

Supreme Lord 501

Chapter 501 Grim Reaper

The Frozen Nova was much larger than Kaleb intended. It was around the size of a family house and froze everything it touched instantaneously. Upon crashing into the ground, Frozen Nova burst, releasing the frozen lava like liquid in all directions.

A chilly shockwave spread out in all directions, freezing the ground in a 100-meter radius. Some Awakened retreated instinctively, but some were struck by the chilly shockwave. It froze their clothes and bodies, turning them into statues and forcing them to close their eyes. They were fortunate that the Tekur died on the spot. None of them was able to escape, which was a relief. Otherwise, closing their eyes would have been the Awakened's death sentence.

After the Frozen Nova wreaked havoc, killing ten Tekur at once, the power balance all over the chaotic battlefield changed drastically. More Tekur diverted their focus to Kaleb, Michael, and the others, including the Elite Soldiers. They had yet to enter the battlefield since their focus had been on guarding their Healers and the strongest Supporters. However, now that an enemy capable of defeating 10 Tekur in an instant appeared, they decided to move out as well.

"Can y'all deal with the Elite Soldiers for five minutes? There is no need for you to kill them. Just...survive..." Michael asked, looking over to Lincoln and the others.

Kaleb was exhausted after he used Frozen Nova in such an extravagant way. His energy reserves were drained and his mental power was also used up considerably. Michael used Insert and transferred most of his energy into Kaleb. Thereafter, his reserves were refilled through the Dome of Extraction's high efficiency at absorbing the surrounding energy.

Michael used Insert with Enhancement on the people around him, only to notice Thaor, Lokai, Mekhaz, and a bunch of other Berserkers rushing to their aid. There were also a few Descendants, including Maria, joining their fight.

"I guess we can handle the Elite Soldiers for a short while. But I cannot promise that we will last five minutes. We have no idea how strong these obsidian freaks are, after all!" Zeke cursed quietly, but loud enough for Michael to hear.

"In that case, I'll join you," Quinn Karta said to Michael, "I guess you want to deal with their Healers and the stronger Supporters while the Elite Soldiers are busy beating them into pulps. Or am I mistaken?"

"Your guess is correct. Let's move then," Michael said, using Insert with Enhancement on Quinn Karta as well. He used six-layered Enhancement on Quinn, allowing the young man to gain a tremendous burst of strength. Michael then used Enhancement on himself and exerted Heavenly Beast Physique.

In the next moment, he shot to the left, brushing past Maria and the other Descendants to detach himself from the group without attracting too much attention. He moved through the rows of Alliance Members and appeared on the other side of the battlefield at once. Quinn Karta appeared next to him with a thin smile on his face.

"You're much stronger and useful than Zeke and the others said. I thought they were exaggerating, but it looks like they underestimated you," He said, his tone growing more serious as he added, "Not me. I won't underestimate you. Believe me."

Michael ignored Quinn's comment and dashed into the rows of enemies. The Aethyr blade manifested in his hands, taking on Tigerfang's shape. In the next moment, a silvery-white hue shrouded Aethyr Tigerfang. Enhanced Reinforced Sword Qi strengthened Aethyr enough to cut through the tough carapace without any problems. Michael and Quinn saw that happen as they emerged in front of three Tekur.

The Tekur had been killing several enemies in the last few minutes, using up their entire Soul Power. Therefore, they weren't able to use the full power of their Soultraits right off the bat. Michael and Quinn used this opportunity to take advantage of their momentary weakness. Michael's ridiculously strong physique allowed him to slash through two Tekur with a single strike, whereas Quinn unleashed the Dragon Mark Soultrait to further enhance his power. The marks of a dragon appeared all over his body. They changed Quinn's presence and elevated his combat prowess tremendously. Adding the six-layered Enhancement inserted by Michael and the fact that Quinn was currently using his Inheritance Technique, the Tekur opposite him had no chance of escaping the dragonfang-like daggers resting in his hands.

The three Tekur were dealt with, and Michael allowed the Dome of Extraction to devour the Tekur's SoulStar Fragments as they continued to move. It was only a matter of seconds before they reached the backlines of the Tekur. The backlines were filled with Tekur using long-range attacks, Healing Soultraits, or Soultrait that mainly focused on Supporting their allies or weakening their enemies.

Michael and Quinn barged into the group of enemies without hesitation. Michael appeared in front of them, charging at them like a bullet train, whereas Quinn Karta used Blink to teleport from one spot to another without delay. Michael manifested two Soul Glacicle Bullets and released them to pierce the chests of two Tekur. He spread the Dome of Extraction outward and used Insert on it, allowing dozens of Extraction tendrils to emerge out of the ground.

The Extraction tendrils pierced through the feet of the Tekur within the Dome of Extraction's range and inserted traces of Extraction inside them. The traces of Extraction took root in their bodies and began to leech on their origin energy. Michael then began to use Spiritual Domination on the enemies he'd faced. He cut them down one by one, relying on brute force and the tremendous potential of Heavenly Beast Physique, Enhancement, Spirit Eyes, and Extraction.

Michael was cut several times in the next two minutes, but he tended to the wounds by using the bits of power that had accumulated within the Shard of Archangel's Grace. Some of the blades used to cut Michael were coated in poison. The poison acted fast and would have rendered Michael incapable of continuing to fight within minutes. That would have been the case, under normal circumstances.

However, Michael was in possession of Extraction. He extracted the poison and used Insert to plunge it deep inside the bodies of the Tekur who'd poisoned him earlier.

Revenge was sweet.

But a not-so-sweet thing was the gory sight all around Michael. He didn't have a fancy Sword Style to rely on. Immortal Knight's Holy Sword Style didn't really fit well into his repertoire and fighting style. Therefore, Michael turned into a mad combatant, whose attention returned to focusing on his Soultraits and inflicting maximum damage to obliterate his enemies as quickly as possible.

This plan would have failed against the Tekur under normal circumstances. However, Michael was in possession of the memories of dozens of Tekur at this point. He was fully aware of what kind of techniques the masses of Tekur had been learning since they'd been promoted to Soldiers. Their techniques were deeply imprinted into his mind, therefore, granting him a tremendous advantage. He was fully aware of the movement sequences of the Tekur, the shortcomings of their techniques, and the special tactics they'd been taught from a young age. Their weak and strong points were deeply imprinted in Michael's mind, giving him exactly what he needed to fight and obliterate the Tekur in front of him.

Dozens of SoulStar Fragments entered his subconscious every second, but more than a quarter of that were used up rapidly to replenish his Soul Power, allowing him to use more and more Soul Glacicle Bullets in a short period. Simultaneously, his Heavenly Beast Physique could be maintained, generating just enough might for him to fight with the Tekur on par.

No. That was not correct either.

Michael utilized seven Soultraits in combat, using up a tremendous amount of origin energy every single second. His Soultraits were extremely potent with three being 6-Star Soultraits, and the rest being at 5-Stars. They enhanced each other and created just enough vitality to fight several Tekur even without the employ of the Soul Techniques he'd learned. And then there was the addition of humongous strength Michael obtained from a long-range elemental Soul Technique that could kill a Tekur with a single blow if applied properly and another Soul Technique that increased Michael's physical strength, agility, and reflexes by near to 200%.

He was the Grim Reaper on the battlefield. Wherever the Aethyr Blade passed by, blood would flow and heads would roll.

Quinn Karta saw what Michael was capable of and his eyes widened. He could clearly tell that Michael had yet to reach his limit as well. Michael had not yet learned about his Soultraits in-depth, and his comprehension of the Soul Techniques hadn't reached perfection either. In fact, Michael was far from reaching perfect mastery. He was just at the beginning!

Dozens of Tekur were killed by Michael in a matter of minutes, Meanwhile, all Quinn could do was watch as terror and despair surfaced on the Tekur's faces.

"I didn't expect this to happen," Quinn mumbled, clicking his tongue.

"I didn't really want this to happen."

Quinn Karta materialized behind Michael with Blink. His physique was still strengthened from Michael's Enhancement and the Mark of Dragon. Quinn produced a tremendous amount of Soul Energy all of a sudden and he activated his Elite Class Soul Technique, further empowering the powers of his 7-Star Soultrait, Mark of the Dragon.

"I'm sorry that this happens to you, but you're too dangerous to be left alive," Quinn mumbled, just barely loud enough for Michael to hear.

His head flicked back and he could instantly see the Soul Energy that surged through Quinn's body. The cogs in Michael's mind clicked and he ultimately understood.

"Traitor..." He mumbled while trying to change Aethyr into a sizable shield to block the incoming attacks.

However, it was already too late. Blood spurted through the air as the Soul Technique empowering Mark of the Dragon was unleashed.

In the following moment, Michael's arms flung through the air.

"You shouldn't have trusted High Society."

Chapter 502 Roar from within

Michael had no idea what was going on, but one thing was clear. Quinn Karta was a traitor.

'Did he join hands with the Supreme Human Alliance? Why? I thought he hated Dark Heavens who receive orders from the SHA.' He thought, trying to distract himself from the fact that he'd just lost both of his arms.

Michael didn't see exactly what Quinn had done but given that he used a Soul Technique from the SHA with his 7-Star Soultrait, it was obvious that the power of the attack had been quite impressive. However, the worst was that the remnants of 6-layered Enhancement had allowed Quinn Karta to take Michael by surprise. If not for Enhancement, he might have been able to block a portion of the attack.

But now that he lost both of his arms, Michael was in a tricky situation. Fountains of blood gushed out of the little arm stumps attached to his shoulders, whereas his arms were lying somewhere on the battlefield. The War Rune on the back of his right hand dimmed down, whereas something deep inside his body began to stir.

After the anchor to his War Rune had been destroyed, Michael would have to access his War Rune directly. The mark on the back of his hand was just a visual extension of the War Rune that was hidden

deep within one's being. Some say that the War Rune manifesting on the body was merely a medium that allowed new Awakened to gain easy access to the Runic Gate, their individual spatial storage, their Soultrait, and the pillar of light.

Michael didn't need the War Rune to keep using his Soultraits!

He roared in pain and unleashed ten-layered Enhancement, which he weaved into his body with Leviathan Diffusion. The focus of his enhancement was around his lower body, causing his skin to burst and his muscles to bulge. He kicked the ground with all his might to jump high into the air. A shockwave erupted around Michael as he smashed the ground with his feet, and the attention of Alliance members and Tekur was drawn to him, especially after a human appeared above his armless brethren to cut him over and over again.

