

Oracle 595

Chapter 595 - Fighting Oneself (part 2)

The monster, closely resembling him, didn't make him ask twice.

ROOOAR!

A sound blast exploded from its mouth, revealing its long translucent fangs in the process. Jake snorted, but stood still, letting the shockwave pass through him without flinching. His golden-silver hair was briefly slicked back, flapping as the gust of wind swept through it before falling down smoothly.

Then, Jake pointed two fingers at the creature's left eye, forming a gun with his hand, and an Air Bullet condensed with his mind hit the Digestor's forehead with a resounding bang. Like earlier, his head was thrown back, but his forehead was covered with a film of metal.

When the sparks from the impact disappeared, the metal layer disappeared, but his clone was no longer roaring with anger. If it hadn't tilted its head an inch to the side, the Air Bullet would have pierced its eye and reached his brain.

For the first time, the alien realized that he was not invincible, but its intelligence was also exceptional. With a confused but excited look on its face, it also pointed two fingers at Jake and an intangible force began to condense the air in front of it, attempting to form its own Wind Bullet.

Jake noticed right away that the Digestor was a fast learner and he had no intention of giving him time to perfect his skills. Although his family claimed to be smarter and more talented than their peers, Jake had never felt exceptional. Even with his current stats, he had always thought that what he could do, others could do as well. Especially a clone.

Most of his techniques were not even secret moves. He had barely trained and most of them had been improvised on the fly. They were just an application of his bloodline abilities and high stats.

A kid could have the same IQ as an adult with a PhD, but could he make up for decades of study with a little creativity and dedication? Of course, not.

Although this Digestor had a great deal of intelligence and learned freakingly fast, it would also take time to accomplish the same feats as Jake. But, it was only if this thing was human in the first place...

Digestors had other ways to improve and the truth was that Jake had not trained his skills for years, but a few hours at most. If he didn't do something, this monster would soon match him and by showing him his techniques it was like Jake was teaching him for free.

"I won't let you copy me." Jake said, tapping the ground with his foot.

His figure disappeared from its original location leaving a footprint three inches deep in the rock and he reappeared in front of his clone crouching slightly and leaning forward, his long serrated sword scraping the ground behind him.

Everything happened at lightning speed. His left foot shifted slightly, sinking into the ground for better support, his right foot pushed the ground backwards, pumping all his power into his knees, then rotating his pelvis and shoulders. The contracted arms, congested with blood, followed the movement and an

invisible force field accelerated the upward sword strike aimed directly at the insertion between the blow and the throat.

If the slashing stroke hit, the head would be transversely cleaved in two.

Without even consciously trying to form an Air Blade, a sharp, paper-thin wind preceded his sword blade, nearly decapitating the monster. The Digestor's eyes bulged out and his hair subconsciously bristled with fear, but his fighting instincts proved their worth at that very moment.

At the last moment, his chin hardened, covering itself with a thick growth of silver chitin, the Silver Stone Skin fully activated. Perhaps because he was panicking or because it was a matter of life and death, the Digestor activated the Silver Stone Skin all over his body and plates of chitin began to cover the rest of his exposed face in a last ditch attempt to survive. Simultaneously, his torso and neck tilted back and he lifted his chin, the sharp wind before the actual assault only grazing him and producing a spray of sparks.

Jake and his Myrtharian Sight could see exactly what the creature was trying to accomplish, and his galactic eyes scrutinizing its every move in slow motion missed nothing of its countermoves. His hands corrected their angle slightly, tilting the blade back in the proper direction to meet the Digestor's throat. At the same time, a Soul Arrow shot out from his forehead, stabbing straight into his foe's.

The alien froze imperceptibly before resuming his dodge, but it was already too late. The Bone Crushing Snowworm's Fang hit its target and true to its name, the Digestor's mandible shattered into pieces.

The serrated blade continued its oblique ascent, its teeth ripping flesh, teeth, ganglia, bones and a piece of brain off in the process. Jake thought he had a sure win, but he underestimated his opponent, or rather himself.

When his blade hit the brain stem, all the lifelong fury of his clone exploded at once. His body turned into a human torch, shining as bright as a sun, and an explosion of heat, radiation and telekinesis deflected the blade from its intended purpose.

Wrapped in flames and a deadly aura, the humanoid creature leapt into the air a hundred feet in the air and a Red Beam condensed inside its mangled jaw before bombarding Jake still in the same posture below.

Jake, who had protected himself in time with a telekinetic shield, looked coldly at his enemy, lifting his head and raising his saber to intercept the attack. With a precise flick of his blade, Jake reflected the red beam right back at his creator using a Jedi move.

The beam struck the monster's chest, but a silver chitin breastplate blocked it. The dreadful heat spread to the biological material, making it glow slightly, but it was nothing compared to the temperature of the white-hot flames enveloping its body.

The alien's body temperature continued to rise, releasing vast amounts of energy, and its half-ripped face began to regenerate. Jake frowned at the monster's stubbornness.

If it were him, he would surely have chosen to retreat to a safe place to recover. Instead, this Digestor had chosen to sacrifice its internal energy to generate the environment it needed to heal as quickly as possible. While this worked in practice, the consequences were also predictable.

The alien began to melt away visibly, the little fat and then his muscles deflating like a burst balloon. Jake even had the distinct impression that the Digestor was becoming smaller.

'It's my chance!'

Unaware of its state, his clone charged at him, its feet and arms jetting out flames to propel itself even faster. On the verge of death, the Digestor seemed to have awakened its full potential and for the first time Jake saw his clone employing moves that he himself had never thought to use until now.

The human torch shortened the distance in a fraction of a second, its body now completely hidden under a dense chitin exoskeleton and the tips of its upper limbs suddenly morphed into a long blade and a round shield.

The shield parried Jake's saber as his blade stabbed into the shield itself. Jake was taken aback by this absurd move, but when the silver shield opened up in the middle like a sea splitting open to let the blade through, his face petrified with shock. This stabbing stroke was going straight for his left eye.

Like his clone earlier, Jake tilted his head back, followed by his neck and torso. His body had long since been reinforced by his Silver Stone Skin, while his telekinetic barrier had always been active. His Myrtharian Eyes were also on the lookout for the slightest surprise and that was the difference between day and night.

Instead of losing himself in an uncontrolled dodging motion, his neck and torso moved minimally. His head tilted slightly to the side, then he swung it to the right to narrowly avoid the blow, the Digestor's blade grazing his left cheek.

Also like Jake, the clone tried to adjust its blow along the way, switching from a stabbing stroke to a downward slashing swing in an attempt to cut his pelvis in half.

Jake was also ready, and another Soul Arrow shot out of his forehead, stunning the alien again. He sidestepped, managing to move behind the alien with his sword dancing beautifully in its wake. A spray of silver blood painted the sky and a head that looked disturbingly like him rolled to the ground.

His clone was dead.

When Jake was about to savor his victory, Shaktilar, whom he didn't expect to see again anytime soon, emerged terrified from the side of a nearby volcano, running like hell, tongue hanging out.

His new robe was in tatters, a few flames still licking its ends, and the Shyril looked even worse. The terror on his face mixed with his sobs, making him even more ugly and disgusting than he already was. His traumatized barking was auditory torture for Jake and his comrades present, but the most delicate of music for the Digestor pursuing him.

When Jake saw the thing following him, he froze. Confirming his fears, the Digestor identical to the one he had just killed looked down and burst out laughing, its deep, booming voice making his soul tremble,

"Are you proud that you killed a pale copy of me.. Let me show you what a true Myrtharian Digestor is truly capable of."