

The Oracle Paths

Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

Chapter 306 - Fuck You All!

When Jake had an idea, he could be pretty damn thorough to get it done. In addition to digging a discharge tunnel for the lava pouring directly above the sacrificial altar, he also created a branch-off tunnel for the lava coming up the volcanic conduit from the depths of the earth. This channel would lead to the fortuitous emergence of a lava fountain right in the middle of the crowd.

He had tried to dig directly beneath the temple, including under the sacrificial altar, without success. The catacombs beneath the altar and temple looked more like a giant vault than a simple basement. He could now bend the rock to his will, but such thick metal was beyond his grasp.

About six hours later, his stratagem was finally ready. Even with his new abilities, his body was dripping with sweat, and without his passive regeneration that spontaneously activated when he moved through hot rock he might not have been able to do it so quickly. In an icy environment, digging such tunnels would certainly have taken him several days.

His artificial cavern seemed perfectly safe and habitable, but its proximity to the magma chamber ensured that the temperatures inside were far above what a normal human could withstand. The air was so hot that it clouded the visibility inside the cave and every drop of sweat would evaporate instantly upon contact with the ground.

If an Evolver like Sarah or Lu Yan had set foot in there, they might not have died because of their Constitution and decent Vitality, but the pain felt would have been comparable to being boiled alive.

Jake had been monitoring the situation in the Zhorion City by making quick trips back and forth from time to time, and he knew that the sacrifices had already resumed about an hour ago. Once again, according to the Player Ranking the number of Players eliminated was greater than the number of prisoners sacrificed at the altar in the last hour.

Clearly, the other two tribes were practicing slaughter of a similar nature, although this was only his own supposition.

The tunnels were ready, but he still had a few small details to finalize. To prevent the lava from spilling out too quickly, he had kept a few meters of rock as plugs that he could remove at any time.

For fear that these plugs would collapse because of the heat and the weight of the lava, they were right at the entrance of the two tunnels, in contact with the magma chamber and the volcanic conduit, but also at the bottom and at the top of the Zhorion cave. This meant that even if the first two plugs blocking the lava were destroyed, it would still take a few minutes for the lava to reach the Zhorion cave.

Once the lava was in place, he could then blow the roof and floor of the cave so that the lava could pour into the city from above and below at the same time. The only real difficulty was that the two tunnels were in opposite positions and were separated by the city and an army of Zhorion Thralls.

In order to blow the two stoppers, Jake would have to swim around the city through the rock fast enough for the two lava traps to be triggered almost simultaneously. Alas, even at his maximum speed, there would still be a gap between the two traps.

He could have made plugs of different thicknesses so that the timing would be the same, but there were too many factors to consider and he didn't have time for that. Even with his current intelligence, he still preferred to follow a simple plan where all the parameters were under his control.

At that very moment, Jake had just gotten into position. He had just blasted the lava plugs at the entrance of the magma chamber and the volcanic conduit and was patiently waiting for the lava to fill the two tunnels.

Hu araoafiiw ovmpervo ovfo ovu ifsf jmpit vfsu lnzuft fo vaev suimhaow iacu f dfphuo mnur om ovu dpiiulo, gpo ovu salhmlaow md ovu Qmiour zmhc jfl vaevuz ovfr vu uknuhout. Irlouft md dimjare zfnatiw, ovu ifsf jfl nmpzare arom ovu ojm oprruil fo ovu lnuut md f lrfai, jvahv dzplozfout vaq ezufiow.

‘Ugh, how boring...’ Jake yawned as he stuck his head out of the ground near the building where he had attended the sacrifices the previous day.

The Zhorion priest was back in his demonic form and had the same psychotic smile. The Zhorion Thralls were also present and that was why Jake chose this vantage point instead of camping near the first tunnel that was supposed to explode near the crowd. The moment he would take action, he would be instantly discovered.

He had already taken huge risks by digging a tunnel so close. If one of the Zhorion warriors inadvertently decided to scan the underground with his Spirit Body, there was a good chance that his plan would be discovered. Though, even if that happened, it was already too late to prevent the worst from happening.

