

The Oracle Paths

Volume 2: The First Ordeal

Chapter 120 - Fuck you Gerulf!

On hearing the high-pitched cry of distress Gerulf, who was huffing and puffing and whose limbs were becoming increasingly numb, suddenly exploded with all his might, hammering with his fist the head of one of the guards, helmet included, deep into his chest like one would drive a nail into a wall.

A second transverse swing of his enormous sword swept the enemies around him several dozen metres away, their sandals leaving a trail of sparks and dust on the ground as they slid across it, well hidden behind their shields.

However, when the guards hit by the giant's sword lost their inertia and stopped retreating away from the pair, most of them couldn't help spitting blood when they knelt on the ground to recover from their dizziness, unless they had completely shattered bones. The power that Gerulf had just demonstrated was inconceivable to them after all the poison he was supposed to have ingested.

Even Jake stood still for a short moment, slackjawed after seeing the huge stroke that the Kinthar had just employed. The guards and men in black tasked with containing Gerulf were all, without exception, elite warriors. Jake could hold his own against the weaker guards, but those who could withstand a blow like that were on a whole other level.

Even though Gerulf was weakened and they had the advantage of numerical superiority, it didn't take away from their merit. Each of them was certainly an elite among the elite of the Myrmid Empire.

At last having the field clear, Gerulf staggered briefly, proof that he was not in as good shape as he was trying to show, then after a bestial roar that a lion would not have despised he squatted, compressing his body like a spring to pounce. He then pushed with all his strength against the ground and shot through the air like a rocket, leaving a small crater behind him and a shock wave.

Like a missile, the giant rushed towards the top floor balcony where the scream had been heard. At that speed, it only took a tenth or two of a second to cross the 11 or 12 meters separating him from the balcony, and Jake and the other guards could only follow his ascent with admiring eyes, realizing that the gladiator was at a level well beyond their reach. How glorious it would have been to defeat him when he was at his best!

CLANG!

And yet, something even more shocking happened. While they could barely follow Gerulf with their eyes, an arrow from nowhere struck the giant at a speed several times faster than the speed of sound.

Gerulf, who was floating in mid-air just a few inches away from the balcony, was struck in the forehead by the deadly arrow, and the collision was such that it sent him crashing into the same crater from which he had leapt at a speed only slightly slower than the arrow's speed.

Its landing caused a new shock wave and a geyser of stone and dust several meters around, forcing the guards surrounding it to take shelter behind their shield. Only then did the thundering roar of the arrow reach them, followed by the sound of their collision.

For a moment, Jake stunned on the spot thought that Gerulf was dead. Then

As if to contradict him, Gerulf leapt out of his crater with a roar of fury that shook the walls of the ludus, like Kingkong or Godzilla after being provoked by an enemy whose existence they could not tolerate. His forehead did not even bleed. Except for a tiny, almost cute little bump the Kinthar was unharmed.

As for the arrow that had hit his forehead, the metal tip looked like a can crushed by a garbage disposal for recycling.

'Damn, how fucking hard is his skin?' That's what everyone present thought, from the guards resisting him to Jake fighting alongside him. Then a second arrow came, emerging out of the darkness like the great reaper from the underworld, putting an end to all inner monologue.

With the second projectile, Gerulf had finally spotted his enemy and struck the arrow with his sword like a baseball player striking a homerun. Unfortunately, precision was not the giant's forte and the object disappeared into the night sky. When the arrow would hit the ground was another debate.

Lmmcare ar ovu lfqu tazuhomr fl Guzpid, Jfcu talhmsuzut f ruj laivmpuouu mr ovu nzuSampliw tuduhout urhimlpzu jfii. Dulnaou ovu talofrhu, vu hmpit ouii ovfo ovu uruqw jfl f qfr fl ofii fl ovu Karovfz frt fiqmlo fl qplhpifz.

When the new opponent stepped forward, the light of the flames of the blaze revealed his appearance and the guards present began to tremble.

‘ A... A... A Myrmid Templar! ‘One of the guards who was already badly wounded couldn’t help but stammer as he recognized the figure.

A Templar? A Myrmidian warrior of very high rank in the service of the great temple of Myrmid Jake remembered as he cross-checked the information obtained from the mouth of Creece, the Smuggler.

Rumor had it that the Primus and Secundus clans were closely linked to the Temple of Myrmid and were its main backer. The Primus clan was less numerous and not very involved in the political and military aspects of the kingdom, but every Myrmid Templar came from their family! And each of them was a monster that even the Emperor would not dare to underestimate.

The Second Clan, on the other hand, managed the logistical and religious aspects of the Myrmid Temple. Agammen, the old man in the red toga of the auction was from this family. This clan was more versatile, and also had considerable influence in at least two legions.

The Myrmid Templar were recognizable by their attire and the newcomer was no exception. Their attire resembled Ares, the Greek god of war, except that the red feather quill on their helmet had been removed. Instead, he wore a red cloak and a hood that made him look like a Red Riding Hood warrior. The main difference with the children’s tale of the Grimms brothers was that this one ate wolves.

But what terrified Jake to the point of missing a heartbeat was the faint, recognizable reflection on his right wrist. An Oracle device! That Myrmid Templar was a Player!

For a brief moment, he had thought these arrows might have been shot by Lamine, but he immediately dismissed the idea. Lamine had

an Oracle Skill that gave him exceptional vision and accuracy, but it didn't give him the strength or expertise to shoot with such a bow.

Jake could not defeat this opponent and neither could Gerulf. At least not in a short time. Gerulf, appearing to have made a decision, suddenly raced up to his sparring partner and battle buddy and grabbed him by the edge of his armour at the nape of his neck like a mother cat would grab her kittens.

'What the heck man! What-what are you trying to do?!' Jake had a bad feeling.

'Me, fighting the man in red. You, protect Cassius and Lucia.' Gerulf just growled.

Lucia? The missing princess of Sextus? Even before he had time to absorb the consequences of such a revelation, Gerulf began to spin on himself, Jake in hand, as if he was about to perform a discus throwing performance for the Olympics.

'Fuck! Let go of me!' Jake yelled in a panic. Even the Myrmid Templar hadn't aroused such fear in him.

Totally ignoring him, Gerulf continued to whirl around until he looked like a human tornado and then threw his discus, aka 'Jake' to the top floor balcony. Or at least, that was the plan. Accuracy had never been his forte. In less than a tenth of a second, Jake saw the stone wall two meters away from his intended destination come closer to his face at an alarming speed.

At that very instant, his most ancestral survival instincts kicked in. For a brief moment time stopped and he visualized his own death, his resentful corpse becoming a pile of minced meat dripping from the facade of Cassius' residence.

As he used all his stockpile of Aether accumulated during the battle to boost his Constitution as quickly as possible, he couldn't help but shout one last 'Fuck you Gerulf!' before crashing into the wall and going through it.