

# BLACK PUDDING

## CHAPTER 8

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Circe observed silently as the foolish pudding, Blake, squandered the internal mana provided by the system on futile attempts to burn away the flesh of the undead. The goddess couldn't help but feel a sense of bemusement as she watched Blake, now struggling against a rather pitiful skeletal horde. This dungeon, created by Circe long ago to train levelers for the wars that transpired long ago during the dawn of creation, should have posed no challenge to someone of Blake's potential.

Yet, the pudding seemed oblivious to her own inadequacy, thinking she was performing admirably. Circe had attempted to guide and advise the idiotic child on harnessing ambient mana to her advantage, but despite Blake's natural affinity, she continued to struggle. It was perplexing to witness someone with such innate potential flounder in grasping the more offensive spells that should have come naturally to her.



I couldn't help but revel in the exhilarating chaos that surrounded me, my senses tingling with the thrill of combat. As a skeleton lunged at me, I twisted my curvy hips with a mischievous smirk and swung my arm, transforming it into a tentacle as I did. The impact was glorious, shattering its bony face and sending a rain of teeth cascading through the air. The defeated skeleton crumbled into a heap of bones, scattered like discarded playthings. Oh, the joy of such a satisfying strike!

But my triumph was short-lived as three more skeletal adversaries sprung forth, eager for a challenge. Undeterred, I embraced the momentum of my previous attack. Continuing on with my spin, my tentacle lashed out, dispatching two of the oncoming foes. However, before I could fully evade it, the third skeleton managed to leap onto my back, aiming straight for my jugular. Little did it know, my true form was that of a liquid goo that only appeared human. With a simple mental command [**Corrosive**], I reactivated my acidic racial skill.

As the skeleton latched its teeth into me, it quickly began to disintegrate, succumbing to the corrosive burn of my acidic passive. A hint of concern washed over me as I contemplated the state of my pH levels, reminding myself to exercise caution around Aurelia. That is, of course, if she's interested. "I do hope she's interested," I quietly sighed, my thoughts momentarily drifting to the enigmatic enchantress.

But there was no time to dwell on matters of the heart, for a few more skeletons charged at me, their bony frames determined and relentless. Maintaining my wicked grin, I readied myself for the next round, eager to continue this dance of destruction. As I deftly ducked under a swinging sword, my eyes briefly flickered toward Circe, who was casually fiddling with her nails, displaying a complete lack of interest in my fight. *How utterly rude!*

My momentary distraction had proven costly, as I found myself impaled by a spear, the blade tip piercing through my chest with a sickening smoothness, like stabbing into a bowl of gelatin. Only I was the gelatin! Caught off guard, I had no opportunity to evade the attack before a shield crashed into my side, forcefully dislodging me from the spear's deadly point and sending me sprawling across the arena's sandy surface. Wincing, I glanced down at the wound, only to be reminded of my unique nature as a Black Pudding—no internal organs to be damaged. The perks of being a Black Pudding, I supposed. It dawned on me that I was surprisingly resilient to physical blows. Unfortunately, my brief lapse in attention had allowed the encroaching horde of skeletons to converge upon me, their clattering bones a symphony of merciless intent.

A seemingly endless horde of skeletons surrounded me, their bones rattling in a macabre symphony, while the sand beneath me continued to churn as more zombies clawed their way to the surface. The grotesque figures hungered for a taste of my flesh, their ravenous desires evident in their bared teeth and outstretched arms. Instinctively, I tried to unleash my powerful spells, calling upon the destructive forces of [**Necrotic Flame**]. Yet, to my dismay, nothing happened. Frustration welled up within me as I desperately roared, invoking the name of [**Blight**], but once again, my attack failed to materialize.

“Shit,” I muttered under my breath as the horde of undead closed in on me.

One after another, the undead pounced on me, forming a grotesque and suffocating dog pile. Bony fingers clawed at my flesh, teeth gnawed and gnashed, and I could feel their relentless hunger as they tore chunks of me free. It was a relentless assault that would have overwhelmed any ordinary individual. But I wasn't like anyone else. My Corrosive passive was still activated, and while it wasn't corroding them away at a rate, I was happy with, it certainly had an effect on them. As their weight pressed down on me, the dog pile slowly withered, dissolving into my acidic body. I relished the taste of bones and flesh as they melted into me, a strangely satisfying sensation reminiscent of strawberry-flavored Jell-O.

