

Doomsday Spiritual Artifact Master

Chapter 4: F177 District (4)

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©Awakening of Ability©

Song Ke burned for three whole days.

For most of the time, she was tormented by continuous high fever, barely conscious, and fell into a deep state of coma, lying on the ground motionless.

Occasionally, during brief moments of clarity, she could feel the lingering pain within her body, as if someone were using an iron saw to cut back and forth between her bones, severing her tendons and veins one by one, then haphazardly piecing them back together with paste, the process repeating endlessly without respite.

Her lips cracked due to dehydration, her clothes soaked with cold sweat, sticking damply to her back. The blood in her limbs would sometimes boil and scorch, bringing a sensation of nearly extinguished burning; other times, it would freeze and stagnate, turning even smooth circulation into a luxury.

When the pain reached its peak, Song Ke would futilely close her eyes, tilt her head back, and let out a silent scream, her frail body curling up like a shrimp, writhing on the floor.

Amidst her scattered consciousness, vague thoughts flashed through her mind—she was going to die, like Aming, dead in a remote and dark corner, silently vanishing from this world, with no one to remember her existence; not even anyone to bury her like she did for Aming, not even a memorial stone for her.

She would live like this, all alone, and then die.

...

Three days later, in a quiet room, Song Ke's curled fingers twitched, and she slowly opened her eyes.

She hadn't died.

She was still alive.

The prolonged torment had finally ended, yet a sense of mental exhaustion lingered. Song Ke clung to the table, swaying unsteadily as she stood up.

Her thoughts and consciousness seemed to have been thoroughly cleansed, becoming exceptionally sharp. Some sort of change seemed to have taken place within her body, but she couldn't quite describe it.

Outside the window, there was a thick fog that obscured the sky, blurring the boundaries between heaven and earth. In such an environment, it was easy for one to have illusions. Could the bizarre experiences of these past few days have all been her imagination?

However, the widespread ache in her joints reminded Song Ke at every moment that it wasn't an illusion.

Three days ago... the ferocious and bloody monsters, the intense solar storms, and the sudden high fever-induced coma were definitely not her imagination.

I need to go outside and see for myself, Song Ke thought. At the very least, I need to figure out what exactly has happened.

In the depths of the dense fog, ghostly figures seemed to float around, as if countless hungry souls were wandering.

It might not be safe outside, I need a weapon for self-defense, a knife... preferably a knife... Song Ke's thoughts were in disarray, various ideas swirling in her mind. She didn't notice that the wooden table she was holding onto was quietly undergoing a transformation, emitting a faint blue light from her palm as the center.

The next second, the wooden table vanished into thin air, and in her hand—there was an extra kitchen knife.

With a sturdy spine, a broad blade, and sharp cutting edges...

It was a bone cleaver knife!

Perfect for heavy chopping and hacking.

Song Ke held onto the knife handle, her gaze confused: Where did this come from all of a sudden?

She had just been imagining the structure of a kitchen knife in her mind with great detail... Why did an exact physical copy appear?

Perplexed, Song Ke swung the kitchen knife forward. As she did, a surge of energy surged within her body. Then, with a resounding “boom!” the old wall across from her collapsed!

So powerful!

The faintly glowing kitchen knife flickered and disappeared from her palm after a few moments.

Song Ke, as if sensing something, savored the profound sensation she had just experienced. She felt power, a vigorous, radiant, indescribable new power. It was like a gushing spring that continuously flowed outward from within her, uncontainable.

Strong, yet difficult to control, and needing more practice.

Looking around, without hesitation, Song Ke extended her grasp towards her single bed.

With a thought, the ethereal blue light reappeared, and the iron bed transformed into a long wooden spear. The spearhead exuded chilling air, radiating a cold and ominous aura, hinting at immense power like a thunderclap.

With her eyes gleaming, Song Ke bounced around the room, transforming everything she touched into various weapons within her field of vision.

Knives, spears, swords, halberds, axes... anything she had seen before, anything she could think of, all materialized.

Only when the last piece of furniture was transformed did she stop, her excitement still not sated.

Darkness swirled before her eyes, and a sensation of exhaustion washed over her. She, who had only been awake for less than half an hour — fainted again.

...

Upon waking once more, Song Ke refrained from using that power.

Even though she acted recklessly like a brute, performing dangerous stunts, which led to mental overload and fainting, through a strange twist of fate, she had largely figured out her current situation. Song Ke was now certain that her ability to transform objects at will into weapons stemmed from a mysterious energy within her body.

This unique ability could be summarized as the deconstruction and recombination of matter. By employing her mental power and understanding of various weapon structures, she could break down a certain medium or property, then construct a new entity according to her thoughts.

Song Ke referred to this new substance, manipulated and driven by her, as “spiritual weapon.”

These spiritual weapons were covered in a luminous blue light, wielding astonishing destructive power. The collapsed wall in her home served as the best proof.

However, her ability to deconstruct and recombine was constrained by the inherent nature of objects. No matter how daring her imagination, a small teacup couldn't turn into a massive axe weighing hundreds of kilograms. At most, it could transform into a thin leaf-shaped knife. Moreover, maintaining the operation of these spiritual weapons relied on her own mental power. If she lost consciousness and fell into a coma, all spiritual weapons would disappear. As for how long she could sustain them, she hadn't tested it yet.

