

Extract 851

Chapter 851 Cleansing The Corruption II

Fortunately, the Warlock Centaurs and Berserkers didn't take long to get equipped. They had already chosen what Soultrait Symbols they wanted and ensured their choices didn't overlap. It was a good thing that Michael had more than 2,000 Soultrait Symbols to choose from. Otherwise, this would have gotten a little difficult.

One way or another, Michael was getting a little angsty. He hadn't heard anything from Alice, Kaleb, and the rest since he returned to the Tritan Alliance. It was obvious that he hadn't heard from Alice before because the Expanse Prism was broken, but now that he was back, it should have been possible for some people to message him back. However, the only one answering him on Starnet was Frederik. He finished the list of traitors and sent him the file to his crystal watch.

Michael hated that the others didn't reply to his messages, and the urge to rush to the solar system overcame him, but he could restrain himself. It wasn't feasible to rush to the solar system with the Chieftain and the rest. They had to ensure the Lumina Stellar System was safe to leave first.

Michael could leave alone for the solar system, but dealing with several Tier-6 powerhouses, who had Primordial Bloodline and other techniques from the Supreme Human Alliance up to their sleeves, was not exactly feasible. He was strong but not that strong. Yet, at least.

Michael checked the Warlock Centaurs and Berserkers and noted that only six out of fifteen were at the 6th Tier. It didn't sound like a lot for someone who'd been with many Divine Lifeforms for the last few months, but it was more than enough for the Tritan Alliance. There were less than two dozen Tier-6 powerhouses spread throughout the Tritan Alliance.

Michael didn't know the exact number, but if the three races of the Tritan Alliance had roughly the same number of Tier-6 powerhouses, humans shouldn't have more than seven or eight Tier-6—and not all of them would heed the Blaze Patriarch's orders. Michael was certain the Seraph and Zenovia Matriarch wouldn't follow the Blaze Patriarch's orders, and it was also highly unlikely that the Patriarch of the Zeus family would follow their command.

Michael might not have the highest opinion of the Zeus family, but neither Killian nor Oliver treated the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs wrongly.

'Nevermind, that's not correct. Killian burned some Berserkers to a crisp in one of Piloq's arenas. But then again, the Berserkers weren't angry about that. They held Killian's combat prowess in high regard.'

He thought about the past and his encounters with the Zeus family with a wry smile, only to recall something.

'Wait, didn't Rebecca tell me the Zeus family's patriarch died from Lepodya? Did the Blaze Patriarch kill all powerhouses who went against him? But if that's the case, the Zenovia and Seraph household should also be in a prickly situation.'

Michael imagined the worst and paled. He sincerely hoped that the others were fine.

"Is everyone ready?" Michael asked impatiently less than ten minutes after he had given the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs their 4-Star Soultraits.

It might take a bit longer to get used to their new Soultraits and new additions of powers, but they gained little understanding of their Soultraits through the information influx. Furthermore, their brains were already advanced and refined over and over again. It shouldn't be too difficult for the powerhouses to use their Soultraits after ten minutes.

"Experience gained in a battle of life and death is the best experience," Palika said lightly, "We are ready to go!"

Michael nodded and retrieved the Compass Relic. However, instead of using the Compass Relic like before, Michael tapped into the energy stored within the Relic. He used Cosmic Stride and drained enough energy accumulated within the Relic cross a considerable distance with 15 passengers.

"Can everyone survive in open space, or must you prepare a space suit?" Michael asked, ensuring everyone was ready to go.

The Chieftain and the War Priestess' son stared at Michael for a few seconds, only for one of the Old Shamans to nod hesitantly, "We have no problem surviving in space for a while. We cannot stay there for days, but we won't die the moment we're outside the safety spheres of our planets. But why are you ask—..."

The Old Shaman couldn't even finish his question. Michael shrouded everyone in the golden light of Cosmic Stride. They disappeared from their spot a moment later and re-emerged in the wide-open space. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs reacted quickly, pulling up an energy membrane for protection.

Michael had done the same already but was more focused on the Compass Relic and Cosmic Stride. He licked his lip in impatience and curiosity and drained more energy from the Relic. Once again, they jumped through the open space, a greater distance than before.

'I think I get it now.' Michael nodded slowly, going for a third and fourth jump.

Less than ten minutes and more than a hundred jumps through space later, Michael and the others arrived at their first destination; A massive spacecraft hidden in an asteroid belt. It was nowhere near the last hiding spot where they hid the spaceship Dark Heavens used to blow Piloq apart, but Michael wondered if they had a fable for asteroid belts.

He shrugged after a second and looked at the others.

[Do you wanna blow it apart like this, or do you want to go inside to obliterate them?] Michael asked via Whispering Energy, ignoring their constant glares in his direction.

Michael merely smiled while giving them a choice until Palika pointed at the spaceship.

[Inside, then? That's what I expected.] Michael responded with a grin.

Palika rolled his eyes and nodded. A moment later, Michael and the rest appeared above the spaceship. It was impossible to teleport inside the spaceship because there were some restrictions, but a fully empowered True Extraction Aura was enough to drain the energy in his immediate surroundings. That was enough to reach a nearby hatch used by the crew to repair surface damages in space when needed. Palika reached for the hatch, and his fingers dug into the highly tempered metal. His muscles flexed, and energy coursed through his body.

Then he pulled.

The hatch didn't give in for a second but bent and twisted shortly after. It didn't even take five seconds to tear the hatch out of the frame, revealing a small room. Michael and the others went inside. Palika was the last to follow. He tried to force the hatch back into place, but it didn't work as intended. Michael appeared next to the man, using earth-attributed energy alongside more elemental energy to block the hole in the spaceship.

Once the hole was sealed, he used extraction to clear the room and conjured air with his wind-attributed energy. Michael took a deep breath and smiled.

"That was a nice trip, wasn't it?" He asked teasingly, only to be frowned at.

"You could have warned us, you know?" One of the Warlock Centuars complained, but Michael merely shrugged.

"Warning? Like saying that there are a bunch of Dark Heavens members coming this way?" He asked, pointing in the direction of the door to their left. The hallway behind the door was long, but the Dark Heavens members weren't slow. They reached the massive door to the vacuum room in no time.

Palika and the War Priestess' son turned to the door, coursed energy through their bodies, and flexed their muscles. The War Priestess' son expanded in size; his body was shrouded in pristine light, and his eyes glowed vibrantly. His physical strength skyrocketed. The Chieftain didn't transform like his partner standing next to him. Instead of transforming, Palika pressed his flat hands against the door. A surge of energy flowed through his hands, and he unleashed his Soultraits.

The massive metal door was ripped apart, and massive chunks were hurled toward the Dark Heavens members. One of them was unlucky, a sharp piece of metal smashing into his head, piercing his departed eye at top speed.

Their comrade's downfall shocked the Dark Heavens members but they activated their Soultraits and techniques and charged ahead nonetheless.

Their power level skyrocketed, but the Warlock Centaurs and Berserkers behind the War Priestess' son didn't remain motionless. Some unleashed their Soultraits to augment the War Priestess's son's combat

prowess, while others slowed down the enemies. The son of the War Priestess, Niechol, charged ahead, unleashing his main Soultrait, Unstoppable, at full charge.

If not for Spirit Eyes, Michael would have had difficulties seeing Niechol. He transformed into a flash and disappeared from the Dark Heavens members' sight. The sound of bones being crushed to smithereens resounded as Niechol shot past the first human enemy. The Dark Heavens member didn't even know what happened when his rib cage burst open. His pelvis, legs, and arms broke and twisted as the man tried to block the horrifying glowing Warlock Centaur's charge.

Michael's eyes narrowed to tiny slits.

'[Pristine Glow] evolved into [Divine Light] when I upgraded it to 4-Star. I expected it to be powerful, but combined with [Power Up] and [Unstoppable], it's on a different level. Would Bloodhound be able to stop something like that? Probably if he uses Primordial Bloodline...but without that?'

Michael was not sure, but he was excited. A single charge was enough to kill several Higher Lifeforms in the wake of Niechol's power.

Some survived, but Michael decided to get rid of them before the others could. Extraction might work on the fresh corpses slain by other people, but it was drastically weakened. Michael would much rather deal the finishing blow to all enemies to make up for investing more than 10,000 SoulStar Fragments into the 30 Soultrait Symbols he'd provided the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs.

He channeled Cosmic Stride, killing some Higher Lifeforms before storing their corpses in his War Rune storage. Palika and the others finished the others, but Michael triggered True Extraction with all Cursed Seals triggered and pressed his hand against the corpses' chests.

His entire focus was on the SoulStar Fragments as he used True Extraction. Augmented by a Soul Tear and supported by several Enhancement Layers, Michael extracted a bunch of SoulStar Fragments, but it wasn't worth the effort. He clicked his tongue and stored the corpses away. Since he couldn't extract much from them, he might as well utilize Swallow Domain on the corpses when he desperately needed more healing serum, origin energy, or lifeforce. Maybe even curse power or the trace of his Curses' Essences.

Their corpses were of some value. That was all that mattered.

Michael nodded to the others, and they moved onward.