Michael was fortunate enough to be able to see Quinn with Spirit Eyes now. He could see where Quinn attacked him and twisted his body to evade the worst attacks. He couldn't evade all of Quinn's attacks, resulting in several cuts reaching his abdomen and shoulder, but his internal organs and neck hadn't been damaged.

Michael grit his teeth and used a ten-fold enhanced version of Spiritual Domination, taking Quinn by surprise. A Soul Glacicle Bullet manifested between the two Humans, and almost smashed into Quinn Karta who used Blink in time to change his position in an instant. He teleported back to the ground and returned to Michael the moment the Soul Glacicle Bullet missed him. Quinn Karta was about to slash Michael a few more times, ready to land a finishing blow to end Michael's life when a solidified Qi Sword manifested underneath Michael's feet.

Michael kicked the Qi Sword with all his might, turning his body into a cannonball that reached a terrifyingly high velocity until he smashed into the ground near Kaleb, Lincoln, and the rest.

Having his arms severed was a huge loss for Michael, however, his mind didn't even register the pain anymore. His body was overflowing with adrenaline. The adrenaline pumped up his body, keeping the pain at bay, while also allowing his entire being to enter a state eerily similar to hyper-focus.

Never would have he imagined Quinn Karta to be a traitor, which ended up being his biggest mistake. Michael grit his teeth and empowered the Extraction traces that had taken root within his enemies. He drained their lifeforce while unleashing several bursts of Spiritual Dominion onto those who tried to resist the extraction. Their mental defenses struggled against the ten-fold enhanced Spirit Eyes. Some Tekur even collapsed on the ground right away.

The life force he'd drained was just enough to stop his arm stumps from bleeding.

Michael felt like the power surging through him increased. As if the sealed potential of his Soultraits and body had been unleashed, something deep within him rumbled, and he felt like he was slowly losing control of his body and being.

Was he panicking because he lost his arms? Did anger and frustration take over his body, forcing him into a state of rage similar to the hyper-focused fighting state of Berserkers? Or was it just the pain he felt and the despair that took over his body?

Michael had no idea, but his entire being was instinctively drawn to the rumbling that occurred in the deepest part of his entire being.

"W-what is going on?!?" A Descendant standing near Michael asked when he saw the armless Lord in front of him. Kaleb, Zeke, and the others were also confused.

They saw what happened in the air, but it didn't make any sense. Some Tekur must have been using an Illusion Soultrait. That had to be the case. Nothing else made sense!

"Maybe—..." Zeke was just about to say but stopped abruptly when he saw Michael's expression.

The pressure around Michael was subdued but the energy around him screamed in desperation. Ripples of energy manifested around Michael for everyone to see. The energy around Michael was sucked in his direction and merged with his skin before seeping inside him.

Spirit Eyes' marks around his eyes had expanded. No. That was not correct. Stigmata formed around his eyes and they spread rapidly. The stigmata covered his entire face and continued to spread across his neck and face. Intricate patterns that glowed dimly covered Michael's body. The intricate patterns consisted of millions of miniature runes and letters that were even hard to read for Zeke. He could barely make out some of the runes, but he had a hard time comprehending them. His vast knowledge of runes from his studies about ancient ruins and the Second and Third Epoch were of no help. Zeke had no idea what was going on with Michael.

But the exact same could be said about Quinn. His eyes were pulled away from Michael as Quinn Karta used Blink to appear in front of everyone. 6-layered Enhancement's effect wore off, and Quinn stopped utilizing the Elite Class Soul Technique as well. He could use the Soul Technique again, but there were too many people in front of him. There was no way he could kill everyone with a single burst of his Elite Class Soul Technique. That didn't mean he couldn't try.

"This idiot is really tenacious. I never expected the Spatial Blades to only sever his arms. His body is a lot tougher than most Peak Tier-3 Lords. Looks like High Society found a little diamond amongst the pebbles they've picked up over the years," Quinn scoffed, a faint smile blossoming on his lips.

"He is definitely better than most of you guys. Fucking weaklings."

Zeke stared at his friend in shock. His eyes quivered and the blade in his hand trembled.

"WHY?!?" He screamed at the top of his lungs, "WHY are you betraying us? You...You hate the Supreme Human Alliance as much as I do...They're at fault for orchestrating the attack on your family. THEY'RE AT FAULT FOR MY SISTER'S DEATH!!!"

Zeke was slowly losing it. His friend – one of his oldest and best friends – had just betrayed the cause they had been fighting for. Quinn did not only betray his own race but also the goal he and Zeke had been working toward. Quinn became an ally of the enemies he'd promised to kill.

However, Quinn's gaze were ice-cold and his expression was one of disgust as he looked at his old friend, "High Society betrayed me, not the Supreme Human Alliance. No, that's not entirely true either. High Society betrayed my family. You are too unsophisticated and gullible to actually believe and trust everything the elders say, either way. I don't expect you to understand my reasoning.

I joined the Supreme Human Alliance for vengeance. I'm not the one who betrays what we have been working for since that day. It's just that I am working toward it whereas you are still working with those who are at fault for our misery. Believe it or not, but you will join the SHA soon, as well."

Zeke grit his teeth and energy erupted from his physique in an uncontrollable manner. He wanted to say something to Quinn, but they weren't given enough time. The Tekur had no clue why their opponents were fighting with each other, but they did not care. All they detected was that their strongest enemies were injured and that they could make use of the opportunity.

The Tekur began attacking once again.

Meanwhile, Maria's heart palpitated. She instinctively sensed that something was wrong with her Primal Amplifier, but it was not the fact that Michael misplaced his arms. It was something else. Something...that drained her power. Maria was rushing over to Michael, yet before she could reach him, Archangel's Grace stirred within her body. Maria lost control of her Soultrait for a few seconds.

Something was about to happen. Something big.

Several pairs of white wings sprouted from Michael's back. They spanned dozens of meters and revealed an unblemished white radiance that Maria had never seen before. Golden patterns encompassing millions of tiny seals and runes had been engraved all over the ring. A golden halo revealed above Michael's head, and one could see his arms regrowing at a visible pace.

Not even Maria could regenerate an arm as fast as Michael did right now.

However, that was not even the most surprising thing. The white in Michael's gaze was shrouded in vibrant gold and the intricate pattern, consisting of millions of seals, continued to spread all over his body, until they engulfed his entire body.

Something deep within Michael reacted. A roar that arrived the cores of everyone in the isolated dimension escaped Michael's lips.

For a moment, Extraction's true power was unleashed.

Chapter 503 Unsealed

The air around Michael crackled and the ground beneath him crumbled.

First, the grass blades around his feet disappeared. Then the wet soil on the surface cracked, burst apart and vanished into thin air. Michael strode ahead, destruction passing wherever he passed by. The area

of destruction expanded rapidly starting from the base of his feet to a meter around him. The ground underneath him disappeared and not a single trace of energy in his range could escape his grasp.

At last, a radiant light emerged on his chest. It expanded all over his chest before compressing into a War Rune that spread across his entire chest. The millions of miniature runes that were connected to each other, swirled around the War Rune, forming chains that connected to the War Rune.

The intricate patterns covered his entire body, but they accumulated near the War Rune as if it hosted them. Michael glanced down at his chest for a moment but there was not much to see. His arms were regrowing and the millions of tiny, connected miniature runes spread all over his body. It made him feel like he'd tattooed his entire body – with squirming runes that never stopped moving.

His attention naturally moved back to Quinn Karta, who had been focusing on Zeke for a moment. He only realized that something was wrong when the horrifying roar escaped through Michael's lips. Quinn stared at Michael, his entire being screaming at him, pleading him to run away at once.

However, he couldn't move. His body didn't allow him to move. Quinn's eyes were glued to Michael's eyes that were entirely golden. There was no trace of silver, let alone any white left in his eyes.

Michael raised his half-regrown arm slowly. It was a subtle motion, but it was enough to make everyone on the battlefield tense. In one moment Quinn was standing tens of meters away from Michael, and in the next Blink was activated subconsciously, pulling him further away. The instant he disappeared, the fabric of space in a sphere of three meters with Quinn as the center distorted and disappeared. It was almost like someone devoured everything within the sphere, leaving not even a single trace of energy, oxygen, or grain of soil behind.

It disappeared and everyone on the battlefield only realized what was happening when it was already too late. The crater was already there when the first Awakened exclaimed, the shock in their eyes evident.

"W-what...is going on?" One of them asked.

Michael clicked his tongue and repeated the attack from before – after tweaking it just a little bit. Quinn's body was about to react instinctively, but when Blink was just about to activate, he noticed that

he felt much lighter, yet also heavier. His eyes traveled down his body, realizing too late that his right leg had disappeared.

Even his body took a few seconds to register that his leg had been devoured. Warm blood gushed out of the small stump, which was all that was left of his right leg.

Quinn's eyes widened in terror. He didn't feel any pain when his leg disappeared. Quinn didn't feel anything. How did that make sense?

The atmosphere on the battlefield grew heavier, but Michael ignored the tension. He spread the humongous wings of Archangel's Grace and continued to heal himself while towering high above his enemies. He glanced at the Tekur around him for less than a second before his attention moved back to Quinn.

No word escaped his lips but there was no need for wasted words. Quinn could tell what was going on even without an explanation. He...was going to die.

However, there was also a trace of hope in Quinn's eyes. As Michael approached him, Quinn noticed that Michael's skin burst apart, revealing the raw flesh beneath. He was healing rapidly but that was mostly thanks to Archangel's Grace.

No matter what Michael was doing to devour everything around him, it affected his body as well.

Michael was slowly extracting himself, layer by layer, only for Archangel's Grace to heal him. Archangel's Grace could barely keep up with the intensity of self-extraction that was happening to his body. Michael never experienced something like that, but he could instinctively tell that the potency of Extraction was too high right now. The power that surged through him because of Extraction was too strong for his body to handle. He would have killed himself by getting extracted layer by layer if not for Archangel's Grace working against the Extraction.

Everything in Michael's path was extracted. No matter where his energy passed by, Extraction came into effect. It was almost like the essence of Extraction had been fused into his body and origin energy. Nobody was safe from Extraction.

Kaleb rushed up to Michael, hoping to be of any help. However, the moment he reached the radius of the Extraction Dome, he felt increasingly uncomfortable. The power around him was non-existent, his life force and stored origin energy were drained rapidly if he didn't use his entire mental defense to block extraction, and his skin was being slowly extracted as well. Lincoln reached out for Kaleb and hurled him out of the Extraction Dome with all the strength residing within him before he charged out of the Extraction Dome as well.