Song Ke's understanding reached its limit here.

The deeper principles and specific reasons behind this ability were beyond her current level of knowledge.

After collecting her thoughts, Song Ke quickly freshened up and decided to go outside to investigate. Regardless of what had happened in the outside world, she couldn't hide at home forever. Additionally, she was worried about her master and fellow disciples on Yue Mountain, unsure if they were affected by the solar eruption.

Holding her breath, Song Ke cautiously opened the front door.

Due to the pervasive fog, all was eerily silent around her, and seeing was exceedingly difficult. She turned her head, looking towards her neighbor's house on the other side of the wall.

This time, she didn't knock because she had a premonition that, no matter how long she knocked, it was unlikely anyone would come to answer.

With a light jump, Song Ke vaulted over the wall and entered the inner courtyard.

Passing through the fence and taking a few steps, she couldn't help but bend over and dry heave onto the ground.

It smelled terrible!

The courtyard was filled with a noxious odor, and flies gathered, permeating the air with the putrid smell of rotting fish and shrimp, their stench intensified by prolonged exposure to the sun.

Holding her nose, Song Ke cautiously walked inward. The further she went, the more nauseating the smell became. Under the canopy in the small courtyard, there were half-eaten leftovers and bowls. The milky white fish head tofu soup had already spilled and dried up into clumps, leaving behind jagged fish bones.

Song Ke stared at those dishes for a while.

Even the utensils hadn't been tidied up, and it didn't resemble the appearance of someone going on a journey. Something must have happened.

The main door of the neighbor's house wasn't securely closed, slightly ajar. The inside was dim and devoid of light, pitch-black with nothing visible. Song Ke's ears twitched, faintly catching the sound of heavy, labored breathing emanating from deep within the room. Some colossal entity seemed to be dragging its massive body across the floor.

The sinister ambiance, the heavy breaths, combined with the slow crawl, immediately triggered her strongest sense of alarm.

Song Ke abruptly halted her steps, a chill running down her spine. After a quick survey of her surroundings, she extended her hand towards the sturdy pergola.

A fluorescent blue light swirled, causing the pergola to vanish in place. Moments later, a mighty two-meter-long sword appeared in her palm.

With the weighty weapon in her grip, Song Ke finally felt a bit safer.

Using the tip of the sword, she pried open the crack in the door. The rusty iron bolt emitted an unpleasant creaking sound, catching the attention of the creature lurking in the shadows. They turned their heads in unison!

Their upper bodies were sprawled on the ground, their skin covered in dark metallic fur. Their eyes were gray-white, and they emitted rapid, panting breaths from deep within their throats, devoid of conscious awareness.

Song Ke lowered her gaze to the clothes on the creatures.

Her neighbors were an elderly couple living with their grandson. They didn't interact too often, and their relationship wasn't particularly close, but they did help each other out in everyday matters as neighbors do.

The magpie they raised, Aming, was her only friend.

The creature before her was mutilated beyond recognition, oozing pus and rotting in places, presenting an eerie purplish-black color. Yet, the tattered clothes they wore were oddly familiar – the very ones the elderly couple next door often wore.

A chilling thought sent shivers down Song Ke's spine.

Perhaps, they had turned into something like this, just like Xiao Liu and the mad researcher at the pier. Xiao Liu was bitten by a mullet fish, the researcher encountered an accident at sea. What about them? Were they attacked by something else, or perhaps by Aming...

In that moment of distraction, the creatures sensed the scent of a fresh living person. Slowly, they crawled out of the shadows and moved towards the door.

The two twisted and grotesque figures drew closer to her. The leading creature extended the majority of its body, revealing its entire face, exposed in the chaotic daylight.

Song Ke instinctively felt something was wrong.

Two figures... Wait! She suddenly lifted her head, her teeth couldn't stop trembling. Their... their grandson, where is he?

The whitened eyes of the creature crawling in front stared fixedly at Song Ke. Their silver hair was tangled and disheveled, their fingers mangled and bloody, but their abdomen protruded like that of a woman pregnant for ten months, exuding a suffocating sense of bloodiness.

The blue light on the hilt of the large sword in Song Ke's hand flickered, emitting a silent lament.

Stimulated by the sudden illumination, the creature abruptly raised its upper body and lunged toward her.

Song Ke used her sword horizontally to block, the sharp claws collided with the blade, producing a violent friction. The creature tumbled back to the ground, and Song Ke retreated two steps.

Such immense strength!

Failing the first strike, the creature was thoroughly enraged, splitting into two directions and attacking her.

Song Ke flipped to evade, swung the large sword in a counterattack. The sharp blade halted as it aimed for the creature's heart, then barely veered a few inches downward, slicing a deep gash across the monster's abdomen.

Should she kill them? Should she unhesitatingly kill her former kind?

The black viscous liquid oozed from the severed wound, yet the creatures seemed impervious to pain, relentlessly attacking her.

They were no longer... truly human.

With both hands gripping the large sword tightly, Song Ke used the weapon's weight to sweep her entire body, spinning like a high-speed top, flipping the two creatures outwards. Taking advantage of this opening, she rolled outside, swiftly closed the door, and wedged the steel pipes piled in the corner against the bolt, adding an extra one for good measure, ensuring it was secure.

The room fell silent for a moment, but soon after, the sounds of banging on the door and the creatures' enraged roars echoed through the room.

