

Being a God 25

[I'll Quit Being a God](#)

Chapter 25: An Uninvited Guest

After the Double Ninth Festival, the remote Shuisheng Village became quiet.

After the harvest in the fields, there was not much farm work for the villagers. Most of the villagers were at home, and the only thing they needed to care about was the food reserved for the winter.

In this year, the rice was abundant, so there was no need to worry about food for the winter. They just prepared some necessities before the snow closed the mountain.

It was even more quiet in the Cold Feather Mountain not far away.

The huge swirling vortex clouds in the sky still covered the sky of the entire Cold Feather Mountain, with lightning flashing from time to time. Every once in a while, there was some heavenly thunder striking down, and the deafening thunder was heard by people outside of the mountain.

But the villagers of Shuisheng Village had gotten used to this terrifying thunder and were no longer afraid.

The only thing they were curious about was what the Lord Mountain God was doing.

And as time went on day by day, it gradually entered late autumn. The grass and trees in the mountain began to wither and yellow, and the wind whistling between the forests gradually became cold.

Since the late autumn had arrived, the cold winter was not far away.

While the weather was not yet completely cold, the young adults were preparing to go to the nearest city. They all brought food and water and were going to purchase the necessities of life. Almost all of the village youths went to the city except those who stayed guarding the village.

The wilderness was difficult to travel through, with beasts and monsters rampant. Once people leave the range of the Cold Feather Mountain, they may encounter beast attacks at any time.

And the journey was long and would take a long time. The nearest city was said to be close, but with the villagers' walking speed, it would take five to six days to make the round trip.

During these five or six days, the villagers would eat and live in the wilderness. Walk during the day, rest at night. If there were just a few people, they would not be able to resist the monsters and beasts in the wilderness.

If they were unlucky to encounter beasts that were hungry, they would clash, leading to injury and even death.

But this year, nothing happened. The villagers followed the route of previous years, crossed the wilderness and arrived at Luoye City without any problems. Then they spent a day to purchase the necessary supplies for the winter.

On the way back, there were no accidents either.

They did not get attacked by any horrible demons. Although they encountered a few beasts at night, they were just ordinary beasts, and the villagers waved torches and weapons and shouted angrily, then the beasts were scared off.

After the young adults returned to the village, the villagers then conducted another celebration of sacrifice to the Mountain God under the leadership of the old village chief to thank for His blessing. Although this ritual was not on the level of the Double Ninth Festival, it also provided a large amount of incense and wish power.

That massive influx of wish power even woke up Lu Heng, who was in cultivation under the ground.

He was stunned to check, only to find that the villagers were making a sacrifice to him again.

Today was not a festival, why the villagers engaged in rituals again?

He did not understand the cause and effect, and could only make some guesses.

Time passed day by day...

Gradually, the leaves in the mountain all withered. It completely turned cold and had no remaining heat of the autumn. When the mountain wind blew on the face at night, there was some stinging sensation.

In the Shuisheng Village, the life of the villagers had returned to the usual calm. The winter supplies had been purchased and hoarded, and people only needed to stay inside the warmth of their homes to survive in the cold winter.

However, an uninvited guest had come to Shuisheng Village at this moment.

It was a frost day in late October. In the early morning, a thick white fog covered the Cold Feather Mountain. It obscured everything, and even the huge vortex clouds in the mountain could not be seen.

Wang Laoliu, who had put on his hunting bow early in the morning and was ready to call his companions to go hunting in the mountain, heard a strange sound in the mist outside the village after he stepped out of the house.

DONG - DONG - DONG -

A heavy and slow sound resounded outside the village. It was like a heavy beating drum, or some horrible beast walking.

Immediately after, the earth began to slowly shake. Although the magnitude of the trembling was not obvious, Wang Laoliu's face had changed.

He hurriedly ran to the direction of the village entrance, and indeed, it did not take long to hear someone was shouting.

"Monster! Monster!"

Dang dang dang - Dang dang dang -

The bronze bell hanging at the entrance of the village was struck with great force, emitting a sharp warning sound, and the originally quiet village instantly boiled up.

Hearing this warning bell, many villagers who were still asleep climbed out of bed in panic. The men all picked up their weapons and rushed towards the village entrance. Wang Laoliu arrived at the entrance with his hunting bow on his back, ahead of everyone else.

Standing beside the fence surrounded by logs, he saw the scene outside the mists.

What a monster it was!

Its huge figure was several meters tall and like a moving mountain. The huge head alone was as big as Wang Laoliu's small house! The village fences in front of this giant beast were like a fragile flower in the blowing wind.

Wang Laoliu stared in horror at this scene and almost lost the ability to speak.

But the villagers who were on guard on the fence, in turn, were much calmer because they had already been shocked by the huge size of the monster. And what made them put aside their fears for the moment were the figures beside the monster.

This giant tortoise-like behemoth was followed by many people.

Those people were all dressed differently from the people in the Fire Pass country, and most of them were carrying backpacks and things, as if they were migrating. When looking closely, even on the spacious turtle armor of the huge monsters, many bags were tied to the turtle armor.

It seemed that the huge giant turtle monsters were just pack horses for these people.....

The villagers were all nervous and fearful. They had never seen such terrifying monsters before, and even the wolf God in the mountain was not as large as this giant turtle.

And the number of this group of monsters and foreigners seemed to be not a few

In the mist, looking at the villagers on the fence that were in fear and unease, a young girl wearing a grass wreath turned back, and found an old man sitting in the mist resting.

The young girl ran over happily and excitedly and said, "Grandpa Priest, there is a village ahead. It's amazing that such a remote place is inhabited, and it looks like there are many people."

"But they seem to have never seen a spinning turtle and fear it Do you want to go to talk to their village chief?"

Hearing the young girl's narrative, the old man sitting on the roadside resting raised his head. The old man with a head full of white hair was leaning on a pitch-black snake staff, and his cloths was painted with many pale patterns.

Although the muscles on the old man's body had slackened because of old age, this old man in his youth must have been a brave and strong Hercules.

The old man stood up with his snake staff and said, "Since there are townspeople living there, we should explain everything to them and not scare them."

He walked towards the mists ahead with the help of the girl.

And at the entrance of the village, the old village chief had arrived with the clan elders. But they all stood on the ten foot high fence, and they were nervous and awed while observing the giant beasts and figures outside.

When the old priest was helped out by a young girl, the villagers on the fence all noticed them.

And when the old priest came out of the crowd, these foreigners outside the village all saluted the old man.

The old priest arched his hand to those nervous and uneasy villagers on the fence and said, "We are the Li tribe. And we are migrating to this land. We did not expect to disturb you, so I hereby apologize for my tribe."

"We are not bandits, you do not need to be afraid. Next, my people will temporarily settle in the vicinity, next to you all."

"If you need help, you can seek help from our clan. Our people will help you within our ability."

Although the old priest was old, his voice carried throughout the entire Shuisheng village. Whether it was the young adults on the fence at the entrance, or the women and children in the village, the old priest's voice was clearly heard.

This extraordinary performance immediately made the villagers' eyes widen, knowing that they had met someone special.

The old village chief even gripped his walking stick tightly and muttered, "The Li tribe"

He suddenly remembered something and hastily asked, "Is it the Li tribe that migrates everywhere, lives by water, and are good at metallurgy?"

Before the old priest said anything, the young girl who was holding the old man and wearing a grass wreath laughed and said, "You are very knowledgeable..... Yes, we are the Li tribe you are talking about."