

Warlord 61

Chapter 61 Death by lightning

At the end of the day, the Rian mountainside hospital was not only for dying patients, and for all kinds of rather ordinary diseases or ailments, but it was also a hospital for mentally ill people.

That was why Dilan shouldn't have been too surprised to see the worst of the worst from mankind right in this second.

However, when looking through the VIP room, where more than ten naked women were trying their best to survive, and not be whipped to death, he was unable to keep up his cool.

“What the fuck...”

His attention was drawn to the chained 18-year-old girl, who had screamed out “Siss!!” the moment she saw Kathrine.

The eyes of the young girl were filled with tears, and her nearly malnourished body was covered with red stripes.

It looked like the young, naked man from earlier had mercilessly whipped the young girl, who seemed to be Kathrine's sister.

At the same time, it was as if the man had been in some sort of trance because he hadn't heard the thunderous noise of Dilan's [Thunder Step] ability.

As such, he looked at Kathrine and Dilan with slight astonishment the moment he saw them.

Max, the young man, had been interrupted in his entertainment. This would usually lead to the death or a severe punishment to his own people, but he shockingly encountered strangers in his room of pleasure.

The toned man wielded a longsword, and blood trickled from its blade, while his eyes were ice-cold and filled with disgust.

But Max's attention was not on the man who had stormed in, but rather on the woman beside him, whose fury seemed to have no bounds.

Yet, even then, her beauty was not marred by her facial expression that could cause terror in the hearts of weak-willed men!

A vibrant smile appeared on his face, and he turned the rest of his body as well.

His entire attention was now on the two newcomers, but mostly Kathrine. .

Max loved her expression. It turned him on and gave him the satisfaction he had been searching for in the women he had already tortured.

His mind was high on ecstasy upon seeing nothing but hatred and anger in the eyes of a woman.

It was a great substitute for the fear, and desperation and a refreshing change from the other women who cowered in front of him.

Activating his passive ability, he pulled the katana that had been lying on the other side of the room towards his empty hand as if a piece of iron would be attracted to a magnet.

This happened in the blink of an eye, but neither Kathrine nor Dilan were interested in this.

Rather, Kathrine saw this as a signal for her to proceed with her own attack.

Electric currents manifested around both of her hands, and she was ready to burn the cruel monster of a human in his entirety like a living torch.

However, just at this moment, she felt a large hand tap her shoulder.

“Don’t shoot. Or do you want to accidentally hurt others?” Dilan suddenly asked, pulling her out of her trance.

He knew that Kathrine was unable to control her ability in the slightest.

And even if she were to be able to control it a tiny bit, the room was filled with several naked women, whose skin was already scarred, wounded and badly bruised.

That meant even the slightest brush of her lightning was enough to injure them severely.

The possibility of Kathrine accidentally killing others was simply too high.

As such, Dilan had to hold her back from acting in a fit of rage because she was currently too emotional and her senses out of control!

Dilan was having a tough time keeping his cool as well and even he wanted nothing more than to kill the young man in front of him.

This was odd as he should feel just the slightest remorse or be disgusted about himself for having killed several humans.

However, there was nothing but emptiness in his mind right at this moment.

He didn’t feel any remorse for killing these disgusting men because he could clearly sense their lust for all these women, their anger at him for killing some of their comrades, along with their incapability to hold him down and continue doing whatever they pleased.

It was a little bit weird if one were to think about it because too many men acted up like this.

However, Dilan didn’t really think right now as he let his body do whatever it wanted to.

He was just doing the same as the others, but instead of subjecting the women to humiliation like them, Dilan blasted ahead.

When he saw the devastating strength humans could obtain, Max was shocked.

In his opinion, he was the strongest, but Dilan’s Agility stat was certainly higher than his own.

Thus, Max wanted to make use of his high Strength and [Spiritual hand]; his activated ability.

Through this, he could control specific objects even at a greater distance.

His only restriction was that it was necessary for him to be able to carry the object and that he could only control one at a time.

As such, the katana was the best object he could ever wield right now.

Confident of killing Dilan at once, Max activated the [Spiritual hand] ability by enlarging his right arm using a semi-translucent membrane that held his katana tightly.

This increased the destructive capability of his attack which Max made use of as he attacked at a rapid pace.

His attack reached a terrific pace that was more than enough to pierce through every single being Max had encountered until now.

Even Dilan was slightly astonished when he realized how fast and powerful the thrust with his Katana was.

He used his ability in a quite simple, but efficient way.

However, Dilan also knew that the speed of the attack was nothing if he were to be able to use his [Thunder Step] ability, and not be weakened by 20%.

Unfortunately, this was the case, which turned to evading the attack a little hassle.

With that in mind, Dilan chose violence over using proper tactics!!

The katana that shot toward him didn't possess any mana.

This was something one could faintly sense after having felt the familiar sensation of quite a few treasures.

Even the worst Trash treasures felt different from objects that belonged to the planet before the Primordial Ascension.

Dilan was not exactly sure how someone was able to lay their hands on a Katana inside the Rian mountainside hospital, but that was actually not important right now.

The only thing that mattered was to win against Max, without letting someone else in the room be hurt.

Because nobody was supposed to get inflicted in his fight except his opponent, evading the thrust was near impossible.

With that in mind, Dilan lifted his longsword at the perfect moment to block the attack.

Just a fraction of a second later, the Captain's Sword began to tremble as Dilan was only holding it with one hand.

However, that was exactly what they planned, which was also the reason he couldn't bother when the Captain's Sword was pushed away.

The push was gentle and barely noticeable in the first moment, but it was more than enough for the Katana to slip past the longsword and pierce into Dilan's shoulder.

The way Max wielded the weapon made Dilan realize that Max knew what he was doing and was extremely confident in his strength and skill.

In fact, Dilan would even say that his opponent had been trained in the art of Katanas, or that he had received an even better passive mastery ability than Oliver and Ailee owned!

But that was not something he could really pay any attention to because it took the Katana only a moment before it pierced into his shoulder. No sooner had that happened, Dilan moved his right hand.

Shaped like a knife, he inserted a trace of mana in the Clawed Gloves before he lashed out with it.

Merely a fraction of a second later the sound of a blade breaking apart into pieces reached every corner of the VIP patient ward.

But before the last piece of the broken Katana fell to the ground, Dilan disappeared from his earlier position.

Most women inside the room didn't even see where Dilan had re-emerged, and they looked around in confusion as a pained groan escaped Max's mouth.

Suddenly, Dilan had appeared right in front of Max.

His right hand moved rapidly, but everyone felt as if it was deliberately slow.

A moment later, his hand pierced through Max's abdomen who could do nothing except exclaim in shock and pain.

It looked like Max wanted to say something, but Dilan twisted his hand within the naked man's abdomen, mercilessly slicing through and cutting his internal organs, quieting him down.

A mere painful groan escaped his mouth, and Max's face was drained of all color.

Blood spurted out of the big hole in Max's abdomen, which Dilan looked at with an uninterested expression.

Dilan opened his mouth to say something, but then closed it again.

He didn't even feel the need to say a single word to Max, not even in his last moments.

Instead, Dilan thought of something which led him to open his fist and spread out his fingers within Max's abdomen.

This worsened the injury within the young man, even more, making him stagger and fall over Dilan's shoulder.

Dilan merely shook his shoulders and let Max collapse. He landed right in front of Kathrine's feet, bleeding heavily.

In seconds, a large puddle of blood would form under Max, and he was bound to die, slowly and painfully.

However, Kathrine had different plans.

She had seen the fight between the two men and realized that she would have died fighting against Max, without the use of her highly destructive ability that would have injured others.

But even then, the moment Kathrine saw the lethally injured young man in front of her, she wrinkled her nose in disgust to look at the pathetic man.

Yet, the man's pathetic look was not enough to release the tension within Kathrine.

A single glance towards her beloved sister was more than enough to feel a tornado of anger and wrath surfacing within her.

Thus, she released all her mana within the [Lightning strike] ability at once, subconsciously altering it owing to the inserted emotions.

"Die, you piece of garbage!!!!!"

Kathrine could only scream furiously as a bolt of ginormous lightning appeared between both of her hands, slowly burning through Max's skin and innards.

Meanwhile, his blood was boiled in a fraction of a second before it began to evaporate!

Chapter 62 Sisters

The entire VIP patient ward was lit up, owing to the flash of lightning, dazzling everyone within.

Even Dilan had to turn away his head to prevent being blinded by the bright light.

His eyes were tightly shut, and only after a few seconds had passed by did he dare to open them once again.

The first thing that he saw was a heavily breathing Kathrine, standing above the charred corpse of the young man.

She had killed him without a single second of hesitation.

From the looks of it, her anger made her even forget about the two men she had killed not even five minutes ago.

Her expression was filled with anger, and Kathrine was visibly exhausted, while she tried to calm herself down which was an exercise in itself. It was only when heard a voice from just a few meters away that she regained her senses.

"S-Sis!!" The young, chained girl cried out in between her sobs. She continued to scream, while Kathrine regained her senses before she rushed toward the young girl.

"Yvonne!!" Kathrine screamed out with open arms as she tightly hugged her sister, who flinched the moment she was touched.

The red stripes, where she had been whipped, burned as if they were on fire when Kathrine's clothes and body came in contact with them.

Most of her wounds were still fresh and bleeding, clearly showing that Max had tormented her not too long ago..

“Oh my God... are you fine? Sorry...let’s get rid of these chains first!!” Kathrine exclaimed, flabbergasted about the injuries of her little sister.

