

BRO, I'M NOT AN UNDEAD!

Chapter 14 Forest Politics

The stand off ahead made Skullius nervous. Were these guys going to fight?

As he watched from a distance, he saw a particularly outstanding monster from the pink skinned crew walked forward. He gazed intensely at the creatures that stood before them.

The green skinned creatures donned what looked like rags which complemented their dirty skins quite well. The only exception was the figure in the centre which looked a bit more dignified.

It was a bit taller than the others and donned what looked like a less tattered piece of clothing like a black robe which had outlived its use.

On top of its head was a bone helmet while in its hand was a staff made of wood and clanking bones in an terrible mix, the whole structure which was taller than the wielder being unpleasant to look at.

Though Skullius did not know it, the green creatures were goblins while the pink skinned ones were orcs.

“Despicable!” said Skullius in as quiet of a loud shout as he could muster.

The beefier creature reached within a meter of this staff wielding creature and gestured towards the cage where the boars were kept.

The goblin with the staff looked to see the boars and stroked his chin. He turned to the other goblins and started speaking to them in hushed tones.

Skullius was extremely curious. He decided to move in closer while being as stealthy as he could, Red Rage following closely behind. He wanted to see clearly what would happen next and gain an idea of the situation.

The two reached within a bit more than five meters, still covered by bushes and peeked to see what was happening now.

The beefy orc gestured for the goblins to follow him to the cage which housed the boars. They walked up to the boars under the gazes of the other orcs that wore ugly frowns, clearly dissatisfied with the presence of the goblins in their home.

One of the orcs opened the cage which was made of thick wooden bars tied well together.

However, it didn't seem like that was all there was to the cage as it had flashes of symbols carved onto the wood which glowed with a weak purple light from time to time.

Skullius noticed this detail and added that to the many questions he had about what in the world was going on.

The beefier orc extended his hand.

The goblin with the staff turned to the goblin at his right which looked like a confidant and Skullius heard it speak..

"These better be quality boars. Once I put them to sleep, tie them up and carry them away before these idiots decide to attack us for overstaying our welcome," the goblin said.

Skullius was surprised.

'I can understand them?'

Before his confusion could go too far, he realised that he still had the skill that he was granted by the Great Mane Mountain Ape, Azila!

Greater Communication!

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[Greater Communication | Lv.1 -Passive-]

The ability to understand and speak all Low to Mid level languages.

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Skullius' socket flames raged in excitement. His atrocious luck hadn't left him with nothing at the very least. He had gained something useful for free!

As he listened to the goblins conversation, he got a basic idea of what was happening. It seemed there was some sort of agreement between the two parties, though it seemed like there wasn't any sense of camaraderie.

The goblin with the staff extended it towards the cage with the boars and with that action, a thin purple fog was emitted from the staff branching out and enveloping the boars within the cage instantly.

The boars grunted and tried to resist the effects that came with the purple fog but in the next moment, they all fell down one by one.

They had been put to sleep.

The goblins quickly went in and began carrying the apocalypse boars, lugging them over their shoulders. As they did, their muscles tensed from the weight but there didn't seem to be much difficulty.

The goblins turned and began leaving with the boars with the exception of the one with the staff which frowned and pointed at the beefy orc with its staff. "There's one missing!" the goblin shouted as it poked its finger out with the other hand. "We had an agreement."

The beefy orc narrowed its eyes. It knew what the goblin was saying despite the language barrier.

He simply shook his head while crossing his arms.

The goblin bubbled with rage as it gnashed its teeth.

“You seem to want to go to war after all! You’re looking down on us! When my master hears of this, you will regret not taking us seriously!”

The orc merely shrugged and watched the goblin angrily walk away. A droplet of sweat trickled down his brow as he knew that problems were bound to occur from this, but it wasn’t his fault.

The last required boar fled some time ago and there was nothing he could do about it.

“Oh! Is this where you came from, Red bro? Were you the boar they need?” Skullius turned to Red Rage whose eyes never left the interaction before them. “What do you they need with the boars? Oh! Right!”

Skullius realised something and focused his vision on the angry, departing goblin.

A status screen appeared before his eyes.

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[ Name : Shmeija ]

[ Tier : 1 ]

[ Class : Shaman ]

[ Level : 12 ]

[ Race : Foul Goblin ]

[ Inv. Status : Pissed ]

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[ Stats ]

[ Strength : 22 ]

[Agility : 12 ]

[ Intelligence : 30 ]

[ Endurance : 24 ]

[ Luck : 5 ]

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[ Health : 120/120 ]

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[ Mana : 300/300 ]

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“Ohh... he...actually doesn't seem that strong. Did I get that much of a boost after I got the Lifeless Evolution?” Skullius thought as he saw the goblin's stats.

It seemed absurd to him when he thought about the additional stats he would get from levelling up each time. How was this guy weaker? Except for a few stats which were probably higher because of the Class he had, he was pretty much stronger.

He recalled the information he had gotten from VOW and realised that he had gotten it all wrong.

When VOW had told him that he gained five stat points to each stat excluding luck, he had thought that was a universal thing.

He was wrong.

Apparently, this was only applicable to those that had been recognised by the Voice Of Worlds!

Everyone else would get a single stat points to all stats with each level up.

Skullius immediately turned his head to the beefy orc to check its status.

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[ Name : Gu'Smashka ]

[ Tier : 1 ]

[ Class : Warrior ]

[ Level : 18 ]

[ Race : Berserker Orc ]

[ Inv. Status : Nervous ]

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[ Stats ]

[ Strength : 70 ]

[ Agility : 25 ]

[ Intelligence : 15 ]

[ Endurance : 64 ]

[ Luck : 7 ]

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[ Health : 210/210 ]

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[ Mana : 70/70 ]

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“Well, this guy is pretty strong,” Skillius thought. “We have our work cut out for us, Red bro.”

As Skullius watched the departing goblins, he decided that it was better to understand the situation with the boars and also take his chances with the goblins first.

He wanted to understand the number of these creatures as well as their goals.

Also, after checking the status of the other goblins, he became very excited. They would be easy prey if he played smart.

He had 65 points of intelligence for skull’s sake!

Slowly, he began following the goblins, hoping to be lead to where they flocked. With tactful dispatching of the weaker goblins first, he would become stronger in no time!