

Doomsday Spiritual Artifact Master

Chapter 7.1: F177 District (7)

Chapter 7.1 – F177 District (7)

©Island Escape Plan©

Song Ke buried the people from the Yue Mountain Martial Arts School in the back hills.

She was clumsy and stubborn, only knowing how to dig with her head down. Sweat and blood mixed together as they splattered into the yellow earth with the rise and fall of the iron shovel. Her lips were tightly pressed, her movements repetitive and mechanical, as if she were an untiring humanoid machine. After digging the holes, she began to carve gravestones, until blisters formed on all ten of her fingers, and she barely managed to carve the tombstones for each person.

A total of twenty-three small mounds of earth, each holding her senior brothers, senior sisters, her master, and all her attachments here.

While counting the number of people, Song Ke unexpectedly made a discovery: not all of the academy's members had fallen here.

Yue Mountain was situated in E166 District, not very convenient for transportation. The school provided food and lodging for its students. People like Song En, who were wholeheartedly devoted to training, had everything they needed on the mountain – food, clothing, shelter – and wouldn't descend the mountain unless necessary. But there were also individuals like Tun Qin and Li Ta, who were self-assured, only coming to the mountain for scheduled training sessions and rarely staying at the academy. She didn't find traces of these two among the monster corpses, so they must have luckily missed this event.

Besides them, there was Zhang Ci, a senior brother who participated in the Azure Phoenix Assessment, and his group. He took away the elites of the academy. Who knew where they were now? With the chaos outside, would they even return?

Song Ke picked up a water hose and sprayed the ground, carefully cleaning the bloodstains from the walls and floor.

After finishing the cleaning, she inspected the entire martial hall once again. The TV showed nothing but static – no signal, but the water and electricity were functioning normally.

She found a light screen in a student's dormitory. She wasn't sure whose it was, and it wasn't locked with a password. Many pages were open in the background. As Song Ke browsed, she realized that the online discussions were already in turmoil. People were discussing topics related to "doomsday" and "zombies." Some criticized the lack of action from the Alliance, others were suggesting hoarding for self-protection, and some were despairingly sending out distress messages.

She wasn't proficient with electronic devices and only had a rough understanding. Apparently, the outside world had also been infested with these dreadful creatures, but the situation was far better than in District 177. At least most cities hadn't fallen into chaos yet.

Song Ke thought for a moment and attempted to search for the Alliance's official news account. The latest pinned message was posted two days ago, stating that the Alliance had opened hundreds of emergency shelters. Residents could navigate to them using their own guidance systems for nearby safety. She scrolled down and clicked on the details link, but a message abruptly appeared on the screen: "No access permission."

Power and status not only determined wealth distribution but also controlled information access. The owner of this light screen, just like her, wasn't allowed even the small privilege of viewing emergency shelters.

Song Ke set down the light screen and finally noticed she was covered in grime. During the earlier fights, blood had splattered everywhere, staining her. Later, she had spent a considerable time digging in the dirt.

She went to the bathroom and took a cold shower to clean herself thoroughly. Afterward, she used a bandage to dress her wounds.

Cleaning the wound, stopping the bleeding, applying medicine, and bandaging it.

The blood of those monsters, it should be blood, was black in color and flowed slower than a normal person's.

Recalling the expression of panic on the middle-aged man's face at the pier when he was injured, Song Ke looked down at her wound, uncertain of what consequences might arise.

Night fell, and the sky unknowingly darkened.

Song Ke organized an 80-liter hiking backpack and packed it with warm, moisture-resistant clothing, a small amount of easily preservable food, a wide-mouthed water bottle and purification tablets, a flint flashlight, a portable first aid kit, a sleeping bag, and a tent. After some consideration, she also added a compass. As for weapons, her supernatural ability was her most potent arsenal, so she decided not to bring anything else.

Before leaving, Song Ke hesitated for a long time while holding a pen.

Originally, she had thought about writing something, but what could she write? Who would she write it for? To describe witnessing her master's tragic death? To recount how she had been forced by circumstances to take lives, ending the lives of the twenty-two individuals from the martial school?

After today, Yue Mountain Martial Arts School would cease to exist. Who would forgive her?

No one would forgive her.

