

S. Lord 1031

Chapter 1031 Ancient Region

The Sacred Knight threw the broken shield aside and cursed. Michael, on the other hand, smiled when he saw a small group of Tekur Awakened charge ahead. Given the light spear's velocity and force, Michael could determine the star rating and or amount of Soul power residing within the Tekur attacking the Sacred Knights. 'Either 3-Star Soultrait or it is a 1-Star Soultrait unleashed by a Lord. But it doesn't seem to be either.' Michael tilted his head slightly while watching as one of the Tekur Awakened manifested another light spear. The spear was smaller than before, but it expanded and started glimmering after a few seconds. However, that was not the same Awakened's doing. 'Support Soultrait. I see.' One of the other Awakened used his Soultrait to augment the light spear, increasing its power drastically.

Michael watched the Awakened as they continued charging. They released the light spear, which threatened to pierce one of the Holy Knights, only for the light spear to stop in its tracks. It didn't slow down, but it froze instantly. One of the Tekur, probably the one controlling the light spear, cursed and screeched, but Michael merely scoffed.

Greater Psychokinesis was strong enough to grasp and control the light spear as long as he was given enough time to adapt to the projectile's power and speed. It had to be in his range and view to stop it, but those conditions were met easily. Michael tapped into Greater Psychokinesis again, hurling the attack at the charging Tekur Awakened.

One of the other Tekur Awakened didn't expect the light spear to come his way and was too late to respond. The light spear pierced through his chest, killing the insect on the spot.

Some Knights looked at him with a raised eyebrow, while the Sacred Knight, whose shield had been shattered, cursed, "Why didn't you do that earlier?" Michael shot him a deadly glare, which was how he silenced the Sacred Knight after he uttered a quiet, "...Sir..."

He turned away and charged the Tekur Awakened instead. Their attack had continued but they didn't dare to keep rushing at Michael at full speed. The Void Scales were hidden in Michael's Void Scale armor, leaving the Tekur Awakened clueless about what awaited them. Michael's Mythical Spear started glowing, which ushered the Tekur Awakened to respond.

They used their Soultrait Symbols and attacked again. However, this time, they didn't use their light spear. It worked against them once and might do so a second time. The risk was too high. Michael was fast enough to reach the Awakened in no time. He appeared before them and executed a quick blow, nearly piercing one of the Tekur's chest. The Tekur raised his blade-like arms to block the attack, only for the spear blade to pierce his arms instantly.

The Tekur screamed as his bladed arms cracked and fell apart, but the other Tekur Awakened immediately jumped into action to defeat Michael. They surrounded him, ready to tear him apart – quickly because the Holy Knights and Sacred Knights were about to reach them – only to end up miscalculating something: How exactly did Michael stop their light spear before?

Michael used the Soul Technique of Greater Psychokinesis. He spent a few days creating a Perfect Soul Technique for the Soultrait after doing the same for his physical-boosting Soultrait. Michael pushed Object Control, the Perfect Soul Technique, to its limit and released the sheathed Void Scales into the surrounding. The jagged end of one Void Scale pierced the throat of a Tekur before

the insect could react, while the others suffered mild to severe injuries. However, they survived the surprise attack.

Michael's tongue clicked, but he moved on, using Foundation Break to push his physical strength beyond its limit for a few seconds. These seconds were enough to behead one Tekur, stab two more Awakened, and drill several holes into the last Awakened using the jagged Void Scales.

The corner of his lips curled upward at the victory, but the battle was not yet over. Still, Michael and his people were at a gross advantage. Not only were their numbers higher than the defending forces, though not by much, but the Untamed Armies were much stronger. Every piece of the Untamed Armies was better than the Tekur. However, the combined force of the Untamed Armies was even greater. Their seamless teamwork resulted in more strength than the sum of the individuals combined.

That was great, and it was usually a necessity since the enemies of the Untamed Jungle were stronger and more numerical. However, the Untamed Jungle had either swallowed most enemies in the last few months, or the jungle monsters ended them before the Untamed Jungle reached their proximity. Last but not least, some Lords were smarter than the rest. They decided to join Michael's forces by surrendering rather than ending dead as nothing but loot and nutrients.

Apparently, others had heard enough about Michael, the Untamed Jungle, and its forces to come to a simple conclusion. Fighting the Untamed Jungle was a death sentence. Maybe you couldn't grow much after surrendering to the Untamed Jungle and being swallowed by it. Still, restrained growth wasn't as bad as dying. At least not to those who accepted Michael's conditions.

Michael's fight in the battle against the Tekur ended shortly after. He did a great job at fighting the Tekur – Summons and Awakened – with his pair of Soultraits and the Growth type Artifacts at his disposal. Michael could have killed more enemies, but he was in no rush. Seeking the strongest while ensuring his people wouldn't suffer was much more important. However, his help wasn't needed in the first place.

The other forces of the Untamed Armies overwhelmed the first Tekur Nest in no time and moved onward to exterminate the Tekur in the remaining Tekur Nests, too. Once that was done – the fights with the Tekur Lord lasted no longer than 48 hours – Michael helped the other forces search for survivors. As unfortunate as it may be, leaving a single Tekur alive could transform into a devastating mistake.

The Tekur were tenacious and could breed several times more often than rabbits. Their numbers would skyrocket again as long as he left a couple of them behind. Michael didn't want that to happen, especially not after the Untamed Jungle swallowed the territory that had once belonged to the Tekur Lord.

Even though Michael spent some quality time traveling through the Tekur Lord's territory, searching and killing the Tekur, who sought safety underground, the war with the Tekur was not over. In fact, it was probably just the beginning. After all, they might have encountered only one Lord of the Tekur race, but where there was one, more could be found.

If the Tekur Lord wasn't an anomaly spawn in a different region than the majority of his kin, Michael and his people would have fun meeting more Tekur Lords and probably billions, if not more, Tekur Summons.

Then again, the Super Awakened and Divine Subordinates were at war with the Tekur outside the Origin Expanse as well. One way or another, they were at war, and Michael could sense the energy shares swamping the Links of Loyalty en masse. Michael's main body was rewarded with energy shares in the millions, and their battles were just getting started.

All while the war outside the Origin Expanse continued and millions of Tekur died, strengthening those attacking them, Michael observed the Untamed Jungle's expansion. His territory never ceased expanding and it came to no surprise when the Grand Region finally transformed into an Ancient Region. That was one of the most interesting news in the last few weeks. Of course, his encounter with the Tekur was great, and it felt like it was fated to happen, but the Ancient Region expansion felt even better. That was probably until the Super Awakened and Divine Subordinates would return with the corpses of the Tekur. Their Normie corpses could be transformed into nutrients, while their Awakened would transform into massive piles of SoulStar Fragments and Soultrait Symbols.

