

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 2: The First Ordeal

### Chapter 65 - So i can be wrong too

After raising his stats that much, Jake felt like a new man. Lightweight, stronger than ever and tireless. Even with his shoulder wound, which had just stopped bleeding, his predatory instincts had overridden his fear.

Hearing multiple footsteps approaching, he continued to play dead, preferring to make sure the sniper had really left the scene. The still erected tent of his camp hid his sight from the battlefield cleaners. The metallic smell of blood and the stench of urine and sweat were attacking his nostrils.

With his sight impacted by the darkness, he was unable to determine exactly what had happened. How many had died? How many were injured just like him? And how many had been taken prisoner, like the women in his group? Did they kill only those who resisted them, or were they only interested in women and food? A criminal group of this size must have been severely short of food and resources of all kinds after several days on B842.

Regardless, it was not his problem. Whoever attacked him and his belongings had to be prepared to suffer his retaliation.

Will was also playing dead, although he continued to press on his thigh wound. Then finally, a boot sank into the salt sand a few inches from his face. When the minion was about to finish them off,

or at least make sure they wouldn't return from the dead, Jake took action.

With his military knife in hand, he quickly straightened himself up into an uppercut position, impaling his opponent from nuts to stomach, while lifting him off the ground by one meter. It was one of the most atrocious deaths ever, and Jake quickly got out of the way so he wouldn't be urinated on when his victim's sphincters would loosen up.

The target of his attack was still alive, but he was so tetanized by the pain that only a congested face in a grimace of agony stared at him with an overt incomprehension and resentment. A few seconds later, the gangster fainted and died.

The amount of Aether that appeared on his body was more than he imagined, almost as much as a Digestor lvl 2. This meant bad news, since it implied that even the average minion in this group had harvested a significant amount of Aether.

Crouching down, Jake set out to ambush the opposing group's cleaners one by one using his hearing to spot them. The second cleaner was safely eliminated, choking in a pool of blood, with his throat cut.

The third was stronger and heard it coming. Bad luck for him, he couldn't see any better than Jake and raised his arms to protect himself by adopting a boxer's guard, which wasn't smart in the face of a machete hitting at full speed with all the weight of his handler.

He was tougher than expected, having surely increased his strength and constitution. His machete failed to cut both forearms and got stuck in the bone. However, the impact was violent enough to knock him down and continuing on his way Jake stuck the dagger held in his free hand right into his heart.

Dulnaou ovu dfofi gimj, val mnnmruro hmroarput om lozpeeiu dmz f imre oaqu gudmzu darfiw iuooare em. lo jfl f ompev rpo om hzfhc. Esur jaov val rujdmprt lozureov, Jfcu jfl ukvfplout frt tzannare jaov ljufo. Hal eprlvmo jmprt om ovu lvmpituz jfl vpzoare iacu vuui frt giuutare mrhu fefar.

‘Uh, 5 Aether points?’ Jake was amazed at the large flow of energy entering his bracelet. ‘Almost as much as a young Digestor lvl 3... And he was just an underling...’

His face was gloomy. The chances of saving Amy and the other women in the group were dwindling by the second. Attacking the enemy base and risking everything, or retreating and licking their wounds?

**BANG BANG**

More shots rang out, coming from the direction of the criminal camp. It would seem that they too were under attack. If he could shoot this sniper and know how he was spotting them in the dark, he was confident he could turn the tide.

Almost at the same time, a whistle blew. The few footsteps approaching his position, and probably attracted by the dying yelps of his last opponent, suddenly made a U-turn, rushing at full speed towards their own base. The threat had to be serious.

Taking advantage of the diversion, Jake sprinted back to his tent which had held out, only vestige unscathed from the abduction of the women and provisions of his group. The five-year-old child was unconscious, but when he connected his bracelet to his own, he was able to confirm that other than a slight concussion, the boy was not seriously injured. It was probably best to let him sleep for the time being.

A few meters further on, the Playboy's corpse lay curled up in a fetal position, his hands clutching a bloody wound in the middle of his belly. Checking his condition, Jake realized he was still alive. The kidnapers were so confident that he would not escape, that they had let him bleed to death in silence.

Still, it was without counting on his rage to live. Having kept the bottle of Digestor's blood that Jake had left them at the farm with a note on it, Kyle had waited for the attackers to bite his jacket and walk away so that he could hold back his groans of pain. Then, once he was sure he was out of danger, he had drunk the blood bottle, before faking his death when he heard footsteps again.

