

Supreme Lord 441

Chapter 441 Heaven's Descent

Before Michael realized what was going on his arm was healed, and so were his ear drums.

Maria let go of his face and turned around to focus on the severely injured patients once again. Meanwhile, Michael stared at Maria, lost in thoughts.

He spent a second or two in confusion before he regained his senses. "Help you out? How?" Michael asked.

Maria didn't look up from the patients and continued to tend to their wounds. "I cannot heal everyone simultaneously. I will focus on those who're dying...", She mumbled, gritting her teeth, "I want you to freeze the wounds of the severely injured to give me some more time. Once you're done with that, move those with the worst wounds closer to me." Michael had a few more questions that needed answers, but he could tell that Maria had no time to divert her focus from the injured. She was already sweating trying to tend to as many injured as possible in the shortest time.

Michael turned around and looked at the injured. He was not a medic and his medical knowledge was not exactly deep. However, freezing the wounds of the injured didn't sound too bad. The only issue was that freezing the injured's wounds for a prolonged time would destroy their cells, maybe even some of their body parts if he was forced to freeze their limbs to make sure that they wouldn't die. However, losing a limb or two was better than dying.

It was not the best option, but it was certainly better than leaving the wounded to bleed to death.

Michael was just glad that Maria was around. With her presence, nobody complained as Michael began to follow her orders. But Michael was not too worried about that, in the first place. He would freeze their wounds even if they were daring enough to complain. All he cared about were the dying patients and the threat hovering above their heads. It was uncertain whether the attack from above was over, or if it had just begun.

However, that was something Alice and the other powerhouses would be taking care of. Therefore, Michael focused on the wounded around him. He froze most severe wounds with Glacicle before moving through the Colosseum with the Dome of Extraction unleashed.

Michael used the Dome of Extraction to pinpoint the location of the wounded but still alive people who were buried underneath debris and the collapsed walls. They were injured and not exactly in good shape so they could thereby be invaded by the tendrils of Extraction. Michael didn't intend to extract their lifeforce or energy. Instead, he pinpointed their location as the tendrils of extraction searched through the remnants of the Colosseum.

It didn't take long before Michael's tendrils connected to several buried Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. He found a group of humans that had been buried as well. Unfortunately, it was already too late for them. The tendrils of extraction didn't sense any lifeforce within them. They were dead.

It was a shame that he couldn't help them anymore, but Michael couldn't resurrect the dead. As for Maria, she was already busy enough trying to keep the living alive. Even if she could resurrect the dead, it would probably consume too much energy and focus. Maria would tire out too quickly and be unable to rescue those who were still alive.

'It has been too long since they died. Not even Maria can help them at this point.' Michael concluded before extracting the rubble and stones all around him. He freed a few groups of Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, but he couldn't carry all of them at once. There were too many and they were too injured to be thrown around mindlessly. Michael grit his teeth and picked up one of the most severely injured Warlock Centaurs. His legs were crushed and several rocks had pierced his chest. A long metal pipe had pierced his abdomen and there was a large hole in his shoulder.

Michael tried to be as careful as possible as he carried the Warlock Centaur to the center of the Colosseum. There he saw several humans crying their hearts out, their gut-wrenching cries filling the air with gloom and despair, and pure terror in their eyes. It was a pitiful sight, but all Michael could feel was anger.

"Are you going to stay here like pitiful bastards, or what? Get fucking moving and help out!!! Do you want everyone to die?" Michael bellowed, activating Spirit Gaze to use Spirit Disturbance on each of the crying idiots.

Two of them slumped to the ground as Spirit Disturbance impacted, but the rest turned their heads toward him. Their eyes widened and they were just about to say something when they saw the fury in Michael's eyes. Michael was carrying a Warlock Centaur who was twice his height on his shoulders, the wounded's blood drenching his clothes.

"Move!" Michael ordered, his voice commanding obedience. At this point, Michael couldn't care less about the reason they acted like pathetic cowards. Some of these bastards were Descendants with Soultraits that didn't require them to fight, while others could be considered merchants who used the Battle Exchange to establish multiple alliances and new trading routes. But so what? If they couldn't even keep their calm in a disaster like this, how were they supposed to lead their families in the future? 'Their parents must be proud of these fucking idiots. If any of them becomes the head of their family or business, I will shoot myself!' Michael cursed in his heart, using the rage churning inside him to move the Warlock Centaur faster to Maria.

He saw Jirah Loar and Maria's loyal fan club staring through the surroundings with great vigilance. Most of them had unsheathed their weapons as if they were waiting for some Invaders to charge into the Colosseum to attempt kidnapping, or killing Maria.

"Are you guys going to stand around doing nothing? Get the injured and bring them over. I removed some of the rubble burying some groups of Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs," Michael told them when he saw that the Descendants circling around Maria had already overcome their shock. They looked surprised but they weren't shaking anymore. It was quite obvious that they didn't face a near-death experience for the first time in their lives. They were not like the sobbing idiots, who were too shocked to move. They were real Descendants.

Unfortunately, that didn't mean they were keen on helping him. The fan club didn't move even after everything Michael said. Michael put the injured Warlock Centaur down near Maria's feet, which received various complicated expressions.

"Maria will focus on healing humans. Don't make her waste too much of her energy tending to them." One of the Descendants said, pointing at the Warlock Centaur. "Waste energy?" Michael's eyes narrowed, "Maria will heal everyone. So get your ass up and help the others!" Michael's voice grew fiercer with every word that escaped his lips. The Dome of Extraction expanded, and the full power of the Legendary Ring's Dragon Might was unleashed.

Michael's Dragon Might and the Dome of Extraction seemed to merge and impact heavily on the group of Descendants. The pressure weighing down on them increased as Michael took a stride toward the Descendant who'd spoken against him.

Michael grasped the Descendant's collar and stared into his eyes coldly, "We are allies and ought to rely on each other in emergency situations like this. If you were in their stead, you would want to be rescued as well. So you better stop spouting nonsense and help!"

The Descendant was only a 2nd-year student at the Peak of the 2nd Tier. He had a Support-type Soultrait and didn't expect some nobody to confront him when he was still shocked by the incident that happened mere minutes ago.

Staring into the deadly cold eyes of the young man, whose presence weighed heavily onto him, the young Descendant felt as if he was suffocating.

"Michael is right. Let's save everyone we can. Zayn, Lily, and Pierre will stay here to protect Maria and the injured with everything you got. The rest should get moving!" Jirah Loar intervened. He appeared next to Michael and looked straight into the enraged youth's eyes.

Michael released the young Descendant who slumped to the ground with trembling legs. "Thanks," Michael said half-heartedly to Jirah when he saw that the other Descendants began to move. They stared daggers at Michael since he was a mere nobody who confronted one of their people and gave them orders. However, Michael couldn't care less. He had begun to hate the Descendants more and more. Some were entirely useless because all they cared about was their own comfort, safety, and establishing connections with other families, while others were too arrogant for their own good. Worse even, they cared only about their own kind. They would leave the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs to die if that meant that they could rescue one more of their Descendants from rubble and ashes.

"But what about Maria's energy reserves? She won't have enough to tend to all of them?" One of the Descendants asked, his eyes moving to a young woman who was being tended to by Maria.

The bright lights emanating from Maria's hands had dulled and it was not difficult to tell that her Soultrait's power began to dwindle. Maria didn't have enough energy left to use her full power to heal everyone equally. Therefore, some Descendants wanted to ensure that their own kind would be tended to rather than the Berserkers or Warlock Centaurs. They had their own healers, after all!

Unfortunately, the medic team of the Colosseum had been struck and killed by one of the Perses Missiles. Maria was currently the only healer in the Colosseum.

'Am I in the wrong here?' Michael wondered at this moment. He strained Maria too much by bringing everyone who was severely wounded to her. She was only a Low Tier-3 Lord, therefore her energy reserves were highly restricted. 7-Star Soultraits required a tremendous amount of energy to be used at

full power. The effects were grand, but the energy consumption was terrifying. Of course, Maria couldn't heal everyone by herself.

'No. I'm not wrong...' Michael grit his teeth. He didn't prioritize any of the Descendants. If anything, he treated every patient the same. They were all allies and should thus care for each other.

"Ah fuck off. Just help everyone. I will make sure that Maria has enough energy to heal everyone!" Michael cursed the Descendant before turning to Jirah.

"Trust me, please." He told Jirah, looking at him hopefully.

The resolve and determination in Michael's eyes caught Jirah by surprise, and the corners of his lips curled upward.

"It looks like my research about you was completely wrong. I owe you an apology," Jirah said, clearing his throat before he waved to the other Descendant, "Get moving everyone! We got to save everyone!" The Descendants followed Jirah's command. They didn't trust Michael, but they knew that they could trust Jirah. If Jirah said that everyone would be tended to, it was a fact. "We will help as well!" A familiar voice from nearby resounded. It was Fernando Jochez, whom Michael had met only once.

Michael raised an eyebrow but nodded his head without saying anything else. He then headed to Maria, whose clothes were drenched in sweat. He caught himself looking at her beautiful form for a moment before regaining his senses in the next.

"Don't reject it," Michael said as he pressed his right hand against Maria's back. Once his palm connected to her back, Michael used the Power of Energy Imprint stored in the Legendary Ring Artifact.

A tremendous amount of energy swirled through Michael's right hand right before traversing to Maria. Sensing the cold energy that traversed from Michael's hand and seeped into her back, Maria gasped. She let out a startled gasp and looked back at Michael, her eyes wide open.

"Better?" Michael asked gently, hoping that the Power of Energy Imprint stored in the Legendary Ring Artifact would be enough to last for a while. Maria's complexion improved drastically. Her cheeks turned faint pink and her labored breathing slowly returned to normal.

"Thanks," She mumbled, ignoring the heat that rose to her ears.

Her clothes were drenched in sweat and sticking to her body. It was uncomfortable to be looked at by many in such a state as Maria would never allow anyone to see her exhausted like this. But now a young man pressed his hand against her drenched back; against the clothes clinging to her body like a second skin. Maria felt like there was no gap between Michael's hand and her back, almost like she was naked.

'So warm.' Michael's warmth pressed against her. It filled Maria with energy and vigor.

Staring into the dark eyes of the young man, who supported her without any complaints, Maria felt reassured. She thought that everything would be alright and that she could save everyone.

"Are you at your limit?" Maria asked right after finishing healing the female Descendant in front of her. The young woman got up and thanked Maria several times for tending to her wounds, but Maria's full attention had already returned to Michael.

Maria could feel that the crimson ring was the source that allowed Michael to provide her with so much energy. However, she didn't know how much energy the ring stored and if the Artifact's output was already at its limit.

"Not yet. I can channel more energy into you, but that will strain your body further. I don't think your body can handle more," Michael said, only for a corner of Maria's lips to tilt upward.

"Don't underestimate me. Increase the output and witness Heaven's Descent!" Maria declared loud enough for the Descendants around her to hear.

The three Descendants who had been ordered to protect Maria were already stupefied at her abrupt change of personality. Maria Seraph was calm and composed. Her majestic appearance highlighted her gracefulness, and the lack of emotions created a hue of enigma around her.

But the same graceful and emotionless beauty they had worshiped as the Saintess was now staring at Michael with flushed cheeks and shouting in excitement like a little girl. That was already enough to

shock the Descendants to the heart since none of them had ever been able to change the way Maria Seraph looked at them emotionlessly, but that was not everything.

