

Warlord 101

Chapter 101 Shepherds

'Just how bad can my timing be?!'

He was still injured and standing a bit farther from the cafeteria's entrance when he saw the dozen men and women standing at the doors.

Their expressions were grim, and their intentions were quite clear as they pointed their guns toward the Survivors.

A burly, middle-aged man with short brown hair stood in front of the others. His arms had not one but four large scars that seemed to have healed not too long ago.

His eyes scanned the entire cafeteria in no time. A bright smile emerged on his face as he saw the weapons corner, the corner where everyone had chopped the War Krendels' corpses for meat, and the part of the cafeteria where all women were resting.

Everything he saw exceeded the middle-aged man's expectations several times over and a definite glint of greed was visible on his face.

"It looks like my little sheep uncovered a hidden treasure for us!" He spoke in excitement.

It was as if he acted like a shepherd, which was actually the title he and the others had been given.

Slowly taking one step after another, the group of 12 entered the cafeteria in its entirety.

Nobody except the shepherd seemed to smile. Rather, it looked like they were thirsting for the blood of the Survivors.

That was how intense their stares were on the Survivors that were working hard to improve the life of their small community.

Oliver was just about to unsheath his dagger when a gun was fired.

A moment later one could see a bullet hole in Oliver's hand as the bullet sliced through his skin in an instant, while the dagger he had been holding fell to the ground..

Followed by the rattling sound of the dagger falling to the ground, a pained groan fell on everybody's ears.

"Aren't you a little bit too aggressive for a sheep? As the shepherd, I should pay attention to prevent a wolf in sheep's skin from invading my herd, you know?!"

Even though the middle-aged man's voice sounded calm, the authority one could hear in it was a clear sign that the shepherd didn't like playing around.

"The next bullet will greet your brain, so be careful my little sheep!!"

The moment the first shot had been fired, most Survivors were unable to breathe.

It took them quite a while before their body allowed them to gasp for air once again. However, even then, everyone's eyes were filled with fear because they could clearly tell that mankind's weapons were still stronger than that of the Ascenders!

Oliver was the third strongest in their group, and the second fastest. Thus, considering that his intention to attack the intruders had been found out so quickly, it was not difficult to tell that they were in a tricky situation.

And 'tricky' described the situation much lightly than it actually was.

After all, the greed and desires one could perceive in the gaze of the 12 armed men and women were unfathomable.

Some Survivors were looking at Dilan and trying to plead for help through their eyes.

Upon seeing Dilan's calm expression everyone calmed down quite a bit.

However, even then, it was not possible for them to keep their cool because it was obvious that their leader was still severely injured from wounds he had inflicted upon himself at that!

This was simply ridiculous, but nobody was able to laugh.

'Maybe I rushed upgrading my Origin ability a little bit?'

Analyzing the situation ahead of him, Dilan knew that nobody was able to do something.

The moment anyone were to move, dozens of Survivors would die in the crossfire.

Dilan was quite sure that he would survive because he still had more than enough mana left within him.

But he didn't want to leave everyone behind, let alone be the cause of their deaths.

Their current situation was quite frustrating, and the arrival of the Shepherd and his group in the cafeteria only turned it worse.

While most Survivors had already gathered in a group, they were moving closer to each other instinctively.

This made it much easier for the Shepherd to observe everything, while the others could easily keep everyone under control.

There were only a few people in the room that were in the far corners, standing around alone or in tiny groups.

The most apparent was the half-naked Dilan and Bianne, who was still standing in front of him with a soup plate, slices of bread, and a spoon in her hand.

Following the fragrant aroma of food, the shepherd ended up in front of Bianne.

He looked at Dilan for a second, which allowed him to see his toned physique, numerous scars that covered his entire body, and the three fresh wounds.

“Oh, my poor sheep. These wounds don’t look good. Here, eat something!” Smiling brightly he freed his hand by letting the rifle hang on the sling it was attached to.

Taking the spoon out of Bianne’s hand he took the soup plate in his other hand just to start feeding Dilan.

Seeing this, every single Survivor frowned deeply.

Some even closed their eyes, thinking that Dilan would kill the shepherd at any moment.

However, nothing happened. The only movement Dilan made was to open his mouth, chew the meat, and swallow the meat broth.

He looked straight in the eyes of the shepherd while trying to figure out what exactly he wanted from them.

The situation was way too weird, after all.

That was the only thing Dilan could do right now because the situation was simply too complex. Several guns were aimed at him, while the remaining rifles and shotguns were enough to keep everyone in check.

Ailee was standing next to Oliver, while carefully inspecting his injured hand. It was almost as if she didn’t notice the situation that unfolded in front of her.

Meanwhile, Kathrine was just holding Yvonne and trying to protect her.

But that was not something Yvonne needed. Her eyes gleamed in a pitch-black color as she looked at Dilan, and in an instant, they reverted to the usual color.

The corners of her mouth curled upward, but she forced herself to hide her expressions in Kathrine’s hug.

After Dilan’s soup plate was empty, the shepherd looked straight at Dilan’s unmoved face before he smiled lightly.

“It looks like you are one of the tougher guys... I wonder what we should do with you, little sheep!” He tilted his head for a moment, just to knit his brows after seeing that Dilan’s expression didn’t budge in the slightest.

This made it seem as if Dilan ignored the shepherd’s entire existence, which ticked him off.

“You should have shown a little bit of gratefulness for being fed by your Savior, little sheep!” The shepherd suddenly said before moving the spoon right in front of Dilan’s eyes.

After a moment to reconsider what he wanted to do, the shepherd moved the spoon away before digging the spoon into his abdomen.

He aimed straight for one of Dilan’s wounds.

It was hit perfectly and penetrated the flesh that had just stopped bleeding and starting to heal.

Dilan groaned in pain when he felt the spoon tip piercing in his newly formed layer of skin. He frowned deeply afterward, just to see that the shepherd let go of the spoon before slapping his shoulder.

“Your body is really tough. Looks like you are similar to the Head Shepherd. I guess you should survive, little one. Please take good care of the present I gave you!” Pointing at the spoon, the shepherd turned around.

With that he left Dilan with a fresh injury, knowing that his people were paying attention to every movement Dilan made.

However, oddly enough Dilan didn't move anymore. He didn't even seem to be trying to pull the spoon out of his abdomen.

This caused goosebumps to run down the spines of the women that had looked at him with lustful eyes.

They had been too engrossed in swooning over his toned physique, just to regain their senses when their shepherd pierced the spoon in Dilan's abdomen.

“The head shepherd will be happy with all the food and weapons here. Maybe not only the shepherds will be allowed to go hunting with this amount of weapons!” One of the men holding a rifle suddenly said as he moved towards the fridges.

He was separated from the others, but even they began to spread through the cafeteria.

The cafeteria was huge, to put it simply. As such, everyone was spread out over a large space to pay attention to all survivors.

“Forget about the food, idiot! The women here are much better than the hags in our shelter! Maybe we should have some fun with them before we bring them to the head shepherd?”

It was one of the older man, who said while licking his dry lips.

However, just when he finished speaking, Dilan could clearly hear the sound of a gun being loaded from next to him.

Shooting halfway through the room, the shepherd killed one of his own people without any mercy, followed by his eyes that turned ice-cold.

“Trash.”

Chapter 102 Bad Boy

“Trash...” the shepherd said, just to smirk lightly before he added,

“Why are so many little sheeps so daring? Why would you be allowed to take one of these beauties if not even the head shepherd took a look at them first?”

If you were still alive, I would have suggested that you should choose your words carefully before actually opening your mouth, but it looks like you cannot say anything even though your mouth is wide open!”

The smile of the shepherd looked devilish, and as if everyone's mind had blanked out they looked at the corpse of the older man, who had just spoken out his mind a moment ago.

Blood trickled down his face, and a clean bullet hole crested his forehead.

His mouth was wide open as if he had been about to say something, but his words died along with him. Now, his corpse lay on the floor as blood pooled around it.

A few women screamed when the body fell to the ground, but most Survivors were simply too shocked by what they saw.

Their eyes nearly popped out of the sockets, fear swamping them. Just moments later some Survivors began to quiver in fear, thinking that they might be the next victim of the eccentric behavior the shepherd showcased.

It looked like even the other men and women in the shepherd's group didn't expect their own comrade to be shot on a whim.

This was truly unexpected to them because it had never happened before. Maybe they were beaten into a pulp, or lightly tortured.

But killed? Never! That had never happened until now as every single fighter was desperately needed to gain control over the surrounding areas, the Survivors, and to kill the monsters they encountered

Even Dilan couldn't help but think that this was not the best way to maintain control over his group.

However, it was not exactly as if he bothered about the lives of those who threatened him and his people, to begin with!

