

## Undead 30

### Chapter 30: Blitzing Through

After the grand explosion that sparked the beginning of the attack of the Black Scorn Clan on the Bloated River clan, everything had spiralled out of control.

From the burning flames, three figures jumped out, with one of them holding an additional figure who looked burnt; charred flesh releasing the crisp sizzle of perfect roast while oozing wisps of smoke.

Ukur was holding Shmeija who had been the only one of the four to fail to reinforce himself against the explosive flame.

Then again, he was a Tier lower than the others.

Ukur had the blue, hazy figure of an aged goblin emit a protective light that warded off the flames from his person.

The one among them four with a saber, the goblin named Shirota, the pride of the Bloated River clan, had a thin film of mana that protected him from the blaze, while the grinning figure of Vijak was shrouded by a dark poison mist that swirled around his body.

"You've grown stronger. I thought a surprise attack like that would catch you off guard - all for a good laugh - but you genuinely look like a leader now, Ukur," said Vijak as the mist vanished from around him. "The same isn't true for your apprentice though. It's such a shame."

Ukur grimaced at the sight of Shmeija.

For a moment, he began to regret having made the choice to leave the swamps to save his clan. Perhaps he should have stayed. Maybe seeking out longevity was something goblins weren't meant to do.

Were his kind supposed to just live short lives full of cannibalism and death?

Shirota walked forward with slow but confident steps while whirling his saber dangerously.

It looked new, with a simplistic dull brown hilt and a blade that showed off its gloss even better with the luminance of the orange flame that was strangely still burning from the wreck.

"No, Shirota!" yelled Ukur with urgency. "Even you are not his match. You cannot fight him alone."

"Don't worry, Master. I never underestimated him as an opponent," Shirota said in a low voice that was thick with his own trance-like ecstasy of a guaranteed victory. "But I will win."

Ukur wanted to bark again, but held himself. Why should he stop Shirota from fighting? He was a powerful goblin in his own right after all. Was his habit of obsessive preservation kicking in again?

Besides...

Ukur looked around and saw his strongest warriors struggling and falling under swords and arrows, their bodies throbbing and twitching from the poison that their enemies imbued on their weapons.

All already seemed lost.

He shook his head, warding away the stray thoughts as he focused on helping Shmeija, his beloved disciple and apprentice.

The disciple that he had lied to all these years. He had lied to all of his clansmen.

They witnessed him making potions to give them advanced health and mana without knowing that it was all earned from the sweat of others.

They thought the object of betray that drove Vijak and his men (goblins) was some vague reason Ukur gave back then - a broken alliance.

But even if Ukur lied, wasn't it for a righteous cause?

The hazy figure above the Bloated River clan leader stretched out its hands and emitted a green light that covered Shmeija who was gasping with a hoarse voice.

Shirota faced Vijak who still grinned in satisfaction.

"Are you sure you want to fight me?" he said.

He received no reply, Shirota only continuing his advance until he was a bit more than three meters away.

"You're quite confident," said Vijak, and he stretched out his hand towards Shirota.

A spark lit in the palm of his hand then it grew until it became the size of a fist. It was orange with a visible mirage of heat that built up around it.

"Entertain me before you perish with your pathetic clan!"

In the next moment, Shirota flashed towards Vijak as his saber glowed with a frightening light!

At the same time, Vijak pumped mana into the flame that was in his hand, and flung it at the approaching Shirota!

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BOOOM!

From the distance, Skullius saw a bright explosion.

"Argh! I can't see from here. Red bro, we have to move. We're wasting precious time here!" he said.

Red Rage nodded and peeked outside for a moment before looking at Skullius and pointing in the direction he had been looking.

"There's more goblins fighting? And many others hiding and shooting arrows? I see," said Skullius, and he stroked his skull.

He went up to the opening they have made to get inside the hut and looked to see the goblins that Red Rage was talking about.

The goblins he saw were of a much higher level. There were three goblins that had levels ranging from 16 to 18. One had a sword, the other having a bow while the last had a staff.

These were the only goblins visible, as the rest of the view was blocked by the surrounding huts.

From the other side of this ravine, roughly four figures with bows could be seen from the cover of trees shooting arrows at the goblins from this side that flew over the river on their side.

Skullius could see that their vision would most likely be blinded by the huts that made a row from that side, deciding that taking action shouldn't pose too much of a risk.

When he had seen the staff, he was immediately hooked on the idea of slaughtering these goblins.

"Red bro, take care of those archers. Quickly," Red Rage nocked two arrows on his bow and shot them at the goblin archers!

The two arrows hit their targets perfectly, and Red Rage was already preparing to take down the rest.

Skullius rushed from the safety of the hut towards the fighting goblins.

As he did so, he pointed his staff towards the goblins that were finishing off their opponents and cast [Mana Bolt]!

The bright blue light of the skill surged, and a flash of mana zipped towards the three goblins!

The [Mana Bolt] wasn't directed towards any of them specifically as it landed a few inches from them on the ground.

The ground exploded with dust and chunks of rock flying in the air while the goblins closed their eyes and screamed. Skullius pulled out his sword, coated it with mana, and attacked at once; he aimed for the goblin wielded the staff.

Even though the dust also covered his vision, he remembered where the goblin was, viciously swinging his sword and feeling it slice through the unfortunate spellcaster who screamed in pain.

Skullius immediately went for the staff, grabbed it and rushed towards one of the huts which actually had an entrance that wasn't badly positioned for his inconvenient exposure.

The goblins saw their companion dying and the culprit running into one of the huts.

They immediately followed, misplaced vengeance and hatred gushing through them.

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The archers who were on higher ground had noticed their comrades fall from Red Rage's arrows tracked and found the short killer - who was nocking more arrows to his bow - and set to attack.

Unfortunately, they were too slow.

One of them was sniped in the neck while the other managed to dodge the speeding arrow by turning his head before he turned tail and ran!

[Apostle 'Red Rage' has levelled up]

The Apostle had finally caught up to his master level-wise, and would have celebrated if he had just a little bit more intelligence.

His fleeing enemy, on the other hand, had enough awareness for panic.

'What was that?!' the goblin thought as he panted from the thought of almost losing his life!

He was from the Black Scorn. He couldn't have known there were undead running amok.

He ran along the line of trees to find a better position where he could shoot at Red Rage.

After running for a few moments, he settled down and searched for the short figure he had seen before.

He nocked his arrow and as he looked...

FWUUUP!

An arrow penetrated his neck, shocking him from both the pain and the sudden attack!

'W...what?' he thought, his eyes bulging wide.

He dropped his bow and arrow, his beady eyes landing on the figure with blue lights coming from its sockets; it was casually stationed on top of a smoking hut, a bow in its hand.

He had been shot by this same creature?!

The goblin archer dropped as it died in a pool of its own blood, wondering what on earth was going on.

Its killer dropped down from the hut and rushed to the aid of its master without a single show of remorse.