

The clamor of shrill screams filled Azief's ears.

He looked behind him and he saw a multitude of beasts appearing from the crater formed by the meteor's impact.

People wielding various weapons were trying to attack the monsters. Though some succeeded, they were inevitably overrun by the sheer number of beasts.

At this sight, Azief quickly understood. Aliens! Thinking on his feet, he quickly took the blue book and the golden coin. 'Is this a game? It feels like a game!' he thought as he remembered the words from the World Orb. "Become strong or perish."

'Fuck all this!' he cursed as he ran.

He knew he would have no chance at survival if he waited for help and, truthfully, he was afraid of the beings that were coming out of the crater. He saw the beasts that came out of the craters and they weren't any kind of beast he's ever seen.

He knew of a back alley near here and he could hide in one of the other shops. 'Ah Seng's candy shop,' he remembered.

Ah Seng owned a candy store behind the café and Azief would sometimes go there to buy chocolates.

Thinking this, he felt the ground rumbling beneath him.

Some distance away from him, he could hear terrible screams and people praying to God... no, rather, they were practically screaming for God's help.

The cries of help and the screams for salvation were like the beats of a war drum as smoke rose from a building ablaze with fire.

Boooooom! A huge explosion spawned a fire that reached such a considerable height that Azief could see it even though he was blocked by a two-story building.

‘The gas station was attacked. Hopefully, the beast also dies.’ He thought wishfully, after all, the more beasts that die, the higher his chances of survival were.

His heart was beating like a drum, or more accurately like an EDM factory—erratically and almost as if his heart was jumping out of his body.

Using all his strength and vitality, he ran as far as possible from those terrible noises.

If it weren’t for his survival instincts, Azief would’ve crumbled down in fear.

Why was he so afraid?

Because he had gotten a good look at the beasts that appeared from the crater when he was running to safety.

He knew that if he were near that elementary school he would’ve died. It was only by chance that he was able to kill the newly-hatched demonic chicken, but if he had to fight that ugly big thing, he would surely die.

It looked like a cat, but it was two sizes bigger than normal cats. The most accurate comparison would be that of a tiger currently mauling and eating people like snacks.

Azief ran, dodging the people escaping in the opposite direction as a crashing sound was heard.

‘Another accident...’ he mused while escaping the area. ‘Of course, some people are going to get into accidents.’

When he reached Ah Seng’s shop, he quickly determined that no one was there. ‘They must have already run...’ He thought to himself. He ran inside

and closed the door. As soon as he entered, he realized why there was no one. Crimson blood coated the floor and he saw Ah Seng's corpse lying on the floor with his innards gone while his left eye was crushed by something.

It was almost like whatever killed him didn't finish its meal.

Then a piercing shriek sounded near Azief's position when suddenly, from one of the counters, a flying bat flew towards him.

"Fuck this!" he exclaimed as he wildly slashed.

One of his slashes struck the bat's wings and caused it to fall to the floor.

Seeing this opportunity, he quickly stabbed the bat to death. "Die, die you fucking bat! I'm going to grind you to meat paste and step on your fucking corpse!" he screamed.

This time only the golden coin was dropped.

After confirming the bat was dead, he quickly reached out and shoved the golden coin into his pocket then spat on the bat's corpse.

He was partly so enraged because he was embarrassed by the fact that he was scared and he shrieked like a girl.

Thinking about it he blushed. 'If anyone ever saw me in that state...' he cringed.

He quickly barricaded the door with chairs, tables, etc. Pretty much anything he regarded as heavy and sturdy went into the barricade.

'Is this a game?' He thought to himself as he checked the blue book he looted from the chicken's corpse. As he examined it, a transparent pane of information appeared within his view.

Skillbook: Beast Tamer

Using this skill, you can tame world orb beasts. To tame, use the skill on one of the beasts and keep them, for the indicated amount of time, inside the beast portal. Activating a beast portal requires 10 SP per hour. The cooldown depends on the beast tamed.

“Would you like to learn the skill? (YES | NO)” a menu prompted.

“Beast tamer? Sure,” Azief said. In his mind, a skill is a skill.

And, in a game, the more skills you have, the better.

