

S. Lord 900

Chapter 900 Greater Demon

Meeting Beelzebub and taming the Red Dragon, who didn't even hate him for that, changed everything in Michael's plan. Well, it didn't change his plan to kill Senato Keltos, but appearing before the old Lionheart and seeing the terror in his eyes didn't bring Michael any satisfaction.

Senator Keltos was fully aware of who Michael was, yet he didn't dare to utter a single word. Instead, Senator Keltos died quietly, a clawed hand piercing his heart. Michael could have attacked the remainders of the Zentika Empire, burning everything to death with the Red Dragon's help, but Michael didn't feel like doing that.

Taros left behind more than enough chaos after killing and devouring several Senators in the last few days. He was now dead, just like the Senators, but the chaos he'd left was enough to destroy the Zentika Empire once and for all. The forces of the surrounding monsters, Lords, and kingdoms would grasp the opportunity and obliterate the Zentika Empire shortly.

Thus, rather than eliminating the rest, Michael chose to travel to the capital of the Zentika Empire on the Red Dragon's back and plunder it openly. He didn't care how many could see him and descended into the capital, ready to burn everyone daring enough to block his path.

Unfortunately, his plan was interrupted...again.

A woman with a pair of leathery, bat-like wings covered in golden glimmering feathers hovered above the Zentika Empire's capital. She had gray skin and purple glowing eyes, which studied the surrounding area like an undefeated predator. She had a perfect figure, long wavy hair cascaded down her back and full lips. To put it in simple terms, she was a deadly beauty and belonged to a race he'd never seen before.

True Vision should have shown him what the woman looked like, but his access was blocked. Not only that, but the woman's wings beat, and her head flicked to him when his attention fell onto her. She disappeared and reappeared beside Michael with a curious expression. Of course, the woman didn't forget to transform her fingernails into razor-sharp daggers, which pressed tightly against his neck.

'Who the hell is that? What is a Divine Lifeform doing here?!' Michael's report had stated that there was no Divine Lifeform in the armies of the adjacent Lords, and kingdoms. If there had been one, the Zentika Empire would have fallen much sooner. In the first place, the surrounding Lords, native kingdoms, and beasts didn't have many Tier-6 powerhouses. The Zentika Empire wouldn't have survived this long without more Tier-6 powerhouses.

So...what was a Divine Lifeform doing here?

The woman continued studying him and smiled deviously at Michael, danger flickering in her eyes.

"First time seeing a Greater Demon?"

[We can't handle her. Not without killing you as well] The World Serpent announced unnecessarily.

His Curses could transfer as much Curse Essence as they pleased into his body, but that didn't mean Michael could handle that much. Some Curse Essence was fine, but his body was not yet an endless

pit that could be fed with the full power of two Beast God Curses. In the future, that might be possible, but not yet. Michael couldn't reach the threshold of a Divine Lifeform without dying a few seconds after reaching the threshold.

"I...don't know?" Michael responded slowly. Even though he'd seen the woman throw spears and halberds into the capital from high up in the sky, he wasn't afraid of her. She might be a Divine Lifeform and pressed her dagger-fingernails against his throat, but he didn't feel threatened. Michael was certain his encounter with an Infernal God and learning about his Curses' identity, or how strong they'd been, changed something within him. Divine Lifeforms were still scary to him, but as long as the woman didn't threaten him or attack him – well, she did that already – Michael would be fine.

"You've seen a Greater Demon before? That's interesting." The woman said, her dagger-fingernails still pressed against his throat, "I'm Sylth Thorx."

"Thorn? As in Thorn Merchandise?" Michael was surprised to hear her family say, "The same merchant family trading with the Nest?"

"That is my family, though we are not called Thorn – only in the universal language –our family name is Thorx in the demon tongue." Michael nodded slowly, "Do you mind letting me go? If we're talking I would appreciate a nice scenery and not having a few daggers pressed against my throat."

"Oh, that? That's fine. We can do that," Sylth smiled as devilish as before but retrieved the daggers. The daggers transformed back into ordinary fingernails.

"Thank you." "No problem. I do what I can."

Michael rolled his eyes inwardly. This girl was odd. No. She was more than that.

Meeting Sylth Thorn - or Thorx - was weird, but it wasn't the weirdest change of even the day. Meeting Beelzebub or taming the Red Dragon was certainly as confusing. None of that was planned, but Michael had nothing against the latter or his meeting with Sylth. It might come in handy.

Sylth studied the Red Dragon and patted it, spreading a wave of demonic energy through the mythical creature before nodding in satisfaction.

"You managed to capture a young female. Is she up for sale? What do you want?"

Michael raised an eyebrow while the Red Dragon cried up in fright.

[She wants to kill me or turn me into a broodmother!!! Nooo!!!! I don't want to go anywhere!!]

He pressed his lips together while the Red Dragon continued crying in his mind.

"She is not up for sale. I tamed her with one of my Soultraits. The Red Dragon is a crucial part of my combat prowess."

Sylth turned to him, "Is that so? That's a shame."

"You have multiple Soultraits?" She picked up what Michael had said and focused on him again, "Multiple Soultraits and two compatible Curses pass through your body. A young Curse User with powerful Curses and multiple Soultraits. You must be the youngest of the Fenrir bloodline."

Sylth smiled, her wings beating gently in the air, "It has been eons since the Fenrir bloodline unsealed Fenrir in one of their descendants. You must be even stronger than the reports say. But if you have another Curse on par with Fenrir inside you..."

Her interest intensified the more she understood about Michael. Meanwhile, Michael found out what the Wolf Curse was called.

'Fenrir. So that's your name?' Michael asked the Wolf Curse, who grumbled. The Wolf Curse didn't deny the Greater Demon's words, so they had to be true.

Fenrir. That was the official name of his first Curse.

Interesting.

"How do you know me? What reports are you talking about?"

Sylth chuckled.

"Do you think a merchant family trading with countless races and massive organizations all over the cosmos doesn't know about the most important changes and additions of their business partners? The Awakening of a Curse at the Beast God level is not something we would miss. If anything, we – and probably tens of other organizations – know much more about you than most people. Maybe some know more about you than you, Michael Fang."

Michael swallowed hard.

"That's creepy...you know that, right?"

Sylth chuckled.

"But it is the truth, Curse User."