Unless one of these aliens had superior earth-manipulation abilities to his own, it was unlikely. Jake was prepared for it, anyway.

These underground galleries had not dug themselves out. It was obvious to anyone with eyes and a little common sense that these aliens were pretty good at it.

As Jake waited patiently for the lava to flow to the fateful place, something happened.

Sarah was chosen as a sacrifice.

Jake, who had until then been rather relaxed to the point of yawning with boredom in front of all these gory deaths, suddenly stiffened when he saw the young blonde being dragged by her hair to the altar.

‘Fuck!’ He cursed between his clenched teeth.

Tvu ifsf jfl dfz dzmQ guare ar nmlaoamr. Io jmpit ofcu f duj Qmzu Qarpoul gudmzu ovu ozfn jfl mnuzfoamrfi. Cmproare ovu luhmrtl Qurofiw, Jfcu vulaofout, gpo jvur vu lfj ovu gimrtu ozfrldmzQ prtuz ovu ardipurhu md ovu npzadaut FiaroapQ uruzew, vu dmzemo fii fgmpo ao.

In a split second, the young woman’s neutral aura flared up and turned bestial and chaotic. Her golden hair began to lengthen and shine like a Super Saiyan, while her golden irises began to radiate like two flashlights.

Her tanned skin gained a kind of bronze luster, while her height and musculature developed slightly, but still aesthetically pleasing. Nothing like the horrendous mutations of some of the participants. The Myrmidians were indeed a blessed ancient species whose reputation in the Mirror Universe was well established.

The energy contained in the Red Crystal forming this altar was so pure and intense that the three stones he had devoured were nothing in comparison. At that very moment, Sarah was dramatically stronger than before. After upgrading his own bloodline to level 2, he could tell at a glance that this corresponded to at least a Myrmidian bloodline of level 5 or higher.

Unfortunately, this bloodline did not improve her physical abilities very much, so physically Sarah’s body was still frail and unable to withstand such power. By activating her Myrtharian Trance, her Aether stats had indeed been multiplied, but this energy had to come from somewhere.

Even before the Zhorion Priest moved a little finger, Sarah’s Berserk mode had already ended, extinguishing like the flame of a candle dipped in water.

Jake watched helplessly as the young woman collapsed to the ground half unconscious like a puppet with her strings cut, and watched grudgingly as the Zhorion Priest lowered his blade to cut off one of her arms, followed by Sarah's muffled cry of agony.

[What are you waiting for to save her?!] Xi complained as she watched the disgusting performance through his eyes.

'It's not time yet...' Jake replied uncomfortably with a frown.

[Does it really matter? You're a Myrtharian. If you go against your instincts, it's like admitting defeat. In that case, perhaps it's better to take the risk, even if it means dying.]

'But that will screw up my perfect plan.' Jake grunted as he watched Sarah have her second arm cut off.

Right now, her breath was short and wheezy, as if she was giving birth with a knife in her belly. The pain she was feeling right now was probably worse.

It was in those moments that Jake knew he wasn't in love. His survival instincts were still overriding his *désiré* to save her. She would survive anyway. Maybe he would have reasoned differently if death on this island was final?

Jake was still hesitating when something happened that he could never have foreseen. Sarah's eyes, rolling in all directions in search of any hope, miraculously fell on him. When her gaze locked on his, he felt the last chain holding his rationality break.

It was no miracle. It was no more and no less than her Shadow Guide giving her a way out. Perhaps many prisoners had long been aware of his presence and were patiently bidding their time.

As if most of the prisoners were one and the same person, their hopeful and sometimes cynical gaze turned in the same direction as the young woman's.

Immediately afterwards, the particularly receptive Zhorion priest turned to him, followed by all the guards and Zhorion Thralls. When Jake felt the demonic gaze of the skyscraper-sized Thrall descend upon him, he felt a horrible shiver run through his spinal cord.

He had been tricked.

‘Fuck you all!’ He roared as he vanished into the ground.

All the compassion he had been feeling for Sarah was utterly gone.