

## Oracle 564

### Chapter 564 - Soul Reaper

At that very moment, Urul Tak, who was usually unperturbed and passive, let them die pointlessly without moving a finger, his aura reeking of evil. His feline eyes were no longer apathetic, but were now animated by an eerie whitish light tugging at their souls.

With a nonchalant wave of his hand, a translucent, ethereal mantle cloaked his orc body, while a necklace set with magatamas carved from strange stones loomed around his neck. Similar bracelets appeared around his wrists and ankles. With his huge black plate armor, this new look was somewhat excessive, but none of the people present were in the mood to laugh.

Whether it was the refugees, the powerful Evolvers, or the goblin Digestors, they all immediately stopped fighting, their bodies shaking with unspeakable dread. The terrified refugees who had fled to Shaktilar and his men lost control of their muscles and sphincters, and a stench filled the hall, adding to the smell of blood and guts.

This was hardly surprising coming from these useless cowards, but this incident was far from an isolated one. Quite a few Evolvers also experienced these incontinence disorders, and for the most part it had nothing to do with fear, but was more of an appetizer before their actual death.

When one died, the muscles would relax and this kind of occurrence was not uncommon, although movies liked to spare us from these realities. Rigor mortis would not occur until several hours later when the corpse's acidity exceeded a certain threshold.

These refugees and Evolvers were not yet dead, but their brains believed that they already were, their souls having already departed from their carnal envelopes. The Evolvers with the strongest will were desperately clinging to their bodies, but their Spirit Bodies could be seen being pulled out of their receptacles little by little.

Fourth-Ordeal Evolvers fared a little better, managing to hold their Souls in place, but most were livid, sweating profusely. Ironically, Bhuzkoc, who was supposed to be the strongest of his faction was in bad shape, showing signs of fainting, while other Nawaii like Fumdalf seemed to be holding up pretty well.

Melkree, who was usually placid, opened her eyes wide as she saw the souls of her subordinates being torn free from their bodies without offering any resistance. Her feminine figure covered in dried mud suddenly expanded, her skin getting coated with bark, branches and leaves of an autumnal red, while thick roots sank deep into the bedrock under her feet.

In the blink of an eye, a huge thousand-year-old tree took root in the hall, covering the rest of the members of her faction with its foliage as well as the others nearby. Immediately, the souls that were about to be extracted turned back to their natural place.

However, with each passing second, many leaves would fall from the tree, withering away at an alarming rate. At this rate, in less than a minute, all the leaves on this tree would be consumed by this oppressive hostile energy.

Shaktilar was also doing well. Being originally an Ice Wizard, he had gone against his natural evolutionary path by not choosing to capitalize on his great physical strength. But this time, it was perhaps what could save his life.

Where his comrades fell one after another like disjointed puppets, his Soul remained firmly anchored, a bluish sphere imperturbably protecting his body, while his robe fluttered under the influence of a non-existent wind.

On the Digestors' side, the few grey goblin soldiers still alive had finished off no less than 7 or 8 of their fellows and their strength had already reached the standard of a weak Third-Ordeal Evolver. As for the ten goblin generals, they were already extremely tough before they murdered several Evolvers and their series of murders had only increased their level of threat.

Yet, in the face of this ghastly spiritual pressure, these same Digestors, renowned for their fearlessness, began to tremble compulsively. The gray orc archer on the balcony maintained his inexpressiveness, but his response was instantaneous. A downpour of supersonic arrows rained down on the Black Orc.

The arrows materialized directly on the string of his bow, conjured directly from the silver chitin that all Digestors naturally knew how to manipulate and produce.

But this level of mastery and the speed with which this chitin was generated had far surpassed any previous Digestor performance that Jake and his companions had witnessed until now. Every second, the snap of the string would chime a dozen times, but the most shocking part of it all was that there wasn't just one bow, but dozens.

