

S. Lord 901

Chapter 901 Steamrolled

Meeting Sylth was everything but normal. It was incredibly weird but also very interesting. Michael found her interesting to talk to, though. She was talkative and not hostile to him, which was better than anything Michael expected to encounter in the Zentika Empire.

"Calling this place an empire is a disgrace! That's an insult to all proper empires built over the Origin Expanse. The Zentika Empire doesn't meet one of the requirements to consider itself an empire, yet they're shameless enough to do that," Sylth cursed but shrugged at last.

"Well, whatever. They didn't pay their debts on time and were bound to cease to exist sooner or later either way. They must have forgotten what happens to those who don't pay their debts. The Thorx never forget the credits they've distributed!"

"You came here to destroy the Zentika Empire?" Michael asked.

"That was the initial plan, but I am a little late. Traveling through several regions and making a detour around the extensive territories of the Supreme Human Alliance's stronger Lords was certainly not easy. It took longer than expected. It doesn't seem like I was required to do anything in the first place. The Zentika Empire is already as good as dead."

She shrugged again.

"But then again, the Thorx must show everyone how serious we are about our transactions. We must ensure everyone knows what happens if they cannot meet their contract conditions."

"Okay. So...you will return to your territory or wherever you came from?" "I could do that, but I don't want to," Sylth declared while forming hundreds of razor-sharp blades around her. She glanced uninterested at some of the remaining powerhouses of the Zentika Empire and shrugged. The razor-sharp blades combined and transformed into a massive, spiked ball. The blades expanded, and the spiked ball grew. A full minute of silence passed before the spiked ball was the size of several houses. Sylth lifted one finger and pointed at the spiked ball. It stirred and moved through the air, following Sylth's finger movements.

Sylth's finger cleaved downward. It pointed at the center of the Zentika Empire's capital, where the massive, spiked ball also appeared. The spiked mass smashed into the center, simultaneously crushing the palace in the capital's center. The palace was destroyed, its foundation cracked and fallen apart. The surroundings tremored violently, and some buildings near the palace collapsed, but that wasn't enough for Sylth.

Her purple eyes gleamed in excitement as the screams of terror resounded. Her finger trailed around the capital, and the spiked mass continued following its movements. The spiked mass rolled across the capital, bulldozing and impaling everything in its path.

Michael watched the gruesome scenery but didn't say anything. He didn't intervene either. Sylth's presence changed when her massive spike reaped the first few lives. 'Does she enjoy killing? Is she addicted to the sensation of energy influxes?' Michael didn't know the exact answer, but he knew the answer wasn't pleasant. Sylth Thorx's presence was filled with bloodlust, and Michael doubted she could differentiate between friend and foe. Her kind and talkative nature had been replaced by

bloodlust, excitement, and mercilessness. The capital, as it had been standing strong for centuries, ceased to exist.

The pristine palace that had dominated the Zentika Empire was nothing more than mere shambles; the towering walls protecting the capital from all kinds of foes had been destroyed, but that was only the beginning. The walls, which were supposed to protect the citizens transformed into a prison of death. The massive spike smashed against the walls, squashing hundreds of citizens trying to escape the confinement of the reinforced walls. But nobody escaped. The walls blocked everyone's path of retreat, leaving them with no choice but to scream desperately as the spike of death came their way.

Sylth Thorx watched their desperation in glee and only turned to Michael ten minutes after the capital was no more. She smiled at him, the kind and talkative persona again covering her true self.

"Do you feel like trading with Thorn Merchandise?" Sylth asked as if nothing happened just now.

Michael stared at the death and destruction she'd caused with ease, killing several old Tier-6 powerhouses and the remaining Higher Lifeforms as if she were crushing ants. Maybe that was what it felt like to her.

"Huh? Do you think I have enough products to attract the Thorn Merchandise's interest?" Michael asked, to which Sylth responded with a giggle.

Combined with the carnage she'd caused a moment ago, that was certainly not as cute as Sylth might think it was.

"Do you think your products are boring? Really?" She raised her eyebrow.

"I guess you know what I can do," Michael responded, realizing Sylth was aware of Extraction's power and how extensive the Soultrait was.

Sylth Thorx merely smiled in response.

"If you think I would give you Soultraits merely because you are stronger than me and capable of threatening my life, you are sorely mistaken," Michael responded, but Sylth waved her hand dismissively.

"I wouldn't force you. You will give me a bunch of Soultrait Symbols when you see what I have to offer. My demonic instincts tell me we're going to be best buddies."

Michael frowned deeply, but he was intrigued. He had searched for many things for quite a while but never found anyone offering them. That included powerful techniques at the Ancient, Sacred/Infernal, or Primordial grade. He had powerful techniques, but upgrading them was always possible. Especially now that he had access to the Cosmic Shop, which spread all across the cosmos, he wasn't restrained to the techniques of the Tekur, the Nest – which had powerful Cursed Arts and other stuff, but only a few things he truly liked – and the things the Supreme Human Alliance had given to the Blaze household and other traitors.

Michael was now the proud – or not so proud – owner of those techniques but most of them weren't to his liking. Primordial Bloodline was a powerful technique which he would love to replicate, if his

curse power and some other factors wouldn't decrease his compatibility with the technique to sub-zero.

'A few Soullife Arts and Soul Techniques of all grades is all I need to learn how to replicate Primordial grade techniques. My foundation for creating Soul Techniques is not the best, however a few techniques for all grades should be enough... Can they deliver that? Is Thorn Merchandise willing to teach me Primordial rank techniques? Do they have Primordial-rank techniques in the first place?'

Michael couldn't tell for sure, but it became worth finding out.

"How about visiting my territory? Maybe you find something to your liking, other than my Soultrait Symbols, of course," He smiled at her, waiting for the Greater Demon's response.

If Sylth had wanted to, she would have captured and tortured him until he caved in. She could have killed him as well if she'd wanted to. However, Sylth didn't consider him an enemy. Instead, she became more than willing to trade rare treasures for his Soultrait Symbol.

Therefore, bringing her to his territory should be fine, right?

'She can act as she pleases in these region. It's did not like I can stop her, either way.'

Michael became prepared to act like a people pleaser for once. A little, at least.