Azief had begun to look at everything as if it were a game. At least, by looking at it like that he could cope and maintain some semblance of sanity and reason.

Following this logic, he quickly selected “YES” causing a light only he can see to shine down on him. With this light, he immediately understood and a pane with the following text appeared:

You have learned the skill “Beast Tamer”. After killing a beast, you can begin to tame it. Each beast has a different taming period.

After this, cards of a Small Horned Chicken and a Small Vampiric Bat appeared in his mind. By tapping on the cards, he could begin the taming process.

‘Is this a game?’ he questioned in his head. ‘Or perhaps a world-like game? What happened to common sense huh?’

Anyway, after that, he took a closer look at his weapon. Immediately, a screen appears in front of his eyes, similar to that of a game interface.

Rusty Dagger:

Attack: 0-6

Sneak Attack: 0-12

Durability: 99/100

'So, killing two of those beasts consumed one durability. Furthermore, their HP must not exceed 6 Points.' he calculated. 'No, the bat needed two strikes so its health could've reached 12 Points.'

As he came back to reality, he looked around at his surroundings. The cries and screams could still be heard outside the shop.

As he gazed at Ah Seng's body, Azief shook his head at the condition of the corpse. Although he didn't know much about Chinese culture and how to handle their dead, he still knew that the body's current condition would be viewed as an indignity. Thinking about it, it is an indignity in most cultures.

"Ah Seng rest in peace, ok? I've already killed the bat that killed you so I hope, wherever you are, you will rest in peace." He prayed aloud with a clap of his hands. Afterward, he took a blanket from the store's backroom to cover the corpse.

"Now I need to check what's happening outside." He said to himself.

This being said, he was too afraid to look using the front door. He also made sure the back door was barricaded.

After all, he learned many things from watching slasher movies. It was always the back door that got the protagonist killed.

Not wanting to attract the beasts, he quietly climbed to the second floor of the shop and peered outside using a tinted window.

Outside he saw monstrous beasts running around wreathing the area in destruction. Some slithered and some crawled; he even saw centipedes the size of cars and scorpions and spiders the size of humans.

Thankfully, these beasts seem to lack intelligence, or at least that's what he thought.

They seemed to only rely on their sense of smell and sight to attack and wouldn't attack the shop unless they detected humans in it.

In light of the destruction, most escapees suffered terrible fates.

Some were torn to shreds, others were stomped to death, while many were eaten on the spot. He watched as the streets were filled with burning cars and corpses mutilated beyond recognition.

The innumerable gory sights almost caused Azief to puke.

From his vantage point, he saw numerous beasts leaving the area, probably to spread the destruction elsewhere.

It was as if this was just their initial destination. Especially the boss monster that was the big beast.

It didn't seem to be particularly interested in razing in this kind of small area. If it was the boss, after all, it wouldn't be satisfied with just killing a few hundred people.

In Azief's opinion, they probably would go to Mentakab, Maran, Temerloh city, or even the major city of Kuantan. But as long as it wasn't him they were eating, it would be fine.

"Ok, what now?" He asked himself in an attempt to regain his focus.

He needed to return home and search for his family.

He searched his pockets and realized his phone was also in the debris. He thought he could use the phone line in the shop, but to his disappointment, there was no line or at least it wasn't working.

"What in the world happened?" Azief asked, trying to rationalize the situation.

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Strangely enough, he seemed very calm even though his family was only separated from him by about 4 kilometers.

Usually, someone like him, with a family, would already be panicked by this point. Why, then, was he so calm?

Because, if truth be told, he didn't have that much of an emotional attachment to his family.

Not because he particularly hated them or vice-versa, it's just that there wasn't much of a bond.

To him, they were more like roommates.

Whenever he was home, he would retreat to his room and play video games or watch movies. He never really interacted with his household. But that doesn't mean he wants them to die.

'Hmm...then what should I do now...' Azief contemplated as he made a decision.

'I need to make sure that big beast and its minions leave before I go out or I'm going to get eaten like everybody else.'

After steeling his resolve, he returned his focus to the outside world and silently observed oblivious to the fact that, on the first floor, the corpse of Ah Seng was wiggling his fingers under the covers.