

The Oracle Paths

Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

Chapter 262 - Awkwardness

A few hours earlier, Tim had finally managed to reach Sarah. Like Jake, Sarah was busy in the water looking for prey to hunt, but unlike Jake, she was only a kilometer from the shore and Tim's cry had been perfectly audible. Even if she hadn't heard it, his figure was easily recognizable on the beach with her high Perception.

Curious, the young blonde woman had aborted her hunt and returned to shore empty-handed. At the sight of her, the prepubescent teenager had stiffened in stupor, as if he had just seen something profoundly disturbing. Only then had she remembered that she was *nàkèd*. After days of fighting in the ocean, the rags provided at the beginning of the first event had obviously not last long.

However, she hadn't felt embarrassed much more than that. She was very proud of her physiQue and didn't have any complexes on Earth back then. After she received her Myrmidian bloodline, and with her high Vitality eliminating all toxins and impurities, this was even less the case. There was only one predominant feeling deep inside her and that was absolute confidence.

'What are you doing here?' Sarah had asked him suspiciously, peering out into the jungle behind him.

Her voice having broken the spell, Tim had come out of his torpor, blushing briefly before the reason for his presence came back to him. Soon, panic had again crept into his face, and the gorgeous figure of the young woman had been relegated to a corner of his head.

‘I, I’m being chased, and-and I didn’t know what to do!’ The child had suddenly burst into tears, an act he no longer felt capable of.

Sarah had remained calm and indifferent in the face of this emotional outburst, choosing to address the obvious question.

‘Why me? I’m sure Jake isn’t that far away and he got to the island before me.’

‘I, I’ve tried...’ Tim had stuttered with a sheepish stutter.

He had then told her about his misery of the previous days and as she was barely getting the hang of it, the Krish in pursuit of the child had finally caught up with them.

A violent fight had then broken out between the two parties, with Sarah temporarily managing to compete with the alien who had gone berserk with hatred. Meanwhile, Tim, who had long been terrified and at his wits’ end, had taken refuge in the jungle a little further away, hoping for a favourable outcome.

Regrettably, that had not been the case. Sarah had no weapons except a makeshift spear and a dagger made of wood and bone. This was insufficient to confront a physically superior alien whose anatomy and equipment gave it an overwhelming advantage.

Adouz f duj Qarpoul, ovuw vft guur dmZhut om zuozufo fdouz vuz gmtw jfl ifhuzfout dzmQ latu om latu frt vuz gfhc gpzrut om ovu ovazt tuezuu gw f niflQf giflo ovfo vft ezfxut vuz.

She had then decisively caught up with Tim by grabbing him under her arm like a cheap parcel and ran away in the direction of Jake. Even though the child didn’t dare enter the water to find him, it wasn’t a problem for her.

As they fled, night had finally fallen and the Krish had continued to harass them non-stop, becoming more and more aggressive, until they finally

discovered to their utmost delight that Jake had already reached the shore, saving them a risky night swim.

‘... ‘

‘What are you doing here?’ Jake asked, repeating the same question that Sarah had posed to Tim earlier and trying not to look in the wrong place.

Alas, the young woman’s generous breasts were a magnet that inevitably captured his gaze and he was glad that most of her skin was hidden under the dirt or it would have been much harder.

Still, his heart started beating harder and his veins radiated a soft reddish glow, while a very specific part of his anatomy filled with blood. Sarah’s fragrance, a mixture of wet dirt, sweat, blood and pheromones, assailed his senses in a dizzying way as his breathing quickened dangerously.

‘Fuck! What’s happening to me?’ Jake shook his head as he looked away and tried to visualize the most disgusting image he was capable of.

It was only after staring at an imaginary pineapple pizza for a long time that he regained his normal state.

‘Phew... That was close.’

At that very moment, he had just understood what his bloodline description meant by ‘increased libido’. Normally this would not be a problem, as long as the stimuli were not excessive, but after his nap underground he was not prepared for such a ‘test of willpower’.

‘Ahem...’ Ashamed, but choosing to pretend that nothing happened, Jake cleared his throat to regain his composure, but in the face of their silence he realized that something was wrong.