In this battle of consumption, my victory was assured as the horde of mindless undead gradually dissolved into me. But the thrill of such an easy triumph left me wanting more. I craved excitement and challenge, something beyond the mundane act of letting my foes dissolve into me. It was time to shed my human form and embrace my true nature. With a touch of ambient mana, I ignored the system commands and unleashed Polymorph out of instinct, allowing my imagination to run wild.

Tentacles erupted from my body, sprouting in every direction, a mesmerizing and chaotic spectacle. My back became a writhing mass of appendages while my legs transformed and my arms split into multiple tentacles. There was no pattern to their arrangement; my focus was solely on lashing out. With these acidic limbs, I unleashed a frenzy of attacks, striking out in all directions upon the horde that piled upon me.

With my writhing tentacles, I seized the skeletons and zombies by their necks, their spleens, anywhere I could get a grip. I relished the sensation of acidic corrosion as I let the potent substance do its work, dissolving their bones and flesh. Their forms crumbled and dissolved in my grip, their remains scattered and discarded like morbid confetti. A skull here, a limb there, all sent flying in different directions as I effortlessly tossed them aside before swiftly moving on to the next undead.

You have defeated [ <b>Undead Warrior</b> ].
You have defeated [ <b>Undead Barbarian</b> ].
You have defeated [ <b>Undead Swordsmen</b> ].

The constant stream of system notifications appeared like desperate cries for attention, but I ignored them with wicked glee. In the midst of this frenzied battle, they were mere meaningless distractions, drowned out by the cacophony of destruction and the outburst of my maniacal laughter.

Time seemed to stretch as I snatched, smashed, and corroded my way through the hordes of undead. Though it felt like hours had passed, the reality was that only a few minutes had ticked by. Surveying the aftermath, all that remained were piles of bones and the sickly-sweet aroma of decomposing flesh, which strangely reminded me of freshly baked bread.

Taking a moment to assess my surroundings, my eyes landed on the three statues standing at the center of the arena. They stood tall and rigid, their unyielding gazes fixated on me with an eerie intensity. It was as if they were waiting for something. With no other immediate threats in sight and a lingering hunger gnawing at my insides, I couldn't resist the temptation to satiate my appetite with a quick snack. The scent of rotting flesh permeated the air, drawing me closer to the piles of undead remains.

But just as I was about to sink my metaphorical teeth into my well-deserved meal, I was abruptly interrupted by the slow and mocking applause of Circe. Her deliberate and exaggerated clapping caught me off guard, momentarily freezing me in place.

"That was utterly shameful," Circe mocked, her tone dripping with disdain. "I've seen toddlers display more finesse and skill than what you just showed. Instead of harnessing the full power of your magic, you resort to brute force like a mindless savage. If this dungeon wasn't designed for beginners, you would have been obliterated by the first undead creature you came across. Consider yourself fortunate that there are no enchanted weapons in this dungeon to expose your pathetic weaknesses. A single swing of a holy blade or a strike from a flaming sword, and you'd be nothing more than a pile of ash."

Folding my tentacles across my chest, I narrowed my eyes and directed a defiant glare up at the floating banshee, I mean goddess. "I didn't think I was that bad," I muttered under my breath.

I reveled in my own badassery, completely indifferent to the opinion of this delusional hallucination of a bitch. In my mind, I knew I was a force to be reckoned with, and her judgment held no sway over me. With the agility and precision of a Kungfu master, I had swiftly dispatched the horde of undead and reduced them to nothing more than scattered piles of bones. I stood triumphant and unscathed, a testament to my skill and power. However, as I glanced to my side, I noticed a few broken skeletons futilely attempting to attack one of my severed tentacles. *When did I lose a limb?*

In a sudden explosion of sand, the arena was engulfed in chaos. A cloud of dust obscured my vision, leaving me in suspense as to what had transpired. Within moments, the haze began to clear, revealing a monstrous entity that defied description. It was an abomination, an undead chimera of immense size and grotesque appearance. The creature possessed the decayed body of a lion, its majestic mane untouched by the ravages of time. However, instead of the expected goat head, it sported a cobra-like snake for a tail. The lion's maw dripped with putrid yellow drool while the snake's mouth oozed a sickly green substance. And let's not forget to mention its colossal size. The undead chimera towered over me, its monstrous form reminiscent of a monster truck. The sight filled me with exhilaration rather than fear. *Oh, this is going to be fun!*

The lion's head emitted a thunderous roar, shaking the very foundation of the arena. Simultaneously, its tail coiled around a hefty chunk of a broken pillar, preparing to launch it in my direction. Time seemed to slow down as I assessed the impending danger. Instinctively, I prepared to leap out of harm's way with a graceful somersault. However, it was at that moment I realized I hadn't transformed my tentacle-like limbs back into their human form. My attempts to evade the hurtling stone pillar only resulted in a chaotic entanglement of my unruly appendages, hindering my movement and leaving me vulnerable to the imminent impact.

