

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

### Chapter 307 - Wreaking Havoc

And yet, despite the urgency of the situation, Jake did not panic. He may have insulted them all inwardly, but it was only an expression of his momentary frustration. He didn't really care. He had never relied on his Plan A.

On the other hand, there was one thing he was certain of: Sarah's Oracle Rank was no better than his own.

In other words, she couldn't screw him even if she wanted to. Sarah's plea for help, although it exposed his position, was not at odds with the success of his plan. However, this did not mean that there were not ill-intentioned prisoners among these participants.

The Nosk, at least, must have had a higher Oracle Rank than his own, and he was certainly not the only one. Nevertheless, knowing the pride of this species, there was little chance that it had conspired against him with the help of its Shadow Guide.

In any case, they were all in chains. There wasn't much they could do in their circumstances or they would never have been captured in the first place.

'Time to play!' Jake sneered as he moved underground towards the crowd.

The lava wasn't in place yet, but he only had a few seconds to wait. Instead of waiting for the rock plug under the crowd to melt or explode because of the lava flow, he could just as easily destroy it prematurely.

And so he did. A moment later, Jake was floating in the air in the middle of the tunnel he had dug himself and a glance underneath him confirmed that the lava was only a few meters away.

Standing sideways between the lava and the ground beneath the crowd, Jake spread his arms and a fiery aura began to glow around him as he activated his powers. The smooth edges of the tunnel around him began to glow as the temperature in the rocky conduit quickly rose above that of a furnace.

Then Jake's eyes suddenly opened wide as he intensified his focus and the rocky floor beneath the crowd was instantly lifted off the ground, propelled up like some telekinetic cannonball. The twenty or so Zhorion civilians who were still watching Sarah's sacrifice with excitement unsuspectingly were fatally rewarded with their first air baptism.

Like a fireworks display that had just exploded, each of these Zhorions was hurled at high speed in a different direction, their condition unknown. Then Jake's hand grasped the void behind him as if he wanted to grab something and a lava sphere about two meters in diameter was immediately scooped out of the lava river below him.

Next, his pupils ignited by emitting their characteristic galactic glow, and his lava veins began to show through his skin. The lava ball then divided into multiple ogive-shaped projectiles a few centimeters long and aligned themselves neatly like the bullets from the magazine of a heavy machine gun.

Soon after, Jake grabbed the void again and the rock lining the tunnel distorted, before sticking to his body piece by piece to form a makeshift armor that covered almost every exposed part of his body.

To complete the outfit, a cleaver at least two meters long landed in his right hand to replace the machete he had lost. Without blinking, he spent 500 Aether points to max out the 100 Grey Aether points of his new weapon.

Cmrlatuzare ovfo vu vft qmzu ovfr 10 qaiiamr Auovuz nmarol mr vaq frt ovfo vu jfl efqgiare val iadu zaevo rmj, vu film tuhatut om gu euruzmpl om vaqluid, usur ad ao gzmpevo lmqu ozmpgiu ifouz mr.

10,000 Aether points allowed him to max out the Grey Aether of his 20 claws, while an additional 16,000 points allowed him to max out his 32 teeth. Too bad that Self-Encoding did not apply to Grey Aether, which unfortunately was not part of his bloodline. Regardless, it was more than enough to transform his heavy rock sword and his already sharp claws into genuine killing weapons.

Of course, he did not neglect his temporary armor either. With a few thousand less Aether points, he also leveled the rock plates covering his body. Jake, at that very moment, looked nothing less than a miniature Black Optimus Prime. He felt fućkínġ awesome.

And when the Zhorions and the prisoners saw him come out of his hole, they felt this too. Lava bullet after lava bullet burst into the brains of all the Zhorions nearby to the cadence of a machine gun, and tragically the prisoners were not spared either.

With the exception of the area where Sarah, Kevin and Kate were, Jake fired wherever there was any life form even remotely humanoid. It only took a few seconds for Jake to run out of his lava ammunition, but during that brief interval half of the crowd had been exterminated.

