

The Oracle Paths

Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

Chapter 257 – The Persistence of a Krish

Crouching miserably, his hands covering his genitals, the Krish's mandibles clacked non-stop in a vain attempt to stifle the pain he felt.

The blast of the explosion had thrown him more than fifty meters from his former position and an enormous palm trunk had pulverized his testicles without giving him any chance to react. Without his absurdly robust Krish morphology, he would surely have passed out in the face of such pain, before falling into a deep coma that would ultimately have ended in his death.

Meanwhile, the giant triceratops bull, totally unaware of the existence of this tiny vermin who was nothing more than one of its many collateral victims, had already changed direction to continue to pursue the child who had provoked it.

The sound of the monster's trampling, as well as the earthquake, quickly lost its intensity as the creature disappeared into the distance, leaving the indignant Krish to die.

A few minutes later, when the pain became tolerable again, the feverish Krish managed to get up. His enthusiasm for the hunt had subsided considerably, and a fluid of dubious consistency was leaking from his crotch. The blood of his species was yellowish, but from the granular appearance of the discharge, it was clear that it was not all blood. The alien's massive penis was nowhere to be seen.

Growling guttural grunts repeatedly, the Krish struggled to focus in order to access the storage space of his bracelet. With a thought, he pulled out a few

pills the size of a pea, which he gobbled up without hesitation with a sip of water. After that, he inspected the extent of the damage.

Discovering his condition, the Krish almost fainted on the spot. His species had insectoid origins and could regenerate the non-vital limbs with sufficient rest, but it was a long process, comparable to that of the chrysalis of a butterfly.

If he decided to regenerate the lost limb right now, it would probably take him two weeks to a month, during which time he would not be able to move and would be oblivious to his environment. It was a process that he could not control and had to be prepared in advance and preferably in a safe place. If his life was not threatened, he was not ready to take such a risk.

By forming a cocoon, he was guaranteed to be able to restore his body and even come out stronger from this catastrophe, but if he actually did that, he would be giving up his chances of performing well during this Ordeal.

Clenching his teeth, the Krish cleaned his wounds and let his high Vitality do the rest of the work. Controlling his Aether, a green light built up in his crotch and some healing took place, but his manhood was definitely lost.

‘It’s all because of this kid!’ He raged inside, his hatred for his prey having reached new heights.

Taking revenge on the real culprit, the triceratops, was a futile dream. It wasn’t impossible, but it would require a lot of effort on his part. Moreover, given the sheer power of the untamed dinosaur, the final outcome was more than uncertain. A misplaced horn or tail strike and he would be lucky if he survived the blow.

Nevertheless, he was not an elite Krish warrior for nothing. While an average individual would probably have gone crazy, or been moping and sobbing in a

state of post-traumatic stress disorder, he had, by contrast, already regained his composure.

Calmly analyzing the previous events, he realized that he had acted too rashly. He could not communicate with humans, since the Krishs had no vocal chords, but he had Oraclean notions and could easily guess the intentions of his target based on the intonations of his voice.

‘It was as if he was calling someone? What was it again? Jake?’

He couldn’t confirm whether it was a first name, a code name, or just another word in a language he didn’t know. But knowing that his prey was ready to reveal his position with such a loud cry, it was very likely his only chance of survival.

The triceratops was certainly not the individual the child had called out, or the child would not have run away in an even greater panic than he already felt.

Io Qufro ovfo val nzuw vft dfaiut zuefztiull md jvm mz jvfo ovu hvait vft ozaut om hfii dmz vuin. Waov zurujut gzfsuzw frt fqgaoamr, ovu Kzalv limjiw guefr om bme fefar, ezftpfiiw fhhuiuzfoare fl ovu nfar ar val hzmohv talfnnufzut prtuz ovu nfar caiiuzl vu vft bplo ofcur.

His journey proved to be much easier than he had expected. The giant dinosaur had trampled trees and brambles, and a bulldozer couldn’t have done much better. A royal road was now laid out just for him.

In a few minutes, he significantly reduced the small lead that his prey had managed to widen. But just when he thought he would reach his target in no time, a gust of wind, followed by the sound of an explosion, hit him head on, forcing him to get down on one knee.

His multifaceted yellow eyes missed no detail and he understood in the blink of an eye what was happening. The dinosaur responsible for his injuries was fighting several enemies and apparently he had found opponents worthy of it!

Several times per second, deafening collision sounds could be heard, always followed by violent shock waves. Trees were destroyed, mammals, reptiles and other blue-blooded dinosaurs were abruptly brought out of their lethargy, forced to flee their former habitat.

Having learned his lesson, the Krish left the path created by the triceratops and set out to bypass the two parties, which were embroiled in a fierce battle. After a while, having almost finished going around them, a new explosion sounded, closer to him this time.

Several ancient trees had been deeply damaged by the last collision and he was able to glimpse, for a brief second, a portion of the battlefield. The dinosaur was as terrifying as he expected, probably strong enough to give their leader a hard time, but when he saw its opponents he could not help but shudder with hatred.

It was not his prey, but they were of the same species. Were they the allies he had tried to contact with his cry? It was quite possible, but if so, where had his prey gone? However, his Shadow Guide indicated that he was moving in a very different direction. Clearly, the child hadn't stopped running. Was it because his allies were willing to sacrifice themselves to ensure his escape? Impossible!

In any case, it was no longer his business! Like all the Krishs, he cared about his honor and was particularly arrogant, even for those of his kind. However, this did not mean that he was suicidal.

Look at these guys! Even the chubby guy, whose jovial expression betrayed a peaceful and friendly character, was able to punch uppercuts hard enough to stop the triceratops' charge in its tracks! At each collision, he would be pushed backwards, forced to take a few steps back. His body was bruised, and dried blood had dripped from his lips and nose, but it was still an incredible feat. At least he didn't think he could do it.

What kind of Skill or bloodline is he using?’ he wondered restlessly. He was even more determined to bypass the area as quickly as possible to continue chasing the child.

Just when he was asking himself this question, a 'DIE!' pierced his eardrums and he saw an almost naked bald man fall from the sky, smashing a heavy claymore on the monster's neck. The sharpness and force of the blow was insufficient to decapitate the monster, but the triceratops' front paws sank into the ground to cushion the shock.

ROAAR!

When provoked, the triceratops abruptly reared its head up, sending back into the air the insignificant insect that had tried to injure it. The bald man was struck accidentally by one of the horns of the monster and a spurt of blood accompanied his takeoff. It was at this point that the Krish noticed a woman in armor crouched on the ground further away. Her face was pale and she was missing an arm. She has clearly been incapacitated.

Realizing that this fight was not as simple as he thought, the Krish hurriedly withdrew his attention from the battlefield and fled from the scene. A moment later, the muffled sounds of the battlefield were far behind him and he had finally returned to his starting point.

The child was ahead of him, and the same annoying creepers and brambles were in his way. But at least he knew that this time his prey had no one left to rely on. He had been impatient, which had led to the disgrace he was in, but now he had regained his cool.

This prey was undoubtedly worthy of him and he had to treat it as such from now on. The Krish, carried by his delusions, resumed the hunt for the child, empowered by his latest experiences, to Tim's utter dismay.

