

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 4: The Purgatory

### Chapter 451 – Showdown with Inquisitors (part 2)

As Oxium was repeatedly stabbed in the back, Jake's glowing blade went straight for his throat. A flash of white light momentarily blinded them and a black steel helmet rolled to the ground.

Simultaneously, Drastan in his Troll form continued to smack Croyorn with his fists. The helmet, and then the Inquisitor's armor, gradually broke apart, and whatever was inside was reduced to a pulp within seconds. Soon there was nothing left but a deformed pile of metal on the ground in the middle of a black coat rolled into a bundle.

Victory seemed within reach.

Yet, it was at that very moment that Jake and Vincent noticed something was wrong. After being decapitated, Oxium's headless body did not collapse, but remained in the same defensive stance.

Not easily intimidated, Vincent kicked the corpse forward, but was horribly shocked when the body bounced all the way down the hall as if he had just kicked a football.

By way of background, his bloodline was that of a Water Elf, and in addition to his affinity for water and an apparent bonus of strength and dexterity, it made his body exceedingly light. He weighed only 9kg in all. The body he had just kicked weighed practically nothing.

Jake instantly lunged towards the decapitated body to protect Will, but as he got close to the businessman he was buffeted by a deafening blast from behind him, as if a hurricane had just blown in. With a bad feeling, he turned Oxium's lifeless body over with the tip of his machete and discovered that where the neck should have been, there was nothing. Just air.

The entire armor was completely empty.

'Fuck.'

By the time he turned around, Vincent was already spinning in the air, being carried away by a tremendous tornado. Because of his 9kg, he had almost no way of resisting such a wind if he couldn't find a surface to hold on to.

His cousin tried to draw the bow he wore on his shoulder after emptying the bullets from his rifle, but the tornado suddenly folded in on itself and smashed him into the ground. Just before impact, he condensed a Yellow Aether Shield on his back, but that didn't stop the air from being forced out of his lungs.

At the same time, Drastan, who seemed to be in complete control, strangely began to slow down the frequency of his punches as if he were running out of air. Squinting his eyes, Jake saw silver vapor escaping from Croyorn's battered body and seeping into the Player's body through his mouth and nostrils.

Drastan quickly began to tremble and his strength quickly deserted him. He reeled backwards, caught in a coughing fit, before falling on his bottom. Jake could hear his massive heart racing to deal with the unprecedented intoxication. His thick skin began to exude the same silvery vapor that had nearly suffocated him.

To prevent the steam from approaching Drastan while he was weakened, Jake threw a huge fireball at Croyorn's armor and another into the tornado playing with his cousin.

As the flaming projectile approached, Croyorn shrieked with fright against all odds and his battered armor resumed its original form. He reabsorbed the silver vapor into his armor and rolled to the side to avoid the explosion.

As for Oxium, a groan of pain resounded inside the tornado, but instead of disappearing, the wind incorporated the flames and the fire tornado became ten times more lethal. However, this was what Jake wanted.

Taking advantage of the Inquisitor's confusion, he rushed into the flames to retrieve Vincent before he was burned more severely. His cousin had protected himself in time with his Aether, but with his tiny weight he was completely helpless, doomed to be centrifuged within the tornado until he died.

Jake was the exact opposite. He was so heavy that passing through the flame tornado was like a stroll for him. With his senses, he found Vincent with no problem and picked him up with his telekinesis. Given the circumstances, Vincent didn't dare resist and let himself be magically transported out without complaining.

Jake then caused a huge detonation by releasing a telekinetic blast of his own and the tornado dissipated momentarily. Taking advantage of the gap, Jake and his cousin regrouped with Drastan.

Drastan had recovered from his intoxication, while Vincent was not injured. His only regret was that he had lost his rapier somewhere in the process.

‘Damn it!’ His cousin gnashed his teeth in ill humor. ‘What the hell are these fucking freaks? I can kind of get why these Inquisitors all have the Monster Role...’

‘Old Ghost?’ Jake sought advice from the deceased passenger given the urgency of the situation.

The late Fluid Wielder materialized beside him and flinched when he saw the two abominations they were facing.

What was once Croyorn was now a sort of humanoid silver liquid, though still wearing his armor and visored helmet. It was just that due to the breaches in the armor, his true form was no longer sealed so tightly and the liquid was trying to occupy all the space available to it.