Dilan observed each of the Shepherd group's members, what type of gun they used, where they aimed, where their focus was, and how they were positioned..

Through this, he could tell that the shepherd had become interested in the fridges as well as the kitchen.

The fragrant smell of the meat broth was making him salivate because the group he belonged to had not eaten something warm for close to 10 days.

They had to survive by eating cold and preservable food. As such, the fridges, the kitchen, and the fact that the gas stove was still working were no less than a dream for them.

"He will be pleased when I tell him about the hospital! Moving here should make things much easier..." Speaking to himself, the shepherd opened the sliding door of the kitchen.

Afterward, he entered it with great vigilance.

There might still be Survivors lurking inside that they hadn't seen yet.

As such, after stepping inside he closed the sliding door behind him before observing everything with great care. Nobody could escape his sight!

However, it was just at this moment that a loud shout echoed through the surroundings followed by an ear-splitting noise that felt like thunder had emerged in the midst of the cafeteria.

“EVERYONE TO THE GROUND!”

Dilan had waited for the perfect moment to act. This included the fact that he required a few precious minutes before he had replenished one more Mana unit!

This increased his total to 11 units of Mana, which was everything he needed.

He was enraged about the attitude of the humans that had charged into their territory, threatening to take away all their resources and women as if they were sheeps.

It was not as if his group had done something to them, like stealing their goods, let alone killing one of their members.

They acted like hoodlums and utter trash.

As such, Dilan chose to treat them like that as well!

After shouting out his warning Dilan catapulted his body toward the closest intruder.

All of them had spread out in the cafeteria, but three of them were roaming around in a group.

This made things much easier as it would allow Dilan to pierce through their throats in a single move.

Only the shepherd seemed to be an Ascender, and even his Strength stat barely reached four times the average human before the Primordial Ascension.

Because of that, Dilan had easily pulled the spoon out of his wound during the first push toward his opponents.

Dilan’s eyes were ice-cold, and filled with anger as he let out a roar and ended the life of the first small group of attackers.

Those were the ones who had dared approach the resting area of the women sleazily, cackling like hyenas at the sight of so many beautiful women.

However, before they could do that Dilan had appeared in the midst of the three, killing them with just a slash.

It was not even possible for them to reach for their weapons before their soul left their body.

Just a moment later Dilan appeared behind the second batch of vile humans.

They stood further apart from each other and paid more attention to their surroundings.

As such, they were able to react to his angered voice when he had roared out.

Lifting their guns, the three humans could only see that every single Survivor in Dilan’s group threw themselves to the ground.

It was as if everyone was one individual as their movements were in sync.

Only Dilan, followed by the other vile humans was left alive.

As such, it was easy to see the purple flash that appeared in front of them.

Shots were fired just a moment later but Dilan had emerged behind one of the vile humans.

Tightly grasping the burly man's body, he exerted his high strength to lift him in the air.

Ignoring the fact that the man was still alive, Dilan used him as a meat shield to dodge most bullets.

Even if some penetrated through the man's body, reaching Dilan's bare upper body, he didn't even notice a faint prickling sensation.

His entire mind was focused on the opponents ahead!

Throwing the body riddled with bullet holes toward one of the men who attacked him, Dilan appeared in front of the other one before piercing through his chest.

The Clawed Gloves were not even required for Dilan to achieve this because the attackers were ordinary humans and not zombies or beasts, to begin with.

As such, his Strength was tens of times higher, to begin with.

But that was not something Dilan could care about.

Thus, he simply twisted his body at a blinding speed, and a faint crackling noise from his ankle reached his ears.

It nearly broke but that was necessary for him to change the trajectory of his run in an abrupt manner.

After all, there was still an attacker in the small batch he had yet to kill.

The man at whom he threw his meat shield was lying on the ground.

However, instead of bending down to kill him, Dilan broke his neck by stomping on his head before he sped up once again.

Just at this moment, he saw that more than five guns were aimed at him.

But instead of feeling that death approached him, Dilan set off with a powerful kick.

In that instant, the attackers pulled the trigger of their guns, starting a barrage of shots.

Unfortunately, they missed their target as Dilan had disappeared from their sight all of a sudden.

He was not there anymore!

Only when a pained groan followed by a thumping noise could be heard from next to them were they able to see Dilan once again.

Not knowing much about abilities and their functions, the ordinary humans couldn't understand that Dilan had just used [Gale] that drained him of every single trace of Mana he had left in his body.

It was exhausting to use so much mana at once, but that was perfectly fine. Dilan was just happy that [Gale] had worked because its uses had been replenished!

Dilan was now so used to killing that even taking the life of a fellow human didn't move him. There was neither joy nor sadness visible on his face as he pierced through the chest of the young man.

But even regretting ending the lives of other humans could change nothing right now.

It was either them or him who could survive, and Dilan would not give up on his life!

With that in mind, he catapulted himself toward the others that had yet to turn in his direction.

They had not yet comprehended what happened, which made it possible for Dilan to leave a trail of corpses.

Leaving behind blood and death, Dilan had killed every single person from the shepherd's group in the cafeteria in mere five seconds.

Only the shepherd in the kitchen was left behind.

Dilan was already standing in front of the sliding door, just to see that it was being slid open.

A gun pointed at him, but he didn't move away.

Instead, Dilan's hand pierced out at the gun, shattering it at once.

The impact of Dilan's thrust flung the shepherd backward, throwing him to the ground.

Looking up with a baffled expression, the shepherd couldn't believe what had just happened.

However, when his eyes fell on Dilan's blood-smeared face, he knew that it was not a dream, as the young man's ice-cold eyes were fixated on him.

"Choose an option...either talk or die in the most painful way you can imagine!"

Chapter 103 Choice

Just five seconds had passed since Dilan had begun to move.

However, in these five seconds a lot happened! Because the shepherd had been busy checking on the food in the pots and pans, it also took him five seconds to leave the kitchen.

But, somehow he had an ominous feeling that made him turn around and slid open the door.

How could he have expected to see Dilan standing in front of him, with the blood of his own people smeared on his face?

The shepherd had noticed way too late that Dilan was much more of a threat than he ought to be.

But that was something he could have noticed the moment he pierced the spoon in Dilan's abdomen.

The resistance of Dilan's body had been way too high, despite the injury being a deadly one that had merely begun to heal.

But now, it was already too late to complain, which was why the shepherd wanted to jump up from the ground in order to initiate an attack.

Unfortunately, even before he could pierce out with the hidden dagger he had unsheathed, Dilan lifted his left foot and mercilessly stomped on the shepherd's left leg.

What followed suit was a sickening crunch of bones breaking in his leg due to Dilan's powerful kick that soon got lost in the shepherd's pained cries.

His cries of anguish bounced off the walls of the cafeteria making the survivors flinch but Dilan, who was standing right there, didn't even budge.

A moment later, Dilan bent down with gritted teeth before he grasped the shepherd's other leg.

Afterward, he turned around to drag the middle-aged man outside the kitchen to make him see what exactly had happened to his own people.

"Can anyone take the metal chains, and tie him up? We need to get some information from him!"

Dilan's voice echoed through the cafeteria, and his gaze swept through it but most of the survivors tried to hide behind each other, not wanting to face him when he was fuming in anger. Only Kathrine, Yvonne, and the rest of Dilan's closer subordinates were able to move.

The others were still cowering on the ground. They were unsure if the fight between Dilan and the 10 men and women armed to the teeth was over or not.

There might not be gunfire anymore, but it was always better to be safe than sorry..

As such, it took most Survivors quite a while to remove their hands from their ears, let alone open their eyes.

When they got up from the ground, a total of 11 corpses were littered on the floor. Only one infiltrator had survived, and his left leg looked like it was barely held together by the fabric of the pants he was wearing.

It was twisted at an odd angle that looked even more grotesque than the corpses lying on the floor.

However, Dilan's appearance seemed even worse. The wounds that had barely begun to heal were bleeding severely and his face was paper-white.

Ordinary humans would have collapsed by now.

But Dilan was simply standing in front of the shepherd staring at him furiously.

"It looks like I didn't take the situation seriously enough..."

Dilan felt a little bit regretful for not having come up with a plan to tackle possible trespassers.

Just a fleeting glance through the cafeteria told him that nobody was severely injured or killed.

This was already great, but it could have ended much differently.

He figured that the shepherd and his people were scouts or something like that.

The shepherd spoke about a head shepherd and other survivors.

Considering that they planned to conquer several districts, it was quite easy to decipher that the head shepherd was not easy to defeat either.

“He will come to search for the shepherd...there is not much time...” Scratching the back of his head, Dilan felt that the situation was way too frustrating.