Maybe, at the end of the day, the Tekur would provide much more benefits than expected. After all...if he could acquire billions of SoulStar Fragments from billions of Awakened, Michael could slowly but surely advance his Soultraits to 10-Star. That would be incredible.

Both bodies of Michael grew stronger as the Untamed Jungle advanced to an Ancient Region. The intensity of all Links of Loyalty from residents in the Untamed Jungle increased considerably, pushing Michael's power to a higher level. At this point, Michael was probably stronger than most Demi-Gods even without his Soultraits, Divinities, Pure Aether, and so on. His bare body could beat the living shit out of most Dem-Gods right now!

A similar scenario occurred to his secondary body. Since Michael was still connected to the Links of Loyalty with his secondary body, it also grew stronger!

The extent was not that intense but since the secondary was still a Higher Lifeform rather than a Divine Lifeform pushing toward the physical prowess of a Demi-God, it gained a lot. 'If the Untamed Jungle keeps expanding and we're focusing on more massive settlements while also allowing the jungle monsters to spread and grow, as long as they don't do anything too stupid, I should have no issue pushing my territory population to one billion in the next few years. If nothing goes wrong, the Untamed Jungle should expand even faster as the borders stretch wider as long as I supply it with enough lifeforce, nutrients, and energy, though the primal root already solves the latter.'

Michael had a lot to think about, but it was clear that the Untamed Jungle and his Lord Powers would become an essential asset in his main body's prowess. He didn't know about the benefits of the Primal Region and how to advance the Ancient Region to a Primal Region in the first place, but if Michael could tell one thing for sure, it was probably that he couldn't afford to get expelled from the Origin Expanse.

Fortunately, that should be impossible now that he had a secondary body in the Origin Expanse. If everything went south, Michael would ensure to keep his secondary body weaker than everyone else. After all, his main body could do all the heavy work and fights, whereas the secondary body had some fun.

Thinking about fun, Michael chose to have some more fun with the corpses of the Awakened collected from the Tekur Nests and the planet outside the Origin Expanse. He siphoned their SoulStar Fragments and Soultrait Symbols, pushing Extraction in the main body closer to 10-Star.

It was only a matter of months, maybe even weeks until Extraction would transform into a Godly Soultrait, and Michael was eagerly waiting for this moment.

After all, God Soultraits were needed to defeat the Primal. Everything enhancing Michael's power was needed to defeat the Primal.

They weren't the first beings of the universe, and still alive for no reason!

Chapter 1032 The First of Many

Elder Silram of the Forest Elven tribe sat in his office at the top of the World Tree with a satisfied smile on his lips. The World Tree held their home planet, Ygdra, together and supplied it with the energy and nutrients the flora and fauna all over the planet required. It was rare to find a World Tree this big as an awakened planetary core, and World Trees didn't fare well with each other.

World Trees tapped into the living all over the planet, which included the planet after it awakened. However, the planetary cores repelled the World Trees, resulting in a massive battle that may as well tear the planet apart. Fortunately, that didn't happen with Ygdra.

The Forest Elven tribe found Ygdra and the World Tree after the World Tree had already spread its dominion all over the planet, filling every nook and cranny with an abundance of life. But that didn't mean the World Tree didn't have problems to solve. There was a constant struggle with dangerous mutating monsters and plants and the occasional attacks from extraterrestrial lifeforms. Several races tried conquering the World Tree and Ygdra, but all enemies were defeated and repelled. Other than the Forest Elven tribe, of course.

The Forest Elves learned how to treat sentient plants aeons ago. They were fully aware of the kind of treatment the World Tree demanded and what they could earn from pleasing the World Tree. At first, the Forest Elven tribe had to invest a lot. There weren't many members of the Forest Elves left when they first arrived – they had been expelled and were desperate to find new nourishable lands to transform into their homes – but they didn't need big numbers to please the World Tree. They cleansed the harmful substances, plant life, and monsters in the World Tree's proximity and paid with their labor. It required several years of continuous effort and special techniques to mend the old scars the World Tree had sustained in its past struggles against the planetary core, but it worked out. The World Tree accepted the Forest Elven tribe, which expanded slowly but steadily. However, in the recent years, their development and growth accelerated drastically.

"Why are you so satisfied? Is it because of the children again?" An elderly woman asked. She was also an Elder of the Forest Elves but rarely joined in the decision-making of the tribe. Her focus lay on the children. After all, the children of every tribe were their future. Without any children, the tribe would cease to exist at some point.

"I'm not sure if you can call them children at this point. They might be young, but their experience and power are unrivaled among the Forest Elves. How long has it been since the Forest Elves welcomed a Divine Lifeform in their rows? Has it been 1000 years? I don't know anymore." Elder Silram sighed deeply at the reminiscent of the past but he smiled when he recalled what happened in the last few weeks, months, and even years.

"It has been 1539 years, and we lost her exactly 1278 years ago," The elderly woman said in a light tone, but the content of her words was anything but light. She looked outside the office where some

of the younger Elves taught the Greenhorns – their youngest members – about the universe, the Origin Expanse, combat, their sacred mission, and much more.

Lilica, Mika, and a few more Forest Elves who have been busy in the Origin Expanse over the last few years returned more often to visit the World Tree in the last few months. The World Tree's spirits called for the young men and women and talked to them for hours with no end every day until the young Forest Elves had to return to the Origin Expanse or their families.

But even after weeks of daily meetings with the World Tree passed, the spirits still called for the youngsters, who had all one thing in common. They were all part of the Forest Elves, who had acknowledged Michael Fang, the savior of the Forest Elven tribe, as their Lord. The youngsters were not only Subordinate to Michael, but those chosen by the World Tree were also part of the special units within the Untamed Jungle. They were part of the Super Awakened. At least most of them. Jason Kleora, the Blessed Child of the Forest Elven Tribe, was not yet part of the Super Awakened. He was on the way of becoming a Super Awakened, but that was only because he didn't meet the requirements to become a Super Awakened before. His Link of Loyalty hadn't been firm enough, and he hadn't been willing to fight the Supreme Human Alliance before. Fighting against one of the strongest organizations in the cosmos wasn't something the Forest Elf was willing to do. That was until he discovered how much stronger the Super Awakened were and that only a few of them died after fighting the Supreme Human Alliance for years. Still, despite not being a Super Awakened, Jason Kleora was powerful. He was already at the 6th Tier and had upgraded his 6-Star Soultrait, Nature's Wrath, to an 8-Star Soultrait Symbol. He focused on fighting the Lords, retaliating against the supremacy of the Untamed Jungle, and earned enough SoulStar Fragments from his kills to push his sole Soultrait to 8-Star. That was impressive, though the benefits would have been even greater if he fought the Supreme Human Alliance's High Hyumans instead.