It might be possible to destroy the spaceship with the combined power of the six Tier-6 powerhouses, but they wanted to guarantee that Dark Heavens was pushed to the brink of extinction in the next few days. They had had enough of the traitorous organizations!

The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs split up at the next intersection. Two Tier-6 powerhouses were teamed up with some Tier-5 powerhouses, and Michael formed two teams of five and one team of six before moving in different directions. Michael proposed the plan because Spirit Eyes didn't find a Tier-6 powerhouse besides the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs.

That was expected since most Tier-6 human powerhouses were either with the Blaze Patriarch, roaming openly with their families, or dying. Michael doubted that there were anymore hidden Tier-6 powerhouses at this point. Except if they were cowardly or waiting for a better moment before revealing themselves. However, the former would mean they successfully to attain Tier-6 while being cowards. That was highly unlikely. The latter...was more likely, but Michael hoped the hidden powerhouses were on their side.

It would be troublesome if anymore powerful humans were to team up with the Blaze Patriarch.

Chapter 852 Cleansing The Corruption III

Once everyone was dead, they looted and destroyed the spaceship as well. They even traveled through the asteroid belt to search for three secret vaults, which they looted, of course.

Michael had swallowed Memory Orbs en masse, providing him the memories to find the vaults and procure a wide variety of useful information. Michael retrieved the Needle of Lost Memories, removing the strands of memories he wouldn't need. Some memories of the Dark Heavens members were grotesque, similar to the memories of the Kitsun, and Michael was unwilling to keep them in his mind.

Since he had an item to remove the memories he didn't want to keep, Michael made full use of that function.

The Memory Orbs helped him find the location of a few smaller outposts and news of other traitor organizations who were either subordinate to Dark Heavens or connected to them through various strings. The memories were detailed enough to get moving right away.

They didn't take a break since nobody had to use their full power to defeat the Dark Heavens members in the spaceship. Michael and others moved on at full speed.

Their cozy group of 16 people spent the next 24 hours traveling around the Lumina Stellar System. Their sole means of transportation was Michael using the Compass Relic's energy and unique power to empower Cosmic Stride. That way, they could easily travel around the Lumina Stellar System with Michael as pilot, corpse collector, and treasurer. In contrast, the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs wreaked havoc in the well-hidden outposts and headquarters of nearly a dozen smaller traitor organizations.

They defeated a few more outposts of Dark Heavens, but it was fairly obvious that they were not yet extinct. Following the addition of memories Michael procured from every Awakened he'd slain in the last 24 hours, they could conduct that the most troublesome places were the solar system and Kelta – the Sapphire Lake Military Academy, to be precise.

Michael dealt the finishing blow to many traitorous humans, but the number wasn't as high as he would have liked. That was still fine because he should have made up for his investment into the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs at this point, but his greed told him otherwise.

"We should clear Kelta of traitors now. I don't think there will be anymore traitors in the Lumina Stellar System after that. We killed so many already," Palika shook his head at the thought of the 100+ High Awakened they'd killed in the last 24 hours. Most were Tier-4 Awakened, but the number of Tier-5 Awakened among the traitors was unusually high.

It was a shame that so many human powerhouses were traitors. Palika and the others couldn't understand it. If they worked together with these powerhouses, they could transform the Tritan Alliance into a better place for everyone. Yet, they ended up in this miserable situation, not knowing which humans they could trust and unsure what would happen if the Supreme Human Alliance members were to return.

'There are only a few rays of hope at the end of the tunnel of our future,' Palika thought, his eyes traveling to Michael.

Michael and the people around him were unlike most. They were the reason Palika and his people were trying to mend things with the Tritan Alliance. If not for Michael, they would have declared war on all humans at this point, Palika was certain of that.

"It's about time we clear the Saphirelake Military Academy," Michael nodded, filled with impatience. If Alice were still at the Saphirelake Military Academy, Michael would have rushed everyone to clear that place first. However, in one of Michael's last conversations with Alice via the Expanse Prism, Michael found out that Alice, Kaleb, and many other powerful Descendants were brought back to the solar system.

Some human powerhouses feared that they would catch Lepodya from being around the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs residing in the Saphirelake Military Academy.

'Still, there are Frederik, Hiraku, and the others. Even Lokai and Thoar should be over there, protecting their kin from the devious powers of fear and the traitors in the Saphirelake Military Academy.

Due to the Compass Relic and Cosmic Stride, they moved toward Kelta and reached the Saphirelake Military Academy in no time.

At last, they could cleanse the corruption in the Lumina Stellar System.

The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs spread upon arriving above the academy grounds. They could sense the congregated energies around them and hear the commotion of the battlefields everywhere. Michael was alone, not even two seconds after they arrived.

He kept Spirit Eyes active and hovered above the academy, inspecting everything from a bird's view.

'Have they been fighting for the last few weeks? No, that doesn't make any sense. Maybe the traitors only reached Kelta now? That might not be the point, either. Eevee said that Eren killed a bunch of traitor outposts in Kelta and the solar system. Maybe the traitors in Kelta were afraid that someone like Eren would appear. Or more High Awakened were 'convinced' that Lepodya was the fault of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. It's not unlikely to consider that the Blaze Patriarch and his people might have created more rumors around the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs to tarnish their reputation further.'

Michael couldn't say for certain what was going on, but from his point of view, it looked like the battlefields were rather fresh. They couldn't have started fighting more than half an hour ago. Michael inspected the fights all over the battlefield and watched Palika and his people join, only to obliterate their enemies with simple attacks.

The Saphirelake Military Academy might be a prestigious place with powerful professors and the best training resources, but its residents were mainly Lesser Lifeforms—

Students. Of course, there were also Higher Lifeforms among the students, but there weren't many left.

'Am I missing something, or is the academy more resemble a dead town? There are many corpses of humans, but I cannot see the most talented students anywhere. Were they all brought back to the solar system, and not only a few like Alice had said?'

Michael was unsure, but he could tell one thing for certain: Far more corpses sprawled all over the Saphirelake Military Academy than he would have liked to see. It was a disaster.

'So many rotting corpses, yet nobody is taking care of them,' Michael exhaled deeply, only for his focus to be pulled to the side. A smaller battle erupted on the academy's parkour park outskirts. 'Looks resemble you made it back quite fast, Frederik!'

Michael found Frederik in a fierce exchange with a High Awakened. Unfortunately, the fiercest part was that Frederik was getting beaten into a pulp. He used his Wind Mastery and Enhanced Wind to full power to change the trajectory of the incoming attacks. His control of the surrounding winds and the additional wind he summoned around him permitted Frederik to move faster than the norm, but he faced a Higher Lifeform.

The High Awakened seemed injured. His pants were drenched in blood, and he travelled a bit sluggish every time he attacked. Unfortunately, that wasn't enough. Frederik was still slower than the High Awakened. Or maybe not? Michael saw something that attracted his interest.

'He is trying to protect the Berserkers!'

At first, Michael had been certain that the bodies behind Frederik were corpses, but they were still moving, though weakly. Three Berserkers, two using their bodies to protect the Berserker at the bottom of the pile, were piled up and on the verge of death. They were too weak to move and would probably bleed to death in a few minutes. Yet, Frederik gave his utmost to protect the Berserkers from certain death.

Frederik was at a gross disadvantage against any Higher Lifeform, but he put his life in even more danger to protect the weak and injured.

'I knew that you would come to help them. Who cares that you're not yet a Higher Lifeform?' Michael asked in his mind, his gaze filled with pride. 'You stalled enough time.'

"I am content of you!" He said as he appeared next to Frederik. His gaze glowed golden as he used Spiritual Domination, forcing the High Awakened to his knees.

Frederik glanced at Michael, his face beaten black and blue, but he flashed a grin upon seeing him nonetheless.

"You acquired way too long, dude!"

Chapter 853 Michael, The Medic

"I was busy getting rid of some pesky traitors," Michael responded with a smile, "I knew you would be able to handle this."

He pointed at the High Awakened, struggling to get up from the ground. The High Awakened groaned, his eyes bloodshed. Tears of rage and anger trickled down his cheeks, and foam oozed from his mouth.

"Was he like that earlier as well?" Michael asked. Frederik shook his head, but he looked uncertain.

'Better get rid of this guy before he can do something stupid then.' He shrugged inwardly, ignoring the energy building up in the High Awakened's stomach.

Instead, Michael focused on his attack. A golden blade manifested in his hand vanished in a blur a moment later. The next thing Frederik could see was a red line covering the High Awakened's neck and his head sliding down. The head landed on the ground with a thud, and a fountain of blood gushed out of his headless neck. The High Awakened's body collapsed to the ground, wiggling for a few seconds before it stopped forever.

Frederik swallowed hard.

'I couldn't see anything! It hasn't been that long since he ascended to a Higher Lifeform, but why does it feel like he has grown even stronger since then?'

It was obvious that Michael grew stronger. The slightest increase in a War Rune's refinement degree as a Higher Lifeform was equivalent to a massive improvement as a Lesser Lifeform. Still, Frederik could tell that Michael had changed much more than a simple refinement of his War Rune.

'How can he continue to grow stronger this fast? That's not fair!' Frederik exclaimed inwardly in an outburst, only to shake his head. 'Michael works harder than anyone. I should know that better than most.