He didn't like the direction in which things were heading.

There was no way for him to control the happenings of the following days. This was the worst that could have happened because there were way too many things he wanted to do instead of fighting other humans.

After all, this was simply dumb when they were facing the aftermath of an apocalypse!!

Feeling slightly suffocated, and extremely exhausted, Dilan's breathing grew labored.

Seeing this, Kathrine approached him carefully after confirming that she had chained the shepherd properly.

“Dilan?...Are you fine?”

She sounded concerned as her gaze kept flitting to his abdomen.

Following her gaze, he saw that warm blood was spurting out of the three self-inflicted injuries.

Dilan wanted to say, 'I'm fine, don't worry!', but he felt incapable of doing so.

There were also a few bullet holes on his upper body through which a few bullets had pierced through his skin.

Removing them would be quite easy. However, that was not the problem.

Rather, Dilan's rapidly depleting Stamina and his condition that kept getting worse were more problematic.

“I...will get...better.” Dilan could only say in between a few breaths. He was pretty sure that he wouldn't die.

It would be easier for him to endure the pain if he had some mana to activate his Origin ability, but he was drained of mana as well.

Thus he had to endure the pain that swept through his entire body.

His abdomen felt like it was on fire, but as long as he didn't move everything would be fine.

“Is everyone...else fine?” Dilan asked because he was not even able to turn around anymore.

Since the adrenaline had been released from his body, Dilan felt as if he had to be a stone statue in order to overcome the following hour or two so as to not feel any pain!

For the next two minutes, Kathrine remained silent. She scanned through the survivors to see if there was someone else who was not able to move or was severely injured as well.

However, that didn't seem to be the case.

“Excluding you, only 11 humans died in the last few minutes!”

Yvonne appeared next to Dilan all of a sudden.

Her eyes were full of vigor as she smiled at him innocently.

Before absorbing Essences, this wouldn't have been possible because the trauma she had faced on the fourth floor had made things hard for her.

But now, she was perfectly fine with looking into his eyes.

Dilan even thought that her words were quite specific because the words 'Excluding you' seemed to have a deeper meaning.

How could Dilan know that Yvonne was able to perceive the death of 12 beings, with Dilan being the harbinger of Death and the one who should have died as well?

In fact, Yvonne had foreseen that Dilan would survive the fight, and overcome death itself.

[Angel of Death] was something directly linked to Death itself.

This allowed her to see upcoming deaths. Sometimes Yvonne was able to see specific information about death itself like the beings that were about to die, or even how they had died.

But on the other hand, there were specific circumstances where her Origin ability was not even able to detect how many beings would die if a specific being would survive or be forced to take eternal rest, and so on.

It was as if [Angel of Death] was a defect...but that was only the case if the situation was related to Dilan.

Whether this was because of him, or the Origin ability he owned, Yvonne didn't know.

However, in almost all situations that revolved around Dilan, Yvonne could be certain that it was possible for him to survive, that he would get everything under control.

And the same happened once again, which was why she couldn't help but smile faintly.

Her fear of men was still present, even if it was not as bad as earlier thanks to her absorbing Essences.

But Dilan was different. She didn't fear him, even though he was powerful.

Dilan might look cruel quite often, but owing to her Origin ability, Yvonne could relate to most decisions he took and understand his reasons behind the same.

Yvonne was also sure that he was the kindest and most generous person in the cafeteria...after her sister, of course!

Dilan's eyes were fixated on Yvonne, who seemed quite calm after the incident they faced.

Everything happened so suddenly but had ended quickly as well.

Not even 15 minutes had passed and the infiltrators were eliminated.

But that didn't mean the entire incident had already ended.

Dilan realized that there were way too many serious issues with their 'safe-zone', which was something they had to take care of.

"If nobody else...died it's good. But we need to pay more attention to...the defenses. Let's assign some Survivors to be scouts to warn us of the dangers arising from outside the hospital."

In the end, he finally found his breath once again. Thus, it was possible for him to talk without sweating profusely, or the need to take breaks in between breaths.

"It might be better for us to move away from the first floor as well. There are too many ways to access the hospital, and there is only one entrance.

So it is not even possible to run away if a powerful monster would barge into the cafeteria!"

Dilan was pretty sure that moving away from the first floor would be for the best.

In fact, the hospital itself was way too huge for their small group. Unfortunately, it was the best place for them to stay because the number of Survivors was bound to increase.

That made moving away from the hospital quite difficult, even more so because they didn't have a place to go, no idea where the power supply was still working, and so on.

Right now, everything was just a mess, which was why Dilan turned his head toward the shepherd, who was looking at him with a frightened expression.

"Did you decide to tell us everything?" He simply asked before adding, "This obviously includes the location of your great head shepherd. I want to see him!"

Dilan smiled faintly, acting as if he was innocent.

But owing to the blood all over his body, innocence was the last word one would use to describe Dilan!

Even though he was scared, the shepherd would never reveal the information about his beloved master.

"Fuck you, you little piece of shit! Just kill me, I will never tell you anything!" He shouted in rage as the chains holding him in place rattled loudly.

However, just a moment later a gust of wind brushed on his face. Before he could even process what was going on, Dilan had moved faintly, swinging his arm wearing the Clawed Gloves down, just to look at his hand a moment later.

Blood was trickling down the ripped-out ear that he held in his thumb and forefinger that he then dangled in the air right in front of the shepherd.

"So, you really want to die the painful way? That's quite a surprise. I wonder how fast your body will be able to regrow your nails once I pull them out one after another. Or should I start pulling out your teeth first? Maybe breaking your bones would do the trick as well."

Dilan stopped listing numerous types of torture. He didn't really like torturing people.

His past had been enough torture to make him feel disgusted at the mere thought.

But it was necessary for him to find out more about the head shepherd because he might be searching for the shepherd, with more people, and more gun power at that!

And Dilan knew that he wouldn't be able to protect his people if that were to happen.

As such, for the sake of his group, it might even be necessary to do things he hated, maybe even to become what he hated the most...

Chapter 104 Looking forward to

It was fortunate that Kathrine was pretty good at procuring information.

They didn't have to torture the shepherd, but that was only obvious because Dilan's little demonstration broke the middle-aged man's will in an instant.

Tearing his right ear before naming a few cruelest ways to torture him did the trick.

Not everyone could pull it off, which was where Dilan's demeanor and appearance came into play.

He was more than enough to inflict desperation and fear within the hearts of other people.

As such, even if he knew that his death was inevitable, the shepherd told them everything as long as they promised to keep Dilan away from him.

Dilan didn't really care about the shepherd's life, but it was not possible for him to leave the shepherd alive either.

Thus, he was killed in a painless manner.

Nobody felt truly guilty for the death of the unarmed shepherd.

Quite a few Survivors wanted him to suffer for acting like a tyrant who would treat others like dirt and behaving like a thug who wanted to snatch their freedom from them.

The shepherd had looked down on every single one of them. This was the reason for his people's death, and why they had been unable to take control of the small group of Survivors, Dilan was leading..

While Kathrine had procured the necessary intel from the shepherd, Dilan's wounds were tended to.

Two nurses had pulled the bullets out of his chest before he focused on replenishing his Mana.

The faster he replenished his Mana the more often it was possible for him to activate his Origin ability.

As his ability took effect, his wounds and other injuries were healing rapidly. Dilan finally stopped bleeding when they had executed the shepherd.

Rather than allowing someone dangerous to stay alive, they had arrived at a consensus to kill him.

And by ending his life quickly, they gave him an easy and painless death. After all, they could have thrown him outside the hospital with a broken leg, and let him be eaten alive by the zombies!

"So there are 10 shepherds. I guess they just call the captains of the scout units shepherds. Even then, their strength is not worrisome...Rather it is the gun power they have... all of them have rifles, shotguns, or other weapons.

They raided the huge police station and owned weapons before...as expected from a gang.”

Dilan felt a little bit burdened by the information. According to the information Kathrine procured, there were more than 100 humans armed with guns.

Only the shepherds, the head shepherd, and his people were said to have absorbed Essences as well.

But even if there were 20 Ascenders in their group, the most worrisome was still the guns.

The shepherd was not at a high level, so Dilan figured that the others had not progressed much either.

Only the head shepherd and his people were what he needed to worry about.

From the report, one could easily tell that the head shepherd, his direct subordinates, and the large number of guns were the most problematic.

After all, the shepherd they had just executed told them that the head shepherd’s direct subordinates were physically much stronger than all the shepherds together!

While trying to heal as quickly as possible, Dilan’s mind was rattling. Meanwhile, everyone else had slowly regained their senses.

The dead bodies had already been removed from the cafeteria, but that didn’t solve the issue of which location to pick to switch from the cafeteria to a more secure place.

