

Supreme Lord 631

Chapter 631 Brawl In The Arena [2]

Even Alice Zenovia was in the arena.

She didn't fight anyone – fortunately –, but she observed the fight in the arena with Oliver Zeus.

Both Oliver Zeus and Alice Zenovia turned in Michael's direction upon sensing that someone new had arrived in the arena. They were surprised to see Michael as nobody expected him to return from the Origin Expanse anytime soon.

Frederik and the Berserkers mentioned that Michael had been busy for a while and that he didn't want to be disturbed by anyone. The Untamed Awakened might not have a clue about what Michael was doing, but they could tell that he was working hard. That was also why they returned from the Origin Expanse to spar with the Descendants and the strongest Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs who'd transferred to the Saphirelake Military Academy.

Michael nodded toward Alice Zenovia and Oliver Zeus upon seeing them and turned his attention to Frederik and the others.

Frederik Kolbenheim dashed left and right. He evaded the mighty blows of two Warlock Centaurs and shattered the water jets that were fired at him. Faced with three enemies at Tier-3, Frederik wasn't supposed to be at an advantage. However, by utilizing his three Soultraits with the Wind Sage's Inheritance technique, Frederik's top speed and movements increased rapidly.

His understanding of Aeroan had skyrocketed in the battle against the Heart of the Blazing Lion army. He suffered considerable mental damage to push the Chaos away from the Untamed Jungle, but that allowed him to break through his limits as well. Enhanced Wind, combined with Wind Mastery, enlightened him enough to learn more about his main Soultrait than most would be able to learn about their Soultrait within a decade.

Frederik's entire body was shrouded in raging gales. They supported every movement and improved his speed as he moved around effortlessly. It was almost like Frederik managed to alter the planet's gravitational force around him.

'That's interesting, but you are at your limit. Your top speed cannot improve further if that's all you can do,' Michael thought critically, his Spirit Eyes detecting various things that were hidden from others.

Frederik appeared behind the Descendant whose Soultrait allowed him to conjure highly compressed water jets. He delivered dozens of mighty punches in a second and was about to deliver a final punch by compressing the winds around his right arm when he noticed that his opponent wasn't injured.

The Descendant was unfazed. He observed Frederik lightly as he conjured more than a hundred water jets around Frederik. Frederik tried to move but the water jets reacted the moment his energy fluctuated. The water jets burst forth and were about to pierce through Frederik when Hiraku arrived next to his friend.

A Sphere made of metal manifested around Frederik as the water jets burst forth. Hiraku transformed into his several-meter-tall Silver Titan form, burst forth, and reached out for the metal sphere. The silver skin around his right arm was covered in draconitum suddenly, protecting him from the water jets as he grasped the metal sphere. Hiraku threw the metal sphere high into the air in one motion and dispersed the sphere, releasing Frederik once again.

Frederik shouted, voicing his complaints, but nobody listened to him.

He noticed that and grumbled quietly as he conjured some winds around his body to levitate high above the arena. In the next instant, Frederik conjured dozens of invisible wind blades.

Since nobody seemed to pay much attention to him, he might as well make use of that!

Unfortunately, before he could utilize his seemingly insignificant presence and the invisible wind blades to his advantage, an Ice Bullet hit him square in the chest. Frederik was hurled through the arena from the impact. His Armor Artifact cracked and he smashed hard into the ground.

Kaleb appeared in front of Frederik, a thin smile blossoming on his handsome face, "You're a lot stronger than you used to be."

"But I wonder if that's going to be enough to beat the shit out of the Orlando family's Elders. Do you think that's enough?" Kaleb provoked his friend intentionally, the corner of his lips curling upward as he saw the fury in Frederik's face.

Kaleb's body was shrouded in an armor made from his Soultrait. Ice grew out of his body like skin, expanded, compressed, and reshaped. The more time passed on the battlefield the stronger Kaleb's Nova Armor grew. He had to supply origin energy to the Nova Armor at all times, which increased his energy consumption, but Kaleb had already refined his body using his Inheritance Technique, therefore, decreasing his energy consumption when he used his Ice-type Soultrait.

Frederik disappeared on the spot instead of answering Kaleb. He accelerated from 0 to 100 in an instant and appeared next to Kaleb, his arms shrouded in raging gales that had forcefully been compressed and shaped into blades. Even if Frederik's Soultrait and Inheritance Technique were leagues below Kaleb, his speed ought to be superior to Kaleb's.