His territory is crazy, and I haven't seen Michael taking a break in forever. He is either somewhere fighting with his life on the line or grasping golden opportunities others wouldn't dare to. The golden opportunities were spiked with dangers potent enough to kill the strongest of their kind, yet Frederik was certain that Michael would grasp them.

Michael never avoided danger. He embraced it to grow stronger.

Even though Michael could see the trains of thought flashing through Frederik's eyes, he didn't say anything. He patted Frederik's back and smiled proudly at him.

"You did well."

That was enough to stir Frederik's heart. A sting of guilt spread outward, filling his entire being. Michael was a good guy. He was a little weird, but he deserved to grow stronger. It would be a shame if Michael died out there while growing stronger.

'I hope he has some time out after all of this is over.'

Michael focused on the task ahead. Frederik was injured, and the Berserkers were about to die.

He retrieved a few corpses from his War Rune storage and immediately used Swallow Domain on them. Frederik saw only a glimpse of the bodies, but it was enough to confuse him. He stared at Michael as viscous silver glimmering liquid formed all around him.

Michael used Permute on the content within Swallow Domain to create healing serum on a large scale. There wasn't much healing serum, but it was enough for the task ahead.

"Don't resist me," Michael announced, splitting the healing serum into four streams. The smallest stream swirled around Frederik and pushed inside him. A thin layer of healing serum splashed on his face, healing his bruises rapidly. His swollen cheeks receded to their original shape, and the cuts all over his face healed rapidly.

Frederik's wounds weren't nasty and returned to his peak within seconds. Unfortunately, the Berserkers weren't faring that well. They'd already lost too much blood and were already deadly pale. Michael lifted them with ease and put them down next to each other.

Since his experience with healing other people wasn't that great, Micheal relied on the quantity of healing serum at his disposal. The three remaining streams of healing serum were used to swallow the three Berserkers. The healing serum stopped their bleeding while entering their bodies. It spread through their system and reached their cells, invigorating them rapidly.

The Berserkers improved quickly, but Michael was not done there. He manifested a few masses of attributed energy—light, nature, and fire—and used Permute to create nutrients and lifeforce in their purest form. The nutrients and lifeforce were grasped with Insert and infused into the masses of attributed energy. Michael felt the immense power within the masses of energy and smiled. He willed them above the Berserkers and used Insert to channel everything inside them.

The nutrients and lifeforce were distributed evenly through the Berserkers' bodies, where the healing serum required them.

Michael tapped into the nutrients and lifeforce with healing serum to accelerate the healing process. The Berserkers looked better by the second. Their bodies produced blood much faster than before to make up for the masses of blood they'd lost. Breathes of relief escaped their lips. They were recuperating and escaped the cliff of eternal darkness. They'd escaped death at the door's step.

'From the looks of it, River of Vigor's passive effect is more than enough to stabilize their condition. Well, then again, River of Vigor would be too strong if I used it actively on them. Berserkers are innately strong and might be strong enough to endure it, but their condition was not durable enough to endure River of Vigor at full power.'

'Maybe Enhancement would work out best to ensure that patients on the verge of death – like these Berserkers - can be saved from even more grievous injuries. Enhancement improved the healing serum of River of Vigor without increasing the serum's potency. An increase in potency would be troublesome. An efficiency, on the other hand, would save countless lives.'

Still trying to figure out how to acquire the most suitable way to utilize River of Vigor on others without accidentally killing his patients. It would be a lot worse to tear his patients apart while trying to heal them.

'That would be a deadly healing.' Michael frowned deeply. He certainly didn't want to kill his patients. If anything, Michael wanted to rescue everyone!

Michael closed his eyes and used River of Vigor actively now that the Berserkers were stabilized.

The moment River of Vigor was activated, Michael's energy was drained rapidly. He was stunned to see how much energy was drained but smiled when the Berserkers improved even faster. The healing serum was utilized up swiftly, which allowed Michael to stop using River of Vigor after a while.

The Berserkers got up as the healing serum dispersed. They inspected their bodies and channeled energy through them, only to note that their energy paths and lifeforce were stronger than before. They were ready to jump back into battle, their fighting spirit skyrocketing.

"You will feel more energetic for a while, but that effect won't endure forever. Your energy paths are temporarily enhanced as well. Remember that this is temporary," Michael reminded the Berserkers with a smile. Their eyes lingered on him, a flash of reverence and astonishment filling them.

"You saved us," They uttered in unison before their focus turned to Frederik.

"You as well. Thank you. We survived thanks to you," One of them said, his words filling Frederik's soul with something he hadn't felt for a while.

Pride.

He was proud of himself.

'I did it!' Frederik clutched his hands into tight fists.

'I can do it!'

Chapter 854 Kill Or Capture

It didn't take long before Palika and the others appeared next to Michael with more injured people, Berserkers, Warlock Centaurs, and Humans.

Michael wasn't familiar with most of the injured humans, but he doubted Palika and his people would rescue any traitorous humans. They would kill them instead.

Michael retrieved more corpses, used Swallowed Domain and Permute with a significant amount of curse power, and created enough healing serum to heal all of them. By distributing the healing serum equally, Michael could use River of Vigor actively. The healing serum's potency skyrocketed, resulting in drastic patient reactions. Some writhed in pain for a second before the soothing sensation of the healing serum reached them, while the others smiled silently, enjoying the healing serum's sensation.

"We interrupted all fights and killed everyone who attacked us. Some students and professors tried to protect our people," Niechol said, pointing at the human patients, "They're good people, and I think it was a good decision not to jump to conclusions in a rushed manner."

Michael smiled. He heard from Palika that Niechol had been the most impatient among the supporters of an all-out war. It made sense, to a certain degree. Niechol lost his mother to the Bloodhound, one of the Supreme Human Alliance's members, only for the same SHA to corrupt the entire human race. More Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs died due to the Supreme Human Alliance's actions, and Niechol wanted to end it.

It was good that Michael's offer to kill all traitors came at the right time and that Niechol found a trace of hope in humanity's rows. Not all of them were bad. Most of them weren't.

"How can we be sure that every traitor has been taken care of?" Palika asked Michael, his eyes trailing through the ruins of the Saphirelake Military Academy. It would be a hassle to rebuild the academy, but it should be possible with enough resources. It was only questionable whether anyone would want to return to the Saphirelake Military Academy or if it was better to demolish the academy and rebuild another academy somewhere else.

An academy with blank slates.

For now, that didn't matter. It was something the heads of the Tritan Alliance would have to decide once the mess was taken care of.

"Frederik has a list of families who betrayed the Tritan Alliance. Not every member of their families joined the Supreme Human Alliance, but we can capture everyone and interrogate them using Soultraits like my Mind Reader. If they resist and resort to violence, we can consider them enemies and take care of them." Michael explained before forwarding the list his friend had created.

"Are you sure about that?" One of the older Warlock Centaurs asked, "Do you think we have the time to search and capture everyone? If we're wasting time searching for everyone, we might miss the real perpetrators. They can flee into the Origin Expanse and stay there for a few years until the situation has calmed down. We should be decisive and remove the root of our problems."

Fleeing into the Origin Expanse was a good point. It was a valid possibility and something nobody could prevent. Of course, they could stop them if they tried entering the Origin Expanse in the middle of a fierce battle, but there weren't many other possibilities.

"What if you split up? Some of you continue hunting the traitors' strongest foes while the others capture the remaining members of the families to interrogate them?" Frederik proposed, raising his hand into the air, "I can help with the latter. The faces of all traitors and their family members are engraved in my mind. I spent quite some time researching them. I wouldn't forget their faces easily!"

While Frederik's proposal sounded feasible, Michael didn't like the idea of splitting up the Warlock Centaurs and Berserkers. They had yet to take care of the Blaze Patriarch and his underlings. Michael couldn't be certain about that, but he had the feeling the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs needed as much strength as possible to deal with the Blaze Patriarch. Splitting their forces would lower their chance to emerge victorious.

"Is Kraft Viton still in the academy?" Michael asked Frederik, but it was Palika who answered instead.

"I saw the old man. He killed a few traitors while protecting the students. I didn't bring him here because he wasn't injured. He looked busy as well."

Michael nodded slowly.

It was good that Kraft Viton was still alive and that he didn't abandon the Sapphirelake Military Academy. Michael was certain Kraft Viton had better things to do than be at the military academy, but he returned even though Michael wasn't there anymore.

Shortly after, Michael searched for familiar energy fluctuations via Spirit Eyes and found Kraft Viton. He used Cosmic Stride to teleport to the old man and found himself in a tight embrace a few seconds later.

"Brat, you're still alive!" Kraft Viton exclaimed.

Michael smiled at the old man, "Of course, I'm still alive. I'm better than ever!"

Kraft Viton nodded, realizing what Michael meant "You ascended."

"That's not all, but yeah. I ascended to a Higher Lifeform," Michael affirmed, "But let's not talk about this. I think we have more important things to take care of."

He explained to Kraft Viton everything about the list of traitors prepared by Frederik and the plan he had up to his sleeves. Michael retrieved a bunch of Soultrait Symbols, upgraded them to 4-Star, and offered them to the old man, who stared at them with twinkling eyes.

