

I ONLY WANTED A CLASS IN THE APOCALYPSE

Chapter 11 - I Won't Fall Here

My body ached in every possible way. I didn't recall I had such pain ever in my life!

"Roar!"

"Go to hell," I threw my club at the weak spot of a hyena monster, before turning around and throwing another blow towards another one.

I knew if I kept fighting and didn't get into that room, then more monsters would pour in and block my way inside. So I didn't stop my steps while enduring more pain from the harsh fall.

I swore I must have broken a few ribs at least. Even my shoulder looked like it got a fracture or something. I was bleeding from many places and my clothes were now stained by slowly expanding red spots.

If I had an option, then I would first retreat and try to attend to my wounds. However I couldn't do that and all I was doing was making these wounds open further.

"Go away," I finally managed to clear a path to the door. The moment I reached there I didn't hesitate to enter the room.

The size of the room was small to allow for those giant hyenas to enter. So it worked best to block them for me for the next few minutes.

However they wouldn't just sit idle and accept such an outcome. I knew they would come and hit that room with everything they got. My blood seemed to attract more of their hostility and showed more of their ferocity.

"You..." the moment I stepped in, the face of Arnold changed. He was standing next to the generator trying to figure out what he should do with it. He didn't expect to see me here so soon.

"Surprise," I stepped towards him while adding, "now can you calmly get away from that thing? Surely you don't want to lose your life here."

"F*ck you!" However, against my expectations, my words didn't calm him down. Instead he turned around, raised his wooden club in the air before slamming it over one spot.

"Stop!" I saw where he was hitting and couldn't help but cross the small distance between us. But I was a little late in doing that. His club hit the fragile looking tube that connected the generator with the nearby tanks of gasoline.

"Bang... Bang..." I didn't want to kill him, but he already did unforgivable sin in my eyes. I hit him in the back of his head, and a big gush of blood erupted before the generator started to issue strange sounds.

"Click!" like a monster dying, the generator suddenly stopped all of sudden. Then darkness prevailed the entire world with no single light remaining here.

"Dammit!" I grasped my club and tried to touch the generator with my other arm. I could feel the dented places where that jerk's club just hit.

I didn't know how to fix this thing. It was an antique in my eyes. I knew the outer metallic shell wouldn't budge against that wood club in normal cases. However Arnold had his stats risen and his strikes weren't normal at all. The club was smashed under Arnold's strength, telling me more about his stats.

"First things first," I calmed myself down while closing and reopening my eyes several times. I tried to adapt to the sudden darkness while the mighty and thrilling roars of the monsters reverberated all over the world.

I knew we weren't in an utter dark world, there was still light out there. But it was faint, much fainter than the light of the spots here.

"Bang! Bang!"

As I started to adapt fast to the darkness, the brutal sounds of the monsters trying to smash this room began to annoy me.

"I don't even have time to reconnect that," I picked up the torn rubber tube while the gasoline oozing from it soaked my hand and sighed. If I just studied this machine before coming here, I would rather have an idea of what to do to fix it.

However just as I turned around, my eyes fell over something that could be useful.

"I didn't want to kill you," I said to the unconscious Arnold, "after all I got tons of questions to ask you about. But... I can't help it man."

I knew I underestimated those traitors before. They seemed more resourceful and a lot smarter than what I imagined. Having someone as a prisoner from their group would be the best thing I could dream of.

But at this moment, it was either I choose to save his pathetic life and risk losing even mine, or blow his life to pieces and help others survive.

"Another chance will rise eventually," I consoled myself by saying that. After all, this clash tonight shone light about what these traitors were going to do next.

The gasoline stored in this room was inside big suitcase-like tanks. There were around a dozen of them, and without any hesitation I grabbed all I could by one arm while enduring more pain.

"It will be a fun show to watch," I evilly smirked while heading directly towards the semi-smashed door and walls of this room.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Without any warning, I started to cut my path through the densely packed hyenas, killing any monster standing in my way.

Despite being burdened by the tanks on my back, my right arm kept swaying right and left until I finally got out. Then it was time to start running and evading their deadly attacks.

At this moment the hyenas held the advantage against all of us. The light that kept them weakened was gone and they could perfectly see me and my movements.

Despite that I was able to evade all of their attacks using my vast experience in surviving the apocalypse. It wasn't easy, hell no. I was deeply wounded and my bleeding seemed to worsen my power and slightly dulled my senses.

I managed to enter the field at last when another disaster approached.

"Howl!"

"The wolves!" I recognized the unique howling of those wild wolves. They were like the hyenas here, were big monsters with more brutality and viciousness.

Unlike the hyenas, every pack of those wolves had an alpha, one that could be considered a mighty leader. That alpha couldn't be underestimated, and it was the one I should pay more attention towards.

"I won't fall here," I gnashed my teeth before throwing one tank on the ground and started to retreat, "not when I'm so close to winning this quest."

The time passed already was almost three quarters of the hour given to us. So all I needed to do was to survive the next fifteen minutes at any cost.

"Raor!"

"Bang!"

However as I stopped for a moment there, the hyenas finally got a chance to surround me. They formed layers of their big bodies, blocking any path for me to retreat.

"You wanna do it here then? Fine, I think I got far enough already," unlike what the monsters expected, I didn't show any despair or fear.

I viciously smiled before aiming my club at a different spot.

All around were the remains of the useless blockade we used earlier. However at this moment, these crushed pieces were the only way to make me survive this.

"Clang!"

My metallic club met with a metallic piece of what was a bench one day. The clash generated small sparks that would do nothing at normal times. But not right now.

"Burn in hell, bastards!" I loudly shouted while watching the sparks grow into small pieces of fire. Then it started to race time, forming a long and thin thread of dancing fire, heading fast at the direction I just came from.

I didn't leave the room empty handed. Before I left I made sure to open a few tanks and threw them on the ground. As for what I held on my back, one of them was already opened and kept pouring its content everywhere along my steps.

My back was already drenched in gasoline, but it wasn't a problem as I rapidly retreated. If they thought they could take away my light, then I decided to not only bring more light here, but also heat.

Let me see how you would dare to deal with the two most threatening natural elements, bastards.