They were both at the Peak of the 2nd Tier and Kaleb's Frozen Nova didn't enhance his Agility a lot. It might be a 7-Star Soultrait, which meant that Kaleb's constitution had been reinforced by it, but Frozen Nova didn't have any functions to enhance his speed upon being used.

Aeroan was different. Frederik's constitution didn't change now that Aeroan was a 5-Star Soultrait, but its power skyrocketed with the addition of the increased star rating and the two Soultraits that further amplified Aeroan's power. He had to be faster!

Frederik was indeed faster than Kaleb, but it was unfortunate that he forgot something very important.

Kaleb's Inheritance Technique was a lot stronger than the Kolbenheim family's Inheritance Technique, and Kaleb's perception had been reinforced drastically to counter Agility- based enemies easily.

Frederik's Blades of Raging Winds were about to pierce deep into the Nova Armor when the scenery around them changed. Icicles shot out of the ground surrounding Frederik and the Nova Armor expanded rapidly in Frederik's direction, swallowing the unfortunate Awakened in one go.

Frederik might have been faster than Kaleb with Aeroan used at full power, but he didn't have the same combat experience, training, awareness of the surroundings, and perception.

If Kaleb wanted to kill Frederik, he could have done so at this moment. However, instead of ending the battle here, Kaleb released Frederik and grinned at him.

"I'm glad that you regained your competitive spirit. But you need to work even harder to catch up to us. You'll have to find ways to overpower Lords whose Soultraits are amplified by their amassed Soul Power, and you're at a natural disadvantage due to the difference of resources we can use."

Kaleb didn't want to talk down to his friend, but it was a fact that Frederik had been unable to train for quite a while. His battle spirit had been crushed and he ended up depressed after losing almost everything important to him.

Kaleb was never good at comforting people. However, he was naturally talented at provoking people. His sister told him about that more than he wanted to acknowledge...while beating him for annoying her.

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Nonetheless, Kaleb wanted to help Frederik, somehow.

The best way to do so was to beat him up repeatedly by exposing his weaknesses. At least, that was what Kaleb believed.

"You have peculiar friends," Hiraku noted from the distance.

He was about to help Frederik once again until he noticed that Kaleb freed him from the ice prison right after imprisoning him. Hiraku didn't hear a lot about their conversation because of the commotion surrounding them, but the bits and pieces he managed to grasp were...confusing.

Was Kaleb Frederik's friend, or was he a bully? Hiraku wasn't too sure about that.

"I should still help him, right?" Hiraku muttered to himself while hurling a young Berserker through the air. However, before he could do something, Hiraku sensed something. A trace of energy arrived him, planting words in his mind.

["Don't interrupt them."]

Hiraku flicked around, kicking a burly human Descendant firmly in the gut, only to discover Michael. Michael grinned lightly in his direction.

["I get that you want to help Frederik, but he needs a beating to figure out his weak points. I don't want him to die once the all-out war against the Council of Xylon begins. He must improve and understand that he is not invincible with three Soultraits."]

No matter how many Soultraits you had. A blade to your heart could still kill you – except if you had a Soultrait that created a second heart. But how likely was it for someone to have such a Soultrait?

Hiraku felt like responding to Michael's comments, but he was not sure what to say.

Saying that he didn't like seeing Frederik getting beaten up was nonsense. Frederik gained a great opportunity to learn about his weak spots by fighting Descendants from Superior Families and High Nobles. It was not all day that Alice Zenovia announced a small-scale Brawl, or that so many Descendants and other youthful powerhouses would come to participate in a messy Brawl.

It was a rare occasion and something that could be utilized to improve their battle awareness and find their weak spots against a wide variety of Descendants, Warlock Centaurs, and Berserkers who used various Soultraits.

'Well. It's better to get beaten up in a safe environment to learn and adapt rather than getting killed on the battlefield because your enemy managed to find and exploit your weak spots...'

Hiraku decided to leave Frederik alone. The result was efficient but cruel.

Frederik was beaten up. Over and over again.

Chapter 632 Careful

The small-scale brawl ended after a while. Everyone was exhausted but they were also satisfied with their improvements. At least, that was the case for most of them.

Frederik was one of the few Awakened who had a hard time walking. He grumbled loudly and staggered toward Michael upon seeing him.

"I hate Kaleb."

Michael chuckled lightly and looked behind Frederik.

"He hates you. Looks like you were a bit too energetic when you beat the crap out of him, Kaleb."

Frederik shuddered and turned around slowly. Kaleb was standing there, staring at Frederik menacingly. Frederik swallowed hard and was about to say something when Kaleb broke into a smile.