Maria was about to use her Inheritance Technique, Heaven's Descent. "Are you ready to take on responsibility for what you said before?" Maria asked, staring at Michael with a dead-serious expression.

"What I said before? You mean earlier when I shouted at these idiots?" Michael asked, only to narrow his eyes.

"And what do you mean 'bear responsibility'?! We're here to save everyone, not to sleep with each other!"

Chapter 442 Troublesome

The situation all over the Colosseum was a lot worse than they initially thought. Dozens of participants died, the medic team had been obliterated and almost everyone was either severely wounded or on the verge of dying.

Only those tended to by Maria could currently help bring the other injured to Maria. Some tried to use their crystal watch to call for help, but nobody answered their calls. The network system had been blocked.

"Don't worry. Nothing will go wrong. There won't be a need for you to bear any responsibility!" Maria said right before shrouding her entire body in a dazzling light.

A halo manifested above her head and semi-transparent wings sprouted from her back.

The dazzling light slowly expanded. It covered Michael's hand until the dazzling light reached his War Rune.

"Channel more energy into me, and please don't reject me, otherwise, it might be painful for both of us," Maria ordered a moment before the dazzling light infiltrated his War Rune.

There was no time to waste with too many dying people waiting to be tended to. Maria couldn't heal everyone solely with her Soultrait. That was why she had to resort to her Inheritance technique.

As the dazzling light infiltrated his War Rune, Michael sensed that the Sphere of Light and all of his Soultrait Symbols began to light up. He didn't activate his Soultraits simultaneously, but it felt like Maria reached out to his Soultraits – the storages of his Soultraits' Soul Power, to be precise.

Maria connected to the Soul Power stored within each of his Soultraits to use it temporarily. That was what her Inheritance technique did. Using Heaven's Descent allowed Maria to expand her divine light and tap into the Soul Power of those who were willing to aid her in the creation of a miracle.

Michael didn't like that Maria might be able to sense how many Soultraits he possessed according to the amount of Soul Power residing within him, but if he could save hundreds of prodigies from the Tritan Alliance it would be fine. It was not as if she could find out the power of his Soultraits that way, either way.

He allowed her to use his Soul Power temporarily to boost the power output of her 7-Star Soultrait. Simultaneously, Maria drained the entire energy stored within the Power of Energy Imprint within seconds.

She broke into a sweat, and her veins bulged at the massive amount of energy residing within her body as she unleashed her Soultrait [Archangel's Grace].

The semi-translucent wings sprouting from her back transformed and became real. Simultaneously, the halo levitating above her head began to shimmer brightly as well. The halo and wings radiated a white light that expanded throughout the entire Colosseum before stretching even farther.

As the white light stopped stretching it gathered in dozens of spots. The white light congregated and formed various silhouettes of humanoid lifeforms. Large wings spread out from their back and halos adorned them all. The silhouettes lifted their left hands right into the air. They conjured staffs out of thin air and gestured downward.

Beams of light shot to the ground where they spread like a flood. But instead of water, the flood spread divine light wherever it passed by. The divine light radiated soothing warmth and dazzling lights that sought the confused and wounded to tend to their wounds.

Once the wounded were located, the silhouettes of Angels used their divine light to release divine pillars in various locations.

The entire district around the Colosseum was flooded in dazzling lights and divine pillars. The wounded were healed and the jumbled feelings of the desperate and confused dispersed. Their pain was eased and their fears controlled to calm everyone.

Michael felt the effect of Maria's Soultrait and the terrific power of her Inheritance technique up close. His Soul Power was momentarily drained from him, leaving less than 10% for him to use. He felt extremely weak for a moment. However, Michael was not worried. If anything, he was shocked upon realizing how vast the area of effect of the Inheritance Technique was. It was terrifying, yet also impressive.

His mind was put to ease as a divine pillar shone upon him and everyone around him. Michael watched as dozens of dying Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were healed in a matter of seconds. Their condition improved drastically and they regained consciousness not long after.

Once everyone was tended to, and the energy surging through Maria had been used up, the divine lights dispersed. The Angel silhouettes vanished and a soft groan escaped Maria's lips.

Michael stared at Maria, his impression of her changing drastically. The young woman of the Seraph family was gasping for breath. Her sight turned blurred, she grew pale like a sheet of paper and her knees wobbled due to the exhaustion soon after. She was on the verge of collapsing, yet a faint smile plastered her face.

"I got them all," She whispered softly, her hair sticking to her pale face.

"Good job," Michael said, ready to remove his hand from her back. But just as he was about to pull back, Michael noticed that Maria didn't have an ounce of strength in her body left. A slight blow of air would be enough to push her around.

While Michael's Soul Power returned to him, Maria felt extremely weak and drained. She had never used Archangel's Grace on such a large scale before. It was a first for her, including the use of the Inheritance technique with someone outside the Seraph family.

Maria felt Michael's warm hand pressing against her back to support her. She glanced at him and noticed something from the corner of her eye. Maria's eyes widened in surprise and confusion. The next moment she began to chuckle, looking at the back of his right hand.

"I'm sorry. I didn't expect it to be that troublesome..." She mumbled right before collapsing, taking him down with herself.

Michael caught Maria, one eyebrow raised at her comment but the unexpected weight of hers threw him off guard and he smacked his back against the ground.

'Troublesome? What was?'

Michael tried to position Maria a little bit better to help her get up. However, she was not conscious anymore. Her head bobbed against his chest and she would have smacked her head against the rubble if Michael allowed her to slip away. She was oblivious to his plight and the tension bubbling inside his chest while Michael was slowly trying to get up from the ground without accidentally hurting her.

At last, help arrived. A group of Champions consisting of several Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs arrived at the remnants of the once glorious Colosseum. Following the Champions, human helpers arrived as well. Michael saw Kaleb, Lincoln, and Zeke. They found him and began running in his direction. But then their eyes fell on the young woman who had her head resting upon his chest. Their eyes widened and they slowed down visibly.

Just as Michael was about to call them out he noticed that Jirah appeared next to him.

"Can you help me out a bit?" Michael asked as Jirah stared at him.

"I...can't..." Jirah said, "Not like this..."

A frown appeared on Michael's face. He then looked down at Maria to see that some of her clothes were see-through now that she was drenched in sweat.

lightsNovel ?om 'It wasn't like that before. Using her Soultrait, or her Inheritance technique shouldn't have turned her clothes see-through though...Weird...' Michael thought, accessing his War Rune to retrieve a bunch of blankets. He put them around Maria and looked over to Jirah once again.

"Is it better now?"

"As long as I don't have to touch her it will be fine," Jirah said, staring at Michael as if he was an extraterrestrial lifeform.

'Wasn't he her fan and a childhood friend? What is the problem with helping her? He didn't look like someone with OCD.'

Michael decided to not bother thinking about it. Instead, he helped Jirah pick up Maria to bring her to the nearest medic, who could observe her condition.

But just as Jirah was about to take Maria away he noticed something shining on the back of Michael's hand.

"Shit." He blurted out, taking Michael by surprise.

Michael was just about to ask something when he saw Jirah pressing his lips together in a thin line. He looked at Michael again and stared even longer at the back of Michael's right hand.

"This is very troublesome..." He said, repeating what Maria mentioned earlier.

Michael tilted his head, but Jirah left in a rushed manner. It was almost like he didn't want to be connected to him, as if Michael was a disease. He eyed Michael with concern and mumbled a quick "Sorry for the trouble," and disappeared.

"What the hell was that?" Michael asked, only to notice that more members of Maria's loyal fan club were staring at him.

Some stared at him in fury, but Michael predicted that they simply hated him for confronting them earlier. Their anger was normal. It was something Michael could understand and file away into the section of 'arrogant Descendant, who cannot deal with no names confronting them' of his mind. They followed the clichè lifestyle of the Young Masters that were mentioned often in some of the books he read when he was younger.

But the others, those who eyed him with mixed emotions, confusion, and even jealousy- Michael couldn't understand them.

Were they jealous that he talked with Maria, or that he touched her back? That was not impossible given that none of the fan club members must have been able to approach her that closely. They must have wanted to make sure to keep a polite distance from their idol. That would make sense – somehow, in a twisted way.

But Michael couldn't understand the puzzlement and the other mixed feelings that he saw in their eyes.

"What are they so confused about?" He murmured, not noticing that Kaleb, Lincoln, and Zeke arrived next to him.

"Why was the Saintess leaning against you?" Zeke asked straightforwardly.

Michael looked at Zeke and tried to read his expression.

"When the Perses Missiles impacted, many sustained heavy injuries. I brought them to her, shouted at the crying pseudo-Descendants, and commanded her fan club to start helping out. Then I channeled more energy into her with my Ring Artifact since she was getting tired. After that, she used Heaven's Descent. You probably witnessed the rest. Maria's Soultrait is really powerful. I understand why everyone is so interested in her," He summarized within a few sentences.

Michael thought nothing special of it, but the three Descendants stared at him like he was some sort of alien.

"So you could touch her just like that?" Zeke asked.

"Wait...so she used her family's Inheritance Technique WHILE you touched her?" Lincoln added.

"And you gave her permission to use your Soul Power...and it worked without giving you a backlash..." Kaleb's voice grew increasingly frantic with each spoken word.

Listening to each other, the three began to stare at the back of Michael's right hand and cursed out in unison.

"That is troublesome..."

Chapter 443 Mark

Michael scowled while staring at the back of his hand. His War Rune didn't look the same as before. It looked like it expanded to his fingers where it morphed into an Angel with wide-spread wings.

Only a small portion of the War Rune's upper area had changed, but the changes were quite obvious. It was enough to attract everyone's attention...and for everyone to say that 'it' was troublesome.

"What is that? Why did my War Rune transform?" Michael asked his friends.

Lincoln, Zeke, and Kaleb looked at each other but didn't answer immediately.

"Basically, you were marked," Lincoln responded at last.

"Marked?"

"You really know nothing about the Seraph family, do you?" Zeke responded with a deep frown on his face. He was visibly annoyed.

Lincoln tapped Zeke's shoulder and responded in Michael's stead, "Calm down, Zeke. It's only obvious that Michael knows nothing about the secrets of the Supreme Families. You tend to forget that he is not yet a member of High Society. Who would have told him about our secrets?"

Zeke stared at Lincoln and clicked his tongue, "Right."

His head flicked to Michael before he uttered a silent apology. "Sorry about that."

The next moment Zeke sighed deeply and began to explain Michael a few things.

"The Mark on the back of your hand means that your Soul Power is highly compatible with Maria's Soultrait. It was very easy for her to use Heaven's Descent, the Seraph family's Inheritance technique, while tapping into your Soul Power. The Inheritance technique allows her to temporarily use the Soul Power of the allies within her range to enhance her Soultrait. This effect is even stronger if several conditions are met. First, if your bodies are in contact, Heaven's Descent can naturally traverse through her body to reach your War Rune. Second, your Soultraits have to be compatible to ensure that your Soul Power is not incompatible with Maria's. The higher the compatibility rate the more Soul Power she can use temporarily. Third, if you trust Maria enough to use your Soul Power to achieve the goal you want to achieve as well, you can naturally increase the amount of Soul Power that is transferred to her momentarily. All of those reasons combined are probably the reason why Archangel's Grace's full power was unleashed.

