

S. Lord 945

Chapter 945 United

Michael's eerie appearance and smile were more than enough to convince the remaining Lords of the Divine Alliances to accept his conditions. He didn't think about signing a Soul Pact with them because his soul was still too taxed for his own good. If the Divine Alliances' Lords were to die, the Soul Pacts would shatter, and that would hurt his soul a little. Michael wished to avoid that scenario for the time being, if possible.

With that in mind, Michael told the Lords of the Divine Alliances to sign a deal with the Primordial Tree Spirit. The Primordial Tree Spirit was still the core of the Untamed Jungle. It controlled the primal root and the smaller portion of the Nature Heart's Divinity. Michael wished to procure the Nature Heart in its entirety, but he was linked to the entire Untamed Jungle because of his firm connection with the Primordial Tree Spirit and its primal root in the first place.

If not for the Nature Heart being split into several fragments and Michael's Fragment being the biggest, many things would have been more challenging.

Michael made sure the Lords of the Divine Alliances swore allegiance to the Primordial Tree Spirit before he visited the remaining Lords. There were still some smaller Lords in the Untamed Jungle. They were hiding from the powerhouses or living at the outskirts where only few paid attention to them. Still, Michael had to deal with them before they could turn into problems. He wished to remove the root of all problems and ensure nobody in the Untamed Jungle would escalate and push the Grand Region into a large-scale Regional War.

Michael visited the other Lords and explained the situation. He had to demonstrate his power sometimes, but most Lords were perceptible enough to sense how strong Michael was and that he could crush their territories with a simple snap of his fingers.

Once Michael broke up the alliances created all over the Untamed Jungle and formed a large Jungle Union, he procured the resources needed to relocate six Lords to the Outskirts of the Untamed Jungle and the materials required to build more Pentagon Forts. He didn't have enough workers either but the jungle monsters could give a helping paw or claw until the territory produced enough food and living space for more Summons.

A few days passed in the blink of an eye, but Michael barely noticed anything. He was too busy dealing with the troubles of the other Lords and his territory to pay attention to the time. At his Tier, and with a Divine Shell, Michael didn't have to be afraid of the curse of time, in the first place. He was already close to immortal and would barely age even if decades were to pass.

But that didn't mean Michael would waste his precious time. He absorbed the excessive energy of the entire Grand Region and absorbed it diligently. He used a portion of the excessive energy with the Nature Heart to recuperate the masses of land destroyed by the Dragys while channeling the rest into the Energy Vortex.

His War Rune wasn't progressing as fast as it used to be in the Trial of Regression, but it was certainly several times faster than most Tier-6 Awakened would progress under normal circumstances.

That was perfect. In a few years he would ascend to a Divine Lifeform and not even the Divine Ascension would slow him anymore. He'd already obtained what he needed from the Divine Ascension, after all. The Divine Shell was already within him and he was void of impurities. Advancing to Tier-7 would expand his energy veins and strengthen his body in every possible way, but that was about it. His next major threshold was probably attaining godhood. But even that was something the Beast Gods, Hel, and the Nature Heart would aid.

He could use their experiences and the Nature Heart's Divinity Fragment to help.

Therefore, the best way to progress was to push further and help the Untamed Jungle expand. As long as the Untamed Jungle regained its full power, Michael might as well become the Lord of a Primal Region. That would certainly push the potency and efficiency of his Soultrait Symbols to a much higher level.

But that would take time, which Michael had a lot of. He might have many enemies to fight in the future, but nobody threatened his safety at this moment. The Sacred Desert was cleared and belonged to him, and so did the Untamed Jungle.

Michael was present at the daily meetings but he had little to say. He listened to the daily reports and the progress of his combatants, the construction sites' progress, and how far the farmers were. The Architects created some new building blueprints and revealed the first miniature versions of Tree Defensive Towers and more defensive structures that could be used to defend the Pentagon Forts and other purposes.

Michael supported multiple-purpose buildings after the loss of one Pentagon Fort. There was little he or his people could have done against the Dragys at that time, but it was a shame one of three Pentagon Forts had been destroyed. Many good combatants left their lives to protect the fleeing civilians. Michael hoped to avoid another incident by investing more into defending his settlements.

The first week had passed quickly and the following months were just like that. Michael summoned a few million Summons spread across the last few months to help construct two dozen Pentagon Forts, hundreds of Ranches, and enough farmland to feed more than a hundred million subjects. Michael would need more in the future, but he was not in a hurry at this moment.

He was busy tending to the Untamed Jungle's damaged lands and let his subjects and Subordinates do the other work. It was a little odd to transform from a killing machine into a Botanica Magician with a green finger, but it was a welcome change. Michael's mind was too accustomed to death and suffering after the countless wars he'd fought. Changing his rhythm drastically by tending to the Untamed Jungle had always helped him regain his inner balance. That didn't change. It would probably never change.

Michael didn't leave the Origin Expanse often, but he heard some news from Daniel now and then. Apparently, his sister and the others were still fine. The Altors Union and the Supreme Human Alliance engaged in more fierce battles than last few decades, but that was within everyone's expectations. Their borders had been silent for too long. Michael wasn't surprised by the news, but it worried him nonetheless. How could he not be about his friends, manipulated by Blood Incursion and forced to do horrible things they would have never done if they had a different choice?

He'd seen Alice and Lincoln in the Heart's Choice Trial and watched their steps, but what he saw was both reassuring and worrisome. Watching Alice had been reassuring and calming. Michael

wasn't worried that something would happen to her. She would be fine, even if the Blood Incursion had hit her hard.

But Lincoln...Michael wasn't sure if he could rescue Lincoln without crippling him forever. Maybe, just maybe...death would be better for him...

[End of 16th Volume]