

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 4: The Purgatory

### Chapter 486 - The Hunt Resumes

In the end, it was extremely simple. The Space Storage could be divided into multiple compartments that did not communicate with each other, allowing for the worry-free transport of various materials and chemicals that might interact.

After the appearance of the Aether Core, nothing happened. It could only produce light and heat by absorbing the surrounding Aether. This Fluid Artifact was virtually devoid of it.

Even so, Jake wasn't so confident for nothing. He had already devised a solution.

After all, Jake had no intention of using his own Aether to power this Aether Core. What he was going to do was use his Heat and Radiation Control to harvest the Aether generated by the reactor.

Because even if this Fluid world was poor in raw Aether, ultimately everything that existed, Fluid, matter or energy, was nothing more than a highly complex arrangement of Aether particles. If the pressure and temperature became sufficient, Aether would inevitably reappear. This was precisely the circumstance in this over-compressed sun.

Gently pushing his second Aether Core inside the first sun, he held his breath and exhaled only after he had proof that no strange reaction had been triggered. The two 'suns' looked the same, but his was just a

combination of a few Aether Spells stabilized into Aether Symbols that were themselves composed of numerous Aether Runes.

It was a shame that Jake couldn't speed up or monitor the reaction with his mental power, but that was normal. His Spirit Body could tolerate high heat, but the core of a thermonuclear fusion reactor could reach a hundred million degrees, much hotter than a normal sun.

If he had actually tried to probe this sun with his mental sense, his consciousness would have been shredded instantly. Even then, he had to stay on the edge of the reactor, which didn't stop him from slowly charring.

Aiovmpev vu jfl vuiniull, val Mwzovfzafz Saevo jfl dpiiw dprhoamrfi frt ovu arhzutagiu gzaevorull val uwul nuzhuasut jfl rmovare iacu rmzqfi iaevo. Tvu Auovuz turlaow jaovar oval lpr jfl ukfhoiw fl vu vft guur vmnare dmz.

Swirled by this overwhelming concentration of Aether, his Aether Core inside gorged itself with this power at a tremendous rate and its radiance began to grow rapidly.

Jake had no intention of sitting back, and he also began to draw in as much heat and radiation as possible to feed his own Aether Core and cells.

His Aether Core had been somewhat neglected in this Ordeal and the heat alone, no matter how high, would not increase his body stats tenfold in a few minutes. On the other hand, he could use his mediocre Aether Conversion Skill at level 1 to convert that heat back into Aether.

It was a feat he would have struggled to accomplish a few weeks earlier, but after upgrading his Myrtharian Bloodline, he felt it was within his capabilities. His control over heat and electromagnetic

radiation in general was derived primarily from his ability to perceive and manipulate the Aether that made it up, and if it was a type of Aether, then converting it into something else was most certainly possible.

At level 1, the Aether could only be converted into pure Aether or one of the seven basic Aether stats, but that was more than enough for what he intended to do.

For the next ten minutes, Jake and his two Aether Cores continued to silently siphon energy from the reactor, delaying the explosion that was supposed to happen any minute.

In fact, he had greatly underestimated the effectiveness of his second Aether Core, and at some point he realized that he had become unable to distinguish which of the two overlapping suns belonged to him.

Meanwhile, the Corruption continued to spread and despite his apparent mental clarity, there was no mistaking it. Jake had definitely gone insane. His greed was compelling him to take these foolish risks and even when the wall gave way and this sun began to collapse in on itself, he still refused to leave.

It was only when the warning signs of a supernova appeared that he realized the mess he was in.

And yet, even in this mess, Jake's scary, smoldering face showed only insatiable greed. He felt no fear and his gaze remained stony cold and cruel.

When the wall finally melted from the heat, the neutron bombardment and the undermining of the parasites swarming outside, Jake sighed reluctantly, but his countenance did not change.

Apathetically, he formed a telekinetic barrier and launched it aggressively at the unstable sun. The sun was blasted away from his second Aether Core and he was finally able to retrieve it.

Because the Aether Runes constituting it were modeled after his own Spirit Body, he had no trouble deactivating them and he seamlessly seized the Aether Core with his mental strength and deposited it back in its place within his Space Storage.

A pleased smile appeared on his face as he read the new specs for his Aether Cores. His next training sessions on B842 promised to be frighteningly effective. If that Fluid Artifact reactor wasn't so damaged, he would certainly have tried to take it with him.

After that, Jake no longer paid attention to the impending disaster. Emotionless, he deactivated the telekinetic sphere barely holding back the crumbling wall and without this support, all the Hunters swarming on its surface fell into the reactor like moths drawn to a flame.