To explain it without using all those complicated terms, your War Rune was altered as a trace of Maria's Soultrait infiltrated your War Rune – because you and Maria met all conditions I've mentioned just now," Zeke explained, only for Kaleb to interrupt.

"Something you should know is that the shape of the Seraph family's War Rune was always a little bit different from everyone else. There are a few families with War Runes of different shapes. Some say that their altered War Runes are more powerful when using certain Soultraits, while others say that the shape of the War Rune doesn't change anything."

Lincoln then added, "You don't have to worry too much about that though. Everyone from the Seraph family, including the members who married into the Seraph family, have altered Soultraits."

Michael's scowl deepened.

"So, you mean that the War Runes of those who married to the Seraph family look like mine?" He asked, pointing at the dimly glowing Angel on the back of his hand.

"Yeah...basically," Lincoln said, noticing that he might have given Michael too much information when he was, in fact, not yet ready.

"Everyone, including you guys, told me that this is troublesome. What exactly is troublesome about this?" Michael asked. He looked over to Lincoln and added, "You don't want me to believe that anyone can force me to join some family through marriage? That sounds like the story of a cliché drama show with overused tropes."

"Well, it is troublesome because I heard that everyone marked by the Seraph family will have to join them one way or another. I think they heard the same, otherwise, they wouldn't have said that it is troublesome," Zeke responded, his heterochromatic eyes lingering on Michael's face. He was trying to read Michael's expressions and how he would react to the news.

"I have to join the Seraph family? I don't think I will though," Michael responded lightly. There was no way that they could force him to join their family. It didn't make sense. All Michael tried to do was to help Maria tend to everyone's wounds. It was an emergency, and not like he wanted to be marked by her.

"If our Soultraits weren't compatible, or I wouldn't have allowed her to use 90% of my Soul Power temporarily, would I have gotten marked...or not?" Michael then asked, still trying to understand the principle behind the Seraph family's Soultrait and Inheritance Technique.

"How do you not know how rare it is for someone to be mark—...Ahh, right. You are not a Descendant. I forgot again," Zeke cursed quietly, clearing his throat to answer Michael's question with a much calmer mind. "It is very rare to get Marked randomly. Usually the Seraph family searches for years to find a suitable Amplifier for their descendants. The Seraph family searched for Maria's mother for almost two decades. Her father is one of the two Lords with a 6-Star Healing Soultrait in the Seraph family if you didn't know that. Yet, Maria has a 7-Star Soultrait..."

The more Michael listened intently, the more his head began buzzing with doubts. "So the stronger the Soultrait the harder it is for the Seraph family to find a suitable Amplifier...because an Amplifier needs to have compatible Soultraits – usually one Soultrait – with an enormous amount of Soul Power. And since high-ranked Soultraits usually have more Soul Power than weaker Soultraits, Maria has to find her Amplifier among the offspring – or those with powerful Soultraits...I guess?"

Heaven's Descent was definitely a weird technique.

Michael understood what an Amplifier was since he witnessed it first hand. An Amplifier enhanced the power of the Seraph family's Soultrait through their Inheritance technique.

With a suitable Amplifier the Seraph family could create miracles just like Maria did in the Colosseum.

"So I am now Maria's Amplifier...because we wanted to rescue everyone? That sounds like...bullshit," Michael grumbled. "Can't she search for another Amplifier? Maria might have to search for a while, but if nobody tells the Seraph family about the incident everything will be alright, right?"

The moment the words left his mouth, Michael realized how stupid he sounded. Too many people – Descendants at that – had seen the tremendous power Maria's Soultrait unleashed thanks to him. If that was not enough, many had also seen the changes his War Rune underwent. It was near-impossible to ensure that everyone would keep their mouth shut in front of their parents and the Seraph family.

"If it was that easy, you would be a very lucky guy...or unlucky since most people would love to be linked with Maria. I don't think you understand how many people are – and will be – envious of you," Kaleb said, causing Michael to retort, "Like you?"

Kaleb shook his head lightly but glanced over to Lincoln. Lincoln was a good guy, but Michael could tell that the Descendant of the Piedra family looked at his War Rune longingly.

'Does he like Maria? Well, she is beautiful and her personality doesn't seem to be too bad either. She wanted to rescue everyone while those idiots of her fan club wanted to help only their kind. It's understandable that Lincoln fancies her.'

"Let me be blunt with you," Lincoln said once he'd gotten his emotions under control, "Many would be jealous of you for being Maria's Primal Amplifier. Numerous Descendants who won't inherit their family's business or won't become patriarch/matriarch would love to join the Seraph family. Even heirs of Great Families would consider joining the Seraph family if they were Maria's Amplifier – her Primal Amplifier at that!"

Michael was just about to ask what a Primal Amplifier actually is and what it meant to be Maria's Amplifier when Lincoln lifted his hand.

"Maria never used her Inheritance Technique with someone else other than her family. As a member of the Seraph family and household, you are either related to Maria by blood, or you are an Amplifier of Maria's parents or relatives. None of them can become Maria's Amplifier because blood relatives and those who were already Amplifiers of her family cannot establish a connection with her. If you are blood related, or your Soultraits are too similar, an Amplification Mark can never link you two together. You are different...too different – if I were to be blunt –, yet somehow Maria's Soultrait still accepted you. That's weird, but let's leave that aside for now.

Fact is that you are the first potential Amplifier, whom she used Heaven's Descent with. You were compatible enough to create the Mark of Fate...That's what the Seraph family calls the first Mark that can only be established between Maria and the Primal Amplifier.. Therefore a tiny portion of her Soultrait now resides in your War Rune. Your connection will grow stronger, thus nurturing the power Maria will be able to exhibit with her Soultrait even if she doesn't use her Inheritance Technique.

"Through your connection, Maria's power will always be amplified as long as she is close to you, whereas you are the only Amplifier of Maria, who will ever be able to naturally strengthen the shard of Maria's Soultrait within you. You will naturally collect Soul Power within the shard which both of you can use," Lincoln explained, his voice growing more and more tired.

He had no energy to speak to Michael any longer. It pained his heart too much.

Kaleb didn't really care too much about Lincoln's pain as he added, "You will be able to hoard a portion of her Soultrait's power as well when you stay close to her. That way you can use Archangel's Grace as well even if it won't be as powerful."

Michael listened intently, but he sincerely wished that he didn't understand a single thing. Unfortunately, that was not the case.

'So only one Primal Amplifier can exist, which is the first person who is marked by the Inheritance Technique due to high compatibility of Soultraits and some other factors. That dude is quite unlucky...aka me...'

Being able to use a portion of Maria's Soultrait sounded like a blessing, but turning into the Primal Amplifier of Maria Seraph would push him in the center of attention...the High Society's attention no less.

Michael could already imagine hundreds, if not thousands, of people blaming him for becoming Maria's Primal Amplifier despite being a nobody. Many would definitely try to bully him and give him a hard time wherever he went. At the same time, the Seraph family would probably think that he had ill intentions and selfish motives for trying to get close to their beloved prodigy. Michael could already imagine them 'interrogate' him via torture to find out what intentions he had when he approached Maria.

He was just a nobody without a family. That made everything even worse in the High Society's eyes.

The impression he was bound to make in the eyes of others was certainly sub-zero.

"That will be fun," Michael murmured, not feeling funny at all.

"But let's look at it from the brighter perspective," Kaleb said, causing everyone to turn to the blue-haired youth.

"We don't have any time to dwell upon the subject of Maria and Michael turning into her Primal Amplifier. There is something far more troublesome waiting for us!"

"Is there something more troublesome than the chance of being forced to join a family I know nothing about?" Michael blurted out right before he realized something.

Ah...right. They had been under attack.

Chapter 444 Primal Amplifier

"According to the news we've heard, the expedition ship Tritaenus was hijacked, and we don't know who was behind it yet," Zeke revealed, "All we know is that the Tritaenus released 108 Perses Missiles all over Piloq before disappearing. The Tritaenus hasn't been seen since it left, meaning that the GPS and special navigation system got hacked."

"As you can imagine the higher-ups are now utterly bewildered and enraged – for good reason," Kaleb included heavily. He had never seen his sister that angry and flustered. It was terrifying.

"The Battle Exchange was interrupted and too many lost their lives, civilians as well as prodigies. The families who lost their precious Descendants won't sit quietly. They will definitely get moving to nab the culprits. As for the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, who died in the attack...their families are even worse. To see their children die in such a manner is one of the most dishonorable ways to die possible. It is a disgrace to their families and the honor of their children's Battle Spirit."

The group, or organization that hijacked the Tritaenus was bound to get hunted down by the combined efforts of the three races. Everyone desired to catch them and tear them apart publicly. Michael comprehended that point very well.

"Did the Tritaenus encounter a foreign race that hijacked the ship?" He inquired.

"No, that's not possible. The large-scale radars in Piloq would have sensed the frequencies of foreign races several hundred thousand kilometers before they entered Piloq's range. The Tritaenus had to be much closer than that for the Perses Missiles to hit the targets in Piloq precisely...and that they did..." Zeke explained.

"That means the Hijackers were..."

"Humans, Berserkers, or Warlock Centaurs," Lincoln clarified, only for Zeke to add, "Humans are the most likely though. Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs would never do something as honorless as attacking weakly with missiles. In fact, they don't use weapons like missiles in the first place."

Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were naturally fond of close-combat battles. Their inborn Battle Spirit was extraordinary and they were honorable fighters who could only find eternal peace by dying on the battlefield, covered in scars. Even the most annoying, arrogant, and disgusting Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs wouldn't dishonor their existence by using the Perses Missiles to kill the innocent in a cowardly attack.

That was what the history books of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs said. Of course, the history books might not be 100% right.

"We have to deal with traitors," Kaleb got straight to the point.

Zeke nodded before he continued summarizing to Michael what they had theorized on their way to the Colosseum, "We predict that some hostile organization is trying to destroy the delicate relations between Humans, Warlock Centaurs, and Berserkers. That is also why we rushed to the Colosseum. We were hoping that everyone survived and that the Tritan Alliance helped one another. Therefore, it was very good that Maria didn't distinguish between the races when she used her Inheritance Technique to heal everyone. If she healed only the injured humans...it would have been a lot more troublesome than you can imagine."

"Losing the trust of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs would have been the worst...that's true," Michael concurred wholeheartedly.

'It was a good thing that I confronted the Descendants,' He could only think, giving himself a pat on the back, only for Zeke to hit his sore spot. "But you seem to have gained a bunch of enemies. I genuinely doubt that it's all because of Maria and becoming her Primal Amplifier."

"Hmm?"

Michael's gaze swept around the remnants of the Colosseum and he smiled lightly at what he saw. A bunch of Descendants were staring daggers at him. It felt like their hands were itching to tear him apart on the spot. Michael found that quite entertaining.

"Yeah...well... I might have shouted at them, telling them that they're fucking cowards and losers. Maybe I also added some other stuff, but I don't really care that much. They didn't want Maria to heal the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs and chose to abandon them to focus on their own well-being. Fucking bastards!" He cursed, resulting in a stifled laugh from Zeke.

Meanwhile, Lincoln looked at Michael with a faint smile. It was truly hard to dislike Michael.

