

Spectator

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RS MANAGEMENT

Spectator - Volume 1 - Chapter 1

Spectator Book 1

Prologue

When I visited my friend, who, I haven't seen in a long time, what I saw was his dead body

How should I describe the feeling of seeing the death of a person I know?

Well,

I couldn't think of the right words to describe it. Because of that, I only managed to mutter these words after a long silence.

"So you're dead."

The time started passing as normal when I finally took a step forward. Colors started to appear in the black and white world. It was dark and gloomy blue.

I had to admit it again. My friend, Kim Tae-Jin, is dead.

Well, to be exact,

He 'committed suicide while playing a video game'.

He loved virtual reality more than the actual reality and loved game items and the NPCs.

He obsessed over a failed quest in the virtual reality and ended up killing himself.

It was a boring, meaningless death that even the cheapest of magazines wouldn't want to cover.

"Pathetic bastard."

He hadn't been very healthy.

39 years of age. 178cm tall. He weighed only 40kg when he died.

He was starving himself because of depression after getting dumped by an NPC he loved.

Mentally deranged and hating himself.

He used to mutter to himself to no end.

If I go back to that time..... If I can just go back.....

Like he was casting some spell. He desperately prayed his hopeless prayers.

Had he started seeing things? He was already suffering from autism and this one time he even started drawing a weird symbol over and over again saying it's the mark of the devil that will grant his wishes.

I couldn't understand him for the life of me.

He was abled. He had kind parents and a pretty sister, he had a happy family. He wasn't even poor, so he was in a wonderful Environment.

But this pathetic guy made an island for himself in the middle of this city and isolated himself, and ended up killing himself without a care for the loving family who supported him, and only caring madly about game quests and what clothes his avatars' wear.

"Didn't even know that he was blessed."

I took out a cigarette and held it in my mouth, and exhaled gray smoke with a sigh.

Had he finally gone crazy? Tae-Jin was dead in his game connection capsule, his wrists slit and chest stabbed.

'If this gets on a newspaper, it'll probably say he was in some crazy religious cult.'

I stubbed out my cigarette on the capsule and called the police with my phone and reported his death.

Looking at his dead body without any emotion.

"Yes, a man died here. I'm on the fourth floor of SL Apartments."

I continued explaining. The cause of death is suicide. After I told them the address, I explained that I was friends with him.

After some questioning and answering, the report process was over. The rest was just waiting for the police to come.

I looked around the room and then turned my gaze on the capsule.

‘So this journal of his will be the only note he left.’

His journal was on the armrest.

He started writing his journal some time ago and would throw a fit if I tried to read it. One time, I succeeded reading the journal when he went to the bathroom, but it was full of boring gaming junk and his dating life in the game.

‘I wonder what he was thinking before he died.’

I took the journal from Tae-Jin’s hand, which was still very much warm.

I accidentally got some blood on the journal while touching his body and my feet started making splashing sounds on the puddle of blood, but I didn’t care.

I wanted to know. Of course I would have to go through all the boring stuff but I still wanted to be sure about something. About why he would abandon this world, in which even a trash like me is still breathing and living.

I stood there and started reading.

The cover was wet, but the inside was still readable.

Stories that must have been very serious for him but were very much like cheesy soap opera to me ensued. Soon I turned the last page of the journal and all I could do was shaking my head.

“Pathetic effing bastard.”

It was just as I expected. The journal was full of stories of him playing a game, crying and laughing, seeing things, and killing himself in order to go back to the past. The only thing that was unique about this journal of a mad man was the devil’s mark drawn on its last page.

I clicked my tongue and put the journal back on the armrest of the capsule.

And the world went black again.

1. Understanding

In the dark, the red blood formed words and sentences.

[I am leaving. I am leaving now. I am going to start everything over.]

That was the last sentence written in his journal.

The note written in blood sent chills up my spine.

And then,

Everything was erased.

– Beep-! Bee bee beep! Beep-! Bee bee beep!

The monotonous mechanical sound of the morning alarm pierced my ears. Irritated, I covered my ears with both hands. I felt a sudden anger rising towards my wife, who could have patted me gently on the shoulder, but has instead chosen to put a cheap ass alarm clock on the bed.

And suddenly.....

The memory of yesterday's incident crossed my mind.

'.....Right.'

The fire in my head was suddenly put out.

I smiled bitterly. I was the same as Tae-Jin, we were both failed losers. Failed both out in the society and back in home.

That was me.

“Pathetic.”

I angrily smashed the alarm clock and turned it off, and buried my face in my pillow.

I just didn't want to wake up now.

My life and my marriage was dry and dull.

My wife and I met through match making and we were awkward around each other. The only thing holding our relationship together was the sense of

responsibility and duty towards our family. My wife and I didn't have anything in common from personality to hobbies, but we endured each other thinking that everyone else is living the same life as ours. After all, the perfect 'one' can't exist in real life.

All couples live like that, adjusting to one another.

So I lived the life of a hamster turning its wheel: Going to work, eating the meals my wife makes, looking at my child's sleeping face at night, and going to work again, sometimes doing overtimes.

Until one day, when everything took a turn for the worse.

It would be more accurate to say that I found out about it too late, than to say it happened all of a sudden.

It was the day I left early from work.

When I arrived at home, what I saw was a pair of shoes I've never seen before, a whole house lighted with candles I've never seen before, and finally, moaning sounds from a man and a woman.

That's right. I witnessed a scene of my wife having sexual intercourse with a stranger.

'Fuck.'

All I wanted to do at the moment was go into the room and beat the shit out of the two of them.

But I didn't.

Because that would be like cutting off my nose to spite my face.

I was the head of my household. And the head of a household is like being a pillar of a house. If I made a scene right there and then, it would be like announcing that all of this happened because the pillar of our house is rotten. Plus, I wouldn't want to make my naked wife throw her dignity in the gutter.

So I repressed my anger. I tried to cool down.

And I quietly went back out of the house.

Unlike a dull man like me, 'that guy' must have treated her as a lady and made

her happy. I could understand that.

However,

‘Although I understand everything,’

I couldn’t help feeling humiliated.

I then started smoking boxes of cigarettes. I smoked and waited at the entrance of the apartment. When an hour has passed and another hour about passed, I saw the next door guy coming looking at me with a flustered expression, and blew a puff of cigarette smoke at his face as a silent warning.

After that, I came back to the house and faced my wife, standing embarrassed, and told her, ‘Let’s think things over.’ That was yesterday.

So I understood that she didn’t wake me up in person and instead put an alarm clock on the bed for me.

‘Still feels like shit though.’

Smash!

So I directed my frustration towards the old alarm clock and smashed it off.

“Well, I asked for it.”

We were two very different people, except for one fact that we both had difficult childhood. I lost my parents at a young age and she had an alcoholic dad. Except for that little sympathy towards each other, we shared pretty much nothing.

She was a very domestic woman with a warm heart and a taste for cutesy things, a woman who wishes for happiness and warmth rather than luck.

I was very much different than her.

I didn’t like the books or movies she liked, I had different hobbies, I had different tastes in everything, and to add to everything, I didn’t make a good living and I was a very boring husband. A guy who has to borrow money from here and there to pay the loan interest at the end of every month, and has to get a credit line all the time. A guy who always tries but doesn’t get results. A loser of a guy who wants to act big at home to recover what little self-esteem that’s left

in him.

So I could understand her wanting to have an affair.

'Fuck!'

I understood. I understood everything.

I understood that I'm that much of a loser.

But still!

We were a legally married couple who have spent such a long time together, and she was a mother of a child. If she had any respects for our family, shouldn't she have at least officially ended things between us, get divorced, and then started seeing other people?

That little resentment was piercing my heart like a hundred sharp needles.

I got desperate for a drink. So I went to visit a friend of mine. A friend who's living in the virtual world far from the burdens of real life. A guy who would laugh and find the humor in whatever I say.

But all I saw in my friend's house was his dead body.

'Wife's having an affair, friend's dead.'

I couldn't help laughing. This was one hell of a lucky day for me indeed.

I kneeled down and clenched my fists, and waited for the tears in my eyes to dry.

