

# The Oracle Paths

## Volume 4: The Purgatory

### Chapter 443 - Under Attack

‘What, you’re one of the Monsters!’ Will was aghast when he learned of Kewanee’s Roles a few moments later.

For the sake of privacy, they had all gone to the castle. The dining table was far too large for them, but there were enough chairs. No more creaking pine chairs, the new upholstery was so comfy that they could even sleep in it.

Svara, Drastan, Peter and Carmin had also met them there after learning that the castle was the Lord’s residence. Upon hearing that Kewanee had joined Jake’s Faction, Svara and Peter also chose to enter the Myrtharian Nerds.

Svara was already his ‘slave’ and didn’t care much about her reputation, while Peter was even easier to convince. As long as he got his dose, he made an excellent subordinate.

Drastan was a lone warrior and he knew too little about them to make that decision, so he politely declined but promised to think about it. As for Carmin, she looked hesitant for a bit, but she also refused in the end. The reason was simple: She was already a member of another faction known as Pureblood.

‘Relax, Will.’ Jake played it down as he munched on a chicken leg. ‘I’ve got my eye on her and she’s signed a Servant Contract. Can’t get much safer than that.’

‘Ri-Right... Sorry Kewanee. ‘

‘That’s okay. ‘ The young woman reassured him before grumbling,  
‘Damn it, if I had known your Faction Skills were this cool I would  
have applied earlier... I feel like a brand new person.’

Everyone burst out laughing.

‘Our Leader has his shortcomings, but his Myrtharian Bloodline is a  
cheat. ‘ Esya nudged him, giggling.

‘Enough with the jokes. ‘ Jake ended the fun. ‘We need to find the  
others. Except for Vincent, who will be here soon, I can’t get in touch  
with them. Does anyone have any leads? ‘

They all shook their heads.

‘I haven’t seen Kevin or Daniel since we split up. ‘ Enya said flatly.

‘We can try to locate them with the bracelet, but if they’re too far  
away it could be complicated. ‘ Will suggested without insisting.

In the end, they decided to let fate do its work. Anyway, if they  
survived long enough, they would find each other sooner or later.

‘Tim and Arryn, what are your Roles? ‘ Jake changed the subject.

‘Wild Child. ‘ Tim said proudly.

‘ Farmer. ‘ Arryn blushed as she announced her Role. So far, it was by  
far the most mundane one on the team.

Having never heard of Tim’s Role, he asked him to share the  
information with the group.

[ Villager: Wild Child (Unique): Chooses a model at the beginning of  
the round and can use the same roles. He cannot vote against or  
attack this participant, nor can this participant harm him. He can

make his choice again at each Round. He cannot acquire new Roles as long as he has this Role. If he loses his model, he becomes a Monster. Prerequisite: Must be under 16 years old.]

As expected from their luck specialist, this Card was interesting. Nevertheless, Jake saw it as more than a good pick. This result supported his theory that their initial Roles were not randomly distributed.

From the beginning, neither Jake nor any of the people under his protection had drawn this Card. They were all adults and for them this Card was totally unnecessary.

‘Who was your role model in the previous round?’ Jake inquired.

‘Some Inuit named Keelut.’ Tim said. ‘A weird guy, with the Shaman Role.’

Jake was intrigued. Turning to Kewanee, he checked, ‘Is that the male version of your Role?’

‘I don’t think so. It sounds different.’ The Indian woman firmly denied it.

‘What did it consist of, Tim?’

‘I’ve already forgotten. I didn’t understand how it worked.’ Tim admitted honestly. ‘Something about a curse. The procedure was quite complex and required the collection of many items, including the victim’s blood and hair. There were other rituals available, but I didn’t try to use them.’

‘The reason I chose it was because my danger sense and my luck drove me to it. And I probably did the right thing. Half the deaths in my Round were unexplainable. People were dropping dead in the

street in the middle of the day and no one understood why. I could have warned them, but I chose to keep my mouth shut. ‘

‘Your danger sense, I presume? ‘ Will scoffed gently.

‘Precisely. ‘

‘Have you picked out who’s going to be your model this Round yet?

‘Jake refocused the conversation.

‘It’s already done! ‘The teenager nodded triumphantly.

