

The Oracle Paths

Volume 4: The Purgatory

Chapter 474 - Slaughtering Parasites

Cackle!

The 6-meter tall huge Hunter in his way started to cackle madly when he saw a human missile crashing into him. Raising his fists in the air like an enraged gorilla, they turned into huge keratin hammers, then slammed down hard with all their weight as Jake came within range.

A calculating glint flashed fleetingly in Jake's pupils as he snorted dismissively. Stepping on the air as if it were a springboard, he avoided both hammer fists with a forward somersault, only to bring down his spinning right heel coated in Grey Aether right onto the top of the enemy's skull.

Though sturdy, the parasite's skull instantly exploded like an overripe pumpkin. The Controller on his shoulder let out a high-pitched howl of terror and clumsily tried to leap onto a nearby monster's back, but Jake hatefully crushed it with his fist before giving it a chance.

Grabbing the headless Hunter by the foot, he then used it as a club to bash the other beasts and began to whirl around at breakneck speed, knocking out everything in his path. The arm holding the corpse became a melting pot of warm colors due to the massive surge of Strength, Agility and Constitution Aether and his striking speed increased tenfold again.

The left arm holding the slain Hunter dropped out of sight of his comrades, so fast that the whole strike sequence was akin to an

ultra-high frequency vibration. The supersonic whirring of the wind caused by Jake's every move reverberated throughout the cavern and dozens of gigantic Hunters were hurled into the air like cannonballs, their condition uncertain.

A few seconds later, Jake stopped swinging his arm like a maniac on steroids and it reappeared, red and smoking. The Hunter held like a hammer in his hand couldn't withstand this dazzling sequence of impacts, accelerations and decelerations, and all that was left of its headless body was the crushed limb that Jake clutched in his hand. When he clenched his fist, what was left of it crumbled into dust instantly.

Turning around, he noticed that he had moved a little too far forward, but fortunately his companions had kept up, using his breakthrough to move forward as well.

With each step Mihangyl took, an emerald wave would ripple through the ground and a tangle of vines would form on either side of the party, creating a safe and regal route for the team.

Hephaistos was somewhat countered by the two sisters' Cleansing Light, but as soon as a trail of shadows appeared before him, a Hunter would die. Leaving the big guys to the others, he instead focused on the Controllers, having already eliminated a dozen of them.

Kyle and Tim were also participating as best they could, taking out the smaller Hunters. The Playboy's mindset shift was starting to pay off.

His Aether stats had clearly increased compared to the beginning of the Ordeal and his Bloodline Skills seemed more powerful than before, especially his Golden Sight and his Warrior Trance. Jake was willing to bet that his Myrmidian Bloodline had finally reached level 2.

As for Tim, if he only focused his luck on himself, he could be outstandingly efficient. Although he carried no firearms, his axe would always find its target and Jake eventually realized that the teenager was in fact an excellent fighter.

Where Jake's and the others' First Ordeal had lasted only two months, the boy's had lasted over five years. That was five long years to perfect his mastery of various weapons and fighting techniques!

While that didn't make him any bigger, the truth was that they had underestimated him. If Jake had to face the child with equal size and stats, he was not sure to prevail. That was a major blow to him.

Of course, because his intelligence was so much higher, his technique was progressing abnormally fast. Even if he were to become normal again, the knowledge and experience he had gained would not disappear. Whether or not he would actually lose to Tim in a one-on-one fight if they had the same stats was actually hard to tell.

Glancing at Carmin behind him, he was mind-blown by her fighting style. Chugging down another vial of his blood, Jake saw her ruby irises fill with silver and gold sparks reminiscent of stars revolving around a galaxy.

The roots of her long brown hair were slowly but surely turning silver, while her fangs and nails were quickly becoming translucent. The blood in her veins was heating up and a phenomenon reminiscent of Jake's lava veins began to appear on her own body.

To his utter disbelief, Carmin was literally tapping into the powers of his Myrtharian Bloodline!

Without realizing it, a lower form of Myrtharian Spiritual and Warrior Trance activated within her, as well as Myrtharian Sight, enabling her to distinguish the weaknesses of her enemies.

Al vuz gmtw ezuj ar ouqnuzfopzu, vuz uknimlasurull frt lofqarf arhzuflut fhhmztareiw frt ovu Bimmt Eruzew lvu plut ar fii vuz ouhvraypul guefr om gmai msuz fefarlo vuz jaii.