"Do you have any idea what is going on?" Lincoln asked Kaleb, and Zeke, looking down at his arms that missed skin on several spots. He had been in the Dome of Extraction for a second or two, yet Lincoln had already been affected by Michael's Extraction.

Zeke stared blankly at Quinn. He was shocked at Michael's display of power that transcended the combat prowess of a Lesser Lifeform, but the confusion and frustration of having been betrayed hit him much harder.

"I guess that losing his limbs triggered something within him," Killian Zeus appeared next to Lincoln, his entire body covered in cuts and burns. He'd been fighting one of the Elite Soldiers, and the result was not so pleasant. The Elite Soldier was still uninjured, yet Killian had been beaten into a pulp.

That was the downside of the Tekur possessing way too many allies with Support-type Soultrials. Killian could barely use half of his combat prowess, whereas the Elite Soldier had been reinforced by more than ten Tekur using their Soul Techniques to strengthen him.

"Some high-ranked Soultraits are known for having natural limiters to ensure that the Awakened won't accidentally kill themselves. All 7-Star Soultraits have something like that. Their true power can only be unleashed upon becoming Higher Lifeforms. However, the limiter exists for weaker Soultraits as well. In that case, the Soultrait is usually extremely powerful – or extremely dangerous for the user," Killian continued to explain as he saw the destruction caused by Michael.

"I have no idea what this Soultrait is, but it feels old. It naturally dominates everything in its range."

"What will happen to Michael? Is he losing control of his Soultrait?" Lincoln understood a lot about various Soultraits, but Killian was still more knowledgeable than him. At least, when it came to limiters. Killian's Soultrait had a limiter, and he managed to remove it without losing control of the tremendous power he was given to use.

"I...have no idea. To be honest, Michael's Soultraits are a mystery to me. I think he can barely manage to survive as long as Maria's Archangel continues to heal him. But I think Michael has some other problems to deal with..." Killian replied somewhat calmly, whereas his mind was in a mess, 'I still want to kill you...Just die for me...Well, maybe not now.'

The Tekur had been preparing a large-scale attack while everyone was busy being distracted. The Elite Soldiers charged at Michael with their combined power. Numerous elemental attacks and other long-range attacks such as energy-condensed projectiles shot through the air. They were about to impact and injure Michael severely when they disappeared, just like that.

Everything in the Dome of Extraction was devoured. All effects that would have affected the beings inside the dome were rendered null and void.

Quinn stared blankly at Michael, uncontrollable rage filling his entire being. He wanted to attack Michael and kill that bastard for ruining all of his plans, but a single glance in Michael's direction was enough to put his revenge to a halt. All of a sudden, Quinn's left arm disappeared. It had been extracted in an instant.

Blood gushed out of Quinn's shoulder and he screamed aloud. Meanwhile, all Michael did was glare emotionlessly at Quinn. There was no need to be merciful to those who wanted to kill him – even less to traitors of their own kind.

Michael was just about to continue dealing with Quinn when he noticed that the Elite Soldiers, enveloped in various effects of Support-type Soultraits, barged into the Dome of Extraction. They could resist the power of Extraction for a while. The Elite Soldiers broke through the Dome of Extraction with all the enhancements they'd received. They expected Michael to be surprised and panic, but the opposite happened.

More power erupted from Michael's body. He used ten-layered Enhancement on the Soultrait Symbol of Extraction, increasing the power that surged through his body. At this point, not even Archangel's Grace was potent enough to regenerate his body fast enough to keep him in top form. The regeneration of his arms was temporarily halted as well.

But that was fine. He could use Archangel's Grace to slow down the speed at which he was going to die. Meanwhile, the healing effect lingering on the Elite Soldiers was extracted – devoured in an instant. The Tekur didn't manage to block the Extraction that shrouded their entire being. They couldn't last against the tremendous power that impacted all of a sudden. Their carapaces crumbled and disappeared, followed by the flesh, muscles, and veins.

The Elite Soldier Tekur were devoured layer by layer until Michael decided to devour the lifeforce and origin power stored within them. Their origin energy storage hit zero near-instantaneously and the Tekur crashed onto the ground, unable to muster enough strength to lift their bodies.

A long silver blade manifested in Michael's hand as he strode closer to the Elite Soldier Tekur. The Dome of Extraction transformed into a swirl of power in Michael's hand. Extraction turned into a highly compressed blade that coated the Aethyr Blade, decreasing the damage that was inflicted on his body.

Michael gathered the power of Extraction in the Aethyr Blade and slashed at the weakened Elite Soldiers as if they were mere livestock. He beheaded them with a single strike, their heads flinging through the air. A surge of power influx reached Michael, but his focus was fixated on the remaining Tekur.

Before 10-layered Enhancement could wear off, Michael instinctively transmuted the Soul Glacicle Bullets, inserting a tremendous amount of True Extraction into them. 400 SoulStar Fragments were used up within seconds, keeping the Soul Power Storage of Glacicle at an all-time high as he began manifesting one Soul Glacicle Bullet after another.

The result was tremendous. More than 50 Soul Glacicle Bullets inserted with extraction whizzed through the air, each unleashing a shockwave as they reached max speed. The bullets pierced into the Tekurs' carapace, leaving them no chance to block the attack.

The True Power of Extraction was unleashed within the Tekur that had been hit, killing them rapidly, yet eerily painfully by removing layer after layer of their bodies...from within.

Chapter 504 Over

Batches of energy influx reached Michael in bursts. They invigorated him just enough to let him keep an eye on the battlefield. The Tekur tried to flee, their actions filled with desperation and pure fear.

After witnessing the death of their leaders and how easily Michael could deal with their comrades, the remaining Tekur could only think about running away. Michael would have pursued them if his legs weren't about to cave in. His body was still being damaged, layer after layer removed. Archangel's Grace managed to heal him, but Extraction's true power had yet to disperse.

Energy fluctuations entered Michael's view from the left. The Undead Skeleton, Raven, and two dozen masked Awakened appeared where Quinn had been standing. They surrounded Quinn and protected the young Awakened. Michael frowned deeply and waved his hand with True Extraction activated.

The head of the Undead Skeleton was extracted in a single go. However, Raven continued to move even without his head. Dense, deadly fog shrouded everyone, hiding their appearance. In the next moment, their bodies seemed to disappear. Michael hadn't used Extraction on them but Raven and the others seemed to disappear all of a sudden. Did they leave the isolated dimension before the Flag War ended? Was that possible?

Michael smiled smugly as he pinpointed a few masked Awakened within the dense deadly fog, and extracted their hearts with a burst of True Extraction. The masked men didn't collapse immediately. Instead, they were pulled out of the isolated dimension. Several seconds later, four bursts of energy influx reached him.

Once Raven and his followers were not there anymore, Michael noticed that Quinn had disappeared as well. In the next moment, his legs caved in.

He lost the strength in his legs as most of his skin, flesh and muscles had been extracted when he used the True Power of Extraction, combined with ten-layered Enhancement. Michael was not sure what had overcome him, but he felt like a suicidal maniac. He could have died.

Fortunately, he didn't. That was mostly thanks to the great power of Archangel's Grace, which he had stolen from Maria. At least, that was what Michael presumed because Archangel's Grace felt much stronger when he used it in the last few minutes compared to the usual power he could unravel from the Shard.

His arms had regrown and his skin was healing rapidly. The intricate golden pattern all over his body stopped spreading, and the War Rune on his chest traveled to the back of his right hand. It was a weird feeling to sense the War Rune's anchor move through his body, but he could live with it.

Michael was beyond exhausted. He had to retrieve three Apex Nutrition Serums and swallow their content whole before he felt a little bit better. His energy storage was filled to the brim since Extraction devoured the surrounding energy at all times. However, his nutrition had been used up to the point until there was almost nothing left. That was why he ended up feeling so weak...and probably because he unleashed Extraction's true power temporarily.

Michael was still not sure what happened to him, but something in the depth of his being had been revolting against the pain and potential threat to his life. He was not sure if that was his Soultrait's natural defenses kicking in, granting him access to Extraction's hidden potential for a short moment, or if it was something else. One way or another, Michael hadn't been ready for the power he obtained. His body couldn't resist the power and he was removed as well, just like everyone else. Even though Extraction gave him natural resistance against its power, just like all Soultraits did, Michael was certain that he could have died. It was an eerie thought, and certainly not something he wanted to experience again.

Maria regained control over her Soultrait. She was even more confused than everyone else about what happened just now. But one thing was certain; Michael gained full control of Archangel's Grace, even if it was just for a few minutes. Something like that never happened, not as far as Maria knew, at least.

Maria saw Michael's miserable appearance. She instinctively knew how bad her Primal Amplifier's condition was and rushed up to him, using Archangel's Grace to restore Michael as swiftly as possible.

She grasped his right hand to activate the full power of the Mark of Fate. The projection of a miniature angel manifested above their hands as Maria began to restore Michael. He recovered rapidly, his natural regeneration further amplified by Superior Constitution.

"What did you just do? Do you know that you almost killed yourself...well, and everyone around you?! And how did you steal Archangel's Grace?? That's my Soultrait!!" Maria was nervous and tensed up, resulting in a flood of words to escape her lips. She didn't stop talking until her eyes locked with Michael's.

"Calm down a little, will you?" Michael mumbled, the exhaustion in his eyes visible.

"I have no idea what happened either. I can make some guesses, but they won't be better than wild theories," He revealed in all honesty.

Michael really had no clue what happened. All he knew was that Extraction had been exposed – in its full glory, and in front of hundreds of Descendants, and the prodigious Warriors of the Warlock Centaur and Berserker race.

That was definitely not how he imagined the Flag War to end.

As Maria focused her attention on Michael's body, the others pursued the remaining Tekur. That was not further difficult, given how terrorized the Tekur were. They fled with all their might after Michael's display of power. In fact, everyone was horrified. However, the Tekur were afraid of Michael and shocked to the core. The alliance members, on the other hand, knew that Michael didn't want to kill them.

The Tekur didn't care about fighting anymore. The Flag War didn't matter to them at this point. All they wanted was to escape Michael's grasp.

Descendants like Killian, the Blazing Sun team, and hundreds of Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs made use of that. They assaulted the Tekur when they were at their weakest, and killed them all.

