

UNDYING WARLORD

Chapter 12 Intimidating

“I want to stay here, but I don’t plan on acting like a Samaritan. I guess the food supply is scarce, and if we were to clear the entire first floor, followed by the whole hospital, the number of survivors is bound to increase in this group.

You should take care of everything, and maybe label this hospital as your private property for all I care...all I would do is kill zombies, and take their Essence crystals!”

Even if Dilan thought of joining, or creating a group of survivors to fight zombies, other monsters, and mutated animals, his plan did not involve playing nanny.

Right now, the most important thing was to become stronger and level up, after all!

Otherwise, he would die facing monsters like the Lightning Panther.

If he had a safe place to return and rest as well after killing monsters the entire day, it would be even better.

As such, Dilan thought that it might not be bad to use the hospital as his resting place and to level up before exploring the outside world.

Oddly enough, Jack liked the way Dilan thought. This was also why he returned the Reinforced Stone Spear to him, seemingly without thinking too much.

The only thing that exposed Jack’s true thoughts were the corners of his mouth that curled upward, which made it look like he was smiling slyly.

Dilan didn’t take even a second to snatch back his weapon and Jack noticed that the young man was able to move far too energetically.

'Wasn't he bleeding like a punctured pig half an hour ago?' He wondered, only to shake his head.

What Jack didn't know was that Dilan's mana had recuperated in this half an hour, allowing him to use his Origin ability once again..

Thus, it was only a matter of time before Dilan would have completely recuperated once again.

"If there's someone else in this room, who would dare fight against zombies, I'm willing to hand over my dagger to them, otherwise, I will take both with me!"

He suddenly announced, after accepting the Reinforced Stone Spear before going over to the table and reaching for the stone dagger as well.

With his words, Dilan showed that he was willing to share his goods with others as long as someone else would fight by his side.

"Wait a moment!...I...want to fight!" A young, and somewhat familiar voice resounded from behind him.

Turning his head, Dilan couldn't help but lift his eyebrow as he saw Oliver who had raised his hand.

He had been the only one, who didn't act like a rogue when Dilan had first met the group of four outside the hospital door.

As such, Dilan regarded his level-headedness highly. Even more so in times when a good character was bound to be tarnished by the harsh environment, and reality.

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Oliver's gaze was fixated on the stone weapons before he repeated himself.

"I want to fight, please let me use the dagger!"

If someone were to fight by his side, he would have expected him or her to ask for the Reinforced Stone Spear instead.

It was just a short spear, with a length of less than 1.2 meters. Nonetheless, it was possible to keep a certain distance from your opponents so as to avoid getting scratched.

As such, without thinking too much, Dilan handed over the dagger, while keeping his eyes on the young man.

'He is better than expected. Is it because the system is similar to a game, or is he gaining confidence by absorbing the essence of the monsters?' Dilan wondered.

One could clearly see the faint trace of excitement in the young man's eyes, and Dilan couldn't help but smile dryly while he studied the dagger.

"Don't die on me, alright?" He cautioned while Oliver nodded his head absentmindedly.

A few survivors looked a little bit dejected, which astonished Dilan a little bit.

Earlier, it didn't look as if anyone wanted to fight, but now that they had missed their chance, everyone's mood soured.

As such, Dilan decided to add something, so as to avoid being attacked in his sleep by someone who would want to rob him of his weapons once again.

"If someone else wants to join the fight, we can search for butcher knives or similar weapons to use. The Essence crystals will provide the same rewards to you which I gain by killing monsters with my weapons!"

Smiling after he finished his words, he tried to stifle a yawn.

He wanted to rest a little bit, and recuperate from his injuries before going out, when he heard Jack next to him ask in bewilderment and a tinge of anger,

"Why...didn't you say so earlier?"

Dilan answered honestly while shrugging his shoulders.

“I just wanted the weapons back that you guys stole from me!”

Afterward, he took a glance in the direction of the kitchen before asking,

“Is there something I can eat, or did all of you divide it into daily portions already?”

Less than one day had passed since the Primordial Ascension.

That meant it was unlikely for everyone to have understood how important rationing food supplies had become.

His question caused everybody to grow visibly discomforted.

Their worried and clueless faces answered what he had asked quite easily.

‘So the opinions are separated in this regard. Some want to eat to their fill, while others think that small portions would be better for them to stock for the future.’

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Nodding his head, he added,

“If there is a loaf of bread, I will take only two slices or so. That shouldn’t be too much, right?”

After waiting for a few seconds, nobody countered him, which he took as a sign of approval.

However, even if someone were against him taking their food, he had an intimidating presence which was more than enough to prevent anyone from retorting to him.

Dilan had not noticed it until now, but since the Primordial Ascension had been initiated, his entire being felt different.

It was almost as if he was a newly hatched bird that had finally learned to soar in the sky and that he was free!

The few dangerous encounters he had experienced in a short period of time clearly showed him that the new world was extremely dangerous, and the slightest trace of fear or hesitation could lead to death!

His subconscious had understood this already, which was reflected in the faint traces of mana that shrouded his body.

Nobody was able to see his mana, and sensing the mythical energy was difficult as well.

But even then, everyone could see that Dilan was one of the few, who were ready for the new world.

Unbothered by the gazes that lingered on him, he ate a little bit, before sitting down in the corner of the room with the Reinforced Stone Spear in his hand.

Afterward, he closed his eyes to take a short nap.

Or at least Dilan tried to rest a little bit, only to hear the constant whispering of the other Survivors around him.

“Who the hell does he think he is to take away our food?!” One of the older women argued as shivers ran down her spine.

“He is way too scary...why did Jack and the others even allow him to come inside. Didn't they go out to save this little girl? The permanent resident of the hospital...what was her name again?” A different old woman replied to her with a voice that was laced with fear of the unknown and sadness.

“At least he seems to be a good fighter. Or he is just resilient, which would be great as well! He can protect us!”

It was Oliver, who jumped in their conversation, and pushed out his small chest as he added,

“Or I will protect all of us after killing all the zombies in the hospital!”

He wanted to play the hero, and this was fine as long as he survived.

However, one of the old women, who had spoken earlier, couldn't help but shake her head before she reminded him.

“Just remember this- in order to protect us, you have to stay alive first!”

Oliver shouldn't overestimate his capabilities, or underestimate the strength of zombies.

This would be a grave mistake.

Dilan reminded himself the same thing as well, only to fall in a much deeper slumber than he wanted to.