

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 4: The Purgatory

### Chapter 388 - Boss and Wilde

"A scepter?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it." The elderly man nodded. "The pattern formed a kind of long black stick with a kind of snake coiled around it. Its upper end ended in a human skull held in the snake's jaw. There were also many strange inscriptions around it that I do not recognize."

"Very well..." Jake had no choice but to accept this clue. It would be difficult to force every passenger to show their shoulders, but it was better than nothing. Then, thinking about something else, he asked, "Do you remember how you sabotaged the Titan Pearl?"

"Alas, I'm afraid I don't. I have even forgotten my own name." The ghost sighed with sorrow.

Jake also sighed listlessly as he sensed the deceased's anguish.

"Do you even know why you were chosen for this mission?" He finally asked in desperation. "Were you recruited on Riva or were you sent on a mission once you were on board?"

In response, the Fluid Ghost stupidly stared at him with a sorry face, which annoyed him a lot.

"The only thing I know is that when I was alive I was a decent Fluid Wielder. Otherwise I wouldn't know all these things about what I've become and my soul wouldn't have lasted this long."

Now we were talking. Jake had subconsciously thought the old man was a normal passenger, but if he wasn't, it made things much simpler. However, it made his murderer even more frightening.

"Have you retained your memories of your Fluid Mastery?" Jake anxiously inquired with hope.

"I still have some, but my memory is full of holes." The old man scratched his skull with a bitter expression.

"Haha, that's enough. I'll have more questions for you later." Jake said with a big smile.

Behind every cloud was a ray of sunshine. He hadn't found the culprit, but he now had the mind of a Fluid Wielder at his disposal to teach him everything he didn't know about the Fluid and this world.

Checking the time on his Oracle Device, Jake got serious again and left the scene in a hurry. Of course, he didn't forget to free the female mechanic he had tied up earlier to avoid a scene.

He asked the Fluid Ghost to hide in his body and it turned out that it was no danger to him, as long as the old man didn't try to possess or devour him. Though, if this ghost was foolish enough to attempt something like that, he would vanish instantly.

Jake just had to raise his body temperature a little bit to vaporize the Fluid Ghost without giving him any chance to react.

A few minutes later, he appeared in front of a secured door where many soldiers were standing with their stern and vigilant eyes. This was the second hangar of the Titan Pearl where smaller caliber ships and space fighters were stored. Unlike the vehicles in the lower hangar, these ships could travel through space.

It was also here that new guests were received and security was excellent. When Jake arrived in the hangar after greeting the soldiers with a nod, he noticed quite a few veterans around whom the Fluid in the atmosphere seemed to be converging.

Their energy levels were also higher than those of the other soldiers and pirates he had encountered. To be exact, they were only a notch below Avy Shanmin, while some were even slightly stronger.

As intimidating as the young woman was, it was mostly related to her temperament and the authority invested by her rank. She was definitely talented, but she was too young. It was not without reason that many thought she had been pushed for her position.

Once in the hangar, Jake saw his mates, but also many faces he didn't know. Some of them he had seen in the refectory earlier, but there were some he had never seen before. At their Aether fluctuations, it was clear that they were all Players.

"Jake, what took you so long?" Lily exclaimed naively as she held Tim's hand.

For both children, this Ordeal was relatively enjoyable at the moment. In addition to being able to eat like kings in the refectory, it was also the first Ordeal where they were surrounded by their friends. As long as the adults with them were calm, they would not panic either.

Jake was about to respond to his cousin by patting her head, but at that moment his body stiffened as he saw a group of weird guys not far from them. With their Aether fluctuations, he immediately determined that they were tough men, the weakest of them being at Sarah's level.

If it was only that, Jake would not have been so alarmed. What was most shocking was that they all had shaved heads and their bodies were covered with animal tattoos.

At first glance, they looked like members of a mafia or motorcycle gang. If their skin colors were not so heterogeneous, with their scary faces and haircut, he might have taken them for a group of Yakuza.

A few of them were Asians and even had a katana on their belt, which almost corroborated this theory. Remembering the words of the Fluid Ghost, his guard was instantly raised.

He studied them discreetly from the corner of his eye, trying not to attract their attention, but his efforts were a failure. One of the taller guys immediately turned his head towards him and gave him a hostile look.

"Ugh, where are you looking at fucker?!" The man roared as he pointed a metal bat at him. His expression was as unpleasant as that of a husband meeting his wife's lover in full action.

Jake had a bad temper too, but he was too lazy to talk back. This was also how his cousins had harassed him so much as a child. If he wasn't so placid, they certainly wouldn't have pushed it this far.

As a result, he just looked away as if nothing had happened and ignored them completely. Unfortunately, for this Player, Jake's attitude was taken as disdain.

"Motherfucker, I'm going to kill you!" The guy screamed, his face red with anger. The veins on his skin pulsed like big worms. If he wasn't a Player, one might think he was having a heart attack.

Jake's eyes squinted at this reaction, and he silently quickened the rotation of his Aether Core to prepare for a fierce fight. But, what happened after left him slackjawed.

Budmzu ovu mddurtuz usur vft oaqu om ofcu f loun omjftl vaq, vfid f tmxur md val hmzftul eaztiut vaq gw ovu jfalo frt narrut vaq om ovu ezmprr, nzusuroare vaq dzmq vmrmzare val ovzufo.

"Bastards, let go of me! I'm going to kill you all, you hear me!" The Player was infuriated as he was betrayed by his own friends and seemed to have completely lost his mind.

Pow!

A huge hand pressed the back of the impertinent man's skull and pushed him violently into the metal tile. The resulting loud cracking sound gave goosebumps to all present and for a moment the rabid Player stopped fidgeting.

Jake thought for a brief second that the case would end there, but when he saw that the man who had just intervened still had his hand pressed against the skull of the immobilized Player he changed his mind.

Indeed, a few seconds later, the delinquent came to his senses and began to yell more beautifully.

"Motherfucker, let go of me! Boss, I'll kill you too if you don't let me go right now!"

The one who was nicknamed "boss" displayed a somewhat exasperated expression, but as he endured insults more ingenious than the others, his face began to darken more and more. Soon, his facial muscles were also twitching out of control.

He was a man as tall as Jake and Kevin, but muscled in a completely absurd way. His biceps were as wide as Jake's thigh and he was so tattooed that you could barely guess his original skin color. Even trying to avoid prejudice, it was impossible to think that this man was nice.

Suddenly, a huge, deadly aura exploded out of his body, and the hair of everyone within twenty meters of his body spiked up as if under the effect of static electricity. The Player, who until then had seemed completely unbridled, abruptly stopped hollering and became silent like a bunny rabbit.

"Wilde, if you had continued, I would really have had to kill you... Don't disappoint me. "In saying his threat, the tone of the "boss" was extremely sinister and resentful.

Actually, all his subordinates gulped as they witnessed this show of force. They were tough on the outside, but they knew better than anyone the horror of their boss.

"Cough, Boss, I admit my wrongs... Can you let me go?" Wilde's voice was now as shy as the barking of an abandoned puppy. His reckless aura had suffered quite a blow.

