

Apocalypse: My Tattoos are Ten Yama Kings

- Chapter 1: The Arrival of the Supernatural, I Tattoo the Ten Yama Kings

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[1,214 words]

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[Parallel world, novel plot, purely fictional, do not take it seriously.]

"Huff!"

"Huff! Huff!"

Heavy panting echoed again and again in the cramped, dark rental room; Lin Yuan was drenched in sweat from head to toe, like he'd just come out of a sauna.

"Was it a dream?"

"No, definitely not a dream!"

Lin Yuan calmed his panic, scanning everything around him.

It felt like he'd just had a dream—a dream that lasted forever.

In that dream, the whole world changed dramatically.

Countless horrors descended upon the world. In one night, a hundred ghosts roamed.

Human souls, blood, and bodies became things that Evil Spirits flocked to.

In a single night, humanity fell from the top of the food chain.

Lin Yuan could be sure: this was no dream, it was real, it had actually happened to him.

Too real. All of it was just too damn real.

If it's not a dream, then there's only one possibility.

Rebirth.

He'd come back—from the third year after the apocalyptic event—to before the event ever happened.

What time is it now?

Lin Yuan grabbed his phone off the nightstand; the harsh screen light made him squint.

Three days.

Only three days left until the supernatural event.

The time left for Lin Yuan was running out.

Tattoos!

He had to get a tattoo.

After the supernatural apocalypse, humans became blood food for Demon Fiends and Deceitful Charms.

But desperate times never lack for heroes.

That's when a special group stood up.

Life Pattern Masters!

They were the chosen ones—the saviors of humanity—the ones with extraordinary abilities.

But before the event, they were just regular people like anyone else.

The key to awakening those special powers was...

Tattoos!

After the apocalyptic event, every tattoo gained mysterious, supernatural power.

Tattoos could transform into spirits, possess their hosts, give their hosts power to match the Evil Spirits and Deceitful Charms.

Someone tattooed Guan Gong, then used the Cyan Dragon Crescent Blade to wipe out countless Deceitful Demons.

Someone else tattooed Buddha; with a ray of Buddha's Radiance, defended an entire city.

Someone had the Executioner; with the Deceitful Head Knife, sent the heads of countless Evil Spirits rolling.

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"So what should I get tattooed?" Lin Yuan rubbed his forehead thinking.

The apocalypse is almost here—what you tattoo is something you need to carefully consider.

In his previous life, some people's tattoos were weak—the weak ones awakened fast, let their hosts mow down monsters in the early stage.

But as time went on, stronger and stronger Evil Spirits and Deceitful Charms appeared, and those tattoos couldn't protect their owners anymore.

And some tattoos were powerful—but needed too much energy to awaken, and didn't awaken for ages.

Which meant their tattoos hadn't awakened yet, and they'd already died at the hands of Demon Fiends and Deceitful Charms.

After thinking it over and over, Lin Yuan made his decision.

The Underworld!

Yep, that's what he'll get—the Underworld.

Not just a single Yin Spirit from the Underworld, but the whole damn Underworld.

Black and White Impermanence!

Ox Head and Horse Face!

The Four Great Judges.

The Ten Yama Kings.

Ksitigarbha, Meng Po.

Emperor Fengdu.

Lord of Mount Tai.

He's going to tattoo every Yin Spirit from the Underworld onto himself.

When it comes to fighting Evil Spirits, Demon Fiends after the apocalypse, the Underworld is the best match.

Perfect professional fit.

The whole point is that it's perfect professional fit.

Tattoo the entire Underworld; early in the apocalypse, he can awaken the powers of Black and White Impermanence, Ox Head and Horse Face.

Mid-game, he gets the Four Great Judges, the Ten Yama Kings as backup.

Late-game, he's got Emperor Fengdu and Lord of Mount Tai to rely on.

Lin Yuan is a man of action. He acts as soon as he decides.

He searched for the city's most famous tattoo shop, then hopped in a cab straight there.

Mysterious Art Tattoo.

Lin Yuan looked up at the sign above the shop and couldn't help but laugh: "I want the Underworld tattooed, and this place is called Mysterious Art Tattoo—now THAT's a perfect fit!"

Once inside, he saw a stylish guy in his forties, and a pretty girl, eighteen or nineteen, with dreadlocks.

Looks like a father and daughter pair.

"Boss, I want a tattoo!" Lin Yuan yelled as soon as he walked in.

The owner was chilling in a recliner, scrolling short videos; he looked up at Lin Yuan and chuckled, "You're a real character—why else do people come here besides getting tattoos?"

"Who's coming here for a wedding banquet?"

The girl at the counter with the dreadlocks came over, sweet smile, showing two dimples.

"Don't mind my dad, he's just got a mouth on him."

"What do you want tattooed?"

What to tattoo?

Lin Yuan thought for a second, then answered seriously: "I want Black and White Impermanence, Ox Head and Horse Face, the Four Great Judges, the Ten Yama Kings, Ksitigarbha, Meng Po, Emperor Fengdu, Lord of Mount Tai."

"I also want Deceitful Gate Gate, Naihe Bridge, Yellow Springs Road, Yin Mountain, Eighteen Layers of Hell, Six Paths of Reincarnation..."

"Pffft!" The stylish owner spit out his tea, almost to the far wall, staring in shock.

"You..."

"You're nuts!" The stylish guy wiped the tea off his mouth, and said seriously, "Kid, let me give you some advice—tattoos have taboos. You get all that ink, you won't be able to handle it."

"If you really tattoo all that on yourself, I guarantee you won't live more than seven days."

Seven days?

Lin Yuan thought, hell, most people in the world aren't gonna make it three days!

"I'm not superstitious. I want them all," Lin Yuan insisted again.

He'd done his homework before coming.

Tattoo Artists are usually pretty superstitious, and have their own taboos.

It's not surprising they wouldn't want to tattoo all that.

Looks like this is a Tattoo Artist with some professional ethics.

"According to the Consumer Protection Law, without proper reason you can't refuse me as a customer."

"If you won't tattoo me, I'll call the consumer watchdog and report you!" Lin Yuan pulled out the weapon of the law to defend his rights.

Anyone in business is afraid of this trick.

The owner knew he couldn't use made-up trade rules to kick Lin Yuan out.

Those so-called trade rules—let's be real, just old superstitions. Not worth a damn.

The owner thought, I've lived half my life, you little punk can't beat me.

Early twenties, clueless kid.

Looks like a university student.

How much money could a college student have?

But if I ask for a hundred thousand, how will this guy respond?

"I can do it!"

"One hundred thousand—no bargaining!" The owner said, then lay back, closing his eyes to relax.

Right now, the owner was picturing Lin Yuan slinking out defeated.

"Deal."

To his surprise, Lin Yuan agreed in one breath.

The owner shot up from his chair, staring at Lin Yuan, "Wait, what do you mean, deal?"

"Deal what—you got a hundred thousand?"

Lin Yuan pulled out his phone and started tapping away.

Twenty thousand from Jiebei.

Thirty thousand from Jintiao.

Thirty thousand from xx credit card.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