However, that was not something for Dilan to solve right now.

Everyone came up with ideas and suggestions and they began discussing things.

Dilan knew that it might be better for him to step in too but that was not something he wanted to do right now.

He was already occupied with the thought of annihilating the threats around them.

Thus, he couldn’t make the best decision about whether to leave the hospital, or just move to another floor within the hospital, or what exactly the best for the entire group would be.

In the end, they were required to find the permanent Gate to the Krendel’s Underground Valley because they had procured Lumina crystals, Silver iron ore, and Jadetite from it.

It was also necessary to have a huge working kitchen within their reach, and electricity, followed by a working smithy.

Dilan had yet to find a good workshop where Old Jeff was supposed to work.

But even if the workshop of his choice would be in his grasp, the three locations they had to keep under control would not necessarily be in the same place.

This made things frustrating and as his own mind was tired of coming up with a solution, Dilan allowed everyone to voice out their opinion.

There might be some Survivors that were great at managing groups, resources, and so on, after all!

Dilan hoped for the best without actually expecting much.

And because his expectations were so low, it was great that quite a few Survivors had decent ideas about how to advance their community in the future.

After today's incident it was clear that strength was not everything that mattered.

Knowing one's opponent, having a fortified shelter to protect themselves from invaders and much more were equally important.

There was simply too much to take care of by a single person. And even with the help of Kathrine and the others, it was quite difficult to handle everything.

After all, most of them were rather young, still studying, or had just started their corporate life.

That meant nobody had experience in leading a group, let alone distributing work properly.

Fortunately, they were not alone, and more than enough Survivors had slowly gotten the hang of themselves.

Working together was much better than working against each other.

It made things much easier, and living with more ease was something almost everyone looked forward to.

Even Dilan couldn't help but think that the incident with the dozen invaders had shaken his group and propelled them into action, far more than he could have hoped for.

It drove everyone to give their best, and to keep striving for more power, whether it was physical strength, advantages in terms of equipment, or other types of benefits.

Seeing how the Survivors were slowly changing led the corners of Dilan's lips to curl upward, and soon enough he became the main point of focus in the discussions.

After all, Dilan was not only their leader but also the strongest person.

He was willing to injure himself gravely in order to become even more powerful to protect everyone, and he didn't whine when the situation turned unfavorable.

Even when he was severely injured, Dilan still fought with all his might as long as his people would be safe.

Thus, everyone began to anticipate the future with a faint glimmer of hope.

The dangers of the last few days became less important and a blossoming future was something everyone strived for.

And Dilan was the foundation of this promising future because he gave everyone hope when the future seemed blank and hopeless.

Dilan might look cruel and merciless sometimes, but he was also generous and kind to his people, to the extent that he would sacrifice himself for them if necessary!

Thus, with the sun setting on the 10th day after the Primordial Ascension, a small but hard-working group that was overflowing with willpower and ambition was formed. All of them had a sole thought imprinted in their minds.

[We...will survive even if that means we need to overcome death itself!]

Chapter 105 The Head

Only one day had passed before Dilan was fully tended to.

But instead of staying idle, he walked outside the hospital and was standing right in front of Rian's biggest police station.

It was not even close to being comparable to the Rian mountainside hospital in terms of size, but it was quite decently protected because a tall and high steel fence surrounded the large, five-story building.

One could say that it was the perfect means of protection in the Apocalypse.

However, Dilan was not exactly worried that he would be detected. As such, he was walking around the building rather openly.

He was quickly detected which was what Dilan had planned all along.

"Arms up, or I'll shoot!!"

A hoarse voice reached his ears that were loud enough to attract some zombies and other monsters.

Dilan simply lifted his arms in surrender and followed the instructions he had been given before announcing in a loud and clear voice,

"Shepherd Xias has sent me to report the condition of the human Survivors he found! Please don't shoot!"

He had come up with many plans to defeat the head shepherd and his group.

However before he would slaughter everyone, Dilan wanted to take a good look at his opponents, their hideout, and assess their strengths and weaknesses.

Shepherd Xias told Kathrine that there were more than 400 Survivors, excluding the Gang that had around 120 members in total..

This was quite interesting because they didn't seem to have killed the old, the kids, or the sick. Instead, they took care of them, if one could call it that.

At least, they weren't on the brink of death according to Shepherd Xias' words.

But instead of blindly believing everything the now dead shepherd had said, Dilan wanted to confirm the facts on his own.

"I don't believe you. Slowly take off your robe, and turn around so I can see everything!"

Dilan did as instructed. Moving in a slow manner he circled around himself and saw that the monsters in the surrounding would soon reach him.

However, the person who had spoken to him didn't seem to mind this, at all.

Instead, he was taking his own sweet time with Dilan.

"Keep your arms high up and enter the building through the main entrance!"

Obedying yet again, Dilan raised his arms before he saw that a fierce-looking man entered his sight.

He opened the fences allowing him to enter the premises of the police station.

Afterward, the fierce-looking man pushed him ahead before frisking him in order to search for weapons.

Nobody minded his Clawed Gloves that looked like slightly altered brown leather gloves and did not in any way reveal that they were, in fact, deadly weapons.

Instead, only two self-made daggers were found in his tracksuit.

Deceit and trickery were everything Dilan needed to make the fierce-looking man believe that he merely had the two crude-looking daggers upon him, and not that he was already wearing the most dangerous weapons!

When he stepped inside the police station, the reeking stench of sweat and human waste almost burned his nostrils.

It was far worse than the cafeteria where they could barely ventilate by throwing the windows open.

As such, Dilan wrinkled his nose in disgust while being pushed ahead.

The entrance of the police station looked quite normal. There were a few dried-up bloodstains, and some scattered remains of flesh and brain, but that didn't concern Dilan.

He was only focused on the humans that were lying all around the floor.

They seemed alive, but somewhat dead at the same time.

Dilan went ahead while avoiding stepping on them.

There were young, old, and sick humans, but the fierce-looking man behind him didn't seem to mind this.

Instead, he pressed a gun to Dilan's back and was ready to shoot the moment he would try to act smart.

'This one is way more vigilant than shepherd Xias and his group!'

Reaching this conclusion was not actually difficult. But it made things a little bit more difficult because Dilan hoped that his appearance looked bad enough to make it seem as if he was a weakling.

What he had forgotten was that even though his clothes, face and hair made him look like a roadside beggar, his sky blue eyes were full of vigor and without the slightest trace of fear.

This made it quite difficult for others to believe that he was an ordinary human, who had yet to encounter a dangerous situation since the advent of the Primordial Ascension.

Because of Dilan's nonexistent fear of the gun, whose barrel was pressed to his back, the only logical reaction was to be vigilant of him.

Thus, the fierce-looking man was overly cautious and his eyes were glued to Dilan's back when he led him to the head shepherd, and his people.

Even if Dilan was trying to trick him and the scout on top of the police station's building, the head shepherd would take care of everything.

From the beginning, both the scout and the fierce-looking man had sensed that it was more likely for something to have happened to shepherd Xias.

It was not necessarily the case but it was out of the ordinary for shepherd Xias to send someone else to report his findings.

And Dilan was someone they had never seen before, which meant that shepherd Xias had to trust a complete stranger with the report.

This was simply too great of a coincidence that Dilan was the first person to be chosen for the task. Yet, even though it seemed impossible, neither the scout nor the fierce-looking man could exclude the tiniest possibility that Dilan was telling the truth.

Shepherd Xias and his people could have been injured, which was why they were resting. Or maybe they were simply protecting the goods in the location they had found the human group two days ago.

The situation was simply too complicated for anyone other than the head shepherd to take care of.

Thus, the fierce-looking man was slowly leading Dilan through all the five floors of the police station.

To Dilan's advantage, the floor plan was quite open which gave Dilan all the insights he required.

However, in order to assess the situation perfectly, he would have to know more about the resources the head shepherd and his people had.

If they were lacking basic necessities like food, and water, the state of all humans could be easily described as something that couldn't be changed.

But then again, the plump and healthy appearance of all Gang members was something that negated the possibility of lack of food.

'The body doesn't accept Essence as a substitute for nutrition, right?'

Frowning lightly, Dilan ended up on the fifth floor. His mind was flooded with numerous thoughts when he was suddenly pushed into the police chief's office.

What entered his sight was a jacked-up man in his late 20s, followed by five rather young men and women in their early 30s.

All of them had the same fierce expression on their faces when their gaze flicked from Dilan to the man, who had led him in the office.

The six men and women were leaning over the desk and had been observing the map of Rian and its surrounding landscape.

This was something Dilan wanted to do as well because it might actually be for the best to leave the city behind.

