

The Oracle Paths

Volume 4: The Purgatory

Chapter 490 – Wyatt's Strength

After removing his cousin, Jake was left oddly frozen in place by guilt, but the irresistible urge to kill soon returned. The sharp killing intent erupted forth again and he set off again.

Out of protective instinct toward his 'things,' Jake threw Svara's half-dead body into the Purgatory. The Healing Potions that Kewanee had made for him still worked inside and as the Artifact's owner, he could easily draw any treasure card he wanted as long as he could afford the price.

A Healing Potion was not much, and he doused the unconscious young woman with it before dumping her inside. The item didn't seem as effective as those from the Monster Game, but he would research the differences later.

Avros was not a fool and he had run away as soon as he felt the wind change. Unlike Luc Wam he had only been slightly injured by a surprise claw strike from Kevin and could definitely handle the fight if he had no choice. Overall, despite his deviant character, Jake had a high opinion of him.

During this Ordeal, he had never publicly used his own abilities. Although he had showcased his talent for explosives and pyrotechnics, those were only military equipment that any Player could use. Jake could also do the same, and he refused to believe that a Player like that could survive so long without another string to his bow.

For one thing, like Tootega earlier, he wasn't crazy and Jake had finally caught a glimpse of what tattoo he was hiding on his right shoulder when his armor was slashed.

It was the same scepter ending in a human baby skull held in a snake's jaw. Thanks to this Jake finally knew who the murderer was that had killed the Old Ghost currently hiding in his body.

He felt the ghost quivering inside him and he knew he had found the right guy.

'Why didn't you recognize him earlier?' Jake queried accusingly as he kept racing towards his friends.

'I couldn't remember his face...' Shamefully apologized the ghost. 'I thought it was Tootega because the Titan Pearl archives had nothing on him. If we follow that logic, maybe he wasn't the only one and the murderer could be someone else.'

'That's possible, but in that case your murderer is probably already dead.' Jake concluded haughtily.

Once Jake was focused on his objective, reaching the hangars only took him a short thirty seconds. This was also why, despite his insanity, he was so angry with himself. Even if he couldn't feel fully responsible for the demise of his comrades, he definitely could have reached them earlier.

Wvur vu fnnufzut ar ovu ofcu-mdd vfrefz fzuf vu jfl lpznzalut rmo om urhmprouz frwmru. Tvu ezmprrt jfl iaouuzut jaov epol, gimmt frt hmznlul, gpo rmru md val hmqzftul juzu nzuluro frt usur jvur vu plut val gzfhuio om lhfr ovu fzuf, vu emo rm duutgfhc.

Fortunately, according to his bracelet his comrades were still alive except for Will. His Shadow Guide was pointing out to the sidereal

void as he tried to locate them and upon squinting his eyes he did spot a space shuttle speeding away.

‘I’ve seen that shuttle before...’ He mumbled with a pondering air.

And then he remembered the shuttle that Emiwan, the Pirate Captain, had used to join the Titan Pearl. After the Titan Pearl had slipped away, he had forgotten this detail, but the Pirate Captain had most likely left one of his men on board that shuttle as a precaution.

‘Did he save them?’ Jake found it hard to believe, but it was possible if Emiwan was just trying to escape and had run into them on his way.

Enya, Esysa, Mihangyl, and Hephais would never have let such a chance go by, and it made more sense to let them get on board than get bogged down in an uncertain fight. The good news was... and at that moment his unfriendly gaze turned to the figures at the far end of the hangar... that he could finally give vent to his rage.

The hangar was incredibly spacious, enough for the entire Titan Pearl to land in. In such a place, he wouldn’t have to worry about being too destructive. With that happy thought, he calmly flew to his enemies, who were waiting for him in the middle of a devastated battlefield.

Jake easily recognized the prim style of the Vampire aristocracy, as well as the fair hair of Sarah and Wyatt who were standing next to each other. No other Vampire was present, Carmin not being one of them.

The breathtaking beauty was also there, but it was hard to feel any kind of attraction to her under the current circumstances. Her armor was in tatters, exposing most of her body, but her wounds were so severe that she wouldn’t have looked out of place on a Halloween

party. The sorrowful and disenchanting look she shot at Wyatt was extremely telling.

The last person was Boris Slominsky, the Pagans' boss, and he was currently glaring at Wyatt with an unveiled hatred. The tattooed mountain of muscle with a shaved head was just as intimidating as when they first met, and like all the others, he had gone mad from the Corruption. Yet, like Jake, he seemed to have a shred of lucidity at times that allowed him to not make a complete mess of things.