There were more than enough 4-Star Soultrait Symbols to bestow to a few people and create a small unit of powerhouses.

"Give them to the people you trust with your life on the line, and take Frederik with you to capture everyone on the list. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs will come with me to kill the strongest powerhouses and remove the root of all problems, but we may miss some traitors. The Soultraits ensured you and the others won't die."

Kraft Viton continued staring at the Soultrait Symbols for a while. His attention returned to Michael, his confusion apparent.

Michael sighed deeply, "We already lost too many good people. If I can ensure that no more powerhouses on our side die, I should do that. Handing out a few Soultrait Symbols is exactly what you need to increase your survivability."

Kraft Viton nodded slowly, but Michael was not done speaking.

"There is also a 4-Star Interrogation-type Soultrait among the batch I gave you. You can use them on the captives to find out who's innocent and who has decided to betray us and the Tritan Alliance. That way, Palika, Niechol, and their people can come with me to get rid of the powerhouses."

"Alright, let's do that." Kraft Viton nodded before disappearing into the Origin Expanse.

Less than an hour later, Kraft Viton returned with four old men and women. They were the old man's long-trusted allies and also his Subordinates in the Origin Expanse.

That was reassuring.

Michael trusted Kraft Viton, and since the old men and women were his subordinates, giving them Soultrait Symbols was still within the acceptable range.

Kraft Viton disappeared in the Saphirelake Military Academy's ruins for another 20 minutes, handing over the duty to take care of the academy and its students to others.

Then, he and his subordinates retreated to Palika and the rest.

Michael collected the Compass Relic, and they made their proceed back to the solar system.

Chapter 855 Done

It was much faster and easier to use the Compass Relic with Cosmic Stride to jump through stellar systems. Still, it was obvious that the Compass Relic wasn't created to carry two dozen people through an entire stellar system. The Compass Relic was almost empty, forcing Michael to insert more energy into it.

In the meantime, the cleansing in the solar system continued...and ended much faster than expected...

It didn't even take a full day for Palika and his people to kill more than a hundred traitors. They were all Higher Lifeforms and resisted greatly, only to be smashed into smithereens with a single hit or two.

They didn't encounter any Tier-6 powerhouses at first and killed everyone stupid enough to resist without hesitation. In the meantime, Kraft Viton, his subordinates, and Frederik made their move. First, they traveled to the Orlando family, where they met with some resistance. Frederik watched the Elders of the Orlando family being slaughtered like pigs. They tried attacking Kraft Viton, but the old man crushed their heads with a snap of his fingers. It was a grotesque sight, but Frederik wasn't displeased.

Watching the Orlando family's Elders dying the deaths they deserved was...satisfying.

Fortunately, Jacqueline's Father, Karek Orlando, didn't resist Kraft Viton. He saw Frederik and remembered what kind of person Kraft Viton was before surrendering. Since Karek never wanted to be part of the Supreme Human Alliance's scheme, he didn't have to fear anything. The same applied to Jacqueline, who received a message from her father in the Origin Expanse. She returned from the Origin Expanse to be interrogated along with the other members of the Orlando household.

Even though most doubted that Jacqueline Orlando was a traitor, they were all imprisoned. But that didn't matter much. They had to go by the book and record the interrogation as well.

Still, Jacqueline and Frederik hugged tightly once they reunited. It had been eons since they had been forced to separate, so their reunion was more passionate than usual. They released each other only from the tight embrace to press their lips on top of each other. The young couple kissed passionately for a few minutes, and nobody doubted that if Kraft Viton, his subordinates, and Karek Orlando weren't present, they would have disappeared into a room to celebrate their reunion.

Jacqueline and Frederik didn't want to separate again, but Frederik had been given a mission. He felt obliged to complete Michael's task, so that is exactly what he did.

Unfortunately, not everything went according to plan. To be precise, many things didn't go as planned. That was especially true for their encounter with the Blaze Patriarch and his underlings.

Despite the tremendous might of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, who had gotten additional Symbols, elevating their combat prowess to another level, they didn't manage to kill the Blaze Patriarch. They encountered the Blaze Patriarch, fought fiercely, and managed to injure him gravely, but the Blaze Patriarch didn't die.

Michael was certain the Blaze Patriarch's internal organs were crushed and that Niechol's Divine Light burned his energy paths, but the Blaze Patriarch was still alive. He could recuperate and return stronger than ever. The Blaze Patriarch used several Artifacts to avoid the deadliest blows. He then increased the distance between the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs before creating an indestructible dome around him. Only Divine Lifeforms could destroy the Dome after a few strikes.

The Dome wasn't permanent, and Michael could do something to it, weakening the Dome to create an opening for the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. Still, the Blaze Patriarch had enough time to create a Runic Gate and flee into the Origin Expanse.

He escaped.

That was bad, but upon informing Kraft Viton and some of the powerful families, who were still on their side, Michael learned that they could create a fortress around the Blaze Patriarch's anchor, ensuring that the Blaze Patriarch would have a hard time returning. Even if he returned, the powerhouses of the Tritan Alliance would be informed, and the alarm system of the Runic Fortress would be activated, restraining the Blaze Patriarch until his apprehenders would appear.

At least, that was how most Runic Fortresses worked as long as the materials and security system installed were strong enough to restrain the prisoner.

Michael wasn't satisfied with that, but he could do nothing about it. The Blaze Patriarch was not in the Tritan Alliance anymore, and he could use the next few years in the Origin Expanse to refine his power

before coming back to claim the reigns of the Tritan Alliance and annihilate the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs.

The biggest problem with the Blaze Patriarch was that he managed to grow incredibly strong relatively quickly. It was unknown how strong he was then, but his strength must have skyrocketed for six Tier-6 powerhouses with three Soultraits to be unable to kill him instantaneously.

Too many people died or disappeared after the Blaze Patriarch revealed his true self. The only advantage was that the traitorous families – more than 85% of their powerhouses – had been eliminated. Only the young and innocent were left unscathed, but not without deploying watchguards to observe their actions for the next few years.

It was also good that the Blaze household had been removed from existence, though many household members were missing. Either they were sent into hiding in the Origin Expanse, or they were somewhere else...like many other Descendants.

Michael was filled with sadness and frustration. He found Oliver Zeus' corpse and many bodies of powerful Awakened – good people who'd fought for the Tritan Alliance to prevail.

Michael requested to kill two Tier-6 powerhouses Palika and his people had captured. They had some understanding of Michael's powers and let him be. Upon killing the Tier-6 powerhouses, Michael used True Extraction at full power, amplified by Cursed Seals and Soul Tears to extract their SoulStar Fragments – earning him more than ten thousand SoulStar Fragments – and several Memory Orbs.

The Memory Orbs were consumed immediately, revealing more information about the Blaze Patriarch's deal with the Supreme Human Alliance and information about the whereabouts of the Descendants and talented youths who had vanished.

"Alice, Kaleb, Lincoln, Zeke...and everyone else...were kidnapped and brought away..." Michael murmured, a shudder running down his spine.

"Brought away? Where?!" Lincoln's father, who'd joined their mission to kill the traitors of the Tritan Alliance not too long ago, asked. He was scared. What if something happened to his son?

However, Lincoln's father wasn't the only one scared about their children's whereabouts and safety. All human powerhouses who were missing one or multiple children were frightened. What scared them the most wasn't the fact that their child had been kidnapped. They trusted their child and their teachings. Everyone had been prepared for similar cases.

However, what terrified the parents was that they couldn't do anything for their children.

They were the strongest powerhouses of the Tritan Alliance but were helpless when their children were kidnapped. Even though they were strong in the Tritan Alliance, they were nothing more than pesky ants before the Supreme Human Alliance.

They couldn't do anything.

"I...don't know. Somewhere." Michael answered, each word tougher to say than the one before. He was experiencing a hard time controlling his raging emotions. His eyes glowed like the sun, anger filling them, "In the Supreme Human Alliance's territory."

Chapter 856 Where?

The end of the civil war and the corruption spread by the Supreme Human Alliance ended rather quickly. It was anti-climactic. Michael learned how to use Extraction to remove Lepodya from patients as long as they allowed him to infuse a considerable amount of Extraction's power into them.

After that, Michael would heal them with healing serum. It was rather simple.

However, finding Alice and the other Descendants was far from simple. Michael and the others read some reports about a pristine pillar emerging out of nowhere and swallowing Descendants. The Descendants disappeared with the pristine pillars, leaving traces of spatial fluctuations behind.

These fluctuations were the only hard proof they had to determine that the Descendants weren't dead but that they had been kidnapped.

Neither Michael nor the other powerhouses could tell how it was possible for someone – presumably the Supreme Human Alliance – to kidnap the Descendants. Among them were Higher Lifeforms, including Tier-5 powerhouses with strong willpower and remarkable natural resilience. The firmament was torn as well, preventing any Divine Lifeforms from entering the Tritan Alliance's territory.

That could only mean a few things. Either the Supreme Human Alliance used a teleportation with enough energy to overpower the natural resilience of hundreds of Descendants, rendering them incapable of resisting the teleportation, or a Divine Lifeform outside the Tritan Alliance passed through the torn firmament with its power to teleport everyone away.

