

Undead 28

Chapter 28: Goblin War

A few minutes before the explosion...

The goblin with the brown skin, adorned in a thin, hooded robe, flashed a grin as it looked at Shmeija who had just ran in to warn Ukur about the undead situation.

The words the apprentice was about to say were suddenly stuck in his throat, halted by the shock he felt at seeing, after a long time, the leader of the goblins of the Black Scorn Clan!

"Please don't tell me you didn't think you were going to evade our eventual meeting forever," the brown-skinned goblin said with a scoff. "From the looks of it, you haven't improved much. Did I come at a bad time?"

Shmeija gnashed his teeth and spewed the words that rose from the depths of his heart without thinking.

"Vijak! Is your grudge still worth chasing us everywhere?!"

The goblin whose name was Vijak, scoffed once more, and turned to Ukur. He knew very well that Shmeija was probably in the dark about what his master had done to earn his wrath.

"Three years ago, you and your clan members cheated us all and thought you could get away with it. What have you been teaching this fool? That we bottom feeders can grow fast enough to not be devoured by this forest?" asked Vijak with an ugly frown.

Ukur slowly rose with a stony expression on his face.

"So what if I have? I wanted for once to run from the natural cycle that all goblins are trapped in," he said defensively.

"Run? You looted my hard-earned work on special herbs and fled! Is that how you escape the cycle? By becoming a thieving cheat and a coward?! And you expect the rest of us to simply accept that?" Vijak hissed as the smile on his face vanished.

"Goblins are among the weakest creatures in this forest. The only way we grow is by hunting and preying on each other. That is how it is and it always will be. You thought escaping close to the borders of different territories would save you from us? Well..."

Ukur frowned as he channelled his mana. The enemies they had been running away from had finally caught up. He did not think that the day would be today.

Vijak had obviously brought his fellow clansmen and Ukur couldn't even imagine how powerful they were. They had always been stronger since then. How about now? Had his sins not crippled them, but bolstered them further?

All goblins were spawned deep within the Tremur Forest from a vast swampy woodland.

Different kinds of goblins had different evolutionary paths that they - most of the time - didn't have the ability to change or control.

Most creatures in this forest were spawned this way, in different sections of the huge forest.

When Ukur had first evolved to become a Tier 1 creature, he had led his clansmen to a safer place.

What Vijak said was true. Goblins were amongst the weakest creatures in the forest, and the reality of the matter was that they used each as stepping stones to grow stronger, as they couldn't attack most other creatures which were usually stronger than them, even as Tier 0s.

Ukur had to train his other goblin clansmen to grow as he battled other goblin clans as well. The difficulty involved with this task was significantly harder as a leader responsible for tens of other goblins that were weaker than you.

With time, other goblins from his clan evolved, aiding him until they eventually built a stronghold in the swamp, killing the weaker goblins as a way to survive.

The food they could eat was limited to either the worms and cretins of the stagnant swamps, or the varying assortments of goblin that populated the place. Cannibalism. All was fair game.

Unfortunately for Ukur and his clan, the battles didn't get any easier after they got stronger by adding more evolved goblins to their ranks, as even though there were fewer evolved goblin clans, they were a bigger challenge to handle, with some being a full two Tiers above.

Ukur was fed up with the strife and gambled on a chance to leave the swamps.

Usually, leaving meant getting killed 90% of the time, as truly strong monsters roamed the forest. This was why most of the other goblins never left, choosing to slaughter their own to grow stronger and hoping for a chance to reach a higher tier.

Others submitted to stronger goblins as slaves to at guarantee that they wouldn't be eaten if they were found to be useful.

Vijak's clan was one of the few that had special traits, or rather a specialisation born from their racial evolutionary path.

Poison.

Because of this, Vijak's had an innate desire for learning various chemical compounds and their effects.

First, he took his interest around the swamp, finding all sorts of herbs over the years and studying them. Then, his appetite grew for more knowledge as he would sometimes venture from the swamp, gathering herbs and other chemical compounds for his experimentation until he found combinations that could boost health and the body's capacity for mana.

Ukur who thought to leave the swamps decided to give himself and his clan a better chance at surviving outside the 'safety' of his clan by taking Vijak's research in a sudden raid. The Black Scorn Clan leader's knowledge was invaluable!

Ukur didn't stop there, however.

He stole all other important items and treasures from other clans and fled.

Mainly because of how each clans' speciality was based off of their evolutionary path, Ukur found it hard to learn most things from the items he had stolen, eventually sticking to Vijak's research alone.

He thrived from it greatly.

However, the Black Scorn had decided to get revenge on the Bloated River clan under Vijak's command and over the years, they had searched, surviving as the Bloated River did in the vast Tremur Forest.

And here they were.

Vijak's body started to produce a dark gas which permeated into the air.

Ukur instantly got cautious and drew back, a blue hazy figure rising from his body to tower over him!

It looked like an aged goblin with a thin figure that wore a necklace made of bones.

Vijak grinned.

"That's it, focus on me! Let's see who will save your clan while you're busy fighting me!" he yelled as the gas that poured from his body eventually covered the entire hut.

A quick figure dashed through the opening of the large hut with its saber as it decisively struck at Vijak, but the brown-skinned goblin simply guffawed.

"Too late!"

In the very next moment, Vijak flicked his finger, a small spark of flame being released into the air and then...

BOOOM!

With a vicious explosion, the gas ignited and blew up the entire hut in a flash of orange light and heat that rose into the sky!

The goblins around were shocked by the sudden occurrence, but then, arrows rained from different directions and took their lives.

Goblins that looked much like Vijak rushed in with grins of malice while wielding different weapons.

The fight which swiftly devolved into a one-sided slaughter-fest began.

From a distance, a certain bulky figure with short tusks that protruded from its mouth watched the unfolding chaos with unveiled apprehension.

He was the orc scout that had been tasked with finding out what was happening with the goblins. With the speed that came with his class, he had managed to cover the distance in a short time.

He grimaced as he watched the chaos that ensued, wondering if this was a good thing or a bad thing.