"I can tell why they hate you. Most Descendants don't take insults well. And most of them are selfish because of the way they've been treated as they grew up. Though I understand their way of thinking to a certain extent. Maria was the only healer who survived the attack, and she is not yet a High Lifeform who can use the full potential of her 7-Star Soultrait. The Descendants wanted their friends and colleagues to be saved as long as Maria had some energy left – rather than having her use up her entire energy for strangers of another race." Zeke said, seemingly torn between what to say.

"But it was a good thing she used her Inheritance Technique with you since you have so many Soultraits storing Soul Power. If not for that, she would have never been able to rescue everyone, which would have worsened the relations of the Tritan Alliance."

Michael didn't react to the part where Zeke mentioned his Soultraits and shrugged. "I am just glad that we could save so many people. The Mark of Fate issue is still a little bit annoying, but that can be solved at a later point. The most important was to survive!" I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

"But what are we supposed to do now? The Tritaenus ship disappeared and too many people have either been injured or killed. Will the Battle Exchange end now, or will we continue like normal? The Interdimensional Flag War won't wait for us...so we will continue, I guess?"

Michael was not really close to anyone who died. He was pretty sure that Thoars, Lokai, and Mekhaz were fine. As for Alice, Kaleb just told Michael that she was furious but physically in top form. That meant he wasn't too affected by the attack of the Tritaenus spaceship...or so he thought at first.

He didn't even realize that he stared at the cloudless sky through the collapsed rooftop of the Colosseum every few seconds. It was almost like Michael expected another barrage of Perses Missiles to strike them.

The attack of the Traitors was a great surprise. It was terrifying. If he had been an ordinary citizen in Piloq, Michael wouldn't have been able to do anything against the Perses Missiles. Even today he had been lucky that his arm received most of the impact and that the Perses Missile impacted far enough from his position.

lightsnovel.com The destructive power of the Perses Missile must have been weakened, in the first place. The Colosseum had its own defensive mechanism that was activated in emergencies. Michael hadn't noticed anything but upon thinking about it a little longer, he realized that Perses Missiles were uttered to be far more destructive than the damage he had witnessed.

When he was young he researched all kinds of spaceships and the weapon system they'd installed. Perses Missiles had been introduced as one of the deadliest missiles that could be manufactured on a large scale.

'Did I survive because I was lucky...again? No. We all survived because we were lucky. The Colosseum saved us...some of us... I am still too weak...'

Attacks like today could happen on any day, any time, and anywhere in the future. The Space Guards tried to protect everyone, but who uttered that it was possible to protect everyone? Traitors of mankind could appear anywhere, and they could cause devastating damage.

'I need to grow stronger. Strong enough to make sure that I don't have to be worried about a Traitor's terrorist attack ever!'

"Our mission for now is pretty simple. We're trying to catch these bastard traitors!" An unfamiliar voice reached Michael and his friends as a Berserker appeared next to him. He was four meters tall and Michael recalled him as the Berserker, whom he had carried to Maria after getting impaled by several metal pipes.

"I owe you my life. Thank you for saving me...No, for saving everyone. You stood up for us and made sure that your people helped us. Your help allowed us to escape an honorless death. We Berserkers don't forget something like that. No matter what others say or do to push you down, don't ever forget that you are a true warrior!" The Berserker said, making a unique gesture, and left after expressing his gratitude.

'What was that?' Michael thought, his eyes following the Berserker as he disappeared from his view.

Michael then headed to the entrance – or what had been the entrance – of the Colosseum. They wanted to leave together now that everyone had already been tended to by Maria. There was a lot for them to do.

But before he could leave, Michael was stopped by a group of Warlock Centaurs.

"Thank you for saving us. Your people might dislike you now, but I hope you know that your actions meant a lot to us. If you ever need help don't hesitate to ask for it. I am Kaladra Velchion. Remember my name, and know that we will do everything in our power to be of use to you whenever the need arises! We owe you big time!" The head of the Warlock Centaur group said before they all did a similar gesture as the Berserker before leaving as well.

"It looks like you collect enemies and friends side by side. That's quite entertaining. Except that you make enemies of your own kind and friends with others," Zeke said, teasing Michael a little, "You will have a hard time once the Seraph Family pushes you into the circle of the High Society."

Michael pressed his lips together and gazed at Zeke.

"I liked you better when you judged me silently," He responded, but Zeke only chuckled at that.

Chapter 445 Rival?

Chaos ran rampant wherever Michael looked. The crowded alleys with dozens of prestigious training grounds and Ancient structures from the Origin Expanse were now utterly devastated. Dozens of missile pits, collapsed buildings, and corpses of unfortunate victims could be seen everywhere.

Debris and rubble had been flung in all directions, harming the few buildings that didn't collapse from the Perses Missiles' explosions.

"They targeted the Ancient Buildings," Zeke mumbled quietly, "How did they even know the location of all those places? Had they been planning to attack Piloq for a long time? But that..."

Zeke's voice became more silent as his confusion increased. But who could blame him for that? The place they had intended to use to train tirelessly for the next two months had been bombarded with destructive missiles by one of the Tritan Alliance's most valuable spaceships. It was said that the Tritaenus had been the most secure exploration spaceship. Unfortunately, that hadn't been enough to deal with the traitors of their own kind.

The Tritan Alliance had been betrayed, resulting in the loss of dozens of prodigies – if not hundreds –, and the loss of the Sacred City of Training. Even though the city hadn't been obliterated, the vast majority of training facilities had been damaged beyond repair. Therefore the combined efforts of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs had been destroyed. Just like that their efforts of several decades had been diminished to nothing but debris and debris.

While that was already a severe hit to the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, the destruction of the training facilities and the death of hundreds of prodigies meant that the participants of the Interdimensional Flag War wouldn't be in their best condition, physically or mentally.

The exact names and numbers of the prodigies who died from the sudden bombardment were not yet out, but Michael could guess that dozens of Token Holders had been killed.

'Without the training facilities, it will be increasingly more difficult to train in Piloq. But we have to train in Piloq if we want to improve our teamwork and communication with everyone else. Even the advantage of the Origin Expanse's time dilation will be of little use in this regard.'

Training in the Origin Expanse meant that he had twice as much time. However, Michael was also fully aware of the advantages a great team consisting of the Tritan Alliance's three races had. He and Kaleb had teamed up with a Warlock Centaur and two Berserkers. Therefore, he could tell how important it was to understand the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs' mindset to create a functioning team with exceptional teamwork.

"I think I will meet up with Quinn and figure out which organization attacked us," Zeke mentioned after a while, his eyes gleaming intensely.

"I will come with you," Lincoln said, while Kaleb looked from Zeke to Michael.

Michael smiled lightly, "I will return to my room if the hotel is still standing that is. You won't see me until tomorrow. I will probably enter the Origin Expanse."

Michael's mind was in a mess. Too much happened in such a short amount of time, and he didn't really want to be faced with anymore Descendants. He considered meeting up with Alice for a moment, but Michael could already imagine her reaction upon seeing the changes of his War Rune.

Most Descendants and higher authorities must have already heard about the miracle Maria manifested with her Inheritance technique. Therefore, Michael was put in a tight spot. He didn't want to annoy himself with politics, a concerned teacher, or a bunch of annoyingly arrogant brats. Thus, withdrawing to the Origin Expanse for a day might be the best to calm his mind.

Michael had many tasks to take care of in the Origin Expanse, either way.

"That might actually be the best idea. I am not sure how everyone will react to the Mark of Fate. You better prepare yourself mentally before you come back from the Origin Expanse," Lincoln said, suppressing a heavy sigh as his eyes involuntarily landed on Michael's War Rune.

"Thanks for your concern. I will be back soon," Michael responded, smiling at Lincoln before turning away to leave.

Michael left the three Descendants by themselves as he returned to the hotel with steady strides.

"How can Michael handle all of this so easily? He looks so unconcerned and unbothered," Lincoln mumbled as his eyes followed the retreating figure of his friend.

"Are you talking about the terrorist's attack or the future issues he'll have with the Seraph family and the High Society?" Zeke asked swiftly.

"Both, I guess."

Kaleb looked at the two childhood friends and sighed deeply, "It's not that Michael doesn't care. He is just good at hiding how he feels. Michael is probably one of the people who overthink way too much. Though, I suspect that his mind is blank right now. The news about the Mark of Fate, the Seraph family, and the fact that he will soon be pushed into High Society politics must have shocked him quite a bit.

"As for the attack, it is the first time most of us lived through a terrorist attack on such a scale, but we're all quite calm – on the outside, at least."

Lincoln shook his head, not quite sure if Kaleb understood his friend properly.

"I never understood Michael. He was not trained as intensely as any of us, from a young age at that, but his mental fortitude might as well make us look like rookies." He said, a tinge of admiration lingering in his voice. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

Lincoln had always been impressed with Michael. Michael had no one to support him yet his War Rune's refinement degree was on par with his own. But that was not all. Michael was also extremely strong, his determination was extraordinary and it looked like he progressed much faster than everyone else.

By now, Lincoln was not sure if he could defeat Michael without the use of his Inheritance Technique. Even then it would be a close match. Lincoln was not certain of his victory, which was also why he desired to spar with Michael with all his might. He wanted to find out how much Michael had improved since they first fought.

The only thing that irked Lincoln about Michael was the fact that he underestimated himself. Putting aside the fact that Michael became Maria's Primal Amplifier, which saddened Lincoln quite a bit, Lincoln couldn't help but think that Michael was horrifyingly good at socializing without even trying.

Michael's personality was very adept at making enemies as well, but it was almost like Michael could subconsciously tell who he could offend without problems and which families he had to get close to. He befriended Alice while being oblivious to her prestige and influence. Then he offended Kaleb, only to end up becoming one of his good friends several months before Kaleb manifested his 7-Star Soultrait.

And now Michael had gotten close to two heirs of High Nobles, received the Mark of Fate from the Saintess of the Seraph family, and it was rumored that Michael had gotten close to the Berserker's Chieftain as well.

"I told you. This guy is a monster," Kaleb chuckled lightly, "If you pick him as your rival you will grow stronger much faster than you can imagine. I hated that he was stronger than me, so I might have worked myself to death until my War Rune rivaled his. Just as I thought that I caught up to him, his War Rune's refinement degree improved alongside his presence. He seems much stronger than before, not only physically but also mentally. Sometimes I really wonder how someone like Michael isn't a Descendant or a direct disciple of a Great Clan."

"Rival..." Lincoln mumbled quietly, the corner of his lips curling upward as he realized that he considered it. 'My past self would have never accepted someone other than the strongest Descendants to become my rivals. But this guy...this guy shattered my view... He really is a monster...'

"Whether you pick him as your rival or not, that's on you. But let's meet up with Quinn and the others first. We have to find out who survived," Zeke said, glancing at his friend for a minute before he pulled him away.

"To think that my rival would cause trouble to so many Descendants. He is a true troublemaker!" Kaleb chuckled, following right behind Lincoln Pierre and Zeke Lavita.

In the meantime, Michael arrived in front of the hotel. It had been razed to the ground, diminished to bricks and broken furniture until there was nothing left of it.

"Looks like I will anchor somewhere else," He mumbled, before moving to the nearby library. The surroundings of the library had been bombed, yet the structure of the library was standing strong. It survived the bombardment of Piloq...somehow.

Michael entered it and was about to report to the receptionist that he wanted to anchor in the library when he noticed that no one was there.

"Whatever..." Michael shrugged and manifested the Runic Gate.