There were also other possibilities, but the first possibility was the most likely. The only questions left were how the Supreme Human Alliance marked everyone, pinpointed their location to use the teleportation device with great precision, and where they were brought.

"It's good that Divine Lifeforms are banished from the solar system and the Lumina Stellar System. To think that the battle of three Divine Lifeforms ended up tearing the firmament of the entire solar system apart so that it would be considered a problem for Divine Lifeforms to appear in the adjacent stellar system as well." Kraft Viton shook his head lightly.

The Descendants' disappearance was a shock, but Kraft Viton wasn't personally affected by it. He could understand how the others must feel, but it wasn't a challenge to remain calm and composed or to point out their advantages.

The Supreme Human Alliance wouldn't be able to attack them with Divine Lifeforms anymore. For a few centuries, at least.

Several hundred years were more than enough to prepare for the SHA's attacks and create their own Divine Lifeforms. As long as they had Michael and his Soultraits by their side, it wouldn't be impossible to empower their Divine Lifeforms enough to emerge victorious against Hyumans and their unique techniques.

But that meant Michael would have to keep supplying them with Soultrait Symbols and upgrade them.

The Tritan Alliance was already in Michael's debt. Without his Soultrait Symbols and his active parts in the whole situation, the Tritan Alliance wouldn't exist anymore in the first place. They owed Michael their lives.

But Michael didn't feel like that. He had been too late to rescue the Descendants... Lincoln, Zeke...Kaleb...and Alice.

It was infuriating, endlessly frustrating to have been too weak to deal with the issues in the Tritan Alliance with a snap and to remove the Supreme Human Alliance's feelers the moment they'd manifested.

'I am a Higher Lifeform, but I am still too weak to do anything.' He ridiculed himself, his mind drifting toward the kidnapped Descendants...to Alice, 'I have to do something.'

Michael couldn't sit idle and do nothing. The Lord IDs of Alice and the other kidnapped Descendants were still intact. Of course, it was possible that they malfunctioned, as was the case with Daniel's Lord ID in the past, but Michael and everyone else wanted to believe that their friends and beloved were fine. Thus, they trusted the Lord ID and thought everyone was alive.

That was good. At least they were still alive.

Still, Michael had to do more.

He retrieved a communication device specifically for Curse Users – it connected to the Nest, which was a lot more difficult than Michael had expected when he entered the Nest first. To access the communication device, one would have to be alone with nobody else in a range of 100 meters before channeling curse power into it. Once empowered, the communication device spent the next 10 minutes checking the Curse User's identity, his mental health – ensuring he wasn't manipulated to do something – and countless other things to ensure that nobody would be able to use the communication device to track the Nest's location.

["Michael, is that you? Is everything alright in the Tritan Alliance?"] Michael heard Eeve's voice ring through his ears. His ears twitched, but he remained calm.

"I'm not sure if I would say that everything is alright, but the threat of the Supreme Human Alliance has been removed – mostly, at least. The Blaze Patriarch managed to flee into the Origin Expanse, but we're going to build a fortress around him with enough traps and alarm runes to restrain him and warn everyone when he returns," Michael explained. He took a deep breath and shook his head.

"There is a lot more I could report, but the most crucial point is that hundreds of Descendants were kidnapped. We don't know what they will do with them, but I have a bad feeling about it. Do you think you can forward me to the Nest Leader? I must talk to her to figure out what to do now."

["Are you planning to charge into the SHA's territory in an attempt to find and rescue your friends?"]
Evee asked, not forwarding him Selena right away.

"That would be the best solution. If it's possible, that is," Michael nodded, only for Evee to look deeply.

["Even the Nest isn't strong enough to deal with everything, you know? There is a reason the Nest's headquarters is hidden and why we're so focused on keeping the Nest hidden while the Supreme Human Alliance is acting openly as if the cosmos belongs to them. Our military might isn't low, but we are too few powerful Curse Users."]

"You're saying even the Nest Leader won't be able to find and rescue Alice and the others?"

Michael could hear Evee groan and fall silent before she answered.

["Things aren't as simple as you might think. You make it look like everything is so simple, but do you even know where Alice and the companions are kept? The Supreme Human Alliance's territory spans several galaxies. In fact, our data are so outdated that the Supreme Human Alliance might have already conquered a few more galaxies since we were able to check the facts. So tell me, Michael....Where are your friends and your lover kept?"]

Michael's lips parted, but no word escaped from them. There was nothing to say. He had no answer. Michael had no idea where the Supreme Human Alliance would keep his friends and lover.

Would they be on the outskirts of their territory for experiments, or would they be brought closer to the Origin to spread their corruption and convince the Descendants that the Supreme Human Alliance was in the right and that the Tritan Alliance was wrong and against the laws of the cosmos...that only the purest of all humans were supposed to rule the cosmos.

He had no idea, and that was the worst of all.

If Michael knew what the SHA did to his friends and Alice and where they brought them, Michael could come up with a plan.

However, he didn't have a chance to do anything. Not like this...

Chapter 857 New Ruler?

"What am I supposed to do now? I don't even know what is happening to the others and how much time they have left, but I don't have a single clue to their whereabouts." Michael ruffled through his hair, letting his frustration loose.

Evee might have told him she would investigate their whereabouts using her Soultrait and her Major Seal's power, but Michael had no idea how fast Evee would be. What if she was taking too long and something happened? Would Michael be able to do something? He started doubting it.

'I need to grow stronger. Once I'm a Divine Lifeform with several 8-Star and 7-Star Soultraits and a bunch of powerful techniques, I won't have any issues dealing with people like Bloodhound. I can tear them apart before they make their first move by then.'

Michael sighed deeply, recalling everything Evee said.

'They think I can influence the tides and make crucial changes. Well, maybe that's true. But it would take a while. Maybe it would take longer than my friends can afford...'

He felt like ripping his hair out but chose to use his excessive energy differently. Michael hoped Evee would reach him with more information soon and that he could convince the Nest Leader to do something then. Maybe Selena would do something and infiltrate the Supreme Human Alliance's territory if he offered her enough Soultrait Symbols.

Hoping for the best, Michael entered the Origin Expanse to train several hours a day. He had meetings with the attendants, read the daily reports, received news from the Valyr who accepted the changes in the contracts readily, and the Forest Elves who traded some of their 'special' treasures. They didn't need those treasures anymore as they stimulated accelerated growth of certain plants and increased the probability of mutations within the plant life.

Several days passed quickly. The first days were hard for Michael because he couldn't focus on his Body, Mind, and Soul refinement, but his heart and mind retained some calm after four days.

Almost two weeks passed outside the Origin Expanse. Some traitors who'd returned from the Origin Expanse – not knowing what had happened in their absence – had reappeared. They were captured, interrogated to prove their crimes, and executed once they were found guilty.

Michael didn't pay too much attention to the changes happening in the Tritan Alliance. He trusted Palika, Kraft Viton, and his friends' parents enough to stay out of their sight. It wasn't like he knew enough about how to rule over several races and resolve the trust gap between Humans, Berserkers, and Warlock Centaurs that emerged thanks to the Supreme Human Alliance's actions.

It would take a while to mend their relationship and emerge stronger than ever.

Michael didn't know how to help with that. His influence among the Awakened might be extraordinary. He was trusted by almost everyone due to his actions, but that didn't mean it was his responsibility to take care of everyone. Michael would much instead focus on getting stronger to deal with future threats.

He had a few hundred years before being forced to fight the Supreme Human Alliance's invading forces, but that didn't mean Michael would stay idle for centuries. He couldn't imagine himself sitting back and growing stronger that slowly. There was no way he would make his move this late.

The sooner he accumulated enough strength, the better.

As the repairs across Elyra, Keltas, and the other planets, cities, and landscapes, which had been destroyed, continued, something unexpected happened. But was it unexpected? Eevee and Selena told him repetitively that the Supreme Human Alliance was oddly interested in the Lesser Humans of the Tritan Alliance. Their actions affirmed their predictions as well.

The Supreme Human Alliance wasn't willing to give up the Tritan Alliance. They wanted to rule the Tritan Alliance to nurture more Humans with powerful Soultraits – something the Lesser Humans of the Tritan Alliance had more than others.

Therefore, could it be considered a coincidence when a Peak Tier-6 powerhouse of the Supreme Human Alliance appeared in the solar system?

Michael wasn't sure, but it didn't matter either way. It was a matter of fact that the Peak Tier-6 powerhouse had to be defeated.

The alarm across the solar system was triggered and everyone, including Palika and his troupe, which had yet to return to the Lumina Stellar System, prepared to engage in a fierce battle.

However, instead of going for the Peak Tier-6 powerhouse, they waited for it to come for them. Palika, his people, and the remaining powerhouses of humanity gathered in a massive open plains, ready to fight the Peak Tier-6 powerhouse when Michael used Cosmic Stride to close the gap to the Peak Tier-6 Hyuman.

Michael could immediately tell that the newcomer was young and that he was different from ordinary humans. He was more.

He suppressed his curse power and the Essences of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs residing deep within him and covered everything with layers of Qi, Extraction, and Enhancement.

