

The Oracle Paths

Volume 4: The Purgatory

Chapter 495 - Jake vs Nylreg (part 1)

Nylreg was quick to respond, and the haze of dark energy instantly condensed into multiple intertwined sharp threads of shadow that were suddenly pulled into a tight knot. The location of that knot was Jake.

If he didn't move he would be chopped to shreds in an instant, but just before impact a mental wave spread out from his body, followed by a darting Soul Arrow that shot through some invisible point in space. The cohesiveness of these dark energy filaments was broken and the Will of Destruction permeating them was dispelled.

Without that Will, those threads were just a concentrated mass of Fluid, admittedly dangerous, but not enough to threaten someone like Jake. With a sweep of his hand, he slammed down and a blast of heat swept through the fog enveloping him with the full force of a small nuclear bomb.

Nylreg rematerialized a hundred meters away with a somewhat upset expression, but he was an experienced warrior and immediately adjusted his tack. Aiming his finger at him again, he proceeded to build up energy, but instead of firing a huge black laser like the previous times, multiple Destruction Fluid Bullets were fired at him with the frequency of a heavy machine gun.

With his Spirit Body deployed, Jake instinctively figured out how to sever his consciousness and Soul from it without severing the mental link between them. Thousands of spiritual filaments spread through

his Spirit Body like a blood network and when enemy fire entered his domain and damaged his Spirit Body, the feedback gave his consciousness the insight it needed to dodge.

The Fluid Master precognition he barely knew how to use suddenly became second nature and his soul connected seamlessly to the Fluid's web to sense the changes in the vast universe. The world seemed to reject Nylreg's existence and he got the foggy impression that Sigmar's son was not all that hard to dodge. The world itself was on his side and unknowingly a temporary stat called Fluid Luck had already reached a staggering value.

At first, Jake was dodging his multiple attacks at the last minute; his speed, reflexes, and fighting skills raising Nylreg's already high opinion of him with each passing moment. However, the former Fluid Grandmaster's face gradually darkened as he discovered that his accuracy was starting to falter.

He could miss a shot, but when nearly half of his Destruction Bullets began to miss Jake sometimes without him even moving, he gradually began to notice that something was amiss.

'He's progressing fast... But it's this world that's rejecting me.' He finally realized with a strange sense of sadness and bitterness.

This was the first time this had happened, but it was also the first time he had ever made use of his Will of Destruction in this world. Sigmar was far too tough, and Ethlando's appearance in shambles had pushed him to use it.

By combining their forces and sacrificing the severely wounded Fluid Grandmaster, he had managed to incapacitate his father. If all had gone well, the ship's explosion should have done the trick.

Conversely, Jake also began to realize that this Nylreg was not that strong. His techniques were undoubtedly extremely complex and powerful, but his precision and Spirit Body were lacking.

He had already noticed this when Nylreg had first attempted to snatch the Purgatory from him. Holding out had been quite torturous, but he had succeeded all the same. Even if Nylreg's Soul was stronger than his, they were in the same league.

If Sigmar had been there, he would have told him that for their mental showdown, Fluid Wielders were extremely dependent on the amount of Fluid they could channel through their Fluid Core, which could as well be regarded as a Soul Artifact providing shelter for the mind and amplifying its prowess.

If a Fluid Grandmaster's core had access to an abundance of Fluid, the mind's power would be multiplied. In contrast, without any other source of energy, nor Fluid Core, the mental strength of a Fluid Grandmaster was not all that exceptional.

After all, this was just a Third Ordeal World. Just as a Fluid Master could easily die from a well-placed bullet in the head, Fluid Grandmasters were not that unreasonably strong. Without the infinite amount of Fluid this world had to offer, they were actually quite weak compared to top tier players.

Realizing this hidden truth, Jake's unreasonable misgivings about these Fluid Wielders were shattered. Also, with his intense focus, Jake had obviously noticed his opponent's absurd drop in accuracy.

'I can't believe I was scared of him. He's way weaker than Wyatt.' He lamented wryly in his head.

Still, he didn't ignore the fact that the Vampire Progenitor was still dashing away at breakneck speed.