With a sickening splat, the massive chunk of rock crashed into my upper body, causing it to be obliterated in an instant. Everything above my waist was torn away, leaving me in a state of disarray. However, as a Black Pudding, I was capable of regeneration, and I could already feel my body reforming itself, the gelatinous substance flowing and reshaping. While I began to gather my scattered remains from beneath the stone slab, the obnoxious goddess floating by me found my predicament rather amusing, her laughter carrying through the air.

Merging back with my torn-off piece, I swiftly evaded two incoming slabs, their colossal weight shaking the ground upon impact. With unexpected agility, I attempted a cartwheel over a pile of bones, twisting and ducking to avoid another slab hurtling toward me. However, my acrobatic display faltered as I clumsily executed a backflip, resulting in a belly flop onto the ground. To my surprise, the awkward maneuver proved fortuitous as the undead chimera launched another stone slab that narrowly missed me, crashing into the stadium with a resounding thud.

I glanced up and locked eyes with the undead chimera, its massive form looming forty meters away. Without a moment's hesitation, the monstrous creature charged toward me, its thunderous footfalls shaking the ground beneath me. As the creature approached, I couldn't help but notice the sickening sizzling sound that accompanied each drop of its yellow drool as it hit the sand-covered arena floor. Yet, the most unsettling sight of all was the three marble statues, their once motionless figures now shifting about to get a better view, their stone eyes watching my every move.

"Shit!" I swore under my breath.

I glanced down at my trembling hands, feeling a surge of fear welling up within me. Slowly, I lifted my gaze, and my heart sank as I locked eyes with the charging undead chimera. At that moment, I hated my life with a fiery intensity I had never experienced before. The realization that my exhilarating adventure was about to take a dangerous turn dampened my spirits, and I couldn't help but mourn the loss of the carefree joy I had felt just moments ago.

I've always been a bit of a twisted bitch, taking things to the extreme just for the sake of making a dumb point. It's just how I roll, you know? Like that time when my ex-boyfriend Ethan cheated on me with my supposed best friend, Mia. Keep in mind, this was right around the time I was coming out of the closet. Still, boy, was I pissed! So, to get back at him, I did something equally messed up—I slept with his mom. Yeah, I know, it's not my proudest moment, but damn, did it hit him hard. I mean, who would've thought he'd be more ashamed of his mom banging me than I was? But hey, she was a total MILF. Maybe not the best mother figure, though. I heard she had quite the reputation around the local bars. And let me tell you, the antibiotics I had to take afterward confirmed those rumors. But hey, at least I picked up a few tricks from her if you know what I mean.

Now here's the funny part—Ethan's last name was Stifler. Yeah, you heard that right. I was the girl who banged Stifler's mom! The jokes and teasing he endured during his college years were endless, while I had to deal with two weeks of burning every time I went to the bathroom. Totally worth it, though. As for Mia, well, let's just say Ethan gave her a special little present called his mother's chlamydia. Ah, revenge is a sweet, twisted pleasure.

So yeah, I may be a bitch, but damn, did I relish in my victory, and yes, I enjoyed my triumph with a warm slice of warm apple pie and maybe a few additional visits with Stifler's mom. Anyways, there's a point I'm trying to make... *Umm, what was that point again? Shit, I completely forget. Ah, who the fuck cares!*

Raising my hand in a desperate attempt to defend myself, I called forth the power of [Blight]—but to my horror, nothing happened. Panic surged through me as the chimera's shadow engulfed me, its massive jaws descending upon me with a thunderous roar. In a frantic maneuver, I leaped to the right, narrowly escaping being devoured, but I couldn't evade the crushing impact of the creature's oversized paws. Like a crushed car at a monster truck rally, I was trampled over, my body tumbling and rolling across the sandy arena. The pain wasn't as excruciating as I had expected. However, each blow did remind me of my mortality. Miraculously, the chimera's momentum carried it past me for several meters, its struggle to stop in the sandy terrain working in my favor.