The atmosphere eased up at once.

"You hate me? That's too bad. I was just trying to teach you how to use your Soultraits more efficiently."

Frederik felt like throwing bricks at Kaleb, but he held back. He learned a lot from the small-scale brawl. It might look like he was beaten up senseless, but Kaleb didn't thrash him mindlessly.

Kaleb pointed out Frederik's weak points cruelly, forcing Frederik to scrap his usual fighting style to handle Kaleb a little bit better.

A single fight against Kaleb was not enough to fix all issues and bad habits, but it was enough for Frederik to notice some bad habits and mistakes more easily.

If he didn't feel like his body was going to break apart, Frederik would have thanked Kaleb. No. Frederik couldn't thank Kaleb. Not, after recalling the devilish smile on Kaleb's face as he 'pointed out his mistakes'.

'Kaleb is a sadist!' Frederik swore in his heart. He shuddered once again and stepped back a little.

Kaleb's attention pulled to Michael and his smile widened, "Did you throw everyone at us to show off how beneficial it is to become your subordinate?"

Michael furrowed his eyebrows, "Hmm?"

Kaleb chuckled and pointed at Frederik before gesturing to Thaor, Lokai, Zeron Polik, and another Berserker who was also part of the Untamed Awakened.

"I thought that you sent them over to have them show off their new Soultraits, but it looks like I was wrong. The look on your face tells me that you had no idea about today's Brawl," Kaleb shrugged.

Lincoln and Zeke found Michael and approached him as well. They were glad to see Michael after so long. Lincoln patted Michael's shoulder with some force whereas Zeke eyed him for a while.

"The Awakened working for you are not the only ones who've gotten stronger," Zeke mumbled.

Michael smiled lightly. He wasn't trying to hide his progress since there was no need to hide it anymore. It felt great that the weight of being forced to keep Extraction a secret was no more. There was no need to create white lies about the sudden increase in his strength, or the appearance of new Soultraits.

"I know that you've always been careful, and I'm fully aware that you can do whatever you want..." Lincoln started, attracting Michael's attention, "But I think you should be a little bit careful. Strengthening yourself is fine and all, but turning ordinary Awakened into powerhouses will destroy the balance that the High Society built over the last five centuries."

Zeke didn't plan to tell Michael about that right now, but he agreed with his childhood friend, "Lincoln is right. Many families will be displeased if ordinary people become powerhouses all of a sudden. They will be pressured to act to remain at the top of the High Society...and they will act."

Michael could fuse with as many Soultraits as he wanted, and nobody could tell him what to do with the Soultrait Symbols he was hoarding. That was a fact.

However, it was also a fact that Michael's actions might displease others. No. His actions would displease most High Society members.

Of course, it was not like Michael wasn't prepared to deal with some displeased High Society members. Some wouldn't like that he gave his Awakened a huge discount for Soultrait Symbols and Soultrait Upgrades, but there was not much they could do about it.

The Soultrait Symbols had been extracted with his Soultrait, just like the means to upgrade Soultraits.

Michael could tell that Extraction's power wouldn't be a problem for the time being. However, it was also quite obvious that more problems would arise once he ascended to a Higher Lifeform.

Maybe, he exaggerated the issue at hand a little bit, but Michael was pretty sure that the High Society and the vast majority of influential households would feel threatened by his existence once he ascended to a Higher Lifeform.

He was already powerful enough to deal with Low rank Tier-4 Higher Lifeforms while being a Low Tier-3 Lord. How strong would he be once he ascended to a Higher Lifeform? How long would it take before Michael advanced to Tier-5? Wouldn't he be strong enough to overwhelm Tier-5 powerhouses while being at the 5th Tier if he continued to grow at this pace? How much stronger would his subordinates become in a few years?

Michael was pretty sure that some influential households were already asking those questions. It was just that they didn't dare to act yet. They couldn't tell what Michael wanted to do, and what he had up to his sleeves.

It was only a matter of time before Michael was strong enough to potentially rule the entire Human Race.

That didn't mean Michael desired to become the supreme ruler of the human race. It was just a possibility based on Michael's potential. The potential of his main Soultrait.

But that was the problem.

Most wouldn't care if Michael desired to become the supreme ruler of the human race or not. More important was that his Soultrait provided that much potential. It scared some powerhouses. The atmosphere turned heavy as Michael thought about his future troubles. Fortunately, he was pulled out of his train of thought as someone next to him cleared her throat.

