

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 4: The Purgatory

### Chapter 461 – Capturing Seren

[AD Oracle Cloaking lvl1 activated for 60min. The owner of the Oracle Device can evade Evolvers' Oracle Paths with an Oracle Rank two ranks higher than his. 20M Aether points consumed.]

[AD Promotion lvl1 activated for 60min. The owner of the Oracle Device can temporarily get two ranks privileges above his current Oracle Rank. 100M Aether points consumed.]

This time, Jake would leave nothing to chance. From what Carmin had told him, Wyatt was truly strong. As the grandson heir to the Vampire Progenitor of his own clan, he was an anomaly among the participants in this Ordeal.

The hierarchy of power among the Vampires of Carmin's homeland was relatively complicated, but certain principles stood out.

At the top were the Original Clans, headed by one or more Vampire Primogenitors. Because their Body Stats were so monstrously high, they had much better control over their impulses and Blood Energy.

Just below them were the direct or indirect descendants like Wyatt, who had the potential to replace their parents as they aged.

Next came the Vampire Nobles and their descendants, humans who were transformed directly by a Vampire Progenitor and who were sworn to an unwavering loyalty to the latter. This was the situation of

Carmin and her sister Lily, whose grandparents owed their status to the Liche Clan's Vampire Progenitor.

Still below them were the normal Vampires, themselves transformed by a Vampire Noble. All the way down were the Thralls and Ghouls, bitten by normal Vampires. The Thralls still had a shred of sanity, while the Ghouls had become completely enslaved to their impulses.

They were the ones most at risk of giving in to their vices, their mental stats not being high enough to allow them to curb their evil nature.

Vampire Bloodlines of each type had an almost unlimited potential for evolution, but were parallel. In other words, through normal means it was impossible for an ordinary Vampire to become a Vampire Noble or for a Vampire Noble to become a Vampire Progenitor. Their fate was basically set.

However, unlike Jake, whose Myrtharian Bloodline would probably plateau at level 4, Vampire Bloodlines did not suffer from this limit. The more blood the Vampires consumed, the older they got and the stronger they would become. All they had to do was to be patient and stay well fed.

Unfortunately, this didn't come without its drawbacks either. As their powers grew, so would their vulnerability to the sun, as well as their attraction to human blood. Eventually, even the Vampire Progenitors would abandon their ideals, gradually sinking into madness and bestiality. It would then be up to their descendants to end their lives.

Wyatt had not yet murdered his own father, but he definitely had the potential to create his own clan. He was once a young man beloved for his benevolence, and that's why Carmine and Liche liked him so much, but he also had his dark side.

According to Xi, the involvement of such participants in a Third Ordeal was often a sign of great underlying danger. Whatever Wyatt's Main Mission was, it wasn't to solve the mystery of the emergency beacons. And clearly, he had failed or didn't care anymore.

Because Wyatt was Oracle Rank 13: First Lieutenant.

When he'd learned this, Jake had immediately wondered if Carmin's real plan was to murder him. Even with Tim's luck and his current power, he wasn't sure he would fare much better at his Second Ordeal. The end result would have been the same regardless.

To get such a high rank in only 2 Ordeals, this Wyatt had to be absurdly good. Carmin didn't know his current Aether and Body Stats, nor the level of his Vampire Progenitor Bloodline, but she had seen him in action more than once.

He was at least 10 times stronger than her. Knowing that Carmin Body Stats were 10 times that of a normal human, that spoke volumes about his true power. Doing the math quickly, Jake estimated that after upgrading his Bloodline, his Body Stats were barely a match.

Nevertheless, he had a Trump Card: Ultraviolet Radiation. Like the Zhorions, Wyatt would pay dearly if he tried to face him unprepared. Jake was practically his nemesis. Of course, he had no intention of telling Carmine his secrets. He preferred to let her think he was unsure of his odds.

In any case, although Seren was an easy target in comparison, he had better be careful. Who knew if Wyatt wasn't actively monitoring the area and the status of his subordinates.

Mentally prepared, Jake silently infiltrated the Village, letting the soft earth at the edge of the Village swallow him up. Like a superhuman

mole, he crossed half the Village in the blink of an eye without alarming anyone before stopping a hundred meters below Seren.

Unsuspecting, the Noble Vampire continued to indulge in her guilty pleasures, and Jake saw firsthand just how twisted a vampire mind could be.