Only now did she realize that she had made Yvonne feel more pain by hugging her.

The moment Kathrine stepped back, Dilan appeared next to her.

The tip of the Katana that had been stuck in his shoulder had already been removed.

But even then, a little bit of blood oozed out of the wound.

However, that was not something Dilan was worried about because the wound was not deep. His Health was far higher than what ordinary beings before the Primordial Ascension could reach.

Thus, ordinary weapons didn’t injure him much anymore.

In fact, Max’s attack had worked only because of his powerful ability.

[Spiritual hand] was certainly an active skill that had a potential similar to Kathrine’s [Lightning strike]. Maybe, it had been even higher!

He was not holding the Captain’s sword right now and reached out for the young girl.

Yvonne was still naked, but Dilan’s expression didn’t falter and was exactly the same as a moment ago.

Flinching upon seeing the other man, Yvonne closed her eyes, and even Kathrine wanted to intervene, but then her eyes fell on the blanket he was holding in his hand.

He threw it over Yvonne to cover her, before using his Clawed Gloves to open the chains around her wrists and ankles.

Afterward, he turned around to take a look at the wardrobe.

Yvonne fell onto the bed she was standing close to after she was released. Her legs had gone numb, and Kathrine helped her up to get on the bed.

Kathrine kept looking at her younger sister for several minutes, only for Yvonne to tightly hold onto her despite the pain.

She was shivering, clearly recalling the wrongdoings of Max and his small group of disgusting horny beasts who called themselves human!

Fortunately, they had not forced themselves on her because it had just been seven days since she had awoken.

Kathrine had already presumed that something had changed about her sister and seeing that she looked far healthier than she had ever been, a bright smile emerged on her face.

Despite all the mess that had happened, and the fact that Max injured Yvonne, Kathrine couldn’t help but be happy that her little sister was alive!

She didn’t even need an oxygen mask to breathe properly either, which was one of the biggest joys Kathrine felt in her entire life.

Thus, her mind had forgotten the thought about Yvonne having been mistreated, even if her condition was not as bad as the other women.

When her eyes flicked to the other women, Kathrine saw that most of them were sobbing, or trying to make themselves disappear into the wall they were crouching against.

It was as if they had lost all their confidence and hope. Even after she and Dilan killed Max right in front of their eyes, it was as if they didn't believe that something good could possibly happen in the future.

Kathrine understood this to some extent. Life was cruel, even more so after the Primordial Ascension.

It might even be the worst to be a beautiful woman in this dangerous era.

Being alive had no meaning if one encountered the wrong people in this time, even less if one had to use all their might and advantages to stay alive.

Shuddering at the thought of some disgusting men even laying their filthy hands on her little sister, Kathrine couldn't help but mumble,

"You have to become stronger...We have to become stronger...more powerful than anyone else!!"

Yvonne was still crying, but she still heard the words of her sister.

Her mind was still a mess, but Yvonne couldn't help but look at Dilan through her teary eyes.

"Even stronger than him?"

It was quite obvious that Dilan was a person her sister seemed to trust, and that he was somewhat different. Yvonne could clearly sense this.

She knew that it would be hard for her to trust any man again because even the thought of a man caused her to flinch and shiver.

Yet, while looking at Dilan, she felt no fear or discomfort, almost as if her brain could look past the fact that he was a man and see that he wasn't going to pounce on her the moment he could.

Though she didn't sense immediate danger from him, the trauma inflicted by Max and his men would take a while for her to start trusting the opposite gender again.

Right now, Yvonne was just confused when looking at Dilan because he seemed to care about people, but at the same time, looked completely unbothered.

Following Yvonne's gaze, Kathrine looked at Dilan as well. She tilted her head and was unable to find the right words to express herself.

Kathrine was confused and she tried to speak, only to blabber an uncertain answer,

"I...don't know if that will even be possible...but I do...not think that it is necessary...probably?"

After Kathrine said this, the siblings kept looking at Dilan. Oddly enough, it was calming to see how Dilan moved around the room with a straight face, completely unbothered by the naked women around him.

Quite a few of them were even beautiful, rivaling her own, and Yvonne's look.

“Why are you so calm?” Kathrine couldn’t help but ask out loud, still holding her sister in a protective embrace.

She had seen how calmly Dilan walked through the room, handing everyone a blanket, some clothes, or other means to cover themselves.

Observing his eyes, she sensed that he was not even remotely interested in the women, which was somewhat weird in Kathrine’s opinion.

After all, some of them were gorgeous!

However, the moment Dilan heard Kathrine’s words, he couldn’t help but look at her with a deep frown.

“What the hell do you want me to do? Pounce at each of them, and take them forcefully because I am strong enough? You are really weird.”

Shaking his head, Dilan felt like he had to add something, just to say,

“First of all, don’t even dare to compare me to these disgusting men! Just because you saved me once, doesn’t mean that I give you the liberty to assume rubbish about myself!

I already helped you out and repaid my debt!

Second of all, sex might be exciting, but it is definitely not enticing if you want to take someone by force or have sex without your partner actually feeling like it as well! That is just lust and for people who never felt how real sex is!!”

Chapter 63 Now we have problems!

Having to listen to a lecture about sex didn’t really feel good.

Kathrine was embarrassed by the way Dilan spoke about these matters nonchalantly, which was something one could see quite easily.

Her cheeks were beet-red, and she was unable to maintain eye contact with Dilan.

His outburst came as a surprise to not just Kathrine but the others as well, all of whom had no idea why he was so agitated by Kathrine’s comment.

Some women stopped crying, just to take a look at Dilan before they started to sob once again.

But this time, it was somewhat different, and their crying didn’t sound as desperate as before, nor did it look as if they had given up on life itself.

It was weird, and the women couldn’t really tell what was going on with them either.

They could only understand each other, and Yvonne was one of them.

She looked at Dilan for a few seconds before feeling a little bit more reassured. Yvonne began to understand why her sister said that it was ok for Dilan to be stronger than them.

He seemed to be way too disinterested in them, which could have multiple reasons.

Though at the end of the day, his reason was not important, and the only crucial factor was that Dilan never looked their way with a lustful gaze when he could take any woman by force.

This made all of the women reassured that he had no interest in them!.

A moment later, Oliver and Ailee entered the doorway of the VIP ward just to see the mess inside.

Earlier, they had only heard the noises of the fight that had broken out.

However, because they trusted Dilan and Kathrine's strength, there was no need for them to be worried.

As such, they had ignored the fight and instead started to inspect the living space on the fourth floor.

There were quite a few survivors on this floor, far more than on the first three floors.

But even if the number of Survivors was quite high, only the earlier dozen men had appeared to be healthy and as if they had never starved in their life.

Meanwhile, the other men, young children, and older women looked as if they had been completely ignored for several days.

Some even looked as if they had not even received a glass of water to drink since the start of the Primordial Ascension.

And then there were the young and rather good-looking women, who seemed to receive full meals.

The only issue with them was the deficit of their will to continue living.

This was bad, to put it simply, and both Ailee and Oliver couldn't help but feel that they had to report everything they saw to Dilan.

What they didn't know was that the situation was even worse inside the VIP ward.

Ailee's eyes widened in shock, and she felt as if she had entered hell for all women.

Tears gathered in the corners of her eyes, but Ailee didn't start crying.

Instead, she imprinted the scene in front of her deep into her mind to never forget it.

'If I am too weak and don't grow stronger, I might end up just like them...violated and broken down!!'

Ailee didn't want this to happen, which was why she clenched her fists tightly.

Oliver saw this but there was nothing he could say to Ailee. Thus, he remained silent instead of trying to find comforting words to say to her.

When Dilan heard footsteps from the hallways, he took a short glance at Ailee and Oliver.

However, instead of bothering too much about what they would do, he spoke a few words while rummaging through the huge wardrobe.

“Bring everyone willing to come to the third floor. And tell Bianne to prepare some light, soup-based food for them. They should eat something light first. I guess the malnourished Survivors have yet to eat or drink something. If I’m not wrong, they have been starving for a few days.”

After he finished, Dilan continued to look after the women around him.

In the end, he was not doing much, just handing out some clothes and blankets.

Oliver was ready to move, and follow Dilan’s instructions, just for Ailee to stop him from moving all of a sudden.

Her expression was firmer than before, and she had already wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes.

“Do you think the others will accept so many new Survivors?...there are at least 50 Survivors, and we have to feed all of them!” She asked Dilan before turning her head slightly towards Oliver as she mumbled,

“You know how the others reacted when we brought back the three nurses...”

Ailee didn’t want Dilan to hear her because it had already been extremely difficult to hide the attitude of some Survivors when the three nurses from the second floor were brought to the cafeteria.

But she had grossly underestimated Dilan’s hearing sense, which led him to halt in his tracks.

“What did the others say, and who said something against taking in more Survivors?”

His question was quite simple, but his voice was ice-cold.

It didn’t feel as if he was asking a normal question but as if he demanded to know the things that happened inside their small community, things that were kept a secret from him.

Upon hearing Dilan’s voice, Ailee froze for a moment, and the exact same happened to all the other women inside the VIP patient ward.

Meanwhile, Oliver couldn’t help but press his lips together in a thin line.

‘Well, now we have some problems...’

Oliver’s thought described the situation perfectly.

Dilan was already frustrated because of the incident with Max.

He couldn’t really believe mankind had hit such a low point after barely seven days had passed since the Primordial Ascension had begun!

