

S. Lord 909

Chapter 909 Power Trip

The Numbers were at the Galactical Plaza.

Michael teleported to the plaza with Cosmic Stride and quickly scrutinized the situation with Seer. True Vision showed him over a hundred masses of energy, all Higher Lifeforms. However, only one of them was a Curse User. It was Hesta.

'Where are Fera and Lig?' Michael wondered for a moment before Seer located a familiar energy fluctuation.

"Zeke!" Something about the Galactical Plaza had been weird, and discovering Zeke explained everything. Zeke used his Soultrait with a powerful Soullife Arts to hide whatever the remaining Numbers were trying to do. Only Hesta seemed to be able to see through Zeke's illusions. She was in front of Zeke and severed one of his arms with a swift attack. She was about to execute a killing blow when Michael appeared above her.

Hesta reacted quickly and was about to attack the new arrival when she saw her brother. She stopped in her tracks and focused back on Zeke, only for a fierce mixture of a fireball and highly compressed wind, augmented by Greater Enhancement, to smash into her, hurling Hesta through the air.

"What?!" Hesta exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise. However, Michael didn't pay any attention to his sister.

He used Seer's Domination to attack Zeke's mind and dominate it. A highly concentrated mental attack of a 7-Star Soultrait was enough to knock out Zeke. Michael studied Zeke's energy and vitals through true vision and used Greater Enhancement on River of Vigor. The enhanced serum gushed out of Michael's hands, stopping Zeke's bleeding before stimulating the regrowth of his lost arm.

He could have reattached Zeke's arm if he had the time, but time was not one of the luxury goods Michael had to spare. There were still more than a hundred Numbers doing something underground.

"Focus on the other!" Michael said domineeringly, "If you touch Zeke, I will tear you into shreds!" As Michael's words resounded, the Beast God Curses' halos appeared around him. A primal howl and resounding hiss rang through the Galactical Plaza, hitting the depths of Hesta's being. Her Curse stirred in fear and submitted to Fenrir without a second thought.

Hesta's eyes narrowed, but she silently glanced at the unconscious Number. A doubt rose in her mind, and she remembered one of the faces from the pictures Michael had shown the Cleavers and their team before they departed. Hesta began to understand what was going on and why Michael had attacked her. Still, she didn't like how easily he'd pushed her back, let alone how nonchalant his Curses overwhelmed hers.

Michael disappeared, and it didn't take long before one confused human after another human showed up where her brother had been standing.

Even though Michael was not as proficient at using Cosmic Stride that way, it didn't mean he couldn't teleport others as he pleased. Cosmic Stride was different from the Golden Queen Bee's

position switch ability. It was superior and could create similar, if not better, results if utilized properly.

Michael teleported to the Number after pinpointing their exact location using true vision and channeled a trace of Cosmic Stride into them using Insert. It could have been much harder, consuming more mental power and energy, but it wasn't needed with Insert. The Numbers didn't understand what was happening until it was already too late.

Not even a full minute passed before all Numbers, whether they'd been working on the Galactical Plaza's pillar or the underground runic array, showed up at the surface. Hesta stared at the Numbers and made her move. She tackled the closest Number, overwhelmed it with tremendous force, and killed him.

When Michael returned from his little mission of ensuring nobody could change the Galactical Plaza, Hesta had only killed eleven Numbers. Since she had no Soultraits to assault multiple enemies simultaneously, slaying eleven Numbers, all Higher Lifeforms, and working together to block her charge was impressive. But Michael was a little disappointed. Hesta was strong. She had an 8-Star Soultrait, a King Curse of the Fenrir bloodline, and had already advanced to Tier-6 as well. She was one of the most promising Curse Users of the younger generation.

But Michael was disappointed nonetheless.

He conjured more than a thousand Qi Swords, coated them in Greater Enhancement, mythical flames of the Red Dragon and Elemental Empress, and trickled some of Extraction and Insert's power on each Qi Sword. A moment later, they descended, killing half of the remaining Numbers while injuring the rest, severing their arms or impaling them. They were pushed to the brink of death within seconds.

The scene was gory, but Michael didn't feel bad. He'd used Mind Reader on Zeke before and had repeated the same while channeling Cosmic Stride with Insert into the other humans to ensure they were his enemies. They were members of the Supreme Human Alliance, and only some had been part of the batch whose brains had been manipulated into believing that everyone fighting the Supreme Human Alliance was bad.

Mind Reader illustrated him a few more things, which he would have loved to forget right away, but Michael kept them engraved in his mind as they continued fighting.

"Leave one of them alive," Hesta called while moving onward to kill the remaining Numbers. She left only one of them alive, other than Zeke, and sheathed her weapon.

Michael approached the corpses and stored them in his War Rune for later use. He approached the last living Number and stared at her. She wasn't one of the Lesser Humans from the Tritan Alliance, but using Mind Reader on her again illustrated that the woman was from another human civilization outside the Supreme Human Alliance's territory.

'How many human civilizations are there in the first place? How can there be so many human civilizations in the first place?'

Michael had always been confused about that, but he had yet to find an answer. Some stated the Will of the Origin Expanse split up humans in the Old Ages to avoid the inevitable fate of the Supreme Human Alliance's supreme ruling. Of course, the Supreme Human Alliance's devout believers said that. Michael guessed the Supreme Human Alliance scared some humans, who then decided to leave their race behind. In his theory, these humans chose to split up and hide in various galaxies across the cosmos. That might be wrong, but it sounded better than the Supreme Human Alliance's history and theories.

"They were all Numbers, right?" Hesta asked in doubt all of a sudden.

"Why are you asking?" "Well...because of them," Hesta nodded behind Michael, who turned to see a group of what he presumed to be Claerus' city guards. They approached them quickly, and various weapons—including laser cannons and other weapons that could hurt Higher Lifeforms—were pointed at them.

"Raise your hands and stop circulating energy, or we will shoot!" One of the guards at the front bellowed in a commanding tone.

Michael raised an eyebrow and looked at Hesta, who shrugged. She raised her hands and smiled.

"We're on official duty in the name of the Altors Union. The Numbers tried to change the Gala—..."

"Silence! Did I allow you to speak?" The guards' fingers moved to the triggers of their guns.

'Are they on a power trip or what?'