Claiming a whole town for himself and his people could be considered the most rational plan for every single path Dilan could take to improve his community's life.

And protecting a village was much easier than protecting a single building in the middle of a huge city.

After all, the villages in the surrounding were all spread over a rather even landscape, which made it easy to spot enemies!

Taking their time exploring the map, the six men and women around the table took a while to notice Dilan and the fierce-looking man behind him.

However, when the man in his late 20s saw Dilan, a mysterious glint could be seen in his eyes.

"Who's he?"

His voice was clear despite him speaking at a low volume. His brown eyes never left Dilan's eyes. There was something the head shepherd saw within Dilan.

However, neither fear nor excitement could be sensed from the head shepherd, and at most, Dilan could maybe a tiny trace of interest.

"Apparently he has been ordered to report something. Shepherd Xias sent him..."

The fierce-looking man wanted to continue speaking but Dilan didn't think that it was necessary to keep up with the facade.

As such, he smiled slyly before cutting the fierce-looking man's words abruptly.

"My report is quite simple...Shepherd Xias is dead, and if the lot of you are anything like that insane idiot, I will kill all of you as well!!"

Chapter 106 Aim for the Head

"My report is quite simple...Shepherd Xias is dead, and if the lot of you are anything like that insane idiot, I will kill all of you as well!!"

Dilan just smiled faintly when he finished his words before shrugging his shoulders.

However, a moment later, his body moved at a rapid speed.

He spun around, his hand reaching for the pistol that was pointed at his back, just to pierce through it before the fierce-looking man could even react.

A moment later, a bright smile emerged on Dilan's face before his other hand reached out for the fierce-looking man's neck.

"I wonder...whose head will be rolling on the floor today. Will it be mine or yours?"

While speaking, Dilan's head turned towards the head shepherd once again.

A glint of excitement could be seen in Dilan's eyes while his lips curled upward.

Revealing his confidence, fighting skills and a 'don't fuck with me' attitude was the most efficient way to find a quick solution to the situation ahead.

But Dilan was not the only one who felt that the situation was quite amusing..

Like him, even the head shepherd was smiling vibrantly as he looked at Dilan.

The terrifying speed at which Dilan had moved interested the head shepherd more than anything else.

After all, he was pretty sure that Dilan's Agility stat was much higher than his own!

"Forget about Xias. I never liked him, even less after the Primordial Ascension happened...how about we talk a little bit?"

I kind of like you, how about you join me? I will make you my direct subordinate!!"

The five men and women next to the head shepherd frowned deeply the moment they heard their leader's statement.

"Boss...what are you saying?!" One of them even asked, not believing how the head shepherd had proposed to casually take a stranger in.

However, the head shepherd was simply looking at Dilan with expectations flashing through his eyes.

"Direct subordinate? Does that mean you want me to be on the same rank as the others, or above them?"

Dilan was quite confused, but he showed as if he was amused by the offer.

The head shepherd was way too calm right now.

That was quite odd, considering that Dilan's speed should have been more than enough to demonstrate his prowess.

"You would be my right hand! Only I would be above you!"

Of course, Dilan wouldn't accept the head shepherd as his Boss. He had no intention of joining them either.

But that didn't mean he was not interested in figuring out more about the head shepherd, his gang, and so on.

This was even more important after he heard the casual way in which the head shepherd dismissed the fact that Xias' killer was standing in front of him.

What was interesting to note was that the five subordinates of the head shepherd were also not shocked about Xias' death. In fact, three of them seemed to be relieved that shepherd Xias had been killed.

Dilan felt that this was quite weird, which was why he discarded his thought of annihilating the head shepherd's gang for the time being.

"But why would you even think about asking me to join you? No less than your right hand at that! You know nothing about me, do you?"

The only thing the head shepherd knew was the fact that Dilan's Agility stat was quite high. And this was certainly not enough to make him a suitable candidate to become someone's right hand, even less because he was a stranger.

"Based on the fact that you came straight to the police station, you must have gotten some intel from Xias before killing him. That means you should also know the number of armed gang members here.

And the fact that you are not even a tiny bit scared means that you either have balls of steel and that you are powerful enough to kill me, or that you are overconfident and dumb.

I personally believe that you're just strong, but who knows!"

Like Dilan, the head shepherd was quite calm right now. He could gauge Dilan's strength and the fact that he could kill him.

Even if he were to release his ability with most of his mana, it would require a short moment for everything to be prepared.

This was the only downside of his ability- the short gap between the activation of his ability, and the completion of the preparations.

While the head shepherd was quite intrigued by him, Dilan was a little bit conflicted. The conversation was going on far more maturely than he had expected. Considering that shepherd Xias was crazy, Dilan had been certain that the others were of a similar nature.

But seeing the head shepherd's demeanor, this might actually not be the case!

The head shepherd seemed ambitious and confident to the extent that he was thinking of himself as a Lord.

However, he didn't look crazy to Dilan.

"Don't you know the saying... 'A lizard's tail can regrow, but if you cut off its head, the entire body will give in!'...or was it different?"

It was quite obvious what Dilan wanted to say with this. As long as the gang's head was alive, the entire group would function, and the moment he was killed, it would crumble!

The head shepherd was still calm after hearing this. However, the five loyal subordinates that stood next to him got up from their seats in unison after hearing Dilan's threat.

They unholstered their guns before pointing them at Dilan's head.

"You piece of shit! What is your plan?!" One of the men in his 30s asked, his voice filled with anger!

Their group had other things to do than sit around while a random stranger threatened them. Dilan's sudden arrival was certainly not expected.

As such, it was only obvious for most of them to be tensed, even if the head shepherd was still quite calm.

But that was necessary to figure out what Dilan was planning to do!

"Why are you even acting like this? Don't you like people barging into your shelter? Then I have to apologize but I'm just returning the favor I owe.

Shepherd Xias acted quite arrogant when he barged into our small and temporary home. I could clearly tell that he was ready to kill if anyone were to mess up yesterday. His people were not exactly nice either. They were ready to **** women and kill innocent humans on command.

Maybe it was just his low IQ, but he and his people died despite pointing weapons at me, so don't even try it!"

Dilan was still quite calm when he first spoke, but after he stopped talking for a moment his sky blue eyes turned ice-cold.

His gaze was filled with anger that stared in the depths of the being's soul he looked at.

"In that regard, what is the head shepherd's opinion about the fact that Xias told me that everything he did was as ordered?"

That it was the head shepherd and his people who ordered his shepherds to kill the Survivors that are unwilling to hand over the food and goods they had procured?"

Dilan didn't even care about the weapons pointed at him. He was simply staring at the head shepherd, while still holding the fierce-looking man up in the air with one hand.

"Is that true or not? Answer!"

Chapter 107 Second Chance?

As long as Xias' words were true, Dilan would stop trying to understand the head shepherd.

The fact that he was trying to comprehend the reason behind the head shepherd's instructions to Xias and his team was already quite a surprise.

It astonished Dilan more than anyone else.

However, upon seeing all Survivors in the police station, too many thoughts flashed through his mind.

'Even if all old and sick people are on the first floor, and their condition is bad, they've yet to be killed or thrown out of the police station!

Meanwhile, even the most beautiful women look malnourished...'

The latter factor meant that the gang didn't even have enough food to feed the women that were the most likely victims of getting violated at the hands of the men in the police station.

Only the gang members seemed somewhat healthy and fine, or some of them, to be precise.

While walking through the police station he had swept his eagle eyes through every single nook and cranny that was deeply imprinted into his brain.

There were simply too many things that were illogical and totally opposite to what he heard from Xias against what he was seeing right now.

“Killing other Survivors? That is not exactly what I asked for.” The head shepherd said with a straight face...

It was as if he didn't even want to attempt to explain himself.

But fortunately, Dilan didn't have to coax him for an answer as there were still the other five gang members that were present and more than willing to answer him vehemently.

“The head shepherd told the shepherds to search for Survivors, food and other goods that could be helpful. Even though he said that they should use all means, the head shepherd didn't say that they should be killed.

After all, we need new Survivors as well, otherwise, we won't have laborers when we—...” The man would have continued speaking if not for the head shepherd who suddenly raised his hand.

He looked at Dilan with a straight face without saying anything else. However, even if the head shepherd didn't say anything, Dilan could tell that he was questioning himself if his words 'by all means' might have been misunderstood.

None of the gang members were afraid of killing.

But even if they didn't fear blood and killing, there were actually not that many people who killed more than one or two humans before the Primordial Ascension.

And most of them had been psychopaths as well.

Their gang was not like the mafia or triads. One could even say that they were a rather quiet group that lived their ordinary lives as corporate workers for the head shepherd while doing certain tasks as a gang.