Already enjoying superhuman strength and speed as a quasi-vampire, her performance went up several notches and she began to rip apart one Monster after another, her fighting prowess only behind that of Jake and Mihangyl.

The dark blood of her victims would clump together and coagulate to form all sorts of crystalline weapons that she used to wreak havoc within the enemy ranks. Ignited by her Bloodline, these weapons had an incredible sharpness and piercing potential that was virtually unstoppable for these stupid creatures.

Jake had taken every precaution to ensure that his blood contained nothing but his cells, but his Aether Code could not be erased. The Aether content of these Aether Runes was too low to compare to Jake's powers, but it was enough to give her a glimpse.

As a Blood Human, her Bloodline specialized in absorbing and using humanoid blood, and the better those samples were, the more her own Bloodline would be stimulated and the greater the power she could draw from them.

Had Carmin been part of their faction and benefited from the Myrtharian Body passive, perhaps her performance would have been even more impressive.

In the end, the least useful person in the group was Ostrexora. Floating above them, the cantankerous young woman merely patrolled in a circle nonchalantly, striking only when a monster got too close to her.

She seemed to have an uncanny knack for bending the air to direct her screams, and no one could hear what she was hollering when she

did open her mouth. However, the victims she targeted with these sound waves had all exploded without exception.

Jake had already experienced Ostrexora's powers, so he knew that she excelled in the field of Soul and Spirit, but he didn't really know what her Bloodline was. Sometimes she would behave like a ghost, but sometimes she would use a perfectly tangible body, made of flesh and blood.

This woman was a real enigma, but the only thing that remained constant was her absolute hatred for men. While she was always friendly to the girls in the party, it was impossible to get anything but a scowl of disgust when one of the males tried to talk to her. If Jake wasn't the leader and her Village's Lord, she might not have even bothered to pay him any heed.

Waov lphv hmmztafoamr frt f dipzzw md vaev-iusui qmsul, ovu ezmpn giflout ovuaz jfw ovzmpv jaov dzaevourare uddahaurhw, mgiaouzfoare frt gpohvuzare frw qmrlouzl ovfo tfzut om lofrt ar ovuaz jfw.

After a minute or so, the Controllers' shrill cries ceased, and a relative silence filled the tunnel they had just ventured into. Hephais had finally disposed of the last Controller, his abject corpse neatly skewered at the tip of the Egean Assassin's sword.

Without the Controller to boss them around, the thousands of Hunters who were still flooding out of the other tunnels lost what little coordination and caution had previously made them dangerous, and began to charge in an anarchic fashion.

In contrast, their ferocity multiplied and the horde went into a frenzy, using their fearlessness to overwhelm them by sheer numbers. However, due to their lunacy, they had lost all sense of proportion

and several hundred were stampeded by their brethren in a matter of moments.

Exploiting the confusion, Jake and his party were able to push forward much more easily. The number of parasites chasing them had grown exponentially, but they were no longer able to contain their advance.

Within minutes, every member of the team had become bloodied from head to toe. Despite this, Jake noticed that most of the giant Hunters had retreated after half of them had been slaughtered in the beginning of the battle. They were backing off every time they stepped forward, conserving their strength for some unknown purpose.

It was clearly not fear that was driving their withdrawal, but a vicious glimmer of understanding that did not bode well for them. Seeing this, Jake's forehead scrunched up, but he did not try to stop them. Thanks to their large size, they provided a protective wall for the group, which paradoxically made their lives easier.

About fifteen minutes later, after having crossed seven galleries several kilometers long and as many caverns, the group landed in a gigantic cave, quite different from the others.

This one contained no tank filled with foreign mixture, nor green lava, lightning, ice, poisonous gases, and no acid lake as they had encountered in the previous caves, but instead a dozen Hunters and three very special Controllers were waiting for them there.

They had almost gotten lost on the way, the light arrow repeatedly pointing in a totally different direction, but they had eventually arrived at their destination.

Fmz ar ovu hurouz, guojuur ovmlu ojuisu eaefroah Hprouzl frt ovzuu
Cmrozmiuzl lfo fr mgbuho aturoahfi om ovu zuniahf Jfcu vuit ar val
vftrl.