Projectiles of molten rock smoked on the ground or sizzled in their victims' brains. Chaos had descended upon the sacrifice square and the guards were utterly powerless to calm the prevailing madness.

Seeing the human who had just slaughtered half the civilians of his tribe, the Zhorion priest, who was still in his Berserk form, shed tears of blood.

'You dare! Let me show you what happens when a vermin like you tries to be a hero!' The alien shrieked, pointing a trembling finger of fury at him.

‘Who said anything about being a hero?’ Jake snorted as he beheaded another ten civilians by lifting a twist of hot air with his new sword. ‘I’m just here to kill.’

Perceiving the arrogance of this human whose features under his armor were indistinguishable, the priest went mad instantly.

‘And you speak Oraclean too? Good! It will be even better when you beg me in a short while. Thralls! Bring him to my feet alive! I don’t care in what state, as long as he’s still breathing. Unless I sacrifice him today before my people, I hereby pledge that my soul will never be at peace.’

When the priest finished his injunction, the giant humanoid monsters that had barely moved an eyelash since the beginning of the attack started moving as if a paused movie had just resumed.

The guards in charge of watching the prisoners were not to be outdone and drew their weapons. Some of them grabbed the Red Soul Stones pendants for a temporary power boost, but none of their Berserk mode was as good as that of the priest.

When the guards came at him, Jake stood still with his arms dangling. It was exactly what he wanted. His Zhorion Hunter feat was progressing nicely, but it wasn’t nearly good enough for his ambitions. On top of that, the expected lava geyser would be here in no time.

The priest wasn’t just there to decorate. He was one of the best fighters of his tribe, especially after being washed by the purified soul energy of the altar. The reason why he was weakening more slowly compared to the others was because his Vitality had been trained for that very purpose.

In his normal form, this Zhorion was as persistent as a cockroach with decent agility, but his actual strength was under par. In his Berserk form, on the other hand, he was a strike force able to scare even the most hardened warrior.

Naturally, he had no intention of letting these guards face the danger alone. By staying at the center of the altar, his mental abilities and Zhorion Skills were also enhanced and he was confident that no 2nd Class Player could withstand his psychic attacks.

The high-frequency Aetheric wave that Jake had experienced the day before without being the intended target exploded again, this time directly targeting him. Within milliseconds, Jake's Spirit Body began to vibrate and resonate to the beat of this insidious attack and he felt his determination waver and his lucidity wane.

At this rate, he would be transformed into a fanatical retard in less than ten seconds. However, that was only if he did nothing. His Spirit Body and Brain stats had doubled between yesterday and today. Just by applying his method from the day before, he was not helpless at all.

Yet he had an even better solution. While the guards and the priest thought it was in the bag, a faint grin crept up on Jake's face behind his helmet. From the gaps between his armor plates, his exposed skin began to glow, but none of the Zhorions could see this light. Only a few prisoners closed their eyes reflexively.

Affffzzzev!

A sound of roasted flesh sizzled in the air, followed by a barbecue smell. The guards who had been rushing at him with confidence were now rolling on the ground trying to escape the infernal pain.

As for the priest, his membranous wings had folded in front of him to protect the rest of his body and they were barely holding on. Still, there were bits of skin and scales falling off regularly as if the wings were peeling off.

'Sunlight? No, ultraviolet light.' The priest instantly understood what had happened. Jake wasn't the first participant to possess abilities that countered their bloodline.

The other Thralls were also screaming in agony, and each of their stray footsteps would crush or destroy a building. Only the skyscraper-sized Thrall seemed indifferent. Its skin was so thick and hard that it was able to endure these rays by its sheer constitution.

The priest had not missed this detail and immediately ordered him to exterminate the human before it could wreak further havoc.

Alas, when the giant Thrall wanted to take action, the human was already gone. Instead, a lava fountain had gushed out of the ground and a pool of molten rock was slowly but surely drowning the altar place.