

# Doomsday Spiritual Artifact Master

## Chapter 6: F177 District (6)

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#### ©Something... is about to come out©

The entire martial arts hall fell into a stifling silence, an unexplainable tension hanging in the air.

Song Ke went from room to room, pushing open doors to check.

In the kitchen, shattered dishes and fragments littered the floor, but no one was there.

The trainees' dormitory doors and windows were wide open, dried black bloodstains streaked down the walls, yet no one was present.

The training grounds were empty, various equipment strewn haphazardly about, remnants of combat scattered everywhere, but still no one to be found.

The further she walked, the more solemn her expression became. Her heart felt like it was submerged in ice water, gradually sinking into the depths of the sea.

Finally, she reached the deep rear courtyard, hearing faint sounds coming from within the meditation room.

Could it be here?

The door wasn't locked. Song Ke grasped the handle and slowly pushed it open.

Taking a quick glance around, the room seemed to have been ransacked. Most of the furniture was overturned, cabinets lay toppled, a short table was in pieces, even the ashes from the incense burner were scattered on the ground. She shifted her gaze to continue looking inside when, in the next second, her pupils contracted!

—Zhang Ting, her master, knelt in the depths of the meditation room, a hole the size of a bowl in his chest.

Fresh red blood had dried and congealed, forming a large dark circle. Leaning on his sword, his head hung low, his body motionless. There was no trace of the lively appearance with raised eyebrows and reproachful words he would direct at her. He stood in silence, like a shattered statue.

Song Ke stumbled forward, her hands unconsciously trying to block the hole in his chest: “Master...”

Throughout Yue Mountain, even throughout the entire Alliance, who could kill Master? How could Master possibly die!

Zhang Ting’s body had already stiffened, and as she touched him, he tilted slightly. His bent finger joints loosened their grip on the sword, and it fell heavily to the ground.

Song Ke reached out in a flurry to support him, but she couldn’t. Unexpectedly, she discovered another door behind him that he was blocking.

It was the storeroom behind the meditation room.

Because it was too far from the training grounds, this storeroom had long been abandoned and was only used to store equipment or miscellaneous items. Song Ke looked down at it dazedly, and after a moment, it suddenly dawned on her — Master’s posture before his death clearly indicated he was guarding something!

Perhaps stirred by the sound, the noise behind the door grew louder. The continuous banging quickly disrupted her thoughts.

“Bang—”

“Bang bang—”

The entire bamboo door shook violently under the weight, its frame on the brink of collapsing, and the low, frenzied roar repeatedly echoed.

Something... was about to come out.

Song Ke held her breath, poised for action.

“Bang—”

A deafening crash, and the bamboo door collapsed with a resounding thud. A large group of putrid-smelling monsters rushed out.

Upon a rough count, there were surprisingly dozens of them, completely filling the meditation room.

Seeing the monsters charging towards her at the forefront, Song Ke stepped on the wall and leaped upwards, executing a mid-air kick that viciously sent them flying back, the powerful force toppling those behind them.

Landing nimbly, she was about to follow up with another kick and then flee through the door when her movements abruptly halted.

The monsters fell to the ground, their grotesque faces fully exposed.

“Lin... Senior Sister Lin!”

Song Ke cried out in astonishment.

This momentary pause gave the monsters a chance to recover, the fallen ones rising, and those lagging behind catching up. The inside of the storeroom was dim, but still enough for her to discern the monsters' features. Song Ke panickedly lifted her gaze, recognizing the familiar brows and eyes among the grayish-blue faces.

“Junior Brother Xiao...”

“Aunt... Aunt Pang...”

Even if their eyes were clouded and ashen, describing their horrifying state, she recognized them at first glance, facing the people she had spent so much time with.

These “monsters” were none other than the martial arts hall's trainees.

There were senior brothers who had lost to her in sparring multiple times, gentle senior sisters who cared for her daily life...

Each and every person who had once been alive had now turned into mindless monsters, their hair disheveled and filthy as they attacked her.

