

The Oracle Paths

Volume 2: The First Ordeal

Chapter 42 - Departure

Seeing the terrified reaction of the young woman and the shocked look on Will's face, he realized how much the words chosen were open to interpretation. However the damage was done, and he really wanted her to sit down and spread her legs...

'Don't you understand what I just said?' He repeated, this time with a frown, which ended up chilling the young woman.

Yielding to the impulse, she sat down and spread her legs hesitantly, red as a peony.

'More than that.' Insisted Jake, totally indifferent to the embarrassment.

After a while, the young woman finally decided to accede to his request and spread her legs wide enough for him to be satisfied. When he was about to do his work, he was interrupted by a voice that he did not want to hear at all.

'Hey, keep your filthy hands off her, you monster!' The Playboy roared, coming fast with the Colt in his hand... (Reloaded this time)

Behind him, the rest of the group followed, fierce expressions on their faces. Even for cowards like them, there was still a bottom line not to be crossed, otherwise they would have lost their humanity long ago. Extremely dissatisfied with being interrupted, Jake threw a mocking dig.

'Here's one who hasn't learned his lesson.' Jake grumbled as he stood up, knife still in hand. 'Need a wake-up shot?'

At these words, the Playboy lost all his courage, and unconsciously took a step backwards. Jake then knelt down again, bent down with his knife, began to tear the young woman's jeans, then... Nothing. What he had to do was done.

The young woman who had closed her eyes, totally convinced that her most precious thing was going to be taken from her, opened them again with a deeply lost look on her face, trying to understand why nothing had happened.

'Silly girl.' Jake commented, before putting the knife away to finally get going again.

Realizing that she would not be desecrated in the snow by a stranger, she began to tremble, half laughing, half sobbing. Gradually regaining her usual phlegm, she looked at her crotch.

A cross had been drawn with a knife in the most intimate part of her person, opening the jeans halfway down her thigh, where her underwear could be seen. When she saw this, she shamefully tightened her legs and immediately began to run behind the frightening man, before he got too far ahead of her. Fashion or survival, she had made her choice.

In any case, she noticed that the jeans no longer hindered her movements. He had also slashed the fabric in other strategic places, such as in the crook of her thighs or knee so that she wouldn't be hindered in her movements.

She was surprised at his speed and precision, but if she had Jake's stats before her very eyes, she would have understood better why it seemed so simple to him.

'Amy, where are you going?' The Playboy asked, puzzled at her decision.

He barely knew her from college. She was one of the new friends recently introduced by his procession of groupies, but it was clear that their friendship had no solid basis.

'We're leaving you.' Will enlightened him. 'Don't take this personally, but I trust him more than I trust your Colt. Goodbye.'

Waovmpo dpzovuz ftm, ovu gplarullqfr lofzout ozmooare guvart ovu wmpre iftw...
Al dmz ovu Pifwgmw, vu eifrhut fo ovu ezmpn md numniu guvart vaq, nzmgare
ovuaz zufhoamr. Hu jfl jmzzaut dmz rmovare.

The majority seemed relieved to see them leave except for the child. As for the young women who should have been Amy's friends, an expression of contempt was on their faces. They would not abandon him anytime soon.

'Sarah, wasn't she your friend?' The Playboy asked, confused.

The twenty-five-year-old blonde woman uttered a haughty 'Hmmff' in reply.

'Just a new girl looking for friends. We weren't going to leave her alone, especially such a pretty girl. But then, we have to be honest, she didn't have much in common with us.'

'She didn't talk much, just followed us around, but you could tell she was bored. I guess it was bound to happen. But I wouldn't have thought she'd leave us to go off with that savage... Look at him! You can tell right away that he's a criminal or some kind of psychopath. You saw it right there, Kyle. If you hadn't come, he probably would have deflowered her in front of us.'

'Haha, good point. Good thing I was there!' The Playboy self-flattered, although deep down he thought it didn't really look like an attempted ****.

