

Extract 772

Chapter 772 Fortune Scroll Nr.2

Michael didn't think that it was useful to continue think about the issues revolving around having Twin Fates or being Fateless. Challenges would help Michael and his people to grow stronger. They were good and helped them.

If the circumstances turned out to be too dire to handle, Michael could always rely on Extraction and remove the Fate and insert it back into his brother – once he got a body to slip in, of course.

Therefore, Michael focused more on the Sacred Desert and the Claim Note that had yet to be used.

He grasped the old parchment tightly and tore the Claim Note apart. His head flicked to the sky, expecting something grand to happen, but Michael was merely greeted by a beautiful cloudless sky and a burning sun. There was no grand sign telling Michael that he had been acknowledged as the rightful owner of Paradise Valley. That was unfortunate. Michael had been hoping for a grand spectacle.

Several minutes passed in utter silence, but Michael didn't divert his focus from the sky. The Elemental Empress had informed Michael that the temperature in Paradise Valley increased steadily since he ripped the Claim Note apart.

'Was the Claim Note a trap? Maybe it's one of the Will's punishments. I might be the rightful owner of Paradise Valley now but what's the use if the temperature keeps rising. Nothing will survive in here if this continues!'

All of a sudden, a loud screech reverberated through Paradise Valley. A blazing sun shot across the sky until it reached the center of Paradise Valley. The second sun that had appeared out of nowhere was even stronger than the sun. The temperature in the vicinity increased by tens of degrees, which made it difficult to even breathe.

Michael felt like he'd swallowed magma when he took a deep breath. He could have used Extraction to remove bits of the heat surrounding him, but Michael didn't dare to use his Soultraits. He stared at the second sun, his hair standing up to its end. The second sun was not actually a sun. it was far from that.

The second sun was the Primal Phoenix.

It's blazing body was too dazzling to look at, yet Michael did exactly that. He decided to use bits of his Spheres of Element Soultrait and played with the darkness-attributed energy that had been purified over and over again inside the Darkness Sphere. Michael called upon the darkness-attributed energy and formed thin darkness membranes that acted like lenses – sunglasses – reducing the surroundings into darker shades than they used to be.

At last, Michael managed to configurate the darkness membrane to grant him a glimpse at the Primal Phoenix's majestic body.

The Primal Phoenix was a magnificen bird, radiant with fiery plumage that shimmered like molten gold in the sunlight. Its wings spanned almost one hundred meters, carrying the Sacred Beast effortlessly through the cloudless sky. With each beat of its majestic wings, the air is filled with a cacophony of crackling flames and overwhelming heat.

The Primal Phoenix's eyes were crimson, outlined with intricate golden patterns, which bewitched everyone who was daring enough to gleam into the eyes filled with wisdom and eternal knowledge. Its eyes reflected ancient wisdom of the old ages, causing Michael to shudder involuntarily.

"Beautiful..." Michael blurted out, only to sense a heavy pressure wash past him.

His legs caved in the moment the heavy weight crashed upon his shoulders, and his face crashed into the searing-hot sand.

'What the...!' Michael cursed in his mind, trying to resist the heavy pressure only to feel a foreign thought pierce through his mental defense.

It was a high-pitched laughter. The laughing didn't last more than a few seconds, but it was enough to crush Michael's spirit for a few seconds.

Michael realized in shock that the Primal Phoenix could kill him with a single thought. It was as strong as the Mythical Winged Serpent. Maybe it was even stronger!

'As if I give up now!' Michael screamed in his mind, forcefully ejecting the high-pitched voice.

He groaned in pain as he urged his body to move, to break through the pressure and surpass his body's limits once again.

Michael managed to push his chest from the ground. His arms pushed against the sandy ground. They trembled violently as every bit of strength gathered into them to get up from the ground.

The Primal Phoenix screeched and Michael felt like the Sacred Beast was trying to say something. However, he couldn't understand what it was trying to say. Michael was not an expert in the language of Sacred Beasts – if they had a special language, that is.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, the pressure disappeared before Michael could get up from the ground. His mind blanked out at the tremendous power he had to command to move his body, only for the pressure to vanish suddenly.

The Primal Phoenix studied him for a few more seconds. He felt something reaching his once again, but couldn't grasp it properly. It vanished into thin air before he could do anything.

The Primal Phoenix's massive wings beat once more before it turned around to leave.

It had seen more than enough.

Michael swallowed hard. He didn't expect to be greeted by the Primal Phoenix.

[Well. That was a grand entrance. At least, it left. But does that mean the Sacred Beast acknowledges you as Paradise Valley's Lord and rightful owner as well?]

Michael shrugged. He guessed so.

The temperature in Paradise Valley dropped to the point it had been before he tore the Claim Note apart. It seemed like the Primal Phoenix had been responsible for the fluctuations.

Now that everything was back to the norm, Michael's eyes drifted back to the Fortune Summoning Scroll. A thin smile blossomed on his lips.

He thought about Cleave Fenrir and was flooded by a series of doubts and uncertainties. However, he shrugged at the end and decided to use the Fortune Summoning Scroll.

In the worst case, Michael would summon a Starless Summon, or a nasty guy whom he had to kill before he would grow too powerful. One way or another, Michael wasn't going to keep the Fortune Summoning Scroll. He utilized it.

The seal on the Fortune Summoning Scroll was torn apart easily. It unfolded and shot into the Basic Summoning Gate's energy pool before Michael could get a good glimpse at the intricate patterns that were engraved on the Scroll's inside.

Michael clicked his tongue but he continued to wait patiently as the stars engraved into the Summoning Gate's metal frame lit up.

Four stars light up brightly instantaneously and the fifth star followed suit quickly.

Michael's eyes widened slightly when a sixth star was ignited as well.

Even if he'd been hoping to summon something great with the Fortune Summoning Scroll, Michael couldn't help but to think back to the first time he utilized a Fortune Summoning Scroll. Cleave Fenrir had been an...interesting encounter.

As the seventh star lit up on the Summoning Gate, Michael closed his eyes. He wasn't sure what he was supposed to hope for. However, there was one thing he was certain about.

Michael didn't want to summon anymore fellow Curse Users. It would be even more annoying to summon someone of the Fenrir bloodline.

[It would be fun if you'd summon our grandfather!]

"Danny..."

[Yeah?]

"You're not helpful."

[Whate—...Wow. The 8th Star lit up!!]

Michael's eyes shot wide open.

"No Curse User please!"

[Grandfather!]

"No, fuck that shit!"

[Pleasee!]

"No!"

The outlines of Michael's second Fortune Summon appered before him, and his eyes narrowed when the figure appeared from the energy pool.

[That is even better than gramps!]

"..."