But not joining the Super Awakened right away had been Jason's decision and Michael wasn't someone who would pursue or hate someone rejecting his offers. He offered the position to someone else, who grasped the opportunity tightly instantly.

Nature's Wrath transformed into Infernal Tree of Life. The name was contradictory, but its power was tremendous. However, even more important for Jason and the Forest Elven tribe was that Jason transformed into the voice of the World Tree. It sensed something within Jason that pushed it to connect to him, providing Jason with the energy needed to break the final barrier.

The connection to the World Tree affected and restrained Jason Kleora to a certain extent, but the Blessed Child of the Forest Elven Tribe did not care. He was exhilarated, especially when he realized how much power resided within the World Tree. It controls all lives on Ygdra and had replaced the planetary core by becoming the core of the planet itself.

That was where Jason procured the energy to push through the ranks and advance. His Energy Pillar expanded and changed every so slightly as the World Tree accessed it. His skin altered slightly, adding a greenish tinge to it. However, Jason cared little about that. He was fine being different from the rest as long as that meant he gained more strength.

Jason Kleora, one of the least likely candidates to advance to Tier-7 before Alice and the other Super Awakened of the Untamed Jungle, was the first to complete his Divine Ascension.

For the first time in 1200ish years, a Divine Lifeform joined the ranks of the Forest Elven Tribe, and it was all thanks to Michael Fang.

Without him, it would have taken centuries, if not another millennia, before the Forest Elves would have given birth to someone with enough potential to become a Divine Lifeform.

Now everything had changed.

Jason was their first Divine Lifeform, but given the events of the last few months and years, the young man wouldn't be the last...nor the strongest.

More Divine Lifeforms would join the ranks of the Forest Elven Tribe soon enough!

Chapter 1033 Strongest United

The Silverfangs' fate was more difficult than the Forest Elves. They didn't have a home left outside the Origin Expanse and had to make the best out of their situation in the Untamed Jungle.

The Untamed Jungle wasn't perfect for them, yet they made it work. The camps were still split between the Princess and the Crown Prince, especially after all Silverfangs had been rescued from Exil in the Will's void, but that didn't mean there was no peace between them. Michael had to intervene once and tell them that they had to get their act together, forcing the siblings to do weekly meetings to talk about whatever they wanted to talk about.

Michael didn't force them to talk about specific topics but he made sure they would meet up once a week for at least three hours to talk. In the first week they sat there in silence, but Michael didn't care. Instead, he instigates some Silverfangs to talk to the other parties, get to know them better, and maybe even befriend them.

They didn't escape their enemies outside the Origin Expanse, only to fall apart after everyone made it to the Origin Expanse. Michael wouldn't allow that.

He worked hard to reunite the separated parties while ignoring the Crown Prince and Princess. They could do whatever they wanted to during their allocated meeting as long as they didn't kill each other. In the second meeting, the Crown Prince and the Princess fought. Michael didn't expect that to happen, but he didn't intervene. He allowed the siblings to fight, both physically and verbally, and only told Hiraku to step in when their injuries were too severe to continue fighting.

The Silverfang parties got to know each other again from scratch and learned about the other party's leader. At first, the Silverfangs were adamant about staying with their party, but they soon decided it was time for the Crown Prince and Princess to get their act together as well. They survived and wished to reunite as one unit.

Their settlement in the Untamed Jungle had already been constructed, but there was a massive fissure between the parties' camps. One day, when the Crown Prince and the Princess were busy thrashing each other during their weekly meeting, Michael and his people relocated the camps to unite them into a proper settlement.

It hadn't been easy to relocate the camps but Hiraku, some Super Awakened, and Earth Elementals made it happen. Tiara and Caesus were beaten black and blue, but that didn't stop them from exclaiming in surprise and anger. They demanded to find out who was responsible for this disaster, only for everyone to point at themselves.

Tiara and Caesus knew Michael did something, but they couldn't say something against their Lord. Actually, they could, but they realized quickly enough how futile their attempts at becoming the

rightful leader of the Silverfangs were. Michael would never choose either of them if they gave him the chance...and they knew why.

"What are we supposed to do?" Tiara grumbled, circulating mana through her body to accelerate her natural regeneration.

"I don't know. You know Michael longer than anyone else here. Except for Daniel, of course, but I doubt you want to ask Daniel for help. He would beat the living shit out of both of us because we are still fighting," Caesus sighed deeply.

"That is because you still demand to become the Silverfangs' King. You are not good enough to be their king!" Tiara hissed, which earned the Silverfang Princess a deadly glare, "But you are fit to become the Silverfang Queen? Who says that other than yourself, of course?!"

"Everyone says that!" Tiara growled, razor-sharp claws growing from her fingers, "You delusional dickhead! Go to your disgusting children and stay out of my business!"

"Everyone says that? I think you are the delusional one. You know better than anyone that our own people don't want us as their king and queen anymore. So why are you spouting nonsense?!"

"Who's fault is it that they hate us? Yours! You are at fault for father's death! If father was still alive, none of this would have happened!!" Tiara roared, ready to jump at Caesus. However, Michael was present and used Greater Psychokinesis to catch the little kitten mid-air. He hurled her backward and accidentally smashed her against a tree. Well...maybe it wasn't an accident. He was a bit tired of their nonsense and would love to use Needle of the Lost Memories to take away some of their memories. That would solve many issues. Unfortunately, the Needle of the Lost Memories was in a morally gray area. Using it on himself or to solve all issues of Blood Incursion was fine, but doing so on the Silverfang heirs wasn't okay.

"Can you please solve your problems before the Silverfangs abandon the two of you? Or before they ask me to throw you into the lairs of the Supreme Human Alliance to get rid of both of you. Because two or three Silverfangs already asked for that. They're tired of you guys and wouldn't follow either of you even if you held a dagger against their throats. That tells me a lot more than I wanted to know...and I can sense their emotions through the Links of Loyalty, either way."

Michael cleared his throat.

"Either you solve your issues during the next meeting, or I will take your Soultraits away and throw you out of the Untamed Jungle," Michael glared at Caesus before turning to Tiara, "That includes you!"

Tiara's eyes widened but she didn't dare utter a single sound when she saw the anger in Michael's eyes.

"I didn't kill Father," Caesus grumbled quietly, "I would have given my life for him..."

Tiara glanced at Caesus in silence. The hatred in her eyes was still present, but there was something else as well. It was almost like Tiara listened to Caesus for the first time in forever. Before, she had only seen the murderer of her father rather than the son of the man he had loved the most. She didn't even try understanding Caesus or the fact that he lost someone very important to him too.