His energy was drained quickly, but the Hyuman didn't attack him immediately. He studied Michael and smiled.

"Are you Kalos Blaze?" The Hyuman asked into the open space. Michael imagined the Hyuman's voice dispersing into the space, but it reached Michael cleanly.

'He knows the Blaze Patriarch but isn't aware of the situation?' Michael tried hard to control his facial features, but the corners of his eyes twitched.

[I'm not the Blaze Patriarch, but I was deployed to find out who you are and what your intentions are.] Michael uttered to the Hyuman using Whispering Energy.

The Hyuman raised his eyebrow, "Was your Master not informed about my departure? With the death of the Long brothers, I was put in charge of the Tritan Alliance. I'm your Ruler now!"

The last words thundered through the surroundings, resulting in faint vibrations in the fabric of space.

'They sent someone to take control of the Tritan Alliance using a Peak Tier-6 powerhouse?'

Michael could quickly tell that the Peak Tier-6 Hyuman was on the verge of ascending to a Divine Lifeform. It wasn't unlikely that he postponed his Divine Ascension to follow the Supreme Human Alliance's orders and claim the Tritan Alliance.

But what exactly did "ruling the Tritan Alliance" mean in the Supreme Human Alliance's eyes? They might either annihilate the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs before becoming the sole rulers of the Lesser Humans in the small backwater galaxy or enslave the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. It was only obvious, but every rebel who resisted the holy orders of the Supreme Human Alliance would be killed.

Those things were what Michael imagined to happen and what he'd seen in the memories of others already. He didn't want such a fate to befall the Tritan Alliance.

[I wasn't informed about such a thing. The Blaze Patriarch informed everybody that we lost contact with the Supreme Human Alliance. We were never informed about a new Ruler.]

The man's demeanor changed the instant Michael's words reached them, and a burst of energy swept through the surroundings. The pressure all around Michael increased rapidly. It wasn't enough to affect Michael seriously, but he acted like it hurt him.

"Bring me to this bastard!"

lightsNovel

Michael nodded immediately and tried to shudder as if he was afraid.

[I-I...I can teleport you to the Blaze Patriarch.]

The Hyuman nodded and gestured him to come closer, "Lead the way!"

Michael appeared in front of the Hyuman, whose eyes narrowed slightly. Nonetheless, he allowed Michael to touch and activate Cosmic Stride, only to notice something odd the instant Michael touched him.

The Hyuman realized he was shrouded in too many powers and that there was something within him.

A primal roar escaped from the depths of Michael's body at the same time. His curse power exploded, coating his body to protect him from potential harm. Simultaneously, he kept the layers of Extraction, Enhancement, and Qi all over his body, hoping everybody was ready for what was about to happen.

A moment later, they teleported...right into the trap prepared to deal with the people of the Supreme Human Alliance.

Chapter 858 Trap The Hyuman

Michael had to move instantly to avoid the incoming bombardment of projectiles, spells, and debuffs.

He teleported twice in a row, once to move with the Hyuman into the center of the encirclement created by the Tritan Alliance's powerhouses and a second time alone to escape. It was close, an earth spike nearly piercing his back, but Michael escaped the attacks.

He appeared above the battlefield where Giuliana Seraph, Mother of Maria Seraph, levitated to apply her Healing Soultrait if necessary. She precisely controlled and compressed energy underneath her feet, allowing her to stay in the air.

Giuliana noticed Michael but didn't say anything. She had a lot to say to Michael, good and bad. However, now was not the time to complain about her daughter's broken heart, the fact that Michael was Maria's Primal Amplifier, or that Michael's contribution to the Civil War was why Giuliana and her husband could see their daughter again.

The Blaze Patriarch kidnapped her daughter to blackmail the Seraph family, forcing them to do things they weren't proud of. Fortunately, they overcame most issues without causing too much damage to society before reuniting with their daughter. Still, the aftermath of their actions was long-lasting and

would probably affect the relationships within the Tritan Alliance for a while. Humanity would take time and effort to regain the Berserkers' and Warlock Centaurs' trust.

Fighting the Hyuman together was one way to regain trust and strengthen companionship within the Tritan Alliance.

Several highly compressed earth spikes shot out of the ground around the Hyuman. However, before they reach the Hyuman, the earthen spikes split into several thinner spikes, transforming into serpent heads. They coiled around the Hyumans' legs before an obsidian-colored spike emerged from the ground underneath the Hyuman.

Simultaneously, wind blades, energy beams, charged pristine arrows, and more projectiles shot toward the Hyuman from all directions. The attacks were only the beginning, but they were enough to put the Hyuman under pressure. Some of the incoming projectiles wouldn't harm him as he exerted the Primordial Bloodline technique when he noticed something odd about Michael.

His skin was tougher than most attacks a Tier-5 Awakened could throw at him. Only some special attacks, which naturally ignored an Awakened's physical resistance, would be able to inflict harm on him. Even Tier-6 Awakened should have difficulties harming him.

Therefore, the Hyuman didn't have to do much as the bombardment of projectiles ensued.

The only problem was the assault on his Mind and Soul – or the volley of Soultraits used to strengthen the incoming attacks and weaken the Hyuman.

The Primordial Bloodline technique at the mastery displayed by the Peak Tier-6 Hyuman was strong enough to weaken the effect of most Soultraits attempting to weaken him. However, his mastery wasn't enough to nullify the effects. Not even the gap in their Tier was enough – on top of the Primordial Bloodline technique – to nullify the debuffs.

The Hyuman's defense lowered. His sight grew hazy, and he was having a much harder time controlling the energy that was residing within him. Not only were his energy paths narrowed suddenly, but it felt like the origin energy inside him started resisting the Hyuman. That was only the beginning.

The Hyuman's body grew heavier as if gravitation around him intensified all of a sudden. He nearly stumbled to the ground when he first noticed the drastic changes in the surrounding gravitational force.

Despite being dulled, his senses picked up the strengthening of the surrounding projectiles right before they impacted.

The Hyuman clicked his tongue and started to retaliate. He unleashed his Soultraits, Field of Domination, and an extensive grayish aura burst forth from his body. The slithering earthen snakes coiled around his legs shattered while the obsidian spike slowed down. It cracked as it closed into the Hyuman's lower body, but all the Hyuman had to do to get rid of the obsidian spike was to kick it.

A light kick was all it took to shatter the obsidian spike. Meanwhile, the impacting projectiles either dissolved or were drastically weakened and unable to inflict any serious harm as they impacted.

Only the debuffs remained on the Hyuman, refraining him from utilizing his entire strength.

"You betrayed the Supreme Human Alliance and abandoned your Gods? Okay... Okay...That's totally okay! You aren't afraid of anything, you fools! May the sword of justice and supremacy strike you!" The Hyuman roared, his presence changing all of a sudden.

If he focused on blocking most attacks beforehand, the current situation could only be considered a switch. The Hyuman switched from defense to offense. A thin metal armor appeared. It was as gray as his aura and amplified his Soultrait's effect considerably. The armor covered most of his vital points, leaving only a handful open to attack. A set of similarly grayish daggers manifested in his hands a moment later.

He threw one of the daggers to a nearby human, piercing the dozen shields that appeared before the young powerhouse, only for the dagger to pierce the shields and the human awakened's chest in one go. The Awakened would have survived if his body hadn't compressed and exploded a quarter of a second after the dagger pierced him. Not even half a second later, the dagger returned to the Hyuman's hands.

[His daggers dominate and overcharge the energy path system with 'Domination' – if I'm not mistaken. I have to figure out what that 'Domination' is and how it is put together, but pay attention when you're cut. He will dominate your energy path system, compress and expand it rapidly following the compression!] Michael shouted in each minds except the Hyuman, using Whispering Energy.

[His Soultrait is an aura of the same Domination. Control your bodies and don't let the Domination enter you. He already has control of the encircling space, blocking my spatial-type Soultrait, but I think it won't be possible to utilize low-ranked Soultraits to manifest projectiles inside his aura of Domination!]

Michael tried analyzing everything with Spirit Eyes, but he was not proficient with the type of energy and power used by the Hyuman. All he could tell was that the Hyuman's power contained lifeforce, soul power, and energy. He made use of that and the obvious fact that the Hyuman's focus was on the Tier-5 and Tier-6 powerhouses around him to utilize Extraction with Enhancement and the Soul Grimoire's augment before applying Insert to infuse traces of Enhanced Extraction all over the aura of Domination.

There was some resistance to his manifestation of Extraction within the range of the Hyuman's aura of Domination, but Extraction was already a 7-Star Soultrait, strengthened with 10 Enhancement Layers, and augmented with a Soul Tear. It was barely strong enough to pierce through the restraints cast upon all foes of the aura of Domination and infuse neatly into it – without the Hyuman's notice.

After that, Michael started draining the Hyuman's soul power, energy, and lifeforce within the aura of domination. It was a slow process to evade the Hyuman's attention, but it was fast enough to drain their enemy slowly.

'If I wanted to attract his attention, I could use the Cursed Seals to drain him faster.' Michael complained quietly but continued watching the battle.