They won against the group of 150ish Tekur and three Elite Soldiers with merely 600 Alliance members. But that was not all. They survived the attacks of human traitors as well! Of course, that didn't mean everyone survived. Close to 100 Alliance members fell victim to the traitors' attacks and the tremendous power of the Tekur's Soul Techniques. The losses were much greater than they could have hoped for, but it was already a wonder that most of them survived. After all, the Elite Soldiers were several times stronger than the Tekur Soldiers.

They won the battle and didn't have to flee, all thanks to Michael Fang.

Once the battle at the fallen Dimensional Pillar ended, Michael was given the loot he deserved. He received the corpses of the Tekur he'd killed, including the three Elite Soldiers. Nobody uttered anything to Michael, but he noticed a drastic change in everyone's attitude toward him.

The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs treated him like he was one of their greatest warriors, whereas the Descendants had no idea how to talk to him. Everyone was curious about what had just happened, but not even Kaleb or Lincoln dared to come near him.

As for Zeke, he was a poor fella. He lost his biggest ally in the fight against the Supreme Human Alliance and Dark Heavens. Michael couldn't even imagine how Zeke must be feeling.

A few hours passed before Michael's condition was back to its peak. He consumed a few more Apex Nutrition Serums to maintain his condition. Their price was hefty, but it was not as if Michael lacked resources right now. Every Tekur would reward him with a decent-sized pile of Inferior Energy Stones upon getting extracted. As for the human traitors, their War Rune storages were filled with various treasures – including Elite Class Soul Techniques.

Michael noticed that nobody dared to come near him right now. Therefore, he decided to concentrate his attention on...himself. He tried to sense the thing that had trembled in the deepest parts of his being. However, there was nothing. It was like that 'thing' never existed in the first place.

What was that thing, either way? Was it a part of Michael, his Soultrait, or did it belong neither to his being or his Soultrait? Various questions flashed through his mind but there was not a single answer.

All Michael could tell was that the sudden power-up saved him from dying against Quinn.

'I never expected him to be a traitor. Using Enhancement on him nearly killed me...'

Michael shook his head lightly. The Interdimensional Flag War ended vastly differently than he, and everyone else, could have anticipated.

He gained a lot. Spirit Gaze and Eagle Eyes were upgraded to 6-Star Soultraits and fused, creating a 6-Star Soultrait that was much stronger than the vast majority of 6-Star Soultraits. He obtained Constitution and upgraded it to 6-Star near-instantly, and he procured new powers.

Michael learned about Soul Techniques, procured some, and he gained the experience of dozens of Tekur, allowing him to become a master in using and altering Common Soul Techniques.

His combat power increased tremendously, and so did his net worth. He gained several mountains of Inferior Energy Stones, various Artifacts, and other treasures that could be sold for a fortune.

All of that was great.

It was even better that he had yet to extract dozens of corpses to procure their Soultrait Symbols, SoulStar Fragments, Artifacts, and great fortunes.

There was only one downside. A pretty big one, at that.

Extraction had been exposed. Not just a little bit. EVERYONE present was now aware of Extraction's existence.

[End of Volume]

Chapter 505 How Many?

Michael decided that it might be better to isolate himself from the rest of the alliance members for a few hours. He had several reasons to do so.

First of all, there were still more than 20 hours left before the Flag War would officially end, and they would be expelled from the isolated dimension. Michael wanted to finish extracting the Memory Orbs, SoulStar Fragments, and Soultrait Symbols from the corpses in his possession. He could wait and do it later as well, but Michael felt that everyone needed some time to digest the shocking fact that some Descendants turned out to be traitors.

Other than that, many were also confused about the power Michael had unleashed. He hoped that some troublesome encounters and awkward questions could be prevented by isolating himself for a few hours.

Some of the corpses in his possession had already been extracted. Despite that, there were more than enough Tekur, and even traitorous Descendant corpses that Michael had yet to extract. There were three Elite Soldiers, 91 Soldiers, and nine Descendants who had yet to be drained of their SoulStar Fragments and Soultrait Symbols.

Michael resolved that issue over the next few hours. He extracted roughly 1,000 SoulStar Fragments from each Elite Soldier and an average of 450 SoulStar Fragments from each of the 91 Tekur Soldiers. Meanwhile, the human Descendants provided less than 200 SoulStar Fragments.

'45,750 SoulStar Fragments were added to the 3,150 I'd extracted mid-battle and still left from continuously fueling my Soul Techniques. That seems pretty neat.'

48,900 SoulStar Fragments was not something Michael could procure easily outside the Flag War. The Tekur and traitorous Descendants dropped far more than the enemies Michael usually encountered in

the Origin Expanse. Ordinary Tier-3 Awakened would possess roughly 100 SoulStar Fragments. Maybe a few dozen more if they were Lords, or in possession of a high-ranked Soultrait.

'I am not in a rush. I could upgrade another Soultrait to 6-Star, but let's move slowly. No matter how I look at it, I'm satisfied with the current situation of my Soultraits. All I have to do is to create Soul Techniques for them and to study my Soultraits more in-depth. That will be enough to increase my combat prowess by a large margin.'

Other than SoulStar Fragments, Michael obtained 13 Soultrait Symbols as well. He extracted four Elite-Class Soul Techniques and dozens of Common Soul Techniques from the War Rune storages of the Tekur and human Descendants. Michael didn't hesitate to extract the Wisps of Knowledge from the Soul Technique tomes and devour them at once. The information and intent that had been written in the techniques entered his mind. It was imprinted deep inside him, allowing Michael to understand every single process of the Soul Techniques' creation.

His knowledge of Soul Techniques was far more advanced than before. Simultaneously, his understanding skyrocketed as well. After all, he got to consume the Memory Orbs of the remaining 94 Tekur and the four human Descendants.

The memories of the traitors were a bit confusing, but Michael learned a lot from them. Not everything was great though. Some of the memories he procured were something Michael had to share with the authorities soon. Michael digested all information and memories over the course of 10 hours. Once he was done, Michael was ready to study more Soul Techniques and to create a wide variety of Soul Techniques for himself to use. This was something he looked forward to doing in the next few weeks – if no one from High Society would bother him too much.

But now it was time to return from his self-isolation.

Michael felt like he could advance to Tier-3 pretty soon. Basically, he was certain that all he had to do was to spend a week focusing on his War Rune's refinement and he could advance to the next Tier. However, Michael was not in a rush. He had something else that had to be done beforehand.

Michael thought a while about what to do now that so many Descendants and other alliance members had discovered Extraction. The answer was pretty simple. He didn't have to do much. Since so many would soon be able to tell that Michael could procure more Soultraits and that his Soultraits could be strengthened permanently, it was not like someone could kidnap.

Of course, he could still be kidnapped and imprisoned in a tower to act as the family's golden goose, but the other families would notice that Michael was missing and they would do their own research.

Michael doubted that many families would be pleased hearing if other families would kidnap Michael to keep the monopoly of his Soultraits and SoulStar Fragments. Therefore, even if Michael was not strong enough on his own, he wouldn't have to worry too much about his safety – probably.

The bigger problem was that Quinn Karta and the others witnessed Extraction's power as well. The human traitors could find out about Extraction and its great potential as well. It would be a little bit more troublesome if they decided to kidnap him.

Michael doubted that they would kill him because he was too valuable for their mission to conquer the universe, but that didn't mean they would hold back from torturing Michael. And if Michael was unwilling to help them grow more and stronger Soultraits, he would be disposed. After all, an uncooperative prodigy was a useless prodigy. It was better to get rid of him than to keep him alive, leaving open the small chance that he could flee and take revenge in the future.

Michael shuddered at the thought of the Supreme Human Alliance kidnapping him. He really didn't like the thought.

Thus, he thought about other things and gathered Lincoln, Zeke, and Kaleb to talk to them privately.

"Where are you guys going?" Maria asked when she noticed the group of four guys walking away from the small camp. Her eyes glimmered faintly as she stared straight at Michael.

Michael pressed his lips together as he returned her gaze. Maria's puppy eyes drilled deep into his soul. Michael sighed deeply and gestured for her to follow as well.

"You can come as well. It's not like you or Killian haven't figured out what I can do, either way," He mumbled, realizing too late that Killian Zeus was near enough to hear his name being called up.

Killian walked through the small camp and smiled at the mixed-up group of friends.

"I'll join as well." He said, leaving no choice for anyone to refute.

Michael felt like thrashing Killian for a moment, but he gave it a shrug in the end. It didn't really matter. Killian was smart and he had already figured out what Extraction could do. All Killian missed was some details.

He ignored Killian and led everyone far away from the rest of the other alliance members where he could talk freely about whatever he wanted.

"So what are you going to tell us now? Is it about your weird-ass power?" Killian asked bluntly, causing Kaleb and Lincoln to roll their eyes.

"His power is not weird. We survived because of him! Killian, be a bit nicer, will you?" Maria frowned at Killian.

Killian felt like responding, but he kept his mouth shut. Attacking Michael verbally was still fine, but he had to control himself a little in front of Maria.

"But I'm curious as well. I thought about it for a while and I figured that Killian's guess was correct. You've grown a lot stronger within the last 14 days. Your physical strength and speed are easily on par with Mid-rank Awakened at Tier-3. Once you reach Tier-3, you're probably faster than most Awakened at Tier-3, especially after you use this technique that changes your presence into that of a Mythical Beast," Maria pointed out with a vivid smile on her face.

Since Michael was her Primal Amplifier, Maria could sense the changes within Michael's body more easily than others. She had noticed a few changes within and around Michael when they last met, but the biggest changes had occurred over the last few days when they traveled around together. However, the most apparent evidence was that the Soul Power within Michael increased by more than 30% since their encounter with Raven. Using the Mark of Fate of her Primal Amplifier to unleash Heaven's Descent allowed her to feel much more than others could tell about Michael.

That was also why she knew that Killian's first presumption had been correct.

"To put it in simple terms, Killian is correct. My Soultrait allows me to obtain more Soultraits and strengthen them," Michael revealed at last, glancing over to Kaleb and the others to see their reaction.

Interestingly enough, there was hardly any change in their expressions.

Lincoln just laughed, "I don't think you realize how powerful you've grown over the last few months. I was strong enough to overwhelm you easily in our first spar. The second time we fought it was a lot harder already. Then we started to duel more often, and I realized that it was getting more and more difficult to overwhelm you. At first, I thought that Alice's individual teachings resulted in a sudden increase in power, but that was not it. It was not the entire reason, at least. You've grown a lot stronger, but your Soultraits are certainly your strongest asset."

