

S. Lord 889

Chapter 889 Scheme

Several men and women, clad in desert clothes and powerful Artifacts, roamed through the Sacred Desert. Their steps were short but filled with power, determination, and grace. Following the men and women were thousands of loyal Awakened and hundreds of thousands of trained combat Summons.

The armies of the Blaze household – crossing 500,000 Summons and 8,000 Awakened easily – passed Olivia's settlement and headed to the Blazing Sand Mountain Range.

"How can that be? How did we miss such a powerful Lord?!" The Patriarch's wife asked, gritting her teeth all while sweat poured down her temples. Tears, remnants of the little water she'd left in her body, welled up in her eyes, fusing her sadness and fury.

The last few months had been hard on the Blaze household, but the last 48 hours had been the worst in her life. No. They had been the worst in the lives of all members of the Blaze household. Almost half of their people died, including the Patriarch's heiress, nephews, and brothers. However, the Blaze Patriarch didn't show any rage. His emotions were hidden underneath an ice-cold mask.

After losing against the Tritan Alliance, just before he was about to take the grand victory and reunite mankind, churning the fierce flames of fury against the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, everything changed. His trickery against the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs failed, the traitor organizations were destroyed, and the strongest members of the Warlock Centaur and Berserker races decided to combine their forces and travel to the solar system.

Their trip across the stellar system happened almost instantaneous – instead of wasting an entire month traveling through space, they appeared out of nowhere – taking the Blaze Patriarch and his people by surprise. He was on the verge of death at some point, forced to use one of his last Artifacts given by the Long brothers of the Supreme Human Alliance to survive and flee the scene.

They fled into the Origin Expanse before all preparations had been completed. Fortunately, the Blaze household had gathered enough resources to establish ten territories across the Sacred Desert to claim the region in half a year. Or so they thought. After defeating the last Lord in the Sacred Desert, they should have received a sign from the Will. A notification, or letter in the form of loot, granting the Blaze household the rights of the Sacred Desert region.

That, however, never happened. First, the Blaze Patriarch considered the growing region a problem. It was well-known that the Sacred Desert's energy density was growing and would probably evolve into an Intermediate Region soon. But the truth revealed itself shortly.

The secret region within the Sacred Desert wasn't as empty as they thought. The area that should have been devastated by the Undead Pharaoh is the one that still retains the most, the Lord. There was one more Lord they had to defeat. However, the Blaze Patriarch and his household only found out about this after it was too late.

The Lords of the Blaze territories weren't on guard or conscious of the surrounding danger. Like the others, they had been certain that the Sacred Desert region was theirs. That was a grave mistake, which the Blaze household had to pay in blood.

Half of the Blaze household was dead, and the other half was in fury. In unison, they gathered their forces in two days and moved to the Blazing Sand Mountain Range.

The armies were led by the Blaze Patriarch, who was forced to move slowly. He was deadly pale, and his strides were uneven. The mighty leader of the Blaze household, a Tier-6 powerhouse, looked no better than a half-dead man. His arm had regrown, but that didn't mean the powerful Awakened was back at the peak of his prowess. If anything, the Blaze Patriarch was weaker than he had been at any moment in the last 200 years.

He looked 'used up,' almost like his energy and life force were being drained with every inch he moved. Yet, despite the clear pain and exhaustion flashing dimly in his eyes, the Blaze Patriarch moved onward. He led the Blaze armies, concealed with his final Artifact – draining the energy within thousands of Ordinary Energy Stones – to the closest entrance to a path in the Blazing Sand Mountain Range.

It hadn't been long since his spies detected the well-hidden path their enemies had used to cross the Blazing Sand Mountain Range. The enemy army rushed into the path, unbothered by the surrounding heat and deadly flames that threatened to burn everyone daring to cross the mountain range and returned to their home.

He was excited when the Blaze Patriarch heard about the path for the first time. He had been struggling to find a way into the secret region of the Sacred Desert because the teleportation chambers outside the mountain range had disappeared. His informants had told him about the teleportation chambers and their locations two years ago, but they couldn't be found. The patriarch had been in fury for months, only to be shown an even easier way to enter the Blazing Sand Mountain Range by his sworn enemy.

Approaching the pathway leading to the secret area and the core of the Sacred Desert, the Blaze Patriarch's people discovered something. The heat in the surroundings increased drastically as they stepped closer to the path, yet the Awakened with fire-attributed Soultraits could endure this easily. They were unbothered by the heat, unlike the Summons and other Awakened, who struggled as they inched closer to the entrance to the concealed path.

"Stop!" The Blaze Patriarch called quietly, yet loud enough to spread his voice across the vicinity with a trace of origin energy augmenting his vocal cords.

A young, familiar man emerged from the concealed path, his attention lingering on a man wearing unique attire suitable to the noble caste of the Sacred Desert. But there was more to it. In the narrow path, which forced warriors to walk side by side in groups of seven to ten, a massive army of people emerged.

"The root of all my problems," The Blaze Patriarch grunted, but the corner of his lips was curled upward.

The Blaze armies were well-hidden underneath his Artifact, revealing only a few Awakened, who were too powerful to be hidden with the energy used to empower the Artifact. Less than two dozen people were exposed, but there were more than half a million in total – more than enough to throw magical and non-magical projectiles in the narrow path with no escape.

"Michael... You are too greedy. Your greed is the cause of your doom!" The Blaze Patriarch cursed the root of his problems, "May you die a horrible death!"

If not for Michael, everything would have been perfect. The Blaze household would rule the Tritan Alliance, and they would have taken control of the Sacred Desert and several other regions by now. Their family would rise to true power and welcome the first Divine Lifeform in less than one century. Their future was bound to be bright and full of glory if not for Michael's intervention.

"Pyromantica Star Formation!" the Blaze Patriarch thundered, regaining some of his energy as the golden opportunity unfolded before his eyes.

Michael Fang didn't know what awaited him, but he would regret it soon enough!

"Attack!!"