The pitch-black sharp claws lunged at her. Song Ke couldn't evade in time, and a chunk of her lower hem was cut away. She fled in disarray, unable to effectively counterattack.

No wonder.

No wonder she had searched the entire martial arts hall, and no one was outside.

No wonder Master stubbornly guarded the entrance. He couldn't bring himself to kill his own students, so he chose to lock them away.

If Master couldn't bring himself to do it, neither could she.

Her eyes grew increasingly moist, and as Song Ke rolled and dodged with no strength left, she repeated their names over and over, trying to bring back their senses.

In District 177, she was a recluse, quiet and reserved, often leaving early and returning late. Except for Old Cheng, no one was willing to interact with her. But that was okay, she had Yue Mountain Martial Arts School, where most people wouldn't mock her. They would even celebrate her birthday with her every year.

However, now those senior brothers and sisters who had once sung "Happy Birthday" to her had become unrecognizable.

The horde of monsters surged forward densely. Song Ke retreated again and again, but there was no more room to retreat. Her slender back slammed harshly into the door panel.

Escape? She could escape, but then what?

There were so many... "monsters", the meditation room's door couldn't possibly hold them all. Should she release them like this?

If Master were still alive, he would surely scold her thoroughly.

In that distracted moment, a swift dark shadow stepped on the head of a monster behind it and leapt high towards her. Compared to the others, its size had swelled several times over. Its desire to attack was particularly strong,

saliva dripping from between its jagged, sharp teeth. Its bloody claw clamped down on her shoulder, its mouth poised to bite into her neck.

The stench of decay was close, and the guillotine of death was about to fall.

Song Ke pressed hard against its dark face, locking eyes with its grayish-white, murky gaze, tears streaming down her face.

She cried out its name. “Song... En...”

That person who used to laugh heartily, who even when sick would seek to make her happy, that person who had promised to buy her four tea eggs, now only wished to viciously sever her veins.

“Song En” emitted a throaty “hoh hoh” sounds from deep within its trachea, its cruel and bloodthirsty actions showing no pause. Its nails pierced her clavicle, and fresh blood gushed out.

Song Ke’s pain triggered convulsions, and with tear-filled eyes, she twisted and broke its arm with a “crack.”

It hesitated for a moment, its arm limp. Song Ke took advantage of the opening to break free, rolling frantically in the opposite direction.

The one with the broken arm, “Song En,” paused for only an instant before fiercely attacking her again.

It was already devoid of consciousness, feeling no pain whatsoever.

Song Ke was trapped in an endless fight, her wounds multiplying.

Limbs, body, heart—the fragments scattered, blood and gore splattered. No matter where she attacked, no matter how she tried to resist, she couldn’t stop the relentless tearing and biting of the monsters.

Tears transformed from scalding to icy, and finally to dried-up bitterness. Song Ke mournfully realized that she was faced with an eternal cycle of either being devoured by this horde of monsters or killing them all, and then—surviving.

Her physical strength was rapidly depleting. Unable to dodge once, she suffered another wound on her lower back. The deep red blood soaked through the floor.

Song Ke threw a punch, counterattacking, and the nearest monster was thrown several meters away, causing her to tumble heavily to the ground.

Coincidentally, she fell right next to Zhang Ting.

Song Ke widened her eyes and instinctively looked at her master. Zhang Ting's eyes, which hadn't had a chance to close yet, stared at her coldly, devoid of sadness or happiness. It seemed like he was waiting for her to make a decision.

"I'm sorry..."

Song Ke turned her head away from his gaze and murmured weakly.

This apology, she didn't know if it was directed towards the deceased master or the unrecognizable senior brothers and sisters.

I'm sorry.

But she wanted to survive.

A powerful gust of wind brushed against her ears. At the critical moment, Song Ke pulled out the long sword from beside her master!

A deep blue light suddenly emanated from her palm. In the blink of an eye, the long sword transformed into a sharp Tang knife.