'You live because you're living. You live because you're breathing. You live because you're not dead.'

I murmured repeatedly consoling myself. Life is just that, mindlessly continuing breathing.

After a while, I stood up trying not to feel irritated and empty.

".....Huh?"

I rubbed my eyes.

I closed and opened my eyes again and again.

Everything around me, to the color of the wallpaper to the color of the ceiling,

was different.

‘But it’s only October!’

The calendar on the wall indicated that it’s March. The 9th day was crossed out many times like something special happened on that day. So many pen-made markings made it hard to even see the number 9.

I opened the old-style flip phone over my head and checked the date.

Today is,

[March 23]

‘.....What? Is the setting wrong?’

I thought I was still dreaming. It’s clearly October, but everywhere it said today’s March 23.

“Wait a second.”

Come to think of it, my back felt too stiff. I wasn’t lying on a mattress. I looked around, and found that I was actually lying on an electric heat pad and a single thick blanket.

I wasn’t lying on a bed at all.

Could it be I got kidnapped?

I felt fully awake all at once and hurriedly looked around.

A very messy room came to my view.

Half-empty bags of chips.

And soda cans and study-aid books and textbooks were littered everywhere.

And when I saw the address and name written on the cover of the study-aid book, my eyes opened widely.

– College Scholastic Ability Test Trial Test workbook. Study aid for Grade 3.
Address.....

END

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Chapter 2 Old Fashioned Parachute

Compared to a normal airliner, the plane's altitude was much lower, at this moment, the moon was still shining, the drug traffickers on the ground could see that people were coming down, they didn't know who they were, but they knew they weren't their friends.

The plane took a U-turn, the soldiers one by one jumped of the plane, Donford Wu was the last to jump, even though the drug traffickers shot at the plane, but it didn't cause any damage to the plane, when a 7.62 mm rifle shoots over eight hundred meters, its power starts to falter.

The bullets couldn't cause any damage to the plane, but it could threaten the descending soldiers, to insure their safety, all soldiers tried to open their parachute at the last possible second, this could decrease the amount of time spent in the air.

The borders between China and Myanmar was mostly made of ancient forests, these forests were extremely dense, after parachuting down, Donford Wu's parachute snagged on top of a tree, hanging him over the ground five or six meters.

The light under the forest was abnormally dim, Donford Wu used his rifle to quickly check his surrounding area, after determining his height from the ground, he unlocked his parachute and touched the ground rolling. Now in a crawling position, he used the tracker on his wrist to see his approximate location.

His position was slightly to the west, going west, you could reach the borders in less than five kilometers, the dense gunfire, which was the area where the drug traffickers where, was two kilometers to the east.

After determining his location, he didn't go to encircle them, but quickly got up and went west, after being assaulted, the drug traffickers would surely retreat back to Myanmar, what he was doing was to become familiar with the surrounding area as fast as possible, and find a good position to assault them.

While looking at his surroundings, Donford Wu also determined the caliber of the rifles from the gunfire, the squad's QBZ-95 and the adversaries' AK-47 had different barrel sizes, the sound of the gun was also slightly different. Through the gunfire, when could determine that both sides were all on automatic, but the adversaries weren't just spraying gunfire, but clearly had rhythm, this showed that they weren't just grouped together, but highly possible they were mercenaries with formal training.

At this moment, there were only three soldiers that were behind the enemy in the firefight, their main objective was to slow down the enemy so that they could make time for their comrades that were in the front, left and right encircle the enemy. The six soldiers on the left and right were to kill the enemy's main firepower, their mission was to ambush the enemy when they are retreating, snipers and combat crossbowmen were both on the two sides. Donford Wu was the last line of defense, he was responsible for blocking the fish that escaped from the net.

As Donford Wu was quickly heading west, his earpiece transmitted a soldier's voice, " They're quickly retreating."

Even though Donford Wu was anxious, but he didn't urge his squad to hurry, all the communication devices were all connected, the soldiers on the two sides would surely rapidly get to their combat position.

Different from the normal mountains and outbacks, the borders between China and Myanmar had a real ancient forest, it was hot and humid, you could find little traces of people, the giant trees block your path, the thorns sting your legs, going through this place was abnormally hard and painful, but what Donford Wu feared was not these, but Asia's most venomous snake that lived in this area, the king cobra.

The two sides finally sounded gunfire, the snipers and crossbowmen held their position and showed their might, the soldiers using rifles were in direct combat

facing the enemy, while the snipers and crossbowmen stealthily killed them, even though the crossbows had shorter range, but it had its own advantage, it shot without noise, and there are no sparks to be seen, especially suitable for a night forest battle.

Being surrounded, the enemy started throwing hand grenades to counter attack and at the same time accelerated their retreat.

After a few hundred meters, Donford Wu finally found the hidden trail in the forest, behind him, there was still the dense sound of gunfire, clearly showing that there were still lots of enemies that have not been killed. After thinking for a short period of time, Donford Wu followed the trail and ran west, if he went back to block the trail, he would force the drug traffickers off the trail, making them hard to find.

Less than a mile from the border, Donford Wu ordered, "How many left."

"Seems to be seven." "It should be three." "Around four or five."

"I'm about to reach the border." Donford Wu cut off the soldiers counting, in this dark forest, it was hard to determine the exact amount of enemies killed, making it also hard to calculate how many enemies were left.

Not knowing the amount of enemies left was impossible to directly confront them, if there were only three or five people left, he had confidence to kill them before they disappeared through the forest, but if it was more, it was hard not to let some escape.

After thinking about this, Donford Wu hid himself in a secluded place fifty meters away from the trail.

In a moment, the enemies came rushing here, the ones running in the front were all wearing vests, these vests were sewed out of coarse materials, and they were bulging out, the drugs were highly likely to be stored there, behind them were ten plus mercenaries wearing camouflage, their gunfire covering the drug trafficker's retreat.

Donford Wu was waiting for the drug traffickers to pass him so he can open fire at the mercenaries, he had set his rifle to automatic.

Compared against single bursts, fully automatic was much more powerful, it

could kill more enemies, but it also came with more risks, because shooting automatic required one to stay in the shooting stance, the barrel also continues to spark, there was no way to hide, so the enemies could fire right back at him right away.

The longer he shot in automatic, the more enemies he killed, and the more danger he put himself in, this is a time which tested a person's courage and judgment, Donford Wu shot for five seconds, the first second of the five, he was safe, the following four seconds, he had a chance to be shot.

After five seconds, Donford Wu immediately lied down, the enemy's' gunfire quickly followed, a spray of bullets flew over his head, he laid closely to the ground, waiting until the gunfire stopped, he immediately rolled to the south western side, his opponents knew where he was, to ensure he was dead, they would most likely throw a hand grenade.

Donford Wu's guess was right, the opponents really did want to throw a grenade, but while trying to throw it, the mercenary got shot and killed by a far away sniper, the remaining two mercenaries were in a panic, they rushed away and tried to escape from the explosion,

The grenade exploded, it sended out a low sound and a short period of light, Donford Wu quickly got up, he raised his rifle and finished off the other two mercenaries, he then turned around to chase the far away drug traffickers.

"Boss, Grandmother's Bear is with me." his earpiece sent a soldier's voice.

"And I thought he already died." Donford Wu sighed crudely.

"Boss, you are five hundred meters away from the border." The correspondent with the GPS quickly reminded him.

At this moment, all his squad members were all behind him, only Donford Wu was in the front, and because he didn't participate in the firefight, Donford Wu's stamina was still full, he quickly rushed through the forest.

One of the drug traffickers heard the explosion from behind, he slightly turned his body and shot wherever, he was using a handgun, not only did that bullet not hit Donford Wu, but also exposed his position, letting Donford Wu kill him.

The trail made by the drug traffickers was curved, narrow and surrounded by a

dense forest, but the remaining three drug traffickers didn't go hid, but desperately ran west, they knew if they crossed the borders they were safe.

In a normal situation, drug traffickers could not outrun a trained soldier, but when their lives are threatened, it is another story. The drug traffickers threw down all their equipment and ran. They were very familiar with the geography, not only that, Donford Wu was unable to run at full speed because of the winding mountain trail, even his two shots could not hit his targets.

