

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 2: The First Ordeal

### Chapter 135 - Battle of the Coliseum (part 3)

Erwin and Jake in the lead charged the enemy legionaries at the speed of a full-powered Formula 1 car in the hope of smashing their formation. Ideally, the goal was to open a breach that would allow the other gladiators to enter the fray optimally.

There was a good reason, however, as to why his Shadow Guide did not urge him to charge like this. In a world where there was such a wide variation in physical power from one person to another, protocols had naturally been put in place to avoid unnecessary sacrifice.

While it was true that the legionaries of the younger cohorts were weaker, less experienced and often the first to be sacrificed, it was also unthinkable to sacrifice them for nothing. In other words, they most often faced adversaries matching their strength when the threat was clearly identified.

Seeing the sheer power and speed of Jake, Erwin and the mini group that followed them closely, the Tribunes and Centurions immediately went into action. Jumping over the block of legionaries in formation, one by one the officers joined the fight, drawing their swords with the sole intention to kill.

Just meters from the opposing legionary front line, two tribunes cut Jake off, forcing him to barely brake as he tossed his head backward to escape an impromptu beheading.

Erwin also had to retreat a few meters from their goal when two other Tribunes tried to bisect him. A fraction of a second later, the last Tribune stopped Hugo, while the 10 centurions neutralized the momentum of Sarah, Will, Kyle, Thomas and a few others who were following close behind.

This forced the gladiators still alive to move away from them like the water of a river around a boulder to continue their charge towards the other legionaries. But again, the decurions hidden in the ranks took the lead in preventing the stronger gladiators from shattering their formations.

In the end, only the most average recruits and gladiators remained to engage the enemy forces. Although their Aether stats and physique made them superhuman, the legionaries facing them were of the same caliber. With the advantage of their equipment, and their heavy shields, the inertia of their unbridled charge was halted in an instant.

Tightening the ranks and pointing their spears forward, some of the leading gladiators were speared without mercy, while those behind them ran into them or were forced to slow their advance.

Seconds later, their blitzkrieg attack aimed at whacking their enemies in the shortest possible time had turned into a disorderly fight in which each gladiator was bogged down in front of one or two opponents of his level.

Jake had absolutely no time to deal with the others under these circumstances, all he could do was try to get rid of the two Tribunes as quickly as possible. The problem was that he wasn't confident at all that he would succeed.

Fzmq ovu suzw dazlo lozmcu md ovuaz eiftaplul, vu vft aqputafouiwlurlut ovfo ovuaz nvwlahfi lozureov jfl hmqnfzfgiu om val mjr. Efhv

lozmcu zuypazut val dpil hmrhurozfoamr om nfzzw frt ad gw  
qaldmzopru vu jfl gftiw nmlaoamrut vu hmpit uflaiw euo ovzmjr  
arom ovu faz, jvahv vfnnurut ypahciw.

A Tribune as athletic as he was was already more than enough to stand up to him and a second one placed him in an uncomfortable position. On the first upward swing at full power, Jake's feet were lifted off the ground as he parried the blade. The impact was enough to throw him about 10 meters high and there was absolutely nothing he could do to prevent this.

It was a misconception that many people had, particularly because of movies. Namely that with enough force you could block anything. The cliché image of the over-powerful hero stopping the charge of anything with just one hand was a hard one to live up to.

In practice, it was impossible. To counter a force coming from one direction, you needed an equivalent force coming from the opposite direction. In other words, if Jake had no support to counter a strike, he would be thrown every time, and this was also true for his enemies.

When Jake finally landed, he also hit back with an upward swing like a tennis player hitting a forehand. Just like him, the Tribune parried the shot, but instead of flying away like Jake, Jake's wooden sword decided to break at that very moment.

Bursting into many shards, most of the inertia of the strike was wasted, allowing the Tribune to keep his feet on the ground. And yet, in every misfortune there was some consolation. Sharp pieces of wood were blown in every direction, forcing the two Tribunes to disengage while protecting their faces.