This type of wide-bladed cleaver had a unique advantage in close combat. Song Ke flipped and jumped up, gathering her core strength without hesitation and swinging the sword forcefully. The monster's movement abruptly stopped, and it was almost split in half from top to bottom.

Thick, viscous blood sprayed from its shattered throat. It struggled a few times in inertia, then fell to the ground lifeless.

Song Ke's heart skipped a beat. She suddenly realized that chopping off the head seemed to be effective!

However, the death of their kind didn't deter the remaining monsters. They continued to charge forward without hesitation.

After identifying their fatal weaknesses, Song Ke no longer hesitated or hoped for luck. Her counterattacks were sharp and precise, each strike targeting their vital points. Expressionless, she was like an Asura emerging from hell.

Half an hour later, dozens of monsters lay fallen on the ground, utterly lifeless.

Except for “Song En.”

Without a doubt, it was the most ferocious among them. Even with an arm and a leg severed, it still exerted an intense pressure on Song Ke.

The stump of its severed arm exposed necrotic and decaying tissue, constantly dripping black, murky fluid. “Song En” fixated on her, its body twisted at an eerie angle as it crawled menacingly towards her.

Her eye sockets were dry and gritty, having long lost the ability to shed tears. The hand that held the knife hung by her side, trembling slightly.

After fourteen years of martial practice, this was the first time her hands uncontrollably shook.

Everything... should end now.

She slowly raised the Tang knife, its deep blue glow reflecting on her face, her beautiful countenance icy and cold.

Closing her eyes, the tip of the blade gleamed with blue light and surged forward like a mighty force – chop! slash!

A few drops of dark viscous fluid splattered onto her eyelids, tracing the shape of tears as they ran down her cheeks.

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In the dimly lit room, Song Ke carefully arranged the bodies of the monsters one by one, placing their heads back in their rightful places, preserving their dignity in death as humans.

Then she sat amidst the blood pool, quietly gazing at these once roaring faces, striving to remember their former appearances.

Suddenly, her gaze froze. Inside the head of one of the monsters, something seemed to reflect light and flashed for a moment. She had swung the blade

too forcefully, and the monster's head had shattered like a watermelon. Bending down, Song Ke picked up a crystal from inside.

A small crystal, about the size of a lychee, with an octahedral shape. It looked both cloudy and transparent, quite peculiar.

She hastily pried open another head but found nothing similar inside.

Not every one of them had it?

She observed each one closely and ultimately found three of these crystals. The other two appeared similar, but the third one was slightly larger and exhibited a more transparent white color inside. It had been found in Song En's head.

What were these things?

Song Ke stared at this thing that definitely wouldn't grow inside a human's head, something beyond her scope of understanding, giving rise to more and more confusion.

As she pondered, a faint noise suddenly came from outside the window.

More of them? Song Ke tensed her entire body, gripping the sword handle and swinging it outward.

A killing intent surged out, and the window of the meditation room instantly shattered into pieces. Amidst the rising dust, a half-human-sized bird-like creature stood on the windowsill, staring at her motionlessly. Its appearance resembled a chicken, but it had a pair of massive wings on its back. A tuft of white feathers adorned its forehead, and its front and back talons emitted a metallic glint. Its whip-like tail feathers remained still.

The giant bird remained in place for an unknown amount of time, observing her in silence. Its icy vertical pupils were locked onto her.

As if an observer of Song Ke's execution, it watched her in despair and helplessness, watched her exhaustively gasping for breath, and then watched her unleash a killing spree.



Song Ke's scalp tingled, her heart pounded, and with the demeanor of confronting a formidable foe, she held her blade forward. The standoff between her and the bird was intense.

The bird-like creature's tiger-like front talons moved slightly, it lowered its head to size her up for a couple of seconds, and then disinterestedly turned its head away. It elegantly spread its wings and flew off without a sound.

Song Ke clenched the pale-white crystal in her palm, gazing blankly in the direction the bird had departed.

A recurring thought circled in her mind.

This world had truly gone crazy.