Killian nodded, "My uncle researched your past and all of your fights. I told you about that already but yeah. He noticed a trend whenever you've grown stronger. So, it was pretty easy for me to put two and two together."

This time Kaleb had to agree with Killian Zeus.

"I noticed the pattern as well, but I wasn't certain what was going on. Now that you revealed your power, I think I understand. You drain the Soultraits of your enemies. If I'm not mistaken, you must also be obtaining some kind of ability that allows you to strengthen your Soultraits permanently."

Usually, Kaleb was not a quick thinker. However, that didn't mean he was stupid. It was just that he didn't bother paying too much attention to most things. He was a simple man.

"I guess, I made it too obvious," Michael forced a smile on his lips, but Kaleb shook his head.

"You might have been obvious, but that only means you trusted everyone around you enough to use your ability without holding back too much. Maybe it was also your competitive spirit or the fact that you hate holding back, but I think you would have held back a lot more if you were overly worried about the future. You tend to overthink a lot, only for your body to do whatever it wants."

Killian ignored Kaleb's attempt at consolation and pushed the young Zenovia to the side to gain Michael's full attention.

"With that in mind, how many Soultraits do you have, and what is the stellar grade of your most potent Soultrait?!"

Chapter 506 Creator

"With that in mind, how many Soultraits do you have, and what is the star rating of your strongest Soultrait?!"

Killian's question was straightforward as well as one of the rudest questions one could ask an Awakened. An Awakened's Soultrait was their strongest trump card. It was their lifeline that determined their future and how long they would live in the Origin Expanse. Asking someone questions about their Soultraits was equivalent to asking about one's deepest secrets.

Of course, Killian didn't care about that. He couldn't pay less attention to such formalities. So what if he was rude? He was curious and he wanted to know more about Michael's Soultraits, especially their star rating.

The others could have called Killian a rude idiot, but they didn't do so. They were also curious about Michael's Soultraits and their star rating.

Michael didn't particularly mind answering Killian's question. However, he was not going to tell everything, obviously.

"The Soultrait related to the transmutation of my eyes has the highest star rating, and I got a bunch of other Soultraits as well. Definitely more than you or anyone else here."

Killian was an annoying dude. Thus, Michael made it a mission to anger him.

"You don't say, dipshit!?" Killian cursed under his breath. He glared at Michael and was just about to get up when he realized that leaving now meant he wouldn't obtain more information from and about Michael.

Gritting his teeth, Killian sat back down, his eyes releasing faint electricity currents. Michael, on the other hand, broke into a smile.

"Since the transmutation makes it quite obvious, I think that revealing more about the Soultrait is hardly an issue. It's a 6-Star Soultrait, one of the stronger ones at that. As for my other Soultraits, there are not many I kept a secret. If you continue researching me, you should be able to find out about most of my Soultraits."

Killian calmed down a little as he heard Michael's explanation. He was still fuming in anger, but that was not an abnormal behavior displayed by him, in the first place.

Lincoln looked at Michael. He listened intently and asked about one of the things that interested him the most.

"Can you give other people Soultraits and can you strengthen other Awakened's Soultraits permanently as well?"

Michael figured what Lincoln was getting at. He wanted to know more about his Soultrait's restrictions and if Extraction could be used to strengthen everyone or if it was restricted to empower only Michael.

"I can use my Soultrait on other people as well. Since you learned about Lord Rifts and the rewards given by the Will of the Origin Expanse already, you should know about Soultrait Symbols. I have a bunch of them. In fact, I've been accumulating them for a while now, preparing to sell them, or trade them for favors."

Since Michael was one of the major contributors to everyone's survival in the Flag War, he would attract more attention than others. News about Extraction would thus reach everyone. With that in mind, Michael could get ready to start trading Soultrait Symbols with the Tritan Alliance, and the 'utensils' to strengthen one's Soultraits. Of course, everything came at a cost – an exorbitant cost.

Extraction had been exposed but Michael possessed the monopoly on SoulStar Fragments and Soultrait Symbols. He could ask for whatever price he deemed fit for the Soultraits. After all, he was the only one capable of rewarding others with the Soultraits they desired – not just some random Soultrait that might as well turn out to be something they never wanted.

If an Awakened with a Support Soultrait always desired an Elemental Soultrait, Michael could deliver that. If someone was a coward but possessed a powerful Offensive-type Soultrait, Michael could give him a Support Soultrait. Michael could create a business model that turned the downside of Extraction being exposed into a great opportunity.

That was a good way to ignore the downsides of Extraction being exposed. It helped Michael to keep his mind from overthinking about the downsides and worrying needlessly. He never wanted it to happen but sadly it had happened. Extraction had been exposed. So what?

Everyone stared at Michael. They listened intently, even Zeke, who had been lost in thoughts about Quinn Karta and what his friend – no, former friend – told him.

Everyone understood why Michael had been hiding his power. Michael was not affiliated with High Society since birth, and he didn't know enough about the world of Awakened to reveal Extraction with reassurance. Kaleb, Lincoln, and Zeke would have acted like Michael in his place as well.

While Michael's friends were happy that Michael finally revealed his secret to them, Killian was angry. He was angry at Michael's luck with his Soultrait. How in the four hells did Michael deserve such a powerful Soultrait? It was unfair and made Killian feel like killing Michael once again.

On the other hand, Maria was surprised and intrigued.

'Is that why Michael is so compatible with me? Because of this Soultrait? I was right when I sensed something ancient within Michael. It must have been the power he uses to obtain more Soultraits and strengthen them!'

Kaleb fell deep in thought looking at Michael. "Do you think you could tell my sister about your power as well? Personally, I mean."

"I don't mind if you want to tell her. Alice probably knows that I have some sort of power that allows me to grow stronger much faster than others. There is no need for you to hide it from her," Michael responded with a shrug, but Kaleb shook his head.

"I think you should tell her about it yourself. I believe she would want to hear everything from you personally. Alice will understand that you had to hide your strength as long as possible, but I am certain that she would be joyful if you tell her before she finds out from everyone else," Kaleb clarified what he meant.

"That's fine with me," Michael agreed.

It was not like telling Alice would change a lot. In fact, Alice Zenovia was a great teacher and she had always been there to help him. She was the person who introduced him to the vast world of the Awakened. It would also not be wrong to say that Alice was the reason he got to know his friends and how he'd grown so much stronger in such a short amount of time.

Of course, he survived because he worked so hard, but without Alice, he wouldn't have made it to the Sapphirelake Military Academy, and he would have never even thought about participating in the Battle Exchange and the Flag War. Either Michael would be dead now, or he would be much weaker without the opportunities he'd received through his initial meeting with Alice.

It was certainly true that she deserved to get to know about his power personally rather than hearing from others spreading rumors.

'The rumors won't be detailed, either way. Everyone will make their own theories, but only some know about the entire truth. Maybe, I can ask Alice to help me auction a Soultrait Symbol...that is something I can figure out later, I guess.'

Killian continued to grumble while Michael was deep in thought.

"You didn't even do a good job hiding your power, in the first place. Everyone with a single brain cell can find out about your secret. All they have to do is pay some attention to your progress and how your strength increases drastically whenever you overcome some ordeals."

"That merely means you paid lots of attention to Michael, didn't you, Killian?" Maria asked, smiling brightly.

lightsNovel Her bright smile and Maria's innocent expression caught Killian off-guard. He wanted to retort something and curse at Maria but realized soon enough that this wouldn't be a good idea. Her broad smile melted Killian's anger near-instantaneously.

Kaleb and Lincoln stared at Killian in disbelief. It felt like Maria trained her pursuers well. Killian acted like a well-trained dog, who acted only nice to his owner.

Despite the confusing attitude Killian showed them, Michael agreed to their comments.

"Other than my Soultrait, I have something interesting to share. I've procured the Tekur's memories, including their experiences with Soul Techniques. My understanding of Soul Techniques is pretty high. This is mostly about Common-Class Soul Techniques, but there were also some Elite-Class Soul Techniques," He said before retrieving a Memory Crystal from his War Rune.

He inserted his memories of Soul Glacicle Bullet inside the Memory Crystal and handed it over to Kaleb.

"I am not sure if you can use it, but I would like to experiment with your Frozen Nova and Soul Glacicle Bullet a little bit. It is a Common-Class Soul Technique I procured from a Tekur Soldier before altering it to fit Glacicle. Glacicle is the name of my Ice Soultrait, by the way." Michael explained, before he added, "I want to see if I actually have to customize all Soul Techniques to perfectly fit each Soultrait, or if merely some similarities are enough. That would help me understand more about the creation of new Soul Techniques for myself and others, as well."

Michael could talk a lot more about Extraction, but he didn't want to bother everyone too much. The others' heads were already brimming with information and confusing thoughts churning after his revelation.

"So you want to earn a fortune by becoming mankind's Soul Technique Creator? You want to create another monopoly?..." Killian asked, feeling more and more irate about the fact that he couldn't kill Michael. The more Killian learned about Michael the more reasons not to kill Michael appeared in front of him.

Michael's Soultrait, the strength of Primal Amplifier, the ability to create Soul Techniques. ALL of it was crucial for mankind.

'FUCK THIS SHIT!!!' He thundered inwardly, electricity currents passing through his body as his blood began to boil.

"If possible, I want to earn a fortune. After all, I'm not someone who's getting spoon-fed like others. I was lucky with my Soultrait, but it begun out as a Low-ranked Soultrait. I worked my ass off to get this far," Michael said, his eyes ice-cold as he stared at Killian. The killing intent of the Zeus family's heir was clearly evident.

"All help I received from my family was getting abandoned and the bits of training with my brother, and the Artifact he gave me as a present when I manifested my War Rune."

Spirit Eyes' stigma around his eyes began to glow and the atmosphere around Michael changed at once. He had had enough of Killian's tantrum.

"Stop looking down on me, and get your anger under control."

Chapter 507 Return

The tension outside the dimensional portal had been at an all-time high for the last three days. Nobody in the ancient city knew the exact duration of the Interdimensional Flag War, but it had never been longer than 11 days.

However, now that almost 14 days had passed, the situation was getting out of hand.