Alice approached the group with her usual cold and emotionless expression. She glanced at Kaleb for a moment and pulled her brother closer before her attention turned to Michael.

"I noticed that Kaleb had some fun in the earlier brawl, but it looks like he isn't tired," Alice grasped Kaleb's shoulder a bit tighter, her eyes glimmering lightly, "How about you help him a little bit with that, Michael?"

Alice was trying to ease the tension and distract Michael. He could sense that, but didn't expect that Alice would sacrifice her little brother for his sake.

Michael raised an eyebrow and glanced at Kaleb, whose expression soured, and a chuckle escaped his lips.

"Of course. I gladly help you out with that little problem!"

Alice and Michael locked gazes. The corner of their lips curled upward, and Alice flashed him a small smile.

Oliver Zeus, who approached the group with Alice, stared at Alice in surprise. Her smile disappeared after a second, but that didn't mean nobody noticed it.

'She is even more beautiful when she smiles.'

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Oliver's heart skipped a beat. He was a little excited to see Alice smiling and wished to see her smile more like that. She looked like a fierce beauty usually, but her pure and flawless looks were even more shocking when she smiled.

The only downside of her smile was...that she didn't smile because of him. She smiled at Michael.

'What a nuisance. Why can't it be me...'

Oliver sighed deeply in his heart. He felt like twisting Michael's neck, but he knew that the kid didn't do anything wrong. He never messed up...or did he?

Oliver squinted his eyes, unsure if Michael deserved his hatred. However, one thing was certain. He envied Michael for managing something no one was capable of.

He melted Alice Zenovia's frozen heart.

Oliver felt a sting in his chest and the desire to curse Michael rose from the depths of his being, but he didn't do anything. All he did was to observe Alice...just like he had done for the last few years.

'Does she even realize how much she's changing whenever he is around?' Oliver wondered, unable to see the familiar fierceness that Alice exuded usually. Was she really the Frozen Duchess he knew?

Michael didn't think that there was anything wrong with Alice's behavior. Didn't she behave like usual?

He observed that two young Descendants stared blankly at Alice while Oliver's emotions were in turmoil, but that had nothing to do with him. He shrugged inwardly and paid more focus to Kaleb, who retrieved a few potions in a hurry.

Kaleb gulped the content in no time, replenishing his used-up energy, stamina, and mental power.

"If I have to fight you, I should be in my best state!" Kaleb declared before gritting his teeth. He avoided glaring at his sister, but Alice observed how displeased Kaleb was about fighting Michael right now.

She leaned closer to her brother with a glimmer in her eyes.

"Didn't you say that you would beat Michael the next time you see him?" She whispered, trying hard to maintain her poker face.

Somehow, being around Michael and his friends made it increasingly more difficult to behave like usual. It was almost as if being around Michael unsealed the child within her. That was new. It was weird.

After all, she had never been able to behave like a child.

"Now is your time to shine."

Chapter 633 Frozen Nova Replica

Alice was aware that Michael had done something to pull Frederik out of his misery. However, she didn't expect that Frederik would grow so much stronger within a few days.

Her little brother might have been able to defeat Frederik rather easily, but that didn't mean Frederik was weak. It was the exact opposite. Being able to block some of Kaleb's attacks and reach top speed nearly instantaneously was incredible. If Frederik improved his mastery of Aeroan, he shouldn't have an issue dealing with most peers rather easily.

'He was only with Michael for how long? Ten days?' Alice calculated, her eyes narrowing as her eyes landed on Michael.

Michael and Kaleb were standing on the opposite edges of the arena. They faced each other and were about to clash.

However, Alice's mind was not with them. She was still bothered about the fact that Michael could transform an ordinary student of the Saphirelake Military Academy into a genius capable of facing the Descendants...in less than two weeks.

It was a known fact that the ordinary students of the Saphirelake Military Academy could be considered talented. They were the cream of the crop among all Awakened. Nonetheless, there was still a huge gap in talent between the talented students and the prodigies of the human race. At least, that was how it had been for the last few centuries.

'I hope he will be okay.'

Alice dispelled the dark thoughts that formed in her mind and focused on the match ahead.

Oliver Zeus stood outside the arena and cleared his throat.

"Ready?"

Michael and Kaleb nodded simultaneously.

"Set."

The youthful Awakened's bodies tensed up.

"Go!!"

Kaleb kicked the ground and burst forward while coating his body in the Nova Armor. He manifested the Legendary Arktica Staff Artifact from his War Rune and conjured tens of highly compressed Ice Bullets in a swift motion. The Ice Bullets propelled forward as Kaleb released them the moment, he finished conjuring them.

