

The Oracle Paths

Volume 4: The Purgatory

Chapter 491 - Learn Your Place

It was only when Boris realized the changes in his arm that he slowly pulled it back. If he was in pain it was hardly noticeable and the fighting determination evident in his gaze had not changed. However, he was once again supremely calm although a glitter of tangible hatred still shone in his eyes.

‘You’re strong, Vampire. So strong in fact that it makes no sense.’ The tattooed giant thundered in a booming voice. ‘I have underestimated your kind.’

To back up his words, he stomped on a Vampire Noble corpse under his feet in hopes of goading Wyatt, but the blonde aristocrat continued to stare at him with an expression of infinite pity. Shaking the blood off his sword, he retorted wistfully,

‘It seems that you are finally willing to listen? Then listen to me carefully. I have to kill Jake because he has the Purgatory on him. Whoever kills him will get this Bronze Artifact as a reward. Why don’t we kill him first and then resume our fight?’

Jake, who had been a rather relaxed spectator until then, stiffened when he heard this outrageous proposal. He was already not confident of winning in a one-on-one fight, so in a one-on-two fight the odds were heavily stacked against him.

Neither his Myrtharian confidence verging on arrogance, nor the Corruption could totally overshadow his survival instinct. He was not afraid, but he knew his limits. Or at least he thought he did.

And indeed, what he feared happened. The giant's hostility toward Wyatt visibly softened when he heard the proposal and an eager gaze focused on him instead.

After all, all three of them were under the Corruption's spell and resisting a temptation of this magnitude was the hardest, perhaps even impossible. Jake had experienced this personally in the reactor earlier. On top of that, Boris was already an offender on Earth long before he received his Oracle Device.

'In that case, I'll gladly accept. No hard feelings Jake, but I can't pass up a chance like this.' The giant declared loudly without an ounce of guilt.

It was a pragmatic decision that left no room for emotion.

Carmin and Sarah, who were caught in the crossfire, retreated even further, but this time they went to their own side. Carmin took refuge behind Jake with the firm intention of assisting him, while Sarah sided with Wyatt without a second thought.

Jake did not even question this umpteenth betrayal, the young woman having already fallen extremely low in his esteem. Even Wyatt, who was supposed to be crazy, was not attacking like a rabid dog, while it was obvious that Sarah had already lost all humanity as evidenced by the piece of intestines she was chewing voraciously.

Maybe she had something like Kevin that she cared deeply about, but obviously it wasn't Jake. The ferocious look she gave him was that of a rabid beast and no different than the one she was giving Carmin or Boris. Only Wyatt seemed to be able to calm her down with his

hypnotic voice, but it was more like he was holding her on a leash and not true obedience.

Ir hmqnfzalmr, Cfzqar jfl artuut arlfu, frt vft imre larhu zpr mpo md ovu gimmt safil vu vft easur vuz. Art wuo, tulnaou oval, vuz feezullamr jfl loaii prtuz hmrozmi.

Even if she hadn't awakened her True Will, she had, like Boris, managed to channel her impulses back to her enemies. Her survival instinct had not been erased by her other negative emotions either, allowing her to at least not attack targets she knew she had 0% chance of winning against.

‘What a shame...’ Jake sighed as he shot a sickened look towards Sarah. ‘For a whim, you left us, only to end up in this pathetic state. I hope your ego manages to recover once you get back to B842.’

Despite his anti-social nature, Jake was good at observing and empathizing. While his communication skills still left something to be desired, he fully understood the essence of Sarah's personality.

In a nutshell, she was a narcissist. She wanted to be the center of attention, to be admired, pampered and seen as an exceptional person. She was used to having it all right away, whether it was material possessions or love, and she was smart, beautiful, rich and talented enough to deserve it all.

But the sad reality was that anyone with an inflated ego, especially when it was based on a foundation of no failure or a very specific criteria, was in fact extremely flimsy. If a model radiated confidence because of her beauty and the way others looked at her, she could instantly fall into a severe depression after gaining so much as a few pounds.

Sarah's case was actually much worse. Since the incident on the purchase of their Floating Island, she had only made things worse by compounding her mistakes and unlike Kyle who had finally pulled himself together, she had only gotten deeper into her idiocy.

The influence of her Myrmidian and Chaos Zhorion bloodline was a poor excuse and she knew it. Because above all, the problem was with her choices. She should never have agreed to turn into a Chaos Zhorion.

