

S. Lord 890

Chapter 890 Blast

Utilizing Greater Enhancement on Spirit Eyes created exceptional results. Michael managed to see the Blaze Patriarch and his Subordinates – only two dozen High Awakened or so – approaching the Blazing Sand Mountain Range's path. It was the same path he and his people had 'accidentally' revealed to the Blaze's spies when they retreated to Paradise Valley.

It was interesting to watch the Blaze Patriarch and his people, but Michael was the most curious about the reports he received from the scouts he had spread across the Blazing Sand Mountain Range. Their reports revealed countless footsteps, from hundreds of thousands of people, trailing behind the Blaze Patriarch and his people.

Michael and his people weren't having a hard time determining that there were concealed people behind the patriarch. However, he was surprised nonetheless. It was unexpected that the Blaze Patriarch could hide hundreds of thousands of people so well that Michael couldn't even see their Energy Pillars. Not even after Soul Tear and Greater Enhancement augmented Spirit Eyes – used on both Soul Grimoire and Spirit Eyes to unlock their dormant potential for a few seconds – was enough to see the hidden Blaze armies.

Fortunately, that wasn't particularly important. Their invisibility was perfect, but it didn't cover their sounds or the footsteps in the sand.

"They didn't leave anyone behind in their settlements, did they?" Michael mumbled, considering unleashing Cosmic Stride to move through the Sacred Desert region and conquer the five remaining settlements of the Blaze household before dealing with the Blaze Patriarch.

He shook his head with a smile. Conquering the five settlements might be feasible by using Swallow Domain and Permute to devour them and transform them into curse power that could then be used to teleport and use Swallow Domain again. It wouldn't take long to destroy everyone, but using his Curses' Major Seals quickly and multiple times in a row wasn't good for his soul. Every use of his Major Seals granted two Curses a short moment of control over Michael's body.

To be precise, the Curses could do something to him. That something would be hard to block in that short moment was problematic only if Michael used his Major Seals for a long duration or multiple times in quick succession.

Michael would have done it if it had been necessary, nonetheless. However, it wasn't necessary. Michael was glad that the Blaze Patriarch and his whole force were present. That made everything easier.

It was just like they had planned. In fact, the Starheaven Pharaoh's bait worked even better than expected.

"You did a great job," Michael praised the Starheaven Pharaoh when they started moving through the blazing sand path.

"We are not done yet," The Starheaven Pharaoh shook his head with a pensive expression, "We have yet to emerge victorious."

Michael shrugged lightly. It was true that they hadn't won. The Blaze Patriarch and his people were still alive. But that was only a matter of time.

"They have more Awakened working for them than expected," The Starheaven Pharaoh added when the masses of Summons and Awakened revealed themselves before the blazing sand path. The Blaze Patriarch's voice, fragile and powerless, reverberated through the surroundings, commanding his people to surprise attack Michael and his people, eliminating them once and for all.

Michael and Starheaven Pharaoh were still moving even as the masses of Summons and Awakened were revealed. The perfect camouflage disappeared, revealing more than 500,000 Summons and no less than 8,000 Awakened, yet it was like Michael, and the Starheaven Pharaoh couldn't see them. Unbothered by the massive haul of magical and non-magical projectiles flying their way, they continued moving like the blurry masses of warriors following Michael through the narrow blazing sand path...or so it looked like.

Only a few projectiles headed their way. Most of them were headed to the narrow path, where they were supposed to impact the heaviest, reaping hundreds of lives and spreading chaos and destruction. That would have worked phenomenally if there had been warriors on the narrow path to begin with.

The thousands of people the Blaze Patriarch had seen earlier disappeared suddenly. Their faces and bodies distorted, blurred, and dispersed into masses of sand and earth, revealing an empty path to the Blaze Patriarch and his people. Their eyes bulged in surprise, and a commotion resounded through the Blaze armies' rows. The commotion didn't last long as their attention fell upon the only people who didn't disappear: Michael and the Starheaven Pharaoh. Michael Fang blocked all incoming attacks with ease. He used Greater Enhancement on his body and Taming before fusing his arm with the Elemental Empress, simultaneously empowering his elemental mastery and Zeroa's firepower.

The incoming attacks were powerful but not enough to put enough pressure on Michael. He didn't even break into a sweat defending the Starheaven Pharaoh, who retrieved a small object from his tunic.

Something was wrong. That was what the Blaze armies realized when the first Summons and Awakened pinpointed a minor change in their foes' expression.

The man in the high-class desert clothes snickered, whereas a thin smile crept up on Michael's lips. His faint grin transformed into a fleshed-out devilish grimace.

The Blaze Patriarch's vibrant smile crumbled when the people behind Michael dispersed. The cogs in his mind rattled momentarily before he realized he and his people had been tricked.

"An Illusion!" The patriarch's wife cursed.

"We have been tricked!!!" Someone next to her added in despair.

The Blaze Patriarch grit his teeth until a faint cracking noise resounded. His nails dug deep into his palm until blood droplets trickled onto the searing hot sand.

"Stay calm and get into formation. Expect enemies from all directions!" He shouted, his voice augmented by origin energy.

On the other hand, Michael looked calmly at the Starheaven Pharaoh and nodded curtly. The Starheaven Pharaoh swallowed hard and grasped the small object tightly in his hands. It was a whistle. The Starheaven Pharaoh pressed his lips against it and played the whistle once.