With any luck, the hungry monsters would delay the explosion for a few more minutes, but deep down he didn't care. He had stopped worrying about all that when his doubts had vanished.

Besides, the Oracle's last-minute repatriation of Keelut's soul had made him realize that the so-called desperate situation they were in was in fact a complete sham.

The Oracle could definitely intervene and their bracelets' features that activated or deactivated as they pleased probably had little to do with these Digestors. After all, apart from Nylreg, he had never come across any.

In fact, he'd never met Nylreg either.

Adouz val immoare, ovu ezuut ovfo vft guur ufoare fjfw fo val  
ovmpevol usfnmzfout arlofroiw frt ovu qpztuzmpl aqnpilu vu vft  
ouqnmzfaizw lpnnzullut lpzeut dmzov fefar, fl ad ao vft mriw lounnut  
gfhc ar mztuz om guoouz bpqn dmzjftz.

Spending leisurely, his bracelet scanned the space station a few times  
and a predatory scowl crept over his face.

‘So little prey...’

Before flying off in a certain direction, Jake glared tauntingly at  
something behind him, then shrugged off his pursuers completely.

Seconds after he left, a drug-addicted lizard man followed in his  
footsteps, followed by a spooky, ghostly woman. While the hatred she  
held for both men was the same, she had wisely chosen her next  
victim.

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‘Edmond! How dare you betray us!’ Avy Shamin yelled hatefully as  
she reeled backwards covered in blood before crumpling to the  
ground.

Her two bodyguards and the natives she was protecting had been  
about to reach the launch bay when Edmond, her trusted senior  
officer had suddenly knifed one of the two Fluid Masters in the back.

In just a few minutes and before the totally helpless General, all the  
survivors under her protection had been coldly and methodically  
slaughtered like cattle, her two trusted bodyguards included. Even  
these two veteran Fluid Masters had not lasted long against the  
enemy.

‘My name is not Edmond. My real name is Ronald.’ The traitor  
chuckled with disdain. ‘It wouldn’t ring a bell with you, but Sigmar

should be familiar with the name. After all, I was one of his most loyal subordinates 140 years earlier.'

Jake and his comrades would have recognized that name as that of the diary woman's lover. For the young general, however, it was a traumatic wake-up call.

Avy's shocked eyes widened like saucers, and she began to hyperventilate in disbelief as the old man's face miraculously rejuvenated into the features of a handsome man with curly brown hair.

'Impossible!' The warrior woman roared vehemently. 'You have loyally protected my clan for over 40 years. You tucked me in, taught me to fly, shoot and command. You even changed my diapers! I refuse to believe that you were just a traitor. Oh yes, it must be the Corruption that's messin' with your mind... Yes, that's gotta be it...'

With her eyes welling up with tears, what was left of the young woman's feeble consciousness was slowly waning, and it was a miracle she had managed to keep her sanity for so long. The protective pendant around her neck was the reason for this wonder, but at its dull color it too was reaching its limits.

'Welcome to the adult world.' Ronald said with a sneery gleam in his eye. 'You are dumb, spineless and spoiled rotten. Changing your diapers and listening to your whining are my greatest shames and I can't count the number of times I've dreamed of locking you in a Twireg cell to teach you about life. The pampered kids usually come out broken, but they do have that obedient, quiet quality I love.'

Avy was so dumbstruck and disgusted that she began to puke involuntarily, stomach acid mixing with the puddle of blood she was crouching in. Ronald pinched his nose in disgust, but that didn't stop him from walking towards her with his dark energy sword in hand.

‘So weak-willed...’ He tsked impassively. ‘If you had grown up in the same environment as Sigmar and me, such weakness would never have been tolerated.’

Avy stopped vomiting and choking upon hearing these words, but when she lifted her eyes, there was no fighting in them. Her guards were all dead. Her friends were dead and so were all the subordinates she had tried to protect. He was absolutely right. She was just an incompetent kid who had been pampered and placed in command of the Titan Pearl only through string-pulling.

Seeing Ronald raise his blade above her head, she closed her eyes, awaiting her death with sorrow, but also deep relief. This world did not need a failure like her.

She felt the wind whistle long before hearing the sharp hiss of the blade on her neck, but as she was about to sink into oblivion a ghastly deep, husky voice ruffled her spine.

‘Is it fun to bully children?’

When Avy recognized the owner of this time, she opened her eyes wide and identified the terrifying Jake from her memories. Ronald was nowhere in sight, but as she stared at the spherical object clutched by Jake’s clawed fingers, she made out a familiar face.

Ronald’s face.

A sadistic smile still lingered on his face as if he still hadn’t realized his death. His body lay a little further away, reduced to a charred piece of coal, drained of its water content.