

The Oracle Paths

Volume 4: The Purgatory

Chapter 489 - I'm Sorry Too

Seeing this golden dust floating in the air, the ghostly woman who greatly resembled Ostrexora let out a long sigh. Peter, who was next to her, was surprisingly still alive and unharmed, a sort of temporary armistice having conveniently been established between the two enemies.

‘So, what made you change your mind Ostrexora? Just a minute earlier I was under the impression that you were trying to kill me?’ Peter blurted out.

‘You... weren’t imagining it. Many things... have changed since then.’ Ostrexora winced uncannily, her face going from frigid placidity to a hateful grin entirely directed at him. ‘Aaaaarrhh, get the hell out of my body!’

The junkie yawned unperturbed as he watched the ghostly woman pull her own hair out, then argue with herself as if she were suffering from a multiple personality disorder.

And he wasn’t wrong in thinking that, because in one minute a lot had indeed happened. When Sigmar and Minerva had been buried in thousands of tons of rubble earlier, Minerva had not made it out alive.

But for a Fluid Grandmaster like her, death was just the beginning. Her Spirit Body had survived and she had immediately escaped as a Fluid Ghost whose mental stats had not weakened in the slightest.

Without a brain or supporting nervous system, a Fluid Ghost would tire more quickly, but at her level channeling the Fluid around her to fuel her Spirit Body was hardly a challenge.

Nevertheless, Minerva much preferred to have a body and it was fortunate that possession was one of the most basic faculties of a Fluid Ghost. A very strange coincidence, which at this point could outright be labeled as misfortune for her victim, had thrown Ostrexora in her path.

Another highly improbable coincidence had Minerva's mind assailing her new host just as Ostrexora, consumed by her hatred, was about to swoop down on Peter to score her first premeditated kill of the day, parasites not included. Lastly, a third coincidence had also made all the female Player's counterattack attempts fail.

Ostrexora had a Grade 7 Banshee bloodline that allowed her to transition between the physical and astral worlds at will, causing all sorts of poltergeist effects. Not to mention the fact that she could easily avoid attacks that would otherwise have been fatal to her body and vice versa, this intricate connection between her body and her mind gave her a mental toughness far superior to what her Spirit Body level or her stats would suggest.

On top of that, she could spontaneously use the skill 'Banshee's Howl', the effects of which were as deadly to humans as they were to spirits. That shrill scream was a million times worse on the unpleasantness scale than a bawling baby, and an unprepared person would have their brain and soul implode on the spot.

As a result, when Ostrexora had tried to let out her best howl, she had choked once again while swallowing hard and no sound had come out of her mouth. Minerva took over her body with ease. Despite this, Ostrexora was struggling hard, determined to stay in control of her body, but it was a losing battle.

And not surprisingly, Minerva's icy disposition won out again a few seconds later.

'Let's keep following him.' She croaked dignifiedly.

'Sounds like a plan...' Peter grumbled as he finished gathering a pile of golden powder formed from Kagarim's ashes.

Minerva watched him curiously, but snorted daintily when she saw him pull a plastic straw out of his jacket and then stick his nostril in it to make a line of coke with the powder. She could now fully understand Ostrexora's intentions...

A golden halo briefly enveloped Peter's body, surprising the late Fluid Grandmaster, but he suddenly began to retch a breath later while his skin cracked like Kagarim's a while back.

'What did you expect honestly?' Minerva facepalmed in exasperation. She thought she had seen it all in a thousand years, but she was wrong.

After the killing streak, Jake was in a great mood and he went on to slay his enemies with much more spirit, even whistling at the top of his lungs. Players, natives and monsters who took this as sloppiness paid the price fatally.

After embellishing his resume with a dozen more kills, Jake was now in a completely different setting: a gym with a large pool. Emptied of its water of course. The smell of chlorine was still present, but it didn't really matter.

Just as he thought he was ambushing yet another prey, a group of 5 players pounced on him all together. The Ordeal was nearing its end and the average skill level of these survivors, insane or not, who had

survived all this time by killing each other, was unlike that of the previous Ordeals.

Their coordination was excellent and their Aether Skills were incredibly powerful. Jake recognized a tattooed man from Wilde and Boris' faction, but also a prospective Vampire. A third could summon lightning, while the fourth was a sniper using special bullets that could penetrate his Silver Stone Skin. The last one was a sort of Priest who could both heal and boost the athletic performance of his comrades.

