

Oracle 557

Chapter 557 - Time To Let The Wolf Into The Fold

All eyes subconsciously followed the direction of her pointing finger and all were dumbstruck as they spotted the lucky one. The most surprised was definitely the poor dude the veiled woman was pointing at.

"Cough, hey Kyle..." Jake nudged the playboy, clearing his dry throat embarrassedly. "it seems your sex appeal with women hasn't worn off yet..."

Will immediately followed up with a meaningful smile and a pat on his shoulder,

"Tell me the truth... Did you get yourself some Grade 3 Charm Aether Encoding without telling us?"

The businessman was clearly envious, but he was also happy for his partner. Only Svava gave the mysterious veiled woman a wary frown. As a fellow woman, she had keen instincts and knew that a woman of this caliber would not make a spectacle of herself to seduce a man, let alone a stranger far below her status.

Jake and Will also had their suspicions, but could they really reject the attention of an Evolver far more powerful than they? Hell no.

All they could do was put on their most neutral and docile masks to numb the suspicion of these High-Rank Evolvers. If they could feign some apprehension and deference that was even better. If they could blatantly fawn over them without overdoing it, that would be perfect.

As for the main character, his complexion was strained and dazed, unable to make sense of this sudden development. Kyle was no longer the same naive Playboy of a few months ago and even he could sense that something was amiss.

'Am I really that good looking?'

Just thinking about it, he found the concept absurd. Some men could fall in love with a beautiful woman at first sight, but the opposite? And with such a large discrepancy in status? He might as well be daydreaming! Unless she was just a complete ugly mess under her veil?

Would she kill him on the spot if he overinterpreted her words as advances? His old street-seducer tricks wouldn't work here.

Mobilizing all his neurons' computing power in search of an adequate behavioral response, Kyle suddenly had an epiphany and his face lit up, amazed by his own genius.

Controlling his cardiovascular system fastidiously, he crudely vasodilated the blood vessels in his face, and accelerated his heart rate wildly, simulating a flattered and self-conscious blush, then did exactly the opposite.

Keeping the vasodilatation of his arteries and veins, he practically stopped his pulse and his breathing, showing all the symptoms of a syncope. Thus, after remaining spellbound from "giddiness", Kyle fainted in front of a stunned crowd.

Utterly shameless!

' Fuck me sideways! This kind of shit is allowed?!' Jake's eyes bulged out in disbelief as the corner of his mouth twitched with fury.

Svara also saw the playboy in a new light, while Will stroked his chin thoughtfully. Playing dead? Kyle had definitely stolen that technique from him. Maybe he should collect a reward from him when he woke up for his humble contribution...

Jake had already figured out his comrade's intention. By faking the blackout, he intended to delegate the bad role to him. Whatever happened after, he would wake up as if nothing had happened a few minutes later while feigning embarrassment and ignorance.

He who was enjoying his friend's good fortune was now the one who had to deal with this mess on his behalf. Yet, if Kyle thought he was going to get out of it so easily, he was deluding himself!

"Sorry, for this unpleasant incident." Jake bowed respectfully, his face the epitome of humbleness. "My subordinate Kyle has suffered from hemophobia since he was a child, and I'm afraid these repeated bloodbaths have worn his mind out. He should be waking up soon after taking his medication."

Without waiting for any replies, Jake then knelt down to his "unconscious" friend and stuffed an entire flask of Digestor blood down his throat. Kyle, who was feigning passing out, almost choked to death for real this time and he had to use all his acting skills to prevent his survival reflexes from kicking in.

Except that he had greatly underestimated the wickedness of his faction leader. While he force-fed him gallons upon gallons of Digestor blood, Jake also took the liberty of telekinetically grabbing his testicles, not hesitating to squeeze hard a first time as a warning.

Instantly drenched in sweat, Kyle's soul practically left his body out of sheer terror and he jerked upright, coughing and vomiting up the ingested silver blood for good measure. If his performance had been caught on film, he could have won an Oscar.

"Wh-what happened?" Remembering the excuse Jake had come up with to justify his untimely fainting, Kyle painstakingly activated his brains and carried on with the ridiculous lie. "I remember we were running away from these fiends and Digestors, then we ran into this mountain, then... nothing."

