

Warlord 18

Chapter 18 Birth of Greed

It was obvious that his punch was not powerful enough to kill the rat, but it flung the monster to the ground.

The rat fell down with a soft thud and was rendered incapable of moving for a few seconds which was enough for it to get trampled by the zombies that wanted to reach and eat the group of survivors.

However, Dilan was not unscathed either.

The aftermath of their collision resulted in severe bleeding from his fist as the horn of the horned rat had pierced into his hand, obstructing his fist's path.

Though it hurt like hell, he had no time to waste bothering about the injury, and Dilan used his Origin ability [Regeneration] to drain all of his mana, which in turn increased his healing capabilities.

Forced to continue fighting in order to survive, he kept going.

The number of zombies had dwindled drastically, and only a few minutes later, all zombies had been killed.

Meanwhile, there were still three-horned rats left.

They noticed Dilan and Oliver's utter exhaustion and were ready to stall for more time until reinforcement would arrive.

This was something their group of four feared the most.

As such, Ailee kept glancing towards the only corridor that had yet to be closed.

For now, there were no monsters that emerged from the place, but nobody could guarantee that this would remain the same.

Dilan and Oliver pushed themselves further, exceeding the limits of their bodies, just to kill the remaining three-horned rats..

The moment they died, Ailee rushed over the corpses of zombies, trampling them beneath her feet while learning to ignore the fear that was deeply instilled in her heart before her hand smashed on the emergency button, closing the door.

Gasping for breath, she leaned on the wall but before she could take a break from the slaughter her eyes fell on something terrifying.

It was the Gate at the end of the corridor with a new batch of horned rats and the tiny monsters that kept emerging from it.

Following that, a few rats peeked out from one of the rooms as if they wondered what they had been missing out on.

But it was only a moment later that the automatic door closed, giving her the chance to sigh in relief.

Her legs gave in, and she slumped to the ground and stayed there as every single body part ached horribly.

Dilan and Oliver felt exactly the same.

Yet, it was only Oliver, who gave himself the chance to breathe.

Dilan couldn't help but feel that they might have missed out on killing a zombie, or one of the few horned rats.

Fortunately, there was none, and he could finally relax his tense shoulders and take a breath of relief as his body slackened a little.

"That was a difficult one..." He could only mumble before he seated himself on a stool in front of the cafe's counter.

Taking a look over the large area of the second floor, Dilan frowned before he shook his head.

'That's definitely more than 60 zombies...probably ten or more horned rats, and one of these...weird tiny monsters...wait?'

Just when Dilan's eyes fell on the tiny monster Ailee had killed, he saw that Jack smashed the handle of this Glock on the head of the monster.

Breaking it open he pulled out the Essence crystal, only for it to crumble a moment later.

'Didn't Ailee kill it?'

Right now, he was too exhausted to say anything about Jack's selfish action, but Dilan was sure to see the birth of overwhelming greed within Jack.

On one side, Dilan understood this because Jack must feel like a weakling right now.

He had almost been killed and it was understandable for him to want to become stronger as quickly as possible.

Nevertheless, they were a group and had defeated their opponents together.

In fact, Jack's contribution to killing any kind of monster was the lowest. He had even been rescued by Ailee instead of him leading the team to safety.

Because of that, Dilan felt that his current behavior was quite immoral and selfish.

And seeing him look at the horned rats, he could only growl,

"Don't even think about taking everything for yourself! I saw that you took the tiny monster's Essence crystal as well!"

Jack had momentarily forgotten that Jack didn't receive much essence from beasts killed with a gun.

It was even less because he had not even killed the tiny monster by himself.

As such, he simply wasted precious essence.

But on the other hand, the horned rats were killed by Oliver and Dilan, providing more Essence and status points.

Thus, Jack was greedily staring at them, only to freeze in place the moment he was caught red-handed.

Clearing his throat he thought about coming up with an excuse to justify his actions and hide his plan.

“The tiny pig-faced beast is called a ‘Krendel’! It’s at level 3.”

By exposing that he absorbed the Krendel’s essence, Jack tried to hide the fact that he wanted to take the essence of all horned rats for himself.

He could tell that the ten corpses would deliver him the necessary essence to level up and to gain lots of status points.

Unfortunately, Dilan had seen right through him despite the exhaustion that was clearly written on his face.

‘You little piece of shit!! Remember that I am in control of the Survivors!! It is ME who has a gun, and I can shoot you anytime I want!!’

Hiding his anger behind a poker face, Jack could only tell himself to calm down.

He still needed Dilan, even if he was an annoying brat, who thought that he could act however he wanted.

Once Jack leveled up a few more times, he would end Dilan’s life and take away everything from him.

However, for now, Dilan was a useful ally who would show them how to kill monsters and survive most dangers which led him to the next point he was wondering about.

“How are we splitting up the loot?” He thus asked in an innocent voice, making Oliver throw him an incredulous look.

“What?!” Jack growled. ‘Will he act up as well?! And here I thought, I had found good cannon fodder to sacrifice whenever required...’

It had only been around 36 hours since the Primordial Ascension, and many things had changed since then.

Amongst the changes were the dreams and ambitions of Jack. He was ready to start the creation of his very own kingdom in Rian’s mountainside hospital.

And for that, he not only required individual strength but also loyal subjects.

Unfortunately, Oliver didn’t seem to be suitable for this anymore. This was somewhat disappointing.

“Of course, everyone will take the Essence crystals that rightfully belong to them!” Ailee suddenly intervened her voice firm and filled with conviction.

Her sudden interference frustrated Jack even more as it felt like a slap on his face.

“But we cannot even state the exact number of zombies that you and I have shot. That should be the same for Oliver’s and Dilan’s case too, right? We should divide the loot differently!” Faking a genuine smile as if he wanted to make a fair deal, Jack stated his opinion. No sooner had he said this, Oliver suddenly replied,

“Well, I can roughly sense which Essence crystals from the same kind of beast provide more essence, and which has less value for me. That means I know what zombies I killed.”

Dilan nodded his head, agreeing with what Oliver said as he sensed the same.

“Oh? I cannot sense that. Is it because I killed the zombies with the Glock?” Ailee suddenly asked, growing interested in the topic.

She was still trembling but forced her body to get up from the ground.

Jack’s behavior worried her a little bit, which led her to be fully prepared to help out Dilan if something were to happen.

It bothered her a little bit that Jack had absorbed the Essence crystal of the Krendel, but that was something she could forget about as long as Jack’s greed didn’t overwhelm his rational senses.

“In that case, everyone can take their own Essence crystals, while you and Jack share the Essence crystals of the zombies with a bullet hole in their head?” Dilan suggested and before Jack could react Ailee, and Oliver vigorously nodded their heads.

Meanwhile, Jack could only hide his anger and the greed in his eyes as he nodded reluctantly.

Even if he wanted to, there was no point in trying to act up, right now.

Killing them in the current situation was also not worth it.

He would make too many losses in the long run, which was even more frustrating, the more he thought about it.

‘I will fucking kill all of you!! Just wait for it!’ Turning his head towards Ailee, he couldn’t help but continue cursing in his mind, feeling betrayed by one more Survivor, who HE had protected, HIM alone!!

‘And I will fuck the brain out of you, little bitch!’