

Oracle 586

Chapter 586 - You Must Feel So Bad

Opening his eyes, Shaktilar almost hoped it was another nightmare, but his new Oracle Status confirmed that this was indeed his new reality. He, a Shyril nobleman, was now the slave of another sub-race...

Indifferent to his new servant's breakdown stemming from the questioning of his entire existence after having flouted all his ideals, Jake was swimming through his Oracle Device's interface looking for the tab pertaining to his new slave. Having only one, it goes without saying that he found it rather quickly.

[Shaktilar Zakal, Master: Jake Wilderth]

[Oracle Rank 12: Second Lieutenant]

[Species: Blue Shyril]

[Bloodline: None]

[Aether Stats: F:1000, A:1000, C:1000, V:1000, I:1000, P:1000, ESP:1000, Cha: 100, Ch:100]

[Body Stats: F: 56, A: 32, C: 68, V: 55, I: 99, P: 18]

[Spirit Body Lvl 29, Soul Class: Ice Wizard]

[Ice Mana Core lvl 6]

[Aether Soul Core: lvl 7]

[Aether Core: 112]

[Slave Contracts: 27]

That was a lot of information to digest. Each piece of information gave access to a long slide with a lot of additional data and Jake had a hard time finding his way through it.

First, Shaktilar had no Bloodline, not even a low grade one, which was absurd for an Evolver of his level. Secondly, and even more disturbingly, he had three different Cores in his system, one of which he had never heard of. The third peculiarity that Jake had not seen anywhere else was the term Soul Class.

Grash had vaguely made it clear to him that it was a characteristic of Evolvers with four or more Ordeals, but the Oracle System's censorship prevented him from telling him more. This was his chance, to find out what it was all about.

Clicking on the tab, the scroll revealed everything he wanted to know. He feared another censure, but this time his bracelet let him off the hook.

[Soul Class: A soul specialization that can be attained based on an individual's personality, Glyphs, actions, feats and personal choices. A certain level of Soul Power is required to unlock a Soul Class. Can be awakened on its own or obtained through other means.]

[Intermediate Ice Wizard: Intermediate affinity for Ice Magic and Mana. Ice Spell unlocked : Ice Control lvl 1. New Ice Spells will be unlocked when Ice Control is upgraded. For each Spirit Body level, Intelligence +10%, Extrasensory Perception: +10%]

Jake understood better where this Ice Mana Core came from. It must have been something he developed after acquiring his Soul Class. If it was from his Fourth Ordeal, it must have been very recent, but his Ice Mana Core was already lvl 6. He had no idea what that meant in terms of power, but Shaktilar's pitiful resistance earlier hadn't impressed him at all.

From what he understood, a Soul Class was like a Bloodline, but inscribed directly on the soul itself. Their emergence seemed bound to happen with the right level of Soul Power, but its choice seemed to matter.

One could change one's Bloodline with great difficulty, but changing one's Soul Class meant altering one's soul. The latter had a more indelible quality to it, but he didn't know to what extent yet.

He made a mental note to remember to ask Cekt Mogusar when he paid him a visit. After all, this munchkin Aetherist was supposed to be his teacher, but hadn't taught him anything yet.

The most shocking part, however, was that the percentage stats bonus provided by each Spirit Body level finally gave the Spirit Body a tangible role. This percentage was applied after the individual's Real Stats had been calculated, which meant that at lvl 29, Shaktilar's real intelligence was almost three times what his Aether and Body stats suggested.

'Is Intermediate Ice Wizard a good bloodline or a bad one?' Jake mused inwardly with a thoughtful expression.

[It should be okay...] Xi replied hesitantly before elaborating, [But if it depends on the Soul Glyphs you already have, you should be able to get a much better one.]

Glancing quickly at his own Soul Glyphs, his gaze lingered on Harbinger of Chaos for a short while.

'Is it Soul Class material too?'

Jake shook his head with an embarrassed smile before diving back into his reading of Shaktilar's profile.

"Me too, I want to watch! Pretty pleaseee?"

An insistent meow in his ear disrupted his tranquility. Both Crunch and the Orange Turkey had their heads resting on his shoulders, giving him a beaten puppy look in an attempt to arouse his pity. Jake had no sympathy for the two pests, but he wanted to be left alone.