It was horrific and it only cemented his opinion about the human race perfectly.

This made it even more annoying because he belonged to the very same race.

As such, Dilan should have expected to face mankind’s desires and greed to make them believe that everything could be snatched forcefully, and they were the undisputed lords.

After all, almost everyone was certain that they were special, and that everything should go according to their plan as if the world revolved around them simply because they existed.

However, the truth couldn't be more different.

One had to work hard to be considered unique and special if one didn't possess any kind of talent.

And even with an inborn talent in a specific subject, sport, or something else, one had to work hard in order to become truly special.

Yet that was not something many humans had realized even after everything they faced during the last seven days.

Dilan also presumed that the mindset of most Survivors was the worst in their small community because everyone had enough food, water and even more so safety.

They had yet to come across any huge problems that affected the weak and entitled Survivors in their group.

Recalling that there was simply too little information or understanding about the new era, and about the fact that new rules had to be set up, he was able to calm down.

Dilan figured that it was necessary to analyze the situation in a proper manner.

'I thought it was not necessary to hold the reins of control over the group...Do I really have to?'

What he was thinking about right now was to lead the entire group of Survivors and control them.

Initially, this was not something Dilan wanted to do, but it looked like it was necessary to come up with some rules, and that was something only someone with power over the entire group was capable of doing.

He could just say that some things were forbidden, but the moment he would be busy with something else, his words would be ignored, and some sneaky survivors would go against the set rules.

That was if he were to be just some ordinary member of their group.

And if he wanted to punish someone for creating chaos in their group, it was impossible for him to remain a 'normal' member of their community.

There were a few more factors that he had to consider, but it looked like there was not really much of a way out of the situation.

"Looks like there is no other choice..."

Chapter 64 No other choice

After Ailee, Oliver and Dilan gathered quite a few pieces of clothing to provide it to everyone who was in need of it, they made their way downwards.

Earlier, nobody had dared to think of going towards the fifth floor, let alone the third floor.

There were too many powerful monsters and nobody except the dozen men had been able to receive ability crystals as they were the only ones who had been able to kill zombies.

Oddly enough they didn't even think of using the other survivors to receive more abilities.

If the dozen men would have forced the survivors to kill a single zombie each, they would have gotten 50 ability crystals.

But that was not something possible as Max had killed every single hostile being on the fourth floor that had reached level 5 at the end of the day.

This was certainly not high in comparison to Dilan's level, but the [Spiritual hand] ability made the biggest difference as it was a truly powerful ability if used properly.

Thinking about it yet again, Dilan had to acknowledge that Max had been much stronger than he initially presumed.

Yet, instead of focusing on an already dead person, Dilan couldn't help but sigh when looking around at the others.

Everyone looked extremely exhausted, and it was quite obvious that they would need a few days until their body would be fully recuperated.

On the other hand, their mental health was a different topic altogether.

Dilan was not sure what to do with all the mentally broken women, and men, who had been scarred for their entire life, and the few younger kids that had witnessed mankind in its cruelest form.

'This will definitely turn into a mess if I make even a single mistake. A decisive leader should be better than a heartless dictator...I guess?'

He had never thought of becoming the leader of a place, but at the same time, Dilan didn't really feel like abandoning the other survivors.

For now, he didn't have anywhere to go, or a particular future plan as well.

That meant he might as well consider building up a strong front of powerful Ascenders..

His focus would be on himself, but there were specific monsters that would have an advantage over him.

Having someone powerful by his side, who could even out his weaknesses such as being restricted to short ranges that prevented him from hunting all kinds of flying monsters, would certainly be great.

Thinking about it again, Dilan hoped for the best outcome for everyone.

He was deep in thoughts and took a moment before he heard Kathrine squeal from behind him.

"What?! You have an Origin ability??...Wait... what even is that...?" She exclaimed in shock as she stared at him wide-eyed and with a disbelieving look.

Her Log of the Ancient didn't have something like a column for Origin abilities.

However, Dilan, who heard Kathrine, slowed down his steps. They had already reached the second floor, and it wouldn't take them much longer before he would face the other Survivors in the cafeteria.

As such, it was a welcome surprise to hear something new and interesting that had nothing to do with killing or doing something frustrating.

Thus, he couldn't help but answer Kathrine's question.

"If I understand Origin abilities correctly, they're powerful abilities that don't belong to the active and passive ability sections.

Instead, they have both active and passive functions, and their effects should be more powerful than ordinary abilities!"

Dilan was curious about Yvonne's Origin ability.

After all, she was the first Survivor with an Origin ability, whom he encountered.

At least, she was the first one he knows about.

This would mean that Yvonne was able to share her experiences about her Origin ability, once she was to figure out something about it.

With some research, it might even be possible to gain some experience about Origin abilities to assess if others have one or not.

But there was no time to start research or talk right now because they had just reached the cafeteria doors.

Sighing deeply, Dilan requested the doors to be opened.

Only a few seconds later, the chains were removed from the cafeteria's doors, and Dilan stepped through them, followed by the others.

The sudden appearance of Dilan, and around 50 new faces made everybody look at them in doubt.

"What is going on here?" Sarah asked, confused to see so many new people.

Even if it was expected to find a few more Survivors in the following days, witnessing an unexpectedly large crowd of devastated humans entering the cafeteria hit everyone off-guard.

"Is everyone doing fine?" Dilan suddenly asked with a faint smile on his face.

He wanted to break the ice with small talk but encountered stupefied expressions.

"I think we have a very big problem. Who allowed you to bring so many Survivors with you? It's not like you are our leader!" The angry voice of a man reached him from further behind.

Dilan was not able to see the man, but the voice sounded somewhat familiar.

Thus, he frowned before addressing not just the man but the entire crowd.

"Okay, so if I were to be the leader of the group, I would be allowed to do whatever I want, right?"

It was obvious that 'being allowed to do whatever he wanted' was not exactly what Dilan wanted to point out.

However, his voice had indicated to the others what the words had not- he would become the leader of their group if that was necessary!

Weirdly enough, nobody dared to answer his question. Whether this was because of the glint in his eyes or the expressions on his face as if he was waiting to be challenged, nobody knew for sure.

This glint felt like a warning that came straight from the deepest parts of Dilan's heart, which prevented anyone from saying anything.

By now, Dilan was getting tired of the charade.

But the words he had in mind were likely to burst everybody's bubble.

"You guys need me to survive, and to live a good life, right? To be honest, we can also vote a leader democratically, and I leave if I lose the 'voting'. There is more than enough space in the hospital. Wouldn't that be nice of me?"

He simply shrugged his shoulders, before shutting his mouth for a few seconds.

The moment Dilan decided to leave, it was quite obvious that Ailee, Oliver, and most likely most other Ascenders would leave with him, even if that meant they had to become his subordinates.

Dilan was the strongest person they had met until now, and he was the only one to have survived fights against the most powerful existences they had ever seen, which is why every survivor would think twice before going against him.

Letting his words sink in for a few seconds, Dilan continued with a calm observation of the given situation.

"Let's be honest, even if I were to leave with the others, once I'm hungry, I could just take the food from here....who is going to stop me, after all?"

Smiling brightly, he looked at everyone and made his stance clear.

In the end, they only had two choices- either accept him as leader, or choose to leave.

This was quite simple and something everyone could clearly understand.

His words and behavior might sound cruel, but he couldn't care about that at all right now.

However even after he said all of this, some were still unwilling to understand it, especially those Survivors who hadn't seen him fight yet.

They thought that the Ascenders were praising him way too much and that he was nothing against the great weaponry of mankind before the Primordial Ascension.

As such, the same old man, who was always complaining about Dilan, was unable to hold back anymore.

He believed that everything Dilan said was bullshit, which lead him to pull out one of the two Glocks they stored inside the cafeteria.

Seeing that the same old weapon was pointed at him for the third time in a week, Dilan's smile turned even brighter than before.

He was not even scared of the gun anymore.

The ten minutes of his debuff had long since passed, and his mana had recuperated by more than one unit.

Thus, without the need to think about what he should do, his body took charge. A thunderous sound emerged from Dilan, and electricity currents appeared around his feet.

Just a moment later Dilan catapulted himself towards the side before using all his Strength and Agility at once to shoot toward the old man.

In a blink of an eye, Dilan emerged in front of the old man, who was shell-shocked.

His left hand grasped the old man's wrist tightly before carefully taking away the Glock from his hand.

"May I ask why you were pointing a dangerous weapon at me?" Dilan asked in a mocking voice, while still smiling brightly.

However, his eyes were ice-cold, and he felt like killing the old man.

It was pretty obvious that the old man was ready to end Dilan's life. Thus, he should simply behead him to make an example out of him and show the others that he wouldn't tolerate nonsense anymore.

Yet, instead of doing this, Dilan chose to show his generosity once more.

"This is the last warning...for everyone! If someone ever dares to point a gun at me or breaks the rules I will set up, I won't hold back from killing that person, is that clear?!"

The last few words were uttered in a low growl, only for a cracking noise to follow suit.

Dilan tightened his grip around the wrist of the old man and twisted it easily as the man howled in pain.

"Oops... that must have been an accident," Dilan said in a casual voice, unmoved by the painful scream of the old man.

This behavior was unlike Dilan but his tolerance for rubbish was rapidly wearing off.

The constant killing and bloodbath were starting to affect his behavior and sanity.

He could have been said to be a rather ordinary human before the Primordial Ascension but now he was turning into a predator- a ferocious beast, who would do anything to survive, even if it meant putting some sense into brickheads the harsher way.

