



The moonlight was the only source of light that pierced through the night. Throughout the city of Temerloh smoke could be seen, all but blotting out the sky.

The gas station near Joy Park had been burning since the afternoon, and was still ablaze, even at night.

The smell of corpses was disgusting and omnipresent. Blood seeped into the ground, creating a hell-like scene.

The tar road was painted red with the blood of the great beast's victims. Mangled bodies were scattered everywhere, while disembodied feet and hands could be seen strewn about.

The sight of one man trying to survive this cold and terrifying night juxtaposed the horrors everywhere around him.

As if to paint a further contrast, he was currently surrounded by zombies.

'Thank God most of the monsters have already left.' Azief thought.

The badgers have been neutralized leaving only the zombies. However, that didn't mean he was confident in surviving the onslaught.

But at least he had a path to survival now. If he had to fight against the beasts he saw that afternoon he would have surely died.

That slim chance was all he needed.

'Red zone huh?' He knew that if he changed his class there would be a ton of benefits. Unfortunately, the system required that he get out of the red zone first.

If he forcefully tried to change his class here he might just get himself killed.

Subject to the system's whims, he was faced with yet another dilemma. He had no clue what the zones were, let alone how to leave them.

He really didn't know whether to laugh or to cry at the World Orb's tutorial-less system.

That being said, he was currently in the midst of a battle.

Resolving to find everything about the system later, he stored his thoughts and complaints in the back of his mind and took a vial from the kindergartener's bag to restore his fighting ability.

Because he didn't know when he would be able to get more potions, he made a decision.

The two stats that he urgently needed to improve were his strength and stamina. Stamina would let him last longer while killing these zombies and strength would reduce his stamina consumption. *NoVeINext.cOm*

What a dilemma.

At this point, he still had two stamina potions so he quickly made his decision. "All to strength," he told the system.

His other stats would have to wait.

Azief's current priority was to milk as much as possible from the opportunity in front of him.

The trapped zombies made for weak and easy prey. Would Azief come across such a great opportunity again?

If he grew strong enough from this, there was a chance for him to go home, or at least to get to the mall 800 meters from him.

And, perhaps more importantly, the world had definitely changed. From his experience reading novels, he figured that the law of strength might reign king.

And if the new rules were based around strength, he wanted to be a judge.

After his quick break, Azief began to grind again. Jump, stab, collect the loot. Jump, stab, collect the loot. Rinse and repeat.

His plunder now had a variety of items. Shoes, necklace, ring, boots, and skill books filled his bag. You name it, he had it.

You have advanced to level 11 and earned 2 stats points.

“All to strength,” he said.

His strength was now 20, factoring in his equipment. He only needed one strike with a third of the effort.

Of course, this made his stamina decrease slower and killing zombies easier. He now also had 5 blue vials, 3 red vials, and 6 green vials.

A clear sound rang out as his dagger cracked. Surprised, Azief looked hard at his dagger manifesting the GUI.

Rusty Dagger

- Attack: 0-6
- Sneak Attack: 0-12
- Durability: 10/100

“Haaa...” he sighed. Its durability was low and most likely wouldn’t last more than 30 strikes. Still, he was calm and he recalled that he had looted a blade. Taking it out of his bag, he examined its status.

Normal Blade

- Attack: 5-15
- Sneak Attack: 0-20
- Durability: 140/140

‘Why didn’t I use this? Idiot!’ he scolded himself as he threw his dagger away. The blade and its reach were longer. With his new equipment, restarted his grinding.

Suddenly a zombie jumped up at him with its innards dribbling out of his dismembered body.

Azief dodged the surprise attack, spun, and slashed at the zombie, decapitating it. He followed up by stabbing the head, smashing it into mutilated flesh and blood.

You have advanced to level 12 and earned 2 stats points.

He saw that the nearby zombies were starting to swarm him making it infeasible to continue farming the zombies.

“All to agility,” he commanded decisively. In his mind, the beginnings of an escape plan were emerging. He couldn’t last much longer and the stamina potions could only last so long.

You have advanced to level 13 and earned 2 stats points.

‘All to agility’

You have advanced to level 14 and earned 2 stats points.

‘All to agility’

You have advanced to level 15 and earned 2 stats points.

‘All to agility.’

You have advanced to level 16 and earned 2 stats points.

‘All to agility’

You have advanced to level 17 and earned 2 stats points.

‘All to agility’

The sounds begin to attract more zombies to Azief’s area. It seemed like it was time to put his plans into action.

‘I hope this works,’ he prayed as the last of the zombies around him had been stabbed. With any luck, his knowledge of games would still apply.

Azief pulled his blade out of the zombie’s head.

Clad with two children’s bags behind him, one with Ben 10 designs and the other with My Little Pony, he looked utterly ridiculous as he stood there waiting for the massive horde of zombies to reach him, one step at a time.

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