

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 4: The Purgatory

### Chapter 379 – Kyle's Plight

Seeing the contents of this first mission, Jake immediately blamed the Oracle System for its shamelessness. This mission was practically there to force him to take a detour.

Even so, he knew that the Coaching feature existed to best serve his interests. If he was assigned such a mission, it meant that his comrades were in danger. As a faction leader it was his responsibility to take care of his subordinates.

Therefore, instead of rushing to the command room at the front of the ship as he had originally intended, he branched off in the opposite direction, with his Shadow Guide showing him the way to his closest comrade.

The corridors were unusually quiet and empty, but there was no sign of anything wrong. After a few turns and a stairway, he came to a door with the number 96 and knocked unscrupulously.

A few seconds later, Jake heard footsteps, followed by a latch being removed and the door opened slightly, revealing the face of a cautious but mostly embarrassed Kyle.

"Jake? What are you doing here?" The former Playboy asked flusteredly. Something was making him hesitant.

"Are you going to open up for me or not?" Jake grew impatient quickly.

"Haha, yes of course..."

The door finally opened wide and Jake walked brazenly into his room. This bedroom was considerably less spacious, with a single bed as well as sober and functional furniture. The level of comfort was miles away from his own luxury suite.

But the most embarrassing thing was the strange smell floating in the air and the presence of used tissues on the bedside table...

"Please... Don't tell me you were jerking off in the middle of an Ordeal?" Jake didn't dare believe his own guess.

Regrettably, Kyle's ashamed silence only confirmed his suspicions.

"I'm too stressed right now, and it's been a while since..."

"I don't want to know anything!" Jake barked sternly. "Pull yourself together. This will be my one and only warning. I don't care what you do outside of the Ordeals, but here you have to thrive every second to improve your rating. Okay, you screwed up

the previous Ordeal, but at this rate you're well on your way to screwing up this one too. If that happens, I don't have to draw a picture, right?"

"Yeah, I got the message. "Kyle stammered, his trembling body and clenched fists betraying the torrent of emotion that was raging through him.

Whether it was anger, outrage, sadness or shame was hard to tell, but he was clearly close to his limit. Eventually, in the face of Jake's indifferent, almost disdainful gaze, a mad *désirè* to fight back crossed his mind, but no sooner had the idea gone to his head than Jake had already pinned him to the ground with an arm lock.

Kyle struggled for almost a minute before stopping, with a weary, depressed face as if he had just exhausted his last ounce of energy. Even after Jake let go of him, he remained on the ground like a dead fish.

"No, you didn't get the message. "Jake articulated slowly. "You focus on what you've lost and feel sorry for yourself by blaming others. You completely overlook what you can gain from this bracelet and these Ordeals. If you're afraid to fight and you're doing it just to preserve your ego, you're an idiot. You don't have to do these Ordeals with us."

"The fact that you failed the Second Ordeal means that your Ordeal will be simpler. Your missions will be less complicated or will reward you more. Not to mention the fact that we are all friends and in the same faction. What you can't do on your own, I or others will take care of it for you.

"My first Ordeal mission is to make sure that my companions are safe and to go to the command room. Do I leave you here wasting more handkerchiefs or are you coming with me and making yourself useful?"

As Jake made this moralizing and pompous speech, he could hardly believe these words were actually coming out of his mouth. He felt like a stranger to himself. Preaching camaraderie and caring wasn't really his style.

Regardless, this speech did work on Kyle. He stood up slowly and quietly rubbed his eyes when he was back to Jake before saying,

"I come..."

"Good. That's what I wanted to hear. "Jake nodded with approval. "And now let's go."

Jake waited patiently for Kyle to put on his gear, then the duo set off in the direction of their closest ally. The corridors were as empty and silent as ever, and they didn't meet a living soul, not even a stray passenger.

Perhaps because the silence was too much for him, or Jake's indifference was devoid of judgment, Kyle finally opened up.

"I just can't get used to the changes..." He confided in a low voice. "Before, I was popular, rich and everything was working out for me, whereas since the arrival of these damn bracelets it's been a downfall..."

"My father died, my mother committed suicide when she found out, and my sister became the slave of a Nawai alien. As for Sarah, Amy, Sophie and the others who were hanging out with me, those who are still alive despise me with all their heart... The only reason I am still hanging on and have not yet committed suicide is my misplaced ego and the fact that my sister is still alive... "

Jake was incredibly disturbed while listening to Kyle's secrets. It was amazing that he kept it to himself without exploding all that time. More emotionally fragile people could have broke down for less than that.