"Boss, you can't run anymore!" his earpiece sounded the correspondent's voice.

At this time, the east was already bright, Donford could clearly see the border pillar on the ground, similar border pillars could be found every few kilometers, they were the mark of the border.

Donford Wu regretted greatly that he was not able to chase the remaining three drug traffickers, but the border pillar was fully in his sight, normal people crossing the borders at most would be illegal immigration, but when a soldier crosses the border would mean invading on another country's territory.

The other soldiers finally caught up, Donford Wu already started to dip his head down, the squad one after another comforted him, "Boss, we tried our best." "Who would've thought they would pay attention to civilian airlines." "It's all my fault, I got to my position too late."

"They already ran off, but we killed a lot." Donford Wu gave his rifle to one of the soldiers, taking out a dagger, he crouched down and cut open one of the vests the drug traffickers threw away, from inside, he took out a piece of black substance and sniffed it.

"Boss, is it opium?" a soldier asked.

"I don't know this, but I'm sure it's not medicine for your health, where's Grandmother's Bear, let him determine what it is." Donford Wu casually said.

After saying this, a middle aged man wearing camo walked out from the group, Donford Wu turned his head to look at this person, at this moment, from the west, a gunshot resounded through the air, following the gunshot, Grandmother's Bear's left eye exploded, the back of his head spraying out a red

mist.

Hearing the gunshot, everyone spread out and hid, at the same time unlocking the safety and getting ready to fire.

“Fuck his motherfucking bitch!” before Grandmother’s Bear could fall down, Donford Wu rushed forward, he knew clearly what was happening, drug traffickers hated undercover informants the most, this must have been the reason that they crossed the borders and came back daringly.

Seeing Donford Wu rushing forward, the other soldiers didn’t dare open fire, they turned back on the safety and followed.

After a few meters, the drug trafficker that opened fired once again went back into the borders of Myanmar. Everyone had a location tracking device on their bodies that were connected with headquarters, once they crossed the borders, headquarters would immediately know.

Donford Wu pushed away a soldier pulling at him and once again rushed forward.

Seeing this situation, everyone came rushing forward, Donford Wu looked back at flicked his hand, “You guys can’t break the rules, go back!”

Stopping everyone, Donford Wu slowed down his pace, he was on alert for an ambush and at the same time looking for traces of his opponents.

Sneaking in for hundreds of meters, he couldn’t find a trace of his enemies, but he did find a winding trail in the forest.

Following near the trail and heading west for a few minutes, Donford Wu heard footsteps on the other side of the trail, after a moment, a black painted drug trafficker walked onto the trail.

Seeing him in his line of fire, Donford raised his handgun and opened fire, he continually shot three times, every shot was lethal.

After the gunshots, hurried footsteps sounded not too far away from the west, without asking, one could know that the other two drug traffickers that were resting started running again after hearing the gunshots.

Donford Wu chased after the noise of footsteps, because the forest had a lot

of leaved vegetation, the drug traffickers were not far, but could not be seen. Donford Wu could only open fire according to the foot steps.

The drug traffickers started to open fire to retaliate, the bullets from both sides were mostly all blocked by the trees, after a few rounds, no one was even hurt.

While following them, they gave up the trail and started heading south, the trees in the forest started to decrease, Donford Wu could finally see their shadows, he quickly took aim and killed one of the traffickers.

The last drug trafficker desperately ran south, Donford Wu also hurriedly followed, the more south they went, the less vegetation there was, both sides didn't open fire, after a few rounds of shooting, both men had no bullets left.

The chase continued for five or six minutes, the drug trafficker in the front suddenly stopped by a boulder, Donford Wu thought that what was hiding under there was a gun, but what the drug trafficker pulled out was an old fashioned parachute, while he backpacked it, he rushed towards a cliff on the south side.

"What a genius!" Donford Wu coldly laughed, these drug traffickers did death sentence business, they used all their brains to leave a way for them to live.

The drug trafficker stopped by the edge of the cliff, he turned around and spited at the rushing Donford Wu, he then waved his right hand with his middle finger sticking up.

This insulting hand sign did not anger Donford Wu, even though he didn't know the geography down the cliff, but he has been trained in two man parachuting.

After insulting Donford Wu, the drug trafficker turned around, jumped off and opened his parachute, Donford Wu quickly followed, in the middle of the air he hugged the drug trafficker, he then pulled out a dagger and stabbed him in the left chest.

The drug trafficker started to violently struggle, Donford Wu used his hands to tightly stop his opponent, at this moment, an accidental discovery made his spine shiver, there was something moving in the parachute between the two men.....

Spectator - Volume 1 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Going Through Space and Time

Donford Wu was not afraid of the animal inside the parachute bag, but was afraid of what kind of damages would it do to the parachute itself. The parachute inside the bag is pressured in very tightly, only animals from the rodent or pangolin species could squeeze inside, no matter which kind of animal it was, the parachute would have sustained serious damage.

After being alarmed, Donford Wu quickly calmed down, looking down, he could only see the lingering mist below, completely unable to see the situation at the bottom of the valley and also unable to determine how far away he was away from the ground.

Seeing that the situation was unclear, Donford Wu could only guess, most of the mountains at the borders of Myanmar were around two thousand meters, at this height, a parachute that has been damaged is absolutely unable to smoothly bring two people down to the bottom of the valley.

He has two options, one is to descend with two people, once they are close to the ground, open the parachute as the first buffer, then when the parachute loses effect, use the drug trafficker's body as the second buffer, and then land.

There is also a second choice, which is to take off the parachute bag away from the drug trafficker, shoulder it and descend by himself. This way, it can decrease the acceleration towards the ground, while decreasing the amount of weight the parachute has to bear.

Donford Wu choose the second option without a doubt, even though the chance of survival is larger, but the amount of danger is also larger too. Changing parachutes while in mid-air, if he doesn't wear the parachute correctly before using it, he would easily just die by the fall.

After making up his mind, Donford Wu quickly released the parachute buckles and kicked away the drug trafficker's body. With his back facing the ground, using his fastest speed, he put on the parachute bag and quickly spread out his limbs afterwards, through increasing resistance, Donford Wu can decrease the speed while falling.

The mist below was thicker than he expected, while he was falling, he was completely unable to see his surroundings and the ground below. This situation made Donford Wu secretly cry out in bitterness. Without knowing what his altitude was, he is unable to know what time he should pull open his parachute at.

Waiting.

Waiting again.

Still the same, waiting.

After every second, the stress on Donford Wu's heart increased, he didn't know at what height the mist would clear, waiting for the results, might cause him to die, or maybe even increase his survival probability.

Just when Donford Wu's tension reached an incomparable high, the mist suddenly vanished, and in front of him was a stretch of flat farmland, large petals of safflower indicated that the crops grown here were most likely poppies.

What Donford Wu cared for was not what kind of crop was grown, but what height he was at. Being able to clearly see what is below said that his height was incredibly close, it was evident that he missed the best opportunity to open his parachute, he can not not open his parachute any longer.

Pulling the activation string, the parachute opened up smoothly, but after the main parachute decreased most of the momentum, Donford Wu was not pulled back up in the air, this was clearly the result of the parachute being damaged.

With the parachute failing, Donford Wu did a series of movement seconds before landing.

Throw away the parachute and flip over, preventing the possibility of broken ribs stabbing into his lungs.

Both hand around his head, decrease the impact on his head.

Relaxing muscles, getting ready to crash.

Breathing out, to avoid air trembling violently, causing internal damage to organs.

He could only do this, if he wanted to survive this fall, he could only count on the softness of the ground.

“Plop!”

“Why is it water?” Doubt has already crept into his mind, his back and two legs already hitting a hard substance.

After choking on a bit of water, Donford Wu quickly swam upwards, his left calf sended out a terrible pain and a tingling feeling, indicating that the bones were most likely fractured.

The water wasn't deep, Donford Wu was able to surface rather quickly, just when he wanted to breath, the scene around him caused him to suck in a breath of cold air (TL: something surprising), the poppy fields that he saw was gone without a trace, what it was replaced by was a gentle moving stream, a mess of rocks on both sides made up the shore on both sides.