Michael raised an eyebrow as Spirit Eyes picked up some interesting pieces of information.

'He worked really hard to study the Ice Bullet Soul Technique. What a talented little rascal.' He chuckled in his mind right before disappearing from the spot.

Using spatial-attributed origin energy from the Sphere of Space to utilize Cosmic Stride lowered his energy consumption to a new low. Michael appeared next to Kaleb, whose eyes widened in surprise. He lifted his arms instinctively and it was not even a full second later that a fierce kick impacted.

The Nova Armor coating his arms cracked and shattered from the kick's force, but that was it. Kaleb wasn't flung through the air, and he didn't sustain any injuries either. Kaleb didn't prevent the Nova Armor from shattering even if he could, allowing Frozen Nova's terrifying cold to spread out and infest Michael's body.

Michael jumped back, the corner of his eyes discovering that his pants were half-frozen. His leg was not unaffected either. Frozen Nova's terrifying cold invaded his left leg.

Ordinary Awakened would be at a huge disadvantage in such a situation, but Michael just smiled. He coated his left leg in the power of Extraction and channeled some of Extraction into his leg as well. He extracted Frozen Nova's cold and inserted the energy that had fused with the cold in one of the Elemental Spheres. The Sphere of Ice absorbed Frozen Nova's energy and annexed it swiftly for Michael to use.

He used the Sphere of Ice, which possessed Glacicle's freezing property, to create a few compressed Soul Ice Bullets. The distance to Kaleb was not that big. His Ice Bullets hit the target, but they shattered upon impact. Kaleb's Nova Armor blocked the Ice Bullets and distributed their force alongside the entire armor to minimize the damage.

'Interesting. Unfortunately, you keep repeating the same mistake.'

Michael could tell that Kaleb was very confident in the Nova Armor. That was not wrong because the Nova Armor provided Kaleb with great defensive measurements. Even the few Awakened who were strong enough to damage the Nova Armor would be infested by the properties of a 7-Star Soultrait. Their bodies would be infested by origin energy that had been infused with Frozen Nova's cold. It would freeze their limbs within seconds if they didn't do something against Frozen Nova's power.

Usually, the Nova Armor and Frozen Nova's casual use was enough to defeat his peers. Most enemies in the Origin Expanse weren't that troublesome either. All Kaleb had to do was to utilize his environment with Frozen Nova and his enemies would crumble.

But Kaleb seems to have forgotten that Michael wasn't an ordinary foe. It had been a while since Michael and Kaleb fought each other seriously.

All Kaleb remembered was Michael's great prowess in the Interdimensional Flag War. He did a great job overwhelming the Tekur. Yet, at the same time, Kaleb hadn't seen everything in the Interdimensional Flag War, and he hadn't spared with Michael since then.

Michael didn't attack Kaleb with an ordinary Soul Ice Bullet. He used Insert to infuse a trace of Extraction into the Ice Bullets. Following that, the Ice Bullets shattered upon impact, whereas the traces of Extraction found their way into the Nova Armor via Insert.

Kaleb observed something, but he didn't have enough time to pay attention to the changes that occurred to the Nova Armor. Michael used Cosmic Stride to appear above Kaleb where he released a barrage of fireballs. Kaleb's eyes widened in surprise, and he instinctively erected a shield of ice to block the flames.

'Is that the Tier suppression?' Michael wondered, trying to figure out why today's fight against Kaleb was so much different than before. Michael was already a Tier-3 Lord, whereas Kaleb had yet to advance to Tier-3. He was about to advance to Tier-3 in the next week or two, but he was not yet a Tier-3 Lord. That was quite notable. At least, Michael could tell clearly that he had a vast advantage in terms of physical strength.

But that was not all. There were a few more advantages Michael possessed. Advantages he never really noticed when he spared with Kaleb.

'Weird.'

Kaleb retreated to the edge of the arena. He closed his eyes and produced a few traces of Soul Energy.

He didn't own a Soul Technique for Frozen Nova yet, but that didn't mean he couldn't use Soul Energy to empower Frozen Nova. The traces of Soul Energy were devoured instantaneously alongside the vast majority of Soul Power accumulated within the Soultrait Symbol.

The temperature in the arena dropped to sub-zero as a glacial-blue mass conjured behind Kaleb. The floor around Kaleb froze on the spot and the arena tiles cracked open. Alice Zenovia and Oliver Zeus had to use their defensive Artifacts to prevent the biting cold from freezing the spectators.

