

DOOMSDAY SANCTUARY

Chapter 5: Way of the Brave

After crying for a while, he touched his face, touched a pack of cigarettes from the table, and tremblingly pulled out one, unconsciously touched his whole body for a long time, took out a lighter, slapped it, lit the cigarette, deeply He took a sip; leaned back on the sofa, not knowing what to think.

He took a few more violent puffs, a cigarette, which was most of his four or five puffs. He pressed the cigarette to the floor and wiped it out, suddenly standing up as if he had made some decision at this moment.

Di Ping is not ready to go down in the sunken wheel, because he has to go back to save his father and mother. He is not qualified to sink. He owes too much to his parents. The longer he trusts, the lower the hope of saving; and he still has gold. Although the finger doesn't know how to turn it on now, I believe that since this thing appears, it will definitely be able to turn it on, otherwise it will be meaningless.

Di Ping stood up quickly, went to the bathroom again to wash his face, and adjusted his short hair; took two bags of bread from the food room and gnawed up fiercely. He has not eaten in the morning until now. I felt hungry at once, and after eating two pieces of bread, two pieces of ham felt better.

Afterwards, he began to plan what to do next, he had to find a weapon first, this was very important, and he couldn't fight the mutant beast empty-handed! The next step is to train yourself to have good physical strength and reaction speed, otherwise how to survive in the last days without the power of a chicken.

"Weapons?" He was thinking about getting weapons. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. He remembered that when he renovated the house, he had a friend get it. After the decoration, his friend seemed to give him a Han sword, saying it was for the town house. He said that he was a hand-made superb Han sword. He sent him more than 20,000 yuan, and he even saw blades. He usually likes swords and guns. Men can say that few do not like swords and guns. I saw it at that time. The sword is very strong and sharp.

He placed the Han sword on the shelf in the living room. He looked up and the Han sword was placed on the shelf right upright!

After two quick steps, he took the Han sword from the shelf. The sword was covered with an ebony scabbard. The sword was 1.2 meters long and had a length of about 30 cm. It weighed 10 kg 2 taels. He took the heavy sword in his hand; he drew the sword out of the sheath. The cold light flashed on the face, it was a double-sided blade with a blood slot in the middle; Di Ping had never liked this sword like he did today, holding the sword in his hand, he felt brave.

With weapons, Di Ping started his own exercise plan. Before, he also liked to exercise, but the intensity was not high, mostly for body shape. Now he has to specialize in strength and speed.

However, he did not dare to make too much movement. The situation outside was unknown, and the sound was too loud for fear of attracting mutated animals. As a result, Di Ping practiced sword-swinging and hacking.

Fortunately, there are still electricity and internet. He goes online. I found a few more practical moves with the sword and started practicing.

The sword is indeed a bit heavy. He swung more than 20 times and he was a little tired. First he practiced hacking 20 times, then practicing oblique cutting 20 times, then practicing stabbing 20 times, and then practicing picking 20 times. When this set is finished , He didn't have any strength anymore, lying

on the ground and breathing, he felt that the ancient heroes were really great, and it was really impossible to swing this heavy sword without strength.

After resting for half an hour, I practiced one group after another. I just practiced for ten groups in one afternoon. The result was that I didn't have any strength at all. At this time, let's not talk about beating mice, or beating cockroaches. Became a problem. Suddenly he realized a problem. If this high intensity encountered some danger, he would be really dangerous.

So he re-set his plan, not to overdo it every day, not to exceed five groups, and increase his strength slowly, not in place at one time; after resting for a long time, he got up and took a shower and got some food.

Speaking of eating, Di Ping wanted to smoke himself again. At that time, the food only thought that rice noodles were good things. Did he forget to open fire like this? What if the strange dog rushes up to smell the scent; fortunately, grab some bread and ham, or I really haven't eaten it.

It was getting dark outside, Di Ping slept on the bed with a sword in his arms, locked the door of the room, and blocked a table; he had to sleep well today, otherwise he would have no energy to train tomorrow.

The mouse should have started to come out. From time to time, there were rats hitting the door in the corridor, and the sound of fighting between rats and dogs. Di Ping slowly fell asleep in this environment.

"Bang..." There was a sudden sound, and it seemed that he was in the room. Di Ping immediately sat up, listening to the outside sound.

"How could it be possible that the mouse ran in from there and slept too hard in the room!" Di Ping was a little regretful and shouldn't be careless. He didn't expect something to come in.

He got off the bed gently and put on his shoes. Fortunately, he didn't dare to take off his clothes. The Han sword was gently pulled out of the sheath and held in his hand, slowly approaching the bedroom door.

"Kang Dang..." Suddenly there was a sound of pots and bowls falling.

"In the kitchen!" Di Ping, a jealous spirit, really came in. In the kitchen, he didn't know how to climb in.

"Squeak..." Suddenly, she squeaked slowly past the bedroom door.

Di Ping's heart was tense, his heart began to bump uncontrollably, holding the Han sword in his hands tightly, and he didn't dare to let out the atmosphere.