Donford Wu immediately took in his surroundings, turning his head, he discovered that a woman was standing in shallow water not 10 meters away from him, her hand holding a sharpened wooden pool, slack jawed, she was staring directly at him.

After determining that she did not have any hostility and only surprise by her expression, Donford Wu didn't look at the woman for long, because except for a shabby piece of rags around her waist, there was nothing else.

Until Donford Wu crawled onto shore with great difficulty, did the woman wake from her stupor, leaving the stream behind and heading into a forest on the west side.

The intercom was sweep away by the wind long before, but good thing that the positioning device was still there, but at that moment, he could only see his own latitude and longitude coordinates, and unable to see his squad's

coordinates.

With his heart filled with doubt, Donford Wu stood up with a single leg, taking in the surrounding mountains, the surrounding terrain was around seven to eighty percent the same as when he fought the drug traffickers, but the peaks were now higher, and the forest is much thicker.

When he looked at the position of the sun in the sky, Donford took in another cold breath, even though the amount of light was around the same when he jumped off the cliff, but according to the position the sun is at right now, it wasn't morning now, but rather close to night time.

After all these strange things happened, Donford Wu wasn't excessively frightened, he took out a box of cigs and picked one that wasn't wet, he smoked while remembering what exactly happened.

Before he opened his parachute, he clearly remember that what was below him were poppy fields, but at last, he landed in water, the scene changed in the few seconds he was opening his parachute.

According to all the clues and where he was at, Donford Wu immediately understood that he "won the lottery", in the short period of a few seconds, what happened to him was most probably an extremely rare space and time warp phenomenon.

People who have graduated from high school would know about Einstein's theory of relativity, knowing about relativity naturally allows you to know about crossing through space and time, this is an extremely mysterious phenomenon, according to theories it is split into Initiative Crossing and Passive Crossing, the so called Initiative Crossing means that the crossing through space and time was planned and has a destination, but at the moment, scientist are still unable to reach this point. The phenomenon of crossing space and time through human history were undoubtedly Passive Crossings, even the the reasons and the cause were unknown, but the scientific world has reached a consensus, the faster you go, the higher the chance is to cross through space and time.

If this happened to a normal person, after meeting this kind of situation, they would surely have a sense of loss for a long period of time, but Donford Wu didn't, as the cheetah troop's commander, meeting with any kind of situation,

he must come up with a quick and accurate judgement, and what he came up with was, if he didn't hit his head and is now experiencing a serious illusion, then it must be because he accidentally crossed through space and time and went back to some period back in time.

The pain from his left leg severed his thoughts, Donford Wu threw away the cig and checked his wounds, through his skin, he could feel that his left leg and a couple of ribs were broken.

After determining his wounds, Donford Wu went towards the west side woods with a single leg, fractured bones must be set in place as quickly as possible, the longer the delay, the more serious the swelling will become, at that point, it would be hard to determine what was the correct way to set the leg.

At the border of the forest, Donford Wu took out his dagger and cut off a few branches, and from a tree, sliced off tens of slices of tree bark as bandage, after preparing appropriately, he set his bones in the correct place, the whole process was extremely painful, a broken bone required several touches before it was it was set in place, the broken bones must be aligned correctly, if not, after it healed he would become a cripple.

After using branches and tree bark to set his left leg, he was already covered in sweat, almost to the point of exhaustion.

He turned his head and saw that woman not far away, after leaving the stream, the woman came back, taking away the dead fish she left behind, she hid away at a boulder twenty meters away to observe him, she stayed even after he finished setting his bones.

After another trip, the woman came back wearing a set of worn-out clothes on, her hair that covered half her face was extremely long and extremely messy, Donford Wu could only see that see was a woman with a rounded face, not ugly but not pretty. Not only that, according to her figure, her age wasn't high.

Setting the bones in place wasted away more than half an hour, the sun has already set, the curtains of net slowly but surely crept into place, Donford Wu took a look at his positioning device, his heart feeling sad and dreary, he was at the same place, but the times was not the same, his squad would never appear again/

As the curtains of night completely took over, Donford Wu silently laid down on the borders of the forest, the woman had already left who knows how long ago.

After a short period of darkness, the moon rises, basking the valley underneath it in a soft but cold light, borrowing the moonlight, Donford Wu took out whatever what was on him, a lighter, a dagger, half a pack of cigs, some money, and the positioning device on his wrist, he only had this.

Putting back his stuff, Donford Wu tilted his head and went to sleep, this wasn't because his adaptability was abnormally high, but because he knew what exactly happened to him, but his heart still carried a thread of fantasy, hoping that when he woke up, his surroundings would change into a field of poppy fields, and hoping that his squad would be able to wake him up while he was deep in sleep.

After sleeping for a short period of time, a sharp pain in his leg woke him up, the sound of water flowing not far away made the last shred of hope vanish.

The positioning device had time on it, Donford Wu took a look at it, ten-thirty in the morning.

After a painful smile, Donford Wu once again took out his pack of cigs and took out a cig, dazing away as he smoked, what he was thinking about right now was not about himself, but rather his squad, after discovering that his signal vanished, his squad would surely cross the borders and search for him, the parachute they used were able to be used multiple times, they surely would be able to reach the bottom of the valley, discovering the field of poppies, but they would never find him.

This mission caused him to be missing in action, his squad would also be pulled down by him, and because they couldn't find his body, the squad couldn't really count him as a hero, his third aunt probably couldn't enjoy good treatment.....

Not knowing when, Donford Wu once again fainted, his cig was dampened, extinguishing by itself.

When he woke up again, it was already the next day's morning, his mouth felt dry, he crawled towards a tree and chopped down a branch to use as a crutch, going back to the shore, he once again sees that woman, the woman was at the

same position she was at yesterday, her hand holding the same pole she held yesterday, seeing him, she stopped what she was doing and looked at him.

After a moment of hesitation, Donford Wu yelled, "Hello, may i ask, what year is it?"

That woman revealed a doubtful expression on her face, she quickly said something, the speed was quick and the pronunciation was weird.

Donford Wu couldn't understand anything she was saying, he was too lazy to try again, leaning down, he drank some water and limped towards his original position.

Through the woman's clothes, her dialect, and the surrounding mountains, he could easily see that the year he was in right now was extremely far from his year. When he discovered this, his mood became very depressed, but while depressed, he still rejoiced, the earth was formed more than four billion years ago, and humans haven't been around for more than a hundred thousand years, seeing a human after crossing through space and time was a fortune in this huge misfortune, if he saw a group of dinosaurs, then Donford Wu would probably have cried to death....

Spectator - Volume 1 - Chapter 4

Chapter 4 Ancient Tramp

Donford Wu sat at the borders of the forest by the stream, the only thing he could do right now was to sit in silence. Any kind of movement would cause his broken bones to become out of place.

At around nine o'clock, the woman that was catching fish at the river went onto shore and left. She didn't catch any fish today, but only left with a few frogs.

Donford Wu stayed by the stream for three days, in correct terms, it would be waited for three days. From the first day, he knew that that the people he waited for would never come, what he waited for was not the result, but rather he waited so that he could slowly accept the cruel reality of the situation, this cruel reality was that he was completely ripped out of the world he was in, and now, was in a whole new different world, a world he had no idea about. If he wanted to survive, he must become familiar with and adapt to this new world of his.

If he wanted to live, he had to eat. Not eating for three days made Donford Wu extremely hungry, he had a wealth of experience regarding outdoor survival. Even though hunting with only one leg was not too hard, if he couldn't catch something that ran quickly, then he would catch something that ran slowly. This place had snakes, poisonous snakes, but if you lop off its head off and wash away the blood, it would be good to eat.

He didn't start a fire, but ate them raw, he wasn't familiar with the surrounding environment. Starting a fire meant smoke, smoke would expose himself. He had no way to determine what would happen to him if he exposed himself.

These few days, the woman came back every day to catch fish. But her fish catching techniques weren't anything to praise, adding those crude tools, in

theory it was catching fish, but most of time, she only caught a few frogs and toads.

