

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

### Chapter 327 - Battle of the 100 Gates (part 2)

On Jake's side, his battle cry had achieved the desired result. Within fifty meters, there were no more Zhorions or Players to stand in his way. Those within that perimeter were, with rare exceptions, in a state unfit to put up any resistance.

A few Zhorions who had attacked from behind had only partially suffered from the sound blast, but Jake's mental attack was multi-directional. No psychic attacks had reached him and the intimidation stemming from his Apex Predator Glyph and killing intent had dampened the courage of even the most reckless of his foes.

Taking a lofty look at the powerless enemies around him, Jake snorted, then gradually deactivated the force field under his feet to test the platform's solidity.

He was both delighted and disappointed that the ground did not give way. Delighted because he didn't have to waste his attention and energy and disappointed because the entire platform was made of a dark material that his Earth Control Skill couldn't affect.

Even without having to worry about the solidity of the ground, Jake was still clumsily heavy. His enemies were unaware of his weight disadvantage, but he knew full well how slow his movements were compared to their normal performance.

That's why he intended to play the nonchalance card as long as he could before his slowness was revealed. He had to maintain the image of a terribly

strong and oppressive Player to prevent these Zhorions and Players from overthinking it.

Relaxed, Jake calmly stepped forward towards one of the doors without worrying about the bloody fighting around and at the same time an invisible wave originating from his Oracle Scan activation swept across the platform with almost no one noticing.

‘We were scanned by a Player. ‘Hakkrasha growled softly as if he was talking about the weather. No Zhorions or Players dared to approach him within ten meters.

‘Do you know who he is?’ Enya asked anxiously. Not knowing when she was being scanned by another participant made her anxious.

Instead of answering her the bronze alien just strolled away as if he was in his own backyard. Clearly, his mind had already moved on.

Will, who was following them, was close to tearing his hair out in frustration.

‘Where are my fućking pets!’ He lamented inwardly as he watched a Player being drained out of his blood before his very eyes by a Zhorion filled with the utmost ferocity.

Sigh... It seems like he was not fated to survive until the end of his Ordeals... Without his creatures, he was just a human with 100 Aether stats points. He had no armor or weapons and his martial skills were limited to what he had learned during his first Ordeal. He was probably the weakest of the participants.

Ir val luid-naow, Waii vft dfiur guvart Erwf frt Hfcczflvf jaovmpo zufiaxare ao. Waovar luhmrtl, vu dmpvt vaqluid ozfaiare guvart frt almifout dzmq ovu zuflpzare lvftmj l md ovu wmpre jmqfr frt vuz gmtwepfzt.

The Zhorion, who had just sućkèd the blood of a participant to death, suddenly turned his gaze to the slender businessman and as if he could sense

the vulnerability of this human, the alien licked his lips with a sadistic expression.

As he was about to pounce on the wretched Player to bite his carotid artery, Will gave him a pitiful look and immediately his *désiré* to kill the human was greatly curbed. When Will politely asked him to ‘spare him,’ the Zhorion foolishly accepted without really understanding what had just happened before running to another enemy. It was only when he moved a few dozen meters away that he realized that he had just been the victim of a Soul Skill or something similar.

Despite the fact that he now knew what had happened, surprisingly he felt no *désiré* to go back for revenge. The pitiful expression of this human had struck a chord deep in his heart. Unconsciously, he felt that the words of this Player made sense and that he didn’t deserve to die like that for no reason.

Will, on his side, was scared shitless. He had narrowly escaped death. If he hadn’t concentrated his Charisma Aether towards the enemy at the last moment, he would probably have suffered a nasty death. Without waiting to regain his usual composure, he dashed as fast as he could towards Enya and Hakkrasha before another enemy decided to make him their snack.

And he had made the right choice. A few seconds after his departure, a group of Krishs appeared exactly where he had been standing. The Zhorion who had spared Will pounced wildly on their leader, but a resounding BANG blasted his skull with a plasma shot. His head had melted instantly.

‘Krish. Krish. (Kill the Zhorions and get their Soul Stones back. Greedy, Grumpy and Cunning, watch the nearest gates and shoot down anyone who tries to insert their stones.)

‘Krish! (Yes, sir!)

The leader Krish and Arrogant Warrior at his side cast a hateful glance at the sluggish silhouette of Hakkrasha, but neither of them dared to exert their right

of revenge. Instead, they methodically proceeded to hunt the nearest prey as did their other brethren.

In less than two minutes, the battle had already reached a level of carnage worthy of the worst horror movies. Of the 187 Players, only 116 remained, while the Zhorions had lost almost 200 of their number, a quarter of them to Jake alone.