Even more profoundly, he even thought that if the threatening man had wanted to **** her in front of them, he would have done so regardless of the Colt pointed at him. Just thinking about it gave him shivers down his spine.

He was careful not to contradict Sarah, however. After all, up to now she had been his most faithful follower, and they shared much more than just friendship. Still, they couldn't be said to be alike.

Sarah's friends had all shared his bed at one time or another, but that he would refrain from telling her. Only Amy had escaped that fate, but after all she was new to the group.

‘So what do we do?’ asked Sophie, another one of his groupies, a brunette who had abused tanning beds and was always all torted up.

‘You heard the clown.’ Sardonicly replied Sarah.

‘According to my Oracle, the nearest shelter is in the direction we appeared. We can take this opportunity to return to the mall that was transported with us to replenish our supplies. There we try to hunt what we can for the Aether or join a larger group. You don’t think Kyle’s Colt can shoot forever, do you?’

The interested party made an irritated growl, but he did not contradict her. He agreed with her, but did not dare to give his opinion for fear of being seen as a coward. He wanted to join an Oracle city, but with the number of Digestors lurking in the way, it was suicide.

The Instructor had made it clear what kind of fate the Oracle had in store for the Civilians. As for them, they planned to go there immediately without any Aether reserve except for one Red Crystal each.

Clearly not a bright idea, considering that half of their group had been decimated by Digestors on this very path.

So without saying a word, the group set off, cautiously huddled around a young man, a Playboy holding a Colt...

Meanwhile, Jake had come halfway down the hill. The temperature was already rising, and he had already put away his jacket and scarf. Far from ensuring that the young woman and the man named Will was following, he walked towards a hardwood forest that he had spotted at the top when he checked the path to the Red Cube.

The advantage was that he would have a clearer view than in the dominant tropical jungle to the left of his position. Assuming he was heading north, assuming because the compasses didn’t work here, the hardwood forest was to the

northeast and the jungle to the northwest. His starting point on B842 was to the South. The Oracle city was to the West.

Tvu Mfnnare dufopzu mr val jzalogfrt vft fpomqfoahfiw hfiagzfout ovu hfztarfi nmarol mr val fzgaozfw tuhalamr. Nmj ovfo vu vft lmqu oaqu om hmrouqnfou ovu qfn ulofgialvut gw ovu Swlouq, vu zufiaxut vmj sfipfgiu oval dufopzu jfl.

He also took the opportunity to take out the Silver Cube. The Silver Cube was only slightly larger than a dice, but warm to the touch and pulsating with a faint glow similar to that of a night light.

‘Xi, what’s that for?’ Jake asked his trusty AI, who had been silent all along.

[...]

‘What’s the matter with you?’

Over time, Jake had learned to recognize when his AI was confused, amused or in a bad mood. She was definitely out of sorts.

[This Asrael... He hasn’t changed...] She sighed wanly.

That was the only confession she made. After that, whatever Jake tried to pull at her, she remained silent. Finally, he resolved to ask her his original question again.

[A Silver Cube is used to store Encoding Programs for Aether. It can store other data, but that would be a waste. Knowing Asrael’s character, this one should come in handy.]

[To use it, you just need to place it against your Oracle device, and the Cube will be integrated into it.]

Art artuut, ovu arouezfoamr nzmhull juro mdd jaovmpo f vaohv. Hu hmrhurozfout qurofiiw om qfcu val gzfhuiuo fnnufz, ovur npo ovu Saisuz Cpgu mr ao. Tvu Saisuz Cpgu ovur tallmisut iacu f lpez ipqn dfiare arom f vmo hmdduu nmo.

A short moment later, a System prompt notified him of the success.

[New Encoded Aether unlocked: Hardening and Sharpening. Cost: 5 Aether for 1 Hardening and Sharpening Aether point.]

Jackpot! He didn't have to worry about his machete and knives anymore. As long as they didn't break, his weapons had good hope of becoming real killing machines in the future.