

Oracle 551

Chapter 551 - Conspiracy

Somewhere in high orbit around a gigantic planet whose immensity was matched only by the number of Evolvers and Digestors waging a merciless war on its surface, a huge ring-shaped spaceship was drifting around without any protection or escort.

In addition to the abundance of hyper-advanced heavy weapons that lined the warship, on board were the Oracle Overseer Oros and a few hundred Oracle Guardians. Next to these powerhouses, the huge ship was no different than a wooden shack and served simply as a base of operations.

Although there was usually a peaceful atmosphere inside, albeit polluted by Oros' repeated mood swings, the crew serving the temperamental Oracle Overseer had a privileged and secure position compared to the rest of their colleagues operating down here.

In the most spacious office of all, but paradoxically devoid of furniture so as not to affect the immaculate whiteness of the setting, an Oracle Guardian was kneeling with his head bowed in front of a small creature about two feet high with a long neck and a small head barely wider than a golf ball. This one was sitting comfortably in a kind of metal bowl levitating one meter off the ground which seemed to serve as a means of transportation.

This scene was becoming familiar to the poor Oracle Guardian Captain named Garos, who was subjected to the tyranny of his tiny superior day and night. He was expecting to be berated like every other day, but today was destined to become a cursed day for the poor alien.

"Why wasn't I informed?!" Oros ranted as his tiny fists clenched with fury.

The alien's long neck ending in a small head began to undulate like a frenzied tadpole not unlike the dance of a cobra's crown before a snake charmer.

Upon seeing this, the valiant Garos almost shat his pants. Oros may have been whining and torturing him all the time, but he wasn't really angry. It was an unspoken game between superior and subordinate, and the Oracle Guardian had long since come to terms with this treatment. But when a Giwok's neck swayed like that, it was a sure sign that the alien was angry.

His eyes bulging out with foreboding, his pores evaporated five liters of cold sweat in a split second. Throwing himself at the Overseer's feet (or at least underneath as Oros was still levitating), the Oracle Guardian Captain spilled everything he knew before the lunatic alien went berserk.

"I swear I have a fair explain-"

Too late.

BOOOM!

Seen from space, the ring-shaped spaceship suddenly tilted to the right, almost flipping over. The outer armor swelled at one point, forming a nasty bump on the ship's surface. Then with a teeth-chattering screech the thick armor gave way and an explosion ensued, accompanied by an unstoppable geyser of air signifying the depressurization of the ship.

A shrill alarm immediately blared inside the ship, while red LEDs began to flash frantically to instruct personnel to follow the emergency evacuation protocol.

Thankfully, not anybody was allowed to work here and the veteran Oracle Guardians and Evolvers making up the crew showed no signs of panic or agitation. Heaving a jaded sigh, they simply took a deep breath and held it before heading to the area to be sealed. Certainly it wasn't the first time something like this had happened.

In the airlock depressurized by the explosion, the "culprit" was huffing and puffing lightly, but Garos' eyes twinkled with joy at the tiny alien's restrained attitude. Hopefully, its anger had already been spent on the last attack.

"Tell me what's really going on. I want to know everything about the situation and who is responsible for this whole farce." Oros ordered coldly after regaining his composure. Destroying things was by far the best outlet.

Garos would willingly agree if he was not so often the thing his superior was trying to squash to appease his mood. Gathering his thoughts, the experienced Oracle Guardian Captain regained his professionalism and eagerly spilled everything he knew,

"The Digestors of the non-living areas have indeed coordinated an invasion on the Oracle Shelters and Cities bordering their territories. There are currently 4896 Dungeon Digestors and this number is growing rapidly. The number of Oracle Shelters and Cities that have fallen under their control in recent days is in the millions..."

Oros' neck, which had stopped swaying, quivered with fury and disbelief at the news. Garos subconsciously clammed up when he saw this, for fear that the little Giwok would lose his temper again. To his relief, it was a false alarm and his superior didn't destroy the ship again.

Meanwhile, a team of pissed-off aliens had already landed in the command room with their gear to seal the breach. They barely nodded to their Overseer before getting to work without a word.