"How much longer do we have to wait?" Alice asked, not even trying to maintain her image as Frozen Duchess. She nibbled on her lower lip, clearly uncomfortable with the current situation.

lightsNovel "I don't think you have to worry too much. This year's generation is among the strongest we've had as participants. Don't forget that we have three Heavenly Chosen in this year's Flag War. Maria will heal everyone, Kaleb will freeze all enemies, and Quinn can teleport behind the Tekur in an instant, backstabbing them. Their 7-Star Soultraits will be of great use. They won't die!" Oliver Zeus tried to comfort Alice, only for Olivia Blaze to scoff.

"It looks like you don't even bother worrying about your nephew. I understand that Killian is strong, but he is not exactly invincible. If he overestimates his own prowess, or underestimates his enemies, the situation can go south real quick."

Oliver Zeus rolled his eyes, "Why are you even thinking like that? Being all negative won't help you, at all."

Small electricity currents passed through Oliver's eyes as he stared at Olivia Blaze. Her eyes seemed to ignite in response, ready to have a heated debate with Oliver.

However, before the two Professors could start fighting, the area around the dimensional portal started to tremble wildly. The fabric of space around the purple portal was ripped apart and it didn't take long before the first participants of the Interdimensional Flag War were thrown out of the isolated dimension.

"It's open!" One of the Professors from another Academy shouted. Usually that would have earned some sarcastic remarks since everyone could see the dimensional portal with their own eyes, but nobody said a word.

Everyone kept their eyes trained on the portal and the emerging participants to search for their students.

"I found Killian!" Oliver exclaimed not long after the portal opened.

As if on cue, Killian Zeus' head flicked in their direction. He saw Olivia Blaze and Alice Zenovia standing near his uncle and executed his Inheritance Technique to use his strongest movement technique. In an instant, he appeared next to his uncle, who opened his arms as wide as possible, ready to embrace his little nephew.

"Uncle, call grandfather;" He said, his eyes dead-serious.

"Wait a moment, Killian. Why should I call the patriarch right now? How about you tell us what happened first?" Oliver Zeus asked, lowering his arms in embarrassment. He was not sure why he expected his nephew to jump into his embrace. Killian would never do something like that.

"We have no time for that. It's important for us to be the first to negotiate with Michael," Killian said through his gritted teeth. He hated every word leaving his mouth, but it was a fact.

Michael possessed powers that could change the well-established balance of the High Society, or even the entire human race. If they could get on Michael's good side it was only a matter of time before the Zeus family became one of the strongest households.

"But if you really need to know what happened, the situation is fucked up. Roughly 80 Descendants are traitors. They're affiliated with the Supreme Human Alliance and nearly killed everyone. Sandro Piex, Quinn Karta, Leonardo Capidor, and several others are among the traitors. We managed to kill half of them, but the others escaped. They left the Flag War before the portal opened. How? I don't know," Killian explained as quickly as possible before dismissing the traitor nonsense.

They could talk later about the traitors.

"Negotiating with Michael is more important though. He read the memories and minds of the Tekur and learned their Soul Techniques. He even created his own Soul Technique in the Flag War, managing to kill far more Tekur than anyone else...myself included...That bastard..." Killian couldn't help but curse Michael at the end of the sentence. He took a deep breath to calm down his nerves and continued to speak, "Michael can create custom Soul Techniques. Using him, every member of the Zeus family can unleash bursts of strength equivalent to twice or thrice their current combat prowess!"

Killian wanted to tell his uncle about the Soultrait Symbols and the fact that Michael could strengthen Soultraits as well, but he decided to do that a little later. Alice was standing next to him, and Michael had promised Kaleb that he would tell Alice about his power before anyone else. Killian might hate Michael, but it was not as if he could afford to get on his wrong side. Not right now, at least.

That was what Killian hated the most. Even if he wanted to kill that lucky bastard, there was no way he could do that without sacrificing mankind's progress toward a better future. It was totally fucked up!

"So...Michael is alive?" Alice asked, sighing deeply in relief, "That's good."

"Alive? That guy is a monster." Killian cursed, stomping the ground hard beneath him with a kick.

It was rare for Descendants to call someone a monster. However, many considered Killian one, simply because he was much stronger than most Descendants. Yet, hearing Killian call someone a monster was new. It was definitely not something the three Professors expected to hear.

Alice and the others had many questions to ask, but Kaleb and Michael appeared next to Killian before any further questions could be asked. Michael bumped lightly into Killian with a smug smile. Killian stared at Michael, however, that was all he did. He didn't even confront Michael for bumping into him.

That surprised Oliver Zeus the most.

Meanwhile, Olivia Blaze stared blankly at Michael's eyes.

"Your eyes..."

Michael tilted his head and smiled lightly, "Hello, Miss Blaze. Nice to see you. My eyes are beautiful, I know."

He teased the Professor before turning to Alice, who was already occupied by Kaleb.

"Sis, you have to marry Michael before Maria steals him from you!" Kaleb demanded loud enough for several Professors and Instructors in the vicinity to hear.

Most turned their attention to them for a few seconds before shaking their heads with a hint of a smile. Being young was truly a blessing.

"W-what are you talking about?!" Alice asked, her eyes widening in shock. Her ears turned red and she retreated a step.

"We need to make sure that Michael is part of the Zenovia family before the Seraph household can nab him!" Kaleb repeated as if everything he said was self-explanatory and it was the only logical step.

"You treacherous bastard. You act like a dumb idiot, but it seems like you have a brain between your ears," Killian praised and cursed Kaleb simultaneously.

Kaleb showed Killian his middle finger before his attention pulled back to Michael.

"We can also ask our parents to adopt him. He has an Ice Soultrait. That should make everything a lot easier."

Michael frowned deeply and pulled his friend to his side, "What are you doing?"

"I'm obviously trying to help you out. If you belonged to the Zenovia family nobody would bother you because of your power," Kaleb explained. He winked at Michael, acting like his plan was foolproof.

However, Michael could only sigh deeply.

"You do realize that everyone would think the Zenovia family gains a monopoly of Soul Techniques and everything else if I were a part of them. Other families would simply join their hands and pressure the Zenovia family to 'ask me nicely' if I could help them," Michael explained, "By not being affiliated with anyone, everyone might try to pressure me into giving them what they want, but they would restrain each other as well. That makes everything a tad easier for me."

Even though Killian didn't like Michael, he was right. Though not entirely. If Michael were to create dozens of Soul Techniques for the Zenovia family before giving them more Soultraits and enhancing them permanently, the entire Zenovia family would grow stronger – potentially strong enough to protect Michael from all possible harm.

But that meant Michael would have to rely on Zenovia family's protection, which was evidently not something he wanted to do. Killian didn't know a lot about Michael, but he understood that Michael didn't want to rely on anyone. He wanted to be independent and protect himself.

"I don't really understand what is going on," Alice intervened once she regained her composure. She looked at the three young Lords and understood that a lot must have happened in the Interdimensional Flag War.

"How about we go somewhere and talk about the Flag War? After that we can talk about...anything you guys want to share..."

Killian glanced at Michael and agreed readily. As long as he was among the first to start negotiating with Michael about the prize for Soul Techniques, Soultraits, and the enhancement of Soultraits, Killian was fine with everything.

Kaleb agreed as well. He was a little bit impatient since he saw Maria disappear in the direction of a beautiful woman with a majestic robe, but it was good as long as Michael was next to him. Nobody could take him without alarming others.

"Before that, I would like to talk to you alone," Michael said, directing his words toward Alice.

"If it's not about the Flag War, can we wait until we finish this first?" Alice asked, not sure why she wanted to stall for time. Kaleb's earlier words rang through her ears, causing her to curse her little brother and herself. Why was she acting like a little child?

"I think it's quite important. It is related to the Flag War as well, though distant," Michael responded, "You need to hear this to understand everything that happened in the Flag War properly."

Chapter 508 Post Flag War

Since the Interdimensional Flag War had just ended, rather dramatically at that, the Tritan Alliance had many things to do. Therefore, Michael didn't occupy too much of Alice's time to reveal a few things about Extraction. He didn't go into detail, but told her everything he'd revealed to the others before.

Alice was shocked, but it was not really a surprise that she had already expected Michael to have a similar power. She knew how to use her head, after all.

After his short talk with Alice, they reunited with the others and began to discuss the Interdimensional Flag War. The discussion didn't last long because the Professors and every other higher up of the Tritan Alliance was called to meet up. The post Flag War meeting was about to begin soon.

During the meeting, the higher ups would talk about the incidents that occurred in the Interdimensional Flag War, how to improve their combat prowess for the next Flag War, new changes, how to distribute the merit points, and much more.

Alice, Oliver, and Olivia attended the meeting, but only Oliver and Olivia were mentally present. Alice was deep in thought, trying to figure out what would happen to Michael now, how to help him out, and what to do now that his powers must have been exposed.

Michael didn't seem to be too worried, but Alice couldn't help but worry about his future. Everyone – even Killian – seemed to praise Michael's strength, and Michael said that he was about to advance to Tier-3 in the next few weeks. It was obvious that his combat prowess would skyrocket once he advanced to Tier-3, especially since he possessed so many Soultraits, but his power turned him into a must have trophy to not only High Society, but also the Tritan Alliance, Dark Heaven and the Supreme Human Alliance.

"Since everyone is present we should start with the most important topic for the Tritan Alliance's continuance. Some may think that something else is more important, but I can reassure you that this is not correct," The War Priestess began the meeting, her serious voice thundering through the large, antique, hall.

Pillars adorned with intricate carvings of vibrant murals and ancient times depicted scenes of rituals and the Berserkers' conquests supported the hall's lofty ceiling that seemed to touch the heavens. The air in the room was heavy from the tense atmosphere, but the calming scent of incense wafting from ancient braziers all around the edges of the hall dispelled the tension ever so slightly.

The floor, paved with meticulously placed stones, resonated with the echoes of ceremonies that had been performed in these halls a long time ago. The walls of the antique hall were filled with grand artifacts of the old days, fashioned with meticulous craftsmanship.

Overall, the ambiance in the antique hall spoke of their rich heritage. It transported the visitors through the annals of time to an epoch where the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs fought war after war, drenching their lands in blood and bodies.

"It is very important that we receive an official statement from the human race given the incidents in the Interdimensional Flag War. We need to find out which families betrayed the Tritan Alliance, and what your kind will do about the Supreme Human Alliance and the traitors who decided to side with these psychopathic mass murderers!" The War Priestess thundered, her expression filled with fury.