He stepped into the Runic Gate and returned to the Origin Expanse – escaping the chaos of Piloq and his worries about the Mark of Fate and the potential course of events that were bound to follow with today's happenings.

'Should I just live in the Origin Expanse permanently?'

It was just a fleeting thought, but Michael felt drawn to it. In the Origin Expanse, it was highly unlikely that someone would bomb his territory out of nowhere. The Origin Expanse would also not force him to mingle with arrogant pricks and the lads of High Society.

Michael wouldn't have to deal with Maria Seraph, or her family either. The only ones bothering him would be the Lords and Empires adjacent to his territory – maybe the threats of the Untamed Jungle as well. Fortunately, those threats were fine for the time being. Michael could deal with them.

lightsNovel.com 'But do I really want to live here permanently?' Michael wondered.

The answer was simple and unsurprising.

"No. I don't want to be like my parents. I won't ever abandon anyone close to me!"

Chapter 446 Adapt And Overcome

An eventful day passed with Michael collapsing on the bed, feeling dead-tired.

After he arrived in his territory, Michael began to work tirelessly. He didn't want to think about the events in Piloq, the Mark of Fate, or anything else. All he wanted was peace of mind. Michael went on and beyond in the training session that followed his return to the territory. The Immortal Knight could tell that something happened to Michael but he didn't inquire about anything. Instead, he gave Michael what he desired; a hellish training plan that forced the young Lord to focus solely on training.

Michael learned several new movement sequences to stretch his body and a few training courses that trained muscle groups he rarely used. His training lasted half a day until late into the night, but Michael was satisfied with himself. He broke through his limit and didn't collapse until the Immortal Knight's training course had been completed.

The result was a deep sleep devoid of any thoughts about the events of the day before. His body felt sore when he woke up the next morning. Michael got up slowly and felt the soreness spread through his entire body. It made him recall that he was still alive and that he was human and not a robot. Because that was how he felt sometimes – like a robot. The attack on Piloq was the best example.

As the Perses Missiles impacted, Michael had been worried about his well-being and the condition of his friends. He was concerned about them. However, he didn't really care about the others. Michael tried to save everyone and make sure that everyone would survive, but he didn't grieve for the dead. In fact, he didn't even have the time to pay attention to the dead because he was struggling to keep the living alive.

He was happy to have saved so many people with Maria, but Michael realized that he didn't think about the dead until the others mentioned them. In the past, Michael would have been sad for the dead, maybe even concerned about the families of the deceased and their reactions. But ever since he witnessed so many people die – since he caused so many deaths – Michael was not the same anymore. He was not the same innocent youth as before. His hands were drenched in blood, and so was his mind.

Were those changes caused by the Origin Expanse, or by society? Michael felt that it was related to both. Society accepted the rule 'might makes right' to a degree that allowed Supreme Families and the truly powerful to do as they pleased. However, the origin of everything was probably the Origin Expanse.

The Origin Expanse taught the Awakened that they had to be strong to survive. It was either kill or get killed. That was the most basic rule in the Origin Expanse. If one was not strong enough to kill their enemy, at least you had to be strong enough to protect yourself as you retreat.

This was something Michael witnessed often enough since he manifested his War Rune. From day one he had been taught to slaughter his enemies if he wanted a chance of survival. He even killed his ancestor, Cleave Fenrir, before he could practice the Wicked Spear Arts to a high level. If he hadn't killed Cleave Fenrir, Michael would have ended up being the one dying in a puddle of his own blood.

Too many instances in the Origin Expanse taught Micheal that only the strong could survive. That was also why he and the Elemental Empress were the only ones who survived the incident in the Elementals Cave, and the reason the Kitsun Lord was defeated. Michael had grown stronger, more resilient, and crazier with time.

"What a mess!" He mumbled as he left his room.

"What is a mess, master?" Tiara asked, her head peeking out from her room. She smiled gently at him, causing Michael to scoff.

"Other than your hair, you mean?"

It was obvious that Tiara had just gotten up given that her hair looked like a flock of birds had created their nests inside it. Tiara blushed and disappeared into her room upon hearing him. Not even a minute later she returned to the door where she found Michael waiting for her – the mess of hair brushed and combed to a smooth bun.

"S-so...W-what is a mess? You didn't answer, master," Tiara stuttered, trying to suppress her blush.

"I don't know either. It's either my mind or the rest of the universe," Michael responded, sounding somewhat uncertain.

lightsnovel.com "When was the universe ever in order? Is that even possible, master?"

Michael slowed down in his tracks and looked at Tiara. Her bright silver eyes were locked onto her master and a bright smile blossomed on her face upon receiving more attention from Michael.

"It's always a mess, huh? Just like the Origin Expanse, I guess..."

"Yup, yup. The Origin Expanse is just as messy. Maybe not as much...actually, I am not too sure about that. Sometimes I feel like the Origin Expanse is a nice place, whereas I feel like my life had been less tense outside the Origin Expanse...until...well, you know what happened..."I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

"In the Origin Expanse, you know that your neighbors are either enemies or friends. That is a great advantage, even though it is a little bit annoying that most neighbors will be your enemies, creating loads of trouble. But with trouble come rewards, so that is still nice most of the time. As for the rest, they're only your allies as long as you guys benefit from each other. Or as long as they don't consider you as too dangerous. That is common knowledge. You could consider that as 'orderly' in that regard. The strong will devour the weak to grow even stronger and encounter stronger enemies and continue growing in power and strength."

"However, everything is a little bit more complicated, a mess even, outside the Origin Expanse. Politics play a much more vital role, your public image is also crucial, and your responsibilities are even bigger outside the Origin Expanse. After all, your actions outside the Origin Expanse create an impact that affects your entire race and not only your territory once you reach a certain threshold of strength. The difference in technological advancement inside and outside the Origin Expanse changes the dynamic of power drastically as well. After all, Higher Lifeforms can still be blasted into smithereens by laser beams. That won't happen in the Origin Expanse. Well...it shouldn't happen."

Michael listened to Tiara intently. Her race lost their lands outside the Origin Expanse. They'd been betrayed and exiled, forced to find refuge in the Origin Expanse. Tiara knew much better than most, how different the Origin Expanse and the realms outside the Origin Expanse were.

"But no matter how different the Origin Expanse and the world outside are, one thing is always the same," Tiara said as her voice grew more serious, "You either adapt to the environment surrounding you, or you will always remain weak, fragile and dependent on others. You will get buried and trampled upon if you cannot adapt.."

'Adapt to the environment surrounding you...Consumed if you cannot adapt..' Michael thought, his eyes widening ever so slightly as he realized something.

It was not that Michael became an entirely new person. It was just that the environment around him changed drastically. The Origin Expanse was a place where he had to fight to survive. He reaped first gore in the Origin Expanse and took the lives of tens of thousands of enemies that came after. He adapted to the environment of the Untamed Jungle and continued molding himself to adjust even further when he was thrown into the same pit with the Descendants and heirs of wealthy families.

Michael adapted and fought for himself to become who he was right now; a young Lord with the potential to make it big.

"In that case, I only have to adapt to the Mark of Fate, and the changes it will bring. Is that it?" Michael mumbled to himself before he turned to Tiara with a bright smile.

"W-what is it, master?" She asked, surprised about Michael's sudden alter of behavior.

"Thanks a lot. You are the best!" He said, his bright smile growing wider. It felt as if a heavy stone which had been weighing on his heart, had been finally removed.

Michael rushed outside to train a little bit longer, leaving Tiara flabbergasted in the hallway. She stared at the retreating figure of Michael, whose moody presence had been replaced with a sense of fulfillment and determination.

His body was sore, but the energy surging through his body invigorated him. There was no time to complain about feeling sore, or tired. He had to prepare himself mentally and physically to face the challenges of the new environments he was bound to reach soon enough. There was no need to avoid the new environments because change was the only constant in life and growth was its successor if one managed to improve and adapt.

Therefore, rather than avoiding them, Michael would have to embrace the changes warmly, and make use of them!

"The Interdimensional Flag War will start whether the Tritan Alliance is in shambles or not. That means the Flag War Token in my possession is still very valuable. The Battle Exchange should have ended now that Piloq was attacked. I should get my resources and be considered an official member of the cohort joining the Interdimensional Flag War. All I have to do is to become powerful enough to kill a single Tekur – at the bare minimum. They have strong Soultraits, so if I want to extract a bunch of them I should thrive even stronger. That way, more Soultraits of the Tekur, and their SoulStar Fragments will end up in my possession."

The Flag War was a great opportunity for Michael. He joined it a little bit early because he was merely a Tier-2 Awakened, but the first tendrils of the High Society's binding ropes had already coiled around his neck, forcing him to participate in the Flag War.

Michael realized too late that he had already become a pawn of the High Society's scheming. Some High Nobles and Supreme Families had already taken note of him. Therefore, becoming Maria's Primal Amplifier might be easier than expected. Nonetheless, Michael decided that it was better to remain vigilant. He had to thrive stronger as rapidly as possible, otherwise, the powerful would end up consuming him.

'I need to move up a gear. I'm way too slow!!' Michael told himself on his way to greet his new Summons. Almost three weeks passed in the Origin Expanse since he paid attention to his daily Summons. That had to change.

After all, he was in possession of 11 purified Basic Summoning Cores, each giving him the possibility to summon a 2-Star Summon every single day!

Chapter 447 Supreme Human Alliance

"A total of 220 daily Summons have been added to my territory since I last checked. Half of them are 2-Star Summons as well. That's pretty neat," Michael mumbled, closing his eyes to sense the most recently established Links of Loyalty.

The newest Links of Loyalty were already firmer than ordinary Links of Loyalty, but that was something Michael expected. He spent a fortune to create various facilities to entertain his subjects and make them comfortable. Close to 200 Starless Summons had been taught to become guides for new Summons. They took care of the confused Summons when they stepped through the Summoning Gate and introduced them into their new home before giving them a warm and comfortable place to sleep and delicious meals to eat.

Their needs were taken care of the moment they stepped into his territory. That was something Michael paid attention to. It was one of the easiest ways to improve his subjects' Links of Loyalty from day one, and it made his subjects happy. Therefore, Michael was happy as well.

"Finally I got some 2-Star Combat Summons again. There are Knights, Berserkers, and Sharpshooters among them. Hmm...other than that there are 2-Star Forest Walkers, Scouts, Master Artisans, and Shadow Panthers. That is interesting. Using the Shadow Panthers in the Untamed Jungle will be amazing. Good, Good!"

Other than the 2-Star Summons Michael obtained, there were also many 1-Star Summons that attracted his interest. Among the 1-Star Summoners were Farmers, Gardeners, Botanica Researchers, Cooks, Artists, Pub Owners, Surveyors, Enchanter Novices, Mythic Alchemy Researcher, Spearmen, and Archers.

Whereas the number of Combat Summons was not that high among 1-Star Summons, Michael found Summons with two new occupations. Botanica Researchers and Mythic Alchemy Researchers were new to his territory. Both were Forest Elven Summons, and Michael hoped that they would turn into valuable assets in the near future.

However, the most interesting Summons among 1-Stars were three Titan Pigs!