I quickly regained my footing as the chimera came to a stop, its lion head tilting back to fix its gaze upon me, a predator eyeing its prey. Determined to fight back, I lifted my arm once more, calling upon the power of various spells—[**Blight**], [**Necrotic Flame**]*—*but to my dismay, nothing happened. Panic surged within me, clouding my thoughts and leaving me in a state of confusion and frustration. At that moment, I couldn't think clearly, my mind consumed by the overwhelming sense of helplessness.

The chimera's change in tactics sent a shiver down my spine as it circled me, its predatory movements mirroring that of a cat cornering its prey. The hissing of its snake tail only added to the sense of impending doom. It was toying with me, relishing in my helplessness. At that moment, all hopes of returning to Aurelia were dashed, and a wave of desolation washed over me. *Perhaps this was for the best*, I thought bitterly. *I'm no champion but a twisted monster with a taste for murder and an insatiable appetite for rotting flesh. Maybe this new world, with all its magic and delectable corpses, is better off without the likes of me.*

I let out a resigned sigh as the chimera abruptly stopped its circling and crouched low, raising its snake tail high in the air and wiggling it with an uncanny resemblance to a playful feline. The absurdity of the situation struck me, considering I had never owned a cat. I was always more of a dog person, particularly fond of Great Danes. Those big, lazy, and snuggly giants had been a constant presence in my life since I was a little girl. And yet, as I watched the chimera shake its booty in a bizarre display, a sinking feeling settled in the pit of my stomach. I knew exactly what was about to happen.

There was no escape, no place to hide from the impending doom that awaited me. No matter how fast I ran, I couldn't outrun the inevitable. I was completely and utterly screwed, on the verge of being turned into nothing more than black gooey cat shit. My only glimmer of hope resided in my Corrosive and Venomous passives. When the chimera devoured me, I planned to give it a taste of its own medicine. However, as I watched the yellow drool dripping from the lion's head and the green drool from the snake's, a sinking feeling washed over me. It seemed likely that the undead beast possessed some form of immunity to acid and poison. It was a losing battle, and I was resigned to my fate.

And then, in the blink of an eye, the dreadful moment I had anticipated arrived. The overgrown mutated lion propelled itself into the air with a powerful burst of sand, soaring above me before hurtling back down with unrelenting force. The world around me became obscured by swirling sand, and my instinct for survival took over. In a frenzied rage, I screamed out spell commands, throwing everything I had at the chimera. Most of the incantations I shouted, I didn't even know what they did, but I didn't care. I refused to accept my imminent demise. I wouldn't let myself die here, not without a fight.

In my desperate frenzy, I even screamed out commands for abilities and spells that I knew were beyond my current capabilities. I yelled them out with wild abandon, hoping against all odds that they would somehow come to my aid. I was panicking, fully aware that I had depleted the mana provided by the system, and that panic only served to hinder my ability to visualize and tap into the ambient mana around me. It was a futile attempt, and deep down, I knew it. But in that moment of desperation, I unleashed a barrage of curses and incantations, my voice filled with rage and frustration.

“BLIGHT! Necrotic Flame, damn you to hell! YOU FUCKING BITCH! Life Drain, damn it! Fear! Venomous! Astral Insight, you asshole! Corrosive! You piece of shit! Poison! Motherfucking Astral Insight! Leap! Paralysis! Disease! Fortress! FUCKING LEAP! **[Burst]!**”

My world came to a sudden halt as time seemed to freeze. The undead lion's face loomed dangerously close to mine, its jaws wide open, ready to clamp down on me. But before its decaying teeth could sink into my flesh, something inexplicable occurred. Against my will, I was propelled forward at an unimaginable speed. I darted beneath the creature's outstretched paws, slipped beneath its rotting belly, and then, with a jarring impact, I was struck by two massive orbs, feeling as if I had been smacked with solid steel. The force of the blow sent me spiraling into a daze, my footing lost as I tumbled and rolled across the entire expanse of the coliseum arena.

“Ouchie,” I groaned, the pain coursing through my body as I came to a stop, having skipped across the arena like a pebble on water.

Struggling to regain my composure, I glanced around frantically, but the thick haze of sand that my tumble had caused obstructed my vision, limiting my sight to a mere ten meters. However, amidst the chaos, a piercing, high-pitched screeching noise pierced the air, sending shivers down my spine. It was a sound that could only be described as a cat suffering a truly agonizing demise. For the first time, I truly understood the meaning of the expression, “It sounded like a dying cat.”

