

## Oracle 560

### Chapter 560 - I'm Going To Throw Up

The refugees underneath who found themselves drenched in blood quivered in fear, one of the beasts even falling back into his panic mania. It took Will's soothing words to calm it down.

"Phew, I guess escaping this way is a no-no." Diccon joked to lighten the stiff atmosphere around him.

His buddy Nicolet let out a hearty laugh, while the humanoid octopus Teriyaki was quick to assent with an audible sucking noise from his suckers. The elderly spearman Ingranus frowned comparatively, clutching his spear tightly.

'Jake, I can send one of my Shadow Wolves to scout around and figure out what happened.' Svava offered telepathically, as the head of a huge black wolf slowly emerged from her shadow.

'Don't.' Jake refused outright. 'We never intended to run away anyway and it would only waste your energy. We can reconsider that option if we want to leave later.'

The Nawai valkyrie silently accepted his explanation with a nod. The black orc's highly cynical statement further reinforced their choice.

"There's only one way out of a Dungeon Digestor, and that's the way we came in." Urul Tak explained coldly, pointing to the path behind them. "Remember the White Cubes in the cave? You just had to put your hand on them and offer the required Aether to be teleported out or another White Cube of your choice. If you are confident, you can also tear open your own breach in the mountain, but that is at your own risk."

"I don't understand why this Dungeon Digestor is so generous. What is the point of allowing us to freely escape?" A Third-Ordeal Player from Shaktilar's faction couldn't help but wonder aloud.

"Don't think too much." Urul grunted sternly as he resumed striding forward at a fast pace. "If you survive, you'll have plenty of time to ask yourself those questions."

The black orc was tall and unnaturally muscular, and every step he took would send him leaping forward four or five meters, swallowing the distance effortlessly. To keep up, the smaller refugees and creatures began to trot, while the others quickened their pace.

Jake and Melkree's factions were still leading the way, and they reacted quickly, following the lead of the High-Rank Evolver. This was the first time Jake had the opportunity to scrutinize the black orc at such close quarters with impunity, and he didn't hold back.

Only slightly shorter than Grash, his physique was overdeveloped but not grotesquely proportioned. His waist was slim and his shoulders broad. His lower jaw was prominent and his long lower canines protruded from his lips by a few inches, slightly affecting the clarity of his speech. His long dark brown hair tending to red and flowing down his back had a few braids in it, but it didn't look effeminate at all on him.

On the contrary, although his face was smooth, he looked even more ferocious and wild with his deep yellow eyes and his squashed nose reminiscent of a feline's snout. His thick, black, pitted armor forged from an unknown metal was also in line with this.

The black orc was not carrying any weapon at the moment, but his heavy steel gauntlets with sharp points were more than enough for this warrior who obviously specialized in pure strength. If this Evolver wasn't a martial artist fighting exclusively barehanded, then he had his own Space Storage or Faction Vault to draw from.

Several times, Jake nearly bumped into his back when Urul pulled up short to sniff the air vigilantly. It was always at an intersection or fork in the path. Jake could have scanned the entire area and wasted millions of Aether points, but Xi had already informed him that the effectiveness of scanning was limited in a Dungeon Digester.

Since they were theoretically walking around in the domain of a Rank 12 or higher Digester, it had the means to obstruct or interfere with the energy used for these scans, which was akin to the mental sense and soul energy of Evolvers.

If Jake wanted to, he could always spam full-range scans for an astronomical amount of Aether, but the scope would stop at the first stone wall. There was something in that bedrock that opposed their bracelet's energy, and he had a nasty feeling that it would be best to avoid tickling walls and ceilings too closely here. The beetle mole had taught them this bitter truth at the cost of its life.

After each of these breaks, the orc would pick up the pace again and it was clear that he was not pretending to know what he was doing, as tunnels with a slight downward slope began to appear, indicating that they were on the right path.

As they progressed, these tunnels became more spacious and a few wall torches cast their golden light from time to time to give them some comfort.

