

S. Lord 891

Chapter 891 End of a Dynasty

The smell of burned flesh hung heavy in the searing hot air. The Primal Phoenix had already left, but the carnage it left behind didn't disappear. A cacophony of screams, pained grunts, and suffering noises reverberated through the surroundings, leaving the Summons and Awakened, who hadn't been struck by the Sacred Beast's flames, in a stupor.

They stared blankly to the front, only to see their leaders writhing in pain. Nobody had died, but everyone struck by the Sacred Beast's flames would have been better off burning to death than suffering endlessly from the aftermath.

Michael stared at the Blaze Patriarch, coated in the Elemental Empress' fiery armor, and stepped forward. He willed the surrounding heat and the flames clinging to the victims to surge toward him using Elemental Might and wind and fire-attributed energy. The flames surged to Michael, swirled around him vigorously, and expanded as he infused more energy to nourish them.

The flames around Michael expanded and transformed into blazing spears after using the frames of Qi Swords as a cast. The vigorously flickering flames morphed into hundreds of small fiery spears that revolved around Michael, whose devilish grin widened. He released the fiery spears with a burst of wind-attributed energy, impaling the chests of hundreds of writhing High Awakened.

The unscathed Summons and Awakened stared at Michael in terror. Their eyes trailed from Michael to their Lords and the strongest members of the Blaze armies, only to realize that the Sacred Beast's flames had hit the Blaze Patriarch and his strongest Subordinates. They had been the Primal Phoenix's main target. That shouldn't have been a surprise, but the Summons and High Awakened were shocked.

However, it was even more mind-boggling seeing how easily Michael killed hundreds of High Awakened. The Blaze Patriarch was still alive, and so were the other Blaze Lords, but their Subordinates died at Michael's hand without any issues. "You didn't expect this, did you?" Michael asked the Blaze Patriarch as he approached the half-dead man. The man groaned and was about to say something, but Michael didn't let him. He released several small wind blades – enhanced by Qi – and severed the Blaze Patriarch's hands and feet. The Blaze Patriarch groaned in pain again, but even the energy to scream had left him already. His eyes dimmed slowly, but the hatred glimmering in them was palpable. The wrath filling the Blaze Patriarch preserved his life.

"I didn't expect you to end like this either. Unfortunately, I am not yet strong enough to fight a dozen Tier-5 powerhouses and a Tier-6 Lord. You wouldn't have met the Primal Phoenix if that had been the case. I wouldn't have to waste so many Cosmic Coins on people like you." Michael shook his head in disapproval but shrugged at last.

"It is a good thing I'm not going to lose anything. At the end of the day, I'm gaining a lot from getting rid of the Blaze household," He snickered and stared deep into the Blaze Patriarch's wrath-filled eyes, "Betraying the Tritan Alliance is one thing. I like the Tritan Alliance quite a bit, but I wouldn't abhor you so much for the Tritan Alliance's sake. We managed to regain control of the Tritan Alliance, and I can tell that our common enemies helped us grow even more attached.

Michael's expression transformed into one of fury and uncontrollable rage, "But orchestrating my brother's death, ordering his betrayal in the Primedival Pyramid, was something you shouldn't have

done. Let's put the coalition with the Supreme Human Alliance aside, you should have never even considered betraying my brother. While I understand your tactic and the attempt to become the sole ruler of the Sacred Desert, as it will transform into an Intermediate Region in the next few years, there are things you should have never touched!"

Michael's right hand transformed. His fingers cracked and extended. Razor-sharp claws burst through his fingertips, ready to dip into the Blaze Patriarch's neck. Michael stepped closer to his target and was about to deal the finishing blow when the situation around him changed considerably. The unscathed Summons and Awakened, but also everyone who was burned but wasn't half-dead and writhing on the ground, stirred and groaned. Their Links of Loyalty were triggered by the Blaze Patriarch and Blaze Lords, who realized something bad would happen. Scared shirtless but forced to move by the power of the Links of Loyalty, the Summons and Awakened moved forward. Michael merely smiled as some projectiles came his way. A massive wall of purplish-azure flames erupted around him, also coated in black and pristine flames. But that was not all. It was merely the first layer of protection shrouding Michael. He added domes of churning earth, boiling sand, and ferocious gales around him, establishing several layers of protection with elemental domes.

"You are too late. If you wanted to kill me, you should have done that before my High Ascension," Michael snorted, "But don't worry, you won't die so easily."

He bent down and pressed his massive claw over the Blaze Patriarch's half-burned head. The Blaze Patriarch's scalp was still burning, but Michael didn't care. He set aside his earlier thought – to kill the Blaze Patriarch in one swift motion – and manifested his Cursed Seal before unleashing Greater Enhancement on 8-Star Extraction and 7-Star Soul Grimoire. He then used a Soul Tear and unleashed True Extraction to drain the SoulStar Fragments and Soultrait Symbols of the Blaze Patriarch slowly and, most importantly, painfully.

The Blaze Patriarch would have screamed if he could, but the energy needed to do so had long since left his body.

The Blaze Armies moved and attacked the elemental domes, isolating Michael and the Blaze Patriarch, but they weren't given much time. The scenery in the Sacred Desert changed once again.

The surroundings suddenly became filled with spatial fluctuations, and the Untamed Army and its Awakened popped out of thin air. They appeared in small groups around the masses of the Blaze Armies, unsheathed their weapons, and activated their Soultraits to jump into the battle.

Michael and his people had augmented the teleportation arrays inside Paradise Valley. They were strengthened and strong enough to move individuals through half of the Sacred Desert or larger groups outside the Blazing Sand Mountain Range. The Untamed Army was teleported straight onto the battlefield, where they tackled the despaired forces of the Blaze Patriarch by surprise.

Their desperate screams filled the Sacred Desert, only to be overwhelmed by the cacophony of the Untamed Army's mighty roars.

Michael saw a glimpse of the battle via Spirit Eyes but diverted his attention back to the Blaze Patriarch once he verified that his people slaughtered the Blaze Armies. The Blaze Armies resisted but failed miserably in their attempt to survive.

There was no opportunity to leave. Even if the Untamed Army left a small spot wide open for the Blaze armies to leave, their Links of Loyalty would restrain them, forcing the Summons and Awakened to follow the Blaze Lords into death.

"So that is how your reign ends? It's funny, don't you think?" Michael snickered, staring at the writhing patriarch emotionlessly.

He couldn't scream or speak. All his body did was writhing, but even that stopped at some point. The glow in the Blaze Patriarch's eyes dimmed. Even the hatred in his eyes dissipated slowly.

Several minutes of soul-torturing pain passed – feeling like an eternity to the Blaze Patriarch – before Michael finished his agony at last.

He severed the patriarch's connection to his Soultrait and tore it out of his body.

On that day, the Blaze household – the terror of the Tritan Alliance – ceased to exist.

[End of Volume 14]