

S. Lord 911

Chapter 911 Blood Incursion

Zeke's condition was a lot more complex than expected. First, Michael tried reading Zeke's memories and thoughts to understand the method used to manipulate and brainwash him and to learn how exactly the Supreme Human Alliance's methods affected the targets. Unfortunately, the bits and pieces he acquired weren't as pleasant as he hoped. 'Every victim of the Bloodline Incursion reacts differently to it. Those with pure bloodlines react drastically to the Bloodline Incursion. Only a few days passed before they accepted their new fate as devout believers of the Supreme Human Alliance's actions and everything the SHA stands for. I guess the Bloodline Incursion is more effective on beings with only one bloodline. It doesn't have to alter much to convince them that the Supreme Human Alliance are the rulers of the universe.'

Michael saw many Descendants in Zeke's memories. Most Descendants of the strongest families fell victim to the Bloodline Incursion in less than a week. Meanwhile, the weaker Descendants, those from lower noble families or wealthy merchant families, took longer. Many managed to block the Bloodline Incursion for more than a month, some took more than half a year to succumb. Alice, Kaleb, Lincoln, and Zeke blocked the Bloodline Incursion for more than a year. The higher-ups of the Divine Academy couldn't understand what was going on. They'd tested Alice, Kaleb, and the others and discovered a secret of their bloodline: that their bloodline purity was unusually high. Their bloodline purity was high enough to be certain that all of them were the descendants of the purest humans. None of their ancestors was a half-blood or tarnished by even a percentage of another race's blood. That was unusual, but it was also something the Supreme Human Alliance was supposed to be happy about, if not for the fact that those with the purest bloodline took the longest to accept the bloodline incursion. It didn't make sense...until they realized what they'd been in touch with.

The headmaster of the Divine Academy was forced to call the Inquisitors once he managed the remnants of curse power coursing through the four Awakened. They didn't care how much curse power coursed through them or how painful it would be to remove every trace of it. Instead, the Supreme Human Alliance's Inquisitors did what they'd been trained for. They removed the harmful substances of their future protégés, ignoring their pained grunts and guttural screams.

Michael continued watching Zeke's memories but quickly realized that his friend's memories sometimes blurred. At first, the blurry memories appeared rarely. Michael didn't pay much attention to them since it wasn't the first time he'd seen blurry memories of someone else. However, more blurry memories appeared as Michael progressed through Zeke's memories.

It all began a week after the Inquisitors removed the last remnants of curse power coursing through their bodies. The Blood Incursion worked finally, altering their memories, minds, and souls until they would move and act like they were supposed to, according to the Supreme Human Alliance's will.

Michael didn't like most of the things he saw in Zeke's memories, but he was happy to discover that the attack on the Galactical Plaza was Zeke's first mission. Zeke didn't kill any innocent people in his short life as a mind slave of the Supreme Human Alliance. The situation was bound to be different for Lincoln, Kaleb, and Alice since Zeke had been pulled away from the rest, most likely due to his unique Soultraits. His pool of abilities wasn't very versatile, but it was perfect for

controlling weak-willed entities and casting powerful illusions to cover the Numbers' actions in the Galactical Plaza.

Zeke was separated from the rest, and they never reunited. That was unfortunate, but Michael had procured enough information to pinpoint a few things.

'I can remove one of the three conditions caused by the Bloodline Incursion without any problems. But will that help me fix the remaining issues?'

Michael figured removing the altered memories in Zeke's brain would be simple with either True Extraction used with its Essence or by using the Needle of the Lost Memories. The bigger problem - or problems - was the alteration of the mind and soul. Even if Michael removed the altered memories, Zeke's current state would ensure he felt nothing but utter disgust from looking at other races.

'If I add memories of him working together with other races, having fun, and enjoying their company...would that work to stimulate his mind, or would that cause a massive crash? I can also use Insert, Extraction, and some dirty tricks to stimulate his consciousness naturally. In the worst case, I will take his powers for some time and throw him into the deepest parts of the Altors Union or back into the Tritan Alliance to live with other races. Long-term stimuli from several treatments and the constant presence of kind, helpful, and likable Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs might also help.'

A few ideas popped into his mind. Most ideas were disregarded quickly, but more detailed plans were formed to remove the modification of Zeke's mind. The only issue was that the alteration of the consciousness and soul were connected. If Michael returned his mind to its original state, the soul would move to return the original mind state to the altered version. The same applied the other way around.

Michael would have to work on Zeke's consciousness and soul simultaneously to fix the damage caused by the Bloodline Incursion. That was going to be difficult, to put it simply. After all, Michael had no idea what to do to revert the mind and soul to their original condition. Was that still possible in the first place?

What if he couldn't rescue Zeke and the others? What if their condition couldn't revert to the norm without damaging their minds and soul?

'If only I'm certain they cannot be rescued, I can remove a good chunk of their altered memories, nurture their Souls, and extract the altered parts with brute force. Last, I would have to do the same with their mind. Their brain wasn't physically altered. It's more of a mental problem. I can solve that with a Soultrait as well. Even if nobody helps me, I can create a Soullife Arts to combine Extraction, Insert, and River of Vigor to remove the chunks of their mind responsible for their disgust toward other races and everything else the Supreme Human Alliance has changed.'

Some time had passed since Zeke had been knocked out, and he regained consciousness again. Zeke stared at Michael appreciate a stranger, "Who the hell are you?!" He cursed, jumping up while circulating energy through his body. He used his Soultraits right away, ready to manifest his Artifacts to fight with his life on the line if necessary.

"No hesitation in your actions. They did a good job removing every memory related to me," Michael mumbled. He'd expected Zeke to have forgotten about him since he'd seen his memories, but it stung nonetheless.

"Who gave you the Puppeteer Soultrait?" He asked.

"How do you know what my Soultrait is called? I acquired it from the Supreme Human Alliance. They noticed my talent and contribution and chose to reward me!" "Reward you for your talent and contribution? Contribution for what?" Michael asked instantaneously.

Zeke stared intently at Michael, anger flickering in his eyes. He would have attempted attacking Michael if not for the massive presence surrounding him.

"Think about it. What contribution did you make to the Supreme Human Alliance to deserve Puppeteer? Try to think remember the moment they gave you Puppeteer and everything you had to do to acquire it!"

Zeke didn't want to listen, but using Mind Reader on Zeke helped force him to think about the days of his hard function in the SHA and the day he obtained Puppeteer. But...there was nothing appreciate that. Zeke clearly remembered having obtained Puppeteer from the SHA, but there was no memory related to that. "W-what is going on?!"

'I think I can function with that.'