Tiara suffered a lot, especially when she was pulled out of the Will's void alone. She tried her utmost to rescue everyone, only to free the murderer of her father as well. Tiara couldn't accept that and would have loved to kill Caesus the moment he stepped out of the Summoning Portal.

Unfortunately, Caesus was needed. He was also trusted by many Silverfangs, which would instill resentment if she killed her brother for the throne, even if she deserved it much more than Caesus.

Caesus, on the other hand, was never given the chance to explain himself. He didn't consider himself as their father's murderer, but he loathed himself for having been too weak to rescue their father.

Often enough, Caesus found himself awake at night, thinking he should have died in their father's stead.

But was that really what their father wanted?

Tiara growled quietly, but it looked like she thought about her actions in the last few years and how much their fights had destroyed. Their father might not be alive anymore, but he would be disappointed at how they had turned out. Caesus and Tiara might be powerful, and their people were still alive, but they were always at each other's throat.

The Silverfangs weren't united anymore. Yet that was exactly what their father would have wanted. After all, the Silverfangs were the strongest when united.

Maybe it was time to close the gaps again.

Chapter 1034 Tritan and the Training Center

The Tritan Alliance was flourishing like never before, according to the statistics of the last few months. Kraft Viton read through the notes of the last few months with a satisfied smile. In the last few months, Kraft Viton finally got some time off which he could invest into rest and his hobbies. He made some wooden sculptures in his free time or had done so in the past when he wasn't this busy dealing with the Tritan Alliance's dealings.

"Why did Michael put me in charge of the Cosmic Shop was really necessary?" He cursed softly but couldn't hide his satisfied smile. Even if he was a little old for the job, Kraft Viton would gladly do it until he could no more. Kraft Viton would work on his territory and the Tritan Alliance's success until his death day if necessary. He did not have the faintest problem with that. If anything, Kraft Viton was excited to watch the Tritan Alliance and his territory flourish.

"But then again, it will take a while before I die. If this brat continues throwing Ancient Energy Stones in my direction, I might as well live forever," He snorted, yet his smile remained.

Michael ensured that his master would never have to struggle. Of course, he put some pressure on Kraft Viton's shoulders to have his master carry the responsibility of the Tritan Alliance's economy, but Kraft Viton was also the only man who knew what he was doing. The only one Michael knew and trusted at least.

The Barren Wastelands, sometimes shortened to the Barren Lands or Wastelands, were no more. After Kraft Viton and the Bartholomew Corporation put enough time and effort into the Agriculture Project, the Wastelands transformed into the Verdant Grassland. Kraft Viton and the other Lords of the Verdant Grassland couldn't spot a single empty speck of land. Every inch of it was covered by vibrant grass, which grew rapidly on top of the nutritious soil.

What had once been dead land transformed into a beautiful landscape filled with life.

But that was not all the Tritan Alliance achieved. The Verdant Grassland was only the beginning.

Their achievements range from upscaling the economy with original products to expanding their territories by conquering more regions. Only a few years passed since Michael left the Cosmic Shop in charge of Kraft Viton, but many things had changed.

"How is the progress of this cycle's batch?" Kraft Viton asked his secretary when he discovered some missing information in a report on the Awakened Alliance.

"The trainees are young and improve fast. Researchers say the energy level in the Lumina Stellar System increases past the solar system, which elevated the parameters of all Awakened in the Lumina Stellar System by a notch. Our experts say we should adjust the difficulty level in the Lumina Stellar System by a full degree once the term is over." The secretary jumped up from her desk, hinted at a polite bow while speaking, and smiled politely at the old man.

"Did the expert consider the natural difficulty increase we implement after every term when they concluded that the difficulty level in the Lumina Stellar System is too low?" Kraft Viton inquired.

"They did, sir. The experts have a few more things to implement, but they want us to wait until the effect of a higher planetary energy level has been researched thoroughly.

More than a hundred Training Centers had been constructed for all Awakened across the Tritan Alliance's lands. The Training Centers were all equipped with the same devices and technology and would be upgraded simultaneously as well. Unsurprisingly, the Military Academies, the Great Academies, and the Universities rebelled against the Training Centers as they accepted all Awakened regardless of their age, potential, and ambition. More than a hundred Training Centers had been constructed for all Awakened across the Tritan Alliance's lands. The Training Centers were all equipped with the same devices and technology and would be upgraded simultaneously as well. Unsurprisingly, the Military Academies, the Great Academies, and the Universities rebelled against the Training Centers as they accepted all Awakened regardless of their age, potential, and ambition. The Training Centers were funded by the Bartholomew Corporation and also maintained by their corp to nurture all kinds of talent, not only for Michael to pick the next diamonds in the rough but also to fuel the motivation and ambition of those who were less fortunate than the Descendants and others.

The Training Centers were all centered around the gathering points of mana. The Star Cores of the planets may have awakened and released mana in the surroundings, but there was a definite difference in how much energy some materials absorbed. Furthermore, not every awakened Star Core was the same. Under normal circumstances, larger planets awakened stronger Star Cores. However, there were also distinctive differences as the energy required to fill and transform larger planets was several times higher too.

The Training Centers were perfect places, constructed to siphon the surrounding energy to supply the advanced technology and origin devices. More places similar to the Training Centers were constructed, but the Training Centers were the most useful as they also had energy generators. The generators connected to the Star Cores and nourished them slowly. The process was several times slower than expected, but the number of generators made the difference. It took only a few years to increase the energy density in the atmosphere of some planets by a noticeable amount and it shouldn't take longer than a few decades until the Star Cores would advance to the Secondary Stage.

From that point onward, most intelligent life on that planet would manifest a War Rune. To be precise, more than half the population would become Awakened.

This would not only extend the lifespan of those who would have never manifested a War Rune under normal circumstances, but it would also improve their health.

But even if one was a Normie and missed the opportunity to manifest a War Rune, energy would naturally enter their bodies, strengthening their physiques. They wouldn't fall sick as often as humans did several years ago, and their life expectancy would also increase slowly. The more mana nested in their bodies, the better they would feel. Nôv(el)B\\jnn

"Are there any news about the Supreme Human Alliance or the Torn Firmament?" Kraft Viton asked the secretary, who sighed deeply.

"There are no news about the SHA. After that idiot of a Hyuman attacked the young Berserker, he died. The Cursed Poison within him worked perfectly and triggered before the Hyuman could inflict any harm to the Berserker. But...you know that already. I apologize, sir. The Supreme Human Alliance did not relay a message yet. It is almost like the Supreme Human Alliance does not care."

Kraft clicked his tongue but gestured to her to continue. The incident with the Hyuman had been terrifying and ridiculous at the same time. After holding back for years, the Hyuman attacked a Berserker child out of nowhere. Nobody knew for sure what had happened to rile up the Hyuman, but he attacked...and his head exploded.