Palika, Niechos, and the four other Tier-6 powerhouses emerged in front, beside, and behind the Hyuman. The six Tier-6 powerhouses unleashed their Soultraits and tapped deeper into their power reserves than ever. Niechos glowed in pristine light and gained a tremendous boost in power as he fired at the Hyuman as the Tritan Alliance's main tank.

Simultaneously, Palika gave his utmost. After the battle with the Bloodhound, Palika started preparing for the next battle against a Divine Lifeform. Fortunately, that wasn't necessary as the firmaments tore apart. Afterward, Palika was ready to unleash everything at his disposal to deal with the Blaze Patriarch. However, once again, it wasn't necessary.

But now he could. Palika's palm glowed vibrantly when he materialized behind the Hyuman, pressing it against the back of his head. He unleashed the full fury of [Energy Palm] with the power he'd accumulated in his Main Soultrait [Hoarding Power] over the last few months. Gaining Energy Palm and

another Soultrait called Compression from Michael skyrocketed his combat prowess. After all, he could compress the power within his main Soultrait, Hoarding Power, to channel it through Energy Palm.

Niechol's Unstoppable, alongside the Soultraits and brute force applied by the other Tier-6 powerhouses, and the Soultrait unleashed by the dozens of powerful Tier-5 powerhouses, who had gathered to obliterate the Tier-6 Hyuman, were enough to restrain the Hyuman for a moment.

A moment was each it took.

'He underestimated the Tritan Alliance.' Michael realized, a smile forming on his lips as Palika's Energy Palm burst into the back of the Hyuman's head, cracking his skull.

A primal roar eluded the Hyuman's lips as the cracking noise reverberated through the surroundings. A mere moment later, the entire area was coated in a bright light. The full power of Energy Palm had been unleashed upon the Hyuman.

Palika roared in pain as his entire hand was blown into smithereens, unable to withstand the power he'd unleashed to kill the Hyuman. However, that was fine. Losing his hand was nothing compared to killing a Peak Tier-6 Hyuman. In the first place, the Tritan Alliance's strongest healers were present to tend to his wounds. His hand could regenerate in the next few days.

At least, that was what Palika hoped before he realized something.

"I didn't obtain his energy influx!!" Palika roared, only to hear a whisper in his ears.

"Yeah, 'cause I'm not dead, you disgusting parasite!" The Hyuman, the back of his head blown apart, growled.

He was not dead yet. They failed.

"That's okay," A familiar voice materialized behind the Hyuman. He spun around, only to see Michael coated in gold and over a hundred Curse Seals. He smiled at the Hyuman, his hand pressing against the Hyuman's face, "Because I'm here."

Chapter 859 Blood & Poison

Michael was ready to move when the six Tier-6 Awakened of the Tritan Alliance combined their power to deal with the Hyuman. He hoped for the best, but it was also obvious that Hyumen of the Supreme Human Alliance received better resources, training, and techniques. It was impossible to compare a Peak Tier-6 Hyuman with a Peak Tier-6 Awakened from a backwater galaxy.

It was also important to pay attention to the Hyuman's age. Even though it was common knowledge that Awakened aged slower, their temperament and energy density made it easy to gauge their age.

Michael guessed that the Hyuman was younger than 50. He was fairly certain in his guess, which made him believe that the young Hyuman was an elite of the Supreme Human Alliance. With that in mind, Michael's worries increased.

He wanted to trust and rely on Palika and his people but was nonetheless prepared for the worst-case scenario. He unleashed True Extraction Domain using all Cursed Seals to spread his domain as far as possible. He proceeded to use Swallow Domain, bypassing the restraints of Field of Domination for a quarter of a second. Swallow Domain required too much curse power to use continuously, but Michael was fortunate enough to have Permute, and he could produce curse power using Permute.

Michael did exactly that, using Permute to create more curse power to release Swallow Domain again, devouring more of the Field of Destruction, preparing for what awaited them.

The dazzling light of Palika's Energy Palm hindered Michael a little, but he managed to course enough energy and curse power through his eyes to see the Hyuman alive and well – somewhat. A chunk of the back of his head was missing, but Michael doubted that the Hyuman noticed that. Too much adrenaline coursed through his body to feel any pain.

It was a shame that the Hyuman didn't die. Still, it was already surprising enough that the Hyuman underestimated Palika and the others to sustain a lethal injury in the first place.

Fueled with rage, the Hyuman appeared behind Palika and was about to kill him. That was when Michael made his move.

"I didn't obtain his energy influx!" Palika roared as the Hyuman emerged behind him, "Yeah, cause I'm not dead, you disgusting parasite!"

The Hyuman's words swallowed the subtle noise made by Cosmic Stride. The Hyuman was so focused on Palika and the other Tier-6 and Tier-5 Awakened that he barely noticed his Field of Domination disintegrating around the Tier-4 Awakened...or that the only Tier-4 Awakened on the battlefield appeared behind him.

"That's okay," Michael said lightly, his hand lunging toward the Hyuman. It would have been best to pierce the Hyuman's brain through the open hole in the back of his head, but Michael wasn't too concerned even after the Hyuman spun around, his eyes widened in surprise when Michael grasped his face tightly.

"Because I'm here."

All Cursed Seals and Serpent Seals were unleashed to their fullest, alongside the curse power of the Major Seals. He didn't activate their special ability but unleashed the fury of his Curses' Essence to make his move.

It might be considered a foolish move to face a Peak Tier-6 powerhouse because he was too weak to do something against the Hyuman. Michael realized that as well. Maybe he could put his life on the line and request aid from his Curses to deal with a Lowest Tier-6 Awakened, but he would have to surrender some of his essence and self to the Curses to fight the Hyuman head-on.

Michael was unwilling to go that far if he didn't have to. He didn't want his Curses to gain anymore power. It was near-impossible to hold them back already. How was he supposed to contain them if they gained a whole portion of his existence to control? Michael couldn't afford to lose control.

Fortunately, that wasn't needed.

A Divine Lifeform could easily deal with a Peak Tier-6 Hyuman, and it would be a walk in the park to do so as a Tier-9 powerhouse. Even a single droplet of blood from a Tier-9 Lord – infused to kill – was enough to obliterate a Peak Tier-6 Hyuman. Nothing else mattered.

That was exactly what Michael had used. He had coated his palm in one of the items Selena had given him; a vial with a droplet of her blood...infused with her curse power.

Her blood infused with curse power was green and didn't look anything like blood in the first place. But its appearance wasn't important. It was more crucial that Michael wasn't harmed by the blood and that it was incredibly harmful to others.

The blood was sentient, and his existence and connection to the Nest Leader were acknowledged. It also sensed Michael's use of Insert and his intention when he connected the droplet of blood to the Peak Tier-6 Hyuman.

Michael's soul power within Insert and the Soul Sphere, in its entirety, was drained instantly. A moment later, his reserves of curse power were sucked dry, and even the power accumulated within the Curses' Essences was emptied.

It all happened in an instant. Then it was over.

The blood droplet of the Nest Leader followed Michael's will and forced its way into the Peak Tier-6 Hyuman, who sensed that something terrible had just happened instantaneously.

He pushed Michael's hand away and tried to pounce at him to slay Michael, but neither his body nor his Soultrait listened to him anymore.

A pained scream, fueled with desperation, confusion, and rage, escaped the Hyuman's lips before he collapsed to the ground, writhing in pain. He tried grasping Michael's legs again, but the moment the Nest Leader's blood detected his intention, a wave of uncontrollable pain swept through him. Over and over again.

"I don't like you. Still, a small piece of advice," Michael stared at the writhing Hyuman with a smile, "Stop attacking me or anyone of the Tritan Alliance if you want the pain to stop."

The Hyuman bellowed and tried attacking Michael again, but the Nest Leader's blood was faster. It cut through the Hyuman's energy path and tore him apart from the inside without ever damaging him seriously enough to eliminate the Hyuman.

"I inserted the blood of a Curse User into your system. I wonder what it does to your Primordial Bloodline technique," Michael chuckled.

His words were enough to silence the Hyuman. His eyes widened in terror, and Michael could clearly see him trying to exert the Primordial Bloodline technique.

It worked. As a matter of fact, everyone could use the Primordial Bloodline technique. However, it wasn't nearly as effective as it had been before.

"NOOOOO!!!" The Hyuman screamed at the top of his lungs, lunging at Michael, only to be assaulted by pain from the Nest Leader's blood.

"The Curse User's blood is also poison. The poison of a strong Divine Lifeform. It's sealed by a promise and will slay you instantaneously if you betray the Tritan Alliance."

Michael's smile widened.

"If you are responsible for the death of another Berserker and Warlock Centaur, no matter what way, you will die."

"If you try to attack a good citizen of the Tritan Alliance, you will be consumed by pain and lose your sanity."

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"A single mistake and death will be your only resort."

Chapter 860 Fake It Until You Make It

Michael had only one droplet of Selena's curse-infused blood, but that should have been more than enough.

'What did she think when she gave me the blood vial? Did she know what I was going to do or that the Supreme Human Alliance would deploy one of their young elites to govern the Tritan Alliance now that the torn firmament would restrict Divine Lifeforms from entering? Or did she want me to use it on Divine Lifeforms if I were to encounter them?'

Michael had no idea what the Nest Leader's true intention was, but her blood came in handy.

