

UNDYING WARLORD

Chapter 8 New World

From a closer view, the city looked gloomy, with only a handful of cars that were driving through the streets.

They were probably survivors that were trying to leave the city.

But they were quickly blocked by hordes of zombies that had heard the cars' engine noises and were drawn to it.

Blocked off by the masses of zombies, and other vehicles that stood around, the few survivors found themselves in a tight spot.

The cars had probably been abandoned by the drivers that had been hit off-guard when the storm reached the city.

Most of the glass windows of all constructions had been blown away, trees had been uprooted along with various types of other plants, dirt, and stones littered over the once clean and bustling streets in the center of the city.

Seeing everything from an elevated spot, Dilan sighed deeply.

His eyesight had improved slightly, allowing him to perceive the outlines of hundreds of zombies in a certain alley far away from his current position.

The monsters pursued a few humans, craving to sink in their teeth in the flesh of the living.

Dilan's lips twitched upon seeing this, but there was no point in rushing through the main streets of Rian and attracting numerous zombies, just to die while playing hero.

This was certainly not how it worked, and he could only shake his head, sighing deeply before his gaze averted to the mountainside hospital..

The supermarket was only a few hundred meters away from the hospital, which was something Dilan clearly knew.

After all, he had passed through Rian when he had embarked on his adventurous new year eve's hike to the top of the mountain.

It had ended in a rather disastrous way, but Dilan was happy that it was not freezing cold right now.

Otherwise, the experience after the storm and the Primordial Ascension would have hit him much worse.

With that in mind, he continued to make his way to the hospital, his senses on high alert to not miss out on picking up the slightest noise around him.

It was silent enough to hear a pin drop to the ground.

This was even eerier than listening to the zombies' growling, and chills began to spread all over his body.

As such, Dilan was thankful when he saw a bunch of zombies not too far away from him, gathering around a large SUV.

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He reached the large parking lot of the hospital and kept looking at the batch of ten zombies.

Most of them were nearly unscathed if one excluded ripped-out flesh and some guts spilling out of the injury of a few zombies.

With a calm mind, he took a glance around before realizing that the open parking lot didn't have many zombies around.

Approaching the zombies with slow and inaudible steps, Dilan was only 50 meters away from the batch of zombies, when a shrill and desperate voice reverberated through the surroundings.

“Argghhh, help me...someone help me!!!”

A moment later, Dilan spotted a young girl in her mid-teens, screaming for help.

She was running over the greenery of the hospital's front yard, her entire face overflowing with desperation and fear.

Four zombies followed her closely, nearly reaching her.

The teenage girl continued to scream at the top of her lungs while running towards the entrance of the hospital.

However, the moment she reached them, a total of 15 zombies were behind her.

Trying to open the doors, the young girl saw that metal chains had been tied around the inner side of the door.

There was only a small slit of glass in the door, but she had seen through it. With trembling hands, she tried to untie the metal chains and open the door.

But this made things only worse because the rattling noise made them keep coming for her and in that moment she understood that there was no way in.

Thus, the moment she turned around, her fate was sealed, when the 15 zombies were almost upon her.

Her eyes began to quiver as tears trickled down her cheeks while she helplessly let out a bitter cry,

“I...don't want to die...”

Unfortunately, the world was not fair, neither before the Primordial Ascension nor now, when Milarn could be labeled as a new world.

Almost everything had changed, and survival was the only thing that mattered, irrespective of the means used to achieve it.

The sole difference right now was that true strength became the biggest deciding factor over life-and-death, not political power.

Political power would still hold ground, but nobody could tell how long this would go on, while money went out for a toss!

And it was this true strength that Dilan used to pierce the Reinforced Stone Spear in the head of the zombie that was the closest to him.

Moving quietly behind them, he reached behind the unsuspecting batch of zombies.

Using his agility of 1.6 Units and the additional property of his weapon, Dilan didn't fear the zombies that had cornered the young girl.

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They were not faster than the average human, and Dilan had a long-range weapon to keep them at a distance, if necessary.

That being said, he still didn't understand how he could be stupid enough to throw himself at 15 zombies just for the sake of a young girl who couldn't even keep her mouth shut.

Maybe he felt pity, or simply bad for a young girl that was thrown into a world filled with ferocious monsters and death.

Killing three zombies in no time, Dilan noticed that his movements had become smoother.

He had never been trained in spearmanship, but his talent in martial arts had always been high according to his friends with whom Dilan had sometimes trained.

Earlier, he thought that they were simply ridiculing him but now, he didn't seem to act like a fool while wielding the Reinforced Stone Spear.

Continuing his onslaught, Dilan's high agility was clearly showcased, and so was his highly increased strength as every single attack he inflicted had pierced through the head of the zombies he targeted.

Being focused on the shrieking girl, the zombies had been oblivious to his silent approach and attack, leading to their deaths.

Only when it was already far too late, did three zombies turn around to attack the closest living being they could smell.

Their growl and foul smell reached him, but Dilan didn't even think of backing off.

Instead, his eyes grew even colder than before as he began to move hastily, piercing the head of the closest zombie before he shot his leg forward with a powerful kick that hit the zombie on his left.

The monster had almost reached him, but his kick smashed it against the door behind.

Using the short momentum to his advantage, Dilan focused his next attack on the zombie on his right.

He finished it off with a single motion before finishing off the other zombie as well.

Afterward, only one zombie was left alive.

However, at this moment a trace of sadness could be seen in his eyes.

"Shit, too late..." Dilan blurted out when he killed the last zombie that had been leaning on the young girl, who had slumped to the ground.

Her eyes were still filled with tears, but her expression had already turned into a grimace.

She had several bite marks all over her body, and it took only seconds for her eyes to turn bloodshot.

Sighing deeply, Dilan bit his lower lip as he prepared himself for his next kill.

A moment later, his eyes turned cold as he heard the growling of the young girl before she shot towards him.

However, the moment she pounced towards him, Dilan had already thrust his spear forward, penetrating her head with a clean thrust.

“Rest in Peace...”