Oxium, on the other hand, had terminated the tornado and his body had condensed into a blob of air with undefined contours. He wasn’t a Fluid Ghost, but he didn’t have a body either. He was just a bunch of air existing thanks to some unknown sorcery.

The trio quickly thought of a way to eliminate the two Inquisitors, but they felt somewhat at a loss. Jake had his own idea for exterminating Oxium, but how was he supposed to stop him from escaping?

As for Croyorn, that metallic vapor was far too dangerous. If Drastan in his Troll state could not endure it for more than a few seconds, Jake had little chance of doing better.

‘What if I burn him?’ Jake thought inwardly. He remembered how panicked Croyorn looked when he got hit by a fireball. Instead of taking it head-on, he had decisively chosen to dodge.

Oxium hadn’t taken kindly to his flames either, but his body showed no apparent signs of damage. After all, he just had to produce, find

more air to replenish the damaged part. Most importantly, he still had to figure out what it meant to damage air.

'What were your symptoms when you breathed that vapor, Drastan?' Will asked telepathically with a sense of urgency. He was still hidden behind the wall, but he had been keeping track of the battle all the while.

The black warrior was taken aback by the voice in his head, but answered with a straight face.

'Physical weakness, fever, tremors, burning in my throat and lungs.' He listed hastily. 'After that, nausea and cramps. My Oracle Status says it's mercury poisoning, whatever it is.'

Will, Jake and Vincent's eyes twinkled at the same time.

'Croyorn would be a nightmare for Drastan or me, but for you it should be a breeze.' Vincent chuckled wickedly.

Jake nodded confidently. Now the question was how to handle Oxium. Ideally, the hall should be sealed, but that would require a tremendous amount of energy.

The gateway designed for such a castle was ambitious and large enough to fit through a Drastan in his Troll form. That was a lot of rock to move and cool down in a very short time.

'You can also locate his Fluid Core, Master.' The Fluid Ghost suggested patiently. 'They failed their ascension to Grandmaster, but the Fluid accumulated over their lifetime remains the source of their power.'

Jfcu ozaut om fnniw ovu ftsahu gw lufzhvare dmz ovuaz Fipat laerfopzu saf val mjr Fipat Cmzu frt Mwzovfzafr Saevo, gpo vu tuouhout rmovare hmrhzuou.

' There's Fluid everywhere. I can't find a single Fluid Core.' He admitted honestly. Either he was correct, or his Perception was too weak.

The old ghost felt downcast for a short while, before coming up with something else,

' Can you damage their souls directly ?'

Jake paused as he considered the suggestion. Even if these two Inquisitors no longer had human bodies, they still had a Spirit Body and a Soul that could perform these feats. He just had to find them and strike hard.

'Let's try this.'

For this counterattack, Drastan and the two Fluid Knights attacked Oxium to keep him busy, leaving room for Jake to do Croyorn. Vincent kept his distance and stayed in support with his bow so he wouldn't get swept away again in a tornado.

Jake wasn't the only one with a plan. His cousin's bow was clearly not a normal weapon. As soon as he pulled the bowstring tight, a giant ice arrow like the one that had ambushed Croyorn in the beginning condensed again. As soon as it was ready, Vincent released the string and the projectile pierced the air.

Oxium grunted in disdain as he felt the arrow pass through him, but the grunt quickly turned to a high-pitched howl as it exploded into a cloud of snow. The air grew heavier and the cold mist made his presence more distinct.

Even though it was completely useless, Drastan took the opportunity to whack the pile of air with his fist. The cooled air dispersed with each blow, unable to reform, but surrounding the giant a new tornado

formed, condensing to form formidable air blades. Like a whip, the wind blade struck from behind in a vicious attempt to decapitate the Troll.

Tvu gfgzafzfr tphcut dmzjft om fsmat ovu gimj, gpo f imre, ovzuo-huroaquouz tuun eflv ifhuzfou val gfhc. Snuut jfl rmo val lozmre lpao. Al f luhmrt jartgiftu fnnzmfhvut, f luhmrt ahu fzzmj lozphc ao ar qatfaz, hfplare ao om uknimtu.

Oxium was about to unleash a deluge of Wind Blades when a metallic wail of anguish sounded not far from him. Jake had made his move.

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