

Oracle 569

Chapter 569 - Bad Luck

And Xi couldn't have been more right.

Dozens of kilometers away from Jake, several humanoid figures were dumped through a crack that suddenly opened in the vault of the cavern. As they fell, the refugees and beasts dropped mercilessly from the Dungeon Digestor's cave walls over a hundred meters above the ground began to scream in terror, their faces completely drained of blood.

Just as they had mentally resolved to meet their maker, one of those sleek figures with feminine attributes, whose flurried turquoise hair fluttered in the wind, hurried past them, her body wrapped in a Dark Halo.

The next moment, several Giant Dark Ravens came cawing proudly out of the shadows cast by the ashen tree canopy below them, catching them in extremis before impact.

"Phew, that was close..." An elderly voice breathed out in relief, releasing all its stress at once.

The three newly rescued individuals turned gratefully to the Valkyrie who had just saved them, their eyes brimming with fanatical admiration for the young woman. With her iconic turquoise hair, her serene irises of the same color, her grace, her armor and her longsword, who else could it be but Svava?

At the side of the Nawai warrior, stood Ingranus, Kelly and Khal as well as two other beasts in bad shape. Kelly and her adopted little brother were still haggard from losing a piece of their souls, their demeanor stiff and listless, but the old spearman was perfectly alert and focused, his gaze already scanning the area for enemies.

"Thank you, Svava. Without you, we might not have survived this fall." Ingranus bowed with gratitude. "This old life belongs to you."

The old knight may have grown stronger, but he was still not so arrogant as to believe he could survive such a violent fall. Even if by some miracle they had made it, several dozen broken bones and severely damaged organs was about the best they could hope for.

Svava nodded numbly, then like Ingranus, she studied her new surroundings with her eyes, even performing a short-range scan. She was not as well off as Jake and her Oracle Device was unfortunately not as advanced, but she deemed this expense necessary given their situation.

"Wait for me here." She ordered before leaping into the air. A new Shadow Raven materialized under her feet, receiving her gracefully and she flew up silently, repeating Jake's method to observe this new landscape.

Like him, she spotted more suspicious geometric shapes in the distance, but her Perception not being nearly as good she could only guess at the moment. The rest being only forest and hills as far as the eye could see, except for a few opaque water spots, she arbitrarily chose one of these geometrical prominences as her destination.

Alas, like Jake before, her deliberate action of hovering in the sky made her position clear to nearby enemies and Evolvers. When she landed on the ground, she heard the clanking and clashing of swords, as well as the fighting grunts of Ingranus.

When she found them, two grey goblins lay dead at the old man's feet, but the boy Khal was curled up on the ground in pain, his hands clutching the broken arrow in his stomach.

The most disturbing part of this scene was that Kelly, who had been doing everything to protect him a few hours earlier, was herself hidden in a bush, totally indifferent to his plight.

Whereas Svava wondered how she could restore their minds, her expression changed sharply, a cracking of branch, followed by a loud thud betraying the swift coming of a much more terrifying individual. In any case, this one wasn't trying to hide.

Scanning in its direction without hesitation, the arm holding her sword trembled slightly as she recognized the newcomer.

A tall, unnaturally muscular man, three meters tall, with mud-colored skin, intense turquoise eyes and an imposing fluorescent mane to match. He wore bone armor and a necklace of teeth that were known to belong to his victims. His face was partially concealed under a helmet carved from a huge horned skull that vaguely resembled that of a bear.

Svava was familiar with this helmet, knowing full well that this skull belonged to a legendary ursid from her own world. There was only one Nawai known to have hunted such a predator, and that was what had earned him his reputation as an invincible warrior.

"Bhuzkoc!"

"Hmm, you know me?" The giant was somewhat bewildered, but a cruel grin soon stretched his face. "Oh, you're a Nawai girl, I should have known better. Are you also letting that guy shag you to stay by his side?"

"Shup up!" Svava snapped with a disgusted scowl.

She knew the detrimental treatment Nawai women were subjected to before joining the Mirror Universe, and had also nearly paid the price hundreds of times. Without the Oracle Device, or Aether, the difference in physical strength between the two genders of her species was so great that it was just impossible to resist.

To flee, would anyway lead only to the extinction of their species and the Nawai females had long been conditioned by the customs of this primitive patriarchal society. Marginal and proud, if she had not voluntarily exiled herself from her own tribe, she would naturally have suffered the same fate.

It was precisely because she knew the cruel and libidinous nature of Bhuzkoc that she could not hesitate. If she dithered even for the briefest moment or chose to flee, Kelly's fate would be sealed. After that, even if Svava had the means to restore her memory, amnesia might be the best of blessings.

Instantly, a black radiance surged forth from her body and four huge Shadow Wolves and as many Ravens sprang out of her shadow, as she leapt at her mortal enemy.

Clang!

Svara's longsword met Bhuzkoc's broad, double-edged axe and the impact shook both of her arms holding the weapon all the way to her brain. Biting her lip to keep herself from buckling, she shouted hoarsely,

"Run! Now!"

Kelly didn't need her advice to bolt away, while Khal had already passed out from the poison and his blood loss. As for Ingranus, he hadn't lived this long to be intimidated, but he sure knew when he was a burden to others. With a regretful sigh, he picked up the poisoned boy and chased after Kelly, who no longer knew what she was doing.

As they ran away, the metallic clangs and clashes continued, the repeated impacts knocking down several trees, and causing hundreds of silver winged aliens to flee through the air, abandoning their previous perches.

Only when the sounds became inaudible to their senses did Ingranus stop running, gripping Kelly tightly by the arm to keep her from darting off into the forest. Surveying the dense foliage and the oppressive silence around them, the old spearman broke out in a cold sweat as he realized they'd covered several kilometers and made a fair amount of noise.

Holding his breath, he pressed his hand over Kelly's lips before she could protest, but that was the moment Khal chose to wake up and bawl in pain. The Myrtharian Body passive and his Vitality Aether stat had kept him alive until now, but his wound had gotten worse.

He was no longer bleeding, but the area around the wound had turned purple, blackish varicose veins reeking of rotting meat spreading across his entire torso. If the poison wasn't treated quickly, he would die.

Ingranus had accumulated his fair share of experience, and he decisively reached into the Faction Vault and pulled out a large flask of Digestor blood. He ruthlessly pulled out the arrow, failing to stifle the child's scream of agony, quickly cleaned the wound, then poured a third of the contents over the wound, and the rest of the liquid into the barely conscious boy's mouth.

The effect was immediate. The purplish tint of the skin around the wound shrank and Khal's labored breathing normalized. Kelly who had seemed lost since the beginning expressed a light touch of compassion at this moment, but this flash of lucidity faded away very quickly, leaving again place to a blank look.

Once out of trouble, the trio looked for a hiding place under the assiduous supervision of Ingranus. Being the only one in fighting condition, he had to face the threats alone, but luckily for them this old man was not a normal refugee, but a veteran lancer. Besides having excellent survival skills, these lone goblins didn't stand a chance against him.

Because they had been running like crazy and Khal's screams had not been the least bit discreet, Ingranus had to deal with groups of three or four goblin digestors multiple times, barely finding time to catch his breath.

Although he avoided the poisoned arrows, a scratch of which was synonymous with death in this forest, he was still wounded on multiple occasions despite his expertise with the spear.. When they finally

found a dead tree with a hollow trunk large enough to shelter them, his clothes were soaked with dried blood and he could barely stand.