Kaleb's chest panted up and down heavily and the energy reserves in his body were dangerously low. However, the young Descendant of the Zenovia family grinned brightly.

"I got you!" He roared with the last bits of power in his body.

Huge walls barred Michael's path to the left and the right. He could either move forward or escape by surrendering.

But Michael planned to do neither. There was no need to surrender or charge straight at the incoming Frozen Nova replica.

"Having a unique technique that allows you to put everything on one card is great. It is," Michael said, scratching the back of his head with a wry smile, "But you should fix your timing."

Michael observed the incoming Frozen Nova with Spirit Eyes and chuckled lightly. He was fairly certain that he could crush the Frozen Nova by applying a Soul Tear onto Extraction, while also adding 10 layers of Enhancement. Maybe, he would have to trigger one Cursed Seal as well. However, Michael was confident at crushing the Frozen Nova with brute force, nonetheless.

He wouldn't even make a big loss as long as he inserted the extracted frozen energy into the Sphere of Ice to annex and reuse the energy.

But that was not what Michael wanted to show Kaleb. He didn't want to show his supremacy to Kaleb.

No. It was far more important that Kaleb understood why it was stupid to use his finishing blow right now, or against an opponent like Michael.

Until now, Michael had openly used Cosmic Stride, and two elements of the Spheres of Elements. He secretly used Insert and Extraction, but Michael quickly figured that it wasn't necessary to go this far. Once he pinpointed Kaleb's biggest mistake, it was only a matter of seconds before everything was over.

Michael didn't even use Prognosis or Spiritual Domination of his Spirit Eyes to overpower Kaleb.

But Cosmic Stride, as a Space-type Soultrait, was more than enough reason Kaleb shouldn't have unleashed his finishing blow.

Kaleb Zenovia barred his paths left and right as well as his view, but Michael had intentionally shown some of Cosmic Stride's unique properties earlier. The hints should have been more than enough for someone like Kaleb to pick up.

It was a little bit disappointing that he didn't notice the clues.

Michael permitted the Frozen Nova replica to burst forth. It reached his position in no time and crushed the entire arena.

However, there was no sight of Michael.

"Why would you leave your back wide open for me to attack?" A voice appeared behind Kaleb.

Goosebumps run down his spine as he rotated his head slowly, just to see Michael's devilish smile.

Michael flicked Kaleb's forehead, his devilish smile widening.

"Dead!" He whispered.

In the next moment, everything around Kaleb rotated black.

Chapter 634 Kaleb's Rival

Alice Zenovia and Oliver Zeus watched the battle with great interest.

"Kaleb's control of Frozen Nova is a lot more delicate than it used to be. He must be training several hours every day to reach this level of control in such a short time," Oliver Zeus praised Kaleb Zenovia when the battle began.

The creation of Legacy Arts by altering existing techniques was difficult, but it was not impossible. However, it was something most Descendants wouldn't do as Lesser Lifeforms because it was considered a waste of time. Descendants with powerful Soultraits couldn't tap into their Soultrait's full potential, after all.

Despite that, Kaleb created the Nova Armor.

His first Legacy Arts was a great success. Combined with the Ice Bullet Soul Technique that used Kaleb's 7-Star Frozen Nova as fuel, Kaleb gained a big advantage over most Descendants.

"That's amazing!" Oliver exclaimed as Kaleb conjured the Frozen Nova Replica. Of course, as a Lesser Lifeform, Kaleb was unable to draw out the full potential of Frozen Nova. Nonetheless, the Frozen Nova Replica was extremely powerful. Everyone could tell that.

"This should be strong enough to kill Lords at the 3rd Tier. Magnificent!" Oliver mumbled, but Alice Zenovia could only sigh deeply, "If it hits the targets, yes. If not, it's just a waste of energy."

Michael disappeared as Alice's words resounded. The Frozen Nova Replica crushed the arena, freezing the arena tiles before shattering them with great force. However, the initial target wasn't struck. The attack never reached Michael.

Michael appeared behind Kaleb and tapped his forehead lightly. A series of cobweb-like cracks spread across the Nova Armor, which shattered into smithereens right before Kaleb collapsed to the ground.

Oliver stared blankly at the scenery in front of him. It had already been quite the shocker that Michael could jump through space earlier, but the last attack was different. The spatial fluctuations were too faint in his last jump. Even Oliver Zeus and Alice Zenovia had to stay focused to sense the traces of Michael's Space-type Soultrait.