What followed his words was an eerie silence because everyone clearly understood the devastating speed he was able to reach in a moment and his mercilessness as he broke the old man's hand without hesitating for a quarter of a second.

Most of the survivors were not even able to see his movement properly!

This was simply insane, and there was a stunned silence, which followed suit as Dilan looked at the others who were staring at him with an aghast look.

“By the way, if nobody saw them yet, I brought a few Survivors from the fourth floor to live with us. Isn’t that nice?”

Dilan swept his gaze through the row of Survivors that had been residing in the cafeteria for quite some time already.

“We don’t accept them,” a lady he had never seen before suddenly announced,

In return for this, Dilan just nodded his head before asking the most important question.

“Who are you even?”

Chapter 65 Decision

“Who are you even?”

Dilan had no idea who the woman in front of him was. This confused him enough to make him bluntly ask the question.

From the looks of it, he was not even joking, which hit the slightly chubby woman even more than a slap right on her face.

But even if he didn’t know the woman, Dilan chose to stay calm...for a moment, at least.

“WE? Looks like you are trying to speak for the entire group. In that case, tell me your reason to reject the group of survivors!”

He might appear to be calm on the outside, but the eerie presence Dilan radiated, caused fear within everyone.

Due to his dominating presence, the chubby woman took a few moments before she dared to speak once again.

“The...most obvious would be the scarcity of food, and water... furthermore, think about the space...the cafeteria is not exactly big enough for more than two hundred people to be squeezed in. If you accept this group, who knows how long it will take before you accept more and more Survivors!!

And to add on, conflicts are more likely to occur. We’re in a hospital that is specialized to treat mentally ill patients as well...so who knows how many of the new Survivors are mentally ill, and ready to kill us at once?!

Last but not the least, monsters will find it easier to locate us due to our high number!!”

If one were to listen to the woman’s words and give it some thought, one could clearly tell that most of her reasons had some truth behind it.

The more people they had in their group, the less food everyone would receive, and they would also turn into easy targets for monsters.

However, Dilan didn’t agree with the other reasons because they simply made no sense to him..

“In that case, what about the possibility of mentally ill people being among us for the entire time? Just take a look at the situation from a moment ago.

Someone pointed a gun at me. Isn't that a little bit unreasonable and a clear sign that this brickhead's mental health reached the same level as your IQ?

Space is no problem as well because the first, second and fourth floors have already been cleared. Even the third floor looks safe.

The only issue on the second floor is the Gate, but that is not something anyone needs to be worried about right now.

And if we were to talk about the dangers of zombies and other monsters, this can be solved the moment we have more Ascenders, who are ready to fight, to level up, and to become stronger!”

Dilan tried his best to stay calm, and not to use his Strength as a means of authority to exert his dominance.

But that was far more difficult than he expected, simply because he was not a born leader. Neither did he have any idea of how to convince some idiots that they had to do something in order to get stronger simply to survive.

“I still don't accept them!” The woman announced, ignoring the intimidating presence of Dilan. She was unwilling to give in, but flinched the moment Dilan sighed deeply.

“Alright, in that case, how about everyone who wants to be useful for this community, including the Survivors that are willing to fight against zombies and other monsters will be accepted in our group, and everyone else is thrown out?

That obviously includes everyone, who is already in the group...such as you, as well. I don't even know you! Is that not funny? I have been in the cafeteria for almost an entire week, but I have never seen you before. Are you a ghost, or just good at hiding?

Let's be honest here. Considering that I do not know you, you either just joined this group, or you were lazying around, like a piece of shit!!

If you have a complaint, try to sound reasonable, please?!”

He shook his head, feeling that he had had enough of people doing nothing and trying to coach him unable to remain calm. It was only fortunate that not everyone was as stupid as the old man, and the woman next to him.

Somehow it felt like she had flushed her IQ in the toilet while taking a dump.

As such, Dilan had to take a deep breath before he returned his attention to the others once again. Looking at all of them, he asked in a loud and clear voice,

“Except this human with an IQ of a brick next to me, who has something against accepting the Survivors?”

The only thing that held Dilan back from starting a riot owing to his anger and frustration was to start openly cursing others.

This was something everyone realized quickly because Dilan had still not started to threaten them with the same gun that had been pointed at him or even kill those who were annoying him.

It was contrary to the expectations of most people, which led them to calm down a little bit.

On the other hand, Bianne raised her hand to share her doubts.

“If we allow everyone to eat their fill, I doubt that the food reserves will last more than 50 days. And that is already the maximum. How are we going to solve this problem? If we find more Survivors, our reserves would vanish even faster...”

It was obvious that Bianne didn't disregard Dilan's authority, otherwise, she would have said something about the things he had said before.

On the contrary, she readily accepted his decision to take in other people. Bianne felt that it was the best they could do by taking everyone in.

This was even the case if the new Survivors wouldn't actually do anything to help them.

She felt that it was her moral duty to help those that needed it because all of them were in the same situation; closer to death than ever before, and imprisoned in a world that was becoming more dangerous over time!

Bianne understood that Dilan wanted to help them and that he was giving his best to provide everyone the best possible life.

However, in order to achieve this, everyone had to do something that made living in their community easier.

A leader was required for this; someone who was generous but also strong-minded when it came to taking tough decisions.

And Bianne was of the belief that Dilan was the right person for this!

‘Do we have to start rationing the food already? Should we test hunting mutated animals and eating their meat?’ Dilan wondered as his gaze flicked to the Kobold weapons.

They lay in the corner of the room, clean and shiny previously, but now were simply collecting dust.

‘If the meat of mutated animals is fine to eat we can create hunting teams as well.’

As long as the mutated animals' meat isn't poisonous or inedible, or too potent for the human body to digest, everything should be fine.

“We shouldn't worry too much about food for the time being. The meat of mutated animals should be edible, but that is something we have to test later on.

For now, I would propose that everyone should recuperate, and then we will decide on what kind of chores, or tasks everyone does afterward.

The most important to eat their fill are the fighters of the group, which is kind of obvious. After all, we are responsible for everyone's safety. If we die because we didn't eat enough to have the required energy to fight, everyone else will die as well.

Next would be those who contribute at least something to the community. They should be allowed to eat, at least, a plate of food, and those who do nothing...well you guys get the rest."

Dilan just shrugged his shoulders. He had yet to think of a proper plan for food distribution without creating any conflicts.

There was still some time to think of a proper plan, but Dilan was quite obvious with his intention.

Those who worked hard would get more benefits, while the lazy people would be left without much.

But even then, Dilan allowed them to survive, and he wouldn't throw them out.

Somehow, it was as if the question of the acceptance of new survivors had been answered by Dilan, and he had also made it clear that no retaliation would be accepted.

This was even more apparent when Dilan began to set up some basic rules.

"The first rule I have in mind is among the most important to maintain a good atmosphere in our small community, in my opinion. I strictly forbid ****!"

I don't really care if someone has sex with mutual consent, or even if someone sells their body willingly. This is your private business and it has nothing to do with me.

But the moment someone tries to do some stupid shit, I won't hold back from using violence!"

After he finished telling everyone the first rule, Dilan took a pause for a few seconds before revealing the other rules he had come up with.

"Everyone is free to leave whenever they want to, but if you guys ever return, you won't receive even an ounce of trust. After all, I would be clueless about your real reason for returning, if you are spies, or what kind of intentions you will harbor!

Even if I don't care who stays and who leaves, the moment anyone dares to betray me, I won't hold back from nicely showing every traitor how I reward them!

But I guess, not accepting betrayals is kind of obvious...

The second rule would be that everyone needs to have killed, at least, one monster. This has nothing to do with whether they want to fight or not.

If you don't want to fight, kill a single crippled monster, give us the ability crystal if it is even remotely related to combat, and everything is fine.

Otherwise, reconsider if you need the ability and if it is compatible with you. If that happens to be the case, you should focus on upgrading it.

Coming to the third rule...just don't make too much trouble for me if you guys consider lazying around. I demand from everyone to have some basic manners and question themselves how I would react if someone hits another person, or if someone steals the goods of someone else.

Some of you might have noticed but I have a bad temper...so think twice before getting on my nerves!!"

It was quite obvious that Dilan had never been a leader. He was probably younger than half the crowd of survivors.

But that was not something he could be bothered about right now.

After all, they needed someone to take the responsibility for everyone, to protect them, and to hold their leashes tightly, otherwise, it was just tragedy waiting to happen.

However, Dilan couldn't help but feel a little bit frustrated when he finished stating and explaining the rules.

He saw something that made him feel as if his words had been ignored in their entirety.

His eyes moved towards one of the rather young men, who had been in the cafeteria since the beginning of the Primordial Ascension.

His eyes were glued on the women that had been treated like sex slaves, and Dilan couldn't help but shake his head in disappointment.

'Looks like the prime example to show how serious I am with my rules has already shown up...'

Chapter 66 Calmth

Dilan could already tell that the young man would break the rules he had just stated.

In fact, he was pretty sure that the young man, called Leon, didn't even listen to him when he was announcing them in a loud and clear voice.

But that was fine with Dilan because the rules he had set up were quite easy to understand, and not exactly something out of the world.

He was pretty sure that it was not hard to abide by all of them, and that one shouldn't do the things he forbade.

Anyone with morals wouldn't need the rules to be enforced in the first place.

They would follow them as if it was the right thing to do subconsciously.

