

S. Lord 929

Chapter 929 Sister

Michael was surprised to hear the overlapping hundred voices in his head again. He was certain nothing had changed and that he always wanted to return. But somehow, the Heart's Choice trial didn't think it had been enough.

Or was there something else at play?

Michael was confused and sensed something stirring in his chest. At the same time, Fenrir growled deeply, while Jormungandr hissed threateningly.

[It was weird before, but I can sense it clearly now. Someone altered the trials.] Fenrir cursed, [The Trials of a Fallen God aren't supposed to be this easy.]

Jormungandr seemed to agree with his brother's assessment, [Something is wrong. In fact, I can sense the influence of two beings. The sentience of the Untamed Jungle must have invaded the Temple of the Forgotten eons ago to take control of it. It...altered the trials to find something...or someone.]

Michael frowned deeply but listened intently to the Beast God Curses.

'Two beings? Do you mean the Fallen God and the Untamed Jungle's sentience with that?' [No. The Temple of the Forgotten is the Fallen God's grave. It was a nameless God or a Minor God without much influence. Or the God attained godhood after I was sealed and contained in Extraction. But Jorm is not talking about the remnants of the Fallen God. The Untamed Jungle has already consumed everything that was left of the Fallen God. In fact, the Untamed Jungle must have transformed into what it is today because it consumed the Temple of the Forgotten and everything attached to it.]

'If it consumed everything...am I not getting any rewards?'

[Rewards should be your smallest issue right now.] Jormungandr lectured Michael, [The second influence should worry you slightly more. No. Both the Untamed Jungle and the other influence should worry you.] [I wonder...if you will survive this.] Fenrir commented, his voice filled with anger.

[I don't like this either.] Jormungandr hissed, all while the thing in Michael's chest stirred more violently.

[Fourth and Final Trial has been initiated. Final Trial – Incubation – will begin now.]

'I wasn't even given a choice to decline and leave!'

Jormungandr hissed, [That's what we meant with the Untamed Jungle's influence. It wants something from you now that it is certain you are the 'right' choice.]

Michael swallowed. The Untamed Jungle intervened with his rescue mission. It stopped him from rescuing his friends.

He sensed the same old feeling he'd always felt when he roamed the Untamed Jungle. It was just... stronger...and deeply imprinted into his chest, exactly where the greenish energy gathered and formed.

I don't mean you any harm. Allow the Azure Quetzalcoatl to stall for enough time for you to finish. You need to complete this to rescue your people...and the Untamed Jungle. You need this to survive.

The Beast God Curses couldn't hear the voice, and it was very weak even to Michael. However, he knew who the voice belonged to or rather 'what'. It was the voice of the Untamed Jungle's sentience. He frowned deeply but chose to trust the Untamed Jungle. It was a matter of fact that the Untamed Jungle would cease to exist if the Dragys succeeded. Their victory against Michael's people would leave Michael with no reason to help the Untamed Jungle.

'I will trust you this time. If you betray me...the Dragys will be your smallest issue!' Michael swore to the Untamed Jungle and could have sworn to sense a tremor reverberating through the infinite body of water. The Untamed Jungle realized that Michael was serious.

[Accept your Fate.]

The overlapping hundreds of voices sounded different, more profound. Michael swallowed hard, but only a second later, the world around him turned dark. Michael vanished as the world around him was swallowed by darkness. The infinite body of water dispersed, and the young man re-appeared on a massive root. The root was hundreds of meters wide and much deeper. Nobody could tell how long the colossal root was as the surrounding area was covered in soil, stone, and a wide variety of ores. Shimmering crystals illuminated the small cave that had no entrance or exit. Michael was in the middle of nowhere, underground, and unconscious.

However, the same couldn't be said about the Beast God Curses. They sensed what was going on with Michael and chose to control his body...even if it only worked for a moment before the scenery around them changed again.

"Brothers..." A familiar voice reverberated through the sealed cavern as the Beast God Curses forced Michael's body to get up. The underground stirred, and a massive gate opened, revealing a... humanoid figure seated on a throne. No....chained to a throne.

The creature, probably a woman, was half dead and half alive. The right side of her face was no more than a black skull, a purple flame flickering in her eyesocket, whereas the left side of her face was alive and the incarnation of beauty. She appears as a thin woman, beautiful on the left side but dead and decayed like a rotting zombie on the right. For her horrid visage, the creature was outcasted among the Gods but admired by the dead.

Her dead side was terrifying with withered skin, a skeletal hand, and leg, patches of blue ice covering dyeing flesh, membrane-thin lips over rotten teeth, and tufts of thin, decaying hair like black spider webs. However, most of her body was covered in a cloak, which made it hard to discover her traits. The cloak was one of the last gifts the woman had been given from the Gods who expelled her from her realm.

Only a few Gods treated her normally. This included Fenrir and Jormungandr. But that was only obvious. [Hel.] Jomungandr hissed through Michael's body, confusion in the World Serpent's voice.

[How are you here?] Fenrir asked, but they didn't get any further.

Michael's body revolted against the influence of the Beast God Curses, and the Untamed Jungle helped Michael.

The gigantic root underfoot stirred ever so faintly, releasing a massive amount of greenish energy that flooded the young man right before the half-dead woman's eyes.

Michael's body collapsed like a sack of potatoes, leaving the woman confused but intrigued.

The chains binding her to the throne loosened slowly.

"Was that your plan, father?" Hel asked into the dead silence of the sealed cavern.

"He is the one? Okay..." She nodded and moved for the first time in eons. The chains restraining Hel shattered as if they never contained her in the first place, and she got up from the throne.

Her skeletal hand touched the throne, instantly decaying the structure. Hel approached the youth and smiled eerily as the massive root underneath her stirred again.

"I'm curious how a tiny human managed to tame my brothers and the primal root of the Untamed Jungle," Her elven-like hand reached out to Michael when she reached him. She lifted him with energy and looked into his golden eyes.

"To think the Untamed Jungle managed to alter the legacy of a Fallen God to force a gift like this onto a puny human. What makes you so important? You can contain two Beast God Curses. That is great, but is that all? The Heart of the Untamed Jungle forms and connects you to the Untamed Jungle...so what? You..." Hel frowned deeply, "You're not even a Divine Lifeform yet...but you're not bursting apart. You've long since shed your mortal vessel, didn't you? A mortal with a Divine Shell. That...is something I can work with."

She licked her lips, her dead half staring deep into Michael's soul.

"The seeds of the gods have already been rooted in your essence. You will have a tough life with so many Divinity Fragments." Hel chuckled, "But that is a problem for the future. You have everything I need. This is perfect."

Hel grasped Michael's chest tightly and dissolved into a flood of deadly black energy. Her remains fused with the energy released by the Untamed Jungle's primal root and entered Michael's body.

Michael groaned in pain as the half-sealed Soul Socket connected to the Soul Grimoire Symbol burst open, and a new Soultrait formed. The Soul Socket was dragged across his Soul Sphere by force, tearing Michael's Soul into shreds before mending it again using the primal root's energy. The new Soultrait, bound to Hel, sister of Jormungandr and Fenrir, appeared in Michael's Soul Sphere. It transformed into one of his Main Soultraits in the core of the Soul Sphere...all while Michael was unconscious, unable to do anything against Hel's influence.

But even if Michael had been awake, would he be powerful enough to block the power of a God? Michael was still not that strong. But it was only a matter of time before he would be stronger. Strong enough to control everything growing inside him.