By the time Jake got through these five Players, the pool had almost doubled in size and all the training equipment had been trashed as if a thunderstorm and tornado had blown through the room at the same time.

He was out of breath and gasped for a long minute after that fight, his body bent in half because of his side stitch. The bullet impacts had left multiple bruises on his body despite his precautions, while the third Player's lightning bolts had left him with a nasty souvenir.

'Goddamn it! These guys were no fun!' Jake spat disrespectfully on their remains not without forgetting to give them a few more kicks to make a good impression.

The most absurd part of it all was that these guys had been killing each other before he arrived and they had suddenly decided to attack him together, redirecting their frenzy onto him.

A ruthless glint burned in his pupils as he scanned the station again with his bracelet. He wasted a fair amount of Aether, but he found the culprit unerringly.

'Tootega!' Jake let out a furious war cry, which rippled through the walls to the nearby takeoff hangars.

Hidden farther away, the mysterious Inuit woman became serious as she discovered that her plan had been foiled again. Just now, she had stumbled upon the four Inquisitors' battlefields and permanently gave up trying to antagonize him.

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'Hey we're under attack! Jake if you can hear us we need you!'

'We really need you!'

'Oh shit, I think I'm in trouble...'

'Cough, cough, fućk my dragon... Jake if you can hear me, get
revenge on that bitch and that fućkínġ blond boy.'

[Will is dead.]

The abrupt end of the communication sent him into a fit of rage and a torrid heat surged forth out of his body like a geyser along with a vile killing intent. Despite his state of mind, Jake picked up on Will's last words and removed Tootega from his suspicions.

With bloodshot eyes, he dashed through the corridors so fast that trails of flame and molten metal remained in his wake, the walls of the corridors also buckling as he passed due to the blast of heat that followed him everywhere.

Despite his resentment, he stopped halfway down the floor in horror when he came upon a scene he would rather not have witnessed: His cousin Kevin chewing out the intestines of his temporary slave Svara, who was still alive.

Not far away, two of his enemies from the Purgatory's First Round, namely Avros Valruc and Luc Wam, were equally stunned. Especially because this was the first time their target had been stolen from them only to be subjected to much worse. Luc Wam on the other hand was already dead, his face frozen in an expression of eternal terror.

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Her arms and legs appeared to have inexplicably exploded and these injuries preceded Kevin's arrival. Jake wasn't lacking in his *désiré* to finish Avros, but right now there was another priority.

'Kevin, may I ask why you are devouring my slave?' He scolded ominously as he pulled the Werebear and his slave apart with a telekinetic barrier.

The furry monster snarled aggressively before calming down as he recognized his cousin. Only then did he notice what he was doing and that his victim was clearly one of Jake's friends. The murderous look he was shooting at him right now couldn't be mistaken!

'I won't kill you, Jake. We're family.' The Werebear declared honorably as he put away his claws.

Jake laughed darkly as he heard this nonsensical statement, as if it could excuse cannibalism. In his current state, he could even slit the throat of an innocent not to mention the culprit of such a heinous crime. With a chilling face, he walked up to his cousin and said apathetically,

'You're right, we are a family... So you won't mind if I teach you some manners, right?'

Before Kevin could answer, a supersonic punch shook the air and the long translucent claws of Jake's newly regenerated right arm slammed into his cousin's heart and out through his back. A telekinetic shockwave then exploded from the hand plunged into his chest and all his vital organs were pulverized. Kevin immediately coughed up a spray of blood several meters long and if Jake hadn't been supporting his body, he would have collapsed.

'No one, eat, my, slaves.' Jake whispered each word distinctly in his brother's ear with supreme overbearingness.

As the Werebear returned to human form along with his life ebbing from his body, a mixed expression of shame, relief, and regret alternated on his face before settling on a faint smile of self-deprecation.

'Cough, I guess I had it coming... I hope that after this, you'll really think of me as your cousin... Because... I do... see you that way. I'm so sorry for what I did to you when we were younger. Really...'

His lifeless body then lost all its tonus and toppled backwards to the ground leaving an angerless Jake with a conflicting emotion haunting his eyes.

'I'm sorry too, cousin.'