As such, the young man in Dilan's eyes was another example of humanity at its worst like Max.

However, there was still a trace of hope within Dilan that maybe he was simply misunderstanding Leon's gaze and intentions.

Because he hoped for the best, he averted his focus to remodeling the cafeteria.

There were 50 newcomers that needed a place to sleep, clothes, and a little bit of privacy for themselves.

Sarah explained to the women what they had to pay attention to, while Pierre helped the men to settle down.

Oliver and Ailee helped out as well, and for a change, Dilan chose to help in the kitchen.

His life had been a lonely one, even if he had a big family..

As such, he had learned how to cook.

“I had never expected to cook dinner for 70 people.” Bianne suddenly remarked while trying to small talk with Dilan.

He turned his head, only to see her stirring a ladle in a huge pot.

Ever since she had gained the [Art of Cooking] passive ability, Bianne seemed to have become obsessed with cooking.

But that was probably simply because she wanted to be of help to everyone.

Dilan felt that this was a great way to support the entire community.

However, before Dilan could say something, Sarah barged in the kitchen as she said in an exasperated voice.

“Dilan, can’t you do anything against these women?! I have no idea what is going on with them, but almost all of them started to cry... They’re so frustrating!!”

It looked like Sarah was not good at handling women when they were crying or sad.

Thus, Dilan could only smile drily before shrugging his shoulders,

“What do you expect me to do? Should I shout at them and tell them to stop crying? Let them cry and release their stress for some time. If you saw what I saw on the fourth floor, you wouldn’t act like this.”

He had witnessed the cruelty and animalistic behavior they were subjected to and as such, he knew that they would require some time to overcome their trauma.

Right now, they were just releasing the sorrow and pain, which they had accumulated during the last few days.

As such, it was only obvious for them to cry or even collapse, now that they saw the shimmer of hope.

There were quite a few people that seemed kind to them.

The nurses, all Ascenders and so on took great care of them, even though they would take away some of the scarce resources within the cafeteria.

A few Survivors might be against them, but the newly arrived Survivors were nervous, and clueless about what to do next which was why they were simply thankful for everyone’s help.

Even if nobody would have accepted them in the cafeteria, it was already a blessing to have been saved from the clutches of Max and his group of 12 followers!

Now that the threat was no more, they were slowly starting to analyze their new situation.

They understood that Dilan had accepted their entire group and that he was setting up specific rules in order to protect them!

In reality, Dilan would take in all Survivors, and set up the same rules even if he came across many more needy people.

It was important that there were a few lines one shouldn't cross by all means.

Otherwise, one would leave the path of being humane, and turn into a monster in human's skin.

After the Primordial Ascension occurred, far more monsters in human's skin were bound to reveal their true selves simply because everyone believed that their strength allowed them to do things that were otherwise forbidden, both morally and legally!

Waving his hand away, Dilan added in a serious tone,

"Don't think too much about it, Sarah. Just be happy that you didn't face the same situation as them. Even if you might not believe that we are living well here, you should have seen what the situation outside the hospital looks like, let alone in places we found the Survivors."

His seriousness silenced Sarah, who simply turned around to walk out of the kitchen again.

She was not sure what she had expected from Dilan, but after seeing a tinge of sadness and anger about the situation of the women in his eyes, Sarah concluded that he was feeling a little bit helpless as well.

Thinking about the eyes of some women, Sarah immediately regretted what she had said before. Thus, instead of complaining, she clenched her fists and mentally scolded herself before deciding to give her best to provide the women with as much support as possible.

After all, it was possible for her to gauge what had been going on on the fourth floor!

Bianne felt the same, which was why she returned to her work before she mumbled,

"Today, I will make the best dinner ever!!"

Afterward, she began to work hard, and within a mere hour, she had cooked an elaborate meal.

And that was only possible because the gas stove was still working. For how long it would continue, nobody knew.

As such, they decided to enjoy warm food as long as possible!

Dilan understood this as well, which was why he decided to be generous for one more day after he saw the massive amounts of food they made with only few ingredients.

"Take this, I'll tell the others that food is ready." Dilan thus said all of a sudden.

He handed Bianne the Ring of Yarad, thinking that it would be convenient for her to use it.

As long as she was inside the cafeteria, nobody would dare to take it from her.

Even if there was someone dumb enough to try it, Dilan wouldn't hesitate to beat up this person.

Making an example out of the mistakes of others people was something he had to do in order to show that his rules were not just meant to be used for decoration.

But making an example was not something he had to think about, not right now, at least.

The sun wouldn't shine on the cafeteria for long, and some corners had already gone completely dark.

'It is really bothersome to live here without a generator. Well, it is not like we could do a lot if we had a generator right here. I'm entirely clueless about power grids and how they work. I would probably kill myself and everyone else if I were to experiment something.'

Looking around the group while leaving the kitchen, Dilan couldn't help but wonder if they had an electrician here.

And even if there would be one, it is not like they had the blueprint of the cafeteria's infrastructure either.

They were missing way too much information, which was quite frustrating.

'We should really build up a proper community...In the following days, one of the highest priorities will be to figure out more about all Survivors, their fields of study, occupations, and also what kind of ability they got...I guess'

Dilan had quite a few things on his mind, including things about his Origin ability, the Survivors, the safety of the cafeteria, the permanent Gate on the second floor, and so on.

But for now, he wanted to forget everything, which was why he clasped together and cracked his knuckles.

This caused an extremely loud sound through which everyone flinched, before they looked at him, startled.

"Today all of us shall feast! Let's have a great end of the day, and wake up full of energy, with new hope, and motivation to strive for more tomorrow!!"

After he said this, Dilan returned to the kitchen to help Bianne bring out plates of food for everyone.

That was not something he would usually do, but he wanted to give the new Survivors more hope that everything would become better, that they didn't have to be afraid of the future as it had been the case with Max, and his followers.

It was just his attempt to help out, and there was nothing wrong with that.

Through this, Dilan was able to get to know more Survivors, and figure out a little bit about them, which was quite helpful.

A plan about what kind of group he wanted to form was slowly coming together in his mind.

The plan certainly required some improvements and time to set off, but it was fine for now.

Dilan was actually satisfied with himself.

Things seemed to get better over time, including his improvements in strength.

There were lots of things Dilan had yet to figure out, and there were problems they had to solve, but he was in no rush to solve everything at once.

After all, all of them were alive, and that was everything that mattered.

Little did Dilan realize that they were merely facing the calm of a storm that had begun to brew...a more devastating storm than anything he had ever faced before!

Chapter 67 Rule Breaker

After dinner was over, a few new Survivors volunteered to wash the dishes.

It looked like almost everyone was willing to help, and show their gratitude.

They wanted to demonstrate that they were useful and that it would be bad to exile them from the group.

Dilan had never planned to do something like that. Nevertheless, it was great to see that everyone gave their best.

Because of that, he forgot about Leon for the time being.

There was simply too much on his plate, which made things quite difficult if he were to be honest.

Today had been quite exhausting, and tomorrow didn't show any signs of being any better, even if it would only mean mentally exhaustion, if not physical. Knowing that Dilan chose to sleep.

Yet, the moment he was about to close his eyes, his eyes fell on Leon, who was stealing glances at the same woman as before.

'Why are you so eager to get beaten up? I really want to sleep...' Dilan almost blurted out.

However, he kept quiet and decided to stay awake. His gut feeling told him that something would happen and that he would have to create a vivid example of what would happen to those who break his rules.

Dilan wanted to be known as a generous man to the people who obeyed him, while cruel to all his enemies, those who betrayed him, and those who didn't respect his authority!

This was the simplest way to lead a group, instill fear about his punishments, as well as reward handsomely to all those who obeyed his rules.

At least that was what Dilan presumed because it made sense. Humans usually liked being given specific rules because it meant that their lives would be easy as long as they followed these rules.

Of course, Dilan knew that this was not the case with all humans, but that was especially why he had set up the rules, and now thinking of a unique way to make an example of Leon..

But, Leon seemed to be too eager to become his next target and this whole making an eventful and even more impactful example seemed to happen much sooner than he had expected.

After all, Leon was rather impatient, which was why he went over to the side of the room that was reserved for women.

It was obvious where he was headed to, which was why Dilan got up from the ground as silently as possible.

Almost the entire cafeteria was dark. As such, Dilan had to be careful while making his way through the room.

He nearly tripped over Oliver, who was sleeping soundly.

But after some time, he made his way towards the area where the women were currently sleeping.

In the meantime, Leon had already found his way toward the woman he had been looking for.

It was quite easily achieved by him. After all, he was able to sense the objects and living beings two meters around him, with ease.

That was what his passive ability [Miniature Radar] allowed him!

Dilan didn't have this, but he was still able to find his way through the cafeteria by following the muffled screams of someone who was desperately trying to move and escape the clutches of Leon.

While Dilan slowly neared Leon from behind, Leon had forcibly put a hand on the young woman's mouth, while restricting her movements.

She was still too weak owing to the incidents that had happened during the last few days. But the woman's bad condition was not the only reason for her being unable to escape Leon's grasp. He was simply too stronger!

After all, she was giving her all, and fighting desperately against being taken by force.

There were still some unknown powers within the woman, who didn't want to relive the same nightmare she had just escaped.

Even death was better than that!!

As such, she was trying hard to wriggle out of Leon's grasp which had become even stronger.

'Good job woman, you are really a fierce one!' Dilan could only think. He respected the woman for how much she fought against Leon, not giving up even though she had already faced the very same situation before.