Alice was just as surprised as Oliver Zeus. However, she was more baffled about Michael exploiting Kaleb's weaknesses so easily. They hadn't seen each other fighting for quite a while, and it was not like Kaleb exposed his weak spots in the earlier brawl either.

Kaleb was too confident in the Nova Armor, yet Michael crushed it easily. The Frozen Nova Replica was powerful, but it drained too much energy. It left Kaleb vulnerable to a wide variety of attacks. Michael exploited that fact as well. He evaded the Frozen Nova, rendering the attack useless, and crushed Kaleb easily.

Kaleb regained consciousness mere seconds after he collapsed. Michael helped him up and used Insert to replenish Kaleb's used-up energy reserves a little bit.

"You got a few new Soultraits..." Kaleb mumbled both to complain and because he was envious.

"My Ice-type Soultrait is now a Multi-Element Soultrait. That's how I managed to conjure fireballs," Michael said lightly, lifting his hand.

He conjured a small icicle above his thumb, a small flame above his index finger, a gust of wind above his middle finger, and so forth.

There was no need to reveal that he had access to all elements and that he could control all elements once he studied the remaining elements a little bit more.

"So you used a single Soultrait to defeat me?" Kaleb asked, clenching his fists tightly.

That was even worse than he expected.

It was one thing to lose against Michael when he gave his all, and a completely different thing to lose miserably against someone who wasn't even trying his best to win.

Of course, Michael was at a higher Tier at this moment, but Kaleb was also fully aware of Michael's past.

'In one year, he turned into one of mankind's most important Awakened. He continues to grow rapidly, whereas I—....'

Kaleb was growing much faster than most Awakened. Even Lincoln, Zeke, and other Descendants weren't as fast as Kaleb. Most of them wouldn't be able to defeat Kaleb when they were as old as him.

Kaleb was still not 19 years old, yet he was about to advance to Tier-3 with his perfectly refined Body, Mind, and Soul. His progress was rapid, and everyone was certain that his ascension to a Higher Lifeform would turn him into an existence strong enough to fight against Peak Tier-4 powerhouses right away. Maybe, if his mastery of Frozen Nova increased a little bit more, Kaleb would be able to defeat Tier-5 powerhouses while still being at the Lower ranks of Tier-4.

Kaleb's only problem was that he chose Michael as his rival. At first, everyone frowned upon Kaleb for picking someone like Michael as his rival. That changed. Now... Now, Kaleb felt like everyone was frowning upon him for considering Michael as his rival.

"I used multiple Soultraits to defeat you," Michael answered Kaleb's question, interrupting the young Zenovia's thoughts.

He used Whispering Energy to add, ["They're my new creation. A Multi-Element Soultrait and a Space-type Soultrait. How do you like them? Were you surprised?"]

Michael didn't even think of underestimating Kaleb. He didn't know that Kaleb had been harboring weird thoughts, wondering if Michael would consider him too weak. However, there was no ridicule in his voice. Michael wasn't trying to humiliate him by only using his new Soultraits. He showed him his biggest mistakes.

"Why did you use your Soul Energy and the Soul Power within Frozen Nova to unleash such a large-scale attack knowing that I could jump through space?" Michael asked rather than waiting for Kaleb to answer his questions.

"Huh? Well..." Kaleb tilted his head and smiled wryly, "Usually you have to be able to see the location you want to teleport to instant teleport. I blocked your view with the ice walls and the Frozen Nova Replica certain that you wouldn't be able to ignore that restriction easily. But you managed to do that." Michael nodded. That made sense. But it was a bit foolish.

"I don't have that kind of restriction," Michael revealed, "Even if I had such a restriction, your walls or the Frozen Nova Replica wouldn't have obstructed my vision."

He pointed at his golden eyes. They began to glow brightly as Michael channeled a trace of energy into them.

Kaleb groaned, "Ah, right. I forgot..."

Michael didn't reveal a lot about his Soultraits, but Kaleb was one of the few people who knew more than others. He knew that Michael could see origin energy through objects. That means he was likely to be able to see the arena surface and everything around him with great precision even if he was confined in an ice prison.

Using an ordinary Space-type Soultrait would be possible. There was no need to have a special Soultrait like Michael to evade the Frozen Nova.

"I shouldn't waste my entire energy if I don't know every little detail about my opponent. Or, I will have to seal the space around my enemy when I unleash Frozen Nova Replica," Kaleb murmured as he and Michael returned to the others.

The arena was repaired swiftly. Two staff members with Soultraits that allowed them to terraform their surroundings made some quick moves and finished the task within a few minutes.