Thus, some people called them a radical club rather than a gang.

“Has anyone in your group ever raped someone?” Dilan asked all of a sudden.

This question truly hit the head shepherd off-guard. Thus he looked at Dilan for a few moments, only to shake his head.

“We are against ****. Power and money were more than enough to convince some women to sleep around before the Primordial Ascension. Now its power, food, and safety for which desperate women open their legs.”

The head shepherd sounded rather nonchalant as if he was discussing the weather.

However in his hardened expression, one could clearly see that his stance against **** was clear and defined. Because Dilan could clearly perceive this, he nodded his head, just to listen to the words of the woman next to the head shepherd.

“Yet even with some women being desperate enough to willingly give up on their body, just to ensure their survival, there are some men who don’t know when it’s enough!! These pieces of trash tried to **** unwilling women, including their own comrades!

That is also why the head shepherd executed more than 30 gang members on the third day since the Primordial Ascension.”

Dilan had not expected to receive so much information. But it was very helpful to create a better picture of the head shepherd that was forming in his mind.

The woman who had just spoken looked like she was ready to die for the head shepherd. She respected him a lot and was loyal only to him.

All five subordinates of the head shepherd were still pointing their gun at Dilan, but he began to smile the more he heard.

[Gale]!

After activating his boots’ ability, Dilan was suddenly shrouded in a gale.

He disappeared from everyone’s sight as the fierce-looking man Dilan had been holding up in the air crashed to the ground.

A moment later a few shots were fired but one of the head shepherd’s direct subordinates felt that something was off.

What they realized a bit late was that the bullets that had been fired hit nothing but empty air and the wall behind.

“In that case, how about you and your people join me? The rules in my group are pretty simple, and the benefits reaped by those who are hard-working are great!”

Dilan had appeared behind the head shepherd. He stated what was on his mind before gently tapping the shepherd’s shoulder.

The index finger of his left hand lightly grazed the left side of the head shepherd’s back with the tip of the Clawed Gloves faintly puncturing his shirt and the skin below.

The moment his subordinates would act weirdly, Dilan would kill the head shepherd.

This was something everyone could tell owing to the bloody aura the young man radiated all of a sudden.

It was the presence of someone, who could kill without remorse.

Right now, Dilan didn’t really feel like killing the head shepherd. Rather, he wanted to make use of him.

There was no need to kill someone like the head shepherd. His gang was already experienced in bloody fights.

As such, as long as they were provided with enough equipment, it would be no problem for them to become a powerful force that ought to be powerful enough to kill thousands of monsters.

And that was exactly what Dilan was imagining right now.

If Dilan were to turn the head shepherd's group into his loyal subordinates, there would be at least 200 Survivors that would be ready to fight.

The sole thought about this was already quite exciting. Thus, Dilan couldn't help but smile faintly.

"What...if I don't want to?" The head shepherd asked in between two deep breaths.

He could clearly tell that he had underestimated Dilan's capabilities. Even with a high combat prowess, it should take him a moment to cross the distance of 10 meters.

However, Dilan did so without actually showing signs that he wanted to move.

It was almost as if he had teleported to his back, which was quite fearsome.

"Well, if you don't want to...I will just leave." Dilan shrugged his shoulders. He didn't mind being rejected.

After all, he had never forced anyone in his old group to remain with them either.

But there was something important that they had to know while abandoning Dilan or rejecting his offer.

"However, if we ever cross paths, and your people do something to harm me or my people, I will kill you...ALL of you!"

**

If you want to support me use your golden tickets and powerstones.

You can also visit my pa treon: [Pa treon.com/HideousGrain](https://pa-treon.com/HideousGrain)

More character images and nice chats about the HideVerse:

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Chapter 108 Subduer

Rejecting Dilan's offer didn't mean that he would consider them as his opponents.

But he was giving the head shepherd a second chance right now. After all, his subordinate, shepherd Xias, had given more than enough reason for Dilan to kill everyone who belonged to his group.

Dilan was not sure who to trust, and if he were to be honest, a gang was certainly not something he should trust, neither before the Primordial Ascension nor after.

The shepherd and his people could become a threat to him and his own group as well!

As such, Dilan's decision to leave the police station if he were to be rejected was not without dangers!

That was why Dilan gave them a fair warning of what would happen if they would try to act smart with him.

An awkward moment of silence passed before he suddenly received a notification from the system just when the head shepherd nodded his head.

[Host suppressed a ruler with over 500+ subjects without shedding blood. Title 'Subduer <Trash> has been granted!]

Dilan was glad that he had received a title. It was much harder to procure one than initially expected.

As such, he was momentarily distracted when he read through the description of the ability

[[Subduer <Trash>]

While the title is equipped, enhancement in Charisma will be provided.]

The title's effect sounded quite strong.

Dilan didn't know what exactly the enhancement in Charisma truly strengthened, but he was sure that time would tell him sooner or later.

"What's your name?" He asked the head shepherd, without waiting for him to answer..

Contrary to before, the head shepherd was not calm anymore. Rather, it looked like he was in a tricky situation because he had been considering accepting Dilan's proposal seriously!

Thus he had subconsciously nodded his head a few seconds ago.

However, right now, the head shepherd was actually thinking about the offer he received.

"My name is Williams Sher!"

The moment the head shepherd said this, he knew that he had lost. To him, it felt like Dilan's demeanor had changed once again.

It had become more difficult to withstand Dilan, his questions and presence.

This was something the others felt as well. In fact, they had already lowered their rifles because they understood that Williams would die the moment they did something stupid.

With that in mind, Dilan let go of Williams' shoulder while his left hand was retracted.

"What do I get in return if I accept your offer?" Williams asked after taking in a few breaths.

He had turned to Dilan, just to see that he was calmly studying the map.

"What can I offer? We will soon claim a smithy, where a retired blacksmith will start forging weapons. Furthermore, we have quite a bit of food, and it's not really difficult for us to get our hands on more food...well at least meat..."

I think the only problems will be the scarcity of water and other resources when more than 600 Survivors start living together in one place!”

If Dilan were to be honest with Williams, even the scarcity of water was not a problem.

First of all, there was a large river two kilometers away from Rian. There was a small spring on the mountainside as well.

And even if one didn't want to leave the city, it was possible for them to procure a few more Rings of Yarad.

As long as his theory was not wrong, and there was only a small variety of items one could procure from a specific Gate, getting their hands on more Rings of Yarad shouldn't be a problem.

That meant controlling a total of 600 Survivors would be the most difficult. Dilan and his small group of rather powerful Ascenders wouldn't be enough to achieve this, not if some of Williams' gang members would try to **** someone.

“Water is not a problem...so the only worry you have is whether my Gang will retaliate or not?” Williams was quite fast at adapting to the current situation.

His Inner ring, which was the official name given to the group of five direct subordinates of his, looked at William in doubt.

However, that was not something he could be bothered about right now. Too many thoughts were running through his mind, including his rough assessment of Dilan's potential.

‘What are his ambitions? If he won't try to become King of his own kingdom or an Emperor, following him won't cut it...’

Williams had been confident that his strength, connections, and experience were enough for him to become the Lord of Rian.

Unfortunately, that was the case when he had not considered the unknown variables such as Dilan.

Dilan was merely 21-years-old, but his eyes clearly showed that he would do everything necessary to stay alive and protect his people.

That was something that only great leaders had, which was the reason for Williams to waver.

“What are your future goals?”

Williams wanted to ask this. However, it was the same woman who had defended him just a moment ago who asked this question.

They were not yet fully convinced to follow Dilan. There were still too many uncertain factors and his own ambition stood in his way as well. But it was a fact that Williams couldn't keep feeding more than 500 Survivors.

Even his closest people were slowly growing weaker due to the lack of food and other resources. The situation was grave.

It was quite obvious that they had to re-assess the situation that unfolded right in front of them.

Since Dilan asked them what they did to those who raped women, everything began to change rapidly.

“My future goals...”

Dilan was actually not sure what to answer. First of all, he didn't even want to become a leader.

However, right now it was quite enjoyable to build up a large society where everyone contributed to improving the society's living conditions.

Problems were bound to occur, but that was something one could solve rather easily as long as one had substantial authority.

“The most important short-term goal is probably to save as many Survivors as possible, and to let them adapt to the new era we're facing...”

Right now, everything that is happening in Milarn is still uncertain, so I cannot speak much about future goals. After all, I don't know whether other humans, monsters, or other races are the biggest foes I would ever face!”

Dilan didn't want to lie, even if it would provide him advantages.

He could tell that Williams, or more precisely, his entire Gang was overly ambitious and a bit hasty to achieve something great.

It was likely for them to feel like conquering Rian, to claim it for themselves, before expanding their territory further.