And before it had been even worse than now.

That simply meant the woman had yet to give up on herself.

However, just when Dilan was about to reach out for Leon's neck, Dilan noticed something he had yet to realize.

'Wait...is he one of my Ascenders?!'

Realization struck him all of a sudden. He had forgotten about Leon, but now that he thought about it, there had been a reason why he recalled the young man's name.

Leon was one of the Ascenders that had joined the group of fighters not too long ago.

As such, his level was not all that high. But even then, Leon's strength was more than enough to hold down a feeble and weak woman!

Understanding that Leon was one of the fighters he had been a bit proud of initially, Dilan frowned deeply before reaching out with his hand.

In an instant, he had gotten hold of Leon's head, and his fingers tightly wove around his hair.

Just a moment later, he pulled back the young man forcefully, who screamed out in pain.

Dilan didn't hold back in using his Strength at all. Through this, he nearly ripped a few strands of Leon's hair out.

But that was not something he could be bothered about.

After all, Leon's scalp was the least Leon should be worried about right now.

Followed by the outcry of pain, Leon tried to move around, and fight against the powerful man, who had gotten hold of him.

However, the moment he saw Dilan and his ice-cold eyes, the young man froze in place.

Meanwhile, the young and beautiful woman realized that she was free and screamed loudly, panic and fear clearly evident in her voice.

It was her first and final scream for help.

And this scream reverberated through the entire cafeteria, waking up everyone. The women near the crime scene flinched before jumping up from their mattresses hastily. They saw Leon, who was trying to get hold of the woman's mouth.

Their gaze averted to Dilan, whose cold eyes caused shivers to run down the women's spines.

Seeing that Leon was still trying to get hold of the woman, Dilan was filled with rage.

In one swift move, Dilan lifted Leon in the air, still holding him by his hair, letting his nails scratch his scalp. The young man howled in pain as everyone clearly saw Dilan and Leon, who was screaming in pain as Dilan dragged him away from the sleeping space of the woman.

It was shocking to see the two young men fighting in the dead of the night.

However, not a single survivor thought that Dilan was the one to have broken the rules he had set up not too long ago and walked into the women's sleeping space.

After all, one had to be blind not to see Dilan's ice-cold eyes that were filled with anger, followed by the fact that he was holding Leon by his hair, dragging him over to the center of the room.

Everyone was now wide awake, and several dozen flashlights followed Dilan, just for a few women to focus on the beautiful woman, who had narrowly escaped being raped.

She was shivering, and barely able to pay attention to what Dilan was about to do.

“Sorry for waking up all of you, but this slime of a human being just tried to **** someone. Just a few hours ago I said that I won’t allow anyone to do something stupid such as violating someone, didn’t I?”

Dilan didn’t even smile anymore. His expression was dead-serious as he looked at Leon, whose eyes were filled with tears.

His facial expression was filled with fear and pain, but Dilan ignored his pleas as he coldly added,

“I gave out the last warning not too long ago, and I believe that I was patient enough with everyone. So...he will have to die!”

Saying so, he pushed the young man, whom he was holding tightly, right in front of him.

Leon fell on his knees because his shivering legs couldn’t support his weight anymore, and he was just about to plead for mercy, that he would never do something as stupid as trying to **** someone, and that he could do better.

However, Dilan’s eyes and expression clearly indicated that Leon had run out of chances. Even if the others hadn’t heard each word he said clearly, it was not difficult to figure out what he wanted to do!

The blade of the Captain’s sword gleamed in the beams of the flashlights which he stared at for a while before adding,

“I would have said rest in peace, but I don’t really think that you deserve to rest in peace! So just fuck off and have fun in hell, or whatever comes once life ends!”

There was no need for Dilan to even say a word. However, oddly enough he felt that it was necessary to clearly show his disgust for every single person, who dared to **** women.

The others should understand that he had a zero-tolerance policy in this regard.

To emphasize his point, Dilan raised the Captain’s Sword high in the air.

The glint of the longword’s blade dazzled everyone for a second before it cut through the wind and they heard the sound of the blade tearing into the skin.

Afterward, the sight of Dilan and Leon was unveiled once again. Dilan towered over Leon, the Captain’s Sword dyed in red.

Blood trickled down the ground, while Dilan’s gaze rested on the headless body that slumped to the ground.

Merely a moment after the sword had slashed through Leon’s skin, a fountain of blood spurted through the surrounding, followed by a head that fell to the ground...

Many Survivors sucked in their breaths when they saw a murder happen right in front of them.

Meanwhile, those that didn’t gasp for air, couldn’t help but stare at Dilan and the headless corpse for several seconds.

Everyone was shocked beyond any measurement and they were so stunned that nobody made a sound.

They had just gone to sleep after the best dinner they had had since the Primordial Ascension had occurred, and now, not even five hours later one of their own people had been beheaded right in front of them!

By no one other than their very own leader!

This was shocking, to put it simply, and fear crept up to within almost every single Survivor, only for the women that had been mistreated, raped, and tortured until not long ago to start crying again.

Even if the sight of a beheaded corpse was scary, the fact that Dilan protected one of them was far more impactful for them than anything else.

In that moment, Dilan had imprinted upon everyone the seriousness of his rules.

They all understood that Dilan was not only kind, or cruel, but also that he was intolerant to rulebreaking and that he would never accept anyone messing up with his people!

Chapter 68 Was it necessary?

After he beheaded Leon, Dilan fell silent.

He was simply standing in the middle of the cafeteria, holding his longsword, and looking down at the headless corpse.

An entire minute elapsed while he stood staring at the corpse as if he was in a trance before a sigh escaped his lips.

He could feel all the stares at him as he walked over to the sliding door of the kitchen, and bent down to pick up one of the large blue garbage bags.

Returning to the middle of the room, Dilan picked up Leon's head which he threw inside the bag before covering the remaining body with the large garbage bag as well.

Afterward, Dilan picked up the unmoving body. He approached the cafeteria doors, lay aside both the corpse and the Captain's sword to calmly open the chains, just to pick up both the garbage bag and his longsword and walk outside.

A moment later, he vanished into the darkness of the night.

The only sounds that could be heard inside the cafeteria were the quiet sobbing of the recently rescued women, while everyone else was eerily silent.

Kathrine had known that Dilan was able to kill humans without being too affected by it.

Even she was able to kill in anger.

However, Kathrine still had frequent nightmares of the two men she had killed, except Max, who could rot in hell for all she cared.

As such, she felt that her mind, heart, and stomach were in a big conflict, arguing whether Dilan's decision to behead Leon had been the correct one.

It was quite obvious that he wanted to kill Leon, but punishing him in a different manner would have worked as well...or maybe not?.

A better punishment in her opinion would have been forcing Leon to stand in the front row while fighting zombies and other monsters...or maybe even to let him be eaten by a zombie, right in front of everyone...

But even that would have killed Leon at the end of the day. He had been at level 2 or 3, at most.

As such, without the necessary combat experience, he would have died as well.

Maybe, dying at the hands of zombies would have been even more painful and inflicted more fear in the hearts of those who watched him die.

Kathrine was not sure about this, but she could tell that Dilan had chosen the most impactful way to show his dominance.

He didn't accept anyone disobeying him, even less if it was about something that could create chaos in their group if he did not nip it in the bud right away.

The way he handled the situation might have looked extremely cruel on the outside, but every single Survivor would think twice before daring to consider raping one of the female Survivors, let alone even nearing them with ill intentions.

It was the most effective way for Dilan to make everyone understand that he was impartial and ruthless if necessary.

Simultaneously it also showed his empathy for the weak, including the fact that he had saved one of his people from being raped.

Numerous thoughts flashed through the mind of the Survivors. Some believed that Dilan had gone overboard with his punishment, while others liked the fact that he stayed firm on his rules, no matter who dared defy him.

All the women were glad about the fact that he had saved one of them from being raped.

But even then, beheading Leon seemed a bit too violent for some of them.

However, this just showed clearly that the current world had changed, and that it was necessary to be ruthless.

After all, if he allowed everyone to do whatever they wanted, Dilan would not only lose the Survivor's trust but also their willingness to stay loyal to him.

It was important to have a backbone and to stick to some basic principles even if one would spill blood like water. Otherwise even being powerful wouldn't be enough to make his people stay!

More than half an hour passed through Dilan had not yet returned.

Not a single Survivor was able to fall asleep, even if their body was dead-tired.

“Wasn’t that too cruel? I understand that Leon should have been punished for attempting to **** someone...but beheading him directly...isn’t that too much??” A middle-aged man asked in a concerned voice.

He vividly recalled every single moment of the execution, the way Dilan’s eyes had gleamed in a maniacal rage and the sound of the blade cutting off Leon’s neck like dead meat. Shivers ran down his spine at the mere thought of it.

“Are you stupid?? Too cruel!? If Dilan would have allowed one of his men to **** someone without doing anything against it, the entire group would have turned into a batch of lecherous wolves!

With the impact he created by killing Leon, nobody will dare to ever lay a hand on one of us without our consent!”

It was a rather beautiful woman, who shot down the middle-aged man vehemently, and many other women nodded their heads in agreement.

Even if Dilan was scary, he stood by the rules he had set, and did exactly what he had said, retorted rule-breaking with violence!

In the end, the discussion continued for quite some time, only for silence to follow suit afterward.

Everyone was waiting for Dilan, and nobody dared to be too loud to speak their mind after he returned.