She didn't actively try to speak to him, Donford Wu also didn't try to interact with her. He didn't know who this woman was and he didn't know if she was part of a group or not.

Just when Donford Wu was tearing off a piece of snake flesh, a piercing yell resounded from the south side not far away, Donford Wu turned his head towards the noise, and only saw the woman running towards him with a shocked expression.

Donford Wu thought that there was some kind of wild beast chasing the woman. And just when he was searching his surroundings, that woman rushed towards him and snatched away the snake meat in his hand.

"Hey, hey, hey, what are you doing?" Donford Wu planning to snatch back that piece of snake meat.

The woman threw away the snake meat and then quickly repeated in her language, the pronunciation sounded like "Wu Xu", and also like "Wu Xiu".

Even though Donford Wu didn't understand what she was saying, but he could guess that she was trying to stop him from eating the snake meat. Because of the language barrier, he couldn't say thank you to her, but could only smile and nod in her direction.

That woman said something in a rapid session while taking out a toad that hasn't died yet from her waist, she then stuffed it in Donford Wu's hand, picked up her pole, and quickly ran away.

"This little fucker has parasites." Donford Wu couldn't laugh or cry when he looked at the toad that was still twitching its leg

His gaze sending off the woman that ran towards the forest, Donford Wu threw away the frog and picked up the snake meat. This poisonous snake really could kill a person with its bite, but the snake meat doesn't have any poison, that woman most likely didn't know about this.

Before he finished off all the snake meat, the woman came back, her hand clutching a leaf of a plant, seeing that Donford Wu was still eating the snake

meat, her face exposed an angry expression, but she didn't try to snatch it away this time, she just plucked the leaf and ran off.

“Even though I can't understand what you're trying to say to me, I still want to thank you.” Donford Wu said.

The woman didn't look back and quickly ran into the forest.

Donford Wu naturally didn't die from poison, because he handled it appropriately, the areas where his bones fractured didn't have any more signs of swelling, and he didn't have any sort of fever.

The following days, the woman didn't show up, this part of the valley was very secluded. Except for that woman, he didn't discover any other people.

When he saw the woman again, half a month has already passed, seeing that Donford Wu was still alive, she seemed to be very surprised, she ran over and took a look at him.

What Donford Wu cared for the most right now was what period he was in, he was using gestures to ask her, but she didn't understand what he was trying to say at all, so he could only give up for now.

The woman went back to catching fish just like her normal routine. Donford Wu sat by the shore by himself, thinking. Right now, the area he was in was at the south western frontier, most likely, even the local people living here didn't know what year it was.

It must have been the breeding period for the fish these few days, today's harvest for the women was rather large, it didn't even take half an hour before catching four or five. The way she caught fish was extremely simple, she used the sharp point of the pole to jab at the fish. More fish escaped the jab than the amount that died from the jab.

Just when she was planning to leave, a few males from down the stream ran up to block her from leaving.

The women seemed to be extremely scared of these males. She screamed while trying to escape, but her opponents were three people, and all of them were strong and young men. They were able to catch up to her very quickly. One of them held a club in his hands and smashed her into the ground, while turning

her body around, he ripped off the remaining of what was clothes on her.

The women screamed an ear piercing scream while fighting back. Don't look down on her just because she was not as burly as her opponent, with kicks and punches, biting and scratching, the man couldn't take a good hold of her. The other two males got a good laugh out of this, then went to help, planning to restrain her from kicking and scrambling.

Even before the woman was hit, Donford Wu already quietly got up and started to move. Even with injuries on him, he thought of ambushing them, but who would've thought that they could take their pants off so quickly. If he waited for a few more seconds, it would be all over. Because the situation required it, he yelled at the top of his lungs, attracting their attention.

Hearing Donford Wu's yell, the two helpers raised their clubs and rushed towards him, the other one still pressing down on the woman's body, using his legs to spread open the woman's legs.

Donford Wu couldn't move very well, but he didn't take his opponents into his eyes. If he had enough time, he might have thought of taking down his opponents, but situation was dire, he could only ask for speed, dodging one of the clubs, his dagger quickly pierced the man's heart. Taking out the dagger backhanded, he slashed diagonally towards the other one's throat, before he could even fall, Donford Wu already plugged his dagger into the last man's head.

From his position, Donford Wu could see some of the details, his eyes saw that the male was still was outside the "entrance", only then did he sigh a breath of relief.

The woman was still in frightened, screaming as she pushed away the body that was on top of her, she crawled up and ran towards the forest.

"Your fish." Donford Wu yelled at the women.

Hearing the noise, the women turned her head back, Donford Wu pointed at the fish that was left by the shore.

The woman took a look at the fish, then at the three bodies, at last she looked at Donford Wu, she hesitated for a long time before turning around, picking up the shredded clothing, trying to cover up.

“You don’t even have anything to look at.” Donford Wu took off a piece of clothing off a body, throwing it towards the woman.

While taking off the clothing, he accidentally found out that the man’s chest at a curious tattoo, around the size of a palm, the tattoo took the shape of fire.

Looking at the other two, their chests’ also had the same kind of tattoo, this could be the symbol of his clan, or maybe it was some kind of Sect’s mark, if there was actually Sects.

While Donford Wu was looking closely at the tattoo that was on one of the bodies, the woman already threw the other two bodies into the water, the bodies didn’t sink to the bottom, but rather floated down the stream.

Except for the wooden club and the bit of clothing, these people didn’t carry any other things on them, the clues were extremely limited. Donford Wu still couldn’t guess what period he was in.

Waiting until the woman threw away the last body into the water, Donford Wu asked, “Why did they attack you?”

The woman could guess what Donford Wu was asking, through a series of gestures, Donford Wu could also guess what she was trying to say. These three men and this woman were part of a different clan, this stream belonged to the clan of these three men, and she sneakily came here to catch fish.

“After half a day, so you were actually a thief.” Donford Wu laughed.

The woman naturally didn’t understand what Donford Wu was saying, through another series of gestures, she said that since they killed people, they couldn’t stay here anymore and had to quickly leave.

There was no use chatting, so through a gesture, Donford Wu said that she should go first, but after she hesitated for a bit, she held the fish in one hand and pulled him into the forest in another.

“Where are you taking me?” Donford Wu asked.

The woman didn’t say anything, but looked down while walking forwards.

Donford Wu didn’t ask again, using tree branches as rails, he followed behind her. He actually already knew the answer, if she was living by herself, she would

take him to where she hid. If she was part of a clan, then she would take him to her village.

The woman was wearing straw shoes, she rushed pretty quickly, while running, Donford Wu quietly sized her up from behind. This woman was about twenty five or six years old, her round face was squarer, she was about a meter and sixty centimeters tall, very skinny, probably because of malnutrition. Not only that, this woman probably gave birth before, because her crotch was rather wide.

Even though the woman stopped from time to time to wait for him, Donford Wu still followed her with great difficulty. Anyone would find it hard to climb a mountain with only a single leg.

After climbing to the top of the mountain with great difficulty, Donford Wu was already covered in sweat. Just when he wanted to sit down and take a break, he discovered that north western hill had a patch of land that didn't have any grass on it, and a bunch of rocks were exposed. Lots of naked men were standing there digging for something.

“Is that your village?” Donford Wu pointed towards the north western side.

The woman shook her head, pointing at the north western side saying something, turning back towards Donford Wu, she urged him to get up and get going.

The positioning device didn't show any change after Donford Wu moved from his spot, it still showed his last position where he landed. Right now, it's only use was as a clock.

Twelve thirty, the woman brought Donford Wu to a village, seeing the village, Donford Wu relaxed a bit. Even though the houses and buildings were a bit broken and shabby, but was much more advanced than the shacks he thought of. With this, he knew that he wasn't in primitive times.

The woman's house was at the village's south eastern side, two six or seven year old children ran towards her, screaming “ah me” while welcoming her.

The woman gave the fish to the two children to take back to the house, she then brought Donford Wu towards the village center.

Because the men were all working in the mountain, there were mostly only

women and children, Donford Wu's arrival made them feel curious, talking to the woman in a high pitched voice while taking a look at Donford Wu.