However, Dilan felt that this was too much of a hassle for the time being.

“But what I know is that I will never allow anyone to do something to the people under me. At least, as long as everyone obeys my rules and orders.

If even that cannot be ensured, we're no better than chickens in a coop!”

Before giving an answer, Dilan made sure that he wanted his people to listen to his orders and rules. This was quite obvious but he repeated it to let Williams and his inner ring understand what he demanded from them.

Dilan's honesty was quite admirable. Unfortunately, it made things more difficult for Williams and his people.

After all, the moment they agreed to join him, there would be no turning back. The same applied to them rejecting Dilan's offer as well.

But even before they could start discussing their next steps, the scout from the rooftop shouted from the top of his lungs.

“WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!!”

Everyone froze upon hearing that warning, but Dilan instinctively approached the window of the office. He ignored the others and had his back facing them just to take a look down at the steel fence that surrounded the police station.

There, he could see several rather fast humans luring a large group of zombies toward the steel fence.

Seeing this, Dilan could only frown deeply, and he cursed under his breath when he heard the loud noise of the office's door being thrown open.

The face of an anxious teenager entered his view as he shouted in between several breaths after charging up the police station's stairs.

"The Death Beatles are here...and they are leading hundreds of zombies here including the Bronze zombies!!! Maybe there are even Tier-1 zombies amongst them!"

The sudden and unexpected attack, that too by powerful beasts, caused everyone to frown.

However, while Williams and the others squeezed themselves next to him to look out of the window, Dilan was just glancing at the young man.

'He knows about Bronze monsters and Tier-1 existences? Did Williams tell everyone, or did this young one figure out everything by himself?'

Dilan was quite interested in the answer to these questions.

However, instead of asking his doubts aloud, Dilan only kept peering outside and mentally applauded the teenager for a near-perfect evaluation.

There may be several hundred ordinary, low-leveled zombies, but there were also monsters that could either be Tierless Silver zombies, or ordinary Tier-1 zombies!

"What is your choice? Will you accept my proposal or not?" Dilan asked all of a sudden, attracting everyone's attention.

The teenager looked at him in confusion for a few moments. Dilan was someone the teenager had never seen.

As such, he was instinctively vigilant against him, even more so because his passive ability told Miles, the teenager, that Dilan was the most fearsome existence in his immediate surroundings.

"Will you help us if I agree?" Williams asked, frowning deeply as he looked out of the window worriedly.

He could tell what Dilan was trying to do, and it was something extremely displeasing.

To some extent, it angered Williams, but on the other hand, he was pretty sure that he would exact in the same way if he were to be in Dilan's shoes.

However, Dilan just shook his head before he tore open the window.

"I'm not that petty. I will just show you what happens to those who attack me, and how lucky you guys are for meeting me when I'm feeling quite generous!"

Not bothering to look at the surprised faces of everyone, he jumped out of the window.

He didn't hesitate for a single second as he fell down 20 meters, just to land on the ground with a loud bang.

The pain of falling 20 meters was drastically reduced owing to his enhanced physique.

Feeling the adrenaline coursing through his body all of a sudden, a bright smile emerged on his face as he lifted his gaze to encounter the gaze of hundreds of bloodthirsty beasts.

“Entertain me a little bit!!”

Chapter 109 Death Beatles

To say that everybody was baffled was an understatement. Their mouths were hanging wide open as Dilan jumped out of the window without hesitation, just to land on the ground without sustaining an injury.

Williams was already at level 10 with his highest stat reaching 10, but even he was not sure if his body would remain unscathed if he jumped from the fifth floor of the police station.

Thus, the glint in his eyes deepened even further as he said,

“I will accept him if he survives this...”

The others just nodded their heads, clearly understanding that they would never be able to defeat the zombies ahead of them, even with their joined forces.

And considering that the gang called Death Beatles was able to lure so many powerful zombies towards them, it looked like they needed someone stronger to protect them as well.

It was quite ridiculous considering that they had always been able to overpower the Death Beatles, but the Primordial Ascension had made them lose their upper hand drastically.

This included the balance of the gangs with the Death Beatles gaining the biggest advantage.

Apparently, the Death Beatles had found out the base of the shepherds the day before, which was why they had prepared a surprise gift for them.

As such, Williams, the head shepherd was bound to receive the welcome gift.

And, he was bound to die in the face of more than five Tier-1 zombies. A single scratch was enough to kill him after all!

But there was one variable the Death Beatles hadn't taken into consideration...the interference of another human!

Dilan's jump to the ground created a lot of noise to attract the attention of all zombies.

Instead of throwing even a single glance at the low-leveled zombies that had yet to reach an Agility of two units, Dilan faced the strongest zombies that entered his sight.

Meanwhile, Dilan was also paying attention to the few humans that had lured the few hundred zombies toward the police station..

'Their Agility is at 5, at most...how were they able to reach the police station with Tier-1 zombies pursuing them?'

Dilan didn't understand this, but that was not exactly a problem.

[Thunder Step]!

Shortly after activating his active skill, a thunderous noise emerged from him, followed by electric currents that circulated around his feet.

Catapulting himself ahead he turned into a purple flash as he jumped over the steel fence.

Landing on the head of an ordinary zombie, he smashed it to the ground without batting an eyelid.

With his Strength and Agility, there was no need for him to fear being stopped by any kind of zombie in the crowd.

As such, he was able to blast through the entire crowd of zombies.

His speed was close to 40 times the average human before the Primordial Ascension after using [Thunder Step]

This allowed him to reach the humans, who attempted to retreat from the police station without getting caught.

There were not many of them, but Dilan could only grasp two at once.

Taking that into consideration, his eyes turned cold as he killed the weakest humans without mercy. He pierced the Clawed Gloves through their neck, ending their lives in an instant.

He had to prevent them from telling anyone what was about to happen, after all!

With a terrifying high speed, Dilan killed four humans, while leaving the two strongest of them behind.

He broke their legs and arms at once before grasping them by their collars.

Dilan could only hear their pained screams as he turned back to the police station.

In a fraction of a second, he found out the fastest way to return to the police station's fence without sustaining a scratch.

Owing to his [Immunity] passive ability getting scratched was the least of his worries. However, the two humans he was holding in one hand each felt different to him.

Thus, with a small detour that took him a mere second, Dilan reached the side of the police station.

Jumping above once again, Dilan rushed to the entrance of the building before throwing the members of the Death Beatles gang right in front of it.

"You guys take these. I want to know everything about the Death Beatles. Don't disappoint me, Williams!"

Even if Dilan was not Williams' boss yet, it was quite obvious who was in charge as of now.

That meant the least Williams could do was to provide him with the information he wanted.

After all, Dilan was just clearing the mess for Williams who wouldn't be able to solve the issues without creating a huge commotion, using up several rounds of precious ammunition, grenades, and whatever weapons were required to kill Tier-1 monsters!

Some may label Dilan as a hypocrite for thinking about procuring information from another gang once again.

However, this time it was a bit different from before.

The Death Beatles sent a huge group of zombies to the police station where hundreds of innocent people lived. That was an intentional attack, aimed at eradicating the Shepherds and everyone belonging to them!

On the other hand, shepherd Xias' attack was something slightly different. Nobody died even though Xias was somewhat...unique in multiple regards.

There were a few more tiny differences, and each of them made Dilan feel the need to procure more intel about the Death Beatles such as their numbers, their strength, and so on!

But, before it would be possible for him to procure more information, the zombies had to be defeated first.

A few of them had already returned to the metal fence, which Dilan jumped over once again.

But this time, instead of paving a way through the crowd to emerge on the other side, he inserted some mana in his Clawed Gloves.

This enhanced their sharpness and endurance, thereby preparing Dilan to fight with all his might.

Adrenaline coursed through his body, and the anger of having been interrupted once again emerged from the depths of his mind.

His hands which were no less than sharp knives pierced and slashed out, killing numerous opponents one after another.

He focused on the more powerful monsters while making use of his speed to kill more monsters.

By adjusting the angle of his attack, it was possible for him to elevate his combat prowess swiftly.

The ordinary zombies would never be able to reach an Agility close to 40 units. Even an ordinary stone with such high Agility would kill them easily!

That was what the accumulated force he could create was capable of.

Slaughtering his way through the opponents, he made use of three units of Mana and the effect of the [Thunder Step] ability wore off.

But that was no problem because he didn't require the active ability's boost anymore as he was already faster than anyone else.

Upon emerging in front of a four-meter-tall zombie that was wielding a club made out of zombies, Dilan just smiled before jumping straight in its face with his hands outstretched. Clawed Gloves pierced out.

The head of the zombie splattered at once as his Clawed Gloves pierced out before Dilan landed on the ground once again.