Pushed to the limit, the arms holding the bow had multiplied like an asura, forming all sorts of protrusions and growths on the already ungainly orc's body. Now the orc archer looked like an indigestible mass of bow and arrow arms, and its size was only increasing by the second. A keen observer would have noticed that part of its neck had merged with the stone wall behind it and that it was rhythmically swelling and deflating in a disturbing way with each beat of the wall.

The grey human-like Digestor at its side was not to be outdone and pointing its staff at Urul Tak, a terrifying purple lightning bolt struck the black orc protected by its translucent cloak.

Clang, clang, clang, BOOM !

This unexpected bombardment of exceptional power momentarily stalled the orc's technique, but he merely snarled dismissively in response. The spiritual aura radiating from his body swelled in power and the whitish glow in his eyes intensified.

The effect was devastating. Those who were struggling to resist were robbed of their souls instantly, while those who were doing well until now, such as the subordinates protected by Melkree or Shaktilar, also began to convulse in horror. The speed at which the tree conjured by Melkree was losing its leaves multiplied and the trunk itself began to wither, its bark rotting away.

"Ugh..." A melodious growl of pain sounded from within the tree trunk and it abruptly disintegrated, as Melkree's weakened, naked body resurfaced. The dried mud that normally covered her was gone, exposing her flawless body.

Her beauty could no longer be hidden, and everyone stared in amazement at a beautiful young woman with long, shimmering pale green hair. Her pointed ears, slightly protruding, did not seem awkward anymore but gave her a certain charm. Whereas it used to be hard to tell under her usual leather armor, her milky skin was spotless while her body had graceful curves where it needed to be, her breasts bouncing proudly despite the adversity.

If a normal woman would have blushed out of shame or cried out in embarrassment, Melkree maintained the same lifeless face, the notion of prudishness completely absent from her mind. Her pallor was not only due to her skin tone, and from her eyes, mouth and nostrils an amber, viscous liquid reminiscent of sap flowed uncontrollably.

"Let's go." She murmured weakly, making a wide sweeping hand gesture as if wanting to cover the sky.

Emerald light suffused her subordinates, while a lush forest covered with shrubs similar to the previous tree formed a screen between her and Urul Tak's spiritual aura. In the process, she also deprived Bhuzkoc and his men of their only chance to escape.

As soon as Melkree and her men began to scurry away, leaving a number of irretrievable corpses in their wake, Shaktilar finally noticed the absence of Jake and his men and inwardly cursed the calculating bastard's responsiveness. While they were suffering huge losses, this human had long since gotten away.

Unacceptable!

Urul Tak, who should have been trying to stop them, was unfortunately busy with the endless bombardment of the two special Digestors. Although they were too weak to really hurt him, their combination was disturbingly effective.

These purple lightning bolts would make his body freeze imperceptibly, momentarily shutting down his technique while his mind fell into a brief numbness. At the same time, his body would then be forced to take salvos of silver arrows of increasing size, velocity and hardness, as if the grey archer was rapidly perfecting its new technique.

Alas, no matter how futile their efforts, they could only slightly impede Urul Tak. At some point, even their connection to the walls of the hall was no longer enough to support their energy consumption and the bombardment came to an end. Their souls were then drawn out of their bodies along with those of the other refugees and Evolvers and their bodies shattered, merging back into the Dungeon.

With the survivors loyal to Melkree and Shaktilar gone, only a handful of exhausted Nawai warriors and a loudly panting Bhuzkoc remained. A puddle of sweat had gathered under his feet and he could barely move his muscles. Leaning on his heavy axe, he glared hatefully at the unruffled orc and asked,

"Why?"

"You don't need to know. I just need obedient souls." Urul Tak said coldly before adding with regret. "Too bad you're a Villain too. If your intentions weren't so impure, I wouldn't mind sparing you and making you a real subordinate."

"I don't understand." Bhuzkoc wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer and he couldn't immediately make sense of those obscure words.

"And you don't need to.. Now be a good boy and die for this old orc."