

S. Lord 935

Chapter 935 Support

Michael realized only how massive the gains in his physical prowess and the amount of Soul Power accumulated in his Soultrait Symbols were when most Tier-6 Dragys were already dead. An ordinary Qi Sword was now almost twice as fast and far more durable than before. Their impact in the surrounding world was several times higher, and it required only a little energy to push them to top speed.

But Qi was not the only Soultrait growing stronger. In fact, Qi gained only an average boost in all abilities. His other Soultrait Symbols received the same gains or even more.

Seer and Sacred Constitution, for example, received more benefits as 8-Star Soultraits. They enhanced his physical properties further, pushing him closer to a Divine Lifeform than the Divine Shell did. It was no wonder his body was on the verge of bursting apart. The Tier-6 Dragys might have been on the same rank as Michael, but their combat prowess couldn't have been more different.

Michael overwhelmed them with physical strength, killed them, and used the Devour Wolf, which is how Michael called the golden wolf head devouring the corpses' SoulStar Fragments, Soultrait Symbols, and Death Call.

Death Call strengthened his body while summoning the Undead Souls, which he subdued with the Soul Grimoire. Once subdued, the Undead Souls were deployed to kill the Lesser Lifeforms of the Dragys while their High Awakened and Higher Lifeforms would be tormented with a bombardment of soul attacks or attacked by their possessed Lesser Lifeform friends. The jungle monsters worked with the Undead Souls while the Untamed Armies and Awakened were ordered to focus on protecting their people. They were supposed to move in groups; pincer the Dragys focused on fighting the Undead Souls and jungle monsters and attacking from the distance. Of course, the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs of the Awakened and combatants didn't like that. Thus, Michael chose to give them free reign. He didn't want them dead, but their resentment was worse. They wouldn't hate him if they died, either. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were proud warriors and would never hate their Warlord for dying in battle. If anything, it was the best end they could wish for.

Once Michael relayed hundreds of orders throughout the Untamed Jungle, he consumed some SoulStar Fragments. His Soul was already on the verge of breaking, just like his body, but the cracks in his soul were more extensive. Containing a Divinity Fragment and three Beast Gods was a little bit too much, even for a Divine Shell. 'I would be dead with the mortal vessel,' He joked even though it was no joking matter. Still, he smiled.

Hel, Fenrir, and Jormungandr's Soultrait Symbols and techniques were powerful. It wouldn't surprise him if their Soultrait Symbols would transform into something similar to the Nature Heart in the future.

[You're right. If you fuse more of our Essences into your Soultrait Symbols, we will inevitably end up giving you a portion of our Authorities.] Jormungandr said in a matter-of-fact tone, yet Michael could swear to hear a trace of annoyance as well.

[If that happens, you will have to survive no matter what. Your death would destroy everything.] Fenrir said, and Michael sensed the approval of the wolf's siblings.

The God Curses talked much more since their sister returned, but Michael didn't think much about it. However, he hoped that they wouldn't keep going like that. The God Curses snorted at his thought, and Michael shrugged. He thought about his brother and teleported to Danny, who was busy dealing with some Dragy. His body was clad in majestic plate armor, manifested from the 9-Star Sword God Soultrait. Michael could sense the source of the armor's power instinctively and smiled. Daniel Fang whirled through the surroundings like a young god of slaughter, eliminating dozens of enemies within seconds.

"Are you fine?" Michael asked Danny, who smiled from one ear to the other, "Brother, you're back."
"I am."

"That was about time. They're getting stronger and more annoying to deal with. I think the Dragys Lordess is tired of our resistance." "She certainly is. But that doesn't matter. The Dragys Lordess won't bother us for long after I'm done," He smiled but stopped when he sensed something tens of kilometers on the other side of his territory. Michael nodded toward his brother and disappeared with a use of Cosmic Stride. He appeared near Zeke and Kaleb, who were under constant assault from a dozen Tier-5 powerhouses. Kaleb and Zeke were strong, and already High Awakened, but the Dragys countered Kaleb almost perfectly. It was only owed to Zeke's Eye of Illusion that they were still alive.

Michael smiled at his friends and stretched his arm out. A primal roar escaped from his...arm, and a massive lizard head, a dragon's head, emerged before Michael.

The Red Dragon had been teleported to them and transformed into the prime target of the Dragys. The Dragonkin stared at the Red Dragon with wide eyes, worship flickering in them, but they attacked nonetheless. Their drive to survive was stronger than their worship.

Kaleb and Zeke adjusted their tactics immediately. They supported the Red Dragon with the Frozen Nova and illusions and turned the tide of the battle. The Dragys were still slightly advantageous, but a Tier-5 mythical creature was strong enough to do enormous damage. The Dragys' survival rate dropped even further after Michael applied Greater Enhancement on his friends and the Red Dragon a few times. He applied it on each of their Soultrait Symbols using Insert, unlocking their dormant physical potential with a final use on their body.

The Red Dragon's power skyrocketed alongside the two friends, and a frozen nova lance pierced the first Tier-5 Dragys after an illusion shrouded it the chilly projectile too long from the poor Awakened's perception. The Dragys was swift and responded fast. He tried using a shield to block all attacks but failed miserably. The frozen nova lance pierced the center of his chest and froze his entire upper body, which cracked and crumbled into countless tiny chunks of frozen meat and bones.

Michael disappeared again. There was no time to talk to his friends. Once the invasion of the Dragys Lordess ended, Michael and the others would have more than enough time to chat. But, for now, Michael focused on saving as many good men and women as possible.

The situation overall wasn't as bad as Michael had predicted. Once he ordered the jungle monsters to distract the enemy forces in their settlements, the Dragys Lordess ordered the reinforcement to

retreat and fortify their defenses all across their territory. At the same time, the pressure on the Untamed Awakened and the combatants decreased drastically once the Tier-6 Dragys died. The Silverfangs gained many opportunities to move through the Untamed Jungle's shrugs, emerge for a few seconds, and kill a few Higher Lifeforms.

The Silverfangs were afraid of the Undead Souls but overcame their fear once they realized that the abominations attacked the enemy. Everyone was surprised about the jungle monster's support, but they understood what was happening once their Lord flashed through the surroundings.

Their Lord did it. He returned when they needed him the most.