Donford Wu was also sizing them up, even though these women were also wearing rags, but they had a more complete set. Their houses were also sturdier than her house. Through this, it wasn't hard to guess that this woman's position in this village was lower than the rest.

The village took up the a lot of space, but the houses were rather far apart, the space between the houses were around ten or more meters, this might be because of they wanted to prevent snakes and bugs from getting in, the houses were also not built on the ground, but were raised a meter high by wood poles.

The woman brought Donford Wu to the village's center house. Sitting in front of the house, she talked with a middle aged man. The middle aged man didn't have any arms, at the moment, he was using his legs to use a grinder and it was currently grinding some herbs.

Seeing the grinder, Donford Wu's heart lit up. Grinders are a metal object, according to the color it should be made out of copper. Apart from the grinder, the tattoo on the man's chest also raised Donford Wu's interest. This person's tattoo was shaped like a t, looking at it carefully, it was a sword pointing down.

This armless middle aged man didn't seem to be the owner of this house, after hearing what the woman had to say, he turned to look at Donford Wu, at last, he stood up, used his feet to open the door, then went in.

The woman stared at the entrance, clearly showing that she was nervous. At one side, Donford Wu was rather quite relaxed. This women was clearly asking the chief of the village to take him in. If they accepted him, then he would stay for a period of time. If they didn't, then he would leave.....

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Chapter 5 Four Thousands Year Ago

While he was waiting, Donford Wu took a closer look at the house. The house was a large wooden house with a circular roof, the roof was draped by a grassy like plant and bones of some animals. Inside the house, the smell of herbs wafted out. It wasn't hard to guess that the owner of this house most likely had medical skills.

The two didn't have to wait for long. After a few minutes, the door opened and a woman wearing a mask walked out, following behind her was the armless middle aged man.

This woman was wearing a light grey colored long robe, her right hand holding a copper pole about the size of a thumb. On top of the copper pole was a mold of a shrunk ox head. The ox head was only a tenth of made a real ox's head was, but it was made exquisitely. The mask exceed the size of the face it was covering, the top part was painted with a red coloring to make an exaggerated expression.

When Donford Wu saw this person, he almost laughed out loud. Seeing that person, he thought of the Native Americans of the United States, only missing a few feathers inserted into the top of the head. Even though she was masked, her clothes under the robe was extremely short, half of her chest was exposed, and in between her assets was a tattoo. But it wasn't a tattoo of a small sword, but rather an abstract tiger.

"Things that should have been revealed aren't revealed, and the things that shouldn't have been exposed have all been exposed." Donford Wu thought.

Seeing that person coming out, the woman quickly knelt down, kowtowing towards the woman with the mask.

After the masked woman came out the door, her line of sight stayed on top of

Donford Wu, only until she carefully sized up him did she say a few words with the woman kneeling down. The latter stood up and started talking for a long time. Without understanding it, Donford Wu already knew it was a story of when she met him.

The story went on for five or six minutes, the masked woman didn't speak for the whole duration, her eyes didn't express too much emotion, only until the woman stopped speaking did she ask a question.

The woman turned towards Donford Wu, pointing at herself, she said "Walda Ming (Ming Wan)", and then she pointed at Donford Wu.

"Donford Wu." Donford Wu pointed at himself, after knowing her for more than half a month, did he finally get to know that woman's name.

The masked women then asked a question towards Walda Ming, the latter hearing this exposed a pained expression. After hesitating, she squatted down. Picking up a tree branch, she drew a square, on every side there was a small circle. After she finished drawing, she pointed at herself, then pointed at the circle on the western of the square.

Donford Wu naturally understood what Walda Ming was trying to say. The masked women first asked him what he was called, then asked where he was from, but this question was extremely complicated. Don't talk about a language barrier, even if they spoke the same language, he had no way to explain Einstein's theory of Relativity to these ancient people.

Walda Ming seeing that Donford Wu was frowning without speaking, she used the branch in her hand to point at the southern circle, Donford Wu shook his head. She then pointed at the eastern circle, Donford Wu still shook his head.

Following, Walda Ming pointed at the northern side and then the middle, Donford Wu still shook his head.

Seeing that she had an expression of question on her face, Donford Wu pointed at himself, then pointed towards the sky, at last, he made a gesture of falling down from the sky.

They were all originally confused, but now, they were even more confused. Looking at each other, their face expressed a sense of loss.

After a moment of silence, Walda Ming thought of something, quickly saying something to the masked women. After hearing what she had to say, doubt appeared in her eyes. Thinking for a few seconds, she turned towards into the eastern side of the house, picking up a vase, she took out a king cobra.

At first, Donford Wu didn't understand what they wanted to do, right until Walda Ming pulled up his sleeve did he understand. He said he descended from the sky and Walda Ming saw him eat snake meat without dying, so she treated him like he was a deity. The masked women pulled out the snake because she wanted to make sure if he was a deity or not.

"No way, no way, you can't play with things like this." Donford Wu flung away Walda Ming.

The middle aged armless man seeing that he had angry expression, quickly said something to Donford Wu in a loud voice.

"Fucking bitch, you already lost your arms, the fuck you barking for." Donford Wu said with a smile even though his words did not match. They didn't understand Mandarin anyways.

He didn't understand what Donford Wu was saying, but seeing he had a smile on his face, he thought he calmed down. Snorting, he didn't say anything else.

Walda Ming seeing that Donford Wu was refusing to be bitten by the snake, said something towards him in a rush. Donford Wu kept on shaking his hand, at last, giving up, he ignored her.

The masked women placed the King Cobra back into the vase, she then coldly said something.

Walda Ming made a series of gestures towards Donford Wu, indicating him to take off his clothes.

Donford Wu knew they wanted to see if he had any tattoos, so he pulled down his camo, opened up his body armor, and lifted up his vest.

Seeing that Donford Wu didn't have a tattoo, the masked women became even more doubtful. She immediately said something, Walda Ming nodded, and then through another series of gestures, she indicated that he needs to take everything off.

“So you’re treating me like livestock!” Donford Wu became irritated, putting back on his cloths, he turned around and began walking.

The armless man quickly rushed forward, blocking his path.

“Do you want to lose your legs now too?” Donford Wu pointed at the other person’s two legs, revealing killing intent. What kind of people are the Cheetah Troops, they are China’s number one special force. What is a special force, a killing machine that is even crueller, deadlier than normal troops of the country. If they didn’t have violent and deadly nature, how could they defeat a bunch of cruel and brutal criminals?

The armless man didn’t understand what he was saying, but he heard the tone of his voice, also adding that Donford Wu was pointing at his legs, he could guess what Donford Wu was saying. Just when Donford Wu finished, the armless man’s right leg already raised up, kicking towards the left side of Donford Wu’s neck.

Right then, the masked women rushed to stop the armless man.

The armless man’s right leg was only three or four centimeters away from Donford Wu, only after being stop did he calm down and retract his leg, clearly expressing his cockiness from deep within. But when he was half finished with retracting his leg, his cocky expression vanished. This was because he discovered a weird short dagger has already arrived at his crotch.

Donford Wu retracted his dagger from the armless man’s body, going around him, he limped towards the village entrance. His self-esteem was always higher than people of his age since he was small. Whenever he went to go play at other people’s houses, if there was even a slight show of him being unwelcomed, he immediately leaves, not ever going back.

Walda Ming tried to sway the masked women, but she didn’t speak back.

Leaving the village, Donford Wu followed the path he came from. When he was walking, he regretted it a bit, it’s not like he would die from it, why couldn’t he just bear with it a little?

But his feeling of regret was quickly replaced with thinking. Walda Ming first drew a square, then drew four circles around it, this was clearly saying that the area was distributed into five clans. Walda Ming’s clan was the western clan, in

Chinese tradition, the west was symbolized as gold, and the west's divine beast was the white tiger. The tattoo on the armless man's chest was a small sword. Showing that he was part of the Gold Clan. And the tattoo on that masked woman's chest was a tiger, this most likely represented that she was part of the Gold Clan's shaman. (uhhh tell me if there is another word for people that serve deities and stuff)

The three men he killed before could provide evidence to this deduction, the three of them all had fire shaped tattoos on them. This clearly showed that they were part of the fire clan, and in the five areas, the south side was fire. This matched their area perfectly.