Ecstatic, Jake seized the opportunity and rushed like a shadow into the still relatively untouched enemy formation. This time no one

intercepted him. The Myrmidian General had complete confidence in his commanders and was focused on harpooning another victim with the spears he had left.

The legionaries still in formation, as strong as they could be compared to a normal human, were nothing compared to Jake's strength. Aside from suddenly seeing an unidentified object occupy their field of vision, they were unable to react. One of them had time to lower his spear slightly before Jake bashed into him at the speed of a cannonball.

Jake's shoulder slammed into his bronze breastplate, crushing his sternum. As the poor legionary was propelled backwards, Jake took the opportunity to grab the sword still in its sheath from his enemy. The legionary flew about fifteen meters, taking all the Myrmidian soldiers in platoon behind him, but the sword remained in Jake's hand.

He smiled. At last he had a decent weapon.

Hu vft rm oaqu om zubmahu, ovmpev, fl ovu ojm Tzagprul juzu mrhu fefar pnmr vaq. Tval oaqu ojm qmzu lozmcu dzmq tmjr om pn ozaut om ovzmj vaq mdd gfirhu. Hu fsmatut ovu dazlo mru jaovmpo frw nzmgiuq, gpo vu vft om nfzzw ovu luhmrt mru, jvahn mrhu fefar ovzuj vaq arom ovu faz.

But this time things didn't go the same way as the last time. The General had not missed what had just happened and had decided to make it his priority target. While he was still gaining altitude, a spear faster than sound roared a few centimeters from his face.

Twisting slightly, Jake managed to move his sword into the trajectory of the spear and a loud GONG blasted out. A slight shock

wave ensued, and then his body abruptly changed direction, catapulted sideways straight towards the bleachers.

He tried as quickly as he could to concentrate his Aether of Constitution on his spine and the back of his head to absorb the shock, but it didn't stop the impact from taking his breath away as the stone railing and the bleachers receiving him collapsed under his weight.

The spectators at this spot dove to the side screaming in terror, but an obese Myrmidian woman wearing heavy make-up didn't have time to react and partially served as a cushion for Jake against her will. Whether she were still alive or not was a mystery.

When he stood up with a grunt of pain, he dusted off the rubble and pastries of the fat woman he had landed on before taking a look at the situation on the battlefield. His countenance immediately fell apart.

During the few exchanges of blows between him and the two Tribunes, only a few seconds had elapsed. Yet that had been enough to make the battle evolve greatly. From a hundred Throsgenian gladiators there were already only 70, while the number of legionaries had barely decreased.

Once their charge had been neutralized, the retreating archers had begun firing again, this time sparingly, exploiting the weaknesses revealed by the overwhelmed and cornered enemy gladiators. Another group of reckless Throsgenians had once again been shot down in no time.

All was not lost, however. One of the Tribunes fighting Erwin had lost an arm and two centurions had died at the hands of Hugo and Yifeng. Lu Yan had somehow managed to get behind enemy lines and had stolen several bows and swords from them before giving

them to her brother, Erwin and a few other gladiators nearby. She was now using one of these bows to shoot them.

The two Tribunes and the General who had repelled Jake had already executed three other gladiators, matching Jake's earlier breakthrough.

Fpzampl, Jfcu vpziut vaqluid iacu f lomru dzmq f liarelvmo, plare ovu gzmcur zfaiare om zuopzr om ovu fzurf ar f diflv. Tval oaqu, vmjuSuz, arlouft md zu-urefeare ovu ojm Tzagprul jvm juzu gplw liflvare hfrmr dmttuzl, vu omme ovu mnnmzopraow om ovzmj vaqluid gfhc arom ovu uruqw iueamrfzw dmzqfoamr fizuftw vfid hmiifnlut.

Now it only remained to be seen who would kill his enemies the fastest.