The whistle sound resounded through the vicinity. At first, nothing happened. The Blaze Patriarch and his people stared at Michael and the Starheaven Pharaoh, first vigilant and afraid, then their tension eased up. Nothing seemed to happen.

When everyone was sure that the Starheaven Pharaoh failed with whatever he had attempted to do, a screech reverberated through Paradise Valley and the Blazing Sand Mountain Range. Maybe even the residents of the remaining Blaze settlements could hear the terrifying screech. Following the resounding screech, a blazing sun shot across the sky.

It whirled through the air and passed through the Blazing Sand Mountain Range like a massive meteorite until it reached the area in the sky between Michael and the Blaze armies. The second sun came to a sudden halt.

Something was odd. The second sun felt wrong and as if it was stronger than the original sun. The surrounding temperature skyrocketed, the armaments of the weakest Summons, who could not protect their weapons and armor with origin energy membranes, melted, and hundreds – if not thousands – of Summons, and some Awakened, collapsed to the ground. They fainted from the sudden temperature increase.

If it had been earlier, Michael would have been shocked or having difficulty breathing, but he smiled at the sight unfolding before him. He felt like he'd swallowed magma when he took a deep breath. That part never changed. But it didn't bother him anymore, not even as his hair stood up to its end when massive pressure oozed out of the second sun.

The Primal Phoenix revealed itself as the pressure spread through the surroundings. Its blazing body was too dazzling to look at under normal circumstances, but Michael did it, nonetheless, to get a glimpse at the Primal Phoenix's majestic body.

He had seen the Primal Phoenix before, but the sight was as terrifying and exhilarating as it used to be. The Primal Phoenix was a magnificent bird, radiant with fiery plumage that shimmered like molten gold in the sunlight. Its wings spanned almost one hundred meters, effortlessly carrying the Sacred Beast through the cloudless sky. With each beat of its majestic wings, the Primal Phoenix filled the air with a cacophony of crackling flames and fiery heat, further elevating the surrounding temperature.

Its crimson eyes pulled to Michael Fang for a moment. Yet, it didn't glance at the Starheaven Pharaoh once.

"Nyx..." The Starheaven Pharaoh mumbled, swallowing hard at the Primal Phoenix's sight.

The Sacred Beast screeched again and turned to the Blaze armies, who didn't move an inch. More Summons and Awakened fell victim to the massive aura and temperature increase caused by the Primal Phoenix's mere presence, but even the High Awakened and Blaze Patriarch didn't dare to make a move. They hoped nothing terrible would happen. After all, they weren't inside the Primal Phoenix's territory yet. It shouldn't have been a problem to stay where they are. The Sacred Beast was not supposed to be allowed to attack them.

That was how it was supposed to be, but the Sacred Beast didn't care. It gathered and compressed massive energy and flames in its beak and released everything at once.

Michael's eyes widened in glee. His bargain with the Primal Phoenix worked out!

It had only been a few days since Michael provided a tribute to the Sacred Beast. Well, calling it a tribute was probably a little bit exaggerated. The tribute was called Ashborn serum – a treasure he'd purchased in the Cosmic Shop for 10,000,000 Cosmic Coins – and was heavenly enough to attract the attention of the Primal Phoenix. It cost a fortune, but Michael didn't mind. Why wouldn't he do it if it was necessary to pay a hefty price in exchange for eliminating the Blaze household? Especially if he could make a profit even after spending a fortune of 10,000,000.

For the records, 10,000,000 Cosmic Coins were more than most common races could acquire in a year. Even the Tritan Alliance's annual income wouldn't be close to 10,000,000 Cosmic Coins. Michael managed to procure that much from selling Soultrait Symbols and the like.

Still, that was fine. The 8,000 Awakened and the death of the remaining members of the Blaze household were worth much more than ten million coins.

Ten million coins, or the Ashborn serum, were all it took to convince the Primal Phoenix to abandon its sacred duty for five seconds and attack the Blaze Patriarch and his people.

They screamed at the top of their lungs when the fiery flames of the Sacred Beast swallowed them. But it was more surprising that they could scream in the first place.

Five seconds amid the Sacred Beast's strongest flames were enough to burn everyone to cinder. Michael, however, knew that they wouldn't die. The Blaze Patriarch and his people would survive, not because of their powerful Soultraits or refined bodies, but because the Primal Phoenix was forced to restrain its power drastically.

It had already bent the Laws of the Will and did something it wasn't supposed to do as a Sacred Beast. Killing others – the stronger, the worse – would have worsened the punishment the Primal Phoenix was bound to face upon returning to its sacred duty.

It was only fortunate that Michael didn't need the Blaze Patriarch and his people dead. Smiling at them with a devious smile as they writhed in pain, entering a state close to death, was more than enough.

Michael approached them slowly. He shrouded his body in an armor of flames using Fusion from Taming with the Elemental Empress and walked through the flames with an agile gait. The Starheaven Pharaoh stared blankly at the Primal Phoenix with a longing gaze, but the Sacred Beast turned around.

It didn't look at Michael nor the Starheaven Pharaoh and rushed back to its nest where the remains of the Ashborn Serum were waiting for it.

Meanwhile, the Blaze household was on the verge of collapse, burned by flames too strong for them to control.