

Extract 848

Chapter 848 Reattached

Michael couldn't see much with Mind Reader before the Dark Heavens member died. That was no surprise, but Michael was satisfied enough with the result. He was angry, to be precise.

The memories showed Dark Heavens, their headquarters, the Blaze Patriarch, and some of the higher-ups' conversations. There wasn't much because everything went by so fast, but it was enough to tell that the situation was not yet at its lowest point. It was going to get worse.

Michael sighed but stored the corpses before rushing to the crew member who'd protected the spaceship's terminal. Fortunately, if one ignored his missing arm, the man wasn't too badly injured. He was still bleeding from where his arm had been severed, but his life was not in danger.

"I should be able to heal you. Where is your arm?" Michael asked, his head flicking left and right to find the man's severed arm. The man coughed weakly before retrieving the arm from his War Rune storage.

"You managed to preserve it in your War Rune? That makes everything a little bit easier," Michael nodded approvingly, grasped the limp, severed arm, and used River of Vigor actively.

He closed his eyes briefly to focus on the rivers of healing serum coursing through him. The healing serum swirled through him faster as he used River of Vigor actively, and more healing serum formed at his will.

Michael separated a portion of his healing serum from its natural circulation and pushed it toward his left hand. His claw hands had already reverted to their original appearance, which made the following steps much easier.

He cut his finger and willed the separated portion of the healing serum to flow out of his hand.

'Maybe it would have been easier to use Extraction to retrieve a portion of healing serum from my body.'

Michael shrugged lightly. He shrouded the healing serum in origin energy before applying Insert to infuse a part of the healing serum inside the limp arm. The other portion was inserted into the bleeding arm stump. The healing serum immediately jumped into effect, but Michael didn't rush anything. He observed the threads of flesh and muscles as they returned to life before he tried reattaching the man's arm.

Michael retrieved more healing serum while maintaining River of Vigor. It drained much of his energy, but it wasn't too bad. The viscous silver liquid poured out of Michael's finger and infiltrated the crew member's body through the once-severed wound. It healed rapidly, but the massive cut covering his upper arm remained.

Michael could also tell that the man had yet to regain control of his arm. His severed arm was alive thanks to the timely use of healing serum, but his nerves, flesh, muscles, and bones had to reconnect and regenerate first. The crew member stared at Michael with wide eyes, forcing Michael to close his eyes so he could focus on the man's wound. He willed the healing serum in the man's arm to circulate slowly but steadily.

As it circulated through the man's arm, the healing serum was consumed, and its healing power drained to do its job perfectly and heal the man.

"I...can feel my arm again!" The man exclaimed, his eyes widened in surprise.

Michael opened his eyes and nodded. He got up while his attention was locked on the man's arm.

'I didn't do a bad job, but I could have done a lot better. Using healing serum on others is quite the change. I should practice more. Maybe it would be useful to combine the healing serum with attributed energy. Since the fire, nature, and light attributed energy combination soothed the little girl's pain, I could have done the same with the healing serum in addition. But then again, that combination might clash, creating a worse result. I will have to test that.'

"I'm glad your arm reattached nicely. Does everything feel fine, or is something about your sensation different from before? I never reattached an arm with that Soultrait, so I hope everything is good." Michael revealed in all honesty, but the crew member just nodded.

"It's perfect. Thank you for healing me. And for killing those bastards, of course. If not for you, they would have instigated an all-out war with the Warlock Centaurs and the Berserkers!"

"I'm glad I arrived on time," Michael nodded, "But you did a good job as well. I saw how you protected the terminal with your body. If you hadn't done that, I would have been too late as well."

The man smiled, but his expression soured when an display appeared above the terminal.lightsnovel

A familiar face emerged in the interface. It was the Berserker Chieftain.

"Good afternoon, Chieftain. Or is it morning? Night? I'm not sure, but I don't think it matters," Michael greeted Palika Mavenham with a smile, "I guess you're trying to find out why an unauthorized spaceship is in your orbit. I have good and bad news. Which one do you want to hear first?"

Palika Mavenham, also known as the Chieftain of the Berserker race, didn't expect to see Michael on the other side of the interface. His people reported that the spaceship was manned with artillery and had been charged. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were already prepared to evacuate their people into the underground bunkers, but that didn't seem necessary anymore.

The Berserker Chieftain could see blood trickling down Michael's hands and the splatters of blood on his face.

"You are probably one of the last people I expected to see here. I was told you left this galaxy and didn't think you would return anytime soon," Palika said straightforwardly, "Either way, it's great to see you. Tell me the good news first, please. I don't want to hear bad news for now."

"The good news is quite obvious. I killed a bunch of Dark Heavens members who were about to blow your cities apart. They hijacked the spaceship to make it look like humans decided to unite against your people and the Warlock Centaurs. I killed them and prevented an all-out war. Yay," Michael said, trying to keep his smile up.

The Chieftain furrowed his brows and exhaled deeply, "And what is the bad news?"

Michael copied the Chieftain's sigh.

"The bad news is that I read some of their memories. They planned a few more attacks and collided with the Blaze Patriarch. I don't know how bad the situation in the solar system is since I haven't been there yet, but from the bits and pieces of memories and information I have...it looks bad."

Michael shrugged then and added, "But I know where their headquarters is, and I could require some help to destroy it. Not sure if I can handle a Tier-6 powerhouse, but I know for a fact that you and those old retired folks are Tier-6 powerhouses."

"How about it? Do you want to beat the shit out of a bunch of traitors?"

The Berserker Chieftain felt like agreeing, but there was one major issue.

"I would never say no to a good fight, but we are outnumbered, and the Blaze Patriarch's people have been using stronger techniques for a while now. As long as they use these techniques, we are at a physical disadvantage...as much as it hurts to say that. Furthermore, we are only a few and must defend our people. We cannot leave them behind while hoping nobody attacks us. We cannot travel that fast."

Michael broke into a bright smile.

"You might not be able to travel that fast, but I can! I can also bring other people with me," he announced, smiling slyly. As for the physical disadvantage, don't worry about that. You have your own set of disadvantages once we're done here."

The Chieftain didn't quite understand.

"Don't you know what my biggest advantage is?" Michael asked, his cunning smile transforming into a devilish grimace.

"We're going to give you and your strongest warriors a little power-up!"