

The Oracle Paths

Volume 2: The First Ordeal

Chapter 66 - Freeing the girls

Prior to their vendetta, Jake instructed Kyle to stay calm while he was removing the ball from his belly and dressing his wound. The Playboy, his face pale and dripping with sweat, tried as best he could to endure the surgery in silence, but to no avail.

Tears came to his eyes, despite his own promise to himself to look good and stay strong, the whole thing interspersed with half-stifled squeaks. Jake didn't have time to stitch his wounds, and the bandage would have to do for now.

The Playboy had used his Oracle well when he was shot, though. His reaction, amateur as it was, had allowed him to spare his vital organs. Faking a fatal stomach wound had, with the help of darkness adding to the confusion, saved his life.

When the young man had recovered his breath and regained some colour, they set off, Kyle following Jake cautiously, clutching his new weapon with both hands. He knew that at the first shot fired, they would be spotted. Leaving the initiative to Jake was still the best plan.

As they made their way to the criminals and delinquents' camp, which was less than 100 yards away, they found Terry, the farmer, crawling on the ground in rage and grief in the same direction as they were. He had both of his knees broken, his legs forming

abnormal angles. His head was also bleeding. He had taken a good blow, but it had not been enough to knock him out.

The poor man was giving all he had for the sole purpose of saving his wife from the hands of these kidnappers and would-be rapists. His love and devotion was more than admirable. His wife probably meant everything to him.

With a sigh, Jake forced the farmer to drink from his Digestor blood canteen before forcing him to retreat.

‘Let me handle this. If we can save your wife, we’ll bring her back.’

As if relieved, the farmer smiled in gratitude before fainting for good.

‘We’re moving on.’ Jake just said in a sinister tone, which sent shivers down the spine of the Playboy.

BANG BANG BANG BANG, tatatata!

As they quietly moved closer to the enemy camp, gunfire became more frequent. However, their camp seemed perfectly peaceful. Better equipped than their group, the prominent members all had their own tents, with three large canvas pavilions in the middle spacious enough to live in.

The duo could now hear the sound of voices and plaintive yells as they approached. Male voices discussing and commenting on their comrades’ blitz operation and rejoicing over their spoils, but also female voices sobbing and calling for help. Men were also sobbing and imploring, some of these criminals having clearly switched sides.

Their slaves and other prisoners and victims were sleeping in the cold out in the open, huddled together. From time to time one of the

men would come out of a tent to grab one of the women outside in more or less good condition before dragging her inside the tent. The shouting and pleading would then start all over again.

Jake had to squeeze Kyle's shoulder hard to keep him from doing something stupid. It wasn't time yet. Now that they were in place and the sniper and some of their forces were busy elsewhere, it was time to take advantage and act quickly.

The first step would be to take out the soft targets one by one without alerting anyone. With the exception of the central pavilion from which a faint glow was escaping, presumably that of a smartphone flash, the camp had no source of light.

With such a large group, hogging the smartphones and turning them off to save their batteries was the first decision they would have to take if they wanted to keep a source of light at night for a long time.

Shushing Kyle, Jake snuck to the farthest tent in the camp where guttural grunts of pleasure escaped, mixed with tears. At least he didn't recognize the voices of Amy and the other girls.

Holding his breath, he cut an opening in the canvas with his knife, only to bump into the back and hairy buttocks of a naked man pressing and thrusting back and forth his tiny weeny into the poor unwilling woman beneath him.

Well, not exactly the patient type either, Jake immediately offered him the privilege of being penetrated without consent too, the only difference being that it was a military knife with a thirty centimeter blade, which he stuck in the middle of his throat, from left to right.

With his windpipe and vocal cords severed, the rapist died within seconds, a gurgling sound full of resentment testifying that he did not like being on the receiving end. Karma.

There was almost an incident in the execution of his rescue that could have ruined everything. The young woman who had been raped a few seconds earlier started to panic when warm blood splashed in her face. After all, with the darkness and all those aliens out there, Jake's intervention was scarier than anything else.

Hu gâzèiw arouzhunout vuz lhzufq md ouzzmz, nifhare ovu nfiq md val vfirt fefarlo vuz qmpov jvau lvplvare vuz feaofoutiw. Fuuiare ovfo ao jfl frmovuz qfr, lvu hfiqu tmjr. Adouz lusuzfi tfwl md qalozufoquro ar ovu qatlo md oval ezmpn, lvu cruj ovfo fl imre fl lvu zuqfarut foozfoasu, rm qfr jmpit arouroamrfiiw jfro vuz tuft. Svu hmpit usur ofcu ftsfrofeu md ao.

'You're free. Wait a few minutes in silence, then you can run away.' He whispered to her, trying to be as pleasant and accommodating as possible. Not exactly his forte either.

Afterwards, Jake continued murdering minions resting, eating or fornicating in their tents, reaping a sizeable Aether loot. Two of them took more than a minute to die, and this even after their carotid arteries had been severed, a sign that their Constitution and Vitality was even superior to his. Moreover, he could also feel some resistance in their skin when he stabbed them.

Jake was beginning to realize that he was nothing special on the scale of all mankind. After all, statistically, one person in fifty had an IQ over 130, and many more had practiced martial arts, or performed trades requiring martial skills that he could not decently acquire in a few months, even with a device like the Oracle. Not to mention the military, mercenaries, smugglers and other mafia groups who lived this daily.

The more he killed, the more he realized that these people he thought were a simple coalition of criminals at the beginning were in fact much more organized and competent than he had imagined.

Finally, after 7 or 8 tents, Jake found an empty tent with Sophie and Loana naked and tied up, with several bruises and contusions. At first glance, nothing irreversible had happened to them yet. When they saw a man's silhouette entering the tent, they cried out in fright. As luck would have it, Jake's criminals had had the good bad idea to gag them.

'Shh, it's me.' He whispered again. 'I've come to set you free. Where are Amy and Sarah?'

After having untied them and removed their gag, Loana explained the situation with an incoherent speech, clearly in shock. Losing her fingers, then what had just happened to them finally made her crack. With Sophie's help and after a while he finally got the gist of it.

Amy had suddenly gone into berserk mode and knocked out two of their attackers, which had caused her to get knocked out in response and take a good beating. After that, one of the guys mentioned that she was a 'special talent' and ordered her to be taken to the chief's pavilion.

As for Sarah, another man had dragged her into his tent as soon as they arrived here without them being able to do anything.

Unfortunately, he couldn't afford to search all the tents. The gunman could have come back at any time now. On the other hand, if Amy was unconscious next to their leader, he would have to jump into the lion's den if he wanted to save her.

'Where are our food and backpacks?' He asked in a hurry.

‘In, hic, in their leader’s tent.’ Loana stuttered between hiccups with great difficulty, struggling to return to her normal state.

The choice was no longer possible. His and Will’s backpacks were all they had left. Saving them without getting their supplies back would only postpone the inevitable.

‘No choice. I’ll have to take my chances. Take their weapons if you find any, I’ll create a diversion. The first shot you hear, run away and get what you can from the empty tents. Kyle, stay with the girls.’

The Playboy gladly accepted, for the moment both glad and disappointed that he was useless. The women equipped themselves with bats and knives that Kyle had picked up behind Jake. The latter then escaped from the tent first, sneaking in behind the central pavilion.

Sticking his ear to the canvas, he heard men’s voices arguing about something. Their squad of shooters was late.