In the end, she wrote nothing. Song Ke locked the gate of the martial school and took one last deep look before turning and leaving.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, the Fools Wharf was brightly lit, and the passage to the harbor was jammed with people.

There were no walls impervious to wind, and evidently, news of the military's passage through the harbor had leaked out tonight.

Several green military trucks were parked at the end of the road, acting as temporary roadblocks. Standing beside the trucks were several tall individuals dressed in military uniforms. They wore camouflage pants tucked into combat boots and had a resolute expression, emanating a sharp and determined aura.

Officially, the Alliance hadn't issued a rescue mission in District 177. Technically, this team was just passing through and wasn't obligated to organize the evacuation of civilians. However, they still chose to bring along local residents as much as possible. Of course, this "bringing along" came with conditions. Each resident had to pass their thorough inspection before being allowed to board the starship behind them.

Alone, Song Ke trailed behind the group with their numerous bags and luggage, craning her neck to look ahead.

There were two lines in total, moving faster than she had anticipated. Everyone carried backpacks and dragged suitcases, moving forward silently and obediently. Along the way, someone would check the color of their pupils and whether they had any wounds or sores on their bodies and limbs.

At the forefront of the line was a folding table with a black box about the size of a radio on it. Every person who had passed the previous inspection had to stand in front of the table with arms outstretched, like undergoing a CT scan. The black box emitted scans, and a screen extended from its side. From where Song Ke stood, she could only see a chaotic tangle of red and green lines on the screen.

During the brief time she observed, three individuals at the front of the line were cleared, but the lines on the screen remained unchanged. One of them, a stern-looking man in his thirties who appeared to be the leader, moved his lips slightly. All three were directed towards the back half of the starship.

Song Ke stared intently at the seemingly unremarkable black box. While she pondered, she felt a forceful push on her back. "Move aside! Don't block the way!"

The person was ruthless in his actions, using his full strength. Unfortunately, even with the strong push, the seemingly fragile young girl's stance was as stable as a pine tree. She remained motionless, while he stumbled forward a few steps due to his own excessive force. He froze on the spot for a moment, then quickly regained his composure, glaring menacingly at Song Ke.

Not wanting to draw attention to herself, Song Ke lowered her gaze, stepped back, and courteously made space for him.

She recognized this man. His name was Xu Weiguo, and his fair-skinned son beside him was Xu Xing. Xu Weiguo had made a fortune by engaging in some

shady smuggling business, and it was rumored that he was quite influential in the outside world, even having connections in B-grade cities. He was the wealthiest individual in District 177.

He always wore an oddly shaped gold watch on his wrist, and a blindingly shiny gold belt held up his round belly. While walking, his nostrils seemed perpetually aimed toward the sky. He might have been small-minded, if someone crossed him, he would hold a grudge for a long time. Song Ke had heard from Old Cheng about his domineering behavior and didn't want to stir up trouble at this critical moment, so she quickly made way for him without saying a word.

“Consider yourself smart!” Xu Weiguo was accustomed to being arrogant. Seeing her timid and apprehensive expression, he muttered a few words, but nothing substantial. He pushed through the queue of people, openly swearing and cutting in line. Holding his son's hand, he made his way to the very front. People dared not speak up, so they could only avoid him, suppressing their anger and swallowing their pride. His son was somewhat thinner-skinned, lowering his head in embarrassment and letting Xu Weiguo pull him forward.

Chapter 7.2: F177 District (7)

Chapter 7.2 – F177 District (7)

©Island Escape Plan©

The two of them quickly passed the inspections along the way and stood before the black box.

First, it was Xu Weiguo's turn. Similar to the previous residents who had been checked, the black box showed no response. However, when Xu Xing stepped onto it, the dormant black box suddenly came to life. The chaotic red lines on the screen remained at the bottom, but several green lines undulated like rolling hills, oscillating in continuous arcs as if an electrocardiogram had regained vital signs after a long sleep.

The man next to the black box slightly straightened his body, glanced at Xu Xing, and said, “Go to the front cabin.”

The commandeered starship was a standard civilian model, with two distinct cabin classes: economy and luxury. The economy class had a larger overall area, but the seats were cramped. The luxury class had small compartments for each seat, tea-colored glass with privacy film, and a greater focus on protecting passenger privacy. The two cabin classes were not connected, even having separate entrances.

