

# Undead 18

## Chapter 18: The Bloated River Clan

The Bloated River clan was one of the strongest of the many goblin clans that could be found in the Tremur Forest. They had a powerful leader and strong warriors, one of which even having a special Class - different from the norm.

When it came to Classes, there were Normal, Advanced and Hidden Classes. Most were determined by past warriors and beasts, being carried on as legacies that could either be exclusive or non exclusive.

The normal classes were the general and broad ones that held smaller scale skills and boosts to individuals such as Warrior, Shaman, Mage, Swordsman, Healer, Diviner, Assassin, Tamer among many others.

These could be evolved to Advanced Classes with greater mastery, tutelage or by finding legacies or treasures left behind by beasts, humans or other races.

Hidden Classes were exclusively found from legacies and were extremely rare. Those that found them were ALWAYS destined to stand at the top of the world.

Skills in this world also had classifications. Normal, Special, Super and Supreme. What distinguished the power held by each classification was the level of man core required to cast it as well as the general level of power of the individual.

In the case of the Bloated River clan, one individual had managed to unlock a special Class that even the clan head hadn't been able to. He was one of the reasons why this clan was outstanding and by being groomed by the clan head, he had become a trump card of the Bloated River goblins.

In the structure which was located at the very centre of the goblin settlement which looked a lot better than the other flimsy houses settled in by the other goblins, Shmeija walked in with the goblins that carried the boars.

Within the shelter, decorations which consisted of the skulls of different beasts could be seen on the walls in rows, small gems also being imbedded into the dry mud walls.

On the floor was an array of beast skins made into a sort of multi-coloured carpet.

As the goblins entered, they saw a larger figure that sat down on the carpet floor within a circular formation of bones.

A dull red glow was surrounding the figure as it sat in a meditative pose.

The figure donned a strange looking tattered robe which weirdly matched its light green skin. The goblin's eyes were not the same black beady eyes that were seen on the Foul Goblins. They resembled human eyes, with a bluish glow about them while its body structure also resembled a human's.

The figure wore a wolf skull on its face which made it look a lot more menacing.

Shmeija fell on his knees as he drew closer to this goblin.

"Master, I have brought the boars," said Shmeija with a respectful tone.

"Hmmm," the goblin responded with a simple hum.

The other goblins left the sleeping boars and bowed before leaving.

"Master, the Orcs are starting to show signs of rebellion against our agreement. They think that we still need to remain vigilant towards their strength," Shmeija said with urgency riding his voice.

"Hmmm. You have grown impatient again," the goblin who sat said, his voice deep.

"I just don't understand, Master Ukur. Why do we not trample them instead of insisting with this peaceful agreement. We have the strength to do so now," Shmeija stressed while looked up at his Master.

The goblin whose name was Ukur shifted as he felt annoyed at being disturbed from his meditation. He hated it when this apprentice of his began questioning his actions as he did time and time again.

"It's not all about war, my apprentice. Our final goal is not the destruction of these Orcs. Do not forget why we came here. We fled in order to get our bearing and amass strength enough to dissuade our REAL enemies from continuously hunting us. They might find us once again. The Black Scorn clan may have grown even further than we expect," he said.

He then turned to the boars that lay asleep on the floor.

"We have been able to gain a special resource from these Orcs. We see different value in these creatures but they are valuable all the same. While the Orcs breed these boars in hopes of leading them to become powerful forces under their control, we use them to cultivate our strength. So far, we have managed to grow the individual power of each of our kin thanks to this.

This is the benefit of NOT going to war with every creature we face."

Shmeija ground his teeth. He had grown anxious and greedy after enjoying the fruits of his master's foresight.

Dead end apocalypse boars were creatures that were reared by the Orcs. The method to breed them was extremely complicated as it involved cross breeding tens of different types of boars until a powerful, compound boar with a superior evolution path was born. Therefore, they were considered sacred and not for consuming by the orcs.

The pink skinned creatures usually kept them to try and evolve them into great beasts that could be used for war, but that in itself was also vastly difficult.

The goblins saw a different value from these boars when they first got a hold of them. The flesh from these boars had an insane amount of nutrition and special properties that enhanced the strength and minds of those that consumed them beyond the cumulative experience they gave.

Due to their rarity even in trade, only the upper members of the clan would get the chance to feast upon them constantly.

It was bliss but only desperate times sharpened the mind.

"I understand that master, but if we were to be attacked by the Black Scorn clan then it would be in our best interest to eliminate another potential threat. The Orc leader has been going out of his way

to make peace with us by even offering these boars, but even he shows a nonchalance that will come to haunt us later. Let us kill them and take the boars they have instead," Shmeija encouraged.

Ukur sighed as he looked at the determined face of Shmeija.

"You have a personal grudge against those orcs don't you?" he said. "What will you do about their allies who have further evolved versions of the boars and strong warriors that may number equal to our own?"

Shmeija opened his mouth but found no words to respond. He simply wanted to say that they had strong forces too but that contradicted his earlier point about having enemies from two fronts.

"You lack foresight. You are too rash. Resources aren't meant to be plundered. We will grow our strength first," Ukur said before a brighter red hue swirled around his body, sweeping around the surroundings.

Shmeija begrudgingly stood and walked out while clenching his fists.

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In a certain place where the grass transitioned from a shade of green to a golden hue, space warped as a huge figure appeared.

It had dark fur with streaks of gold that looked like carved runes, a golden light shaped like a simple crown revolving above its head.

It was Azila, the Great Mane Mountain Ape.

With his appearance, the mana in the atmosphere roiled and the surroundings began to tremble.

He did not idle, leaping into the air with a strange manoeuvre that did not tear apart the vegetation or the shock the ground.

It barely took a second for his large figure to drop from the sky and reach a certain lake where the cold waters were still, reflecting what lay above in the sky...