"Fine, look all you want." Jake conceded as he sent them Shaktilar's Oracle Status.

Far from having the same centers of attention as their leader, Crunch and the turkey went straight to the Logbook tab summarizing Shaktilar's entire history, including all the details about his personality, aspirations, and beliefs. Becoming a slave meant having no secrets from his new master.

A few seconds later, giggles and uncontrolled laughter broke out on the side of the two fiendish animals, and Shaktilar could feel their gaze, mixed with pity and condescension, on him from time to time.

At first, his headache prevented him from paying attention, but after a while their endless, discordant giggling came to haunt him even more than his own sense of humiliation. It was one thing to be a slave to an alien stronger than he was, but he wasn't going to be stepped on by two stupid beasts.

"What?!" He barked hatefully at the two troublemakers, which startled Jake and Melkree.

Jake didn't know what else the two troublemakers had done, but he decided not to take sides. Melkree wore her trademark poker face, preferring the invigorating warmth of the campfire to their childish bickering.

Instead of answering or stopping their guffaws, Crunch and the Orange Turkey burst out laughing even harder. They were currently reading Shaktilar's psychological profile and all the ridiculous feats he had performed to accomplish his dark designs, and when they saw his current plight their mirth was overwhelming.

After a while, Crunch, who was the only one of the two animals who could speak, said tauntingly,

"Right now, you must feel, so, so, so, so, so, so, sooooo bad."

Crack!

The stalactite in Shaktilar's hand had just exploded in anger. Huge veins as large as earthworms had swollen on his forehead, irrefutable proof of his utter fury.

"I, I'm going to kill you!"

Alas for him, before he could even generate any killing Ice Spell, his wrenching headache exploded again in his skull, pushing his consciousness to the brink. This was the result of his fragmented Soul. Right now, his soul was so damaged that he couldn't even mobilize 20% of his power. Otherwise, his performance against Jake would not have been so pathetic.

Of course, Jake knew very well what was amusing his cat. How could a speciesist, racist and extremist like Shaktilar tolerate becoming the absolute and eternal slave of what he abhorred above all else. It was as if a fanatic of one religion was forced to convert to another, or perhaps even worse.

Still, the fact that he eventually complied proved that his convictions were not as unyielding as the alien initially believed. Shaktilar was clearly favoring his survival over his ideals. At least, that's what he thought.

Jake had a more flexible outlook on the world. Whatever his beliefs, alignment or aspirations, he knew that nothing was untouchable, let alone eternal. The Mirror Universe was so vast that there were bound to be brainwashing methods advanced enough to completely rewrite an individual's personality, as Jake had just done.

True Will, mind training etc... only increased his resistance to this kind of influence, but it was impossible to guarantee the sanctity of his soul. The Corruption in his last Ordeal had proven to him that one's ethics and principles were no match for an all-powerful compulsion.

Shaktilar thought he had unwavering resolve, but that was an illusion. Jake himself only acted the way he did because of a fortunate combination of circumstances. If he had been born and raised in a

different environment, met different people, his character and values would naturally have been different.

In this respect, even abject criminals like Bhuzkoc, Yerode and Lamine were pardonable. But he had neither the time nor the heart to forgive or rehabilitate them. Jake therefore had a much more simplistic way of thinking: If they were his enemies, he would kill them without hesitation. Simple as that.

Now that Shaktilar was his servant, he couldn't leave him in this agonizing state. Jake had no tangible solution to heal his soul, but he could already help him recover from his physical wounds.

First, he ordered him to join the Myrtharian Nerds. His Blueblood faction immediately became a subfaction of his. Its First Faction Skill was a passive Skill also named Blueblood. Its workings were somewhat special.

All faction members would have their Aether stats lowered by 1% per level of the skill. The noble-blooded Shyrils designated by Shaktilar would then be permanently buffed by sharing this pool of Aether stat points. This was objectively a very powerful Faction Skill, albeit biased towards a small group of individuals.

It fit perfectly with Shaktilar's elitist and racist vision and could indeed give him an incredible boost under normal circumstances. Bad luck for him, most of his subordinates had died in the last few days.. After he entered the Dungeon, this buff had already been halved, and now it was practically zero after the massacre perpetrated by Urul.