

Oracle 567

Chapter 567 - Roller-Coaster

Factoring in his Aether Vitality, Body Vitality and the 8-fold multiplier from his Myrtharian Body, Jake's metabolism was about 3560 times faster than that of a normal sedentary human, even taking into account the local Aether density of over 60.

In other words, he could recover from a serious injury requiring three months of recovery time in only half an hour, while he could recover from an open fracture in only fifteen minutes. Even by the standard of a Fourth-Ordeal Evolver, that was a terrifying number.

This did not include his Real Constitution, which when taking into account his various stats and abilities was estimated to be about 4089 times that of a normal human. In addition to his stats, this included other specifics such as the fact that as a Myrtharian, he had digested many metals and minerals as a snack, his cells themselves containing a significant amount of Silver Alloy.

If the environmental conditions of temperature, radiation and soil were met, his lvl 3 Accelerated Healing Skill could even regenerate torn limbs or defective organs. If he buried himself in soil rich in certain metals and minerals, he could even regenerate the most lethal wounds affecting his brain or Spirit Body in no time.

So it wasn't an understatement at all to consider Jake an absolute tank. If his enemies were not able to exterminate him instantly, his vital energy was simply inexhaustible. From the point of view of those necromancers and Death Energy users whose energy system obeyed certain rules and precepts, the Life Energy radiating from Jake's body was like a torch in the darkness. Blinding, but also repulsive and sorrowful to contemplate.

The fate awaiting all this Death Energy was therefore set. Although Jake could not overcome these Death Marks, as soon as the nascent Death Energy of his companions was transferred into his body, it was immediately suppressed by his own life force.

On his heart, which was already beating only once or twice an hour, and the rest of his cells, the corrosive impact of this Death Energy was basically non-existent. After only a few seconds, these grey wisps broke down in his body as if they had never existed.

Deprived of their fuel, the Death Marks went back to sleep until their next shot and the resulting effect was immediately felt by the affected refugees. Those convulsing and screaming in agony around him stopped twitching and their breath steadied. About a minute later, everyone was able to stand up and communicate normally. Aware that they owed their lives to Jake and Svara, they all expressed their gratitude.

Unfortunately, upon asking them a few questions, Jake noticed that most of them would carry some scars from the incident. Nicolet had forgotten his own name and the identity of his parents, Diccon's IQ had clearly deteriorated, Kelly didn't appear to be strongly attached to her adopted brother Khal, while the latter didn't even recognize her anymore.

Jake had already gone through a similar experience during his Second Ordeal and just sighed out of compassion. Maybe their Souls would recover given enough time. Their brains at least were intact.

After a final round of inspection, Jake and Svava nodded to each other and he switched off the Purgatory Dream. The pitch-black tunnel reappeared around them and it took a moment for the refugees to readjust to the darkness.

"We need to move."

Hearing footsteps behind them, they spotted the ill-fated silhouettes of Shaktilar, Melkree, and their underlings, but he couldn't care less about them at the moment. The tunnel was still contracting, propelling them forward and finally they were past the peak of danger.

As they descended deeper into the endless tunnel ahead of them, Jake saw a gigantic tree sprouting where Melkree had been standing, while Shaktilar pressed on after them. After a sharp turn, they dropped out of his sight.

They raced for several long minutes, hoping to retrace their steps and find the entrance to the dungeon, but Jake and those with a good memory and a keen sense of direction soon found that the route had changed. The turns and intersections were no longer the same, not appearing when they should and leading to different tunnels.

If they had any doubt at first, it faded as soon as one of these tunnels changed its layout before their eyes. As they were running on flat ground, the tunnel suddenly curved downward like a slide and they suddenly began to glide downward. The road was so steep that it was practically free-falling.

Using his telekinesis, Jake smoothly slowed the fall of his comrades, but most of them had done a good job of holding on to the sharp edges of the walls. Although they were in no danger at the moment, they were in a passive attitude, this Dungeon Digestor clearly leading them by the nose.