Michael didn't even know that he could summon 1-Star Monsters. He always thought that he could only summon 2-Star Monsters as Summons. Anything weaker was usually livestock, just like the Titan Pigs. But that was where the confusion started. Titan Pigs were livestock. They might be special because of their size and the uniqueness of their energy-rich and highly nutritious meat, but they were widely known for being used as livestock. Yet three of those Titan Pigs turned out to be linked to Michael's War Rune via Links of Loyalty. Killing the Titan Pigs would destroy the Links of Loyalty.

'That is actually weird. Not that it matters much, but it's just weird.' Michael thought, happy that he didn't have to purchase any Titan Pigs to create a Ranch for them. Now all he had to do was build his second ranch and start breeding the Titan Pigs.

Once Michael got hold of the required resources, he would start constructing the Titan Pig Ranch first. That wouldn't take long, fortunately.

But for now, Michael turned his attention to the daily report where he was notified about some pleasant news.

"6 Starless Summons from Siegfried's classes switched to archery upon noticing that bows were more comfortable to wield for them. They worked hard and were promoted to Archers. They read the Memory Crystals about the Archery technique that stimulated the promotion of Archers. Very nice!" Michael smiled right before his attention switched to the Immortal Knight's achievements, "Exactly 150 Starless Summons advanced to Blessed Squires since Siegfried joined the territory. The Basic Sacred Knight Temple is not yet done but there are 150 Blessed Squires already. That's amazing!"

The Basic Sacred Knight Temple would probably finish in less than two months. Until then, Siegfried would have trained close to 500 Blessed Squires. After the Temple's basic level was completed, the number would only increase, alongside the number of Blessed Squires with the potential to advance to Holy Knights.

Michael couldn't wait any longer. He was excited about the news and curious about the development of his territory in the next two months. His territory's population expanded by 11 daily Summons a day and the overall strength of his subjects was slowly rising as well. More and more Starless Summons found their passion and received enlightenment with every passing day. Several Starless Summons were promoted to Miners, Cooks, Potters, Masons, Warriors, Archers, Scout Rookies and even Settlement Guides. Their passion, diligence and desire to help the territory grow stimulated their potential. It ignited something deep inside their being, something they hadn't felt in their first life. And Michael noticed that.

His territory expanded slowly but steadily. He didn't rush summoning hundreds of thousands of Starless Summons to increase his Soul Power drastically, and it was not in Michael's interest to establish more settlements either. Instead, he strengthened the foundation of his territory and expanded at a steady pace.

Michael decided to spend some time with his new Summons. He met up with them and got to know more about their expertise. The experiences and knowledge of every Summon was different. They were of different ages and had witnessed different events in their past lives. The locations they hailed from were different as well as the opportunities to procure more knowledge and grow stronger.

Thus, Michael had a lot to learn. After all, every single one of his subjects was likely to be able to teach him something, even the Starless Summons that were considered useless by most.

Another day passed in the blink of an eye. Michael's Links of Loyalty grew firmer and he decided to return to Piloq – not before devouring more than ten plates filled with various delicacies. Michael's plates were as large as the jumbo-sized trays, yet Michael finished a total of ten of those before he felt full. The nutritious and energy-rich ingredients used in each dish he ate were a blessing to his soul, stomach and pillar of light. His entire body was finally filled to the brim with energy and nutrition. It was the perfect state to start refining his body and mind.

However, instead of doing so and thereby emptying his body's nutrition and energy storage in the process, Michael decided to leave the Origin Expanse once again.

Back in the Library of Piloq, Michael felt pretty good.

The library was still unscathed, but it looked like some normality had returned to Piloq. At least, the receptionist had returned to the counter. That meant Piloq was not in danger anymore. The emergency state had been revoked.

Michael greeted the librarian, who was a little surprised to see that someone had been inside the library. However, he recalled a small note on the counter the day Piloq had been attacked and nodded faintly in Michael's direction. It didn't look like the receptionist wanted to talk to him. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

'Why is he so tense?' Michael wondered, not sure what to think about the receptionist's awkward behavior.

He left the library and stepped into the open street where he saw construction sites in all directions. The streets had already been fixed, and it was pretty easy to tell that most destroyed buildings would be repaired in a day or two. Piloq would be fixed soon enough, but the dead couldn't be resurrected.

'The mood is really low...well, that's expected...'

Michael strolled through the city to take a look at the condition of some Ancient Structures. He wondered if they could be repaired, or if they had been damaged beyond repair. Unfortunately, it looked like the Perses Missiles did a good job in totally demolishing most Ancient Structures. Only two out of dozens were under repair. The remaining Ancient Structures had been abandoned since nobody present possessed enough expertise to repair them.

It was a sad sight. However, even worse was the ever-increasing gloom permeating the air. The closer Michael stepped to the Colosseum, the worse the despair and sadness hanging heavily in the air. It pressed hard on Michael, who was even more confused when he found the source of the dull, melancholic atmosphere. Zeke, Lincoln, dozens of other Descendants, and the prodigies of the Berserker and Warlock Centaur races were standing in front of a huge building – the source of the heavy mood.

But other than the building the prodigies of the Tritan Alliance didn't seem to feel much better. Some of them had an even worse mood than the people inside the building.

Zeke was one of them. His heterochromatic eyes glowed brightly and compressed energy oozed out of him uncontrollably. His energy was intertwined with intense bloodlust, something Michael had never seen Zeke unleash.

"What is going on with Zeke?" Michael asked once he arrived next to Lincoln.

"Oh. Hey, Michael. You're back already," Lincoln greeted him. His expression didn't light up. If anything, he looked over to Zeke upon hearing Michael's question.

A heavy sigh escaped his lips.

"To put simply, Zeke is angry. Why? We found out which organization was behind the attack on Piloq. It was one of the terrorist groups that came into contact with another human race. They call themselves Hyuman and want to connect the human races all over the Universe to rule the Universe as the Supreme race, or something like that. I don't know how much you know about the 'Supreme Human Alliance'...soo..." Lincoln explained, waiting for Michael's reaction before he continued to speak.

Michael pressed his lips together. He heard quite a lot about other human-like races and races that look just like humans, but it was the first time he heard about the Supreme Human Alliance. Lincoln noticed Michael's hesitation and confusion. Therefore, he revealed more information to guide Michael a little bit.

"It's understandable that you don't know much about it. This information is a secret of the High Society. Either way, as I already told you the Supreme Human Alliance wants to rule the entire Universe. Their views of other races are pretty...bad. They consider themselves the Supreme race because humans exist all over the universe. In their opinion, humans are the origin of all races, and those who mutate and evolve into different races are inferior. Therefore, they want to get rid of all other races and eliminate the 'fools' who're idiotic enough to think that being at peace with other races, and establishing Alliances was acceptable."

"Wait...so the organization is a branch of this weird Supreme Human Alliance?" Michael asked, his eyes narrowing, "You want to tell me that the Traitors of mankind teamed up with other human races and are now attacking us for being in an alliance with the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs? What is that bullshit? Supreme Race? The beginning of all races? I've never heard something more delusional..."

Michael was not sure why but Lincoln's revelation infuriated him more than it should have. Of course, it was messed up, but Michael was not someone who reacted in such an overblown manner under normal circumstances.

Yet, Michael felt miserable, as if something deep inside revolted at the mere reference of the Supreme Human Alliance.

It was almost like his entire existence loathed the Supreme Human Alliance to the core.

The essence around Michael grew heavier and stronger. Golden sparks crackled all around Michael, compelling Lincoln to retreat.

A red glow flashed through Michael's eyes, causing Lincoln's hair to stand up on its end.

'What is going on?!'

Chapter 448 Dark Heavens

"I can totally understand why Zeke is so angry," Michael snarled quietly as the disdain and anger within him continued to rise.

"I don't think you completely understand," Lincoln replied carefully. He stared at Michael in discomfort. The pressure Michael released was quite different from Zeke's. It was far more intense – eerie and ominous.

"The Supreme Human Alliance is an issue everyone will have to deal with in the future once Hyumans found a way to traverse the entire universe. They have yet to pinpoint our exact location and are merely connected to the traitor organizations through the Origin Expanse," Lincoln explained, "Zeke's issue is the traitor organization that attacked Piloq. It was Dark Heavens..."

Michael calmed down a little. It was a good thing that the Supreme Human Alliance had yet to create a portal to directly reach them. Nonetheless, it was already a nuisance that some humans came in contact with the alliance and Hyumans. The result was bad enough already.

He recalled some things about Dark Heavens, and he looked over to Quinn, who'd lost his entire family in one of the incidents caused by Dark Heavens' members. Zeke lost his sister in the same incident. But whereas Zeke was overflowing in anger, ready to obliterate Dark Heavens, Quinn was eerily calm.

Michael felt that this was even more terrifying as he got to know Quinn to be a quite energetic youth. His calmness was horrifying.

"It was Dark Heavens? That's bad." Michael responded.

He knew that Dark Heavens had been hunted for almost two decades by now, yet nobody found them. Members of Dark Heavens were rarely caught, and in such a case, they usually killed themselves before any information about the dark organization could be leaked. The only good thing about Dark Heavens was that they rarely attacked civilians. They didn't hate the ordinary folk, but they loathed those who actively sought help from other races – races deemed as inferior by the Supreme Human Alliance.

Dark Heavens was one of the few dark organizations that targeted the High Society. They didn't attack the weak but did terrible things to the High Society and its members.

But this time was different. Civilians were killed.

Of course, Dark Heavens didn't really care about this kind of civilians. The dead civilians were all Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. No human civilian died in the attack.

"It is bad, yeah. But it can get even worse. Do you want to know what's even worse?" Kaleb asked, joining the conversation. He found Michael's shimmering bald head amid the crowd of prodigies quickly and hurried over to his friends to join their conversation.

"Worse is that it seems like Tritaenus located a stellar system with six inhabitable planets. The captain of the Tritaenus survived long enough against the forces of the Dark Heavens to send a voice message to the Tritan Alliance's messenger center. From the looks of it, Dark Heavens hoped for this type of information when they decided to hijack Tritaenus. They hit the jackpot by hijacking Tritaenus before bombarding Piloq and disappearing into thin air."

"Do you think Dark Heavens want to relocate to the stellar system found by Tritaenus? Or maybe they want to colonize the stellar system with people with the same mindset as the Hyumans?" Michael asked, but the others didn't really have an answer.

"That might be the case...but we have to find them first to interrogate one of them..." Lincoln mumbled, to which Kaleb replied,

"Actually, a member of the Dark Heavens was caught in the act. The Traitor belonged to the Ascending Phoenix Academy. He is a Tier-4 Awakened whose Soultrait allowed him to transform into other people. He could even use his Soultrait to insert their DNA inside his own temporarily. It's pretty scary given that

this Soultrait can even trick the Lord ID, which means that he can temporarily steal the identity of someone else. Even his energy fluctuations can be altered!"

It was a good thing that they caught a member of Dark Heavens, but Michael pondered if they could interrogate him properly. A Tier-4 Awakened would have many ways to kill himself, and it was unlikely that Dark Heavens sent him out without thinking of various ways to eliminate all unknown variables. They definitely had some plans up their sleeves.

"So they want to interrogate him but are not certain how to do it without him blowing up?" Zeke asked, pinpointing the exact problem.

lightsnovel "That's basically it. We need information not only to find out what Dark Heavens will do, but also to retrieve Tritaenus before it's too late. The exploration spaceship they hijacked was quite important. It might only be an exploration spaceship in the eyes of most, but it is also considered a military ship with various vital pieces of information about the Tritan Alliance's military power, and their future development plans..."

