

The Oracle Paths

Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

Chapter 329 - Need a Hand?

‘We offer you two choices. ‘The tallest Wengol initiated the conversation. His Oraclean was proper and the tone of its voice more pleasant and refined to hear than their stoutness would suggest. ‘Give us three Red Soul Stones each and we promise to leave you alone.’

Jake was somewhat surprised that these two aliens were so sensible, but it wasn't unexpected either. They had no conflict and no reason to hate each other. He was not weak, and an ally was always better than an enemy.

‘What makes you think I have enough Flintium? ‘Jake finally replied with an amused face. ‘Maybe I have just enough stones to unlock that door.’

‘Bwabwabwah!’

Jake frowned and pursed his lips disapprovingly as the two Wengols burst out laughing. The way they laughed was the opposite of their refined voice: devoid of any graciousness.

‘It's simple. If you don't have enough, we'll have no choice but to kill you. ‘The Wengol who had spoken earlier grumbled disdainfully. ‘Either you're lying, or there's only enough Flintium for one door. Either way, it will put an end to these negotiations. Do you think all those Players and Zhorions around us listen for fun? If they can avoid a fight, they're all willing to compromise. The more Red Soul Stones we have, the less attention you will attract. It's all to your advantage, so think about it carefully.’

Upon hearing this last warning, Jake did not miss the ostensible threat. His laid-back attitude visibly hardened and he lost his engaging smile. He didn't

like being threatened. His Myrtharian bloodline didn't like it either. His instincts perceived intimidation as a form of defiance. It somehow made him want to turn down their offer to provoke them.

If it was Sarah, she probably would have jumped down their throats without thinking. Instead of losing his temper, Jake channeled his murderous impulse and his lips curled into a sly smile.

'All right. Here are six Red Soul Stones. I hope you keep your word.' Jake said as he activated his Earth Control skill.

His huge obsidian armor suddenly deformed, its surface seemed to become as viscous as quicksand. A circular hole about a foot in diameter formed in his breastplate, revealing his pectorals underneath.

Then dozens of Red Soul Stones filled the space and with a gentle wave of the hand, Jake made six of them levitate up to the enormous suction-covered hands of the two Wengols.

From beginning to end, Jake carefully watched their changes of expression. Although he was not a great actor, his perception and intelligence was now sharp enough to detect the impatience, surprise, excitement, envy, and then the killing glint that had fleetingly passed through their eyes. This brief slackening had betrayed their true intentions.

As the two aliens were about to grab the stones, Jake pulled them back to him to everyone's surprise.

'What are you trying to do?! Are you trying to renege on our deal?' The second Wengol, whose language proficiency was far below that of its comrade, got mad at him directly, not hesitating to point its huge club at him.

Instead of answering straight away, Jake sneered and looked in various directions in turn, before staring back at the two Wengols.

‘You really take me for a fool, don’t you? You think I didn’t notice the twenty Wengols hiding among the crowd?’

These aliens might have been able to fool the other Players, but certainly not him. His Spirit Body may have had trouble distinguishing their Aetheric signature from the other Zhorions, but the previous scan had given him all the information he needed.

On Earth, octopuses were able to camouflage themselves almost perfectly by changing the color and texture of their surface. Even though Jake was not one to mix and match, the scan report had confirmed to him that these aliens had chromatophores. Two of these Wengols had an Oracle Rank less than or equal to his. The report was sufficiently detailed.

Once Jake was aware of their capabilities, it was impossible for him to ignore such a simple plan. The directions in which he had cast his eyes pointed each time to a camouflaged Wengol in the middle of the crowd. At this point, it was practically invisibility, but there was still some way to go before this ability reached this stage.

Having realized that their intentions had been made clear, the two Wengols blew a long whistle and then immediately attacked. The other camouflaged aliens simultaneously clubbed down the crowded Zhorions, not hesitating to use large, swirling side blows to knock out as many people as possible before the Zhorions managed to pull themselves together.

As the two huge clubs approached his skull at high speed, Jake felt the air compressing around him, and his attention was momentarily taken up by the two bludgeons, almost making him forget that he could dodge.

[Jake watch out!]

‘I know...’

The Shadow Guide had not reacted in time. It was only after the attack had begun that the Shadow Guide demonstrated a parry. Clearly, his Oracle Rank was lower than theirs. The Oracle device was only able to calculate a response once the attack had begun.

Yet, it was sufficient. Jake was slow because of his weight, but his reflexes had not changed. As before, he took a short breath and then reformed his telekinetic megaphone before shouting again.

‘RAAAAAAH!’

The sound blast fanned out in front of him once more and quite a few Zhorions found themselves momentarily incapacitated. Nevertheless, the two Wengols had surprisingly already retreated more than fifty meters by the time he started to scream.

‘Hmmm?’

Jake was slightly taken aback by the fact that he had roared for nothing. Except for a few unwary Zhorions, almost all the Wengols had pulled away in time.

Not giving him time to strike again, the Wengols took advantage of the fact that the Zhorions had deserted the area around Jake to storm him as a group. Their coordination was perfect.