Besides these four people, the hangar was littered with corpses from both factions and Jake also found Will's decapitated head and his dragon in a corner. He also found the Troll corpse of Drastan, but he had not yet received any notification of his death. Seeing Carmin's severe wounds and his comrades' remains, he saw red again, which did not bode well for his enemies in his current mental state.

Clap, clap, clap!

'And here comes the last Player we've been waiting for our final showdown. The mighty Jake, our number one target!' Wyatt exclaimed as he stared hungrily at him with his ruby irises. 'You must be happy, Boris... With his help, you might have a chance to kick my ass.'

His former polite and distinguished manner had disappeared, leaving only a mixture of cruelty and vulgarity. He was undoubtedly Corrupt to the bone.

Boris glanced briefly at Jake before refocusing his attention on Wyatt. The giant had only one enemy and that was the Vampire Progenitor.

'I don't need any fucking help to kill you, you goddamned vampire!' The Pagan leader lashed out, as he started to fire up his tattoos one by one. This time he was dead set on killing him.

He had only wanted to save his buddies, but because of the Corruption or something else, they had suddenly disobeyed his orders and started killing each other against Wyatt's Vampire Nobles. This mishap indirectly saved the Myrtharian Nerds' surviving members, but at the unpardonable cost of all of his comrades' deaths.

Like Chinen, whom Jake had eliminated in the First Round, each tattoo conferred specific powers and not all tattoos were created equal. Boris' tattoos were on a whole different league...

First off, the gorilla tattoo covering his right arm lit up and the Player's already freakishly body-built body began to grow exponentially until it was more than 25m tall. As he grew taller, the metal slabs beneath his feet caved in under his weight, showing that this was definitely not hot air.

Wyatt's smirk faded and he became solemn. Yet he only frowned slightly with no intention of interrupting this transformation. It spoke volumes about his confidence.

Tvur ovu lnarw zmprtui ofoomm hmsuzare val uroazu gfhc jfl fhoasfout frt f ovahe dmzhu dauit zmlu pn fzmpert val eaefroah gmtw uqaooare f nfiu gipu vfim qakut jaov fqguz fgmpo 50hq ovahe.

Then tattoos in the form of storm clouds, campfires, rivers and mountains were activated and multiple layers reinforced the previous halo in the form of purple lightning, orange flames, water vapor and gravity field.

The merging of these multiple energies generated enormous pressure on the immediate vicinity and the repeated blasts soon resulted in a crater, forcing Sarah and Carmin to back off in a hurry. The half-dead Drastan also woke up with a start as he smelled the oncoming calamity.

Wyatt had stopped jesting and for the first time let his own killing intent surface. The bloodthirsty aura made of Blood Energy gushed out around him like a pillar of bloody light and the smell of blood across the floor was amplified hundreds of times in just a heartbeat. Then he whipped out a sword.

It was a ceremonial steel sword with a delicately engraved gold hilt. The blade, though gleaming and perfectly polished, was fairly long but narrow, seemingly unfit for a battle of this magnitude. However, the blade was glowing red and she greedily soaked up the endless stream of Blood Energy that Wyatt was calmly transferring to her. 'Before you kill me, don't you want to know what Nylreg promised us if we kill Jake?' Wyatt taunted calmly as he lifted his head to stare the giant in the eye.

'I don't care!' Boris roared as he brought down his huge fist with the sheer might and weight of a hundred tank.

His power was nothing short of spectacular, but he was rather slow. Yet, before his fist slammed into the Vampire a huge purple lightning bolt, followed by a torrent of orange flames and water vapor came down at a speed untraceable to the naked eye, all of it backed up by increased gravity to restrict the enemy's movement.

Wyatt's boots sank 20cm deep into the solid steel floor because of this massive force and he only had time to lazily raise his sword to take on the rest of this apocalyptic combo.

BOOM!

The ensuing blast had nothing to be ashamed of when compared to Sigmar and Nylreg' and the station that was about to explode almost flipped over again. But when the ground stabilized under their feet and their vision returned, the retreating survivors discovered a scene that made their blood run cold:

In the hollow of a deep crater, Boris's giant, bloody fist was frozen in the air inches from the top of Wyatt's skull, the latter's sword thrust to the hilt into the huge fist while letting out a sucking sound.

In a mere second and before Boris's nervous system could even register, his arm withered and all the blood in it was sucked out by the Vampire's blade buried deep between two phalanges.

Wyatt was completely unharmed.