

## **The Growth 184**

### Chapter 184 16: Buddha and Vajra (Part 1)

For Quinn, a third-generation Skeleton, time held little meaning.

The skeleton made entirely of active metal had a lifespan of several centuries, even in the harshest of extreme environments.

Not to mention that in this Otherworld with rules similar to the Marz World, Quinn didn't have to worry about normal longevity issues at all.

From the initial landing site, constantly exploring and expanding outward.

Quinn's caution allowed him to avoid many dangers and made him realize that this world was not as simple as it seemed.

On the surface, this world appeared to have once had an extremely advanced civilization.

Various artificial buildings and relics bore a high-tech atmosphere akin to the Burrowing Insect Civilization.

Yet the problem was that beneath this appearance of technology and wasteland, there was a pervasive and unsettling sense of crisis.

This situation persisted until Quinn arrived at a city built atop ruins.

The neon lights flashing day and night, combined with the oppressive and dull atmosphere, sent shivers down even the bones of Quinn, a Skeleton.

Especially when night fell, and undead emerged from mass graves and burial pits, Quinn witnessed the brutality of this world for the first time.

"What exactly happened in this world?"

Being an undead himself, Quinn could tell that those undead were not creatures that had died naturally.

They were avengers who had suffered extreme torture and cruel slaughter before dying with hatred and unwillingness.

When these avengers crawled out of their graves at night, it meant they began their revenge on all living things.

Everything in sight that could move became the target of these undead's vengeance.

To be honest, from Quinn's perspective, these undead were absurdly weak.

They couldn't even take a fall while running without breaking apart, let alone compare to a metal body like his own.

Or rather, these undead were truly the Skeletons by definition.

Skeletons from the Mountain and Sea Realm had developed over a long period, moving beyond the category of normal undead, becoming intelligent individuals and a true civilization.

However, despite their own frailty, those undead formed a genuine "sea of the undead" due to their vast numbers.

"This hatred... this anger... how is it possible!?"

Every nightfall, tides of undead swarmed in, attacking the only standing artificial city atop these ruins.

And it was at this moment that Quinn saw the power of this world's civilization.

These were supernatural beings clad in steel armor, bodies glowing with golden light...

They chanted Buddhist scriptures while raising their firearms, shooting any undead attempting to approach the artificial city.

"You bastards! This is slaughter!"

Perhaps it was empathy from seeing his kind killed, or perhaps he simply couldn't stand the superficial mercy of those extraordinary individuals...

On the first night, Quinn chose to act and engaged in a fierce battle with those extraordinary individuals.

Then, Quinn paid the price for his impulsiveness.

Those extraordinary individuals weren't creatures armored in steel at all!

They were extraordinary beings forged from steel!

Upon discovering the unique metal undead that was Quinn.

Those extraordinary individuals, like hunters spotting prey, actually abandoned their slaughter of other undead and charged directly at Quinn.

It was only then that Quinn realized the severity of the situation.

Those extraordinary individuals who chanted Buddhist scriptures while killing undead weren't fighting to protect the artificial city at all.

From the excitement on their faces, Quinn saw their zeal for battle.

Whether driving high-speed motorcycles, low-altitude hoverboards, or battle cannons...

Rather than merely hunting Quinn, those extraordinary individuals seemed to be hunting for "achievements" within reach.

Clearly on the same front line, those extraordinary individuals didn't even think about cooperation and were just avoiding sabotaging each other.

They seemed to care very little about Quinn, focusing entirely on capturing this "mutant" undead on their own.

Finally, in fury, Quinn couldn't help but explode.

"Do you think I'm just an ordinary undead with no resistance?"

Quinn was not unprepared for a major battle in this world, as he had entered it with the identity of an "enemy" from the start.

However, the education Quinn had received over many years made him unable to endure the extraordinary individuals' disdain for life.

In their eyes, life had long ceased to be life, having mutated into a symbol representing "achievement."

Cold-blooded, cruel, and always taking the high road...

This was Quinn's first impression of the group of extraordinary individuals, and also the fuse for his subsequent over-the-top actions.

It must be reiterated here that Quinn's profession is Scholar, and his hobby is fighting.

When these two polar opposite "attributes" collided, it was as if some subtle chemical reaction occurred within Quinn.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Although he was far inferior to those extraordinary individuals in pure power.

Quinn used his ability to extract bone and forge weapons to play guerrilla warfare with them in this boundless wasteland of ruins.

Quinn could also manufacture the guns, cannons, and machinery used by the extraordinary individuals.

Though the quality was inferior, what mattered was the sheer quantity Quinn could produce!

Moreover, Quinn, who came from an academic background, was never a pure brute.

Creating traps and bombs, distant sniping ambushes, disguise assassinations, and robberies...

Facing Quinn's endless array of offensive tactics, those invincible extraordinary individuals began doubting their own intelligence for the first time.

Reconnaissance and counter-reconnaissance, assassination and counter-assassination, extermination and counter-extermination...

Quinn fully utilized all the knowledge he had learned in school to rout those extraordinary individuals again and again.

In the end, those originally arrogant extraordinary individuals even had to join forces to fight back.

Unfortunately, even then they couldn't really catch Quinn.

Gradually, the extraordinary individuals started abandoning their pursuit of Quinn, consciously contracting the war front.

The outcome was predictable; Quinn, who had already been seriously engaged, wasn't going to let them have it so easy.

"You think this battle can start and end as you wish?"

"If you enjoy hunting so much, then you should also experience being hunted!"

If in the beginning, Quinn's actions were purely reactive,

by the time the battle reached its later stages, it was Quinn who had taken the offensive.

During this stage, Quinn first learned the names of the extraordinary individuals and the gods they worshiped.

The "God" these extraordinary individuals worshiped was not a single entity but a vast Divine Pantheon named "Buddha."

As for the extraordinary individuals themselves?

They called themselves "Vajra," the reserve force of the Apostles under "Buddha."