“Holy shit,” I gasped, a mix of shock and disbelief coursing through me. “I just used Burst! But how? I thought I was completely drained of mana!”

Circe’s laughter flowed through the air as she explained, “Abilities don’t rely on mana. You can use them as long as your physical strength allows.”

“What does that mean?” I muttered, still grappling with the concept. However, my attention was quickly diverted as I noticed movement in the haze of dust.

A feeling of unease mixed with annoyance washed over me. I turned my gaze back to the center of the stadium, where the sand in the air was gradually settling. As the dust cleared, my attention was immediately drawn to the three marble statues. They remained motionless, with their cold stone eyes fixed upon me. *Fucking creepy!*

As I turned my gaze toward the colossal decaying cat with its snakehead tail curled underneath, I couldn’t help but notice its pathetic state. It staggered around, its hind legs seemingly paralyzed. The undead beast was also emitting a dreadful screeching noise that pierced through the air like a high-pitched tornado siren. A sickening realization washed over me, and my hand instinctively moved to touch the side of my face, where I found a portion of my Silk Webbing had been torn off.

“He tea-bagged me!”

Circe’s laughter grated on my nerves, but I couldn’t let it distract me. The undead beast, despite its wound, wouldn’t remain incapacitated for long. It was just a matter of time before it regained its strength and resumed its attack. I needed a plan, and I needed it fast.

With a plan forming in my mind, I spotted a few corpses strewn along the outer edges of the arena, remnants of the earlier battle. One of them happened to be within reach. Seizing the opportunity, I sprinted towards it, my focus fixed on the motionless figure. I wished I possessed some impressive acrobatic skills to navigate the arena with grace and finesse, but alas, I lacked such abilities. Instead, my attempt to come to a smooth halt by the corpse ended in a comical disaster. I tripped, faceplanting directly into the groin of a headless zombie. *Worst. Day. Ever!*

As I lay there with my face buried in the foul stench of a putrid decaying corpse’s crotch, a disturbing thought crossed my mind—I was actually salivating. I couldn’t deny the strange allure of the taste of dead things. It was a guilty pleasure that I couldn’t fully explain. Why did I find them delicious? Was it simply a matter of evolving taste buds? After all, many people appreciated the unique flavor of aged meat... right?

With a muffled voice, I managed to utter the command “[Absorb]” as I continued to indulge in my rather grotesque meal. The corrosive power of my acidic touch had already eaten away at the dead zombie’s pelvis bone, revealing the grisly scene. *Oh shit! What does my face look like right now?*

Do you wish to [Absorb] [Undead Horde]?  
Yes / No

“Wait, does that say undead horde?” I mumbled into some dead guy’s crotch. “Yes!” I muffled out into a shout.

[Absorb] [Undead Horde] Successful.

Selectable  
[Brittle Bones]  
[Combat Proficiency]  
[Decay Touch]  
[Mindless Regeneration]  
[Rotten Aura]  
[Shamble]

“Fuck, talk about a jackpot! Six kickass skills up for grabs!” I exclaimed with twisted glee, stealing a quick glance at the chimera. The ugly bastard had ceased its stumbling routine and was now engaged in a delightful session of ball-licking. Well, at least I knew where to aim my next attack. My fleeting moment of hesitation and fear was now long gone, replaced by my usual snarky and cynical self. Time to check my goddamn status, I commanded in my mind, eager to see what goodies I had acquired.

<p><b>Name:</b> Blake  <b>Race:</b> Black Pudding  <b>Class:</b> Dungeon Monster  <b>Level:</b> 33</p> <p><u>Titles</u>  <b>Hopeless Crusader</b></p>		
<p><u>Racial Skills</u>  [Absorb]  [Corrosive]  [Necrotic Flame]  [Polymorph]  [Thermalsense]</p> <p><u>Spells</u></p>	<p><u>Vulnerabilities</u>  [Fire]  [Holy]</p> <p><u>Immunities</u>  [Acid]  [Darkness]  [Disease]</p>	<p><u>Selectable</u>  [Astral Insight]  [Brittle Bones]  [Combat Proficiency]  [Decay Touch]  [Fear]  [Fortress]  [Mindless Regeneration]</p>