If this deduction was correct, in the five clans, the Gold clan was to the west, adult males had a metal tattoo and shamans had white tiger tattoos.

The Wood clan should be to the east, adult males had a tattoo regarding wood and the shaman should have an azure dragon tattoo.

The Water clan was to the north, adult males have a tattoo regarding water and the shaman should have a black turtle tattoo.

The Fire clan was to the south, adult males have a tattoo regarding fire and the shaman should have a vermilion bird tattoo.

The Earth clan should be in the middle area. Their tattoo was temporarily unknown, but because they occupy the central area, their degree of civilization is the highest, the amount of land they have is the highest, and currently the master under the heavens. And the Gold, Wood, Water, and Fire clans are like the minorities of modern times, they are rather far away and their population isn't big.

After being sure of this point, it was rather easy to deduce what period it is, the prehistoric period surely passed already, because in the prehistoric period, people lived very far apart, and there wasn't any clear division of clans. The Shang and Zhou dynasty haven't come to be yet, because in the Shang and Zhou dynasties, the national system was already very good, there was a lot of vassal states in those periods, and not like the five separate clans like it was currently.

Now, the only thing left was the Xia dynasty. Then, Yu the Great's Nine Provinces was only in central land which was the square. Apart from the central

land, the situation of other places were unknown to man, and right now, this kind of diversion of clans most likely appeared in this period.

Being able to determine approximately what year he was in didn't make him happy, but rather made his mood worse. The Xia dynasty was four thousand years apart from modern times. Don't talk about people, even a turtle couldn't live for four thousand years.

Walking for two or three kilometers, Walda Ming caught up from behind, her face showed a depressed expression stating that the other people didn't accept her plea.

Donford Wu walked in front, she followed behind him, following him even to the top of the mountain.

"Go back, your children are waiting for you." Donford Wu turned around and gestured towards Walda Ming.

Embarrassed, Walda Ming only looked down at her feet, not saying anything.

"It was I who choose to go, it was not your clan that didn't let me stay." Donford Wu said to comfort her.

Walda Ming didn't understand him, her mood still down.

Donford Wu seeing this sighed out, the language barrier was too inconvenient.

Walda Ming seemed to have suddenly remembered something, she pulled Donford Wu's hand towards the north.

Donford Wu had a hard time walking, and there wasn't any paths in the woods, the two people advanced very slowly.

Half an hour later, Walda Ming brought him to a cave, this cave was positioned at the ridge of a mountain, its entrance pointing south. Even though it wasn't large enough to hid in, but the grass in front of the cave showed that there were very few people that came by this place.

"Thank you." Donford Wu expressed his thanks towards Walda Ming.

Giving him a place to stay, Walda Ming's mood improved a bunch, using tree branches to sweep the cave, she left him and promptly went down the mountain.

Running back and forth made Donford Wu feel exhausted, in a habit, he reached towards his pocket, the half a pack of cigs was like a treasure to him, every time he only smoked a few breaths before extinguishing it, no matter how much he tried to save, there was only three cigs left.

Hesitating for a few seconds, he put the pack back in his pocket, then laid down to rest, now that it has come to this, there was no use in being sad , there was no use in being depressed, at least he still lived on.....

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Chapter 6 Human Shaped Flame

Because he walked too much during the day, the pain on his left leg increased. Donford Wu didn't have a deep sleep that day, and when it was three in the morning, he was woken up by a weird noise coming from the outside.

The noise still continued even after he woke up, the noise should be coming from a large animal, it was kind of like the noise a cow would make, but compared to a cow, it was deeper and shriller. Its position should be around the south eastern side of the valley, which was downstream from the place he use to rest at.

Donford Wu has never heard this kind of noise before. According to the noise, it seems to come from an animal that is huge in size, and the noise seems to have mixed in painful and angry noises cries. Showing that it was fighting with something.

With curiosity in his heart, Donford Wu propped himself up with a tree branch and went out of the cave. Today was the first day of the month, there was no moon in the sky, so there was no illumination outside. At the south eastern side of the valley, was a faint fire, the intensity of the flames flickered while fluttering without aim.

Fumbling to the top of the cave, what he saw was a horrifying and bizarre scene. Around ten kilometers away from his position in the valley, there was a huge snake like animal climbing up the cliff on the east side of the valley, its body was well twenty meters long, it's width wider than a meter, the shape of its body was like that of a python, but it absolutely wasn't one. This was because its head was different from a normal python, even though he couldn't see the finer details because of the distance, but he could see that its head was much wider than a

python, it was more like a cow head. Not only that, from the way it moves up the cliff, this fellow most likely had claws.

Even though the huge unknown animal was horrifying, but the thing that really frightened Donford Wu was the monster's opponent, it was a human shaped red hot flame that was bouncing up in down from the valley and into the air, it would sometimes send out a round fireball to attack the cow headed monster, planning to force it back down to the valley.

Being hit by a fireball, it gave a blood-curdling scream, but it didn't turn back down to the valley, but rather increased its climbing speed. When it almost reached the top, the human shaped fire closed in on him, Donford Wu couldn't see what exactly happened. He only saw that after the fire reached the monster, the monster screamed in pain before falling down to the bottom of the valley.

Then, the human shaped flame also went down to the valley, its brightness vanishing, setting the valley back into darkness.

Only until then did Donford Wu wake up from his daze. He was sure what he just saw wasn't some kind of illusion, that cow headed snake body monster does exist, and he was sure it was defeated by that human shaped flame. Four thousand years ago at the Xia dynasty, it would be normal for huge unknown animals to exist, but what was abnormal was that human shaped flame. The flames was in the shape of a person, and it clearly had a plan on attacking that monster. If there really was a human inside the flames, how could that person withstand the flame's temperature, how could he float in mid-air? And if it wasn't a man inside, how could it attack with human tactics?

Just when he was in deep thought, the valley was filled with light yet again. The light didn't fly up, but rather followed the valley upstream, after a few minutes, it left the valley and arrived at a wide and open area. There, it waited for a short period of time before lifting off and flying towards the east.

Because the distance was shortened, Donford Wu could clearly see that there was a person inside the flames, even though he couldn't tell if it was a man or women, old or young, but he was sure there was a person inside those flames.

The incredible scene left Donford Wu unable to sleep, sitting on the mountain top, he went into a daze. He originally thought that the only difference between the Xia dynasty and modern times was in technology and civilization, but he discovered that the problem wasn't so simple. Not only that, his confidence was greatly affected, if that person inside those flames suddenly rushed over and attacked him, it would be as easy as crushing an ant.

Five o'clock in the morning, the mountain was once again showered in a light rain. It rained frequently at this place, it could rain up to four or five times during peak hours, but the amount of rain was not a lot and the duration wasn't long either.

With the sun coming through the hazy mist, Donford Wu left the cave. Using his dagger to smooth out two Y shaped tree branches to use as crutches, he went down to the valley, following the shoreline downstream, he went to the place of battle between the monster and the human shape flame.

Because of the injury on his leg, his speed was extremely slow, only after two hours did he reach the valley downstream. From very far away, he saw the corpse of the monster, the insides of its stomach spilt out on top of shore. His guess yesterday was correct, the monster had four claws, similar to those of crocodile's. There were many burn marks on its body, there was only a small space the size of a palm that was not burnt. With its head spilt in two, the ** (this was in the raws) between blood and filth scared people with just the sight.

This humongous creature's stomach was slit open, exposing the smelly intestines to the outside, mixed in with the organs was a horrible scene where corpses half melted by stomach acid was shown.

Downstream a few hundred meters was a narrow black cave entrance under the cliff, half of the entrance was covered by water. With the messy scratch marks, it was easy to see that the monster used to live here.

Donford Wu didn't stay there for long. While going back, he felt fear slowly creep into his heart, the human shaped flame from last night was most likely a shaman from the Fire clan, coming here to find the murderer of his three clan's men. If it wasn't for this monster swallowing the corpses as a shield and

scapegoat, they would most likely find the real murderer, him.

