

S. Lord 912

Chapter 912 How to...

Michael spent several hours talking to Zeke, slowly forcing his friend to realize that his memories didn't seem to fit some pieces of hard evidence. His Soultrait Symbol was one piece of evidence. Their lives in the Tritan Alliance were another. A third was that Zeke was never given time to talk with his parents. The Supreme Human Alliance said they could talk to their families. After all, they'd joined the Numbers voluntarily. Nobody forced them. It was their own will to support the Supreme Human Alliance.

Evidently, that was nonsense. Michael noticed Zeke disliked him, which was probably a scheme of the Supreme Human Alliance, but he never attacked Michael. Michael retracted his heavy presence at some point. Zeke could have taken advantage of that and attacked him. Yet, Zeke did none of that. He sat there, listening to Michael, who continued bombarding him with questions.

"You were born in the Tritan Alliance, a backwater galaxy, so how did the Supreme Human Alliance find you?"

"How did they notice you in the first place?"

"Who were you friends with before you joined the Supreme Human Alliance?"

"Don't you have Quinn Karta? What happened to his betrayal? Will you accept his betrayal just like that and become one of them as well?"

"Remember the traitor organizations and what they've done to you."

"What did the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs do to you to deserve your hatred? Can you describe five incidents you had with the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs? Go into detail."

"Did they allow you to chat with Lincoln or the others? Why not? Don't you think they separated you from the rest intentionally?"

Michael overwhelmed Zeke with questions intentionally. It would be great if he'd discovered a loophole that he could use to revert Zeke's mind to its original state. If it worked, Michael would use his remaining SoulStar Fragments and True Extraction Essence to remove a chunk of Zeke's Soul and heal it quickly. Maybe Zeke would suffer a little, but Michael had enough SoulStar Fragments to mend most injuries a Soul could sustain. At least, he had enough for an ordinary Higher Lifeform's soul to be mended.

Zeke didn't ascend that long ago. It wouldn't be difficult to heal him...if his injury was normal. His arm had regrown already, but the youth didn't pay much attention to the weird sensation of his arm. He listened long enough to Michael in silence until he nodded slowly.

"You are right. I cannot think of a reason to hate you or any other races. I just feel disgusted, and there is no 'why.' That is just how I feel...and it confuses me. Why would I feel disgusted if I don't know you or many other races? You said we were friends and living in the Tritan Alliance. YYou said you gave me Puppeteer and showed me other Soultrait Symbols to prove your point and power...but I only remember my family and friends. I don't even remember my home or my days in the Sapphirelake Military Academy."

Michael had given Zeke thousands of documents of his school days. He'd requested the Sapphirelake Military Academy send them all the files and recordings of the Zenovia siblings, Lincoln and Zeke. Then, he told Kraft Viton and Rebecca to collect information, pictures, and various other files from them as well. Their families, or those left after the Civil War, helped him with everything in their power.

Michael had enough files, pictures, and more to prove his points, but that was where the problems started.

Zeke understood something was wrong, but his mind and soul blocked his acceptance of the hard truth. The situation got worse when the pain started. Zeke's expression distorted in discomfort. It wasn't bad at first, but his condition deteriorated quickly. The more he fought against the changes of the Blood Incursion, the worse he felt. Michael considered helping Zeke with River of Vigor's healing serum but stopped and observed his friend. The changes of Blood Incursion started burning Zeke from the inside. At least, that was what it looked like from a true vision's point of view. Michael saw something that looked like Zeke burned from the inside. It was probably something else, but Michael had a hard time understanding what was burning or what it could mean.

'Is his mind and soul decaying? Is that the Blood Incursion's defense against those who start remembering? By starting to remember that something is wrong – not even recalling his memories – Blood Incursion forces Zeke to kill himself. Is that how it is?'

Michael didn't like what he was seeing and chose to solve the situation quickly. He retrieved the Needle of the Lost Memories and removed Zeke's memories of the last few hours.

His friend collapsed to the ground as his memories were forcefully taken from him, but true vision reaffirmed his theory. Removing the memories from their chat was enough to stop Blood Incursion's suicide. Seeing his friend on the ground, unconscious but looking like he was sleeping well, Michael sighed deeply. He desired to rescue his friend, but Blood Incursion seemed much more complicated than he had hoped. But that was something he could - or should – have expected. The Supreme Human Alliance wasn't a massive force all across the universe for no reason. Their tactics and scheming were impressive enough to make an enemy out of almost everyone across the universe, survive, and continue expanding as if nothing ever happened.

Michael was certain something bad would happen to Zeke if they found out what had happened that day. He did the only thing he thought was right at that moment. Michael installed a trace of Extraction Essence inside Zeke using Insert. It was imprinted in the deepest parts of Zeke's body and remained dormant until Michael activated it. Once activated, Michael could locate Zeke, travel to his friend, and continue the experiments. He could have imprisoned Zeke but didn't know if his friend would get himself killed through a mechanism of Blood Incursion.

'Do I have to let him go like that?' Michael wondered.

He didn't feel excellent about letting Zeke return to the Numbers if other Numbers in Claerus were left in the first place. Michael had just reunited with one of his friends. He'd merely discovered what happened to his friends, which conditions had been inflicted on them, and what he could potentially do to rescue them shortly.

Leaving his comrade to the Supreme Human Alliance...again...wasn't something Michael desired to happen.

But that was necessary, or was it not?

"Keeping him unconscious works...right?" Michael stared at his unconscious comrade and studied him intently. The Blood Incursion, or whatever it did to his friend, never reacted when Zeke was unconscious. The self-destruction process stopped when he lost consciousness. Maybe Michael could make use of that.

He nodded slowly and released a significant amount of his accumulated advanced healing serum to put Zeke into a coma. For a moment, he thought the Blood Incursion would respond to the thick liquid membrane shrouding Zeke, but that wasn't the case.

"That's good... I can nourish your soul and prepare it for cutting out a good portion of it later...That will probably be necessary."

Michael was not satisfied with his findings, but it was good that keeping Zeke unconscious should work out just fine. That solved many possible future problems. But, of course, it didn't solve everything.

Michael still had a long way before him.