He had seen what criminals like Yerode and Lamine could do to their slaves. He dared not imagine what Kyle's sister was going through, but it didn't bode well.

It made him realize that he didn't know how his companions' families were doing. Apart from what they wanted to tell him, only the Oracle knew how much sad news they were hiding from him. Statistically, it was impossible for all their relatives and friends to be alive.

As for Kyle's character, it was true that the former Playboy was fearful, idle and had once had a misplaced ego, but he wasn't without redeeming qualities either. The mere fact that he dared to participate in these Ordeals despite his terror demanded incredible courage.

He was indeed responsible for the opinion his former groupies had of him, but Jake didn't believe for a second that Sarah hated him that much or she would have let him know outright. It was true, however, that he was just not as good a party as he had been when he was still a popular university student.

"We've arrived. "Jake suddenly terminated his confession as he paused in front of another door. "And I'm sorry for everything that happened to you, but I stand by my previous advice. Pull yourself together. At the end of this Ordeal, we'll go save your sister."

Io jfl ovu dazlo oaqu Jfcu vft usuz qftu f nzmqalu iacu ovfo, gpo ao gzmpevo Kwiu fiqmllo qfeahfi zuiaud. Hu jfl loaii ovu lfqu dufzdpi Pifwgmw, gpo f vpeu gpztur vft guur iadout dzmq vaq. Hal dfhu jfl qphv qmzu luzuru.

When the door opened, they found Tim, Lily and her father Daniel. Unlike Kyle, they had put on their equipment and had long since noticed that communications had been cut off.

Tim and Lily wanted to explore the ship, but Daniel had cleverly prevented them from doing so on the grounds that it would make it harder for others to join them.

The two children wielded a short axe, while Daniel had a heavy assault rifle in his hands and seemed to know how to use it. Jake wasn't familiar with this uncle, but at least they weren't on bad terms. Moreover, this family man was not trying to impose his law and had no problem following the orders of a nephew half his age.

As the group prepared to search for their other friends, a group of individuals appeared at the end of the hallway. With delight, Jake recognized his cousins Vincent and Kevin, accompanied by Will, Sarah and the two sisters.

You could immediately sense the difference in experience. Even without the Oracle mission, they had spontaneously sought to regroup.

"Thank God you are all here!" Will laughed with irrepressible joy as he walked towards them. "These broken communications are truly a blessing in disguise. There is no longer any need to watch our every move."

Jake agreed, then immediately said, "Let's go."

"The command room?" Will confirmed without slowing down.

"Precisely."

"What are your Main and Secondary Missions at the moment?" The businessman calmly inquired while the group moved quickly to the front of the ship.

"Primary Mission: Survive until the Titan Pearl is docked to the Yotai Shien 3 space station. Secondary Mission: Accompany Jake to the command room." Kyle responded calmly.

Sarah and the two sisters didn't sense anything special, but Will, who had spent the past month with Kyle, felt the difference. Before, he would definitely have waited to hear other people's answers before giving his own to avoid embarrassing himself in public.

"Main Mission: Survive until the mystery behind the Yotai Shien 3 space station is solved. Secondary Mission: Return to the command room." Tim then revealed. Lily and Kevin confirmed that they had received the same mission.

After each revealed their primary mission, it turned out that depending on their Oracle Rank and profile, the nature and difficulty of the primary mission could differ greatly.

Will, for example, although he was Rank 8, had as his main mission to survive until the mystery was solved like Tim and Lily, while Enya, like Jake, had to solve the mystery behind the future call for help. Sarah, Esya and Vincent had also been given this goal, but they did not have to solve the mystery completely, just find at least one clue.

On this basis, it was possible to see the huge difference in difficulty between the Ordeal missions from one person to another.

Tim, Lily and Will could literally hide during the entire Ordeal. As long as someone solved the mystery, they would be considered winners. As for Jake... Clearly, having a high Oracle Rank didn't grant any favoritism...

After that, the group continued to run relentlessly winding their way through the endless corridors of the ship. When they reached the end of Compartment B, a huge armored door blocked their way. Behind this door was Compartment A, reserved for the authorized crew of the Titan Pearl.

BOOM!

Jfcu jfl fgmpo om nprhv f vmiu ovzmpev ovfo tmmz jvur ovu lvan lofzout lvfcare samiuroiw fl ad ao vft bplo guur vao gw f vpeu flouzmat. Tvu jfii our quouzl guvart ovuq lptturiw uknimtut, gpo arlouft md mnurare om ovu sfhppq md lnfhu frt hfplare f tunzullpzaxfoamr, usai ifpevouz zfre mpo guvart ovuq.

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