The SHA had yet to respond to that, or they may not care given the pressure Michael and other organizations put onto the Supreme Human Alliance's borders.

"As for the Torn Firmament. It is currently being repaired. The fissures are deep but stable. We do not know how many years it will take but the researchers estimate a decade or two. However, it might as well take longer or shorter depending on the severity of the case and our breakthroughs."

"That's good. The Torn Firmament was great when it held the Supreme Human Alliance's powerhouses back, but it's also separating our true powerhouses from the Tritan Alliance. We don't want that, do we?" Kraft Viton chuckled, but he tilted his head and recounted the advantages and disadvantages of the Torn Firmament.

The noble households had been much nicer since the incident with the Blaze Patriarch, and the High Society had been replaced by the Awakened, who were related to Michael. They were his Subordinates but acted individually. Michael was not related to their actions, which everyone was aware of, but his people took charge of the Tritan Alliance's peace and course of actions nonetheless.

That was how the Tritan Alliance ended up further improving their efficiency. After all, they didn't have to lay low and be afraid of powerful organizations anymore. Michael was on their side. A true God, a being ready to rival the oldest beings of the universe, was with them!

"You can do it, Michael!" He mumbled while wondering how Michael and the others were doing.

Chapter 1035 Anti-Blood

"Have all preparations been completed?" Selena asked Evee in her office.

The young Curse User looked through a stash of papers with great curiosity and nodded slowly upon concluding the result of all the experiments.

"Our exchange with the laboratory in Michael's territory generated some useful results. First of all, the Gynovia Crystals, which we have filled with our curse power, are all useful. They work efficiently against the progress of Blood Incursion if applied early enough. However, their efficiency decreases with every day that passes after the victims give in to the Blood Incursion. That means the Gynovia Crystals from most Curse Users will use most of their use within one month of the Blood Incursion infestation," Eevee explained slowly.

"But there are also a few particular characteristics that alter the Gynovia Crystals' efficiency. First, the greater the disparity in strength between the Curse User and the victim – with the Curse User being stronger, obviously –, the higher the efficiency of the Gynovia Crystals. That being said, the Elders should have no problem slowing the Blood Incursion of High Hyumans as long as they didn't give in to the Blood Incursion for much longer than six months. Some researches show that the Elders' curse power, altered by the Gynovia Crystal, works on certain targets who had been victim to the Blood Incursion for more than a year." "That being said, your curse power is the most efficient. It's obvious since you are the closest to attain godhood among all Curse Users. You are already a Demi God, so your curse power is the strongest among all Nest members. But that is not all. Your curse power is several times more potent once altered through the Gynovia Crystal than it should have been, according to early researchers. That is how the researchers in Michael's laboratory came to start the research of curse power potency. Your Curse Power is the most potent against the Blood Incursion and not only slows down its progress but also diminishes it."

Selena nodded slowly. She had heard whispers revolving around similar topics before and wasn't surprised when Eevee confirmed them. The only annoyance was one of Eevee's comments.

"I am not the closest to attain godhood," The Nest Leader corrected the young researcher, who looked up. She rolled her eyes upon looking into Selena's dead serious eyes. Nôv(el)B\\jnn

"Yes, yes. Michael is stronger than you. He is the greatest of all. Woohooo!" Eevee exclaimed with fake enthusiasm. She hadn't seen Michael for a while and knew it wasn't Michael's fault for growing so powerful this quickly but hearing everyone talk to Michael like he was THE ONE and only savior of the Nest and that he would change the ways of the universe was disgusting. "Either way, the preparations have been completed. A crate filled with Gynovia Crystals is waiting for you to fill them with your curse power. Once that's done, the researchers will complete the last batches of experiments to ensure the efficiency of their potions and vaccines. After the experiments are done and the results a success, we can start reforming the Supreme Human Alliance by transforming the Hyumans under the control of Blood Incursion back to how they have been."

Selena smiled when she heard that. She lived long enough to witness the demise of countless human civilizations. They fell victim to the Supreme Human Alliance's power and were terrorized until the Blood Incursion had infested everyone. Once the adults were infested, their children would inherit the Blood Incursion, which would have a much harder time because they were born with Blood Incursion. Removing the effects of Blood Incursion was incredibly difficult, so the researchers did not only devise a potion to slowly negate the Blood Incursion's effects but also a vaccine for children below six years.

Eevee retrieved a crate filled with Gynovia Crystals, and the Nest Leader started working. She channeled her curse power and stirred her Curse awake, urging it to help out this time. A moment

later, the Nest Leader's curse power oozed from her fingers. It trickled onto the Gynovia Crystals and seeped into them, filling them slowly.

The next half an hour passed in silence before the Nest Leader's curse power was used up. Selena hadn't finished her job yet, but she needed rest to replenish her curse power. She would have to replenish her curse power a few more times to fill the Gynovia Crystals in the crates to the brim. It would probably take a few days to finish the job. But once done, the Gynovia Crystals should be enough to create enough Anti-Blood-I potions and vaccines to rescue an entire stellar system.

That being said, the Altors Union and other organizations conquered more than enough planetary systems to free themselves of the Supreme Human Alliance's iron grasp. The only issue was that the Altors Union and other organizations would care little whether the Hyumans were infested by Blood Incursion or not. They could only see the Hyumans and their devastating acts. The Altors Union would enslave the Hyumans, while others may end up killing them for the sake of seeing as many of them dead as possible.

It was a sad fate, but Selena had seen many changes over the course of centuries. She knew the first step was always the hardest and that the following steps would be much easier. She was also fully aware how much knowledge was forgotten over the course of hundreds of years. It would be no surprise for her that if the Anti-Blood-I potion worked and the Supreme Human Alliance ceased to exist, most of the SHA's actions would be forgotten within a thousand years. Maybe the oldest Divine Lifeforms would remember what had happened, and they would mistreat the Hyumans for the pain they had to suffer in the past, but the younger ones would call them out for their behavior and judge them. Of course, some situations could play out differently than Selena had witnessed them in the past, but she was confident everything would be better than it was at this moment. Once the Anti-Blood-I potion was in circulation and the Supreme Human Alliance ceased to exist, everything would be right.

"How are Eren and the others doing? I heard they planned to join the Super Awakened and Michael's Divine Subordinates on the frontlines in the Genox Galaxy but only found the powerhouses of the Altors Union struggle against the powerhouses of the SHA. What is going on there?" Evee smiled wryly, "Michael heard about that as well and informed Eren to do as he pleased. He gave them a few Soultrait Symbols, pushed them to 5-Star, and didn't even ask for a payment. He told my father and the others to give him the corpses of the Awakened they'd killed if they wanted to repay him but didn't demand it."

"That's good. Seems like a great deal for both sides. But where are Michael and his people?"

