

Extract 849

Chapter 849 Chieftain

The spaceship landed in the spaceship harbor of Piloq, the founding city of the Tritan Alliance. Michael could have teleported to Piloq and met up with the Chieftain, but he had to ensure the civilians' safety. The spaceship was searched a second time after landing, and they ensured multiple times that nothing could go wrong – some crew members were afraid Dark Heavens altered the terminal, installing a self-destruction application to the spaceship.

Fortunately, that wasn't the case. There was nothing like that installed.

Once the spaceship was sacred, Michael left with the others. He led them into Piloq, which looked nothing like it used to when he left the last time. Dark Heavens attacked Piloq before, destroying the most valuable Ancient Structures. Yet, despite the massive losses the Tritan Alliance had faced that day, Piloq had been fixed.

However, the mixture of ancient and modern times, which had intrigued Michael, was not like it used to be.

The harbor in Piloq was still a flattened mountain range right next to a behemoth mountain piercing through the clouds, but that didn't look as impressive as it used to. Observing the planets from the wide-open space was more impressive than being down there watching everything as a 'tiny ant'.

But that didn't mean the scenery was boring. It was just that Michael had gotten a little used to the beauty of the cosmos. That wasn't bad, though.

Next to the mountain lay Piloq. It was a city that blended elements from both ancient and modern times, a seamless fusion of history and technology. That was still the case, though technology and modern infrastructure were now more apparent than before.

Nonetheless, Michael could feel the city's charm. He was drawn to the buildings and couldn't take his eyes off the beautiful cityscape.

"A lot has changed since your last visit," The Chieftain appeared next to Michael, his voice ringing in his ears.

"I can tell, but I'm glad Piloq didn't lose its beauty."

Palika nodded compassionately and patted Michael's shoulder, "You have a good eye for beauty. It's good that you didn't change."

"Unfortunately, our meeting happened in such a dire situation," He sighed deeply, "I'm glad you're here, but I'm not sure if we can prevent an all-out war. The Old Shamans are in rage and they're influencing the youths. If this continues, and the Blaze Patriarch continues attacking our people, my people's thirst for blood will be unquenchable."

Michael listened to the Chieftain and nodded. He understood the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs a lot better than most humans. They were prideful races who loved war dearly. However, they were also loyal to their allies. It was the first time both races had encountered a situation like this. Their allies were torn into two parties, one desiring the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs' extinction.

The other party was still on their side, the only reason an all-out war didn't erupt. However, it was only a matter of time before their patience would run out. The destruction of Piloq, caused by a human spaceship, would have been more than enough to achieve that.

Michael prevented Piloq's destruction, but how long he stalled was uncertain.

"How about we take one step at a time? Dark Heavens' Headquarters is in the Lumina Stellar System. We can destroy it, alongside their guard posts, before dealing with the issues on Kelta? Once that's done, the Lumina Stellar System should be secure enough for us to consider raiding the smaller traitor organizations in the solar system and kill the Blaze Patriarch and the remaining traitorous families. That means if you and your people are willing to come with me to do that."

Michael stared at Palika and shrugged lightly, "You don't have to go to the solar system if you don't want to. It shouldn't be an issue for me to deal with more problems in the solar system, either. The only issues are the Blaze Patriarch and other Tier-6 powerhouses. They're a little bit difficult to kill."

Palika lifted an eyebrow at Michael's commentary, "So, you are not worried that you cannot kill them, but you merely consider it a 'little bit difficult?'. To think I would hear something like that from a Tier-4 powerhouse and believe it... I might have gotten a little bit too old for this."

The Berserker Chieftain burst into a laugh and slapped Michael's shoulders with some force. He applied more force than expected, but Michael didn't budge, taking the Chieftain by surprise.

"You're pretty tough for someone at the 4th Tier. That's good," Palika thought about something and nodded, "A pair of Berserker Shamans is willing to return from retirement. They're a little rusty, but both are Tier-6 powerhouses. I also have a bunch of Tier-5 forces under me. If we want to deal with Dark Heavens and the troublemakers in Kelta, we'll need as much power as possible."

Michael flashed his teeth at the Berserker Chieftain before retrieving a lengthy scroll, "Gather everyone and pick a few Soultraits. Let's give y'all a little power up to beat the shit out of the Blaze Patriarch."

Palika accepted the scroll and opened it. The names of more than 2000 1-Star Soultraits appeared before him.

"I can upgrade your Soultraits to 4-Star easily. Everyone can pick a pair, and I will upgrade them to 4-Star," Michael announced calmly.

The Chieftain swallowed hard and lifted his gaze from the scroll, "Are you sure you want to do that? The dynamic in the Tritan Alliance might change drastically if you give us so many Soultraits."

Michael shrugged, "I know, but we have to deal with the Blaze Patriarch. He has a powerful technique that drastically amplifies his combat prowess. You and your people will need as much support as possible to help me."

He lifted his finger and looked at the Chieftain dead-serious, "But I want you and your people to help me once we're done with the Lumina Stellar System. You and your people should know the value of several 4-Star Soultraits. If they're highly compatible with your existing Soultrait or your fighting style, your combat prowess will increase by a multitude. Still, I think we owe you and your people something."

"I hope this can soothe your anger a little bit as well," Michael added honestly.

It wasn't something Michael wished to expose openly, but he hoped his Soultraits could calm the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs – whom he had yet to talk to since the War Priestess died. After all, not all humans are bad. It was just that the Supreme Human Alliance corrupted some weak-willed souls.

"I forgot how honest some humans can be. That's refreshing," Palika nodded. We will help you get rid of those whom the Supreme Human Alliance has corrupted. That will help us fix what was broken as well. Our races will get the revenge and conflict we sought, and your kin will be freed from the Supreme Human Alliance."

"The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs would have to fight the members of the Supreme Human Alliance sooner or later either way. We've been hoping that it would take a little bit longer, preferably thousands of years, until we have our own Divine Lifeforms, strong enough to fight some Divine Lifeforms of the Supreme Human Alliance, but we can deal with their corruption before it harms our people even more," Palika added.

"I will call the Warlock Centaurs and tell them about your plan. I'm sure they will be more than happy to get rid of the Supreme Human Alliance's influence in the Tritan Alliance," The Chieftain declared, "After all, the War Priestess' son is leading the Warlock Centaurs now that his mother was killed. He is seething in rage and has been demanding an all-out war."

Palika smiled, "I will give him something similar. That should be enough to soothe him."

Michael nodded, glad that the Chieftain was on his side.

It was time to get rid of the corruption in the Tritan Alliance!