



Looking at his surroundings, Azief assessed that there weren't any lurking threats to his safety. 'In that case, I'll fry the biggest fish first,' he decided.

There were many zombies but they were not only heavily injured, but also slow and uncoordinated.

Anyone with a stick could fend them off. He could take care of them after dealing with the more pressing matter of the badgers.

"Be brave," he repeated to himself as he jumped onto the debris and near the badger all the while trembling.

The badger's breath stunk, and each time it exhaled a great gust of wind carried the foul odors. One of the smarter badgers was trying to drill its way out of the debris.

"You think I'm going to let you do that?!" Azief retorted as he stabbed the badger, blood flowing out from the stab wound.

But that wasn't enough.

So Azief stabbed it again.

And again.

And again.

He stabbed it repeatedly, draining his stamina. Finally, when his stamina had been drained to 3 Points, the badger died and an invisible light shone down on Azief.

You have advanced to level 5 and earned 6 stats points.

‘3 level ups! This badger gives a lot of experiences.’ He noted in satisfaction while in Azief’s mind, a strong fist badger card appeared.

A skillbook and golden coins also dropped around the badger corpse. Quickly he took all of his loot and shoved it in his pocket.

He heaved a deep breath.

It took almost all of his stamina to just kill a single badger. And another badger, catching on, began to dig its way out.

He couldn’t let any of these badgers escape. If he did, the consequences will be disastrous. ‘All to stamina’ Azief mentally commanded.

As he upgraded his stats, he felt his body was getting rejuvenated.

With his renewed vigor, he jumped to another part of the debris and quickly stabbed the badger on the back of its head.

Critical hit! double damage dealt.

‘Oh, so this really is a game. To think that critical hits also exist.’ he surmised.

Armed with this new knowledge, Azief started to target the neck area. And after another ten strikes to its neck, the badger died with a whimper.

This time Azief was left with 8 stamina as another skillbook and golden coin were dropped from the beast’s body.

You have advanced to level 8 and earned 6 stats points.

Another three level-ups!

Still, Azief knew that this was due to his luck.

In normal circumstances, faced up against the same badgers, he was doomed to die.

After all, it takes more than ten strikes to fell one wounded badger. He would need much greater strength and agility to fight these badgers at full strength.

Now there was only one left, and as Azief was about to stab its neck when he remembered something.

Smiling he then said, "All 6 to Spirit."

As he said this, his body became full of vigor, power coursed through his veins, his eyes grew clearer.

He then quickly activated the Beast Tamer skill as the relevant information flowed into his mind, giving him directions.

He approached the wounded badger and touched it causing an orb-shaped seal to appear on the badger's forehead.

You have used the beast tamer skill. Are you sure you want to use it on this beast?

"Yes," Azief replied.

Saying so, the beast turned into light and shot into a portal that had just opened.

After a brief moment, additional text appeared on the system interface under the Skills section.

Skills:

Beast Tamer

Strong Fist Badger Taming Time: Two Weeks

'What?!' Seeing this, Azief was shocked.

Not only would it take 2 weeks, but it also required 10 SP per hour.

His SP was, at that point, 7.

In an hour, the skill would drain another 10 SP. Of course, by then, his SP would regenerate, offsetting the taming costs, but that still meant that, for two weeks, he wouldn't be able to use his SP.

He felt the need to curse when he remembered the badger's strength.

Using his knowledge, he could figure that the reason it took 2 weeks to tame was partly due to this, and having a beast slave at that level of strength would aid him greatly in this new world.

Furthermore, if the badger wasn't greatly weakened and dispirited, at the time, how could he have tamed it?

The whole process was kind of like taming a Pokémon; weakening it to red health would greatly increase the chances of success.

While Azief was lost in thought, a zombie had managed to crawl out the debris and was heading slowly towards him.

And because its lower body had been crushed, it could only slowly crawl using its arms. Surprisingly enough, it had managed to reach Azief and grab onto his ankle before alerting him.

Azief, startled by this sudden touching, began spouting curses. "Fuck! What the hell! Fuck!" he shouted and he kicked the zombie's head causing it to release its grip and mutilating it further.

"Fuck, that damn zombie!" Azief yelled, seething.

Using the dagger, he stabbed the zombie's head, feeling frustration and humiliation.

This time, a ring appeared with the golden coins. Grabbing it quickly he noticed the hundreds of zombies crawling out from under him.

"These stiffs... Oh, fuck! More of them!" he exclaimed, looking at the incoming horde.

Taking a deep breath and smiling coldly, a hint of greed appeared in his eyes, as if he was looking at free EXP.

“Bring it on then. No pain no gain.” He then said smilingly.

Understanding these rules was what allowed him to adapt so quickly to the new world and its rules.

And to be completely honest, he found that these rules suited him much more than the rules of his previous society.

Back then, working hard wouldn't guarantee a great life. At least now, he was rewarded according to his efforts.

“You're all going to die...again,” he said coldly to the crawling zombies marking the beginning of his killing spree.

Azief stabs all the zombies' heads mercilessly.

The baby zombies, the female zombies, the elderly zombies, the MILF zombies, the glasses zombies, he stabbed them all the same.

He saw them as nothing more than corpses and free loot.

Azief stomped, kicked, punched, stabbed all the while dodging blood and injuries.

He knew that you would become infected if you were bitten, but he didn't know about the blood's effect so he still made precautions against it.

Of course, he wasn't able to stay pristine, but at least he wasn't drenched.

His luck was truly something to marvel at.

Just a minute ago, he was praying and accepting his death, but lucky circumstances lead him to diligently stabbing zombies in the head.

You have advanced to level 9 and earned 2 stats points.

This time Azief decided to reinforce his agility.

He needed to be faster, both in reaction speed and actual speed, before the nearby zombies were alerted to his killing spree.

“All to speed,” he commanded, feeling himself getting faster and lighter.

And though his stamina was also steadily declining, these zombies also occasionally dropped some vials of unknown liquids.

Downing a couple, he realized that the blue vials restored his stamina and the red his vitality. He already had 2 blue vials.

And although he didn’t have time to check its information, he understood the concept.

They were potions.

In Skyrim, Oblivion, and most fantasy genre adventure games, potions are one of the most integral parts of any quest.

They restore health, grant strength, and play many other supportive roles.

Azief kept on stabbing all of the zombies stuck under the debris.

No**o**ne**I**n**e**xt**c**o**m**

Upon finding a hole where he heard the groaning sound characteristic of the undead, he would target that area and find the most opportune moment to stab the zombies in their heads.

For the most part, each strike to the head was critical and would one-shot them, barring some of the more resilient ones.

And not having time to thoroughly check his gains, he would just put them inside his pockets. And when they were full, he stole a bag from one of the child zombies to store his loot.

You have advanced to level 10 and earned 2 stats points. By reaching level 10, you have unlocked the class feature. You are currently in a red zone. Find a safe zone to continue.

‘A class change!’ Azief screamed in his mind. ‘Of course, I can change classes. This is beginning to feel more and more like a game...’

Hearing groaning behind him, he turned around to find dozens of zombies.

To complicate matters, his dagger was on the verge of shattering and he knew it definitely couldn’t last much longer.

Seeing the crawling zombies, he could only say one thing, “Ah, shit!”
