

S. Lord 907

Chapter 907 Claerus

Claerus was a massive city the size of a continent. Tens of billions, Awakened and normies from countless races, lived there. To say that he was shocked to the core was a gross underestimation. Michael couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Skyscrapers pierced hundreds of meters through the clouds, millions of flying shuttles moved quickly through the city, and countless Awakened wearing ordinary clothes flew through the air.

Massive projections and billboards showed various advertisements for both Awakened and ordinary people. To put it simply, the sight unfolding all around Michael was beautiful and terrifying at the same time. Everything around him was so massive...he felt tiny and insignificant. Even the Galactical Plaza, which was what they called the translocation foundation, was enormous. Thousands of people of Michael's size could walk around the Galactical Plaza with enough space to never run into each other.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Hesta asked her brother, who nodded silently.

"The first time I came to Clearus, I felt the same. It's a picturesque place full of energy and little to no toxic gases. The Altors Union uses materials from the Origin Expanse rather than destroying the planets they've colonized to build their Shakliar."

Michael tilted his head, which Hesta considered as a request to continue explaining.

"Shakliar is a traditional name used to describe sacred settlements where the core of civilization resides. The Altors Union is massive and has thus established more than a dozen Shakliar."

Understanding dawned upon Michael, "And why are we here? Are the Numbers in Claerus?" This time, Lighno'vsh answered instead of Hesta, "That is a good question. Claerus is the only Shakliar with humans. Some Numbers likely managed to infiltrate Claerus. Claerus is only two stellar systems from the closest border as well. And since the Altors Union doesn't reject immigrants, no matter where they come from, it isn't difficult for spies to infiltrate the Altors Union. Acquiring crucial intel isn't easy, but it's only time and effort before the spies get what they want."

It wasn't hard to sense Lighno'vsh's dislike toward the Altors Union's openness. She considered it a weakness to accept everyone without a thorough background check. In her opinion, it required a thorough investigation to ensure no spy would enter the Altors Union. Michael's opinion was similar, but he was certain the Altors Union wasn't doing nothing. He sincerely doubted they watched immigrants idly as they entered their lands. But even if they did, it wasn't Michael's business. His business was to find his friends and lover, knock them out, and fix whatever the Supreme Human Alliance had broken.

"We were told that your colleagues' bodies were found near Clearus. The Altors Union reassured us that none of their guards or mercenaries killed them. At least, nothing was reported to the Information Cycle."

"So, you're telling me that we are here because the corpses of some Numbers were found near Clearus...that's it?" Michael asked, and Fera, who'd been deep in musings since they emerged in Clearus, spoke up.

"The Cleavers have been teleported to the borders. As far as I know, they're dealing with the main force of Numbers. However, some higher-ups are certain that younger Numbers, those whose Essences haven't been altered under the influence of the Primordial Bloodline Arts, other techniques or treatments, entered Clearus to do something."

"So they sent us to find those Numbers, discover what they're planning, and stop them from potentially destroying one of their Shakliar?" Michael asked to make sure he understood right.

Fera scoffed but nodded, "That's about it."

'Nice. That means all we have to do is find some humans who don't want to be found in a Shakliar, which is the size of an entire continent. Finding a handful of people among tens of billions. Amazing!' Michael joked in his mind but decided to remain silent.

"I can use Seer, a 7-Star Soultrait, and true vision to fly across Clearus and check if I can find someone with familiar energy fluctuations. My Soultrait is good at finding people, but I don't think the Numbers would be running around blindly. They're brainwashed to follow the given orders with great precision," Michael stated instead.

"You can do that... while Hesta and I go and check with the authorities. The authorities of the Altors Union might be a little bit annoying, which is why you should be careful as well, but the Altors Union requested our help. They'll give us the list of human immigrants and details about the immigrants who've entered Clearus within the last two years without any problems," Fera ordered. At least, that's what I'm hoping.

"I will check the Rakshtush then," Lighno'vsh shrugged, "That's what they call the underground arenas. If you're an Awakened and unwilling to risk your life in the Origin Expanse, you can always go to one of the Amateur Rakshtush. Fighting there will earn you a small fortune. It's not as much as you could earn by putting in some effort in the Origin Expanse, but it's probably the best option for anyone afraid of death."

"Are we splitting up permanently, or do we have to meet up to compare our results? I have an Origin Watch, so we could call or share information through a messenger."

"We don't know who's listening to us after we access Claerus' network. I'd recommend meeting up once every few days. Using the messengers of the Origin Watch is still fine, but we shouldn't share any crucial pieces of information through the messenger," Hesta was deep in thought.

Her words made sense, and Fera added, "Let's add some codes to inform each other when we find something or when we're in danger." In Michael's opinion, using secret codes was a little over the top, but if one of the Numbers had managed to infiltrate Claerus' network, connecting to it would reveal everything to them. A little secret code could hide their true intentions. It might not have been necessary, but it was certainly not useless to develop some secret codes. Less than half an hour later, the four Curse Users split up. Michael shot into the air, wind and fire-attributed energy swirling around him. But that was still too slow. The corner of his lips curled upward, and he used Fusion on a new tattoo that had formed on his lower back, right underneath the World Serpent's Living Image. It was a immense Red Dragon tattoo.

Using Fusion, Michael fused with the Red Dragon and manifested her immense leathery wings.

The Red Dragon didn't even consider staying in the Sacred Desert or the Untamed Jungle, where she could live freely. She was thankful for Michael's help and decided to follow her master outside the Origin Expanse. He could have summoned the mythical creature, but he didn't want her to transform into a Lizotian cheese from a bunch of plasma cannons and other deadly weapons. Growing pinions from his back was something Michael was unfamiliar with, but he was already acquainted with Curse Fusion and Fusion with the Elemental Empress and Sun Demos. Learning how to control the leathery pair of wings wasn't too difficult. The Red Dragon supported him, and it didn't take long before they accelerated.

The wind and fire-attributed energy still revolved around him, pushing Michael to move faster through the air. He was faster than most Awakened and carriers around him but paid more attention to the ground, his eyes glowing vibrantly as he activated Seer with Greater Enhancement.

True Vision's dormant potential was unleashed to the fullest.