Mmlo talopzgare md fii jfl ovfo rm mru vft wuo qfrfeut om mnur f tmmz om gu ozfrlnmzout arlatu. Mfrw Zvmzamrl vft qfrfeut om arluzo mru mz ojm lomrul, gpo ovu ovazt limo arsfzafgiw zuqfarut uqnow. Al lmmr fl lmqumru luuqut fgmpo om lphhuut, frmovuz daevouz rufzgw jmpit caii ovuq mz dmzhu ovuq om zuozufo ar ukozuqal.

Nevertheless, such a status quo could not last forever. With his scan, Jake already had all the information he needed. Xi had deciphered the symbols in every empty slot in every door and he already knew where to go.

Naturally, being the only participant with Red Soul Stones, his route was all mapped out. He had already walked halfway to the door of his choice. The Zhorions and Players around him were dying to attack him, but after that first experience, very few had the courage to take him on.

Despite this apparent advantage, Jake knew there was no way the other Players and Zhorions would let him in so easily. Because he had exterminated the Chaos Tribe, there were no Flintium Stones to steal and that meant that 79 doors would remain forever closed if Jake got in safely. It was impossible for everyone to accept that. The same was true for Ruby's group, although he knew nothing about their situation.

As long as the Zhorions were vying with each other to secure the ten doors that could only be opened with the help of Green Soul Stones, he could still take it easy, but as soon as that option was closed to them, he would undoubtedly become their sole target.

On the other hand, he was not absurdly naive either. Those Zhorions who had attacked him were weak, but some had survived his cry and simply retreated cautiously. He was aware that not all the Zhorions had blindly thrown themselves into battle. Some seemed to occupy important command positions and had not moved a single eyelash since the fighting broke out.

And yet, not all Zhorions were inactive. As the battle raged on, out of the corner of his eye Jake noticed three strange Zhorions wearing long black trench coats. They walked past him with their eyes closed, indifferent to the surrounding cacophony, toward three doors that were previously ignored by all.

These doors required three different colored Soul Stones to be activated. Jake was curious, but he didn't have time for that. Seconds after he resumed his walk, the three mysterious Zhorions opened their eyes and multicolored power-filled irises landed on the empty slots in front of them.

Miraculously, that was enough. The three empty slots each lit up with their respective color and these three colors mixed via the grooves to form the same unstable multicolored light.

Silently, in the general indifference, the three Zhorions were teleported inside and their respective doors disappeared. There, the wall had become perfectly smooth again. Long afterwards, nearby Zhorion warriors noticed that the three gates were missing, but thinking of the various possibilities, they simply blamed their mediocrity and began fighting again with renewed determination. Perhaps one day they would have the fortune to be among these exceptional Zhorions.

A third minute passed on the battlefield and thirty more Players were killed, while the number of Zhorions finally fell below 1000. Unfortunately, the Players' disadvantage was still as glaring as ever.

Unfortunately, this was also the moment when the most aggressive Zhorions finally managed to prevail. One after the other, the ten doors opening with Naequat were forcibly unlocked by outrageously powerful warriors.

One Harmony Zhorion warrior was teleported inside, then another. Even though the Krish leader and his comrades slaughtered these aliens in succession, the Harmony tribe was united in preventing the Players from stealing their rightful places. It was some Zhorions who did not share this spirit of brotherhood who had seized this opportunity to sneak inside the Phantom Sanctuary.

Seeing the doors disappear one by one, the Players, who until then had been saving their strength, suddenly lost their composure. Until proven otherwise, especially for those who were not on the same side of the pyramid as Jake and Ruby's group, there were only Green Soul Stones to steal and therefore only ten doors to open.

With the blessing of their captain, the Krishs bombarded the crowds of Zhorion gathered in front of these gates with a burst of plasma fire. The Wengols also threw themselves into the fray with the momentum of bulldozers and the shredded bodies of multiple Zhorions were blown into the air. Participants of all races unleashed all their Aether Skills and the chaos immediately surged to another level. The platform had become a living hell.

There were only two groups of Players who seemed impervious to the craze caused by these gates: The Nosks and Hakkrasha.

While the competition for the gates was raging, the conflict between Bawopi and Ruby's group had already escalated to a point where they already cared about nothing else but the enemy in front of them.

In the middle of their confrontation zone, which had been deserted by the other Zhorions and participants, two dead Nosk bodies and a human body without his head were strewn on the ground. The head of the man who had

rolled a little further away was bald and still retained his savage smile, unaware of his own death.