<p>[Blight] [Mana Sight]</p> <p><u>Abilities</u> [Burst] [Silk Webbing] [Veil Polyglot] [Venomous]</p>	<p>[Poison] [Sleep]</p> <p><u>Unique</u> [Oracle] [Restricted] [Restricted]</p>	<p>[Leap] [Life Drain] [Paralysis] [Rotten Aura] [Shamble] [Shield Proficiency] [Spider Walk] [Spirit Vessel] [Stellar Void]</p>
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Having emerged victorious from the battle with the undead horde, I couldn't help but wonder how many notifications I had been ignoring. And, well, just how high-level was this godforsaken area anyway? Thank the twisted gods for the racial ability, Absorb; not that I would give Circe any credit. Still, that cheat skill was a real lifesaver. Unfortunately, I was still in the dark about my current system mana level. Wish I had some damn numbers to show me. But hey, my whole plan in absorbing those undead assholes was fueled by a flicker of hope that I could replenish my system mana since I had no idea how long it took to regenerate naturally. It also didn't help that I hadn't quite got the hang of utilizing ambient mana to cast.

However, the fact that I gained six new skills was a welcome bonus. But the biggest shock of all? I was now sitting at level thirty-three, which meant I should have two precious skill points to unlock two of those sweet selectable skills. *Heck yeah!*

Casting a fleeting glance at the chimera, I let out a breath of relief as I witnessed the foul creature engrossed in its delicate self-grooming ritual. Now might not have been the most opportune moment to explore my newly acquired skills or delve into the intricacies of those six enticing abilities, but I needed a game-changer, a lifeline to shift the odds in my favor. Face-diving into its testicles wasn't exactly a sustainable combat strategy for me, after all.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>[Brittle Bones]</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Your bones become fragile and prone to breaking upon impact. This makes it harder for enemies to land effective blows without causing self-injury.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Type</u> <b>Ability</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Activation</u> <b>Passive</b></p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>[Combat Proficiency]</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Acquire the expertise to effectively engage and overcome adversaries in battle.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Type</u> <b>Ability</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Activation</u></p>

<b>Passive</b>
<p><b>[Decay Touch]</b></p> <p>Gain touch of decaying hands and accelerate the decomposition of organic matter. This causes objects or structures to weaken and crumble.</p> <p><u>Type</u> <b>Spell</b></p> <p><u>Activation</u> <b>Cast</b></p>
<p><b>[Mindless Regeneration]</b></p> <p>Gain a slow and limited regenerative ability. This allows you to gradually heal minor wounds over time.</p> <p><u>Type</u> <b>Ability</b></p> <p><u>Activation</u> <b>Passive</b></p>
<p><b>[Rotten Aura]</b></p> <p>Emit a foul odor and aura of decay. This causes nearby enemies to experience temporary nausea and reduced stamina.</p> <p><u>Type</u> <b>Ability</b></p> <p><u>Activation</u> <b>Passive</b></p>
<p><b>[Shamble]</b></p> <p>Gain a slight boost in movement speed. This allows you to shuffle along slightly faster.</p> <p><u>Type</u> <b>Ability</b></p> <p><u>Activation</u> <b>Cast</b></p>

Well, none of those seemed particularly awe-inspiring. In fact, a couple of them sounded downright ridiculous. I mean, “Brittle Bones”? Seriously? How would that even work for someone like me, who didn’t have any bones, to begin with?

I heard a low, guttural growl, and I quickly turned my attention to the chimera, which had recovered from its little nutty headbutt. And wouldn't you know it, the bastard was charging straight at me like a bull on steroids, hell-bent on turning me into its next chew toy. That lion head of his was spewing out a thick, putrid yellow cloud, while that snake tail of his decided to join in on the fun by spitting green globs of goo my way. Talk about a tag team from hell.

But let me tell you, I wasn't about to piss my gooey pants in fear. Nope! I squared my slimy shoulders, raised my gloop-covered arms, and gave that undead monstrosity a defiant look that said, "Bring it on, you undead fucker!" I had a plan, and it didn't involve running away like a scared little chicken. Nah, I was ready to give this rotten chimera a taste of my own special brand of ass-kicking. I couldn't help but hope that my little feast on the undead horde had replenished my system mana to the brim. After all, I needed all the magical juice I could get to take down this monstrosity.

As it came charging at me, I mustered all the strength I had and let out a warcry that would make a banshee proud, "[**Burst**]!"