

# UNDYING WARLORD

## Chapter 11 Survival

Right now, Dilan might have been deprived of his weapons and the Essence crystals which he had earned through his hard work, but he didn't feel or act like he was imprisoned.

Jack had already holstered his handgun, and Bianne followed suit.

"There should definitely be a few more survivors in the hospital, but we are already happy to have survived everything until now." Jack answered a moment later and shrugged his shoulders

His attitude towards Dilan had changed all of a sudden, confusing Dilan a little bit. Meanwhile, he continued, dragging Dilan out of his thoughts.

"Maybe there are a few survivors in different rooms, or on a higher floor, but there are also quite a few zombies."

Seeing how Jack mentioned only zombies, Dilan figured that they had yet to encounter Mutated animals or monsters such as Goblins.

This was quite an advantage because zombies were weaker than monsters like Goblins in various aspects.

As such, he decided to forget about the fact that his possessions had been forcefully taken away from him, for the time being, at least.

When Jack saw the relief on his face, he frowned but didn't ask anything.

"Where is the girl you wanted to save??" A woman in her 30s asked in concern while rushing to them.

Only a moment later, when she stopped in front of Jack, the woman saw Dilan's burned arm, the blood that had splattered all over his shirt, while fresh blood was trickling down his upper arm.

She noticed that there was even a bullet hole in his upper arm.

“Ohhh my gosh! What happened to you, young man??”

Dilan tilted his head, wondering why this woman was so emphatic and not scared of the things that were happening to the world.

This was certainly not normal but he quickly lost interest in her as Jack answered,

“We weren’t able to save her.”

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Afterward, he added in a loud voice,

“But we found someone else...and we got new information!”

Once Jack said this, he took a deliberate pause to receive everyone’s attention.

To Dilan, it felt like Jack was the survivors’ beacon of hope, or at least he was acting like one.

He must have done quite a lot for the others during the last few hours to be trusted that much.

As such, Dilan evaluated the burly man once again, ignoring the fact that Jack revealed everything they had figured out just a few minutes earlier.

After Jack was done telling everyone about the little intel they procured, there was a collective shift of gaze as everybody’s eyes darted towards the two stone weapons which Jack had put on the table next to him.

“I think everyone who wants to fight shall take turns using them. Like that we can procure Essence crystals, grow stronger, and after a few days we might be able to take control over the entire hospital!”

By not forcing everyone to fight, Jack wanted to focus on nurturing the survivors that had enough willpower to fight. And by giving everybody a fair chance, he wanted to avoid conflicts.

He even considered taking Dilan in his group because the young man looked like he was willing to fight with all his might.

“If what you said is really true, won’t only two people be forced to fight from a close range? I would rather use the Glocks if I were to be honest!” A woman, called Ailee, voiced her concern.

She was in her late 20s, and her appearance was quite good. She had brunette, shoulder-length hair, hazel eyes, and looked visibly tired, fear masking her pretty facial features.

After all, Ailee had already noticed the lustful gazes of some other survivors on her!

Despite her fear to fight zombies more than anything, it was still better for her to face them instead of the lustful men, who she clearly despised.

As such, she wanted to figure out if it was possible for her to be in a relatively safe position by using one of the two guns they owned, while still receiving the benefits of the Essence crystals.

Her question was certainly important because the two survivors that were bound to fight in a close range were in a far more tricky situation than anyone else.

But that was not something Dilan could be bothered about as he looked at his weapons before staring at Jack.

“I don’t want to act up right now, but who the hell allowed you guys to use my weapons?”

Dilan knew that he could use other weapons to kill the zombies.

After all, the Essence crystals of the Goblins he had killed with his bare fist gave him lots of status points as well!

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Yet, even then, the Reinforced Stone weapons were far better than using just his hands and they also gave him enhancements!

Dilan didn't think that it would be possible for him to get any kind of useful weapon within the hospital either.

Thus, he didn't want to give up on the weapons that belonged to him!

"We saved you!! How can you be that ungrateful?!" Bianne suddenly blurted out, moving her hands up and down the air weirdly.

Hearing this, he couldn't contain himself anymore as he got up from the ground.

"You...just fuck off! Nobody here saved me!" Dilan retorted, his voice ice-cold sweeping through the room as he showed her the middle finger.

He turned back to Jack, ignoring Bianne, who was fuming in anger before Jack began to speak to him in a calmer voice.

"I know that you could shoot me if I were to try to get my hands on the weapons you guys robbed from me. But I know why you haven't killed me."

After he said this, Dilan took a dramatic pause and waited for a few seconds before continuing,

"First of all, you believe that I have more information for you, and second of all, I'm probably the only one in this room, who dares to fight zombies head-on."

Taking a glance at everyone in the cafeteria, he couldn't help but smile wryly.

“To be honest, I’m not even sure if you would even dare to fight zombies, but that is not important right now. You need me if you want to get control over the entire hospital, otherwise, everyone here will probably starve to death here.

And that is after considering that the water supply is guaranteed before you guys run out of food!”

Dilan might not be considered the smartest, but he could tell if someone wanted to make use of him.

Jack was trying to do so by creating an opportunity in which he was allowing him to wield his own weapon once again, labeling it as his ‘generosity’ and ‘fair chance’.

Understanding that Dilan had seen right through him, Jack didn’t even feel offended by his words.

They were mostly true, and Jack had yet to come up with the courage to fight zombies from a close distance.

He had witnessed too many terrifying things in the last 18 hours that had shaken him.

“Do your words imply that you are willing to help me?” Jack thus asked, ignoring the gazes of the other survivors that weighed on him.

It was quite easy to tell that they didn’t like Dilan, but that was not something either of them could care about right now.

Dilan had simply stated the truth, even if it was cold and bitter.

If someone didn’t like this, it simply signified that they had yet to accept reality, that they were not ready to risk their life in order to survive even if it was just for one more day!