

Doomsday Spiritual Artifact Master

Chapter 2: F177 District (2)

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©Still engage in sneak attacks? How shameless!©

Song Ke had a dream.

In the dream, she lay in the shade of grapevines. Aming was still his arrogant and pompous self, dancing around her energetically. Occasionally, he lightly tapped her head with his sharp beak. When she woke up, it felt as if the touch sensation from that time was still lingering on her head.

A whole week had passed since the night Aming underwent a strange transformation and died.

During these days, she had continuously tried to knock on her neighbor's door, but she never received any response. The tightly closed iron door seemed like a self-imposed barrier, cutting off all ill-intentioned prying from the outside world.

Did they go on a trip?

Was that why they didn't have time to feed Aming? But if they went on a trip, why didn't they take Aming with them?

No, something wasn't right. Song Ke's action of knocking on the door gradually came to a halt.

Aming didn't starve to death, absolutely not.

The dark memories rushed in like a nightmare. Every time she remembered Aming's stiff and deformed body and the two rows of sharp teeth protruding from its mouth, her back would shiver with bone-chilling coldness.

Song Ke rested her head against the tightly shut door, exuding a sense of loneliness.

She had lost her only friend.

She had buried Aming on the slope behind the house, with a small mound of dirt and bamboo grasshoppers and grapes on top. Those were its favorites during its lifetime. She also wrote down the news of Aming's death on paper and posted it on the neighbor's door.

Hopefully, the family would see it when they returned.

With her thoughts filled with Aming, Song Ke left the house somewhat dispirited.

Regardless, she couldn't neglect her training at the martial arts school. If her master caught her skipping class, she would inevitably be beaten up.

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The sky hadn't fully brightened yet. The entire District 177 was enveloped in a hazy mist. Occasionally, the sound of waves crashing against the rocks could be heard. The neon signal lights high in the sky continued to twinkle tirelessly, dividing the indigo surface of the sea into scattered fragments.

When Song Ke passed by the dock, she noticed that there were fewer people working today.

Although the dock work was arduous, since no identification was needed and the payment was given daily, it had always been popular among the local young adults. It was quite rare to see such a scarce situation as today.

She cast a puzzled glance around and heard voices coming from a corner.

"...They all took sick leave. There have been fewer and fewer people recently."

"Did Xiao Liu not come today either?"

"Don't you know? Xiao Liu died!"

"What? He was perfectly fine a few days ago. How could this suddenly..."

"Xiao Liu was poisoned! His entire right hand rotted away! Even the police from District C were alarmed by this. They came specially to handle his body."

"No way... people from District C, how could they be willing to clean up District F's mess?"

“That’s because you don’t know how terrifying his death was! I saw it with my own eyes! His eyeballs turned gray, and both eye sockets were bulging. His whole body was as cold as ice.” The man lowered his voice, his tone carrying a hint of fear. “I heard the police won’t allow cremation. They want the forensic examiner to conduct a pathological analysis, and the body has to be sent for autopsy and research. Xiao Lius’s parents fainted on the spot and went crazy when they woke up.”

Song Ke’s footsteps abruptly halted.

Xiao Liu... Xiao Liu! She had just felt that the name was familiar, and it was only here that she realized.

She remembered now, the “Xiao Liu” they were referring to was the young man bitten by a mullet fish that day. And the hand... the bloodied hand... she remembered seeing it back then... his injured hand was his right hand!

In a flash, Song Ke’s heart raced, and she almost instantly connected it to Aming.

Aming was the same way, his body turning cold and rigid, his eyeballs turning gray, exhibiting the exact same symptoms as Xiao Liu!

The more she thought about it, the more her scalp tingled with unease. She dared not stay in place any longer and rushed toward the martial arts school as if fleeing.

She had walked down this small road to Yue Mountain countless times. She could navigate it even with her eyes closed. But today, perhaps due to her imagination, everything seemed deathly quiet. Even the usual cacophony of insects and birds was absent, leaving a silence that was eerie.

The scorching sun still hung overhead, and the scalding sweat continually dripped from her forehead, splattering onto the ground and silently dissipating.