Meanwhile, Oliver had gotten up from his mattress to wipe Leon’s blood away. He was one of the only men, who was not exactly astonished about Dilan’s action or the way in which he enacted the punishment.

Pierre was also quite calm, but those who were trying to imbue discord were the Survivors like the old man with the broken hand, and the old woman, whom Oliver didn’t know as well.

The rescued women had stopped crying and were also waiting for Dilan.

After an excruciating wait of 40 minutes when everybody’s eyes kept darting to the doors, Dilan finally returned to the cafeteria.

The first thing he figured out was that the doors were not yet chained.

That meant nobody had tried or succeeded in locking him out.

Dilan had presumed that some would attempt throwing him out of the group after his rather violent outburst.

However, when he saw that nobody was asleep when he returned, Dilan could only press his lips together in a thin line.

He had hoped to prevent encountering the weird gazes of everyone, which was why he had taken his sweet time to return after disposing the body.

Throwing the corpse out of the hospital didn’t take long after all!

Not sure what words would be the best to say in the given situation, Dilan cleared his throat before he asked,

“Does anyone have a problem with what I just did?”

His voice didn't sound angry as he had calmed down of his anger that had been solely directed at Leon.

As such, it almost felt like the current Dilan was entirely different to the one they had witnessed just 40 minutes before.

Of course, there were Survivors that had a problem with murder, but nobody dared to open their mouth in front of him.

All of them knew that killing was not something extraordinary anymore, not in the new era that had been forcibly thrust on them by some unknown existence.

Because of the new era, and the things they had already witnessed it was not as if they believed that Dilan was at fault.

It was just the way in which Dilan had acted, his ruthlessness, and the fact that he didn't show a sign of hesitation while beheading a fellow human that scared everyone quite a bit.

“W-Was it...really necessary to kill him?” One of the rather old men dared to ask in a trembling voice. He seemed to be in his 60s, and one of the new Survivors.

The old man's question didn't sound like an accusation or as if the old man tried to blame Dilan.

Rather, it was more like the old man wanted to know Dilan's reasoning.

Understanding what was on the mind of others was important, and Dilan understood what the old man wanted from him.

Thus, he thought about the best way to answer this before he chose to reply honestly.

“I think my reason is quite simple. If I were to give only one reason for beheading Leon it would probably be the fact that he tried to **** someone.

Let's say, I would have allowed him to stay alive and forgiven him for his ghastly act.

What should I have done next according to you? Maybe you would want me to let him stay here, or would you rather want me to throw him out of the cafeteria?

In the end, the most likely decision would be to exile Leon from the cafeteria. Considering that he was an Ascender, the chances for him to survive on the first floor were quite high.

But what would happen after I exiled him? Outside the hospital, he was bound to die, and on the other floors, he wouldn't have survived either.

As such, he was likely to attack our groups of hunters, whether it was for the sake of killing, or as a means to secure a barter in order to exchange his hostages with food and water.

That way, it was already better to kill Leon than to have unnecessary future problems with him.

However, that is not the most important...what would happen to my authority if I were to allow others to break my rules, just like that?

If I would have exiled him, and something were to happen, others would blame me, and it would be even worse if I would have ignored his misdeeds.

Everyone would start doing whatever they wanted because I allowed the first one free reign.

In the long run, our group would fall apart, and chaos would descend, unleashing the worst amongst us...

And that is certainly not something anyone here wants to happen, right?"

Chapter 69 They'll die

Dilan had a lot more to say, but he let it be for the time being.

Everyone was still shocked because he had cruelly beheaded Leon.

As such, it was best to wait a little bit and let everyone calm down.

Even if others didn't call him a leader, boss or something like that, Dilan knew that he had just become the self-proclaimed leader of the group by indirectly demanding the title for himself.

This and the fact that he had beheaded someone was more than enough to turn him from an ordinary survivor to a leader in half a day.

With that in mind, he decided to return to the corner of the room, where he lied down to sleep.

Dilan was exhausted and not in the mood to say anything else.

Thus, he ignored the others as he shut his eyes and entered a deep sleep that lasted several hours.

Meanwhile, the old man in his 60s, who had asked Dilan the question if it was really necessary to kill Leon, had quieted down and returned to sleep as well.

'He might not be the smartest, but it looks like he has some morals. In the end, he is definitely better to stay with than being with Max and his group, or outside the cafeteria... Everything should be fine, right?'

Asking himself the last question, the old man fell asleep not knowing what fate would bring upon him.

Contrary to him, many other Survivors were too shocked to fall asleep.

Because they were in turmoil, some gathered in small groups to start gossiping.

Everyone had their own opinion about the given situation, Dilan's behavior, and his answer..

However, in the end, most agreed that the example he made out of Leon was impactful enough to prevent others to do something as stupid as trying to **** a member of their group while thinking that they would be able to get away with it.

As such, while Dilan slept soundly, others were either sleeping as well, gossiping, or even considering leaving the group.

And this was something Dilan figured out when he woke up a few hours later.

He had missed waking up before sunrise, but that was fine, considering the harrowing event of the previous day.

Dilan rubbed his drowsy eyes and stifled a yawn while looking through the cafeteria before he saw that a small group of five people was staring at him with scared expressions.

But even if they were afraid, they approached him with careful steps, just for one of them to gather his entire courage at once before he muttered an apology,

“W...We are s-s-sorry...Sir, but we would...like to leave....”

Dilan had not expected everyone to stay, at least not after the incident yesterday. It was obvious that most of them wanted to reunite with their family.

Furthermore, if they felt uncomfortable with him, or anything else inside the hospital, it was for the best to leave.

This was something he simply accepted, which was why he nodded his head.

“If you guys want, we can give you one Kobold weapon, some rat horn daggers, a little bit of food and something to drink to survive outside for the time being before you find a shelter for yourself.”

Dilan had no idea where the others wanted to go, but he didn't feel like throwing the small group out of the cafeteria without a weapon or resources to survive even for a day or two.

It was harsh outside the hospital, and Dilan was not sure what was the situation on the other floors inside the Rian mountainside hospital.

But even if he wanted to help them a little bit more, it was not like he had the means to provide them with more resources.

‘Well, it should be more than they should have hoped for.’ He thought before shrugging his shoulders.

Afterward, he walked over to the batch of Kobold weapons from which the group of five could choose one weapon.

“I doubt that you guys fought against zombies before, so a longsword or spear would be the best. Killing a few zombies and leveling up shouldn't be a problem with the Kobold's weapons!”

The small group belonged to the new batch of Survivors he had recently rescued. As such, Dilan doubted that they knew a lot about the Primordial Ascension.

However, because they wanted to leave, Dilan didn't bombard them with questions, but merely let them walk after Bianne provided them with some food to last for two days.

After they walked out, Dilan sighed deeply before shaking his head.

“Why are you sighing? Are you sad about them leaving, or that you gave them our scarce resources?” Someone asked all of a sudden.

It was Kathrine who had appeared next to him, with her sister Yvonne and asked the question. She had heard him sighing and wanted to know what caused him to feel like this.

For a moment, she thought that it was because he had beheaded someone of their own group just a few hours ago, but that was not the case.

“They are going to die.” Dilan just said, looking at the retreating figures of five that left the cafeteria forever.

They would never return, and Dilan could tell that they didn’t want to stay in the hospital anymore.

He was pretty sure that this small group would try their luck outside the hospital, and that they would probably search for more food in the supermarket.

“Huh?! Then why didn’t you stop then?” Yvonne exclaimed all of a sudden, her gaze following the group of five.

She had lived with them from the days when she had woken up after the Primordial Ascension.

Even if they were selfish, their heart was in the right place.

Flicking his gaze at Yvonne, Dilan sighed once again before answering,

“I already said that I won’t hold anyone back from leaving. There is no need for me to protect someone who doesn’t want my protection. If someone doesn’t think that my behavior or actions are correct, they can leave.

And if everyone thinks that, I will leave instead. I might consider myself as leader of this group right now, but a leader without trust and loyalty is just an empty title, maybe even a marionette in some ways.”

He shrugged his shoulder afterward, only to remember something upon seeing the sister duo.

“Your name is Yvonne, right? Do you mind talking to me about your situation during the Primordial Ascension? There is something I want to understand about Origin abilities, and I think what we did during the Primordial Ascension might be quite important.”

During the Primordial Ascension, Dilan had a near brush with death, and he only survived due to his miraculous fortune.

Because he was closer to death than life, it had been a necessity for him to heal, and recover from the lethal injury of having a hole in his chest.

That was why he had received the Origin ability [Regeneration].

At least, this was something Dilan presumed.

As such, he wanted to figure out what Yvonne’s situation was.

She was the first human with an Origin ability, who he encountered, or rather, the first one he knew about.

Yvonne looked at Dilan for a few seconds, and only now did she realize that she had spoken to a man, which made her quickly hide behind her sister.

Even if Dilan seemed decent, Yvonne's body reacted instinctively to the presence of a male owing to the trauma that was terrorizing her mind.

Quite a few women had faced the same trauma, but all of them endured it in a different way.

And all of them would either overcome it and start afresh or succumb to the trauma!

Understanding Yvonne's reaction, Dilan didn't move toward her. He simply smiled before saying,

"If you don't want to talk right now, that's fine as well. I don't want to force you to tell me something about your personal life if you are not ready for it.

I just wanted to compare a few facts such as our situation, how we awoke our abilities, how big the relation to the ability's function to what exactly we were doing at that time, and what we were doing when the Primordial Ascension occurred.

