

## Oracle 546

### Chapter 546 - Chaos And Anarchy

Still, Jake didn't let the thrill of being alive cloud his judgment. As he watched the wisps of black smoke billowing skyward, his expression grew grim again.

"I'm grateful that you care about my well-being, but don't do that again." He chortled to the Playboy while staring somberly at the Nawai that had put him in a daze. "They didn't take you seriously before, but now even Bhuzkoc will have an eye on you. You may have shot yourself in the foot trying to avenge me."

Kyle scratched his head sheepishly, but he didn't look repentant in the least. From the hint of a smile lingering on his face... He was actually quite proud of himself. However, as he saw the worried look in his leader's eyes, he became conscious of the true significance of his act and began to sweat profusely.

"I won't do it again." He promised sincerely, but added with clenched fists right after, "However, I stand by my statement that these bastards needed a warning. If we continued to take their dirty tricks, our group would have been schemed to death before we even reached the spiral mountain."

Jake's eyes went wide as he received his wise words from his comrade. Was this really the same person who had just fired a mini-nuke at the "innocents" of the enemy faction just because he thought it was fair game? Seen in this light, Kyle obviously had a more flexible morality than he did.

'Perhaps I was wrong.' He muttered inwardly, wondering if Bhuzkoc would have dared to attack him if he had promptly retaliated by lashing out at his subordinates.

If Kyle could get a missile launcher of that caliber to deter his enemies, Jake didn't need it to deal massive damage. If he ditched all moral qualms and stopped trying to spare his stamina, he could do far worse than his friend when it came to wrecking the place.

Of course, while they were talking, neither Jake, nor Kyle, nor Bhuzkoc's subordinates stopped racing forward like crazy. After the explosion, those who had been spared or were able to pull themselves up had immediately started running again, without giving a second thought to the charred crispy black victims left for dead behind them.

Jake and his group had bypassed the crater and the smoke cloud and took advantage of this interlude to widen the gap between their group and the three factions.

Neither Shaktilar nor Melkree had reacted to their deadly exchange and that was a huge relief to Jake and Kyle. Bhuzkoc had many Nawai Four and Three-Ordeal Evolvers as subordinates, but he didn't seem to have solid control over these warriors to their utmost delight.

Aside from the elegantly dressed Nawai man who had repeatedly used his Soul Skill against him, no one else seemed to have participated in this ambush. Seemed, because it was not unlikely for one of them to have taken the chance to cast sinister Aether Spells on his subordinates.

The person Jake was most suspicious of, the Black Orc, on the other hand, hadn't so much as batted an eye in their direction during the entire altercation. It was as if the death of these lowly-refugees, whoever their master was, was of no importance to him in the grand scheme of things.

Nevertheless, if Jake and Bhuzkoc had been more attentive and not so focused on killing each other, they might have noticed the high-rank mercenary's displeased grunt when Bhuzkoc went after Jake. In contrast, the orc didn't raise an eyebrow when Kyle annihilated almost half the refugees in his group with his missile launcher.

Only now was his upper lip curling up, revealing a long pair of ivory-colored fangs. It was hard to tell if he was smiling or gritting his teeth in fury.

Now that Bhuzkoc had decided to leave them alone, Jake could finally focus on his wounds. Glancing hatefully at the triceratops alien with a broken horn behind him, he promised himself he would teach it a lesson at the first opportunity.

This beast was insanely tough. Even after causing a pileup and being trampled by hundreds of animals, this one had gotten up with no apparent injuries and after a bellow had charged at him again, his eyes completely red.

'You're such a sturdy beast and yet you run from these Digestors like a mouse before a cat... Whatever fucking species you're from, you bring shame to all of them!'

Compared to Jake, who still had time to grumble, the huge beast didn't care about the tiny human's thoughts of revenge. After this terrific kick and the loss of a horn, the creature was still disoriented and had long since entered a state of frenzy. Thanks to this, it had forgotten its fear of Digestors and even experienced a surge of vigor and vitality. If not for this, how could it run so fast?

This frantic escape and exchange of blows felt like an eternity, but the rocky prominence where all the factions were converging was not all that far ahead. After a minute or two of running, the dense vegetation of the forest blocking their path suddenly cleared and they landed in a sort of barren wasteland.

The place looked more like the entrance to a canyon, except that the ground was covered with an ash-gray dust. When Jake and his group stormed inside this place, thousands of refugees and Evolvers already on the scene turned their eyes on them. Simultaneously, a huge flash of lightning streaked across the sky, shooting down the side of the spiral mountain that stood before them as if to herald their arrival.

Seen up close, this conical structure was even more impressive than Jake had imagined. This rocky protrusion was so large and massive that the thousands of survivors at its base were like thousands of ants scurrying around their anthill.

'Ugh? There's actually some aliens and creatures here looking like ants. Big ants though...' Jake noticed as he swept his gaze across the crowd. Looking at one of these, he remembered his predicament and a look of horror twisted his face.

'Fuck!'

They had been so relieved to get out of the forest and to have made it safely that they had momentarily forgotten about the rampaging beasts and Digestors on their heels.

Seeing this new group of survivors sprint back out of panic, the factions already there and closest to them changed their expression and drew their weapons. Just before, the factions of Bhuzkoc, Shaktilar and Melkree had already baffled them by not stopping.

'Are the Digestors already there?'

This was the question plastered on all these refugees' faces, but the strong Evolvers among them sneered as they witnessed this display of ignorance. Those who cared about their subordinates had long since made their way to the mountain. Never would they have dawdled at the edge of the forest where visibility was minimal and danger paramount. The more cannonfodders between them and the horde of Digestors the better.

In fact, when they tried to force their way through, whether it was the three factions or Jake and his group, they were immediately met with intense resistance. Their progress stopped after a few dozen meters, but after the last few days of carnage these refugees were not the same cowards they once were.

When other refugees blocked their path, they braced their muscles, lowered their posture and tucked their heads into their necks before suddenly speeding up. The interfering refugees were unprepared and were knocked down like bowling pins.

Although most had maxed out their Strength Aether Stat over the past few days, they didn't have the Myrtharian Body and United We Stand skills to boost their performance. The result was an instant and indisputable defeat!

Several Evolvers at the foot of the mountain with fearsome auras glanced in their direction as they noticed the commotion.

"These refugees are quite okay." An old man with a rosy glow, short black hair and a trimmed long beard stroked his chin with amusement as he saw this group of newcomers force their way through without any difficulty.

Around him, there were no dingy refugees, but a hundred golden-armored sturdy men with sword brows and sharp killing intent. No refugees, nor Evolvers from other factions dared contend for their spot.

"Cannonfodders are still cannonfodders." A deep voice scoffed sinisterly in response.

The speaker was a young man with long spiky black hair and blue eyes. However, his irises contained two golden star-shaped pupils. His skin had a healthy tan and his proportionate musculature gave him a certain charisma. With his black armor, his long coat of the same color and his deep-blue long sword, it was difficult to mistake him with a weakling.

The other owners of these huge Aether signatures remained silent during their exchange. Among them were several mammoth beasts and several humanoid aliens, including a huge Nosk. There was also a mysterious woman whose face was covered by a veil.

As Jake and his group crossed the first line of obstacles, the rampaging beasts chasing them emerged in turn, uprooting a bunch of trees to signify their arrival.

The chaos and anarchy that ensued spoke for itself.