Jake benevolently "consoled" his comrade, brilliantly giving him the line, briefing him on what he had missed in the last few minutes. Meanwhile, the three behemoths, the Black Orc, the young woman and all the other survivors had their eyes riveted on these two clowns, their true thoughts unfathomable.

" ... "

The whale Crygo must have sensed that both the leader and the subordinate were infuriatingly shameless, because he cut their antics short by decisively approving the veiled woman's choice.

"Your decision has been made. You are free to join them, but they will be under the authority of one of the four of us, and so will you. I'm asking you to work with the High-Ranker of the group they will be joining."

Too lazy or deeming Crygo unworthy to waste her breath, she nodded detachedly and walked leisurely toward her chosen one's party.

Even her gait was graceful and ethereal. Compared to her supernatural elegance, the refugees under Jake's command looked like a bunch of toads around a white dove.

Once among them, she didn't utter a word and kept ignoring everyone, including Kyle, the official reason for her coming. Jake and Will were puzzled, but they were also relieved. Conversing with these kinds of women shrouded in danger and mystery was always a thorny project. Knowing, however, that she had no intention of causing them any trouble at the moment was more than they could ask for.

His new subordinates had witnessed a masterful display of shamelessness from their leader and senior officer and it was time for Jake to reassert his prestige within the group. Abandoning his compliant and obsequious acting, his face darkened and his fighting intent surged forth, glancing fearlessly at the veiled woman.

"I don't care who you are, what your reasons are for joining us or how powerful you really are." He said coldly. "We all have our secrets. However, if you attack one of my subordinates, I swear I will take you down with me. If that's impossible, I'll escape and make your life miserable wherever you are in the Mirror Universe."

These weren't idle threats. Jake at least had that level of resolve. Even if this woman was a Sixth-Ordeal Player with her Aether stats over 25,000 points and a Grade 10 Bloodline like Wyatt, he could make her pay dearly for her arrogance at the cost of his own life.

As long as Aether abounded, the Purgatory Dream could perform any illusion in its territory. Originally the Grandmaster Fluid Artifact of an advanced civilization, then revamped by a Tier 4 Aetherist, it could also conjure up all manner of massive demolition arsenal, including nuclear warheads and the like.

The effects of these weapons would wear off, reverting to harmless illusions once outside the Purgatory, but inside... Jake would die for sure, but those enemies wouldn't be spared either. That was how much of a cheat a Bronze Aether Artifact was.

Imploding his Aether Sun Core was also another last resort. If Jake really did decide to go kamikaze, he wasn't without a solution. With his bloodline, as long as his soul and a few body cells survived intact, he had a good chance of surviving the consequences.

[But you're still wearing that necromancer's Death Mark...]

Right. Jake coughed nervously at Xi's mocking reminder. At that moment, he couldn't help but curse the old man hatefully.

However, his efforts at intimidation had not been in vain. He pretended not to hear the young woman's muffled, sneering giggle, but at least she did not respond to his provocation. Although he was dying to rip off her veil to find out what haughty, condescending pimpiness was hiding underneath, this was not the time.

'Schemers and enemies everywhere...' Jake sighed as he turned around.

He didn't notice the two red dots that flashed briefly under the young woman's veil, but Svava did. She promised herself to keep an eye on her during the rest of their adventure.

During their short interaction, the three behemoths had wasted no time and had already divided most of the refugees into three groups. The three factions of Bhuzkoc, Shaktilar, and Melkree had chosen to maintain their temporary alliance, rallying around Urul Tak, the Black Orc as the new leader.

"Are we really going to join these bastards, boss?" Nicolet growled with contempt as he watched Bhuzkoc greedily grope the breasts of his slaves despite the alarming circumstances.

"We have to." Jake sighed with a shrewd smile. "Think of it as a life lesson. We don't always work with the people we want to."

"Thanks, Jake." Kyle gnashed his teeth as he glared at the Nawai chief molesting his sister in public. "I know that if it wasn't for all of you helping me, I would have done something stupid by now."

Jake's smile faded as he picked up on his companion's seething rage. A sinister glint shimmered in his galactic eyes and he walked toward the enemy without a word.

"It's time to let the wolf into the fold."