

The Oracle Paths

Volume 3: The Oracle Cities

Chapter 332 - Meeting Inside The Phantom Sanctuary

When Jake's vision stabilized again, he was at the entrance of a dark corridor devoid of any ornament or indication. The walls, like the floor and ceiling, were made of the same material, a smooth rock reminiscent of granite texture, but incomparably sturdier.

The corridor was not wide, about twice its shoulder width. Chances were that an alien like Hakkrasha would find it difficult to move around in such a narrow environment. Spontaneously, Jake spread his arms and placed his hands against the two wall surfaces to his right and left.

The first thing he noticed was the lukewarm temperature of the walls and the barely perceptible vibration passing through them, emitting a thud that sounded like a whisper. A warm temperature for Jake was probably pretty damn uncomfortable for most of the participants.

Glancing behind him, a smooth surface blocked this side of the hallway. Intuitively, he knew that he had been teleported right behind the door. Although the sound insulation was impeccable, he could almost imagine the dazed expression of the Zhorions and Wengols on the other side.

Remembering the beating he had just been through, Jake's face darkened. Even with the slowness handicap he suffered, he didn't think he would be so helpless. The sense of frustration and helplessness he had felt a moment earlier was all too real.

For his Myrtharian Bloodline, what he was feeling was the taste of defeat. Despite all his efforts, even knowing that fighting so many enemies was

absurd and that he could have done nothing, his misplaced pride still had difficulty coping with reality. A small voice deep inside him wanted to go back and fight them until a winner was clearly defined.

Faced with this outpouring of emotion, Jake perceived a tiny fraction of his Aether leaking out of him, returning to the atmosphere. Although he had felt inferior, sad or frustrated at times before, this was the first time that the reduction in Aether stats was noticeable.

Aware of the consequences of a loser mentality, he gritted his teeth and jammed his claws into his leg so that the pain would take him out of this hellish cycle. Now accustomed to meditation, he invoked positive mental images, and whispered self-suggestive phrases to force his mental state to regain his initial fighting spirit and confidence. He forced himself to filter the negativity from his thoughts to focus solely on the benefits and satisfaction he had gained from the confrontation.

Adouz f duj qarpoul, val gzufovare hfiqut tmjr qfzcutiw frt val Mwzovfzafz Tzfrhu zufhoasfout mr aol mjr. Tvu Auovuz ovfo ulhfnut dzmq vaq ovur zusuzlut aol hmpzlu frt val gmtw guefr om nfflasuiw fglmzg oval uruzew loaqpifoare val Auovuz lofol frt gimmtiaru.

Unfortunately, during this brief moment all of his stats had dropped by almost one point. This may seem insignificant, but lately in order to progress by one point he had to either endure extremely hard training or eliminate a considerable number of opponents.

To gain a point so quickly, he would have to defeat worthy enemies. In practice, it was not so easy to find them. Moreover, the pride and satisfaction he derived from these victories was often insignificant.

He was so used to winning that he rarely had a strong sense of accomplishment. This may also have been one of the reasons why his progress had begun to slow down. Had it not been for the forced workout in the lava, his stats would never have taken such a leap forward in a few days.

The sad reality was that as Jake took control of his emotions and experienced new situations, he grew accustomed to them and was gradually losing his initial excitement. What shocked or stimulated him in the past left him almost indifferent these days.

About a quarter of an hour later, Jake felt that he had regained complete control of his emotions. In fact, his mental state was excellent. The conditioning provided by his bloodline instincts combined with his self-hypnosis had exceeded his expectations.

[Focus on this feeling. You're going to need it.] Xi warned him with a coldness and seriousness she rarely displayed. [The Ordeal is coming to an end. Do you know what that means?]

Jake chuckled almost like a growl in response. His translucent fangs radiated an ominous reflection in that dark corridor that gave him a frighteningly sinister expression.

'I'm going to go all out...' He finally responded as he slowly ventured down the long corridor stretching far ahead of him.

Xi remained silent, but he felt more than he saw her approval. With Xi's green light, he knew that the time for strategy or caution had passed.

Tvu hmzzatmz jfl tfzc, gpo rmo ovfo imre. Adouz f duj vprtzut Quouzl, vu hfqu dfhu om dfhu jaov fr fzqzmzut tmmz laqaihz om ovu mru gimhcare fhull om ovu sfpio md ovu Zvmzamr hfofhmqgl.

Except that this time it was not necessary for him to destroy the obstacle. When he entered within one meter of the door, the thick metal door slid into the ground to clear the way.

