

Outside of Time

Chapter 2: Surviving (2)

The tears formed small spots of water akin to ink on the dark ground.

The entire process persisted for over ten breaths. After he finished smearing the medicinal herb paste over his wound completely, the youth seemed to have lost all his strength. He grabbed hold of a cabinet beside him and rested for quite some time before he exhaled deeply and slowly put on his clothes.

He glanced at the sky outside again. After some contemplation, he took out a fragmented map from his leather pouch and opened it carefully.

The map was very elementary, depicting the layout of this city.

The medical shops' locations were all marked. In fact, in the northeastern area, many areas were crossed out by someone's fingernails. Only two areas on the map weren't crossed out yet.

"After searching for these few days, it should be inside one of these two remaining areas." The voice of the youth was hoarse. He muttered in a low voice and was about to leave after putting the map away.

However, before he left, he turned and glanced at the old man's corpse. His gaze then fell onto the clothes that it was wearing.

That was a leather coat. Maybe it was because of some special quality of the leather, the degree of corrosion wasn't severe.

The youth pondered and decided to walk over and remove the leather coat from the corpse before wearing it on his body.

The coat was somewhat large, but after it enveloped his small and skinny frame, the youth finally felt a hint of warmth. Hence, he lowered his head and looked at the opened eyes of the old man and lifted his hand to gently brush across them, allowing the old man to close his eyes in death.

“Rest in peace,” said the youth lightly. He tore down the curtains of the shop and covered the old man’s corpse before turning to depart the medical shop.

When he walked out, a weak glint of light flashed before his feet. The youth lowered his head and saw a palm-sized fragmented mirror piece in the blood-coated mud.

In the mirror, he saw the reflection of his face.

Although the face in the mirror was covered in dirt, one could still faintly see an extremely exquisite-looking face under the layer of dirt.

However, it lacked the juvenile aura of the other ordinary 13 to 14-year-olds. The immaturity was replaced by coldness.

The youth silently looked at his reflection. A moment later, he lifted his foot and stomped down.

Ka~

Numerous cracks appeared on the fragmented mirror.

After smashing the mirror, his body moved as he sped into the distance.

On the ground, although the fragmented mirror had even more cracks now, it still reflected the sky. The reflected sky resembled half of a vast fragmented human face from the gods that seemed to cover the entire world and all lives.

The fragmented face had its eyes closed with a cold and lofty expression. Strands of withered curly hair draped down below.

This fragmented face was a natural existence akin to the sun and moon of this world.

It was as though it was saying that all existences below the gods were ants and insects. The living habits and lifestyle of the myriad of creatures had no choice but to change under their influence.

And at this moment, the sky also gradually lost its light under the ‘face of gods’ reflected in the mirror.

The shadow of the setting sun was like a black mist that pervaded the ruins in the city, covering the entire land as though wanting to devour it.

After that, the rain grew even heavier.

As the dark night gradually 'devoured' everything, the wind was as strong as ever and would occasionally cause sharp whimpering sounds to ring out.

The sounds resembled the howls of malicious ghosts, awakening all the bizarre existences in this city. The wind then continued making bone-chilling creepy noises one after another.

Hearing this, the running youth ran even faster and his movements grew more hurried. He agilely passed through the streets, trying to outpace the descent of the night.

Just as he passed a collapsed house and was about to continue speeding ahead, the eyes of the youth abruptly narrowed.

From the corner of his eyes, he spotted someone amidst the rubble.

From afar, the person's clothing was neat and there seemed to be no injuries on his body. That person was seated there with his back against the wall.

The most important thing was that the revealed skin of that person was normal-colored and not greenish-black!

In this city, unless one was alive, it was impossible for such a figure to appear!

And people who were alive...during these few days, the youth had not met a second living person other than himself.

This scene caused his mind to stir. Very soon, it seemed that he thought of something and his breathing grew hurried.

He had the intention to go forward, but the darkness of night behind him akin to smog appeared and was about to engulf him.

The youth hesitated a little. He then made a mental note about this location before he quickly left.

He sprinted all the way and finally returned to his temporary dwelling in this city before the night caught up to him.

This place was a cave with a very small interior, and it was filled with bird feathers.

The gap that was the entrance wasn't large. Adults had no way to come in, and only youths might be able to enter forcibly if they squeezed.

After entering, he blocked the entrance with miscellaneous items such as books and rocks with great familiarity.

Right after the gap was completely blocked, the darkness of the night gushed over.

At this moment, the youth didn't let go of his vigilance. His hand forcefully clutched the iron stick as he held his breath, squatting there to listen for a long time.

Gradually, the roars of mutated beasts and a piercing sound rang out, occasionally mixed in with eerie laughter.

After that, there was even a clearer-sounding roar that echoed out in reply. Because of the nervous state of the youth, he only relaxed and sat at the side after the voices passed him by and faded into the distance.

The interior of the cave was covered in complete darkness. The youth silently sat there, and it felt as though time could stop at this moment.

He then fell into a daze and calmed his frayed nerves. After that, he grabbed a water flask beside him and gulped down a few mouthfuls of water, ignoring the sounds outside as he took the vulture out from his pocket.

In the darkness, he began to chew on the vulture bit by bit.

A disgusting bloody and fishy stench then gushed forth from his throat, but he calmly chewed on and swallowed, forcing the food down to his stomach.

And at this moment, his stomach was forcefully churning, trying to digest and alleviate the feeling of hunger.

Very soon, he finished the entire vulture. The youth then drew in a deep breath as waves of fatigue flooded his body. His eyes also slowly closed.

However, his hand still held the black-colored iron stick tightly, as though he was a lone wolf taking a nap.