UNDYING WARLORD

Chapter 1 Primordial Ascension

Caught between a raging storm, even the oldest trees were uprooted as their thick, long roots were dragged out of the soil through a land-shaking tempest.

Bushes, rocks, and dirt were flung through the air with a terrifying speed as nature's wrath engulfed the small ravine, temporarily cutting it off from the outer world.

The otherwise scenic view was turned into someone's worst nightmare as all that could be seen was darkness and the roaring sound of the wind that seemed to come from far away.

One could only feel an eerie gloominess that originated from the darkness in the deepest parts of the ravine.

The darkness engulfed a young man, whose entire existence was hanging by a thread, his ashen-white face bearing a pained expression.

Blood trickled out of his dry, parched lips and sky blue eyes that were slowly losing their vigor as mind-numbing exhaustion flooded him.

'Just give it a try they said' He recalled, his expression gradually worsening worse as unbearable pain spread all over his body.

His chest was beginning to feel numb as well.

'It is a breath-taking scenery on top of the mountainside?! Nobody told me they were being literal with that…'

'Why did I even consider coming to this trek…

At least, I could have avoided dying… '

A blood-smeared old tree trunk could be seen within the shroud of darkness that enveloped the young, dying man.

He had barely reached his 20s and decided to have a nice adrenaline kick and start his new year with a bang.

This was what he always did, seeking stimulations to make him feel alive.

But he had never expected a storm to manifest all of a sudden and throw him around like a ragdoll.

And it was one of the worst storms Dilan had ever encountered, at that. Like the bushes and the trees, he too was flung through the air, and thrown into a ravine before he could even find the energy to scream.

When his body collided with something hard and cold, he heard the unmistakable sound of several of his bones crunching, snapped like twigs.

If that wasn't worse, he found himself hanging by an old tree trunk with its jagged tip protruding out of his chest

'Death…Well, It was bound to happen…somewhen. It's fine, I guess…'

Warm blood trickled down the tree trunk, running down his clothes and feet before falling to the ground of the ravine.

He should feel pain, scream, ask for help, feel desperate to stay alive, but oddly enough the only thing he felt was a numbing sensation overwhelming his body and mind that was beginning to shut off.

Dilan didn't even have the energy to move the corners of his lips.

Dilan knew that his time had come, but he was not too scared as his mind seemed to have accepted his fate.

'If there is an afterlife, please let it be more exciting and enjoyable…'

That being his last thought, Dilan closed his eyes, embracing the darkness around him.

However, it was at this moment that something unimaginable happened.

Blue lights flashed through the darkness, illuminating his surroundings, dragging him away from his journey towards eternal rest.

All of a sudden, the raging storm seemed to die down as if somebody had just switched it off.

It was almost as if the storm had never existed, to begin with, if not for the devastation left behind!

All the natural catastrophes that had rocked the entire world stopped simultaneously, while a mechanical voice manifested in the mind of all living beings, startling them even more than the destruction nature's wrath had caused.
[Planet's Primordial Ascension has been initiated. Planet formerly labeled as 'Milarn' will undergo its primary planetary awakening!]

[Log of the Ancient has been granted!]

Dilan didn't understand what was going on, but he was not really bothered because he simply awaited death to greet him like a long-lost friend.

He had already closed his eyes as he accepted his fate. 'After all, this life had been mundane and worthless, it's better this way,' he kept telling himself.

But even after a few seconds turned into minutes, Dilan was still conscious and alive…

Instead of dying, he felt as if he was slowly regaining some strength!

'What?! Am I not going to die? But…I clearly…' To be able to stay alive in his current state even for half a minute would already be a wonder.

Yet, several minutes had already passed, and the pain originating from his chest seemed to intensify. The dull ache was now replaced by searing hot pain that was making his heart constrict and beat frantically.

'I…can feel my body again?' He thought as his finger twitched while his mind was flooded with confusion.

And it was only after Dilan was sure that he wouldn't die that he opened his eyes once again.

His sky blue eyes gleamed vibrantly, only to face the dazzling azure-colored holographic screens that appeared out of nowhere.

[Host has regained his will to survive! Fighting on death's door, unwilling to succumb to the Lord of Death of the Abandoned lands, Origin ability has been granted to the host.]

[Origin ability [Regeneration] has been activated and overclocked due to the emergency situation of the host during the planet's awakening!]

Dilan, who had yet to cope with the fact that he was still alive and not dead, couldn't help but stare at the holographic screens in doubt.

'Am I in a game?'

He began to doubt that he was still on Milarn, but the pain in his chest was clear proof that everything he witnessed was real and not a dream.

Unable to move due to weakness and fatigue, Dilan could only stare wide-eyed at the azure screen that illuminated the darkness around him.

'Unwilling to succumb to the Lord of Death, huh? If you think so…weird robotic voice. I wanted to be alive, but not on old, boring Milarn…'

His cold and dry lips began to twitch as he felt energy seeping into his body, helping him regain some of his strength.

This shocked him greatly, even more so as the cracking noise of his broken bones that began to repair themselves.

It was far more agonizing than whatever he had felt so far, but Dilan didn't even have the energy to cry out in pain. Only a whimper escaped his mouth.

'I am healing.' Dilan realized, taking a glance at the next holographic screen that popped up.

[[Regeneration]- Tier-0 ★

[+2 Health], Passive →Enhances regeneration

Active →Uses up 1 unit of Mana to further enhance the regeneration effect for 10 seconds!]

Right now, Dilan was not even questioning the truth behind the messages anymore.

He was just confused that his body was healing, which included the gaping hole in his muscular chest.

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Though, owing to the old tree trunk's jagged tip that was still stuck within him, this was near impossible.

But even then, the corners of his bloodied lips curled upward as a glint of excitement emerged in his eyes.

'Looks like I need to stay here a little bit longer…my old playground seems to be undergoing a remodeling!'

This thought flashed through his mind over and over again as adrenaline began coursing through his body once again.

His hands began to move instinctively, reaching out for the old tree trunk.

Grasping it tightly, Dilan used every ounce of the strength his body had recuperated to free himself.

At first, nothing seemed to happen, but using up all the willpower that coursed through him, Dilan let out a roar that reached every nook and cranny of the ravine.

Only a moment later the old tree trunk cracked apart into splinters, freeing him of his misery.

Afterward, Dilan fell down with a thud, as a fresh bolt of pain shot up his arms and chest upon hitting the ground.

Turning on his back, he felt an itching sensation spread all over the hole in his chest, merging with the pain.

In an effort to distract himself, he looked around and his gaze ended up at the holographic screen that hovered in front of his eyes.

[Log of the Ancient can be opened at will!]

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Name: [Dilan Cier]

Rank[Tierless (Level 0)]

Race [Human]

Occupation [None]

Title [None]

**

Strength= [1]

Health= [2/3]

Stamina=[0/1]

Agility=[1]

Mana=[0/1]

**

-Origin ability-

[Regeneration] Tier-0 ★

-Active abilities (0/2)-

-Passive abilities (0/5)-

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Seeing the Log of the Ancient, Dilan's eyes gleamed brightly.

"A system…and stats as well? So that is how we're playing?"