"The Supreme Human Alliance won't accept you anymore. Not like this." He smiled at the Hyuman, who'd broken into tears.

There was no mercy in Michael's eyes as he inspected the Hyuman. Palika and the others came, ready to eliminate the Hyuman once and for all, but Michael stopped them. He raised his hand and nodded toward the Hyuman.

"He cannot harm the Tritan Alliance anymore. Killing him won't help us."

"That bastard killed Zeke!!" One of the human powerhouses roared, "I'm going to kill him!"

Michael's emotions were already unstable because he lost Alice and his friends to the Supreme Human Alliance. It was no surprise to him when his Curses' influence reached him. They nudged him ever so slightly while granting Michael access to their power. He was given access to unlimited power. However, the price was steep. The more he absorbed, the more he would have to give back in return.

Michael transformed, large black scales growing out of his skin. A long tail burst out of his tailbone. It grew rapidly and smashed heavily on the ground, spreading curse power in all directions. Michael's hair grew quickly, and his fingers cracked, changed, and transformed into elongated curved claws mixed with the massive fangs of a colossal serpent.

"We are not going to kill him if you don't want to sacrifice the entire Tritan Alliance for your petty revenge!" Michael growled, his curse power erupting alongside True Extraction, Qi, Heavenly Beast Physique, Foundation Break, Spirit Eyes, Sphere of Elements, and Soul Grimoire.

The human powerhouse swallowed. He retreated subconsciously, his hair standing up to its end. His eyes widened in terror, and he nearly stumbled and fell if Giuliana Seraph didn't catch him.

"There is no need to threaten anyone, Michael. You should explain the situation properly and make sure to convince everyone that enslaving and using this bastard," Giuliana pointed at the Peak Tier-6

Hyuman, "Is better than openly showing the Supreme Human Alliance that we managed to defeat one of their little elites."

Michael growled again but dismissed Curse Fusion after struggling for a few seconds. He sighed deeply and retracted his curse power while also halting the use of his Soultraits.

"You're right," He nodded.

Explaining what was on his mind should come before threatening idiots.

He looked at the human powerhouse and bowed lightly, "I apologize for my behavior, but I was afraid you would do something stupid."

The man looked at him for a few seconds. He cleared his throat and pulled on his clothes to straighten them before responding, "It's okay. Nobody was harmed."

Michael could tell from the man's gaze that it wasn't okay, but he didn't care too much. He turned to everyone and explained his plan.

"The Hyuman was poisoned and will die when he betrays the Tritan Alliance. I infused that intent into the poison and managed to ensure how it worked when he tried attacking me."

The Hyuman continued struggling but lost the power to curse his fate. Michael merely smiled at that.

"He was writhing in pain when he tried attacking me, and the same will happen if he tries attacking any other good citizen of the Tritan Alliance. Keep in mind that he is allowed to defend himself. It is merely a taboo for him to attack someone. That may include killing someone while defending himself against the good citizens of the Tritan Alliance, but I wouldn't try attacking him nonetheless. He is still a Peak Tier-6 Hyuman."

"Either way, he cannot betray the Tritan Alliance anymore, and it is a fact that the Supreme Human Alliance wouldn't accept him into their rows after the potent blood of a Divine Lifeform – a Curse User –

circulates through his body. His blood is altered, and he will be exiled or even killed by the Supreme Human Alliance if he returns."

The Hyuman shuddered but didn't say anything. He knew that Michael was saying the truth.

"But how does that help us?" One of the less intelligent human powerhouses asked.

Kraft Viton stepped forward, "You want to use him to hide everyone. The Supreme Human Alliance might not be able to deploy anymore Divine Lifeforms, but they are very interested in us. You told me about their interest before, and if it's true what you said – which I think – they would deploy more Peak Tier-6 Elites to conquer the Tritan Alliance if that's what is needed to achieve their goal."

"So you want to fake everything?" Giuliana asked, slowly getting what Kraft Viton and Michael were getting at, "He can say that he claimed and subdued the Tritan Alliance to ensure that the Supreme Human Alliance won't bother to deploying more powerhouses. That way, we can stall some time... may be enough time to grow stronger – strong enough to defeat Peak Tier-6 Elites of the Supreme Human Alliance by the time they find out that they have been played."

Michael nodded, a smile blossoming, "We cannot say how long the farce will work, but a few years should be enough to train a bunch of powerful Tier-6 powerhouses with my support. A few Soultraits to a bunch of the strongest Awakened will help everyone grow stronger. As long as the Tritan Alliance starts working together properly, we shouldn't have any issues pushing a few Awakened close to the Peak of Tier-6 in a decade or two. After that, we have several centuries before the torn firmament disappears. By that time, we will have a few Divine Lifeforms."

Even though Michael was the weakest in the encirclement of Higher Lifeforms – according to his Tier – nobody doubted his words. He was only 20 years old, but the power he unleashed was strong enough to kill Tier-5 powerhouses. His War Rune manifested two years ago. How strong would he be if given another decade or two to develop? What about several centuries?

But that was not all. Michael's individual combat prowess was scary, but his ability to create more powerhouses and to turn ordinary people into mighty Awakened was even scarier.

It was only obvious, but Michael had the means to make his words come true.

Everyone's attention drifted to the Hyuman.

"As long as this dude is not tired of living, he won't betray us. The Supreme Human Alliance won't take him back – like I said – and he doesn't look like he wants to die," Michael studied the man, his ice-cold eyes piercing the Hyuman's, "Will you help us trick the SHA to survive, or do you wish to end your life to warn the Supreme Human Alliance about us?"

The others didn't like the way Michael gave the Hyuman a choice, but Michael continued smiling.

"Keep in mind that I can procure more of the blood I've infused into you. If you don't accept our condition, I will force the next batch of Elites to surrender and help us trick the Supreme Human Alliance instead. Don't even think that you have a trump up to your sleeves. If anything, your death will help us deal with anything the SHA throws at us. I will rip you apart while you're still alive and take everything right in front of your eyes." Michael's eyes glimmered dangerously. They glowed golden and pierced into the deepest parts of the Hyuman's soul.

The Hyuman had often encountered Divine Lifeforms as he had been trained by multiple, but only the minority could scare him like Michael... the strongest...

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"I...don't want to die... Don't kill me. I...won't tell the Parliat about anything."

Kraft Viton and Michael smiled at each other. This worked better than expected. However, Michael was nowhere done. Now that he had the means to change something, he was just getting started.

"How about we get started then? We need to transform you into a fake Dictator for the Supreme Human Alliance," Michael said, clasping his hands. He looked at the other powerhouses, waiting for someone to say something against his plan, but nobody rejected his idea. If anything, the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs supported him.

Even though they hated the Supreme Human Alliance after pinpointing them as the root of all evil, the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were also aware of their inadequate power. They were still too weak to deal with the Supreme Human Alliance. Thus, a strategy to stall the SHA was perfect to trick them and grant them enough time to prepare for an all-out war.

Michael was not sure if the Tritan Alliance would get as far as transforming their fights against the Supreme Human Alliance into an all-out war, given that the SHA controlled multiple galaxies, but Michael chose to remain silent. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were exhilarated to combine their forces with humans – surprising Michael a little – to grow stronger than ever.

Everyone jumped into action without hesitation. It was time to start planning how to transform the enslaved Hyuman into a fake Dictator and how to ensure the Supreme Human Alliance wouldn't notice anything once they paged him. Simultaneously, the Tritan Alliance had to repair everything damaged in the last few months. That included several provinces in Elyra and the relationship between the Humans, Berserkers, and Warlock Centaurs.

Mending their relationship wasn't too difficult with the common threat of knocking on their doors, but it would require some effort nonetheless.

The first thing they did to solve all issues was to expose the truth behind Lepodya. They spread the truth and ensured everyone listened intently while ensuring Lepodya, which had been applied to some resources imported by the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, would be cleansed once and for all.

After that, Michael chose to freshen up his information about the Supreme Human Alliance. He used Mind Reader with Enhancement and a Soul Tear on the Hyuman. It was only obvious that the Hyuman tried resisting Michael's attempts to infiltrate his mind and peruse his memories and thoughts since nobody liked having someone in their mind, but Michael was persistent. He spent several days procuring information from the Hyuman.

Michael learned a lot about the Supreme Human Alliance, the Parliar, their power...how fucking strong the Supreme Human Alliance was at its core, and a lot more.

Unfortunately, there was not a single piece of information about Alice and the others. It was endlessly frustrating, but the Hyuman had no clue where they could be. The Hyuman knew about thousands of academies, camps, and other places where the children of the SHA were trained. Still, nothing related to the children from places outside the Supreme Human Alliance's controlled regions came to his mind. He didn't even know what would happen to the children of other regions – like Quinn Karta, who'd betrayed the Tritan Alliance a while ago.

The only thing he realized about outside regions was that their Elites were often deployed to places to conquer and kill their enemies to prove that they were worthy of the Divine Injection – a resource that increased the potency of their bloodline during their Divine Ascension.

That was why the Hyuman had been deployed to the Tritan Alliance, to earn the Divine Injection before his Divine Ascension.

To his misfortune, his scheme failed. He wouldn't ascend anytime soon.