In the cramped environment, there seemed to be an infinite danger lurking. Song Ke quickened her pace, racing to the mountaintop.

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Inside the martial arts school, everything was as lively as usual, with occasional laughter from the students.

Song Ke leaned against the door frame, panting heavily. Her turbulent emotions gradually calmed down. She exhaled heavily and stepped over the threshold. However, after just a few steps, a strong sense of impending danger struck her like a lightning bolt – danger!

A glaring red light suddenly erupted from the corner, like a burning meteor, carrying a murderous intent as it rushed towards her.

Song Ke's pupils slightly constricted. Her upper body leaned back significantly, her supple waist almost folding in half. She executed a graceful backflip and landed lightly. The lethal red light narrowly grazed her forehead.

The attacker fired an empty shot and no longer pursued, sneering in a sinister tone, "Little Stu-stutterer, you react pretty fast."

Song Ke lifted her eyelids to glance at him, then immediately lowered them, remaining silent.

The other person's tone turned unpleasant, "How come you can't even call out someone's name? I remember you have a stutter, but you're not mute, right?"

Song Ke pursed her lips and reluctantly spoke, "Tu-Tun, Tun Qin."

"Tu-Tun, Tun Qin!" Tun Qin mimicked her speech with a twisted grin, his deep brown face exuding ill intentions. "Indeed, you're just a little trash from District F. Who gave you the right to call me by my name? Am I not worthy of being your senior brother?"

Song Ke didn't want to pay attention to his provocation. She turned a corner and headed towards the backyard without any hesitation.

Tun Qin followed with a step, angrily blocking her path, "I'm talking to you, where are you going?"

"I'm going to find, find my master."

Tun Qin didn't seem to like Song Ke's words, and his expression turned cold instantly, "In a hurry to tattle, huh? Heh, you really deserve to be Zhang Ci's child bride. When he's not around, you're in a rush to play the filial role for him. Quite devoted, aren't you?"

Thick malice rushed towards her like a serpent's hiss protruding from the shadows.

Song Ke lowered her head, clenching her fists with an audible sound. If it weren't for the rules in the martial arts school that prohibited random fighting among students, she would have already jumped up and kicked that annoying face, turning the troublemaker Tun Qin into a pighead.

As the two were at a standoff, a clear female voice sounded from behind, "Tun Qin, why are you bullying Junior Sister again?"

The newcomer was stunning with captivating features, dressed in a sleek combat suit. Her high ponytail exuded a hint of fierceness. It was their senior sister Rita. "Good, taking advantage of Senior Brother Zhang Ci's absence to break the rules, huh? Who allowed you to use a particle gun in the martial arts school?"

The Tun family was a local powerhouse in the Mudan (C55 District), controlling multiple arms factories in the area. They possessed a variety of illegal and prohibited weapons in their hands.

Tun Qin seemed nonchalantly playing with his gun, allowing the faint deep red light to shimmer and fade, "They're just defective prototypes. I had Little Stutterer here test their power for me. Is there a problem with that?"

As he spoke, he suddenly aimed the gun at Song Ke's head again, "Furthermore, didn't she dodge it?"

Dangerous particle streams gathered in front of her, yet Song Ke stood her ground.

Rita reached out beside her and pressed the gun down, irritation in her expression, "Put it away. Do you want to be seen by Master? Do you really want to get kicked out of here?"

Tun Qin's gaze flickered slightly. He withdrew the particle gun with a sarcastic mutter, "The Zhang family's child bride is indeed precious."

Rita didn't back down, challenging him, "Shut up already. All you do is complain and provoke trouble all day. Is it because you couldn't participate in this year's Azure Phoenix Assessment? It was your own choice to withdraw.

What does that have to do with Senior Brother Zhang and Junior Sister? And you still engage in a sneak attack? How shameless!”

The Azure Phoenix Elite Battalion, officially known as the Special Duties Force of the New Asia Alliance, was the most mysterious and highly talked-about military unit in recent years. It quickly gained popularity across all regions, sparking a surge of interest in joining the military.

Its recruitment criteria were surprisingly simple.