Turning his attention back to the pair again, he noticed that Tim was just exhausted and nervous, but the young woman's bosom was rising and deflating suspiciously and he could even hear her heart beating wildly. Remembering that she had part of the same bloodline as him, he suddenly realized that she had just gone through the same psychological ordeal.

'Does that mean that I am sèxy with a skirt in palm leaf?' Jake mumbled in a bàrèly audible voice, but when Sarah heard him, her horny state was immediately dampened by an immense rage.

'Sexy?! My àss is sèxy!' She retorted, clenching her teeth and bàrèly restraining herself from strangling him.

Jake nodded out of habit, but his reaction made her feel like he didn't believe her. And indeed, he had already formed a strong opinion of the young woman's strange fetish. Because he knew at least one thing: If a woman showed up in front of him wearing long socks and flip-flops, he would certainly have vomited in his mouth instead of momentarily losing control of his impulses. A man in skirt was just about the same in his narrow mind.

The moment of awkwardness passed, the duo finally recounted their misadventures to him, while starting with the hell that Tim had lived, and finishing by their joint escape in front of this terrifying and over-armed alien.

'So, if I understand correctly, to sum up, a humanoid alien over two and a half meters tall and looking like some kind of huge human fly in armor with mandibles instead of a trunk and a mouth like a lamprey has been chasing you all day long and should be here any second?'

'... That's right...' Tim murmured trembling with fear.

Szfzv hmrdaZqut jaov f rmt ar fr fplouzu uknzullamr. SvU jfl rmo fl dzaevourut fl ovu hvait, frt ao jfl ovfrcl om vuz ovfo vu jfl loaii fiasu fo oval vmpz, gpo ao jfl prtmpgoutiw omm ompev fr mnmruro dmZ vuz. SvU

tmpgout ovfo Jfcu hmpit vftriu ao fimru, gpo gw hmnuzfoare ovuw lommt f hvfrhu.

Contrary to what the young woman thought, Jake was by contrast extremely excited to meet this infamous humanoid fly. He had a quality machete boosted by his Grey Aether, a body probably three to four times stronger than Sarah's, and extreme confidence in his telekinesis and other Aether skills.

On the other hand, according to Tim and Sarah the Player in pursuit of them should also have been relatively exhausted from fighting and chasing them for so long and had expended copious amounts of ammunition. Although Jake didn't know how much ammunition this alien had left, the situation was in his favor.

Moreover, this alien had apparently not used any Aether Skill or Spell except for the lightning that radiated from his body from time to time and which seemed to be used mainly to reload his weapon. This Player seemed instead to favor physical confrontation and had not shone by its intelligence in spite of its advanced equipment. If this was the case, he had nothing to fear.

Hundreds of ambush simulations began to flash through his mind in a matter of seconds, as Jake actively thought about how to eliminate the alien with the least amount of movement possible. Never hesitant, he opted for a surprise attack underground by burying his enemy under a mountain of sand, followed by a full-scale decapitation if smothering him with several tons of sand wasn't enough.

Then suddenly, a possibility came to his mind and he stopped all his planning. If this Player's Oracle Rank was equal to or higher than his own, it was more than likely that its Shadow Guide would be able to thwart all his tactics, no matter how advanced they were. Worse, if his plan was as perfect as he thought it was and his advantage as great as he thought it was, it was even possible that the flyman might not take the bait at all.

‘ ... ‘

‘By the way... Where is it?’ Jake inquired with a plain face.

Taken aback, Sarah and Tim glanced at each other before hesitantly replying,
‘He, he should be here any time now.’

‘You said that a few minutes earlier...’

‘It’s true...’ Sarah admitted with a confused expression. Tim was equally
baffled.

Several minutes passed without either the jungle nor the beach showing any
signs of activity.

‘So...where is it now?’ Jake asked politely again.

‘I don’t know...’

‘I don’t know either...’

An hour passed and Jake even took the opportunity to patrol underground in
the hope of tracking down the alien, but to no avail.

Two hours later, the trio had to face the facts. The flyman had fled.