

## Extract 870

### Chapter 870 House of Blaze

“How is that possible? The Blaze Patriarch and his family never were Lords in the Sacred Desert? I didn’t see or hear anything about them moving their territories to the Sacred Desert either. How did they manage to establish several territories in the Sacred Desert?” Michael asked the scouts in fury. To the scouts’ misfortune, they didn’t have an answer. They’d already reported everything they knew. Hiraku, Frederik, Tiara, and the Forest Elven Adventurers sat around a large table. Everyone received a copy of the scouts’ report to read through multiple times. Lokai and Thoar jumped up in fury, tearing the parchments apart in unison.

“Let’s kill those bastards. The Blaze Patriarch is still injured. We can win!” Thaor roared. Lokai joined Thaor, and the other Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs joined at the table, except for Mekhaz. He intently studied Michael and the rest, waiting for their response, and spoke up when he noticed everyone was deep in thought.

“The reports show that the Blaze household’s military might is weak. Their strongest Summons are at the 2nd Tier and equipped with unsuitable armor for the Sacred Desert. The only problem, and the crucial factor, is the army of Awakened working for the Blaze household. According to the scouts’ reports, ten territories are left in the Sacred Desert and are rapidly expanding. Each territory is also tiny compared to the number of combatants in their Summon Army.”

Mekhaz didn’t say any more. He looked across the table, hoping the others understood what he was getting at.

Lilica’s head flicked back to the report, and she groaned at finding what he’d been looking for. “Each territory has only one massive main settlement, yet they have more than 100,000 combatants and 1,000 or more Awakened on their side?”

Mekhaz nodded and smiled grimly, “They abandoned their territory and re-established it in the Sacred Desert using Lord Tokens or the like. It might have been a Shifting Orb, but that’s not important.”

“Your point is that they shifted to the Sacred Desert thinking they could claim the region after removing the weakened Lords, who’ve survived the Undead Pharaoh’s onslaught. That way, nobody could attack the Blaze household because they would practically sever ties to their kin in the Origin Expanse,” Hiraku understood, glancing at Michael and Daniel, who were both grinning from one ear to the other.

They looked at each other, their vibrant grins transforming into the grimaces of devious creatures.

“Isn’t that fun?” Michael asked his brother.

“To think that it would end where everything began,” Daniel cracked his neck, his silver eyes glowing dangerously.

The Fang brothers were out for revenge. It wasn’t long, but Michael learned about the Blaze Patriarch’s involvement in Daniel’s death. But that was only the tip of the iceberg. The Blaze Patriarch was involved in so many devious acts.... Michael stopped counting. It didn’t matter anymore, either way. All that mattered was that the culprits of their pain and suffering were in the Sacred Desert and that Michael was the last Lord they had to kill – if they knew that his sub-territory was located in the Sacred Desert in the first place.

“It’s time to get rid of them,” Frederik nodded, cracking his knuckles. Michael nodded, “It’s time for war.”

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The military might of his territories wasn’t as extensive as he’d wished for, but Michael was fortunate that many Starless Summons had a decent alignment toward combat occupations. Combatants were the easiest to train because of the potions, elixirs, and training grounds to offer training. That was how Michael – precisely Siegfried Dragoon, alongside Master Tigris and Legion – managed to expand Michael’s military force to more than 100,000 members.

At this point, only a few Summons in the Untamed Army were Tier-1 combatants. Most were given enough time and resources to advance to the 2nd Tier, which elevated the combat prowess of Michael’s territory to another level. After all, any Summon Army with a majority of Summons at the 2nd Tier or higher was incredibly valuable. Supplemented with high-quality armaments, training in martial arts techniques from the best, and additional augments granted from Soultraits of the Awakened Army, the Summons would have no problem dealing with armies several times their size, if necessary.

However, that shouldn’t be necessary against the Blaze household’s territories. After all, the greatest danger of the Blaze household’s territories was the Awakened fighting for them.

Michael didn't know if the Awakened had been corrupted and turned into members of the Supreme Human Alliance, but that didn't matter. He couldn't show mercy to his enemies merely because he wasn't sure whether they were all bad. It was a fact that the Blaze Patriarch and his family were his enemies and that Michael had to give his utmost to deal with them if he wanted to survive alongside his people.

Showing weakness in the middle of the battle would lead to unnecessary deaths on his side. Michael considered that when he and his people prepared for combat.

"The Blaze household is known for their fire-attributed Soultraits. We also know that the Blaze Patriarch is the only member in the 6th Tier. The scouts found him participating on the battlefield. Still, there was something odd about him," Hiraku gestured to Michael, who proceeded, "I used Mind Reader on the scouts to scan their memories and discovered a few points that could either be very concerning or reassuring. It depends on how you look at it."

He cleared his throat and wondered how to convey the issue in the best possible way, but he gave up and said it as it was.

"There are multiple Tier-5 powerhouses subservient to the Blaze Patriarch. They seem stronger than the Blaze Patriarch, which can mean one of two things – or both if we're both lucky and unlucky." Michael smiled, "Either, the Blaze Patriarch is currently so weak he cannot even compare to the average Tier-5 powerhouse, or..."

"Or the Tier-5 powerhouses are stronger than the norm, and the Blaze Patriarch isn't as weak as it seems," Frederik intercepted Michael, earning him deadly glares from all directions. "That is possible, or the Blaze Patriarch is as weak as we presume, and the Tier-5 powerhouses are stronger than the norm as well," Rebecca pointed out, ignoring Frederik's helpless gaze when Lilica flicked his forehead with enough force to snap the neck of an ordinary Lesser Lifeform. Fortunately, Frederik was not that ordinary anymore.

"We are not strong enough to deal with several Tier-5 powerhouses and a Tier-6 Lord. Whether he is at full power or weakened doesn't change a lot," One of Mekhaz's people added. He wasn't against fighting the Blaze Patriarch because he lost some important people in the Civil War as well, but he wasn't sure if attacking the Blaze household right now was the best way.

“Only one weakened Tier-6 Lord and less than a dozen Tier-5 powerhouses spread across the ten territories. Most Tier-5 powerhouses are members of the Blaze family. They’re the Lord of the territories,” Michael said, smiling lightly.

“Why are you smiling? What are you up to, Michael?” The Starheaven Pharaoh asked, unsure whether he should be excited about their Lord’s plan or if he should shiver in fear instead.

“Nothing much. It’s just that I have multiple ways to deal with the Blaze household’s fire Soultraits,” Michael shrugged lightly before pointing at the Elemental Empress, “We can fight fire with fire to deal with all but the Blaze Patriarch.”

He stopped speaking overly dramatically while retrieving more than a dozen Soultrait Symbols, “Or we use Soultraits to render their strongest powers useless.”

Daniel studied Michael before looking at the Elemental Empress and the Soultrait Symbols, “What about their Primordial Bloodline technique? Even if they cannot use their Soultraits, Tier-5 powerhouses are still powerful, even more so after using the Primordial Bloodline technique.”

Michael’s grin didn’t cease. Instead, it widened, or it would have if that was still possible.

“That’s why I need blood,” His eyes flicked to Thaor, Lokai and the rest, “As much as possible!”