

Rebirth Of The God Of War Chapter 1 by Chilton Bunton

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“Ah!”

A student woke up, screaming. His deafening scream shattered the tranquility of the class. All the students were so shocked that they turned to look in the direction of the sound.

The one who screamed was a young man in his early twenties. He looked spruce in his short haircut and clean and tidy clothes.

“Calvin Hanson, what is going on with you? Have you lost your mind?” snapped a beautiful woman with delicate features. She stood on the platform, holding a laser pointer in her hand.

Calvin stopped shouting, but his eyes were wide open. Panting violently, he looked desperate and confused at the same time.

He looked around and found that he was in a classroom. Everything around him was clean. The windows, the sunlight, the people, the clothes, and the faces he saw were all clean. He felt like it was too good to be true.

‘What happened? How is this possible? And where am I?’

If he was in the time before the apocalypse, such a scene was, of course, normal. But it had been twenty years since the apocalypse fell. ‘Am I in heaven? Or is it just a beautiful dream?’

“Calvin Hanson!”

The teacher’s voice sounded again. But this time, she was no longer standing on the platform. She marched toward Calvin in a fit of pique, her heels clacking across the marble floor.

‘Oh, I’m Calvin. But what happened to me? I’m dead, right? That monster tore me apart. Where am I now?’

Calvin’s mind was still in a mess. The huge contrast between reality and memory made him totally confused.

“If you don’t want to listen in my class, go out! Get out! Now!”

The teacher’s face turned red with rage when Calvin just ignored her. She angrily raised her slender finger and was about to poke his forehead.

Calvin's eyes suddenly changed when he saw the finger coming. The confusion in his eyes was replaced by sharp alertness. He neatly sidestepped and dodged it easily.

"Ah!" the teacher screamed as her finger poked in the air, making her body lean forward involuntarily and almost hit the desk.

The classroom was in an uproar, and the fat man sitting next to Calvin looked at him with eyes widened in shock.

"Damn it!"

The fat man was actually busy writing when it happened. His hand shook, and the pen in his hand pierced through his finger. Blood oozed out from the wound.

Calvin's body suddenly trembled when he saw the blood. His eyes became clear, and his mind was lucid and sane. He finally came back to his senses.

"Let go of me, you bastard!"

The teacher screamed in pain, trying to yank free from his grip. She obviously didn't expect such a thing to happen.

Calvin felt his mind churn as the memories long been buried rushed out from the bottom of his heart and gradually overlapped with reality.

The classroom, the desks, the teacher... He remembered them now. He was in Sheffield University.

"Bastard, how dare you?"

"Miss Gray?" Calvin finally remembered who the teacher was, and he stepped back with a frown.

Fiona Gray raised her hand and slapped him. "Bastard!"

But her hand didn't even touch his face. He reached out and grabbed her wrist.

"Damn it! Go with me to the principal's office now!" Fiona cried out angrily. She struggled hard but failed to break free from Calvin's grip.

The students began to make noise, and their voices got louder and louder. Some even jeered and whistled from time to time. They

kept calling Calvin's name, especially the male students who were rooting for him. They had half a mind to applaud him.

For these college students, what they saw was a good show.

However, Calvin didn't pay attention to everything around him, let alone listen to what others were saying. With a straight face, he focused his attention on the watch on Fiona's wrist.

It was 9:21 a.m., Wednesday, September 19, 2022.

This was the university Calvin had gone to twenty years ago.

'This is not an illusion. Does it mean I travel back in time?' Calvin took a deep breath. 'Yes, I'm back!'

But he was already dead. How could he come back to life? And he even went back to twenty years ago.

Calvin checked his body. His limbs were complete, and there was no big hole in his heart. The monster had tortured him to pieces and dug out his heart before. But now, he was totally alive and clearly felt that there was no injury in any part of his body. There were no scars at all.

But didn't it only make sense? How could he have any scars twenty years ago?

At that time, the apocalypse hadn't come yet.

Whether he was reborn or what, it didn't matter now. The most important thing was that he was alive. Whatever the reason was, he didn't want to find out any more. Everything in front of him was not an illusion. He was really alive.

Being alive now and in the future was obviously the most important thing.

The twenty years of struggling to survive had already forged Calvin's body and mind as hard as iron. He quickly calmed down. There were still twenty-seven days left before the apocalypse.

The earth would be facing a devastating disaster, and all civilizations and technology would be destroyed. Humans would become the most miserable species in this disaster.

Calvin's brain began to spin rapidly. He kept calculating something in his mind. In just two minutes, he was able to form a preliminary plan.

"Calvin, let go of me!"

Fiona's scream jarred him back to the present. Calvin looked down and saw that the color of her hand had changed because of bad blood circulation. He loosened his grip silently. Then, he turned around and walked towards the door.

Fiona kneaded her sore wrist, staring blankly at Calvin's receding back. For a moment, she couldn't seem to understand what had just happened.

In her two years of teaching experience, she had never encountered such a thing or a student.

However, she quickly came back to her senses and rushed to the door. She called out behind Calvin, who had already stepped out of the classroom. "Damn it, Calvin! Stop! What do you think you're doing? Do you really want to be expelled from this school?"

"Expel?" Calvin stopped, turned around, and glanced at Fiona with a faint smile. "Fine! Expel me then."

Fiona was startled, not by his words but by the glance Calvin gave her.

His glance was full of complex emotions. It seemed like he had been through a lot of terrible things, and he felt a deep pity for others.

What was going on with him? Calvin was just a college student. How could such a look appear in his eyes? And what was the pity about?

Actually, women, especially beautiful women, lived a miserable life during the apocalypse.

But of course, Fiona didn't know about it. When she came back to her senses, Calvin's figure had already disappeared.

There were only twenty-seven days left before the apocalypse came.