At one point, they came to a large hall reminiscent of a castle branch. It was dimly lit, dusty and devoid of furniture, but it was a change from the previous dark tunnels. Remarkably, there were several ashy wooden doors leading to other adjacent rooms, but no one dared open them for fear of setting off a trap. At the far end of the hall, there was simply another tunnel in place of a stone wall.

There were also several balconies lining the walls of this room, but no stairs or elevators to access them. Some of the walls behind these balconies also had doors or gaps marking the entrance to other tunnels. Because the only torches in the hall were on the first floor, the flames dazzled them slightly, preventing the group from clearly distinguishing what was on these balconies.

Only Evolvers or beasts with exceptional eyesight could tell that these balconies were not all empty. There were surprisingly a few pieces of furniture and objects lying scattered about.

"Why haven't we encountered any monsters so far? A dungeon without a monster is not a dungeon." Kyle muttered in disappointment. Although he was taking the Crygo whale's words with a grain of salt, he too wanted to know what those fabled rewards were.

ROARR!

Talk about a fucking red flag! The roar came from right in front of them.

"Hey Kyle, don't you want to rename yourself Jinx?" Will retorted sardonically with mild exasperation.

"Don't tell me you forgot to upgrade your Aether Luck stat before you left, huh?" Jake surmised, rolling his eyes.

"I didn't forget. Maybe I got lucky." Kyle grunted with a vexed look.

In response, Jake, Will, Svava, the Aristocats and the other Myrtharian Nerds simultaneously turned their heads towards Maeve who was standing with her head down behind them. 'Yeah, sure you're lucky... Why, don't you keep your luck for yourself instead of sharing it with all of us...'

"You...!" The Playboy exploded, seeming deeply offended by this grouped counterattack.

"Shut up!" The black orc growled loudly, as a huge cleaver of much better workmanship than Grash's greatsword appeared in his right hand. "Prepare for battle."

Faced with an unknown enemy, no refugee dared to dither. Creatures and Evolvers immediately lined up, drawing and equipping their respective weapons. Thrilled and anxious, they waited patiently in the darkness for the great foe behind the roar to appear.

Seconds turned into minutes, and just when they thought the danger had passed, Evolvers with good Perception heard footsteps, and not just a few. There were many enemies approaching!

ROARRR!

The roar sounded again, even louder this time, but Jake frowned as he realized that the source of the cry had not shifted. The monster that had caused the roar was still as far away as ever. So whose footsteps were those?

They got the answer immediately afterwards. Out of the numbing darkness of the passageway in front of them, dozens of humanoid creatures about a meter high were revealed to them under the torchlight.

These monsters were essentially naked, their skin grayish and dull. Their build was rather frail, the latter looking almost underfed. The loincloths of the few who appeared to be clothed were in fact only oddly shaped folds of skin acting as a trompe l'oeil.

In contrast, their weapons were real. They each carried a dagger or short sword about a foot long. To their smooth, uniform silvery sheen, the material was the same chitin forming the Digestors' limbs and exoskeleton.

With their small simian heads, pointed protruding ears, and crushed noses as if they had taken a punch in the face, their appearance might have been comical if their bulging eyes were not gleaming with an eerie and characteristically familiar silver glow.

Subconsciously, Jake and his group couldn't help but take an odd look at the goblin couple Xort and Niss, who were also gawking in amazement.

"Ugh, Xort, is it me or these guys look a little like you when you were younger?" His wife Niss blinked stupidly as she assessed the crotch of a certain "goblin".

"Hmph. You old bat, you're losing your sight! I'm much better looking than they are." The old goblin took offense as he sputtered in his wife's face.

The other refugees nearly choked on their own drool upon hearing this confident claim. 'You handsome ? Look at your face first!'

"Of course you are..." Niss fluttered her eyelids seductively as she gave him a drooling kiss on his wrinkled cheek to quell his ego.

"I'm going to throw up." Kyle announced as he closed his eyes.

If anything, he should have plugged his ears, because the old couple's saucy and lewd hints only multiplied in the next few seconds.. Goblin courtship was not for the faint of heart.