

Undead 19

Chapter 19: Prelude To War

Azila gazed at the serene waters for a while, a burst of mana beginning to surge as a gigantic figure surfaced.

The body of water before him could easily be mistaken for being not too deep, but the reality was that the lake was exactly so.

This could be determined by how violent the water quaked when the creature that rose to the surface began to show.

Azila's calm eyes reflected the lengthy mass of an aquatic serpent that had dark blue scales all over its body.

Its green eyes which were rich with mana gazed languidly at the powerful Ape that stood opposite it on the dry land.

The glittering scales on over it were complemented perfectly in hue by the ethereal whiskers that softly rippled in the air with a light similar to the one which was on Azila's crown.

These whiskers would appear inches from the serpent's head, wisps of powerful condensed mana visible with their movement.

This creature was the Aqua Ripper, the second beast to protect this side of the Tremur Forest.

"Why have you come, my dear Azila?" the serpent said with a feminine voice that shook the surroundings.

Only its head was outside of the waters, its body barely visible under the cover of liquid.

"There's a matter I mean to discuss with you," the Great Ape said as he sat down on the ground, supporting his arm with his knee.

"Well? Speak. You barely have enough time before you have to return to your Territory. I suggest you be succinct," the serpent said.

"Hmmm," Azila grunted before speaking his mind. "I met a peculiar creature earlier. It resembled an undead at first, but then it emitted a power that I was not familiar with."

"Oh," said the Aqua Ripper with interest. "Was it not an undead then, or were you fooled by those treacherous creatures?"

Azila ignored the Ripper's ridicule.

"I highly doubt that it was affiliated with the undead. It said that it was an underling of a personage named Bonet who gave it the guise of an undead and sent it to the land these creatures come from to gather information."

"What? Is that not too far fetched? It is not easy to fool those ancient Arch Liches. What could it possibly gather? Did you inquire?"

"No. I was apprehensive about this being named Bonet. Even with the guidance of the Voice Of Worlds, I couldn't see much about this creature. This lead me to believe that this personage the creature served might be stronger than I."

"Interesting," said the serpent as it roiled in the waters, moving closer to Azila as in the next moment, it started to shrink in size, its body which had spanned for at least a few hundred meters becoming that of a short human figure with a dress made of dark blue scales which traced its shape.

It had fair skin which sparkled like glitter, light blue hair which seemed more like a glimmering fog being evident on its head.

Any human who gazed at the feminine figure that had sizable proportions and pure white eyes would have been mesmerised, yet the Ape that gazed at its counterpart did not flinch.

"So you believe this Bonet could be an ally that we should pursue?" the Ripper which had now turned into a short woman that walked on the surface of the water with her bare feet, asked.

"Perhaps or perhaps not. What's more, this creature which was a simple Tier 0 had the recognition of the Voice Of Worlds," said Azila. "This alone makes me hesitant. What if this personage is colluding with the undead instead?"

"Oh. A single underling with barely any strength worth noting selected by the Voice Of Worlds? This is unheard of. Well, while it is interesting, I'm too lazy to run around trying to find allies. We have Karima on our side and that has been enough for centuries," said the Ripper.

"Indeed," said Azila as he stood. "Perhaps it's nothing worth my time."

"Good. Now leave, you're scaring my children."

Gu'Smashka sat by the fire with a few other orcs that looked at him with a barely veiled disappointment.

The handing of the boars to the goblins got more and more agitating to the orcs that saw it as nothing more than a sign of weakness, yet their leader insisted.

A couple of challenges had been made to Gu'Smashka in order to remove him from leadership after many considered his actions as killing the future of the clan.

Gathered around the fire were the orcs that wanted to hear his reasoning, a conversation with snorts that were a signature part of the orcish tongue being prevalent in the night silence.

"Have you finally decided to stop this foolishness? Please tell me that you will not venture into the forest and search for that last boar for the sake of peace?" asked the orc by Gu'Smashka's side with a deep furrow of its brows that made its already wrinkled skin look.... tragic.

"Yes, leader. Tell us that you have decided to follow the true way of the orcs after all," said another orc with passion.

Gu'Smashka sighed as he looked at the dancing flames that lay before him.

"I truly had our survival in mind. We are not the strongest clan nor the weakest. I wanted us to live in peace without having to always rely on others. For a time, giving the goblins what they wanted was the best choice as I knew that we would lose in a fight against them. But now... they seem to be more confident and daring," he said.

"That much we understand, but surely you must have known that it wouldn't last forever. They are goblins! They plunder and kill! We have to destroy them so that we can be at peace," said another orc.

"That's true, but most of our own have never had to lift an axe to kill because of the peace we've had for many years. I wanted them to enjoy that a little longer. They are unlike us who were here even when the clan was still in its infancy," said Gu'Smashka.

The other orcs turned to each other and realised that what their leader said was true. The youngsters would get riled up when there was any mention of war but having not been part of one before, they were doomed to die meaningless deaths.

Gu'Smashka had their best interests in mind.

"I see. What do you want to do then?"

"I can't say that what I think matters anymore. The goblins are already close to initiating a war with us. Especially with that messenger at the helm who still holds a grudge against me for when I almost killed him in our first negotiation. We will call our friends and make the first move. If we go to war, we might as well have the element of surprise.

Also, have one of our scouts scour the goblin territory," said the orc leader as a light of war that hadn't been ignited in years, burned within his eyes.