[Tvu jnzit zubuhol vaq guhfplu md val Daeulomz rfopzu] Xa
uknifarut lmguziw fl vu tudoiw fsmatut frmovuz zmprt md gifhc zfwl.
[Hu qfw luuq juhc, gpo mrhu vu tuhatul om uqgzfhu val ozpu rfopzu,
ovarel jaii hvfreu. Ymp qplo tudufo vaq gudmzu ovur.]

Too late.

As he watched his accuracy rapidly diminish, a cold blooded ire against this world began to rumble in Nylreg's heart and a great change occurred within him. His deep bond and attunement to the Fluid that was the basis of a Fluid Grandmaster's most mystical powers was severed with a sudden jolt.

In the blink of an eye, he lost his foresight, the vast reach of his Extrasensory Perception, and most of the boundless energy he once had at his fingertips.

Deprived of his Fluid Wielder instincts, Nylreg frowned as he realized how difficult it had become for him to aim and keep fighting. It was like playing a game with cheat codes and aim assist, and then suddenly playing it in hardcore mode.

And yet, Nylreg was still the strongest prodigy in this world. When he cut himself off from the Fluid, he perceived the Aether for the first time and the part of him that had been dormant for so long started to awaken.

The Fluid that had been refusing to enter his body was suddenly forced back inside and just like Jake had done so many times with his bracelet, a dense amount of pure Aether soon flowed into Nylreg.

Although the Aether was invisible to the naked eye, with the help of his Myrtharian Eyes Jake was able to clearly see a blinding white light radiating from every cell of his opponent.

Nylreg's power was rapidly increasing once more, and although his accuracy didn't increase much, the rate and energy level of the black lasers he was firing was skyrocketing despite his Fluid deprivation. Jake, who was overwhelmed by this torrent of deadly attacks, was the first to bear the brunt.

'Fuck! I'm gonna get killed if this keeps up.'

Pfware himlu foouroamr om Nwizue jaov val Mwzovfzafr Saevo, Jfcu dpzzmjut val gzmj liaevoiw fl vu tmteut, ovur lptturiw diahcut val artuk dareuz ar dzmro md vaq. Hal nmlopzu jfl aturoahfi ar usuzw jfw om ovfo md ovu dfiur Fipat Gzfrtqflouz.

Nylreg scowled disdainfully at Jake's stance, but swallowed back his rude remarks when hundreds of bright white laser beams collided with his own blasts with surgical precision. Because they were both rays of light, the black and white rays passed right through each other, but the Will of Destruction was not bothered by these physical limitations.

His white beams disintegrated long before they finished passing through the black beams, but the black beams also lost their blackness, suddenly turning white again as they were meant to. When these lasers hit Jake, his skin absorbed all the radiation without batting an eye.

As for Nylreg, he was too engrossed in his new powers and the transformation taking place within him to bother defending himself. When Jake switched on the firing rate, dozens of white rays riddled his body with coin-sized holes.

Jake expected his foe to grunt in pain or at the very least use a super strong technique to regenerate his wounds, but he was deeply shocked when Nylreg ceased firing and calmly glared into his eyes with a demonic chill he'd seen elsewhere, but never in a human.

One of his black irises, much like his father's, had turned golden yellow, while the right eye remained perfectly normal. As for his sixth pair of fingers, they had been replaced by a long, silver, curved claw comparable to those of a velociraptor. In many ways, it also closely resembled the metal scythes forming the upper and lower limbs of low-level Digestors.

As the glint in his yellow eye suddenly shimmered, Nylreg broke out into a husky, ancient voice.

‘I should be grateful to you. It was all thanks to you that I was able to get in.’

‘Who are you?’ Jake asked cautiously as he jumped back several hundred meters with a quick dash.

Sigmar's son tilted his head to the side, looking at him as if he were dealing with an idiot, before giving a creepy grin.

‘Who do you expect me to be? I'm Nylreg, of course!’

Jake raised an eyebrow, but this time he whipped out the Myrmidian Sword he had borrowed from Sarah. He had a very strong hunch that the next round would be very different from the first.

‘If you are Nylreg, why are you talking about getting in? Are you suffering from split personality syndrome?’ Jake tentatively stalled to give his comrades as much time as he could. On the other hand, he was also curious.

Thankfully, his enigmatic opponent was wonderfully patient. The latter could see through his act, but he merely wore an amused expression. After all, this was his first conversation in a long time.

‘How do you think Digestors come to be?’ Nylreg countered dryly with another question.