Ptooy! Ptooy!

By pure reflex, Jake successively tilted his head from left to right to avoid invisible projectiles. Without his Spirit Body deployed, he probably wouldn’t have noticed anything. While squinting his eyes, he noticed that the skin of these aliens was rather moist.

The atmospheric moisture was condensing on the surface of their bodies and gradually forming larger and larger drops of water. They would magically

rise up to their gullets and then be violently spat out onto him, becoming lethal bullets.

After avoiding the first projectiles, Jake formed a psychic screen with a simple thought to intercept the remaining shots. When the Wengols were practically right on him, his pupils lit up and his enormous armor deformed again to form long thorns several meters long like those of a hedgehog.

Jake braced himself for impact, but like the previous time, the Wengols had retreated on their own initiative, retreating just enough to avoid impaling themselves on the deadly obsidian spears. Two of them, however, had been saved by their comrades by being pulled back narrowly.

Io jfl f Qufeuz hmrlmifoamr. Waov ovu ukhunoamr md ovulu ojm lmQujvfo limj Wuremil, fii ovulu fiaurl prtmpgoutiw vft f vaevuz Ozfhiu Rfrc ovfr val. Tval tat rmo gmtu juii dmz ovu dpopzu.

Although Jake had reason to be frustrated, the two Wengol leaders who had initiated negotiations with him were also in a gloomy mood. Their Oracle Devices had no serious plan to offer them. The initiatives taken by their Shadow Guide did not seem to be enough to overcome the reflexes of this human.

Moreover, they were aware that from the beginning, apart from calmly dodging by swaying his head, this human had not moved at all since the beginning of the altercation. At this rate, the battle might drag on and on.

For the next few minutes, the Wengols repeated their assaults against him, but none of them managed to find the slightest flaw in Jake's iron defense. Worse, he had even managed to kill the two Wengols whose Oracle Rank was equal to his own by targeting them with his obsidian spears.

These aliens were troublesome to Jake. They were as strong as he was, weighing more than a ton and had a high constitution. They could control water to some extent, spit venom, produce strange ink smoke with unknown

properties, and their Spirit Body was sturdy. Like his cousin Kevin, they seemed incapable of mental attacks, or even deploying their Spirit Body beyond one meter, but their spirits were unbending.

They were typically the kind of enemies Jake hated. If he didn't weigh thirty tons and didn't have to hide his slowness handicap, he was confident that he could slay them with a sword. His Agility completely overpowered them.

Instead, he had to be more inventive to reach them. Force fields, compressed air bullets, air depressurization to deprive them of oxygen, fireballs, Soul Arrows, obsidian blades propelled by telekinesis, concentrated ultraviolet rays to make them tan... In vain.

Whenever he tried anything, the Wengols would always take the appropriate measures to survive before he could even carry out his plan. After all this time, Jake was starting to get a headache after using all of his techniques and he was now certain that he had no way to end this fight unless he used all of his trump cards.

The result would be unpredictable. This fight against the Wengols had been time consuming and tedious, but elsewhere the struggle for the Soul Stones had not stopped either. The Players had been reduced to 50, while only 500 Zhorions remained alive.

Many more Zhorions had died in those few minutes, but that wasn't because they were weaker than the Players. The majority of these Zhorions had been killed by the Zhorions themselves.

Urdmzoprfoiw, ovu dazlo nvflu vft bplo urtut. Tvu ourov Nfuypfo Dmmz vft darfiw guur mnurut. Waovmpo Rut frt Bipu Smpi Somrul, ovu zuqfarare 87 tmmzl jmpit zuqfar prmnurut. Aii ovmlu jvm proai ovur vft rueiuhout vaq jmpit lmmr dfii mr vaq iacu spiopzul.

This news did not only displease Jake. The Wengols knew they had missed their chance. They should have accepted the previous deal, even if it meant abandoning the rest of their brethren.

Maybe it was still possible...

‘Look, maybe we can still come to an agreement. ‘The refined Wengol raised both hands in the air as a sign of good will, entrusting its club to its comrade. ‘If you give us those six Red Soul Stones, this time I promise we’ll leave without looking back. You have my word.’

The other Wengols made funny faces when they heard their leader give up on them, but no one knew what was really going through their minds.

‘I think that...’

SLASH!

The Wengol leader’s head suddenly rolled on the ground with a splash of blood.

SLASH!

The head of the second leader a few steps behind flew into the air as well. Its expression was frozen in eternal disbelief.

Jfcu jfl fl lvmhcut fl ovu movuz Wuremil. Hu vft rmovare om tm jaov ao. Wvur vu lyparout val uWul om guoouz prtuzlofrt ovu lhuru, ojm artaloarho laivmpuool fnnufzut ar val dauit md salamr.

The first one was unpleasant to look at, dazzling like the shimmering of multiple mirrors reflecting the sunlight. The second figure was completely normal, clearly that of another human.

When he recognized them, Jake could hardly believe it. These two individuals were none other than his hated cousins George and Brice.

'Need a hand, cousin?' George said with an evil smirk as he wiped his webbed claws on its still standing victim's back.