"Michael seems to be in the Primordial Curse, Bestikal. Bestikal sealed off all exits and seems to be growing weaker. According to the reports, Michael is consuming Bestikal, who finally accepted his death. Or something along the lines. Meanwhile, Michael's people fight the Tekur. A race overflowing with insects. They're not strong, per se, but their numbers are shockingly high. Their Soultraits are weak but they have way too many Awakened. That's perfect for Michael and his people."

Selena nodded, a faint smile blossoming on her lips.

"So Bestikal decided it was time to leave? That's good. The Primordial Curse hasn't been the same ever since the Everlasting Blessing's sentience was obliterated by the Will. They deserve to rest together. They suffered long enough."

Chapter 1036 Hells Armies

"How is the situation at the Genox border, the Polisarius borders, and the remaining active borders? Can we control the borders for the foreseeable future?" One of the Heads of the Altors Union asked an Elder leaning over hundreds of holographic screens spread across a large table.

"The situation is dire. The forces of the Supreme Human Alliance seem to never cease. It is almost like the Hyumans prepared for this all-out war for thousands of years, given how many Divine Lifeforms and High Hyumans they have trained. The forces belonging to Michael Fang must have killed countless powerhouses, including a lot more than 1,000 Divine Lifeforms, yet it doesn't seem like the SHA's defenses grew any weaker."

The Elder sighed deeply. The situation was certainly not in their favor, which was a lot more problematic than expected. They lost 600 Divine Lifeforms to the Heads' trickery against a powerhouse like Michael Fang, who transformed each and every single one of the Divine Lifeforms into powerhouses. He didn't kill anyone of the Altors Union, nor did he abandon them right away after the betrayal. Instead, he allowed the Divine Subordinates to fight for the Altors Union, killing countless Hyumans to leverage the advantage on the battlefield in the Altors Union's favor.

Unfortunately, the Altors Union lost their advantage once the Divine Subordinates and Super Awakened stopped fighting for the Altors Union. It felt like they had been abandoned, but nobody could complain about it and justify their anger. After all, they betrayed Michael first. They were the first to abandon him.

The Elders still loathed the Heads for their actions. If they were to lose the war, it would be Heads' fault.

Of course, not everything would be their fault. The Heads weren't at fault for the Supreme Human Alliance's tremendous power or the overwhelming forces they had trained and hidden from everyone's eyes for centuries. Everyone had been gravely mistaken, thinking they were as strong or maybe even stronger than the Supreme Human Alliance at this point.

However, not even their combined efforts were enough to push the Supreme Human Alliance back any longer. "That does not tell me whether we can control the borders for the time being or if we have to retreat again. We might have conquered some planetary systems and a portion of the Genox Galaxy, but that also stretches our forces thinner since the border in the Genox Galaxy is several times wider."

"We can control the borders for a few years, maybe even a decade or two, as long as the Supreme Human Alliance won't supply their forces with any more Awakened. If they deploy more High Hyumans or Divine Lifeforms, we may have issues defending certain areas in the Genox Galaxy and other borders since our forces were forced to move all across the defensive lines to man the fortresses," The Elder noted and tilted his head once he looked at a certain file before him.

"The Thorn Merchandise and most of the Seven Hells' Demons joined the battle against the Supreme Human Alliance as well. They might not have the greatest advantage against the Hyumans but it looks like their forces can handle the Hyumans better than ours can. One report mentions a human who can grow silver wings and scales, and some other humans and members of other races with similar abilities."

The Head listened up, "Are you possibly talking about the Nest? I thought they ceased to exist a few years ago. Didn't we throw them aside as bait to defeat some Demi-Gods and other powerhouses of the SHA?"

"That was another foolish decision of the Heads. We were surprised Michael joined forces with us after we had already betrayed his people. But thinking about it, Michael Fang must have been prepared for a betrayal on our side. Maybe Michael was hoping for it. That must have been why he didn't sign a customized Link of Loyalty with the Divine Lifeforms he's now calling Divine Subordinates. He sensed something was off and was even happy about it. After all, he doesn't owe anything to us after our betrayal. That's also why he took away the Divine Subordinates, who have been fighting with our people for a while."

"How about you stop blaming us for every mistake? While we might have proposed to get rid of the Nest alongside the Supreme Human Alliance – clearly a mistake from our side – the Elders supported our decision. The majority voted for the plan, which means two or more Elders must have joined our sides. That being said, stop being a piece of dragon dung and behave normally," The Head cursed before adding a little bit more calmly.

"What exactly is the Nest doing with the Seven Hells Armies? Are they trying to take over the Supreme Human Alliance to regain their glory? I expected them to pull back and lick their wounds for a few decades, given how they lost more than half of their already meager forces." Nôv(el)B\\jnn

The Elder's tongue clicked multiple times, but he moved the holographic screens around to unravel a few more screens with more information. The table was overflowing with important intel, yet nobody had bothered to imprint all of it onto their brains.

"I am not all-knowing but I can tell that the Nest is working together with the Seven Hells. According to some reports, the Nest tried to enter our territories to do something with the Hyumans we have taken prison in a handful of planetary systems in the Nevox Galaxy. However, our forces must have rejected the Nest, fearing the Nest's vengeful spirits," The Elder explained, even though the Head standing before him frustrated him to no end.

"That makes sense. I wouldn't want to fight with Curse Users in my back, either. I would never be able to focus on the battlefield ahead of me with someone like them behind."

"That being said, we do not know what exactly they're doing over there, but they must have been busy with some of the Hyumans from the planetary systems that the Seven Hells Armies have conquered. This also leads to the next point on my agenda. The Seven Hells Armies are stronger than ever. If their strength keeps increasing like this, we can come to a simple conclusion."

The Head stared seriously at the Elder, "Michael Fang switched to supporting the Seven Hells?"

"Exactly." "Fuck this!" "That was another foolish decision of the Heads. We were surprised Michael joined forces with us after we had already betrayed his people. But thinking about it, Michael Fang must have been prepared for a betrayal on our side. Maybe Michael was hoping for it. That must have been why he didn't sign a customized Link of Loyalty with the Divine Lifeforms he's now calling Divine Subordinates. He sensed something was off and was even happy about it. After all, he doesn't owe anything to us after our betrayal. That's also why he took away the Divine Subordinates, who have been fighting with our people for a while."

"That is...oddly accurate," The Elder nodded, "Fuck this!"

"How is the situation? Does the Anti-Blood-I potion work, or do we have to pay more attention to the Hyumans on our backs?" Sylth asked the Nest Leader, who had been busy in one of the planetary systems they had captured. Most Nest members fought tirelessly on their sides, but Selena and Eevee were always busy with some things.