Jake briefly examined the opening system with his Spirit Body in search of a sensor or gear system, but he was surprised to find that his mental energy was not able to penetrate beyond a few inches into the material forming the wall

and door. If he insisted, he faced exponentially increasing resistance, giving him a severe headache.

After the previous fights, his Spirit Body had been damaged. His Aether stats were not particularly affected. Neither was his physical body, as the attributes of Constitution and Vitality stimulated his recovery. The spirit was a different entity and could not recover as easily.

Every time he deployed his Spirit Body, a searing pain coming directly from his spiritual consciousness was a strong reminder that he needed rest. His brain was recovering well, but in order for his Spirit Body to benefit from his Constitution and Vitality, he had to keep his consciousness inside his body.

His Aether Skills were now virtually sealed. With the Aether moving across the surface of his skin, he had just enough energy to assist his body's movements with his telekinesis.

As Jake walked through the door, he presented his best poker face and walked at a calm and relaxed pace to deceive appearances. Well, he tried. With his shredded armor and skin covered with blisters and burns, he didn't look good.

The room waiting for him on the other side of that door was rather large, with dimensions and architecture reminiscent of a shed. But inside it was not vintage cars, airplanes or other vehicles that were stored there, but a silver carpet with a long carbon metal table in the middle.

Around this table were 100 chairs. Some of these chairs were already occupied.

Jake recognized the three Zhorions wearing long mantle coats, but also Hakkrasha, Will and Enya who had successfully claimed three Flintium Gates with the stones he had given them.

Tm val ezufoulo talniufpzu, vu film zuhmeraxut Bzahu jvm jfl lipQnut ar f hvfaz fjfw dzmQ ovu movuzl, val iuel hzmllut aQnmiaouiW mr ovu ofgiu. Hal imre ljmzt jfl ar val t`an frt vu tat rmo immc pn fl vu fnnzmfhvut.

Jake insulted him badly in his head, but also chose to ignore him. It wasn't just them in that room. He would have other opportunities for revenge.

Apart from the aforementioned people, there were six other Zhorions wearing high Qquality coats and armor like the first three. All of them had their eyes closed as if they were asleep, but he had no doubt that they were conscious.

He could feel multiple Spirit Bodys superimposed on top of each other that covered most of the room. The surrounding Aether was obviously under the control of these Zhorions.

He also recognized the short-haired Zhorion woman who had bought from him a Red Soul Stone. She was standing behind one of these nine Zhorions and her body language betrayed her deference to it. A master-servant relationship.

Other Zhorions in armor also stood silently behind the other eight. Their deference and vigilance straddled that of a bodyguard and a butler.

Finally, Jake noticed two Krishs. With the description Tim and Sarah had given him, he had no trouble identifying the two aliens. They were as ugly as he imagined them to be. Feeling his curiosity, Arrogant Warrior shuddered and whispered something to his leader, clicking mandibles in a language impossible to interpret.

Keeping the same expression, Jake walked slowly to his companions and let himself fall into one of the chairs. Inwardly, he felt a deep relief when he finally had a chance to rest his muscles. Naturally, he didn't show any of it.

Enya and Will seemed to want to talk, but the atmosphere was so heavy that they kept their lips pursed, forcing themselves to save their questions for later.

The room became austere and silent again, until another reinforced door opened up. His cousin George emerged from the hallway behind it and chose to sit alone a few chairs away from Jake. However, he did not attempt to engage in dialogue.

A duj luhmrtl fdouz Gumzeu, f vfrtlmqv qfr jaov gifhc vfid-imre vfaz frt uwul md ovu lfqv hmimz - arhiptare ovu jvaou md ovu uwu - jficut mpo md frmovuz tmmz. Erwf loaddurut liaevoi w pnmr val fzzasfi, gpo lvu zuifkut jvur Waii npo val jfzq vfrt mr vuzl om hfiq vuz tmjr.

Ten minutes later, Jake finally met Ruby face to face. Her appearance was as ragged as his. Her skin was covered in blood and soot, and her hair was a mess, making her look like a homeless witch. She seemed pretty pissed off.

Craig, the young chubby black man, arrived almost simultaneously in a similar state. The two companions chose two chairs in another corner and set about dressing their wounds.

Almost an hour later, eight more doors opened at the same time, revealing seven majestic Nosks covered in red and green blood, as well as Xiaoming, also covered in blood.

Upon seeing him, Ruby and Craig displayed relieved expressions, but she became gloomy again when no one else came into the hall after them.

Exactly two hours after the fourth trial started, the ground beneath their feet began to shake and a pressure similar to that of a speeding plane fell on their shoulders.

The Phantom Sanctuary had taken off once again.