

Extract 770

Chapter 770 Rookie Treatment

Michael enjoyed the sensation he got from the second Summoning Gate. It was unnatural, like his link with the Intermediate Summoning Gate, and felt more artificial. However, that's what made it so unique. The Basic Summoning Gate felt part of the primary Summoning Gate, yet it was also something foreign.

Michael was so busy staring at the Summoning Gate that he didn't notice when a large tent formed near him. He was oblivious to the semi-transparent barrier that also conjured a few hundred meters away from him. It shrouded the Summoning Gate and the desert manor while leaving enough space to build anything Michael wished to construct.

It was the protection barrier Rookie Lords were given when they first entered the Origin Expanse.

[That's weird.] Daniel murmured in Michael's head when he saw the protection barrier forming from the corner of Michael's eyes.

"What is?" Michael asked as he regained his composure.

[A protection barrier formed around your new territory. There is also a desert tent...and...someone welcoming you...]

Danny's words pulled Michael's attention to the semi-transparent barrier and the desert tent. His eyes widened slightly when he saw a man emerge from the desert tent. Michael had never seen that man, but he could tell that a Link of Loyalty was forming between them.

Michael swallowed and studied the man. He wore sandy-brown tunics that covered him, providing relief from the scorching sun and great air circulation. Despite the loose-fitting garment, Michael could tell that the man was well-trained and dangerous if he considered you his enemy.

His head was covered with a turban, shielding the face and neck from the Sacred Desert's intense heat and blowing sand. Last but not least, he wore sturdy footwear, which Michael barely noticed as he observed how smoothly the man strode through the Sacred Desert.

The man appeared before Michael and bowed deeply. However, as he bowed down, he nearly stumbled and fell to the ground. He barely caught himself and shot up, his eyes bulged in shock and terror.

Michael tilted his head slightly. He noticed too late that he didn't conceal the Extraction Aura perfectly. It continued radiating from his body, extracting the surrounding heat to keep Michael's body cool.

"Sorry about that," He mumbled, but the man shook his head wildly.

"I have to apologize, Your Excellency. I didn't expect to be put into service of such a powerful Lord. I never thought that a Rookie Lord could be this powerful," The man swallowed hard, his eyes studying Michael intensely.

"I'm not a Rookie Lord," Michael responded, but his voice died as he discovered two familiar items in the man's hand.

"That's the Awakening Stone and a Fortune Summoning Scroll," He pinpointed. The man, whom Michael presumed to be the butler designated to his territory in the Sacred Desert, nodded slowly and handed Michael the two items.

The man continued studying, unsure what to think of his new Lord. He hadn't been prepared to become someone's personal butler. That didn't fit him at all.

He couldn't remember much about his last life, but his knowledge and understanding of the desert and combat were vast. If anything, the environment and fighting were the only things he knew truly well. He wasn't good at doing chores, but now he was supposed to serve someone else.

Michael didn't expect to obtain another Awakening Stone, let alone a Fortune Summoning Scroll. He had never heard from anyone that connecting to more Summoning Gates would give him the benefits every Rookie Lord was given when they first entered the Origin Expanse. He was given a protection barrier as well. Did that make any sense?

Not really. That was just weird.

"I'm not a Rookie Lord. Do you know why you've been summoned? This is my second territory. It's not in this region, though," Michael decided to ask the young man. Maybe the Will implanted some knowledge into the man to explain the situation.

The man didn't say anything. He stared at Michael, his voice surrendering to the shock that spread through him.

'He has another territory? Does that mean my Lord is already a Higher Lifeform? What is going on? Wha- -....' The man's thoughts were interrupted as something in his head clicked. His bright eyes turned silverish-white, and the presence engulfing him changed suddenly.

Behold the eternal dance of Life and Death as it unfolds all across the cosmos. As the veil of mortality is lifted, the Soul endures, transcending the confines of Fate's decree. The Soul, vanquished and entombed, only to be resurrected by the forces surpassing Fate. Once severed, the tether of Fate's thread cannot be restored. A new thread must be woven to clear the imbalance of life and death. Unable to grasp the anchor that binds eludes existence, Fate imposed a new tapestry upon the anchored Soul that guided the anchorless Soul through the cosmic currents of eternity.

The silverish-white eyes changed once again. The eerily presence engulfing him disappeared and a bad headache crept up his mind.

"What was that?" He whispered to himself.

"I would love to know that as well," Michael replied with a forced smile.

"What's your name?" He inquired the man, who was a lot more interesting than Michael first presumed.

"Hulas...Hulas Nead. That's my name, Your Excellency...."

"I'm Michael Fang. You can call me whatever. So you don't know what happened to you just now? Did you sense anything?"

Hulas shook his head slowly.

"My mind went blank when I wondered what was going on and why a Higher Lifeform is my Lord," He answered truthfully.

"I'm not a Higher Lifeform just yet, but that is not important now," Michael corrected Hulas Nead, but he fell deep in thought.

[Maybe that was the Will imparting knowledge into this guy. It's exactly what you expected. That guy must have been called with an explanation to show you why you deserved the same benefits as a Rookie Lord.]

'Great explanation. I don't understand shit about that explanation. It sounds more like a prophecy...but at the same time, it makes sense.'

Michael sighed deeply. He ignored the first sentence of the prophecy and went through the rest of the prophecy in his mind, one sentence at a time.

'As the veil of mortality is lifted...that should be death. The Soul endured, transcending the confines of Fate's decree. That could mean that the Soul doesn't die with the body and goes where Fate orders it to go.'

[The next part could be about my death, don't you think so? My Soul disappeared and was entombed, only to be resurrected by Extraction. Maybe Extraction's full power surpasses Fate. Or maybe that is about the Will transcending Fate's power over the Origin Expanse.]

Michael fell deep in thought.

'Let's just say that what you uttered is true. The following sentences would mean that your fate's thread was severed and cannot be restored and that your new fate – granted through the resurrection – cannot be bound to you because you do not have a physical body yet.'

[Soo...you were given my new Fate...]

'I...was given your new Fate? What... might explain why I was given the treatment of a Rookie Lord. Because of your thread of fate, whatever that means in the grand scheme of the Origin Expanse,' Michael was deep in thought, only for his frown to deepen, 'But what about you then?'

Danny snickered in Michael's head.

[That means I'm fateless...and you have two Fates to fulfill!]