For example, I was flung away and punctured by a huge old tree trunk in a small ravine on the mountain. I gained the origin ability [Regeneration] and I survived thanks to it. [Regeneration] increases my Health stat, gives me a passive improvement in my natural regeneration, and a huge boost when I activate my Origin ability with the use of mana!"

Dilan wanted to gain Yvonne's trust and make her comfortable around him.

He didn't really need much information from her, but just the things he mentioned.

However, that was already quite encroaching on her privacy.

A few seconds passed, in which Yvonne simply looked at him. Her long silky black hair almost covered parts of her hazel brown eyes as she stuttered while answering him.

"I...was in a coma...The Primordial Ascension...woke..woke me up..."

Speaking to Dilan by staring straight into his sky blue eyes, Yvonne felt chills running down her spine.

Thus after the first words tumbled out of her mouth, she was unable to say anything further.

Fortunately, Kathrine was still there.

She turned to her little sister before asking,

"Is it okay if I tell him? If you don't want to, we can postpone that as well..."

For Kathrine, Yvonne's health was the most important. As such, she wanted to help her little sister in every possible way.

After all, she had not been able to actively help. Nine days ago, Kathrine had been helpless, and unable to find a way to reach Yvonne.

She had been worried sick, and could only wait anxiously to find her while dreading that her sister's condition had worsened over and over again.

Thus, it was for the best that she could help Yvonne right now, and be her pillar of support.

Nodding her head, Yvonne cowered behind her sister, only to peek out from behind her older sister's back to take a glance at Dilan.

"My sister was in a coma for around 3 months. She was involved in a car accident, but I don't really think that helps you. Either way, she was also on the verge of dying, and the doctors said that she would be dead by now.

A day before the New Year, they said she had one week, at most..."

Dilan connected the dots and nodded his head in interest upon hearing that Yvonne was about to die.

However, the moment he heard the name of Yvonne's Origin ability, the theory he was coming up with lost all its reasoning.

"The Origin ability of hers is called [Angel of Death]...!"

Chapter 70 [Angel of Death]

"Angel of Death?" Dilan repeated, a little bit astonished.

The name of Yvonne's Origin ability sounded quite eerie, but considering that she had also been on the brink of death, Dilan could prove that at least one of his theories was correct.

"So Origin abilities are related to one's circumstances, and it...shouldn't be a necessity to be on the brink of death to receive an Origin ability!"

The second point was something Dilan presumed. He couldn't be sure about it, but his gut feeling told him that it was not necessary to be on the verge of death to obtain an Origin ability.

It might as well be possible to receive one for being talented in specific ways.

For example, Dilan found out that they had a craftsman in their group. The said craftsman received a passive ability that improved his fingerwork.

It allowed him to work more efficiently with his fingers.

This was quite interesting, which led Dilan to wonder if there were specific requirements to awaken specific abilities without the actual need to procure ability crystals.

Dilan was quite interested in this because it would motivate him to learn proper swordsmanship, or specific martial arts as he might learn their mastery as a passive ability.

However, for now, the most important was his interest in Yvonne's Origin ability.

He looked at her curiously but quickly noticed that she was uncomfortable.

"Well, once you feel comfortable, it would be great if you can show me what your Origin ability is capable of. I think your sister told you about it already, but you should become stronger."

Dilan couldn't be always there for everyone nor was he very good at comforting people. And he might as well die for real while fighting some powerful monster.

As such, it was for Yvonne's best if she were to improve her Strength. Focusing on her Origin ability in the meantime would probably boost her confidence as well..

At least, if she received stat boosts from her Origin ability, just as it was the case for him, she would forget her trauma faster.

Dilan didn't want to disturb the siblings any longer. There was a lot he wanted to do, which was why he had to say something to Kathrine.

However, just at this moment, Kathrine waved her hand. Out of nowhere, a blue screen popped up in front of him.

[[Angel of Death] Tier-0 ★

[+1 Health] [+2 Mana] Passive →High sensitivity towards death itself.

Active →Uses up 2 units of Mana to control dead beings for 15 minutes

Limited to <1> dead being <Level 7 (Tierless)>

Reading through the message, he frowned for a moment, just to smile gently at Yvonne before he said, "Thank you for your trust. I will keep your ability a secret! Work hard to improve yourself at it!"

Because he didn't want to burden Yvonne much longer than necessary, Dilan forced himself to not bombard her with questions.

His entire body was overflowing with excitement because the ability [Angel of Death] was simply too powerful.

He was not sure what 'High sensitivity towards death itself' truly meant because it could include many things.

However, the additional status points and the active skill Yvonne received were powerful, to put it simply.

If trained properly, Yvonne could become one of the strongest Ascenders in their group.

As if Kathrine understood what he was thinking when he looked into her eyes, she just nodded her head.

It was as if she wanted to say "I know".

This was good to know, and upon perceiving the determination in Kathrine's eyes, it seemed as if the incident from this morning and the afternoon the day before were a clear sign to never trust anyone.

In the end, even trusted members of your own group could betray you, which meant that you would have to be strong enough to overcome the betrayals!

Dilan understood this as well, which was the reason for him to feel like he had to improve more than anyone else.

And given Yvonne's Origin ability, Dilan could also comprehend that [Regeneration] was nothing in comparison to the [Angel of Death].

At least for now, his ability was weaker than Yvonne's.

Dilan figured that others with an Origin ability might have received an extraordinary one for the early phase in the Primordial Ascension as well.

Taking the dangers of Origin abilities, and powerful abilities like Kathrine's into consideration, Dilan couldn't help but keep looking at Kathrine before he asked,

"I guess you want to stay in the cafeteria for the next few days to take care of your sister, right?"

Kathrine thought that Dilan would leave immediately and maybe even ask her to join him, but she simply nodded her head when she heard Dilan's question.

No words were required to be spoken by Kathrine. Dilan understood her current state perfectly fine.

"In that case, can you prepare a list of the name, age, former occupation, and what ability all the survivors here have bound, if possible? Maybe even add if they're willing to fight, or what kind of occupation they want to pursue in the future.

Once you reach level 10, you receive something called Ancient Paths of Advancement followed by a list of occupations you can choose from. So if anyone has a specific occupation that they want to pursue, it should probably be related to their strengths, abilities, and innate talents!

If they're not willing to do anything, mark this as well so that we know that they will receive less food!"

Even if Ailee and Oliver were trustworthy, he felt that he could trust Kathrine the most.

She was the strongest right after him and could control everyone with ease whenever he was not inside the cafeteria.

If all Ascenders were to be outside, he would probably select Bianne as the next candidate with the highest authority.

After shooting him once, Bianne had changed for the good. Instead of complaining about their situation, she gave her best to provide all of them with the best food, and to help everyone.

However, at the end of the day, Dilan didn't think that all Ascenders would ever leave the cafeteria at the same time.

It was way too dangerous to leave their safe- haven and leave it completely unguarded, after all!

Thus, after Kathrine told him that she would take care of this, Dilan nodded his head before turning away.

He didn't look at Yvonne again because he thought that he would just bombard her with questions such as 'Can you see the requirements to upgrade your Origin ability' or something related to her Origin ability.

His own impatience caused him to smile as he started to search for Oliver and Ailee.

By now, Dilan had already forgotten about the five Survivors that left their group to find their own way through the Primordial Ascension.

Looking through the cafeteria, he found Oliver and Ailee standing next to each other.

'As expected.'

This put a faint smile on his face as he approached them,

"Hey Oliver, Ailee, do you have some time, right now?"

Turning towards Dilan the moment they heard his voice, both Oliver and Ailee felt a bit weird to look into his perfectly clean sky blue eyes.

It was as if the incident from a few hours ago had never happened.

However, everyone knew that this was not the case. It was a fact that Dilan didn't think it was necessary to speak about the incident from the morning anymore.

He had asked if someone had something against his doings, while only the old man in his 60s had asked him a question.

The others had chosen to remain silent. As such, the topic was over for Dilan. As simple as that.

"Can you two help the new Survivors procure their ability crystal? At least guide those who are already fit enough to wield one of the Kobold's weapons.

I would do it myself, but I have something else to do."

He was not yet willing to reveal the plan he had in mind, but that was not necessary.

Ailee and Oliver nodded their heads. They wanted to go out hunting, but without Dilan it was a little bit too dangerous to go outside the hospital.

They might be able to find weaker Bronze zombies on the second floor of the other three towers in the Rian mountainside hospital, but even then it was not something they could be certain about.

As such, they couldn't help but believe that it would be the best to do what Dilan said.

The more Ascenders they had, the easier it would be to go out hunting. A proper team should be capable of hunting down large crowds of low-leveled zombies as well as lone powerful beings.

The Chimera Zombie Centaur was a great example of this.

Maybe Oliver and Ailee had not been the most useful at that time, but without their help, Dilan and Kathrine would have died.

This just showed that everyone's contribution was important, no matter how trivial it might seem at first glance.

Taking this into consideration, Oliver and Ailee didn't hesitate as they left Dilan's side.

They were ready to give their best to procure more ability crystals and possibly convince more people to fight with them.

As such, they approached Sarah, and Pierre as well.

The two should help Oliver and Ailee, which they did readily.

Thus, the small team of four Ascenders made their way towards the new Survivors to figure out who was ready to procure their first ability crystal, and who was too weak.

Looking at the eagerness with which the small group of four acted, the corner of Dilan's mouth twitched.

'They will be fine, right?'