

The Oracle Paths

Volume 5: The Last Tutorial

Chapter 536 - Mufasa And Shere Khan

‘I’m sorry to question your words, Svara apologized as she joyfully swatted a Rank 3 Digestor, but I don’t think Kelly is doing well. I doubt we’ll get anything good out of repeating her feat.’

‘True...’ Will nodded in earnest. He was still disoriented by the Rank 9 Digestor’s sound attack and had only just regained consciousness.

The thought of attacking that thing head-on could only give him the creeps. Even now, he was still on his dragon’s back, letting it carry him around the battlefield like a sack of potatoes.

‘Are you sure about this?’ Jake confirmed sternly as he stared at Grash intently.

So far, this alien hadn’t exactly shone with intelligence. Even if he knew more than they did, one would have to be completely brain dead to take his advice at face value.

Grash seemed to guess what Jake and the others thought of him, because he justified himself immediately afterwards.

‘Sure.’ He grunted with an ugly face as he felt the prejudiced stares of his new companions upon him. ‘This thing can’t be killed easily and it’s not worth it. Even if we could destroy it, it would serve its purpose and we would still need to hit it hard with everything we have.’

‘Right...’

He had a point. Jake considered giving it a try but the cacophony of shrill cackling around them reminded him that the battle was far from over. The explosive landing of this Rank 9 Digestor had killed several refugees, ruining their morale and disrupting their lines.

Because of the dangerousness of this new foe, the camp powerhouses like Jake, Grash, Mufasa and Shere Khan had momentarily stopped exterminating monsters to focus their attention on this abomination capable of wiping them all off the map in seconds if they were not careful.

Even after noticing the stillness and nonchalance of the monster, Jake and the others didn't dare relax, too concerned about the prospect of being caught off guard by an enemy stronger than them.

'Grash, if you're confident with your plan, occupy that thing first. Meanwhile, me and the others will take out the rest of the horde.' Jake finally suggested in a neutral tone. He didn't want to give the impression that he was sacrificing his new friend to gauge the enemy, much less doubt his word.

Luckily, the boar orc was not the type to hold grudges and even less the type to bother with such subtleties. He abhorred complex thoughts and for Jake at that moment it was a gift of providence. With a nod, he accepted the order wholeheartedly.

Seeing that Grash had agreed to test the enemy, Jake stopped dithering and telepathically shouted, 'Attack!'

Mufasa and Shere Khan's aura, who had been taking it easy all along despite their cataclysmic strikes that could flatten a soccer field by several feet in seconds, underwent a sudden change upon hearing this command. The refugees who had thought they had seen everything about these two felines screamed in terror as they morphed into killing machines, leaving hundreds of afterimages in their wake.

To imagine their destructive force, one only had to visualize an indestructible tank being launched at several thousand kilometers per hour. By leveraging their strong muscles, their Aether, and their respective elements, Mufasa and Shere Khan could reach staggering speeds for the untrained eye.

With each stride of the giant lion, the earth would crumble to bits, caving in under the impact of his every step. His mane would mysteriously stir in an invisible breeze, a pale green halo adding to the splendor of it. Under the influence of this magic, the heavy and bulky body of the lion disappeared in a thick tornado and each of his claws and bites triggered powerful tornadoes and hurricanes as if the feline himself was a living storm in the making.

With such physical prowess and the wind's assistance, Mufasa didn't even need to touch his victims to destroy them. Several dozen meters before reaching them, his targets would be ravaged by hundreds of lacerations before scattering into thousands of pieces. Those who were more fortunate, would take the impact of a supersonic wind blast, blowing their bodies away until their battered bodies were nothing more than a dot on the horizon.

Shere Khan was paradoxically even more terrifying. His movements didn't generate the same AOE damage, but the purple lightning coating him made him even more elusive. His speed was just mind-blowing. Where Mufasa's targets had a chance of survival if they weren't directly targeted, anyone who caught the tiger's attention was destined to die.

Jake himself would never have considered dodging his attacks before getting his Teleportation Spell. To survive, he would have had no choice but to take the attack head-on, but was that even possible? As confident as he was in his abilities, he had never faced an opponent like this before.

Nylreg and Wyatt were extremely strong, but their appearance was essentially human. The way they fought was not so unusual and their weaknesses were basically the same as any human's except for a few differences.

