

S. Lord 898

Chapter 898 Taboo

The abomination of a Demi Human mixed with the blood of a Sacred Beast, Taros, was no more. He had been killed, his energy influx entering Michael's body.

"What is going on? I appreciate bits and pieces of information about what is happening here!" Michael cursed quietly, hoping his Curses would help him. However, it was Taros' lips which moved instead.

"Hell? You have been in the Pandemonium before? That is surprising. An insignificant and like you went to the Pandemonium and returned alive?" Taros' voice didn't sound as it used to, but that wasn't the only thing changing about the powerhouse.

True Vision showed how much Taros' insides changed as he spoke. His voice wasn't as hoarse as it used to be. If anything, Taros sounded much more pleasant than before. However, Michael didn't feel more comfortable in Taros' presence. The opposite was the case. Michael was...afraid.

Taros' body changed. The mess within him was fixed, the energies swirling through every inch of his body forcefully drawn to the center of his chest, where several seas of energy formed. However, the energy seas were only the first of many changes. Taros' tough skin burst open, and a thick, dark carapace jut out of his flesh. It grew from his body and covered most parts. Simultaneously, two large pairs of wings burst through his shoulder blades. They were semi-translucent, and only their bloody red veins were visible.

Mandibles burst through Taros' cheeks. They clattered loudly and spread altered energy through the surroundings whenever the mandibles collided.

'Guys! I need some intel. What is happening to Taros? Why did I obtain his energy influx, and why is Taros transforming into an insect? What even is that, in the first place?'

The Curses didn't respond. However, it wasn't that the World Serpent didn't want to explain everything to Michael. He could barely feel his connection to the World Serpent at this point. It concealed its entire existence to avoid the creature Taros had turned to.

Taros – or whoever he'd turned to – looked down on his body and smiled faintly. "What a fool. Greed swallowed him. How unfit for a vessel of Gluttony."

He snorted, and his mandibles clattered loudly. However, despite calling the former owner of his body a fool, the thing occupying his body didn't seem displeased. If anything, he was more than satisfied to possess the power of a Tier-6 powerhouse without putting in any hard work.

True Vision showed Taros' foundation clearly. He was still a Tier-6 powerhouse, but his foundation was several times stronger than it used to be. It was almost like the creature occupying Taros' body had cleansed his body and fixed everything he failed to achieve...in seconds.

The thing occupying Taros looked at Michael and studied him briefly. Michael hated every moment of those few seconds. It felt like thousands of spiders crawled underneath his skin and through his internal organs. He shuddered involuntarily, resulting in a mocking clattering from Taros' mandibles.

"You have interesting pets within you. They're fitting to a puny ant. They're even bound to you, voluntarily at that. Dumb, shackled, and weak."

Michael raised one eyebrow but didn't dare to make any sudden moves. He wasn't restrained in any way, but his instincts screamed at him, telling Michael to do nothing. They forced him to stay where he was and keep his mouth shut. After all, a single move was all it would take for him to die.

Michael was more prideful than he used to be. He was a High Awakened who'd undergone a perfect High Ascension, possessed two 8-Star Soultraits further augmented by two powerful Curses, and several 7-Star Soultraits, which also strengthened him drastically. Yet, faced with whatever — or whoever — Taros had transformed, Michael didn't feel confident. Taros was still a Tier-6 powerhouse, the same as he used to be. However, his foundation was different. So was his presence. Michael was the most confused and cautious about Taros' switch of presence. He didn't feel like a mere Higher Lifeform anymore. No, Taros felt like a Divine Lifeform at this point. But not an ordinary Divine Lifeform. No. Michael had been around Divine Lifeforms often enough to tell Taros had become one of the stronger Divine Lifeforms...even though he was only at the 6th Tier.

"Don't worry, puny ant. I am not going to kill you. Not today, at least. Regaining freedom is more valuable to me than your puny life. I repay my debts. Letting you live in exchange for aiding me in regaining freedom seems like a fair deal," The new owner of Taros' body said nonchalantly, "Furthermore, the Will wouldn't like this. It must have sensed my presence by now."

It tilted its head, still looking at Michael, "The Primal will probably be displeased about my return as well."

"Well, whatever," The being shrugged, "As for talking about devouring Glutton..."

It shot a deadly glare at Michael, putting him into a tricky situation. His body was in a fight-or-flight situation, trying to push him to run as long as he was still alive, whereas his instincts told him that the being wasn't even looking at him and to stay exactly where he was.

His instincts were right. The being didn't look at Michael. It looked through him and stared straight at the World Serpent, where it was hiding, to be precise.

"Don't even think about devouring me. You can consider yourself lucky. I'm feeling generous today. Freedom after millennia of nothingness feel good. Your brother should know what it feels like to be sealed in the chamber for eternity, only to be forcefully sealed to some idiot by the Will."

Michael was utterly dumbfounded now. The being glanced at the Wolf Curse when it said 'brother' and returned to look at the World Serpent immediately.

It smiled, its mandibles cracking before he turned to the side. It lifted one finger into the air and cut down, releasing a darkish-purple energy that cut through the fabric of space and reality. It tore the fabric apart, revealing a massive rift.

"Don't be mad if I kill you when we meet next time," It said nonchalantly before disappearing into the fissure in space. The fissure closed after the grotesque creature left the Origin Expanse.

The eerie pressure that filled the surroundings the moment Taros had died dispersed. Michael's heart started beating wildly, and his legs caved in. He broke into a cold sweat.

"Can someone tell me what in the damn Origin Expanse this fucking thing was?!?" Michael bellowed at his Curses. They didn't dare utter a single sound after Taros transformed into that.

Something was wrong, and Michael didn't like that AT ALL. He managed to gain the upper hand against Taros, but something went wrong. Something changed after Taros consumed the curse power coursing through the arm and foot he'd consumed.

"Was that a Curse?!" It was the first time he had seen the birth of someone else's Curse, and it didn't make sense to think that a Curse would awaken within a Tier-6 powerhouse. Under normal circumstances, a Cursed Child would awaken their Curse during their High Ascension. However, that wasn't the case for Taros.

[It wasn't a Curse. It's a Taboo.] The World Serpent said without explaining anything else.

[That was Beelzebub.] The Wolf Curse added in the same tone.

It was as if that explained everything with one small issue.

Michael had no idea what his Curses were talking about.