

Warlord 20

Chapter 20 Night out

Several hours had passed by the time Dilan distributed the rat horns after careful consideration.

Oliver received the three horns of the rats he killed, Ailee got two, followed by Jack and a small group of Survivors, who trusted him.

They received a total of four, only for Dilan to be the only one with a single rat horn.

He needed only one for possible emergencies.

Thus, after resting for a few hours, Dilan went to the kitchen to find suitable tools to grind a blade out of the rat's horn.

This took him quite a while, and it was certainly not perfect, but Dilan didn't really mind it.

His mind was calm while he tried to sharpen the horns into near-perfect weapons, giving him the chance to think about lots of things.

Even if he was of the opinion that he wouldn't really care about the well-being of his friends before, that was not really true.

He wondered what they were up to, if they were still alive, or how strong they had become already.

Meanwhile, his family was bound to be fine. If something were to happen to them, something far bigger than a few zombies, or fantasy creatures had to wreak havoc within the country.

As such, he was not really worried about them.

Dilan just wondered how they would react if they were to encounter each other ever again.

However, he quickly shook his head and averted his attention back to sharpening the horns.

After he was done, Ailee showed him a make-shift dagger she had created. It was just the rat horn grinded at the tip before a small piece of a chair's leg was attached to it to act as a hilt..

It was quite decently held together, and wouldn't break the moment it encountered a zombie brain, and the same could be said about the spear she had created by connecting the second horn with a broomstick.

Meanwhile, Jack and the others did something similar and tried to turn them into easy to wield weapons but Oliver left the horns untouched for the time being.

"I don't really know what to do with them, but wasting the materials is not necessary as well..."

Dilan nodded his head and agreed before he suddenly heard Bianne's voice from nearby.

"Jack! Why can't we go outside? You said that the entrance hall is clear... why did you guys even go outside and kill zombies if we cannot have a little bit more freedom?!?"

Jack had his own plans and didn't want anyone to intervene in them.

As such, he prevented the others from going outside for now.

Ailee was against this, but she didn't really have much power in their group.

Most Survivors were still of the opinion that Jack was the most trustworthy.

However, Dilan was the only one to state his opinion fearlessly,

"I think it's fine for them to go out for now.

When we leave to clear the other corridors on the first, or second floor, it would be best for everyone to be in the cafeteria, but otherwise, it should be fine to stay in the entrance hall!"

Afterward, he thought about something and added further,

"Maybe to prevent possible emergencies from occurring, it would be better to stay in the cafeteria during night as well. For the sake of everyone's safety."

Dilan didn't really think that it was even a topic of debate as that was the only sensible course of action.

The cafeteria was currently the safest place because one of the corridors on the first or second floor could be broken easily due to numerous reasons.

If the Survivors were to roam around the entrance hall, they were bound to die, but not if they were to stay within the cafeteria.

Hearing Dilan's words, Jack's first thought was to disagree with him.

However, after thinking about it again, he just nodded his head and agreed with Dilan, which astonished him a little.

After Jack agreed, the furniture was moved aside, and all of the survivors streamed outside the cafeteria they had been huddled in since the Primordial Ascension.

They didn't like being imprisoned in one place.

Yet, less than one minute after they experienced 'freedom' all of them returned with ashen-white faces as Bianne squealed out,

"CORPSES!!"

Her exclamation attracted Dilan's attention, and he looked over.

He was pretty sure that they had killed all the zombies. If new ones would appear, there had to be an unidentified gap somewhere.

"What is with them?" Jack asked to no one in particular as his hand instinctively moved to the Glock that hung around his belt.

"Why are the corpses still there?! They reek!! How are we supposed to feel at ease with them around us??"

Dilan had expected something important to have happened which had made all of them return inside.

But he only shook his head as he thought of something.

'Well, we shouldn't really let the corpses lie on the floor and rot. Who knows what might happen if they stay there.'

"Maybe, we can throw them in the garbage chute?" Sarah suddenly suggested, pointing at the kitchen's garbage chute.

It was connected to a pipe that led straight to the hospital's wastage container.

In the end, getting rid of the corpses like this might not be the best idea but there was not much they could do right now.

"We could also throw the corpses out of the second floor." Oliver suddenly came up with another suggestion, clearly recalling that there were several large windows on the second floor.

Dilan didn't care what they would choose to do.

And instead of bothering about it, he started to train himself in one-armed spearmanship once again.

Earlier in the day, his movements had not been perfect, and even Oliver was better than him after gaining the basic dagger mastery passive ability.

It was a useful ability, but Dilan wouldn't switch it with his Lesser Immunity ability.

His passive ability suited him much better if used together with the Origin ability.

It disinfected his wounds, and by using [Regeneration] every half an hour, all of his wounds had healed completely.

Practicing with the spear as long as possible, Dilan took only short breaks before starting once again.

He sweated buckets, but he felt that training with the spear allowed him to adjust much better to the changes in his body.

As such, he continued while letting the others debate on the disposal of the dead and do whatever they wanted.

"Let's clear the right corridor tomorrow. I would like to make my first kill, and see if I can really obtain an ability!"

Ailee appeared next to him when he finished his practice, handing him a cup of water.

The water supply was still not cut off, and everyone could drink as much tap water as they wanted.

Taking a few sips, Dilan nodded his head before replying,

"That's fine with me. I think we should clear the right and front corridors first. You and the others should slowly adjust to the art of killing with a spear and dagger.

It feels different, and far more disgusting than pulling the trigger from a distance..."

Ailee just nodded while listening to Dilan's well-meant advice.

With a faint smile on her lips, she decided to leave him on his own.

Having received the answer she wanted, Ailee felt that she shouldn't bother Dilan too much.

He was someone she couldn't really understand.

As such, it was better to act carefully around him.

But even then, Ailee could tell that he cared about the people around him at least to some extent.

It was not as if he was openly nice to them, and neither did he expect anything from those around him.

He simply did what he felt to be correct.

However, this also included that he would kill all those, whom he regarded as a possible threat.

With that in mind, she helped the others to prepare a simple dinner, while Oliver and a few more survivors looked after the corpse issue.

After everyone was done, they cleaned themselves sparingly before having dinner quietly.

Once he finished eating, Dilan went back to the corner of the room, entering his own world of thoughts and wild theories.

Not long after he fell in a slumber with the Reinforced Stone Spear and his backpack by his side.

Because of the exhaustion of the last two days, Dilan didn't even notice that the furniture in front of the cafeteria's doors had been removed.

They were silent, and nobody heard them, only for Jack, and his small group of three followers to sneak out of the cafeteria in order to initiate their very own hunt!

And, their target was the front corridor on the second floor!