‘And who is it?’

‘Of course it’s you! Oh boy, your Roles are even cooler than I expected. ‘Tim chuckled contentedly.

The teenager’s exuberance made everyone interested in his Roles and they were amazed when they heard about his Roles and the award he got at the end of the previous Round.

‘I should have put in more effort...‘ Enya groused. ‘We were taking it easy during the First Round, but that’s going to change. ‘

Drastan and Svara in particular harbored similar regrets.

They continued to chitchat a bit more about the things they had missed while they were apart, and then Peter led them to Gordon’s house to take care of the immigration paperwork. The officer groused a bit, but with a bit of coaxing from the Guards he complied.

‘If you want to go, no one’s stopping you. ‘The Guard sneered. ‘Those are the Lord’s exact words. ‘

After this reminder, the Bailiff did his job with more gusto than ever and the procedure was completed in an instant. Will was given an

empty Grocery Store, while the two sisters occupied one of the Villas on the same hill as Ostrexora.

To avoid any incident, Jake took the opportunity to accompany them, but halfway to the top of the hill, the horn of a sentry Guard blared throughout the Village. Almost at the same time, the cathedral bell tower began to chime.

Looking in the direction of the din, they saw a giant mushroom cloud a few miles away and several Villagers fleeing the scene. On the opposite side of the road, a squad of armored horsemen were running towards the site of the incident. It only took them one look to realize that the entire southern portion of the Village closest to them had just been razed.

**BOOOM!**

The roar of the explosion reached them several seconds later, testifying to the kilometers separating them.

‘We’re under attack!’ a Villager cried out as he went to retrieve his sword from his residence.

Jake also saw Drastan and Svara braving the crowd to reach the scene. Restoring his air telescope, he surveyed the devastated area and immediately spotted a group of hooded individuals fleeing the scene.

It was only when he heard the Guard’s bugle again that he realized they were also under attack. The Guard with the horn and three of his colleagues were resisting as best they could to a score of Guardsmen in coats of mail and red tunics.

On the Lake side, one of the fishing boats suddenly caught fire and Jake spotted a weird Drakkar filled with viking-like men and women. Each of them had a creepy face and a look to \*\*\*\* dead kittens.

The invaders raised their bows again and a barrage of flaming arrows rained down on the other ships tied to the harbor. One of the natives under his protection was even shot in the eye with an arrow.

As soon as the Drakkar hit the shore, the Vikings inside shouted their war cries and the troop of enemies poured into the Village like an unstoppable tide. The nearby villagers continued to flee, but the Guards stepped up to the front.

‘Loot everything!’ shouted the thunderous voice of a man holed up in the boat. ‘Exterminate all who resist! Whoever brings me the Lord’s head will be rewarded with an Unassailable Card and 100M of Fluid!’

Jake’s face sank as he recognized whose voice it was. The explosion in the south was clearly just a diversion to divide his forces.

‘Daryl.’ He rasped as he clenched his fists.

Focusing, he also recognized Avros’ surfer’s haircut and Luc’s bowler hat.

‘Very well... I’m curious to know what gives you that courage.’ Jake gritted his teeth. This was the first time he’d been messed with so directly.

Forgetting the hazards of Corruption, a blast of heat was released from his body and he turned into a shooting star. 6 seconds later, the Drakkar was sunk as if it had just been hit by a stray intercontinental missile. The debris from the ship fell all over the Village, while a tidal wave of about ten meters hit the harbor and the nearby shores because of the shock wave.

A moment later, Jake reappeared in a huff on the water’s surface right in the dead center of the wreckage area. Water vapor was escaping from him, blurring his appearance behind a screen of mist.

'Did I get them?'

Just as he began to doubt, his instincts caused him to tilt his head back out of sheer reflex, and he saw the tree trunk on the bank to his right shatter. A quarter of a second later, he heard the gunshot.

'Luc Wam? How did he get out of the Drakkar?' Jake wondered with genuine perplexity.

If the shooter had made it out in time, then that was all it took to conclude that he hadn't hit anyone. Indeed, when he scanned the sea floor with Myrtharian Sight, he found nothing but charred fish.

The Drakkar was empty.