First, she whipped a prisoner to the brink of death to 'warm up' as he heard her joke about it, before slaughtering him like a lamb for Eid. His blood was collected in a bowl, which she used to gargle her throat before spitting it all out on the floor.

'Infect!' She spat before reaching for her handkerchief to wipe her lips.

The group of vampires standing nearby burst out laughing, then went back to their own game, already looking for a new victim. Seren was about to choose another one, when she felt a frightening presence appear at her back. Facing that presence, Jake also held his breath, stilling and retracting his Spirit Body into his Fluid Core to the point where it became indistinguishable from the rest of the glowing runes marking the ground above him.

'What are you doing Seren?' A warm, yet blood-curdling voice asked the Vampire casually.

Tpzrare fzmprt, lvu hfqu dfhu om dfhu jaov fr foozfhoasu qfr jaov nfiu lcar frt qutapq-iureov gimrt vfaz. Hal zpgw azalul juzu luuqareiw fgiu om nuruozfou vuz lmpi frt lvu jfl lozphc gw ovu duuiare ovfo vuz qmlo lvfqudpi luhzuol vft guur uknmlut prtuz val efxu, gzaqqare jaov jaltmq.

'Wy-Wyatt?! I was checking on the welfare of our prisoners.' The Vampire Lady stammered, her loathsome arrogance a distant memory.

At this pathetic excuse, Wyatt mustered up a polite but undoubtedly scornful smile.

‘By slitting their throats?’ He commented in feigned surprise. ‘Miss Seren, I would be happy to learn more about the Clan Yelmaer’s medical knowledge. After all, this is the first time I’ve heard of checking someone’s health by cutting their throat...’

Caught with her hand in the cookie jar, Seren abandoned her simpering and snorted.

‘I was a little hungry, okay? What’s the big deal? We’ve got hundreds more! It’s not the end of the world if we wreck one or two of them.’

Wyatt smiled again, but the next second Jake heard multiple BANGS. In a heartbeat, the so-called Seren had been viciously grabbed by the throat and shoved through many layers of rune-reinforced walls.

Following them while keeping his safe distance, Jake suddenly hesitated. Was it just a coincidence, or had this Wyatt spotted him already? Unable to be sure, he could only continue to follow them, being extra careful.

Stunned and coughing up blood, Serein remained on all fours for a long time under Wyatt’s disdainful gaze. Crouching down in front of her, he brought his mouth to her ear.

‘Don’t ruin my plan, am I clear?’ He whispered in a threatening tone. ‘I don’t care about these prisoners, but I don’t want them to die needlessly.’

Huz zut uwul eimjare jaov zfeu, Suzur zfalut vuz vuft om vaq frt lofzut tudafroiw.

‘You mean Lily’s death and the others weren’t unnecessary? You seemed to be enjoying yourself at the time. I wasn’t the only one

having fun. We all saw you go wild... You don't have to teach me anything, you're just an asshole and a fucking hypocri-

Alas, her string of slurs came to an abrupt end when Wyatt savagely ripped out her vocal cords. Without a windpipe and with half her throat intact, the reckless Vampire collapsed to the ground choking.

'Remember.' The youth threatened as he licked his bloody fingers with an insatiable expression. 'If what happened to Lily and the others was just an accident, if you continue with your bullshit your death won't be. Control yourself. You'll be free to do what you want once the Ordeal is over.'

With that last warning, the Vampire Progenitor walked away and Jake finally dared to breathe. The heartbeat he'd been holding back all this time resumed, kick-starting his blood flow and oxygenating his brain.

After this incident, luck seemed to smile on him. Depraved and angry, the busty lolita moved away from the Village to vent her rage and vexation. Pounding, punching and kicking everything in her path, she continued to lash out until her throat was regenerated. Once her vocal cords were restored, she cursed loudly,

'What a fucking prick!'

That was the moment Jake chose to take action. Rocketing up like a meteor rising from the depths of the earth, he closed the distance in a split second and grabbed her by the ankles. Simultaneously, through his Spiritual Silver Myrtharian Eye, he bombarded her with the most powerful Soul Attack he could muster: a mixture of Apex Predator and Soul Arrow.

Seren's Spirit Body was punctured instantly, the mental attack hitting her consciousness squarely. Spacing out, a terrible pain exploded in

her skull. She tried to scream for help, but no sound came from her mouth.

Seeping into the breach, Jake had already taken control of her nervous system. Squeezing a few nerves and blood vessels, the Vampire passed out the next second.

Mallamr fhmqnialvut!

---