That's why, when Jake voiced his contempt by bringing up her ego, Sarah's deranged face was momentarily racked with regret. She felt so bad that she averted her gaze, unable to continue staring into his eyes. The scorn in those pupils was unbearable.

This exchange seemed harmless, but Wyatt immediately understood Jake's intent with this taunt.

'Sarah attack him with us, that's an order.' The Vampire Progenitor ordered coldly, his ruby eyes casting out a compellingly lurid light at the same time.

Sarah's tortured and ashamed expression died away at once, and the same savage grimace of a feral beast resurfaced on her face. As if on autopilot, she materialized a red crystal the size of a tennis ball in her hand and Jake immediately identified it as a Red Soul Stone from his Second Ordeal.

'So, that's how you plan to play it, eh?' Jake sniped as he leapt into the air. 'Bloodline Ignition? I can do that too.'

An intense ruby aura ignited Sarah and her energy levels rose exponentially. This was not a rise in her Aether stats, but in her various Bloodlines.

As he wondered what technique to perform, Jake felt an incredible gust of wind ruffle his hair. When he turned his head, he saw Boris' huge left fist just inches away from his forehead. At the last moment, he put himself in cross-guard and let the force of the impact throw him over half a kilometer in the air.

In the process, he lifted Carmin with his telekinesis to protect her from Sarah's blitz. Her Myrmidian Sword, whose scarlet blade had sliced through many enemies throughout the Ordeal, slashed through the hangar's steel floor like butter, exuding a terrifying bloodlust.

'Come back! Are you really going to slink away like a wimp, Jake?!' Sarah yelled as she sprinted after him, but even with Bloodline Ignition she was far too slow.

Jake shuddered at the provocation, but in the end he just snorted. Flipping around, he pointed two fingers at Sarah and a deafening BANG rang out. Almost simultaneously, a one inch wide hole appeared in Sarah's left shoulder as she was thrown 30m backwards.

'Learn your place first before you start opening your big mouth.' Jake snapped back in a falsely benevolent manner.

Tragically, this retaliation gave Boris and Wyatt the time they needed to catch up with him. Seeing another punch approaching, Jake was slightly taken aback when he saw that it was the same arm that the blonde Vampire had just ruined. Within seconds, Boris had regenerated it, but its height had shrunk by quite a few meters.

Lacu ovu dazlo oaqu, Jfcu hfiquw nfzzaut frt iuo vaqluid gu ovzmjr fjfw, gpo oval oaqu Wwfoo jfl jfaoare dmz vaq fo ovu ifrtare. Wvur vu lfj vaq dazqiw hipohvare val ljmzt frt ourlare val qplhiul, vu ommc rm hvfrhul frt npo pn val gulo tudurlul.

When Wyatt unleashed his lateral sword slash, the air was literally sliced in two for a hundred meters, including the walls in the distance, and it was easy to imagine what Jake, who was the primary target of the attack, would endure.

First, he felt his telekinetic shields shatter, followed immediately by his liquid alloy armor, then his Silver Stone Skin reinforced with Constitution and Sharpening Aether before he felt a violent pain in his stomach. Then, this pain spread to his back and the blade came out behind him with a spray of blood.

He had literally been cut in half just below the heart.

Gritting his teeth, Jake kicked back at Wyatt to propel himself in a new direction and decisively decided to flee. With his telekinesis, he managed to hold his two halves together and with his Fluid and Aether mastery he had no trouble reconnecting them.

Wyatt was about to go after him to finish him off when Jake suddenly looked at him with a sinister glint in his eye. A chill ran through the invincible Vampire and for the first time he had an inkling of doubt.

Glancing thoughtfully at Sarah, whom he had long since interrogated with limited success, he considered for the first time using his mental powers to completely enslave the young woman and get to the bottom of it. It was a one-time thought that the uncorrupted Wyatt would never have entertained.

Just as he was about to take action, an explosion louder than any other broke the silence and he saw that an entire portion of the space station had just collapsed several kilometers from them.

‘Nylreg has won.’ Wyatt uttered with an intense weariness.

Jake, who was about to enter outer space, had a change of expression when he heard the explosion, because the next thing he knew he was

in such mortal danger that Wyatt and Boris's attacks would sound like infants bawling in comparison.

When he rolled over to guard in extremis, he came face to face with a young Darth Sidious cosplayer, and it didn't take him long to realize who he was dealing with.

Nylreg!