"Well, shit..." Michael cursed, while both Lincoln and Zeke said the same in unison as realization dawned upon them.

"Shit"

"Shit"

Kaleb nodded, "Shit, indeed."

He then turned to Michael, "My sister wanted to talk to us about the Battle Exchange and some other stuff. Since Piloq cannot be used as the perfect training ground anymore she wants to do something else. She mentioned something about the Sacred City of Training being destroyed and the combined efforts of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs being for naught. I didn't listen to everything. Alice was speaking too much..."

Michael raised an eyebrow and agreed to follow Kaleb. Meanwhile, Lincoln bid them farewell before turning to Zeke to calm down his friend.

Kaleb led him inside the building which acted as the source of everyone's bad mood. He led Michael to a large room where Alice Zenovia, Oliver Zeus, Olivia Blaze, and many other higher-ups of the Battle Exchange sat. However, there were also more. Kraft Viton and many elderly Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were also seated around a large round table.

The heavy mood seemed to emanate from there.

'Wouldn't it have been better for us to wait until their meeting is over?' Michael wondered, but he didn't ask it out loud. The entire hall was silent even though there were dozens of powerhouses present to solve the given problem. He didn't dare to speak up to avoid attracting unnecessary attention.

Unfortunately, Alice Zenovia didn't even think of doing the same. She jumped up from her chair upon seeing Michael and rushed up to him. She grasped Michael's right hand and inspected his War Rune intently. Alice's eyes widened and she stared at him in shock. "The rumors were...true?"

Michael could only smile at her warily. He noticed that dozens of heads flicked in his direction and suppressed a heavy sigh.

"Some rumors are true. But let's just say that it was not by choice."

Since his talk with Tiara, Michael didn't feel too bad in the new environment. He understood that he had to adjust to the new changes to survive and get something out of them. Therefore, he lifted his head and didn't avoid the dozens of pairs of eyes that stared intently at him.

"We...should talk about that later..." Alice muttered upon realizing how she'd just reacted. She straightened her back and lifted her head high before letting go of his arm. She turned around on her heels and returned to the round table, with her usual ice-cold expression.

"We were just talking about bringing an Inspector with an Interrogation Soultrait over, right? Can we ensure that the Inspector can crack the Traitor's mind without triggering the suicide mechanism installed inside him?" Alice inquired in a neutral tone, trying to divert the others' attention from Michael to her.

"I know someone who can do it, but he is in the Origin Expanse and I don't think he will arrive in Piloq within the next five weeks. By that time, a lot of things can go wrong. Dark Heavens will have hacked the secret channel of Tritaenus by then. Once that happens, we will have to change the development of everything we've planned in the last three years. Our plans would be exposed and Dark Heavens could strike us anywhere they want," Oliver Zeus said, giving Alice a helping hand while continuing the conversation from before, "We cannot afford that."

"Our current plans will be exposed as well. They will know that the Tritan Alliance's relations are stronger than before and that we planned to take down the Dimensional Portal of the Tekur race after capturing some of them to find out the secrets of their immense power. They might as well interrupt the Interdimensional Flag War...and that is something we can definitely not afford to let happen!!" Silvana Zentur, the War Priestess of the Warlock Centaurs said, while her eyes continued to linger on Michael and Kaleb.

"How about we dissect him while continuously healing him? Maria Seraph and the healers can tend to the criminal's wounds while we remove all possible mechanisms that could allow him to kill himself. As for possible Soul Pacts and Soul Contracts with suicide clauses, we have two Awakened with high-ranked Seal-type Soultraits. They can temporarily Seal Soul Pacts. If the Soul Pacts are of a low level they can be sealed permanently as well." Chieftain Palika Mavenham asked, his attention lingering on the Dean of the Ascending Phoenix Academy.

The dean was in a tricky situation. He couldn't force Maria Seraph to do anything if she wasn't willing to do it. Torturing someone while she cast her healing Soultrait on the tortured individual was something she wouldn't do. In fact, she couldn't do it because it broke one of her family's sacred rules. They had to abide by these rules, otherwise, they wouldn't be able to unleash the full power of Heaven's Descent.

Therefore, participating in the torture of another individual was not allowed.

Unbeknownst to them, the dean's right hand was the criminal they were talking about. His right hand was the member of Dark Heavens, who damaged the security system all over Piloq right before the bombardment of Perses Missiles started.

The dean cleared his throat and glanced over to Michael. His eyes glimmered and he thanked his quick thinking and fortune silently.

"I...am not sure if Maria Seraph would help. We would have to ask her Primal Amplifier to find out more," He said while gesturing to Michael, the Primal Amplifier in question.

Michael didn't expect the dean of the Ascending Phoenix Academy to drag him into the conversation all of a sudden. However, it seemed to work very well. Everyone turned to Michael, who decided to hide his right hand behind his back.

"How am I supposed to tell whether she will help or not?" Michael inquired the dean while trying to ignore the stares upon him.

"Aren't you her Primal Amplifier, MR. MICHAEL FANG?" The dean asked, shouting the last few words aloud.

'Bastard. Am I supposed to fix the problems you caused? Fat bi—...' Michael was about to continue cursing in his mind when he got an idea.

"How about we don't bother Maria Seraph?" Michael asked, causing the dean to scowl at him. Some of the higher authorities were just about to say something to disregard his comment when Michael added,

"How about I help you instead? As Michael Fang, not some Primal Amplifier!"

Chapter 449 Inside

Michael's gaze slowly swept through the entire hall. He studied the reaction of the powerhouses in front of him, while continuing to smile faintly.

His clear eyes gleamed brightly, without a trace of fear or worry. It felt like Michael didn't feel the heavy pressure in the room, or understood the gravity of the situation.

Palika Mavenham, the Chieftain of the Berserkers, stared at Michael for a few seconds and beckoned him to come closer.

lightsnovel "Are you certain that you can do it? You are not playing around, right?" The Chieftain asked in a gruff voice. He was exhausted but that didn't change the tremendous aura enveloping the huge Berserker.

"I can probably do it, and I am certainly not playing around," Michael responded with a nod.

"Probably? That's not very convincing," The War Priestess intervened, her voice sharp as a blade.

"Then let me be more convincing," Michael merely said, "I can most likely do it. However, you have to take into consideration that I'm only a Lesser Lifeform at the 2nd Tier, and that the criminal is a Higher Lifeform at the 4th Tier. As long as there is a way to weaken his mind by inflicting mental attacks or something like that, I can do it."

Michael's voice was filled with confidence and determination. He wanted to catch Dark Heavens just like everyone else. However, there was something else residing deep within him that increased Michael's desire to find and obliterate Dark Heavens. It was just that he had no idea what exactly made him strive for that goal.

"We shouldn't assign such an important task to a lowly—...I mean low-ranked youth. It's just like he said. He is a Lesser Lifeform and not 100% certain that he can get what we want. We don't even know if he has what it takes!" A middle-aged woman from one of the Great Three Academies suggested. She insisted on waiting for a professional to arrive to crack the Traitor's mind.

"If we lose him we will not only lose the Tritaenus, but also the only way to find out more about Dark Heavens' future plans and the names of their spies!" Another human opined. This time, it was an elderly man, an elder from one of the Big Five Universities.

He looked at Michael sharply, only for his eyes to linger on his War Rune for a quarter of a second, "To think that a nobody like you has been chosen. What a disgrace to the Seraph Family."

"I think the Seraph family would be happy to have someone like me in their family. That's much better than some old pervert becoming Maria's Primal Amplifier. I don't look that bad, and I'm definitely not some old pedophile, who would ogle at their beloved treasure," Michael retorted, staring straight into the Elder's eyes.

A bright smile blossomed on his face as he saw the Elder's wrinkled face twitch twice.

"What did you just say? How dare you insult me like that?" The Elder bellowed, his hand smashing on the table as he jumped up. His energy erupted and it looked like he was about to attack as Michael scoffed lightly.

"I never said anything about you. In fact, I don't even know your name, esteemed elder," Michael said, bowing to the Elder with utmost respect, "How come an esteemed Elder like you thought that I was talking about you? I don't understand."

The Elder grit his teeth and stared at Michael menacingly. He wanted to break a few bones of that young Lord's body. Unfortunately, the Berserker's Chieftain lifted his hands, interrupting the Elder.

"Please calm down, Elder Hun. We are not here to fight each other, but to find a solution to our problems," The Chieftain said, his head turning to Michael. "Since you rescued my kind from dishonorable deaths, I will trust you for once. I am in favor of using this young lamb's aid."

The War Priestess looked at the Chieftain for a moment and asked, "Is that the human from the Colosseum?"

The Chieftain nodded in affirmation, resulting in the War Priestess appraising Michael once again.

"I believe in this young human as well. If he thinks that he can help us, the Warlock Centaurs shall trust him!"

"Bu—..." Elder Hun began, only to be interrupted by Alice, who raised her hand, "I agree as well. If Michael says that he can help us, he can!"

"I can use Psych Obliteration against Mihal-" Kraft Viton added, also agreeing to trust Michael.

He gave Michael a thumbs up and sent him a note through Whispering Energy.

["Psych Obliteration weakens Mihal's mind drastically in its weakest form. That gives you enough time to rummage through his mind. After all, I cannot read his mind or force him to spill Dark Heaven's secrets. You will have to do that, Michael."]

Michael continued to smile, but he noticed something interesting when he saw the reaction of the other Elders and old people seated near Kraft Viton.

["When did you plan on telling me that you are also a member of High Society? Psych Obliteration should be a powerful Soultrait as well if its weakest form can weaken a Higher Lifeform's mind to allow someone like me to rummage freely through his mind."]

Kraft Viton didn't owe him an explanation, but Michael was curious. It was obvious from the beginning that the old man was not an ordinary old man tasked with the job to tail him, however, Michael didn't

expect that nearly everyone decided to accept Michael's help after Kraft Viton agreed to it. That meant Kraft Viton was even more Influential than Alice Zenovia. *lightsnovel*

Or was it because Kraft Viton was more trustworthy? Contrary to Alice Zenovia, who was evidently biased about Michael and his capabilities as his teacher, Kraft Viton's stance toward him was neutral.

["I am nothing special anymore, but you could say that I was well known in the past. My territory is located in the Barren Lands, and it's considered the Tower of Defense. The Bartholomew Corporation's headquarters is located there as well."] Kraft Viton explained calmly, catching Michael off-guard.

'Huh? He really told me...'

["You don't have to look at me like that. None of the things I told you just now are a secret. You just never searched my name online, did you? If you did, you wouldn't be that surprised right now. Haha, you really are a weird child. If you plan to do it now, focus on some stories. Most are exaggerated but there is always some truth intermixed in them. Some of those stories are pretty good."]

'Now he is bragging. Why did I even ask him?' Michael shook his head.

In the meantime the scene around him changed. A handful of loathing gazes were thrown at him, but most people glanced at him with a tinge of curiosity. They were wondering what made Michael so special. Not only was the Berserker's Chieftain and the War Priestess willing to accept the help of a random youth, but the Frozen Duchess and the Legend of the Tower Defense vouched for him as well.

The prisoner, Mihal, was carried into the hall, his mouth gagged, and his entire body chained by a wide variety of metal chains. Some of the chains looked like the elemental chains the Kitsun Lord had used to pin the Elemental Empress to the wall, while the other chains restrained the prisoner from using energy in any way. He couldn't even sense the energy around him.

