

BRO, I'M NOT AN UNDEAD!

Chapter 3 Voice of Worlds!

My eyes flickered with flame once again.

After I was swallowed by the pressure and magic from the magic circle, I was terrified. I gambled on little information and it worked, but I wasn't sure if I'd actually land in another world.

Hell, I wasn't even sure if they existed.

For a few seconds, I had been subjected to great darkness where I couldn't see anything, even the off-white colour of my body.

It felt like I was in a dark, stagnant place.

Then, an opening appeared in the void and spat me out.

I landed too fast to see where I was.

Now, I lay skull down on the ground.

I used my bony hands to push off where I lay and stood.

I raised my skull to see with my flickering flames the DISGUSTING scenery before me!

Life.

Large protrusions stemmed from the ground and rose into the air, at their ends, green swaying monstrosities that screamed of life.

Where I stood was not the black ground I was used to, but brown soil that seemed rich, bearing thin, green children everywhere.

Flesh me, bro.

The sky was blue, flying creatures streaking across.

WHAT IS THIS MADNESS?

My body jerked and a couple of words appeared in my head.

Trees.

Grass.

Leaves..

Damn it! What the hell does that mean?!

And...

Why does it seem so bloody familiar?!

Eeewwww!

From the blue, the voice I had heard before spoke again.

[Greetings young undead. Please make haste and settle your affairs].

Huh?

This voice was coming from my head.

I remembered hearing something about the Voice of Whatever when I was in Somanda's tower.

[Would you like to check your status before it's too late?]

'Umm...what? Before what's too late? What is this status?'

As soon I finished thinking those words, a red, half-transparent light screen appeared before my socket flames.

It had details inscribed on it which I focused on to perceive.

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[ Name : Skullius ]

[ Tier : None ]

[ Level : None ]

[ Race : Moronic Undead (Lesser) ]

[ Inv. Status : Doomed (Adverse) x2 ]

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[ Stats ]

[ Strength : Null ]

[Agility : Null ]

[ Intelligence : Meh ]

[ Endurance : Infinite ]

[ Mana : Poor ]

[ Luck : Atrocious ]

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[ Skills ]

[ Mana Sense | Lv. 10 (Permission to evolve) ]

[ Flesh It Like You Mean | It Lv. 1 ]

[ Lifeless Evolution ]

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‘ ... ’

“What is this?” I spoke. “And who are you? You’re creeping me out.”

[I am the Voice of Worlds.

I am a guide to those who have achieved certain requirements.

I appear as the panel before you, called a Guidance field. This just happens to be its miniaturised version.

This is your status. It shows your current state in terms of Individual Information, statistics and skills].

I didn't want to rage out yet. But I noticed some things that I needed answered. My socket flames flickered.

"Can you please kindly tell me why that Inv whatever status says I'm currently Doomed?"

[Please click that thread with your...finger and expand the information].

I looked at my finger and poked the Status. Strings of information being unfolded in the next moment.

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[ Invasive Status ]

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[Doomed Factor 1: Disowned

Your master, Undead Lich Somanda has cut off his mana supply to you. Under normal circumstances, you would cease to exist. However, the benevolent VOW has granted you time to decide your own fate. If you cannot do that in the time given, you will meet your end.

Time till DF1: 24hrs

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Doomed Factor 2: Existential Crisis

Your distinct perception and absorption of mana throughout the years has caused you to start awakening what should have been lost a long time ago. If

you fail to recover and remember this in time, you will suffer a crisis of your own existence and descend into madness.

Time till DF2 : 1yr ]

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‘.....’

“So let me get this straight. I am basically about to die or go mad from these two.....factors?

Flesh this! I completely forgot that Somanda owns me and can just stop supplying me with mana!

Arghh! What is it that I am supposed to recover! You know it don’t you, voice in my head?!” I yelled.

[Please refrain from calling me that and call me Voice of Worlds or VOW for short.

Yes. I know everything about you. You have been getting short bursts of memories that confuse you. You’re supposed to find out what they are. Even though you keep getting bits of them, this process is happening in an unstable manner. Furthermore, I cannot interfere with your path. My duty is to guide].

Hmmm. Well. There’s my motivation. A vague adventure with bigger stakes than a countryside butchery.

Wait! What was that? ARRRGHHHHHH!

Okay okay. I’ve kept my cool long enough.

“HEY, why am I called a Moronic Undead?!” I barked. “What kind of stupid name is that?! Level, None?? What’s that anyway? Strength Null, Agility Null?? Intelligence, Meh???! What are these comments? Explain yourself, BRO!”

I heard a scoff in my head.

[Please refrain from calling me, Bro! Everything on your status will be described with a comment until you have a level.

Your current attributes are so dismal that you lack a level. A level is part of a power measurement system used across Worlds.

As for your race. That is YOUR race. A moron embodied in bone. That is why your kind was only sent to the mines and not given important tasks. You're a closed-ended species that has limited requirements for any form of growth. So...yeah].

Well, that's discouraging and insulting!

How am I a moron? Bonet yes, but me?!

I swear I'll kill Somanda one day!

I looked around and felt something in the air. There was a peculiar sensation tingling around me. It was something I was well accustomed to. I almost laughed when I felt on my bones. Mana.

[As you've noticed, there is an abundance of mana here unlike in Deadmanland. This is a possible path for you to cure DF1. It's also a path for you to evolve from the Moronic Undead race].

There's so much mana here!

I extended my hand and ran my bones in the air feeling the chill of mana. My core was yearning for it.

"Maybe it won't be so bad," I tried to comfort myself.

I can finally explore mana to my core's content!

"If I'm supposed to save myself from the mana problem I'm going to have to supply my own mana right?" I asked.

[Yes. However, you can only do that if you evolve from your current race and gain a level. The DF1 will not be a detriment solved in one instance. A continuous supply of mana will be needed at all times. First, you need to increase your mana capacity through evolution. I would recommend that you aim for Tier 1. Please check your skills].

Hmmm. Why do I feel like my life is about to become an even bigger socket hole?

I focused on the skills and they gave strings of information.

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[ Skills ]

[ Mana Sense | Lv. 10 (Permission to evolve). ]

The ability to sense the presence of mana within a certain range.

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[ Supreme Skill ]

[ Flesh It Like You Mean It | Lv. 1 ]

Tired of looking dead? Are your eyes hollow? Do you need to smile and show off something other than bones? Call on the power of cosmetic flesh and get a body that's to your liking.

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[ Supreme Skill ]

[ Lifeless Evolution ]

Tired of the same old undead evolutions? Is being undead not trendy anymore? Well then, try the Lifeless Evolution Package. For strong, unorthodox and peculiar evolutions that will knock your skull off.

If you are seeing this in your Guidance field it means that this skill is bound to you and is non-refundable.

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“ ... ”

WHAT IN THE...