"When is this going to stop?" Nicolet huffed nervously as he flicked open an eye.

The blond man was like many other refugees curled up in a ball, his arms covering his head to protect it from accidental collisions. Because of the darkness and the tunnel's contractions, they couldn't see much and at the speed they were falling/rolling, they feared they might hit a wall at any moment.

Jake, who had extended his mental sense around him and was controlling them with his telekinesis, had additional concerns. Not only did he have to keep them from smashing into a wall, but he also had to keep them from getting separated at a fork.

At first it went well, but soon the situation devolved into a nightmare and the refugees, unable to see in the dark, were not even aware of it. As the tunnel's contractions intensified, as well as the frequency with which the slope, direction and branching changed/occurred, it soon became impossible for Jake to ensure their safety.

What this dungeon was doing to them was like a roller coaster ride, even putting them through a few loops. Several of the squeamish refugees began to suffer from nausea, until one of them vomited, unable to take it anymore. Then, it was a chain reaction.

The refugee behind him took the vomit of his comrade in the face and vomited in turn. The situation escalated instantly.

Although Jake was no slouch, he was more shallow than he appeared and reflexively erected a second telekinetic sphere around him to stop the puke, momentarily loosening his control over his companions.

At that very moment, by coincidence or on purpose, the tunnel, whose slope had flattened, suddenly tilted vertically and a forceful twitch propelled them straight down. Before Jake could react, the tunnel split into eight galleries and he instantly lost control over most of the refugees who had flown the wrong way. Some of them should have still been near him despite the walls, but they were severely obstructing his mental sense.

"Shit!"

Will disappeared into one of the tunnels with his dragon, his five creatures along with some refugees. Kyle, who was near Mufasa where Maeve lay, grabbed his tail and was swept into a tunnel with him. The mysterious veiled woman dove in after him without hesitation. Svava, who was with Jake, promptly turned back to join Kelly, Ingranus, Khal and other refugees, while Shere Khan and the other felines were also separated against their will.

The cowardly trickster must have saved the world in a former life, for Grash, who was near Jake, leapt back up the tunnel to join him. As the tunnels diverged in different directions, they left the range of his consciousness and Jake lost contact with them, now controlling only a handful of survivors.

Luckily or not, the trio of Takoyaki, Nicolet and Diccon remained in the same tunnel with him, along with Crunch and the Orange Turkey. Moments later, the tunnel he was in forked again and he lost a few more refugees.

Mercifully, this time most of them were prepared and they had joined hands in time. The plan looked good on paper, but that was without counting on the speed at which the contractions of the tunnel were carrying them.

One of the refugees, holding hands with two of his friends, crashed head-on into the edge of the wall separating two tunnels. The impact emptied his lungs and his hands went limp. Even with all of Jake's efforts to save him, the poor refugee was left unconscious behind them.

After that, Jake tightened the formation, focused as ever and determined not to leave anyone else behind, but he soon realized that this was a futile ambition.

For the Dungeon Digester had more than one trick up its sleeve.

When they least expected it, the walls of the tunnel they were being dragged through abruptly contracted like a sphincter, and their group was brutally split in two. The first half at the front continued on their way, while the other half was redirected into a previously non-existent gallery when the wall to their left miraculously cracked open.

The process was repeated several times, and finally, an indefinite time later, when they were beginning to lose hope, the contractions grew scarce and their speed gradually began to slow. The ground and walls stopped undulating, the slope stopped varying unpredictably, and they could finally stop and appreciate where they had landed.

Glancing around, Jake felt guilty when he found only his cat Crunch as well as the Orange Turkey. He hadn't tried to save the turkey at all, but the turkey had shamelessly dug its talons into his cat's dense

fur and clamped down, while Crunch was even more shameless, clutching his master's leg with his big paws. Considering his high stats and sharp senses, not even the Dungeon Digester was able to break them apart.

With only three of them left, Jake accepted reality and started to observe his new surroundings. Now he could only pray that the others would make it.. They had no one to rely on but themselves.