[No restrictions on nationality, background, or gender. Citizens over 20 years old are eligible to join.]

However, behind these seemingly simple conditions lay unparalleled temptation.

[Those selected by the Azure Phoenix can directly obtain citizenship status in a B-grade city.]

Countless people were drawn to this offer, viewing Azure Phoenix as a ladder to change their destiny. The stronger the allure, the fiercer the competition. The assessment process for Azure Phoenix remains undisclosed to the public, and the admission rate is extremely low. Most people are eliminated without understanding the process.

However, since it was an elite military unit, the physical requirements were undoubtedly stringent. Therefore, after the establishment of Azure Phoenix, the martial arts atmosphere within the Alliance quietly flourished.

Tun Qin and Rita were both from the C District. They came here to train with the goal of joining Azure Phoenix. The team from Yue Mountain Martial Arts School that signed up for this year’s assessment had already departed, led by Zhang Ci.

“You!” Tun Qin’s sore spot was poked, his expression contorting. However, due to Rita’s background, he refrained from acting recklessly.

Rita showed no fear, deliberately raising her voice, “Thank goodness you withdrew early. Otherwise, you would have gone and not been selected. Wouldn’t that be even more embarrassing?”

After saying this, she grabbed Song Ke's arm and pulled her away, ignoring Tun Qin.

Tun Qin, with a dark expression, watched the two figures walking away. After a moment, he disdainfully muttered, "Idiot."

"There are no awakened people, no matter how many people go, what's the use."

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Yue Mountain Martial Arts School's architecture was a rare antique design within the Alliance. Its complex structure required passing through lengthy corridors from the front yard to the back hall.

Along the way, Rita stammered as she spoke, "Junior Sister, you're not... you know, Senior Brother Zhang's... that?"

What 'that'? She vaguely left it unexplained.

Zhang Ci was their eldest senior brother, having arrived before many others. He was among the first to train under Zhang Ting. Rumors circulated that he was Zhang Ting's biological son, but the two's relationship was distant and respectful. Zhang Ting was hot-tempered, while Zhang Ci was reserved. No one dared to ask openly, so they could only gossip in private.

Song Ke turned to look at Rita, and found that there was a unease on her face, and even the roots of her ears were red.

Curious about why Rita was blushing, Song Ke, struggling with her words, eventually replied in a slow manner, "No."

Rita, seemingly relieved by her response, brightened up and affectionately wrapped her arm around her shoulder.

As they passed the cafeteria, they coincidentally met Aunt Pang, who was in charge of logistics, coming out with a tray.

Several steaming bowls of ginger soup were placed on the tray. Aunt Pang warmly greeted the two, "Ah, Girl Ke, you're here. Haven't had breakfast, have you? I've boiled two tea eggs for you. Take them."

Song Ke's eyes lit up, and she vigorously nodded.

Rita pinched her nose in disdain, “Aunt Pang, it smells awful. Why are you cooking this?”

Aunt Pang sighed helplessly, “It’s strange, really. On such a hot day, many students are getting colds and fevers. I’m making them some herbal medicine.”

Rita expressed skepticism, “Could it be a way to slack off and pretend to be sick?”

There were no weaklings in the martial arts school, so it was indeed strange that so many fell sick for no apparent reason.

Aunt Pang clicked her tongue, “It seems like it. You know what that kid, Song En, told me? He said a wild chicken pecked him yesterday, and today his whole body hurts so much he can’t even get out of bed. These brats are so lazy in coming up with excuses. I think he’s just itching for a beating!”

“Hahaha, he’s quite creative!” Rita lacked sympathy, laughing uncontrollably, “What about that chicken that pecks people?”

“I slaughtered it. It wasn’t laying eggs anyway. Might as well use it to nourish these sick people,” Aunt Pang chuckled.

“I’ll take it over for you.” Rita took the tray from Aunt Pang’s hands, then turned to Song Ke and suggested, “Master is still in the meditation room. Why don’t you go check on Song En?”

While they were conversing, Song Ke had already sneaked two tea eggs from the kitchen and stuffed them into her pockets. Upon hearing Rita’s suggestion, she obediently nodded.