Apparently, Michael and the Nest had worked together to work on an antidote that worked very well against the Blood Incursion, which had affected almost all members of the Supreme Human Alliance, slowly but steadily influencing their mind and soul to make them feel pure hatred toward all races in the cosmos. Except all human races, of course.

"It works. Not as efficient as we hoped for but it works!" Selena responded, her eyes twinkling like diamonds in the sky.

Evee was also excited, but she stared seriously at the holographic screen emerging from her Origin Watch, "I am certain we can improve the Anti-Blood-I potion's potency and efficiency in the following years. Please do not kill too many innocent Hyumans since we can rescue them at last. They might not look like victims to you or most other races in the cosmos, but the Hyumans are also victims of the Supreme Human Alliance. At least, most of them."

"They were taken advantage of, inflicted with the Blood Incursion either from birth or before they gained enough strength to overpower its influence, and were forced to do bad things. We do not tell you to spare the Awakened from attacking you, but we hope you can spare the Normies and the Awakened, who cannot fight anymore."

Selena nodded. No matter how much pain the Supreme Human Alliance had inflicted, annihilating the Supreme Human Alliance with everything and everyone was the wrong way to solve all problems. There were countless innocent humans among the SHA. Not everyone deserves to die. Killing everyone would transform those responsible for the massacre into an organization no better than the Hyumans responsible for everything.

"I understand what you're trying to tell me, but I cannot promise you anything. We do know not everyone is responsible for what happened, but our hatred sits deep. If I were to promise you to never kill a civilian out of anger and hatred, I would have to lie. Even if I exclude the astra attacks that must have killed hundreds if not thousands – probably more – I must have killed some innocent people with my attacks because I didn't care about it. I still do not care whether my attacks hurt some Hyuman civilians or not. If you expect me to change my combat style to hurt less Hyumans, you can forget about that," Sylth said with a nonchalant shrug.

Selena nodded. She understood Sylth's point of view and wouldn't change her combat style either. Suddenly changing the way she fought would weaken them drastically. After all, they perfected their own combat style over the course of decades, if not centuries. There was no way in hell they would switch their fighting style to something that didn't fit perfectly to their Soultraits and persona. Not if only the lives of a few Hyumans were on the line.

Chapter 1037 The Rebels and the Pantheon

The cosmic playground had been silent for too long. The Gods, too afraid to enrage the Primal, had been forced to spend their eternal lives in seclusion. Some lived in the worlds of the cosmos like

ordinary people, but their eternal lives weren't fulfilling among the mortals. Their beloved aged and died in what felt like days to the eternal beings.

They couldn't even use the power they had accumulated over the aeons because they were too afraid the Primal would kill them. Even now, the Gods were still too afraid to move openly. However, that didn't mean they couldn't move in the isolated dimensions they had created to fight against each other in the shadows of the cosmic playground.

The Primal's domain might be the vast universe, but it didn't include the isolated dimensions. Their Essences had to be at certain places before they could tear apart the fabric of space and reality and emerge there. That said, the Primal didn't witness many battles between the Rebels and the other Gods of the Pantheon.

The Primal were too few to be everywhere in the universe. They could teleport and even split their Essences apart to duplicate – though that halved their combat prowess every single time they split their bodies – but too many duplicates would endanger their lives too much. Some of the Primal lost a portion of their Essences by creating too many duplicates, only for some of them to get hunted down. That was during the golden era of the gods. The first gods attained godhood and considered themselves at the top of the universe. They were certain no being was stronger than them and fought with everyone and everything to prove their point. However, with the arrival of the first mortals attaining godhood, the first gods were also born from the overflowing essence in the cosmos as well. The universe gave birth to more gods with great power.

The gods fought at that time, destroying countless stellar systems and sometimes even entire galaxies. That was until the Primal jumped into the fray, their bodies duplicated to face the numbers of gods spread across the universe simultaneously. Most gods were beaten black and blue, some even died, but a handful of gods had been strong enough to deliver feisty blows to the Primal. Some lost parts of their Essence, urging all Primal to retract their duplicates and unite them again.

They could not afford to lose anymore Essences like this. Therefore, instead of controlling everything and everyone across the vast universe by themselves, the Primal formed the Primal Pantheon. They granted some gods the authority to travel freely across the universe and use their powers, but only to remove the cancer of the universe, aka, those rebelling against the ways of the Primal. The Primal Pantheon formed with dozens of gods following the Primal's dogma, but not long after, the Rebels also joined the fray. That was how the gods fought each other, even though they had the same goal in common. They desired the freedom to use their powers as they pleased and to be with their peoples as the gods rather than acting like they were mortal to be around their families or what was left of them.

It pained them to watch their beloved die, but it was even more painful to be around their descendants, unable to do anything as they suffered. Of course, not everyone suffered horrifying fates, yet pain, grief, and losses were common among mortals. Some gods had to watch hundreds of their generations suffer after they had attained some of the greatest achievements. Many descendants of the gods were born with great potential and wealth, but too many were foolish to believe their fate would inevitably reward them with greatness and power.

Too many Gods witnessed the downfall of their descendants, the loss of the wealth they had accumulated, and the humiliation many suffered after losing everything. Sometimes, the crimes committed against their offspring pushed the gods too far, and they intervened. All it took was one mistake, a tiny trace of a Divinity used against the mortals and the Primal would throw the Primal

Pantheon at the hidden gods. And they wouldn't stop until the traitors of the Primal Constitution would be found and executed or banished from the universe, exiled into the Origin Expanse.

Sometimes, the gods struggled more after attaining godhood than when they were still Demi Gods. At least, they could intercept into the worldly matters of the mortals as Demi Gods. Even after their Divinities had formed, Demi Gods were still allowed to attack mortals and protect their families with all their might. Even the Divinity used by Demi Gods were allowed to be used against them. That said, the difference between a complete Divinity and a Demi God's Divinity was like the stark contrast between mist and ice. Water could be found in both, yet mist and ice weren't the same. A Demi God's Divinity had the presence of mist. It was fleeting and barely noticeable in the weave of the universe. However, the Divinities of proper gods were solid like ice. Their Divinity was interwoven into the endless web of the universe and would affect it until the end of time. But while the Rebels accepted changes and looked forward to the changes occurring to the universe as the Divinities formed and shaped it, the Primal did not accept any changes. They had witnessed what the changes could do to the universe – the first birth of mortal Gods and their use of divinities lead to the first birth of full-fledged gods. This seemingly subtle change affected the course of the eras. It endangered the Primal's life of peace and silence and forced them to intervene.

After all, what would happen if the universe changed again and more beings like the Primal were born...being as strong or stronger than the Primal...with the desire to get rid of the old generation?