A faint smile emerged on his face. It was only now that he noticed how weak some monsters were. Yet, even if they appeared pretty weak to him right now, encountering them just a few days ago would have been his death sentence.

However, that was especially what excited him.

Before the Primordial Ascension a few days had just been...ordinary. One couldn't change one's life in terms of physical strength in mere days.

Building up muscles took months, even years if done properly.

After the Primordial Ascension, everyone started from scratch with the sole exception of beings that had awoken an Origin ability.

Yet, even then, one's life could change within days.

And that was what made the Primordial Ascension so special...and dangerous.

After all, everyone could turn into a ferocious tiger after being considered a failure and trash mere days before if fate threw them a chance to start afresh!

At that moment, more than ten monsters with a strength equal to the Lightning Shiroa rat appeared around him.

Dilan had noticed them earlier already, but he didn't think that they would reach him at the same moment.

His pupils shrank in size, and tremendous amounts of adrenaline coursed through him, just for Dilan to activate [Thunder Step] once again.

A thunderous sound erupted around him as he catapulted himself toward the closest monster.

His eyes gleamed brightly as he pierced through the head of the first Silver monster that came in his way.

Moving along and killing beasts on his way, Dilan never stopped and continued with his advance.

He turned his battle into a dance...a dance of death that killed every single living being he came in touch with.

Massacring his way through the ten powerful beings that could have played around with Williams, he ended their lives in less than five seconds.

And Dilan was not yet done because he kept fighting without waiting to catch his breath.

Rather than taking a short break, his speed increased. He was slowly warming up, and simply slaughtering as if he was the Grim Reaper's scythe itself for ten whole minutes.

The anger within him was fully unleashed and a faint smile emerged on his face.

“That was satisfying enough for a small meal!”

**

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Chapter 110 New Leader

Even though the fight didn't last long, Dilan was quite satisfied with the outcome.

He was only scratched once while fighting against the ten strongest zombies at once.

Absorbing all Essence crystals without minding whether they were ordinary, Bronze, Silver, or Tier-1 Essences, Dilan nodded his head with a sly smile on his lips.

“Maybe I should focus on clearing one of the hospital's towers on my own...boosting [Immunity] might be quite important for the future!”

Speaking to himself while glancing at the requirements to upgrade his passive ability, Dilan knew that they had to absorb far more ordinary Essence and Bronze Essences.

As such, he was already coming up with a plan to upgrade it.

But before Dilan would avert his focus on his abilities, there was something else he had to take care of.

By the time most of the Essences were absorbed by him, Williams and the others had also reached the first floor.

In the beginning, they wanted to help him but Williams stopped everyone who wanted to intervene.

Nobody disobeyed the head shepherd's words as they saw him observing Dilan with a vibrant smile on his face.

Williams had been observing Dilan's fight with gleaming eyes. He clearly understood how strong Dilan was.

However, even if he realized that the young man was strong, he wanted to find out more about Dilan..

“Miles, what does your [Perception] tell you about him?” William didn't even have to look at Miles to sense that the young teenager, whose age didn't exceed 16 years, frowned deeply while observing Dilan.

For more than ten minutes, Miles had been staring at Dilan with a tense posture. Sweat was trickling down his forehead.

“May I be honest, head shepherd?” He knew that he had to be careful with his next words. Otherwise, he might accidentally hurt the head shepherd’s pride and be subjected to his irk.

In fact, he would not only get on the bad side of the head shepherd but also that of every single member of the shepherds’ gang the moment he was honest with what he perceived.

But even if that was the case, Miles was unable to help himself from stating the truth which is why he hesitated a bit. After all, what he saw was simply too terrifying.

“Go on.”

William knew that Miles’ words wouldn’t be pleasant to hear. But even then, he wanted to know what exactly Miles perceived!

“Well...to put it plainly, the man who defended the police station is a monster in human skin...I’m pretty sure that nobody here can defeat him...not even if we all of us work together, and make all kinds of thorough preparations...”

Miles could have said a lot more, but he felt that he was unable to do so when he felt that the five members of the head shepherd’s inner ring would stare him to death!

Williams remained quiet after hearing what Miles said before nodding his head.

“I guess that’s it then. I have made my decision!”

He didn’t sound overly frustrated about the choice he was about to make. However, that was not the case with the others, who looked at him with a deep frown.

“Boss...are you serious?! We worked together for so many years...and now you want to give up everything, to hand us over to a...brat???”

It was one of the men in his 30s who asked him in disbelief while pointing at Dilan.

Yet, the moment the man said ‘brat’, everyone couldn’t help but knit their eyebrows slightly.

“If brats are that strong and fight like this one, I want to be one as well.” Williams said amusingly.

However, nobody laughed at the joke.

They didn’t understand Williams’ train of thoughts, the fact that they were not able to feed their people for long anymore, and the obvious sign that the Death Beatles gang were not joking with them. The Death Beatles gang wanted their death and the warning had been more than enough to make this clear.

William might be confident in his own strength but even he was not able to defeat the group of zombies as easily as Dilan. Maybe...Dilan would be strong enough to achieve everything Williams hoped for...just maybe.

Thus, Williams could only smile sheepishly before he turned serious once again as he saw that Dilan approached them.

“Were you guys able to extract some information from these two? They were the strongest in their small batch, so I guessed that they should know the most.”

Blood, brain matter, and small pieces of flesh were stuck in his Clawed Gloves, smeared on his face, and all over his clothes.

One could easily deduce that his appearance was certainly not that of a gentle and kind man.

But the way he spoke in a calm and soothing voice was the complete opposite of his appearance and the words he said.

Williams turned toward the two men Dilan had caught and crippled. Xenia, the woman who defended Williams the whole time, squatted on the ground right in front of them.

She had procured quite a bit of information for them, while Williams and the others were busy observing Dilan’s fight against the zombies.

Her head turned toward Williams the moment she was asked a question and informed them about her progress with the two hostages.

Williams nodded in return before facing Dilan once again.

“Xenia found out a bit, but let me tell you about my decision, first!”

Without feeling too burdened by the way Williams spoke about his decision, Dilan took a few steps ahead.

He threw a short glance toward the two members of the Death Beatles gang, just to revert his attention back to Williams.

“We will join you! Don’t disappoint us and show some ambition while growing stronger!!”

Williams looked quite excited when he spoke about joining Dilan.

Having witnessed his fight against the zombies, and how mercilessly he killed fellow humans it was quite clear that he was merciless to the people who offended or attacked him.

Meanwhile, the fact that Dilan had mercy on them was a clear sign that he was not only sensible but also someone who could comprehend what the best long-term decision would be.

Every single fact connected to each other, resulting in the decision Williams took to join Dilan on his journey!

Hearing a favorable response from them made Dilan feel a bit happy. But only a moment later he turned serious once again.

“The Death Beatles know about your hideout, so we should move places as quickly as possible. Their ways are quite aggressive, so I guess they will use other means to attack once they find out that their surprise gift turned out to be an even bigger surprise for themselves!”

Dilan’s conclusion was spot on. The moment the Death Beatles gang would find out about their failure, they would attack more fiercely using different means.

Thus, moving away from the police station was quite important.

“Williams, you can become the head for the combat units. That would make things the easiest. As long as everyone in your gang follows the rules I set up in our community, there won’t be any problem.”

Williams had the most experience in leading people in battle. This was quite obvious as he was the only Boss of a gang, who Dilan knew.

And the members of the gang trusted Williams, which turned him into the most important personnel for combat purposes.

That meant Dilan was able to control everyone as long as he had Williams under his thumb.

This was amongst the most important to maintain control.

However, at the same time, Dilan knew that he had to gain everyone’s trust, which could be achieved as long as Williams trusted him.

But instead of wasting any time getting into everyone’s good books, Dilan wanted to leave.

“We can move quite fast. The police station had three buses for the transport of prisoners. If we transport the Survivors first, and the goods later, we need to drive back and forth six to seven times, but it’s the fastest way to move!” Sven, one of the other men in Williams’ inner ring suddenly suggested.

From the looks of it, Sven had already accepted Dilan as the new boss.

Rules of power and strength stated that the strongest was the leader.

As such, there shouldn’t be any problem for Dilan to gaining control over everything.

Throwing a second glance at the members of the Death Beatles gang which they had as hostages, he sighed for a moment before he made a decision.

“Xenia, write a report that includes everything you know about the Death Beatles gang. If you have figured out their current location, the number of their gang members, and what abilities the Gang leader has, write it down as well.”

After he said this, Dilan turned to Williams,

“You should also write down a report about the goods you guys have, how many Survivors you guys took in, and so on... We will need everything once everyone has relocated.”