It was only obvious that nobody wanted traitors in their own rows. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs didn't have a single traitor, but sadly dozens of human Descendants decided to betray their own kind, and the Tritan Alliance to become a part of the Supreme Human Alliance.

The reason for their betrayal didn't even matter. All that mattered to the Warlock Centaurs and the Berserkers was to find out if there were more traitors from the Human race and if the advantages of having the human race on their side outweighed the dangers the Alliance with the human race brought.

If the dangers outweighed the advantages, the Tritan Alliance might cease to exist. In fact, even if the dangers weren't that high, the way mankind responded to the dangers mattered as well. It was important that the human race took the problems they caused seriously.

"The High Society will investigate the Descendants' betrayal seriously. We have enough witnesses to testify. I hope the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs believe me when I say that we do not want any traitors, or entire traitor families, in our lands or rows. We wouldn't be able to trust ourselves anymore. How could we ask others to trust our people if we were unable to trust them either?" One of the Deans explained.

Too many incidents had occurred in the last few weeks, ranging from Dark Heaven's attack on Piloq, to the Suicide Squad. Now even the Descendants betrayed them. The situation with the traitors was slowly getting out of hand, and the effect the betrayals had on the Tritan Alliance was tremendous.

"Every family affiliated with the traitors will be interrogated thoroughly. It might take some time to find everyone and interrogate them, but it will be done as soon as possible. We want answers as much as everyone else!"

The War Priestess didn't seem overly satisfied but she nodded her head. The report stated that more human Descendants died from the attack of the traitorous Descendants than her own people, either way. It didn't take a genius to figure out that High Society would fall into chaos soon enough and that the internal strife would stir trouble.

The War Priestess was patient enough to wait and see what was going to happen with High Society. Maybe they would overcome the ordeals and emerge from the internal conflicts much stronger and united than before. In the worst case, the Supreme Human Alliance would swallow the human race. That would destroy the purpose of the Tritan Alliance.

The chance that something like this would happen was slim, but it was never zero. It was better to be prepared for the worst-case scenario. That way, you couldn't be taken by surprise!

"I agree wholeheartedly with everything my colleague said," The representative of another University added, only to clarify his throat and glance over to Alice and some other Professors of the Sapphirelake Military Academy, "How about we switch to the next topic then? I consider everyone here is very very curious about something, or someone in particular."

It was not very difficult to tell what the representative was talking about. Almost two-thirds of the Interdimensional Flag War's participants witnessed Michael's power. The participants shared everything they witnessed in the Flag War, but they could not stop talking about Michael's power revelation in the final battle. He had taken them by storm.

The attention of many led to thorough research about Michael, his combat prowess, his achievements in the past, and much more. Everyone came to some conclusions, with most of them being of a similar nature.

Michael was in possession of, at least, 8 Soultraits. However, he had only been in possession of two Soultraits before. That meant he must have gained, at least, six more Soultraits within eight months. But that was not everything. Michael did not only gain new Soultraits, but they were growing stronger as well. The first medical examination in the Sapphirelake Military Academy indicated that Michael was in possession of two rather weak Soultraits, but the witnesses' reports and the results of the Interdimensional Flag War revealed the exact opposite.

There was no way that Michael possessed only two rather low-ranked Soultraits!

"I agree. How about we turn rumors into hard evidence first?" A Professor pointed out while pushing the rim of his thick glasses back. His smile gave the people around him the creeps, but the Professor couldn't care less. He was exhilarated, "We should test Michael Fang's Soul Power to prove that he gained more Soultraits and that his Soultraits can grow stronger as well!"

It was at this point that the previous calm and composed meeting erupted into chaos. Fortunately, Alice was finally pulled out of her train of thought as well when she heard Michael being mentioned.

"Michael won't agree to the medical examination. In fact, he won't elucidate anything about his Soultrait if anyone present were to inquire him," She said, reducing the turmoil all over the hall into hushed whispers.

"There is no way he can escape us if we force him. If it's true what we assume his power to be, can be considered a national treasure, which will give us more leeway to work around some laws. Forcing him to do a medical examination won't be an issue," A young woman in her late twenties said, earning a deep frown from Alice.

"He doesn't have to inform anyone anything. Do you consider you will gain his favor by forcing him to tell you his secrets? Isn't it common knowledge that asking someone about their Soultrait, their unique powers, and star rating is forbidden?" Alice asked, the room temperature dropping as the last words escaped her lips.

"I never expected you to be this old-fashioned, little brat," An old man from another academy voiced out, "If this young Lord truly possessed the power we suspect him to control, he could change the power balance in the Tritan Alliance drastically. He would not only be a national treasure to the human race but the entire Tritan Alliance. We should make sure to discover out what his powers can do and how we can use them in the most efficient way to improve the Tritan Alliance's situation."

"Your beloved student shouldn't be too selfish. That is a well-meant advice from an old man. It's for his own good!" The old man was done speaking – or threatening. Alice pressed her lips together, and clenched her armrest, breaking the reinforced wooden armrest with brute force.

The room temperature dropped further, and Alice's eyes turned even colder than ever. Some people never expected that this was even possible.

Alice was ready to beat the shit out of the old man, even if she might lose the combat with that old monster. Fortunately, the War Priestess intervened before anything could happen.

She sighed deeply.

"Sometimes I really wonder how humans managed to survive this long."

Chapter 509 Token Of Transportation

The entire antique hall went silent at the War Priestess' words.

The old man stared sharply at the War Priestess.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing special. You can ignore my comment," She responded with a shrug before diverting her attention back to the majority.

"Neither the Warlock Centaurs nor the Berserkers will force Michael to do anything. If he can procure Soultraits – like most of the Awakened present in this hall presume – we would be happy to purchase them for a fair price. We can also trade Soultraits for other rarities. However, we won't force Michael Fang to do anything, and we won't look favorable to those who attempt to force, or manipulate this young Awakened."

"To be honest, I don't know much about Michael Fang, but I've heard and seen enough to understand that he is a good person. He rescued my kind several times, and I believe that he will continue to do so. He never hesitated to help my people, and he certainly does not care what race anyone belongs to. I don't want to force him to do anything. Instead, I – No. The Warlock Centaurs – would love to trade with him!"

There was a hidden warning in the War Priestess' declaration. The Warlock Centaurs wouldn't like those who dared to force Michael into doing something he didn't want to.

It was interesting that the Warlock Centaurs decided to side with Michael like this instead of trying to make use of his power directly.

"Of course, if anyone dares to do something funny, the Warlock Centaurs will welcome Michael into our lands. We are more than willing to accept him as a permanent resident," The War Priestess added at last, causing a small uproar among the human authorities.

"We will NOT permit this! Michael Fang is a human and he ought to live with us!" One of the older men shouted, only for Olivia to laugh out loud, "Yeah 'live with us' to make sure that we can take him out like a lab rat. Or do you want to turn him into your Soultrait Breeder? He is just a kid. Calm down a little bit."

Olivia's words were not loud but everyone present had a high enhancement degree. It was not challenging for them to make out her words.

"He is not a kid. He is an asse—...." The same old man, Rothaer Melik, retorted, realizing too late what he'd just said.

"An asset? Seriously?"

By now, even Oliver couldn't help but feel pity for Michael. The old folks of the Big Five Universities and the Great Three Academies were just the tip of the iceberg. They were selfish and their avarice was boundless. Unfortunately, they were a prime example of the older generations. High Society was filled with Lords whose greed and selfishness granted them great power and influence. Not everyone was like this, but Oliver was familiar with enough of them— too many, if one was to ask him.

"One way or another, Michael Fang will stay with his people. Therefore, it will be increasingly more challenging for the Warlock Centaurs to trade with Michael. After all, he will return to his studies in the Sapphirelake Military Academy. Once he graduates, he will move back to Elyra – his home planet. The Warlock Centaurs and Berserkers won't be able to trade with Michael easily, EXCEPT if the Tritan Alliance continues to exist and if we start trading on a regular basis. As long as we can find a compromise in that regard, we can ensure that Michael will trade with both Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs!" Rothaer Melik replied, his eyes gleaming in greed.

He hadn't been able to sign a contract with the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs yet. The sole reason he traveled to the ancient city had been to start a large-scale business deal that encompassed the entire Tritan Alliance. However, he failed miserably at that. Michael's existence was THE opportunity he needed to change his ill-fate.

"That won't be necessary," The Berserker Chieftain intervened at last.

"It won't be necessary? What do you mean by that, Chieftain?" Rothaer had a bad feeling when the gigantic Berserker joined the conversation. The calm and composed expression on the huge leader's face of the Berserker race didn't sit well with Rothaer.

"I talked to Michael Fang a few occasions already, and I learned from the Berserkers who participated in the Interdimensional Flag War about Michael's fighting spirit and his heroic personality. He might not consider himself as anything special, but that makes him even more unique, and likable. But let's not talk too much about his personality, or his strength. I will cut to the chase right away," The Chieftain said, yet he took his time looking at the human authorities seated in the antique hall.

"Zeron Polik, a Champion who lost his territory a few months ago, fought together with Michael against the Tekur and several human traitors. He was shocked about the hidden potential that resides within Michael, and he said that it would be a shame to potentially lose contact with him. Zeron Polik also knows that it will be challenging to trade with Michael once he departs. Therefore, he requested a Silver Token of Transportation from me."

The moment the words 'Token of Transportation' reverberated through the room, the cogs in everyone's head began to rattle wildly.

Even the War Priestess and some Elders of both the Warlock Centaur and Berserker race were stupefied as they came to the same conclusion.

"Wait--..."

"Zeron Polik offered to become Michael's underling to grow stronger and learn from Michael, and to establish a permanent, rather easy, personal trading route between the Berserkers and Michael Fang." The Chieftain declared, the corner of his lips curling upward as he saw the awareness dawn on everyone's face.

Not even the War Priestess expected something like that. She stared at the Berserker Chieftain, her mouth wide open, just like the others.

By offering to become Michael's subordinate, Zeron Polik indicated that he was willing to initiate a link of loyalty with Michael as his Lord. Zeron Polik would have to use the Silver Token of Transportation – an extremely rare item created by the Will – to change his Runic Gate's anchor permanently to his new Lord's aka Michael's Summoning Gate.

Zeron Polik could move to Michael Fang's territory and become a permanent citizen. As long as that worked out, Zeron Polik could meet up with Michael Fang in the Origin Expanse to trade easily. It wouldn't even matter whether Michael was back in Kelta, returned home to Elyra, or if he traveled to another galaxy.