The Primal couldn't afford that to happen. Therefore, they started hunting everyone who used their godly Divinities without permission. The Primal Pantheon's Divinities influenced the weave of the universe, too, but the Primal choose the gods to join the Primal Pantheon carefully. They picked gods whose Divinities wouldn't be permanently interwoven into the web of the universe. One way or another, the Primal Pantheon and the Rebels engaged in a fierce battle within the secluded dimension where the weave of the universe wouldn't be affected. After all, the Primal would be able to sense it otherwise. The Rebels had been accumulating power and intel for as long as they could think. They came up with countless plans and waited patiently. Some couldn't wait as patient as others, thinking they were strong enough to defeat the Primal alone. Beelzebub was one of them. He couldn't be killed by the Primal without accidentally altering the weave of the universe as well, but they could seal Beelzebub's Essence away. They did the same thing to Fenrir and many other Gods, whose strength and Essence threatened the Weave.

But now Beelzebub was back, and the Rebels had waited long enough. Their patience finally came to fruition. They reached the last step of their final plan.

All they had to do was to eliminate the Primal Pantheon!

Chapter 1038 The Weave

Even though the gods fought in isolated dimensions, the weave started to change. The Divinities utilized in the isolated dimensions, fused into the network of the dimensions and altered them, transforming them into places connected to the weave. The weave expanded suddenly and changed. It shook valiantly and sent tremors into the vast expanse of the universe, filling every corner of it with its presence. For a moment, every inch of the universe was filled with energy. Trillions of intelligent lifeforms manifested their War Rune, their awakening triggered by the weave. However, not only intelligent lifeforms awakened. Awakened attained a better understanding of their powers and racial gifts. Some, a small percentile of the Awakened, stretched across the universe, mutated,

and gained stronger powers. Their innate abilities had already been trained to perfection, which was exactly what the weave required to unlock new powers.

Today's event would give birth to thousands of new races over the course of time. Some brethren would continue mutating and evolving into stronger entities with greater potential, while the weaker would succumb to fate. Natural selection would eliminate the malign mutants and those who weren't ready for what awaited them. However, none mattered much to the beings interwoven into the weave.

When the weave shook, the beings linked to it stirred awake. The Sleepers among the Primal woke up. For the first time in eons, beings who had been hibernating returned to the surface of the universe.

They tore the fabric of space and reality around them apart, creating massive fissures as they regained consciousness and tried to reach the isolated dimensions since they were now connected to the weave of the universe. But they couldn't. For the first time since the birth of the universe, the weave restrained the Primal. Waves of Essences surged from the Primal as unfamiliar feelings filled their entire being. They were confused, maybe even afraid of the change of events. The destinations of their fissures changed, and they appeared all in the same spot. In the Origin.

"The weave..." One of them rumbled.

"It is changing," Another one added.

"In the way we have anticipated." A third chimed in.

"In the worst possible way." The fourth cursed.

"The Pantheon is dying. Their Divinities mixed with the Rebels. They're..."

"They're causing the changes. The isolated dimensions merge with the weave without losing their characteristics as external entities. The Rebels..."

"They achieve exactly what they always wanted."

"But why did they change suddenly? We have been asleep for so long, but there have been no major changes in the weave. The weave expanded but so does the universe. There are no unexpected properties or features." One of the Sleepers grumbled, only for one of the chubby Primal to intervene.

"That is not true. The Rebels found their Vessel. A Demi God, an 8th Tier Awakened, wielding the powers of Fenrir, appeared. His Essence altered Fenrir's powers, granting him the benefits only mortals can receive. He has Soultraits, many of them, and the power to kill Minor Gods."

"Why did you not kill him if he has the power of a god? We did not sense any permanent changes in the weave either." One said.

"You said Fenrir returned?" Another one asked.

The chubby Primal started explaining. He told about the fight against the Supreme Human Alliance, Michael's battles with the Demi Gods of the SHA and how he eliminated a Pseudo God, whose Divinity had already been completed, declaring him as a Minor God by the weave, only for him to tear his Divinity apart. Despite tearing his Divinity apart, it didn't lose any power, which was interesting but not interesting enough to attract the Primal's attention.

The Primal were only interested in the youth's power and the Rebels' arrival. They had all come to rescue Michael Fang, and their reasoning was obvious.

"Is it time for us to intervene?" The Primal asked, but another one shook his head.

"What do you want us to do? The weave cannot pick up any fluctuations of the Rebel's vessel. Either they keep him safe in a separate dimension...or he is in the Origin Expanse."

"The Will is working against us again?" One of the Primal asked, only for the rest to rumble, their Essences going wild.

"The Will never worked with us if you think about it. It allowed us to seal the gods inside it, keeping it away from the weave. But at the same time, keeping the sealed gods away from the weave...kept them also away from us. The Will may be interwoven into the weave, but it never cared about the changes. If anything, it used the weave before we could and created the Origin Expanse, a place nobody connected to the weave can access freely other than the Will itself."

"You're telling us the Will has been against us all the time? That the Will sides with the Rebels and this vessel?" The chubby Primal nodded. "That's what I concluded." "We need to do something before it is too late..."

"Too late for what?" One of the Primal asked, his expression distorting in anger.

"Let's not speak it aloud," they cursed nearly in unison. "We will get rid of all troublemakers."

One of them grumbled again but added, "How about we remove the isolated dimension from the weave again? Or find a way to enter it? If we cannot find that Demi God child, we should at least obliterate the Rebels. We have given the Rebels more than enough chances. Their time has come."

The others nodded.

"The Rebels need to die!"

While the Primal were busy trying to come up with solutions for problems they'd prevented for aeons, Michael was busy with the Tekur inside and outside the Origin Expanse.

Michael focused on expanding the Untamed Jungle in the direction of the first Tekur Lord and discovered tens of massive and overly populated territories belonging to the Tekur. There were more than a hundred Tekur Nests, which Michael and his people loved to burn down.

Of course, Michael's people continued bombarding the colonies of the Tekur outside the Origin Expanse. They cared little how much pain they inflicted. The Tekur were a devilish race. They were selfish, which may not be abnormal for most races, but the speed at which they populated transformed their selfishness into a problem. And the problem was certainly not small. It was a tremendous problem!

Too many races had already suffered tremendously from the Tekur. They'd eliminated more than a dozen races, obliterating every single one of their kind to expand the land to colonize both inside and outside the Origin Expanse. Since most of the Tekur were Awakened, they could live easily in the Origin Expanse. The only issue with the Origin Expanse was the danger level. Too many dangerous enemies ruled the surrounding territories, transforming the nice living space into a potential hell.

That was exactly what the Elementals and the Redt Dragon were doing alongside the millions of Untamed Forces.

Meanwhile, Kaleb and the others were searching for the Tekur Queen to get rid of her once and for all.

Maybe...just maybe, they could procure her Soultrait Symbol, too. That would change everything!