere.

Outside the window was a familiar scenery that he had seen for more than ten years. The setting sun hung on the horizon, covering the steel forest with a golden coat. The speed-limited hover car leisurely passed through the tall buildings. The signboards of the tall buildings in the distance lit up and began to emit colorful neon lights as if announcing the arrival of nighttime.

There were familiar families and friends here, familiar streets and buildings. He had practically spent his youth here.

No matter how far away a city was from another city, they were still considered under the same blue sky. As for the distance between the two planets, they were so far away that it seemed beyond reach.

Interstellar migration was a hit-and-miss thing. Some were willing to leave, and some wanted to stay. Some wanted to abandon their past and pursue the benefits of being a pioneer, while others were unwilling to leave the land where they had lived for a long time, unable to meet their family and friends again.

Ever since he was young, Zhou Jing had never thought of the possibility of leaving. He did not want to leave yet... However, no one could help him. He could only rely on himself.

“As long as you are selected to be forced to migrate, unless there are special circumstances, you must follow the official arrangements to emigrate... Special circumstances?”

Zhou Jing muttered to himself. Suddenly, his gaze locked onto the Supers League posters.

He suddenly sat up, took out his phone, and searched for the policies and support clauses of Supers. His gaze swept across the many complicated policies and finally stopped on one of them. He read it out loud softly:

“Anyone who meets the definition of ‘Super’ is not within the range of the galactic immigrants. If you randomly draw a quota for the forced immigration, you will be exempted unconditionally. There is no need for approval, and your immediate family will also enjoy this right.”

“Super... If I become a Super, I will be exempt from forced immigration...”

Zhou Jing muttered to himself, his eyes shining.

“Is there a possibility that I will become a Super the moment I wake up tomorrow?”

“If I raise my hands, the sky will collapse. If I stomp my feet, the earth will sink. No matter how big the world is, I can go wherever I want.”

He couldn’t help but daydream for a while. In the end, he stopped his fantasy and gently slapped himself before sighing.

There were several ways to become a Super: genetic potions, obtaining Super Knowledge, developing mutations, etc. However, these were not things that an ordinary person like him could come into contact with.

Genetic potions were strictly controlled by the government. They could not be found on the shelves, and they were not supported by e-commerce. Ordinary people could not buy them even if they wanted to. The spread of superpower knowledge was also strictly controlled, and civilians could not come into contact with it.

As for mutation, he would have to find an environment or experiment that could give him mutations. Then he would have to ensure a mutation stuck to him if he found it. It was more likely that he would pass on, full of weird things sticking out of him.

Under the strict control of the government of the Community, the only way for ordinary people to become Supers was through “self-awakening.”

However, talent was the biggest barrier between humans. Almost the moment one was born, they would know if they were destined to have the talent of a Super.

He had not awakened any sort of superpower for so many years, so it was unrealistic to expect him to suddenly awaken it. If he placed his hopes on a matter with such a low probability, it would be no different from placing his hopes on toilet paper falling from the sky when he ran out of it in the toilet. There was a higher chance of him sitting there and waiting for his sh*t to dry up instead.

“Supers...” Zhou Jing stared at the poster with a complicated expression.

When he was young, like many children, he had also fantasized about becoming a Super. However, as he grew older, he gradually lost his extravagant hopes and accepted the reality that he would be an ordinary person for the rest of his life.

If there was anything good about himself, it was that he was self-aware. He knew that he did not have extraordinary intelligence, an outstanding family background, or astonishing perseverance. Although he was quite good-looking, he was not at the point where God would fight to feed him... In short, he was ordinary.

In the future, he would have a job that he did not like or hate. He would live a standardized life day after day. Like countless ordinary people, he would serve as a cog that turned the wheel of society. The greatest contribution for such people would be to produce offspring and contribute to the expansion of human civilization.

Occasionally, when he was free, he would take a look at the Supers in the Supers League. He yearned to witness the rich and colorful lives of these “superhumans.” However, no matter how much he yearned for it, it was not his world.