"Ka Ka..." After a while, the rat sounded, and the mouse seemed to be biting something.

"Damn, I'm eating my food!" Di Ping listened for a while, and suddenly remembered that this dead mouse is really afraid of it, and it still likes to eat it after it has mutated; the food he has worked so hard to get is not enough. It spoils.

"Kaka..." The click kept making the rat eat more and more happily, and Di Ping's heart sank. If there is no food at this time, he can only wait to die. With his current ability, he must not be able to do the outside Big dogs and swarms of mice go there to get food.

"Fight!" Di Ping didn't dare to wait. Hearing that there should be only one mouse outside, he gritted his teeth and cursed. He didn't dare to go to a mouse, so how could he go home to pick up his parents.

He gently moved the table away, listening to the movement outside, and then slowly opened the door of the room, peeking out, through the colored lights on the floor outside, he saw the mouse stealing food and putting him in the kitchen. A box of instant noodles, the whole box was torn apart by its bite,

dozens of packages of noodles were scattered on the ground, this guy was biting open a bag of instant noodles and cheering!

The mouse was gray and black, and his body was about the size of a domestic cat. It seemed to be bolder and biting unscrupulously; Di Ping stabilized his body, holding the sword in both hands, and slowly moved over.

"Squeak..." The mouse's hearing is so good. Just a few steps after Di Ping took a few steps, the mouse found him, turned around and looked at him, with blood red flashing in his eyes.

When seeing Di Ping, the mouse has bitten a lot of people in the past few days. It seems that human beings are nothing terrible, so they pounced on Di Ping with a low cry.

Di Ping saw the mouse rushing, his mind was tense, and he didn't dare to neglect. He swung his sword to face the mouse and slashed his head. The mouse was very agile. He turned quickly and avoided the blade of the sword. The sword slammed on the wooden floor. Di Ping's hands were numb, and he almost couldn't hold the handle of the sword.

"Squeak..." The mutant rat flashed across the sword, squeaked, his body changed and rushed towards Di Ping's feet again.

At this moment, Di Ping did not rush to withdraw his sword and slash back. God responded and kicked with his leg raised.

"Bang...squeak..." With a bang, he was kicking the mutant mouse in front of the door. The kick turned a somersault and fell into the kitchen. Di Ping felt that he had kicked the wood and his toes were aching. He didn't expect the mouse to become bones after the mutation. So hard.

The mutant rat seemed to be kicked in pain, and was a little scared. Turning around, he wanted to run. He might be out of trouble in a hurry. Forgetting that his body became bigger, he plunged into the gap between the refrigerator and

the wall, but it was too small to get caught in it immediately. You can't go backwards.

When Di Ping saw that the opportunity had come, he ignored the pain in his feet, strode his sword in two steps.

"Puff..." With a soft sound, the long sword was piercing the mouse's waist. The long sword was extremely sharp. Passing through, the mouse squeaked and its limbs twitched quickly.

Di Ping didn't dare to let it keep barking for fear of attracting other mice. He didn't dare to neglect. He stepped on the mutant rat with one foot, and drew out his long sword, puff and puff several swords, only to breathe a sigh of relief when the mutant rat stopped struggling and calling.

As soon as he relaxed, Di Ping felt that his whole body suddenly lost strength, and he sat on the ground, breathing non-stop; the fierce struggle just now consumed all his strength and energy, and at this moment he just wanted to take a good rest.

Suddenly Di Ping saw the mutant mouse rise up a small group of green things the size of a pigeon egg, and lifted up thirty or forty centimeters away from the mutant mouse's body, then suddenly turned upwards, rushed towards him, and swished into himself. The body disappeared.

"What kind of weird thing is this? How could it get into my body?" Di Ping didn't know what it was for a while, whether it was good or bad.

"Di...found the soul energy, the system cannot be stored if it is not turned on, it consumes the soul energy to strengthen the host body."

While Di Ping was worried, the system sound suddenly rang in his mind, and then his body shook violently. He felt a warm current rising from the depths of his body and slowly flowing to the whole body. Every warm current passed by.

Some are lost, and the place that flows through feels warm, and soon it will flow all over the body, and the whole body will be warm.

The time was very fast, just over ten seconds. After the warm current passed, Di Ping felt that he suddenly had energy, became energetic, and seemed to rise a lot of power out of thin air. He felt that his power seemed to increase. It seems to be a lot lighter.

Di Ping shook his hand and shook his sword twice to make sure that he felt true. He was immediately full of joy. According to the system, this group of energy should be the soul energy after killing mutant mice, which can be used to improve himself. The monster upgrade also has the ability to kill monsters, but I don't know how many people have this system.

Di Ping felt the surging power in his body, and there was an infinite desire in his heart for a while. Originally, he was still worried about the system's inability to open it. He didn't expect this system to have this benefit; killing mutant animals can actually strengthen himself, that way. What's terrible about myself? I believe that as long as I continue to kill mutant animals, I will soon be able to go home to see his parents.