Going back upstream to the flat area, an anxious Walda Ming ran towards him, saying something to him in a worried voice.

Donford Wu smiled at her, Walda Ming most likely discovered that he wasn't in the cave, so she ran here to come find him.

With the language barrier, the two people were unable to chat anymore. Walda Ming supported Donford Wu back to the cave, giving him a small pot, Donford Wu reached out and grabbed it, finding half a pot of congee inside.

"I ate already, bring it back to your children to eat."

Donford Wu placed the pot down.

Walda Ming confused once again tried giving it to him again. Donford Wu carefully put it down on the ground and pointed at his lips.

"I ate."

Walda Ming suspiciously stared at Donford Wu, Donford Wu smiled back at her.

Walda Ming didn't try again, carrying the pot she walked out the cave, before leaving, with a serious expression she pointed at Donford Wu's leg, then pointed at the cave, meaning his leg was injured, don't walk around

Donford Wu replied with a small smile, using his gaze to send Walda Ming out. He has never seen Walda Ming's husband, her house in the village was the most broken, she also went to the stream to catch food under danger, this clearly showed that something happened to her husband. Saying it simpler, Walda Ming was most likely a widow.

Sending out Walda Ming, Donford Wu once again thought of yesterday. He wasn't sure it was a shaman of the fire clan that borrowed the power of flame to fly, but he was sure it must be an expert in Qi, people trained in Qi in modern times, even though they couldn't borrow flames to fly, but they could use hard Qi to kill an ox, it was also possible to use light steps to fly across roof tops.

He was a soldier, soldiers believed in materialistic things, but this didn't affect him on the existent of Qi. Special troops also had to practice hard Qi techniques,

if he didn't believe in Qi then why the fuck would he practice it.

Sitting down for a while, Donford Wu once again left the cave, he couldn't move quickly, so he the only thing he could hunt were snakes. At the west side of the mountain ridge, there was a small stream in between the cave and village. Going there to take a drink, he cleaned out the snake meat and went back to the cave. Compared to the shore, he liked this place more, even though he had to move rather far to drink water, but here he could avoid the rain, and the because the terrain was a higher, it was also rather cool, not attracting that many flies.

He ate grilled snake meat this time, the people in the village already knew of his existence, there was no reason to hide.

Snake meat had that fishy taste to it, eating too much would make people irritated. As the old saying goes, rest for a hundred days after taking a beating. It was bad for the leg injury not to rest for three months, Donford Wu couldn't keep eating this stuff for that long

He could always use his dagger as a flying knife, but the dagger couldn't be flown too far, and in the worst case it didn't kill the animal, it might take away the knife running away. Thinking carefully, Donford Wu decided to make a bow.

Making a bow wasn't too much of a difficulty to him, bamboo was plenty where he was. The curve of the bow, the length of the arrows, the placing of feathers, this was all in the training material of the special troops, finding most of the materials, he remembered that there weren't any thing to use as a bow string. He first thought of using the monster's muscles. Even though using animal muscle to make bow strings was a long and ancient practice, but the process of making it was too complicated, and it also needed to be drenched in oil for a long time before he could begin the process.

Doing nothing for a while, Donford Wu's brain had a sudden spark of inspiration. He took off his body armor. The body armour's bullet proof layer was made with layers of special fibers, it had extreme toughness and elasticity, but because it was interwoven, he had no way to only take off one layer, so he could only use his dagger to slowly cut off a single strand.

It could be considered that he made best use of the material, even though the

body armor could withstand bullets, but against sharp and piercing objects, it didn't have much use. Saying it simply, the body armor couldn't withstand pierces, so it didn't have much use.

Cutting off the fiber, it didn't seem different from normal silk on the outside, and cutting off a bit didn't destroy the main body of the body armor, putting back on the body armor. Starting a fire, Donford Wu began making a bow and arrows.

Working on it till midnight, the bow and arrows was finished, because he couldn't stand all too well, he could only shoot it up to a hundred meters, and its effective range was only forty or fifty meters, minus the target knowing about it.

In the afternoon of that day, Walda Ming came by, seeing the situation inside the cave surprised her. Inside and outside the cave was a mess of bird feathers, Donford Wu was currently outside cave grinding a kind of bird's bone.

Seeing that Walda Ming came by, he pointed at the waterfowl outside the cave, this was species of large birds that lived by the stream and the reason why he caught them was because he needed their bones to make arrows. Bird bones were extremely hard, the holes inside the bones allowed blood to flow out at quick speeds, in a world without metal arrow heads, he could only use this to replace them.

Seeing the waterfowl made Walda Ming extremely happy, putting down a pot, she picked up the arrows outside the cave to take a closer look.◦

Donford Wu momentarily stopped working and titled his head to look at Walda Ming, according to the way she moved, she wasn't unfamiliar to arrows, but for some reason, the people living here hunted very rarely.

The men inside the village went to the mountain on the northern side every day to excavate. If he wasn't wrong, then that place should be a small scale open-air copper mine, mining was the job of the men of the village.

With the main force of labor mining, where did the village's source of food come from, relying on women surely wasn't the answer. The most possible answer was that the village wasn't the only one. It was only a single village of many in the Gold clan, they mined for the Gold clan and the Gold clan routinely gave them food and rations.

But he wasn't sure if this was true or not, because of the language barrier, he had no way to ask further to make sure.

"Come here, come here."

Donford Wu waved at Walda Ming

Walda Ming placed the arrows back down, turning around she went over.

Donford Wu picked up a stone on the ground and drew a square and four circles, then pointed at Walda Ming saying, "Walda Ming". Then, pointing back at himself, "Donford Wu". At last, pointing at the stone in his hand.

"Xi Ya."

Walda Ming said.

Donford frowned, then placing the stone on the southern small circle.

Walda Ming didn't understand what Donford Wu was trying to say, because of the language barrier, they could only use gestures, making the results make them look like two idiots.

Helpless, Donford Wu once again picked up another rock, Walda Ming once again said,

"Xi Ya."

Donford Wu picked up the stone he placed down on the southern circle, copying her pronunciation but with an emphasized questioning manner, "Xi Ya?"

This time Walda Ming understood, she picked up a rock and placed it on the eastern side, the northern side and the central side,

"Xi Ya, Xi Ya, Xi Ya."

Finishing, she picked up a tree branch, placing it down on the five positions one at a time.

"Me Li, Me Li, Me Li, Me Li, Me Li."

Donford Wu relaxed after seeing this, the most urgent thing right now was to learn the Xia dynasty's language, but he wasn't sure the language Walda Ming was using was used in the other four clans, only after making sure of this did he start to learn. Like a foreigner going to China, if they wanted to learn Chinese

they must learn Pu Tong Hua, if they painfully learnt different dialect, then discovered that they learnt the dialect of only a few people, then he would be fucked.

After making sure the language was used all around, Donford Wu began learning, Walda Ming tried her best to teach him, every day at noon, she would go back to the village, it was possible that they were giving out food at that time, and in the afternoon she had nothing to do. Donford Wu was extremely skilled in hunting, everyday Walda Ming would take some of it back home. So now, she didn't have to go out to find more food, and she had more time to teach Donford Wu the language.

Normal people around the world always think that the special troops were tall, mighty and muscular hunks of meat. But truthfully, this kind of thinking was wrong, a special soldier must learn how to shoot, gamble, assassinate, make bombs, take pictures, take pictures, swim, ski, mountain climb, parachute, be on alert, reconnaissance, rescue, *etc.* battle techniques, and they also need to be able to treat infections and have a vast knowledge of plants and animals. Learning all these things is not a simple matter, that's why the special troops must first think about is not appearance and build, but rather their IQ, an idiot has no way to be able to learn all these things.

Donford Wu is extremely smart, while learning you can't just forcefully memorize, but rather try your best to find the similarities and differences between the Xia dynasty language and the modern language. After four thousand years, the change in language surely was huge. But at last, there was a few similarities, after finding the pattern, Donford Wu was able to quickly learn the language. After a month, he could already have simple talks with Walda Ming.....