Upon hearing this result, before anyone could react, Xu Weiguo's face was filled with joy. Holding his son's hand, he was about to move forward.

The man held his hand up, his stern expression conveying seriousness. "You go to the back."

Xu Weiguo's eyes widened, his tone grew frantic, "This is my son! We are together!"

The man repeated, expressionless, "You, go to the back."

Xu Weiguo was so frustrated that his mouth seemed about to twist, but after surreptitiously glancing at the man's sturdy arms, his forceful demeanor wavered a bit. "Sir... Can we discuss this and find a compromise... Can't we?"

He reached into his bag, pulled out a thick bundle of newspapers concealing money, and discreetly tried to slip it into the man's pocket.

The man pushed his hand back, his tone icy. "Ability users and ordinary people need to be evacuated separately. That's the regulation."

[Ability users.]

Song Ke, now somewhere in the middle of the queue, perked up her ears, catching this unfamiliar term keenly.

Xu Weiguo's soft approach didn't work. His face instantly elongated, and even his tone grew more assertive. "Who is your superior? Have him come and talk to me! Do you even know who I am? Do you understand the rules? I must be on this luxury cabin today!"

His small son was blocked by him, Xu Weiguo equally prohibited him from boarding the ship.

Seeing this, the young soldier beside them simultaneously pulled out his gun, all of them aiming at Xu Weiguo. "Captain, should we..."

Xu Weiguo trembled, but thinking about the starship tickets that had been unexpectedly cancelled despite being bought, and considering the complete collapse of transportation routes in District 177, a fierce determination flashed in his eyes. He gritted his teeth and refused to give in.

The stern captain glanced at Xu Xing, who had his head down, and signaled the soldiers to lower their guns. However, he didn't order them to let Xu Weiguo through, leaving him stranded.

As Xu Weiguo remained immobile, the others in the queue shifted to the other side on their own. Luckily, there weren't many people left, so the inspection process didn't take much time. The line was getting shorter, and in just a few more people, it would be Song Ke's turn. However, a new situation arose unexpectedly.

"Ma'am, please remove your hat for inspection!"

A woman, tightly wrapped from head to toe, squeezed through from behind. She ran forward without any concern, holding a little boy with a duck-billed cap in her arms. The boy's face was turned downwards, pressed against her neck, unmoving.

The woman displayed astonishing strength, breaking through the line in just a few strides. She even knocked over a folding table, causing the black box on it to wobble and triggering a piercing alarm. The box tumbled to the ground, severing its connection to the display screen.

However, Song Ke had already noticed.

In that brief moment, the red line on the black box rebounded like it had hit bottom, shooting up to its peak.

"Please undergo inspection!" The heavily-armed soldiers surrounding her quickly reacted, encircling the woman.

Blocked in her path, she trembled and knelt on the ground, repeatedly kowtowing, "I beg you, please, save my precious child, please... take him away."

Though her plea was evident, half of her body bizarrely twitched uncontrollably.

Someone cautiously stepped forward, lifting the scarf she used to cover her head. They then exclaimed in shock, “Captain, she’s already mutated!”

The woman’s profile gradually became visible, and Song Ke was taken aback—it was Aunt Qing.

However, at this moment, Aunt Qing’s face was ashen, with blue veins appearing to writhe menacingly beneath her skin. Drool incessantly trickled from the corners of her mouth.

Despite her convulsions being so intense, the little boy nestled on her shoulder remained silent and motionless. Another soldier stepped forward, removing the boy’s baseball cap and examining his eyes. He then turned to the captain, shaking his head slowly, “The child... is the same.”

Aunt Qing suddenly lifted her head, her eyes bulging. Her murky gray pupils froze, and her facial muscles seemed difficult to control, causing her expression to distort.

“Lockdown!” the captain shouted loudly.

The soldiers raised their guns, while the remaining civilians in the queue scattered in panic like birds and beasts. Amidst the chaos, Aunt Qing collided with Xu Weiguo and his son, Xu Xing. Right at that moment, Xu Xing, who had been lowering his head, happened to raise it and caught sight of her appearance. His face turned white as a sheet, his pupils quivering intensely, and he let out a piercing scream, piercing through eardrums: “Ah—!!”