Their swiftness and efficiency of action was admirable. Their stats were off the charts and their knowledge and Aether Skills were mesmerizing. In less than a minute, walls, armor and destroyed machines were brand new again.

Expecting no praise or reward, these mechanics fled the room, leaving Garos to his fate. Once again alone with his superior, the latter spoke hastily before Oros could torment him further,

"This was no accident, but it was not the fault of a B842 schemer. There were two events that happened in the last few days on B842 that caused this series of events and prevented us from reacting in time."

"Oh? And what were they? Why wasn't I informed?"

"... " Garos stammered something inaudible, but he couldn't find the courage to say it again.

"What did you say?"

Clearing his throat awkwardly, he shivered unconsciously, "Cough, cough, nothing..."

How could he say that this report had been transferred in time to the Oracle Overseer, but that the latter had out of laziness failed in its duty. If he accused the Giwok of incompetence directly in front of its face, it would take much more than a team of mechanics to "fix" him.

It was precisely because Oros did not mentally read the reports that were constantly being sent to its Oracle Device that they needed Garos to give him a summary. The latter usually took care of everything, merely informing the Overseer when he was overwhelmed or when the latter called him into its office to discuss.

However, seeing the suspicious behavior of his faithful subordinate, Oros seemingly understood something, and the alien's cheeks turned a slight bluish hue. With his blue blood, it was the equivalent of blushing out of embarrassment for a human.

His embarrassment didn't last, though. Despite his carelessness, Oros was still an unfathomable Evolver. No one earned the rank of Oracle Overseer through incompetence. When he decided to take his role seriously, no Oracle Guardians, no matter how competent they were like Garos, could match his efficiency.

Within seconds, the millions of reports that had accumulated in his Oracle Device over the past several weeks were instantly scrutinized with the assistance of his Oracle AI. For most Evolvers, the Oracle AI would have done this synthesis work to compensate for its master's negligence, but for better or worse the characters of an Evolver and its AI were always incredibly compatible.

In other words... Oros' Oracle AI was also the conscience of an old Giwok and this species was known throughout the cosmos for its legendary slackness. This pair was a famous comic duo, but they had other undeniable strengths or they would never have achieved their current respectable position.

"These reports indicate that virtually no Oracle Guardians were dispatched to the scene." Oros said with a frown. "The reasonable explanation given is that we have been subjected to a massive Space Digestor invasion for about two weeks. Almost all of the Oracle Guardians have been tasked with dealing with the threat, with the rest remaining on Thelma to protect our most important stronghold.

"So far, I have nothing to complain about. This isn't the first time these Space Digestors have messed with us, and it could even be considered a routine mission. However, it's been two weeks and these Oracle Guardians haven't returned. These Space Digestors are proving to be tougher than usual. If it were only that, I could still tolerate it, but it turns out that their attack coincides with the huge and irregular increase in the number of Dungeon Digestors on the surface of B842. Even by coincidence and without going through me it is enough to require an emergency investigation. Nowhere in these millions of reports do I see requests asking for my help. It's as if the silent fall of these Oracle Shelters didn't cause a stir.

"What really bothers me is that the reports from these senior officers do not mention these irregular Digestors's moves on B842. If I hadn't consulted the Oracle System directly by abusing my authority, I would have stayed in the dark too.

" Furthermore..." At that moment, the Overseer's somewhat tame and idle spiritual pressure erupted forth, becoming as suffocating and compressive as a black hole's gravity. This killing intent was as sharp as the deadliest blade, and those fleetingly poked by it could almost smell their own boiling blood.

Garos, who was unprepared for it, was instantly flattened to the ground, his muscles and bones becoming as thin as a sheet of paper. Oros was no longer joking.

"You've got some nerve to dare possess my subordinate like that." The tiny alien spat with utter disgust. "Get out of this body now and maybe I'll leave your soul in one piece."

"Ghegheghe..."

A creepy laugh echoed through the room and black smoke wafted from the mangled body. It gathered over the body, gradually forming the features of an inhuman face.. Recognizing these facial features, Oros' rage flared.