“Hahhh... I should think of another way.”

Zhou Jing rubbed his temples and sighed. He removed the plan of becoming a Super from his mind.

Although he felt stifled by his family’s attitude, he tried his best not to think about it. He knew that it wouldn’t help his current situation.

He forced himself to pull himself together and find a way to resolve the dilemma of forced migration.

However, one solution after another appeared, but he rejected them one by one... If it were so easy to get rid of the forced migration, it would not be called “forced.” The Interstellar Joint Government was determined to ensure that there were enough immigrants for every interplanetary expansion.

The more he tried to think of a solution, the more Zhou Jing felt that there was nothing he could do. The sudden loss of control of his future made him feel lost and befuddled.

Unknowingly, the sun had set, and the night sky hung in the sky.

There was no knock on his door throughout this entire time.

He tossed and turned in bed, thinking about where he should go. He didn't know when his sleepiness had crept up, but his eyelids gradually grew heavy, and his thoughts sank into a muddled state.

Time seemed to stretch into thin threads as all kinds of hazy emotions flashed past incessantly.

A nostalgic childhood, a future that left its trajectory, a long-buried fantasy, a life destined to be mediocre, a reality that was difficult to escape from...

All of this floated up and down in his mind, turning into an indescribable dream. It was as if the scale of time had turned into a picture. The past and the future were spread out before his eyes as if he was standing in a higher dimension, silently overlooking his mediocre life.

And here in a daze, half asleep...

A sudden clap of thunder exploded in his mind!

Boom!!!

Zhou Jing's body shuddered violently, and his sleepiness instantly dissipated.

He opened his eyes subconsciously.

At this moment, the view in front of him had changed.

In front of him was no longer the familiar room. In its place was a universe dotted with stars, surrounded by a slowly rotating nebula.

The stars surrounded each other, shining brightly.

He felt as though he was in the middle of a galaxy!

“???”

What was going on?

Did something happen when I was asleep?

Zhou Jing's head was buzzing, and he was confused.

Suddenly, wisps of starlight condensed in front of him and formed a huge fluorescent panel. There were words on it, like a waterfall.

At this moment, a large amount of information surged into his mind!

[Detected an astral disturbance phenomenon... Calibrating coordinates... Discovered a new astral realm, calculating gravitational strength and confluence state... Calculations complete, current status: [Available for placement].]

[Creating astral realm link port... Connecting to the astral time stream... Connection complete!]

[Astral Realm File Recorded —— Current number of recorded realms: 1]

[Current realms available for connection: {Unnamed} Number 001]

[The map is being loaded... Loading complete!]

[Creating a new position... Interface generated!]

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[Current Interface – Trait Profile]

[Name: Will·Wood (Changeable)]

[Race Appearance: Terran (Changeable)]

[Identity: NIL]

[Personality: Doubtful and cautious]

[Style: Conservative]

[Alignment: Lawful, Righteous]

[Pursuit: Power, Honor]

[Synchronized Difficulty Rating: Easy]

[Life Objective: Become a [Mutant Beast Hunter], [Mutant Blood Warrior]. Compile the Mutant Beast Encyclopedia.]

[Apostle Permanence Standard: 0/80 (Click to view more details)]

[Current Interface – Ability Profile]

[Attributes: Physical Fitness 3 (Level 1), Resistance 5 (Level 1), Perception 7 (Level 1), Spirit 4 (Level 1), Energy 0 (Level 0)]

[Aptitude: Survival – [Green], Vitality – [Light Green], Horsemanship – [White], Spearmanship – [White]... (Expand detailed list)]

[Talent: Agility (Increases perception slightly)]

[Free Attribute Points: 4]

[Supernatural Power System: [Spare Slot] x1]

[Skill: None]

[Support Function: [Locked]]

[Rarity Rating: Commoner]

[Full Interface Free Reset Count: 0]

[Selective Parameters Reset Count: 2]

[Do you want to adjust the current Interface?]

[Yes / No]