None of that mattered. The Berserkers wouldn't have to travel to the solar system to follow Michael and stay informed about his location. They could leave him alone and wait for Zeron Polik to complete all business deals and trades. All Zeron had to do was to go to the Origin Expanse and trade.

"B-but aren't Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs reluctant to become the subordinates of another race?!?" Rothaer asked, his voice rising an octave with every spoken word. He was struggling to stay calm and composed. No...he was struggling to not cry out in despair.

"It is correct that we do not become subordinates to other races' Lords under normal circumstances. But that is mostly because we do not get along with many races. We wouldn't want to become the subordinates of cowardly Lords or become their meatshields. Usually, we stay among ourselves because we understand our traditions, instinctual behavior, and personalities the best. However, there have been exceptions. Michael is one of those," The Chieftain revealed, his eyes traveling to the War Priestess, "Or would you say that Michael did not earn enough respect and honor in the eyes of the Warlock Centaurs?"

The War Priestess was being used as a tool to confirm that Michael met the requirements. She understood that very well, but it irked her that the Chieftain hadn't discussed this with her before. Narrowing her eyes, the War Priestess stared at the Chieftain for a few seconds.

"It is true. Michael is a True Warrior. We've seen him fight, heard about his heroic tales and how he rescued his own brethren, Berserkers, and Warlock Centaurs all together. As long as a Warlock Centaur or Berserker is willing to fight alongside Michael, they may do so. We won't hold them back, and neither will the Laws of the True Warrior. He is a True Warrior, and he will be treated like one!"

Old Man Rothaer stared at the leaders of the Berserker and Warlock Centaur race, his eyes filled with anger and frustration.

He couldn't believe what was happening right now. Hundreds of higher-ups of High Society had been working for years to get closer to the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs, yet they hardly made any progress. But now a youngling, a youth who had yet to reach the tender age of 19 achieved what they'd tirelessly worked for years? It didn't even look like Michael was trying.

Michael Fang had been thrown into High Society without trying anything. He attracted everyone's attention and it was only a matter of time before he would earn a fortune.

"Just so everyone knows, if something happens to Michael Fang, I will find out about it through Zeron Pilok. Make sure to behave, okay?" The Chieftain warned with a bright smile. However, his eyes weren't smiling. They were ice-cold.

Alice looked at the Chieftain, her heart beating wildly. It was great that Michael managed to get on the good side of the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. However, there was also a tinge of sadness that had taken root in her body.

'Is there anything I can do to help him...or am I just useless?'

Chapter 510 Home

Michael had no idea what happened in the post-Flag War meeting, but he figured that he would find out soon enough. He ended up talking to Kaleb and the rest for a while before he decided to enter the Origin Expanse for the first time in the last two weeks.

The Runic Gate opened in front of him and he stepped through it without hesitation. A mere second later, Michael appeared in the wooden manor inside his territory. The dense purified energy that permeated the air in the Untamed Jungle swirled around him, filling his body. Superior Constitution absorbed it naturally, annexing the energy that entered his body instantaneously.

Even if Michael wouldn't focus on his War Rune's refinement degree, staying in the Untamed Jungle for two weeks while working hard ought to be enough to advance to Tier-3. Of course, it was all thanks to Superior Constitution.

Michael decided to take a quick bath before he left his room. He hadn't been able to relax at all within the isolated dimension. It was time that he spent some of his free time releasing the tension within his body. Michael had no idea when he would receive some free time again. After all, his troubles with the High Society, Dark Heaven and the Supreme Human Alliance were still waiting for him. There was also the fact that he was Maria's Primal Amplifier. Michael was not sure what was going to happen about that either.

He thought about extracting the Mark of Fate once, but Michael was not sure if it would do more harm than good. He did not want to risk hurting Maria by removing the Archangel's Grace Shard in his War Rune. Furthermore, Archangel's Grace was extremely powerful. Even the weakened version Michael could manifest with the Shard was quite powerful. He didn't possess a Soultrait just yet, but Michael was also not planning to create an 11th Soul Socket just to bind a Healing Soultrait to his body – not if the Shard of Archangel's Grace was as powerful as a Pseudo 6-Star Soultrait at full power.

As long as being Maria's Primal Amplifier wouldn't pose a big problem, Michael was fine keeping things as they were. It was not that he hated Maria, after all. She was beautiful, her personality was great, and she was not like most Descendants. If anything, Maria was like Lincoln, and Zeke, both of whom were down to earth. It was difficult not to like Maria.

Once Michael was done bathing, he dried his body with a wave of energy and put on some comfortable clothes. It was refreshing. He felt like he was reborn. It was amazing.

Nature's scent wafted in the air, filling every inch around Michael as he stepped out of the wooden manor. Only two weeks passed outside the Origin Expanse since he last returned to the Origin Expanse,

but that was equivalent to an entire month in the Origin Expanse. Many things must have happened in the time he spent fighting the Tekur and human traitors.

"Master, you're back!!" An overly familiar voice rang through his ears.

He heard someone approach with quick steps and it didn't take long before a furball pounced on Michael's back, hugging him tightly from behind. All Michael could see was a silver tail swishing around frantically. But he didn't have to see more to know who'd jumped on his back.

It was Tiara or an overly excited version of Tiara.

The young woman from the Silverfang Tigerfolk couldn't contain her joy upon seeing Michael and jumped at her Master. Michael let her be. In fact, he didn't have anything against such a greeting. It made him feel nice that at least someone missed him, and that he would always be welcome in his territory.

"Welcome back, my Lord!" Michael heard another voice from behind where he perceived a handful of energy fluctuations.

He turned around with Tiara still clinging onto him, just to see the Immortal Knight, and the Forest Elven Adventurers. Lilica and the others smiled brightly upon seeing him and they strode to his side.

"We were worried that you would never come back. Well, we knew that you would spend some time in this Flag War, or whatever it was, but you were due a week ago. Everyone was worried that something happened to you. You couldn't be dead because we would have sensed that through the Links of Loyalty, but we didn't know what happened," Lilica said, her expression souring for a moment.

Her expression brightened in an instant after she discarded the worries that had plagued her during the last week, "But you're back, so everything is fine. In fact, you glance stronger than ever. That's great!"

It was not difficult to observe that his eyes had changed, however, far more impressive was the tremendous presence that radiated naturally from Michael's body. Michael could not yet fully control the presence that oozed out of his body due to Superior Constitution. It was quite difficult to control,

and certainly not one of the things Michael was adept at. On the contrary, he could easily control the power level of his eyes.

lights Novel Spirit Eyes would, under normal circumstances, intimidate everyone with weaker willpower than Michael. That was one of the effects his eyes gained naturally from the transmutation Spirit Eyes initiated. However, most people around him wouldn't even notice the effect because Michael restrained it naturally. It was barely noticeable to Unawakened existences.

"I've grown a bit stronger, and it won't take long before I advance to Tier-3, either. If you want to know more about what happened in the Interdimensional Flag War, we can talk about that later," Michael said with a thin smile on his lips. It was great to be among the EmeraldLeaf Adventurer team and Tiara. No. It was great to be home, "But I would like to find out what happened in my territory first. Almost a month passed. A lot must have changed."

Lilica and the others nodded their heads. It was true. Many things had changed.

Lilica gestured to Tiara, forcing her to get down from Michael's behind before she cleared her throat, "Do you want to read the daily reports first, or should we tell you about everything instead?"

"Prepare the daily report for me to read through later. I want to inspect the changes in the territory with my own eyes and hear what my people have to say first. However, I believe that most subjects will come

to me to complain about the lack of materials, tools, and blueprints that I'd promised to bring when I come back."

Michael was still in possession of the notes and everything else his subjects had asked for. Kraft Viton had made sure that Michael was given most of the materials and items his subjects had requested, but it was not appreciate Kraft Viton was an omnipotent magician. He couldn't snap his fingers to make all the materials requested by Michael and his subjects appear out of nowhere.

Michael recalled that a bunch of items had been missing when Kraft Viton procured the materials and items from his territory's 'shopping list'. That was also why Michael was quite curious to find out how much his territory had developed. Did the development stagnate because of the missing items, or were his subjects innovative and ambitious enough to exit out the missing materials if possible, replace them with other substitutes, or simply put the construction aside to pursue another project?

If it was any of those three options, Michael would be fine with it. However, if his subjects turned out to have grown lazy while he was absent, he wouldn't be happy.

"You don't have to be worried. We finished everything you asked for. The list of projects has been completed. All we're missing are the unique materials you'd promised, and the livestock – though Opars has a pretty easy solution for that." Pheli explained upon seeing the subtle change in Michael's expression.

"Opars? Do you have a solution to the livestock issue?" Michael asked, his eyes traveling to Opars, whose long, pointed ears twitched.

"I...do have a solution. But I might have done something you don't like. Maybe, you won't have anything against it though," Opars responded reluctantly.

"What did you do?"

"You understand about the Trilance, the alliance between the Zynur, Laprix, and Valyr, right? The Zynur Lord created a settlement at the border to the Untamed Jungle because he was hoping to contact you for a potential trading opportunity. I might have been interested in his settlement and the development of the Savannah region and found out that they have some of the livestock the Tamers need for their Ranches. Their prices are also fairly decent, especially given the issues in the Savannah Region."

Michael had nothing against his subordinates traveling around. As long as they didn't cause trouble to his subjects and territory they could do as they pleased...mostly, at least.

"A business relationship with the Trilance seems appreciate a good idea. I have no idea where the Valyr, Zaynur, and Laprix have their usual spawn points spread across the Origin Expanse, but it never hurts to create more trading routes," Michael remarked, praising Opars for his quick thinking, "You did a great job. If you have already established a good relationship with the Trilance, how about you travel to the settlement near the border and request a list of things they need and items, materials and other goods they can provide? Make sure to also ask them about goods their races possess in surplus. If there is anything we need, we can create a few more sources of income by trading with them and selling the items to our own people, the Forest Elven Tribe, or the Tritan Alliance. We should be able to expand our money-making businesses slowly."

Michael was glad that his subjects acted on their own. He had been worried that everyone would only do what he ordered them to do. Fortunately, that was not the case.

"But what is going on in the Savannah Region?" He asked at last.

Opars smiled wryly.

"It's not only the Savannah Region. Apparently, there are also some issues in the Zentika Empire."