

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

### Chapter 340 - Fight to the Death

When Jake recognized them, he immediately forgot the idea of gleaning any information, let alone forming an alliance. They were the assholes who had chased Tim and Sarah weeks earlier.

In addition to being hideous, inexpressive, and smelling of cockroach, they only knew how to say 'Krish' and the sound was like a cricket chirping with a sore throat that would have been amplified a thousand times.

Under other circumstances, he would have tried to engage in dialogue, but he was not willing to take such a risk. Their futuristic weapons represented a mortal danger for him, not to mention their superhuman physique. The fact that they had survived until now in this labyrinth also proved that their minds were not too shabby either.

In the face of such dangerous enemies, Jake would never dare to underestimate them when he was basically unarmed. For this reason, the two Krishs were deeply shocked when a scorching air blast hit them head-on before they even had time to draw their weapons.

The two aliens raised their arms to protect their eyes, but the blast lifted them off the ground and slammed them hard against the armored door behind them with a loud BANG. The bumps in the plating that the monster pursuing them had left in the door were immediately smoothed out.

Yet these two aliens were wickedly resilient and such an impact was not enough to hurt them. Even this hot air was not enough to scorch their hair. On their exposed fur, their bodies had been coated with a kind of sap, which when hardened provided effective protection against the environment and

most blunt attacks. No doubt another technology of their own if not a natural defense.

For this last trial, they had pulled out all the stops.

And so had Jake. Because just after they had steadied themselves against the door, a heat blast unlike the previous one burnt their skin to a crisp, followed very closely by the claws of a Berserk Jake whose current appearance could only be described as demonic.

With the lava network covering his body, his eyes sparkling with galactic ominous light and his long, white-hot fangs and claws, the 'human' species listed in the Player Ranking could not have been more misleading.

Feeling the reaper's scythe drew dangerously close, the survival instincts of the two Krishs kicked in and they ducked catastrophically, letting Jake's gleaming white hot claws sink into the metal door like butter.

Faced with such a scene, both Krishs felt a sense of horror, but not because of Jake. Until now, they had believed that these doors could withstand anything, and that was indeed the case in the first two halls. If this door could melt so easily, then they were not safe at all.

Indeed, just after Jake struck, he tried to remove his claw from the metal door and felt some resistance, as if something on the other side was gripping his claw firmly.

Seeing that he was stuck, the Krish leader took the opportunity to switch on his lightsaber, while Arrogant Warrior pulled out his last plasma rifle, which was in poor condition. He decisively pointed his weapon at Jake and opened fire, sacrificing one of his last rounds of ammunition.

'Krish! (Don't!) The leader shouted vehemently, but his subordinate was not known for his savvy. The euphoria at the thought of defeating such a tough opponent had made him completely forget the current situation.

**BANG!**

The plasma projectile, a ball of ionized and condensed gas of about five thousand degrees, hit the back of Jake's skull, but the shot did not have the desired effect.

First, Jake's head did not explode. In fact, it hadn't even moved a millimeter. It was as if the plasma had hit a huge rock instead of a simple human made of flesh and bone.

Secondly, it didn't hurt him either. The silver hair, veined with gold on direct contact with the plasma absorbed the heat contained inside almost instantly and the hair burst into flames, suddenly shining with the same intensity as the sun's surface.

Thirdly, the explosion that normally followed the shot did not occur. Deprived of its energy, the ball of condensed gas solidified and fell to the ground to shatter like a vulgar ice pellet.

With this energy shot, Jake's cells were revived and the combustion of his body due to the Berserk mode was momentarily stopped. In contrast, the temperature of his claws had correspondingly increased and a shrill cry of agony resounded from the other side of the door.

The thing that was blocking his claws immediately let go of him, but alas, after it had half melted, so did the door. Jake found himself face to face with a dark room devoid of any light, but an angry scarlet eye kept him from lingering.

'Krish! (Oh crap, that sucks...) Arrogant Warrior trembled over the consequences of his action.

His leader was so enraged that he was close to beheading him with a single light saber stroke, but a violent roar brought the trio back to reality. Jake, who had finally gotten out of the door, saw the eye approaching as fast as a bullet in his field of vision and the next moment a huge monster as hard as a

rock rammed into him violently and clutched him with two long arms packed with boundless strength.

Jake crashed into the opposite wall and the wall also began to melt on contact with his skin. To throw it so easily, in spite of its 30 tons, the monster held a strength beyond imagination.

Slightly stunned, he bit his tongue to stay focused and flexed his muscles with all his might to get out of the creature's embrace.

His Stone Skin, which he used passively while moving underground, was also activated and his skin took on a dark, rough, granite-like texture. In his Berserk state, all the abilities of his Myrtharian bloodline had been promoted to the next level.

Once exposed to light, the monster's appearance became clear to them. A Zhorion Thrall about four meters long with three legs and four arms, only one eye and an emaciated, bony and slender musculature.

Nevertheless, despite the creature's miserable appearance, none of them took it lightly. Jake in particular could sense the monster's awful physical power and fought with all his might not to have his bones crushed. When he saw the alien's fetid jaws open wide and then eagerly approach his carotid artery he had absolutely no *désiré* to laugh.

Far from rescuing him to get rid of the creature, the Krish leader turned off his lightsaber and fled with his comrade into the dark room they had arrived through, leaving Jake alone to get rid of the monster.

'Damn it!' Jake cursed as the Thrall's long yellow fangs landed on his neck.

A stream of drool spilled down his collarbone and a long, shrunken tongue licked him once, as if to taste its next meal prematurely. Already ticklish to begin with, he was absolutely not ready to share this kind of kinky games with such an atrocity.

‘Fuck off!’

Even if it means dying, one should have no regrets. His Spirit Body enveloped the room and a mental arrow pierced the monster’s skull, stunning it momentarily. Jake then infiltrated the Aether breach and mobilized all his will and telekinesis to play dough with its brain.

A heart-rending scream escaped from the monster’s jaws and an even more powerful psychic response repelled Jake’s consciousness with the impetuosity of a madly stampeding bull. His consciousness retreated, but not without repercussions.

He was bleeding profusely from his nose, eyes, and ears, and the pain twisting in his skull was so severe that it felt like his brain was about to explode. He was half unconscious and his tense muscles relaxed when he lost his alertness. Similarly, his Overloaded Aether stats began to slowly release their excess Aether.

Luckily, the Thrall didn’t come out of it unscathed either. After Jake crushed its brain with his mental blast, coupled with his telekinesis, it was downright impossible. As a result of its mental retaliation, the monster seemed to have exhausted its last ounce of strength and let go as well. With its brain reduced to mush, the spark of intelligence shining in the monster’s sole eye was soon extinguished.

Human and alien collapsed to the ground like two disarticulated puppets, and for a few minutes there was no movement or noise in the room except for Jake’s snoring as his nostrils were filled with clotted blood.

After a while, possibly a few seconds to several hours later, Jake opened his eyes again and stood up with a gasp. He still had a bit of a headache, but he relaxed visibly when he noticed the body of the Thrall in front of him. The two Krishs were nowhere in sight.