

Undead 24

Chapter 24: Trouble On Two Fronts!

Shmeija grumbled as he walked on the mildly moist ground, heading to his hut. He passed dozens of goblins of different kinds; the ones that were in the first tier of their evolution like him, and the many others that still had about the same intelligence as that of a rock.

As he walked, he recalled how it had been to be like them. To be at the very bottom. Living on instinct and facing dangers without knowing what to do, the only option available being to swing a wooden mace at all troubles.

Tier 0.

It had been a terrible ride where hundreds of his kind were lost.

The epitome of weakness.

When he first evolved, he had remembered seeing Ukur, his current master who guided him up to the level he was now.

Unlike many of the others, he had chosen to be taught by Ukur about the secrets of the Shaman class, abandoning the path of mindless levelling to cultivate his skills instead.

He might have been weak level wise, but he had a lot of skills under his belt from following his master.

It was precisely because he remembered vividly the weakness of when he was an ordinary goblin that he embraced the idea that his clan should aim for supremacy.

To take and plunder, showing no mercy as that was the reality of the world.

Seeing his master whom he adored strive to flee from conflict because cooperation earned what he deemed to be short term benefits, was infuriating for him.

Unbeknownst to Shmeija, he had given the orcs a false signal that had sparked Gu'Smashka's decision to fight back.

Well, ignorance was bliss.

The goblin appreciated the ingenuity that Ukur had displayed in their time; creating concoctions from diverse herbs that increased their strength and mana even if just by small amounts each time.

As Ukur's apprentice, he had always been among the first to get the first batches released by his master along with a few other outstanding goblins.

While passed up other goblins who were doing all sorts of different activities, Shmeija saw a goblin that ran between the many huts with sweat dripping down its brow!

The goblin turned this way and that, running again as it looked confusedly among the many goblins.

Shmeija recognised it as one of the scouts, and called out.

"Hey!"

The goblin turned to Shmeija and a look of relief appeared on its face as it rushed to him.

"Shmeija!" the goblin cried, panting heavily. "Undead! There are undead in the forest! They are attacking us!"

Goblins who were within earshot gasped as they heard the desperate message.

Shmeija was alarmed, his eyes opening wide as he frowned.

"Go and inform Shirota immediately, he's in his hut. Get him to lead a team to assist, I'll go and inform Master. Go!"

The goblin nodded and raced towards a certain hut.

Shmeija immediately rushed back to Ukur's place and ran in with an urgent pace.

"Mast—"

He was about to speak when he saw someone else already interacting with his master.

Oddly, Ukur didn't look pleased at all to be faced with this individual.

...!

It was a goblin that donned a black, ragged hooded robe.

Its skin was different from goblins like Shmeija, having a brownish tone that made its whole aesthetic with the robe a great deal unsettling.

It turned to Shmeija and grinned, its beady eyes turning into crescents.

"Oh, Shmeija. It's been a while," the goblin said.

Shmeija's heart pounded in his chest.

Their worst fears had come true!

Skullius removed the arrow that had been lodged into Red Rage's skull.

The short Bone Boar performed a short bow as the lights in its sockets flickered fiercely.

[Red Rage approves of your actions. +5 Favourability]

"Oho!"

Skullius was glad to see the additional favourability. He guessed it was from him rescuing Red Rage rather than for him pulling the arrow from his head.

He looked at the body of the goblin that had its guts spilling from its belly and a deep sense of loss gripped him.

"Unfortunately, I couldn't grab the Null Life Essence from this one. Worse yet, I probably won't be able to use this when we get more goblins coming for us," he said as he turned to look at the Grand Sword of the Hedonist.

He would have loved to rush into the village, sword blazing to use up the remaining time he had with the sword - less than four minutes - but from his exchange with Aikil, he had discovered that he could possibly be swarmed with similarly strong goblins and lose his Null Life.

"Let's collect all we can, Red bro. We'll need it for the coming fight," Skullius said.

He rushed to grab Aikil's sword and remembered that he could view the sword's stats.

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[Steel Sword]

A steel sword.

-Damage-

15-20

-Durability-

21/30

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"Well... that's underwhelming. I guess I shouldn't have expected much in the first place. That goblin was just really good at using mana and had that scary skill. Argh! I really want skills like that!" Skullius grumbled...

bonedly.

In his mind, thoughts of how his class was strange, whirled. The description said that he would be able solidify his mastery of the world.

He didn't know what that truly meant, but it seemed to emphasise that his strength wasn't simply limited to summoning apostles. Surely, it would have been worded as 'conquering' if that was the case, right?

Would he have to wait until he reached Tier 1 to get a better grasp of the class ?

Skullius slashed with his new sword in the air a couple of times before he decided he would be using this weapon from now on.

"It might not be special, but from here on out, I'll be using it to try and replicate what that goblin did. If I had been working on mana manipulation, maybe I would have been better at it by now," Skullius said.

Red Rage appeared at his side with a bunch of swords and daggers, most of which were rusted.

He set them on the ground and handled the bow that the archer had been using.

"You can use that too?" asked Skullius as he handled the side of his pelvis with his remaining arm.

The Apostle nodded.

Skullius shook his head exasperatedly.

Of course. This damn gifted, [Blessing of Serenity] merchant!

"Oh right," the Boneman thought as he looked at his torn side - the handy work of Aikil. "Hmm. I probably shouldn't deal with this right now. It'll need a lot of mana to recover all this - if it will even work. Besides, the tactic we'll be using next doesn't need too many hands."

The two looted more animal skin for Skullius as well as the leather armour from Aikil, covering him as his core had begun to show, emitting a light to the surroundings.

Skullius gazed at the Grand Sword of the Hedonist and shook his head again.

He carried it as he and Red Rage ran back the way they had come, re-familiarising themselves with the terrain for their next play.

"[Static Limbo] is not on cooldown anymore. That's a free kill!" he said with a nasty tktktktktktktktkt that echoed in the night.