Invisible waves of energy surged through the air, centered around Xu Xing. The temperature plummeted around him, and a dozen ice spikes shot up from the ground, aimed directly at Aunt Qing and the little boy. Due to poor control, many of them scattered in all directions.

“Not good! The child’s supernatural ability is out of control!”

“Damn, it’s an ice type! This just got tricky!”

In the icy and snowy surroundings, only the captain remained composed. He swiftly gestured, and a few well-trained individuals followed suit, the same tall

figures that had been standing by the pickup truck earlier. A lean man stepped forward from the crowd, advancing toward Xu Xing instead of retreating. Wherever he passed, countless ice spikes seemed to strike an invisible barrier and shattered into pieces.

“Everyone, get inside!” The soldier with a simple and honest face pounded his fists on the ground, and hollowed-out circles of earth akin to old Mongolian yurts emerged out of thin air.

Startled residents followed his lead, taking refuge within the earthen circles. Xu Weiguo’s legs had already turned limp, and he was dragged in like a lifeless fish. Song Ke jogged behind the crowd, but her gaze remained fixed on Xu Xing’s direction.

These tall figures in military attire turned out to be “ability users” with exceptional skills!

Suddenly, the corner of her eye caught a certain figure.

...

The stern man moved like lightning, appearing and disappearing within his team’s cover. Amidst the ice spikes, he maneuvered with ease, steadily closing in on Xu Xing.

His ghostly movements and speed far surpassed ordinary individuals, so swift that one couldn’t see his actions clearly. Amidst the ice, wind, and flickering lightning, he exerted immense pressure on everyone.

Xu Xing fell into a state of panic, his pupils occasionally catching glimpses of the man’s agile figure. However, he couldn’t track his movements with the naked eye. In a fluster, he shook his head left and right, causing the ice spikes around him to waver, ready to collapse and randomly attack in all directions.

The next second, the man appeared behind him, his hand swung down—

Xu Xing’s terrified scream was caught in his throat as he blacked out.

The ice spikes vanished, and the team members immediately surrounded Xu Xing, securing him with special ropes in preparation to transfer him onto the starship.

The Mongolian yurts crumbled, soldiers calmed the remaining residents, and they hurriedly conducted inspections and began to retreat. Xu Weiguo had already turned into a puddle of soft mud, no longer daring to be arrogant. He cowered as he was led to an ordinary cabin, not even daring to glance at his son.

Song Ke's heart raced erratically.

When the ice shards filled the air earlier, Aunt Qing had been pushed back by an invisible barrier, causing Xiao Bao to slip from her shoulder and fall nearby. Just as several sharp ice shards were about to descend, seemingly about to pierce the child on the spot, Song Ke grabbed a broken piece of wood from the ground, and a burst of blue light erupted from her palm, forming a shield to block the attack.

Song Ke didn't know what "mutation" meant, but Aunt Qing was visibly different from the monsters encountered before. If she recalled correctly, Aunt Qing had been bitten at the dock. Despite the passing days, she still retained her clear consciousness and could speak normally?

Amid her muddled thoughts, Song Ke felt that something was off. Given the urgent situation, she acted on instinct to save Xiao Bao.

After the ice shards were blocked, Aunt Qing rushed over and picked up the child.

Without saying a word, her gray-white eyes glanced at Song Ke, and she turned and ran.

With everyone's attention focused on the icy battle, no one noticed the subtle movements here. Aunt Qing probably knew there was no hope of boarding the starship and chose not to linger, sprinting away without looking back.

Song Ke gazed at her fading figure until a distant urgency echoed, "Young lady, come for inspection!"

She responded with an acknowledgment, about to move forward. However, her foot accidentally kicked something, causing a small object to roll out quite a distance.

It was the black box, battered from the melee, but its indicator light stubbornly stayed lit.

Was it not damaged? Song Ke picked it up with both hands, gazing at it curiously.

Suddenly, the black box seemed to have suffered some sort of stimulus. The red and green lines on the screen started dancing chaotically like disco lights. In a short time, they froze like a system crash, all lines turning rigidly straight, and then—

Bang! Smoke erupted, and it exploded right then and there!

Song Ke: "..."

Wait, how did this thing manage to self-destruct? Could she still throw it away now?