One of the Guards who brought Mihal inside, taken off the prisoner's gag to begin the questioning.

"You disgusting bastards! Traitorous swines!! How can you sit in front of your enemies and judge me?!? I did the only right thing by following the—..." The prisoner couldn't speak any further as his mouth was gagged again.

"Thanks for this nonsense," Kraft Viton said all while his body radiated purple fumes. The purple fumes gathered around his hands and condensed. It formed a purple shimmering droplet of fluid. Kraft Viton released the droplet with a burst of energy. It collided with the prisoner's brow and pierced through it. Yet, instead of leaving a deep hole behind, the droplet disappeared into the prisoner's head.

"Since I have to restrain my power as much as possible to avoid activating any self-destructive mechanism, it may take a few minutes before his mental defense collapses." Kraft Viton explained, his eyes trained on Michael.

"When you invade his mind, make sure to not release too much energy. Most self-destruction mechanisms are triggered when they come in contact with origin energy. If something goes wrong, I will try my best to save you, but I cannot promise anything."

The War Priestess watched Michael intently. If he was not 100% confident to deal with this issue, she would interfere and take back her vote. This matter was too important to leave it to a youngling who was simply relying on his gut feeling to take the responsibility of such an important task. Even if the Chieftain and the old powerhouses of the human race decided to trust Michael, he was still a youngling who had yet to acquire years of experience with his Soultraits.

The War Priestess doubted that Michael had had enough time to self-study his Soultraits in-depth. And she was not the only one who was doubtful of Michael's power.

Unfortunately, they were pressed for time, and the closest professional Inspector was somewhere in the Origin Expanse. Nobody knew where exactly, and it was unknown when he would return. They didn't have the luxury of waiting patiently.

"Was his head already scanned for explosives, or self-destructive devices? If that's already done and the results are negative, I will be fine," Michael responded confidently.

He then closed his eyes to tap into his consciousness. The Sphere of Light manifested in front of his closed eyes and he took a look at Mind Reader's Soultrait Symbol. The Soultrait Symbol had four radiant stars.

'Let's make sure that we won't mess this one up.' Michael thought as he used 3,800 SoulStar Fragments to upgrade Mind Reader to a 5-Star Soultrait.

Mind Reader was upgraded right in front of everyone, but all the powerhouses around him felt was a subtle change in Michael's presence.

The fifth star formed on Mind Reader's Soultrait Symbol and a flood of information affected him heavily.

Michael took a deep breath to soothe his nerves, his hand lunging forward with tremendous precision. His palm pressed against the prisoner's forehead, and Michael exerted Mind Reader.

Simultaneously, Kraft Viton released the power he had compressed into the purple liquid droplet. The prisoner screamed out at the top of his lungs as one mental barrier after another was forcefully taken down by Psyche Obliteration.

Michael felt some resistance, but he passed through it as easily as taking a stroll through a park.

"I'm inside him."

Chapter 450 Suicide Squad

Mind Reader was not some sort of overpowered Soultrait that allowed Michael to control the target's mind. If anything, Mind Reader was full of restrictions since it required touching the target to read his/her mind.

Even after touching the target it would be better to be as close to the brain as possible, which usually meant that the target's movements had to be restricted to read his/her mind easily.

["Stop touching me you filthy bastard! DON'T TOUCH ME!!!"]

["Great Mother will tear you apart, you bastard! She will skin you alive, cut your miniature cock, cook it and feed you your own useless thing! She will starve you before plucking out your nails and layers of flesh slowly over the course of weeks. When you finally think that you're going to die, she will send her subordinates to heal you and start from scratch. You will be fed your own meat and your piss, you fucking bastard!"]

"Great Mother? Who is that?" Michael asked, trying to ignore the intrusive thoughts that flashed through the prisoner's mind.

Michael could only read the target's mind. That meant all information he procured were from the man's thoughts. However, there was one particular function that was added to Mind Reader as it advanced to a 5-Star Soultrait. Michael was able to lead the conversation, subtly switching the topics to make the target think about the information Michael wanted to know.

"Did he say Great Mother? How does he know that name?" An Elder mumbled, his eyes narrowing as he glanced over to Alice Zenovia.

"I didn't tell him anything," She responded without diverting her eyes from Michael.

["He knows about the Great Mother? Of course, he knows her. Who wouldn't know Dark Heaven's Beauty Butcher?! Great Mother is a beauty with an otherworldly majestic figure. A single glance at her slender body can enchant every man. If you're not entranced by her body, you are either a woman, gay, or a eunuch! Ballless bastards, how dare you say that the Great Mother is not beautiful?? Only because she wears a mask to hide her identity doesn't mean that she is ugly!!"]

'I don't want you to start jerking off thinking about your Great Mother. What the fuck.' Michael thought, shuddering before he changed the topic.

"Tell me about your mission and how you found the Tritaenus. How did you hijack the Tritaenus without letting anyone find out before it was too late?"

["What is wrong with this bastard? Is his brain damaged, or what? Why does he think I will tell him about my mission? Who would be stupid enough to tell him about the suicide squad? After hacking the servers with my comrades, I received the honor of being the first one to be caught by the traitorous bastards. Being in the presence of these disgusting humans, who betrayed the Supreme Human Alliance to team up with these inferior existences is disgusting, but as long as I can eradicate some of you it will be worth it. Dying to liberate my kind is the greatest honor!"]

'Suicide squad. He is the first to receive the honor of getting caught...Doesn't that mean there are more unidentified turncoats lurking in Piloq?' Michael's eyes widened and he turned to Kraft Viton, whom he sent a message via Whispering Energy.

—[He is a member of some suicide squad, and he was captured intentionally. There are more turncoats in Piloq, and they're going to eliminate themselves. I don't know when, but they want to kill as many as possible!] —

Kraft Viton squinted his eyes. He was about to forward the knowledge when he noticed another change in Michael's expression.

["Elder Xerx did a good job damaging the tempered crystal chains. I can already feel a trace of energy!"]
Mihal, the captive thought while his expression remained neutral.

Michael's eyes widened as he sent another message to Kraft Viton.

—[Do you have any more tempered crystal chains? And who the hell is Elder Xerx?! I think he is a traitor. The prisoner said...] —

Michael couldn't speak any additional when he saw sparks of purple light erupt to his left. Several tempered crystal chains shot past Michael. They coiled around the captive and flung him backward. The tempered crystal chains smashed into the wall behind, pinning the prisoner to the wall.

A moment later, Michael sensed a tremendous amount of energy pulsating next to him. A freezing chill shrouded Michael and he saw Alice appear next to him. Her body was coated in a frozen armor while a sapphire-blue glaive rested in her arms. Pillars of ice shot out of the ground to protect herself and Michael from the happenings around them.

Kraft Viton's power erupted through the hall. A shrill, high-pitched cry resounded around them soon enough, but that died down quickly as well.

"What the hell are you doing, Kraft Viton?!? And Alice, what are you doing there?" The Dean of the Ascending Phoenix Academy demanded the veins in his forehead almost popping out.

Michael hated that guy the most. He could shout aloud, but he was the last to move to do something. The chubby dean was the perfect example of an annoying piece of shit.

Michael tried to see through the thick layers of ice that blocked his sight but Alice's Frozen Kingdom Soultrait was not 6-Star for naught. The ice pillars she had created were extremely thick and could withstand the forces that were unleashed in front of them.

Unsure of how to help the people around him, Michael decided to do the only thing he could do with his lack of strength. He tapped into the energy streams around him and used Whispering Energy to communicate with everyone in the hall at once.

["Elder Xerx is a traitor!"]

The commotion would muffle his voice, but the same did not happen to the message forwarded with Whispering Energy.

"Elder Xerx? That cannot be..." Olivia Blaze uttered in disbelief, but her eyes moved to the old man whom Kraft Viton attacked just a moment ago.

A black glint manifested in the old man's eyes and dark substances began to ooze out of his pores. The Elder's skin turned gray, almost as if his body was about to decay. His physique grew weaker and weaker, whereas the energy around him intensified. A whirlpool of energy burst from Elder Xerx's decaying body.

"Die, you filthy traitors!" Elder Xerx bellowed right before shaping the whirlpool of energy into black stars. The stars glimmered brightly as they morphed into a singular mass. The mass looked highly volatile and unstable as it ignited, unleashing destructive power that far surpassed the Perses Missiles.

A shockwave of darkness erupted from within the mass of darkness. It expanded rapidly, ruptured through the building, and razed it to the ground before continuing to expand as quickly as before. The buildings in a radius of one kilometer were obliterated within seconds, leaving behind nothing but destruction, chaos, and debris.

However, Michael didn't feel much about the darkness shockwave. Because he warned the others early enough about Elder Xerx's betrayal, everyone else could react in time. It was not the first time for the powerhouses of the Tritan Alliance to end up in a tricky situation. They had to survive countless life-threatening situations to achieve their current status and power.

A surprise attack would have taken them off-guard, but Michael's warning gave them just enough time to manifest their Artifacts and unleash their Soultraits.

Everyone disappeared from their spot and appeared near Michael and Alice Zenovia, while Alice churned through her entire energy storage to create a humongous wall of compressed ice.

The Berserker Chieftain and War Priestess appeared next to Alice, their Artifacts and Soultraits unleashed to block the darkness shockwave as it cut through the wall of compressed ice. Due to that obstacle, the darkness shockwave lost some of its force. It was just enough for the combined efforts of the Berserkers, Warlock Centaurs, and the remaining human powerhouses to block the shockwave with their Soultraits and bodies.

In order to protect the prodigies of the youngest generations from the darkness shockwave, they used their powers and techniques to the fullest. They ignored the fear of sustaining injuries because the well-being of their youngest generation was all that weighed on their minds.

The prodigies camping in front of the meeting hall were confused at first. All they sensed was tremendous energy manifesting in the meeting hall. The next thing they sensed was terror; immense terror.

In the following seconds, the buildings around them toppled down like a house of cards and the sensation of certain death shrouded them. Yet, none of them died. The powerhouses of the Tritan Alliance present in the meeting hall had blocked the darkness shockwave from cutting through the youngsters.

They couldn't restrain the darkness shockwave in its entirety, but at least the young prodigies escaped unscathed.

The Berserker Chieftain roared in rage when the darkness shockwave dispersed. A gaping wound appeared on his chest, but Palika Mavenham didn't care. His eyes were filled with hatred and disgust as

he jumped across the remains of Alice's ice wall. He smashed into the ground right in front of the decaying figure of Elder Xerx and grabbed him by the neck. His thick hands coiled around Elder Xerx's neck as he growled deeply, spitting out words in disgust and hatred.

"Who do you think you are to attack me and my folk in MY city?! How dare you?"

Elder Xerx stared back at the wrathful face of the Berserker Chieftain, a slim smile plastered on his decaying face.

"We are your Supreme Rulers, you filthy beast!"

Palika's grip around Elder Xerx tightened and the sharp sound of bones twisting and snapping under his fingers reverberated through the room.

"Don't eliminate him!" Michael shouted loudly, "I can get some more knowledge out of him."

The Berserker Chieftain, however, didn't listen. He tossed the decaying body into the air and cleaved his heavy war axe downward, splitting the Elder into two halves.

Then he turned to Michael and they locked eyes.

"He didn't deserve to live even a second longer."