Svuzu Kvfr jfl tadduzuro. Tvu iaevorare lpzzmprtare vaq jfl f nzmgiuqfoah mglofhiu fefarlo jvahv val gmtw jfl rmo aqqpru, gpo qmzu aqnmzofroiw vu cruj vmj om uknimaao ao om fhhuizfou val zudiukul, val lnuut frt ovu iuovfiaow md val foofhcl. Or omn md ovfo, ovu oaeuz fizuftw vft f lozmre gmtw jaov aqnzullasu Bmtw Sofol.

If he had to choose, Jake would much rather fight Mufasa, despite his apparent invincibility, than an opponent like Shere Khan who was literally untouchable. In the end, these two pride leaders were quite complementary with two vastly different but equally dominant fighting styles.

With the lion and tiger getting down to business, Jake didn't have to do anything. Firing a few air bubbles here and there, he blasted the brains out of the few Digestors that slipped through the cracks and let the refugees, Svava and the other felines do the rest of the work.

There was a time when he would have been motivated by this much Aether, but these Digestors could barely arouse his greed anymore.

Despite all his precautions, Jake couldn't prevent the deaths of several of the refugees. The losses were heartbreaking, but he knew deep down that it was inevitable. He was not a god and could not foresee everything, let alone the coming of an eccentric Rank 9 Digestors.

Kelly had regained consciousness and had resumed the fight by holding the hand of the orphan boy whom she had sworn to take care of. The goblin couple also fought back to back under the protection of

one of the lionesses, while Ingranus, the old man proved to be a formidable spearman.

In a few minutes of battle and by clinging to Svava for his first kills, he had obtained his first Aether points and had immediately used them to enhance his strength, endurance and agility. Now he could already hold his own against a Rank 2 Digestor of his level.

This was obviously not only due to the rapid rise in his Aether Stats, but the bonus resulting from the Myrtharian Body Passive. His Body Stats had a bonus of 240% of their actual value, giving him more than three times the strength he should have been capable of achieving.

If Jake, Will and Kyle had held this trump card when they arrived on B842, things might have turned out very differently. Back then, to defeat his first Rank 2 Digestor, Jake had to empty an entire magazine of his gun and use a carbon nanofiber katana to win fair and square.

Elsewhere on the battlefield, Nicolet and Diccon were cooperating closely, but from their anxious expressions they weren't as comfortable as they pretended to be. They had been injured several times and their complexion was pale, but with the help of the octopus alien Takoyaki they had managed to score a few kills.

On her side, Secyone, the redheaded former prostitute, was holding hands with her two boys, protecting them as best she could. Perhaps because Will had a strong sense of empathy or some less honest reason, but he had chosen to fight nearby with his dragon. With Charizard ready to char any Digestors that were a little too bold, she too had managed to kill a monster or two. She was numb with shock, but every time she saw her children's scared expressions she was reminded of the reason she was fighting.

CLANG!

A deafening shockwave pounded the eardrums of all the survivors, allies and enemies alike at that very moment. Alarmed by the sound, Jake saw Grash let out a grunt of pain before being catapulted into the sky, his armor good for the garbage. At the same time, he saw that his rusty greatsword had been pulled into the Rank 9 Digestor's stomach.

The creature had not moved, but the turbid liquid on the surface of its body now glowed intensely and a shrill hissing sound escaped with increasing volume from the creature's pores as its body vibrated eerily, forming mini ripples on its surface.

This monster may not have been moving and was missing a face, but Jake could sense that this thing was pleased. Grash's full-powered attack had met its standards.

'Are you okay, Grash?' Jake asked worriedly as he stopped the alien's soaring with his telekinesis.

The orc wiped the blood from his face and shook his head. His complexion was hard to judge with his thick skin and bristles, but Jake could have sworn he was livid. Although the alien tried to hide it, the shaking of his legs and hands did not go unnoticed. Executing this attack had cost him dearly.

'I'm fine. Everything is going according to plan. Now that the rest of the horde has been eliminated, it's your turn to attack. I have a feeling that otherwise, these Digestors will never leave us alone.'

' ... '

Jake didn't comment on the alien's last words, but decided to trust him. After all, Grash had already proven to them that he was willing to do what he said. Making up his mind, he took a deep breath and shouted,

‘Everyone, strike the Digestor in the center with everything you’ve got!’