Lucky for him, it was just Jake. He was off the hook. At least, he hoped he was. With difficulty, he got up, but the bullet was still in his belly, even with Digestor's blood accelerating regeneration, it would only get worse if he didn't remove the bullet.

Jfcu vft fizuftw zuqmsut val mjr jaov mriw val dareuzl, laqniw gw zuiware mr ovu eulopzul md val Svftmj Gpatu. Al vu guhfqu qmzu arouiiaeuro, vu lwrhvmraxut guoouz frt guoouz jaov ovu Svftmj Gpatu, lm ovfo vu hmpit duui ovu eulopzul arlouft md vfsare om aqaofou ovuq fdouz hfzudpi mgluzsfoamr.

Will, on the contrary, did not dare to remove the bullet since it had perforated his femoral artery. To remove it prematurely without precaution would only aggravate the bleeding. More importantly, he didn't have an agility stat like Jake's that gave him excellent dexterity and precision. Therefore, he could only stay on the ground and wait for them to return.

'Mmm, Playboy, uh, what's your name again?' Jake asked him, scratching his head in embarrassment.

Inwardly indignant, the Playboy in question could only laugh bitterly.

‘Kyle, Kyle Gibson.’

‘Okay Kyle, are you ready to come with me and save these girls who are relying on you?’

From his response, Jake’s decision would change dramatically. If he refused and chose to ensure his own survival, Jake would attack the criminal base alone but with the sole intention of saving Amy.

He wasn’t particularly fond of her, but he had his own sense of values. If someone trusted him enough to follow him, he would take care of that person. If that person had useful qualities, it was all the more worthwhile.

As talented as Jake could be, it was an illusion to hope to dominate this planet alone. At least, it was too soon. The group that had just attacked them was living proof of that. Tyrannical, because they had the numbers and the equipment on their side.

Deep down, Kyle was terrified and wanted to keep playing dead. But when he saw Jake’s icy cold snake eyes, he felt it was a test, which if passed, could also become a life-changing opportunity.

Oh, screw it! He was a man, too, after all. If he had to run away all his life in shame and fear to save his miserable skin, was it really worth living? The difference between a Civilian and an Evolver, he hadn’t forgotten. To have privileges in the Mirror Universe, you had to fight for your freedom.

‘I will fight.’ Kyle finally answered, his face grimacing between the urge to fight and the urge to flee.

‘Oh, are you sure about this?’ Jake couldn’t believe it. He was sure the guy had been a pathetic self-centered jerk up to now. So he could be wrong too...

‘Absolutely positive.’ The Playboy confirmed, this time with a resolute expression...

‘All right, then grab that gun, we got people to kill tonight. And take these Aether crystals, too. You’re gonna need them.’

Jake gave him his gun, with two full mags. These few Aether crystals he had found when he searched the body of his third victim. Seven Red Crystals. Nothing much to be excited about, but to a normal human like the Playboy it could make a huge difference.

‘Since you’ll be depending on this weapon tonight, I advise you to increase your Agility by 3 points to improve your precision and dexterity, and put the remaining point in the strength. For the rest, you must immediately collect and use the Aether from every target you shoot down tonight if you want any chance of seeing the sunrise.’

Kyle nodded, extremely focused. Aside from the Red Crystal given to him by Aslael, which he had already used, this was the first time he would increase his agility. And the effect was incredible. The world was slowing down around him, and he felt in control of his body like never before. He felt a little more confident now.

After that, followed by Kyle, Jake returned to his backpack that he had left outside the camp where he had negotiated with Enya. Relieved to see that none of the attackers had picked it up, he went inside without further ado to pull out a SCAR rifle in front of a stunned Kyle.

‘Did this guy rob a gun shop or something?’ The Playboy wondered inside, shaken still.

Jfcu loaii vft f ovazt epr, gpo oval oaqu vu arourtut om gu nzunfzut dmz frwovare. Tvuzu jfl rm zmmq dmz hvfrhu dmz jvfo ovuw juzu nifrrare om tm. Hu lipre ovu zadiu msuz val lvmpituz, zuozauSut lmqu qfefxarul frt cuno ovu ruj epr imftut ar val vftr, fii luo dmz gfooiu.

‘Okay, let’s do it.’