Michael watched them for a few seconds before his attention pulled back to the others.

"You gained even more Soultraits?" Zeke asked before the others could question Michael.

Michael smiled but he didn't answer. He turned to Alice instead.

"I procured a few useful Soultraits, but I cannot be bothered to start another Soultrait Auction right away," He mentioned nonchalantly.

A small list with some names – Soultrait names – surfaced in his hand, and a small smile blossomed.

"Take a look at it and tell me if you or Kaleb like some of them. I can put them aside for you," Michael noticed that the others stared blankly at his words, so he carefully added, "Of course, that includes you guys as well."

"I cannot throw the Soultrait Symbols at you guys because everyone else would throw a fit if I give you Soultrait Symbols and Soultrait Upgrades as a present, but I can give you guys a nice discount."

Oliver Zeus stared at Michael, but he ignored the professor.

Lincoln and Zeke threw a short glance at the list and pressed their lips together before their attention pulled toward Michael once again.

"I'm more curious about your strength than the list of Soultrait Symbols. Kaleb plundered big time with his last move, so we couldn't figure out how much stronger you've grown. Spar with us!" Lincoln challenged Michael, who acknowledged lightly.

"Of course."

"I'll go first!" Zeke announced before Lincoln could jump into the arena.

Lincoln raised an eyebrow seeing how proactive his childhood friend was, but he gestured to Zeke to move ahead.

"I want you to go all out," Zeke said in a serious tone.

"Are you sure?" Michael asked, merely to receive a curt nod from Zeke.

The young Descendant from the Lavita household transitioned into a combat stance and prepared for the battle.

"3...2...1...Go!"

Someone started the battle without wasting any time. Zeke discharged his Eye of Illusion with his family's Inheritance Technique at full power.

However, before Michael could be caught in the Illusion, Michael used a Soul Tear to amplify Spirit Eyes right before adding several layers of Enhancement on the Spirit Eyes Soultrait Symbol. Michael added a trace of Soul Energy as well to unleash Spiritual Domination in its strongest form and overwhelm Zeke's Eye of Illusion in one go.

Zeke's eyes widened, blood gushed out of his nose and eyes and he staggered. He fell to the ground, knocked out on the spot.

"What in the seven hells are they feeding you?!?"

Chapter 635 Brutes

Zeke was knocked out in a second. On the spot. Just like that.

Michael had to insert some lifeforce and origin energy into Zeke to bring him back. He regained consciousness but couldn't recall what happened. All Zeke recalled was that Lincoln counted down to start the battle. The next thing he remembered was waking up.

"What did you d-...." Zeke couldn't even finish the question as burning pain spread through his head and chest. It felt like his brain had been set on fire.

"I enhanced Spirit Eyes with two more Soultraits to unleash a powerful spiritual attack," Michael answered calmly. He didn't have to go into detail. Zeke understood him right away.

"Your Spirit Eyes Soultrait...is stronger than my Eye of Illusion?" He responded, his heterochromia eyes locked onto Michael's vibrant golden eyes.

"Spirit Eyes is a Soultrait, which fused naturally from two highly compatible Soultraits. Both were 6-Star Soultraits when they fused. It's no surprise that Spirit Eyes is a little bit stronger than most 6-Star Soultraits."

Michael knew that he didn't have to explain everything, but he wanted to give Zeke some understanding of the situation and how his Eye of Illusion had been overwhelmed so easily.

However, Zeke was having a hard time comprehending what had just happened. He didn't want to acknowledge his loss, but he could instinctively tell that his Eye of Illusion was going to be useless against Michael. Even if he managed to unleash Eye of Illusion's full power, Zeke felt that Michael's Spirit Eyes would be able to see through the illusions.

'My Soultrait is useless against Michael.'

The only people strong enough to see through his superior illusions were Higher Lifeforms with highly refined minds or the stronger members of the Lavita household. It was exceedingly rare for others to be able to see through the Lavita household's illusions. Illusions were the reason how they'd grown to High Nobles.

"I want to fight you as well!" Lincoln declared suddenly.

Well, it was not that sudden. Lincoln Piedra had been waiting for this moment since he watched Michael's spar with Kaleb.

Zeke was still flabbergasted but he moved aside to make space for his childhood friend. Lincoln patted his friend's shoulder lightly to comfort him before his attention turned to Michael.

"I hope you're ready for a fierce battle!" Lincoln said while manifesting a necklace. It was a Tier-3 Artifact.

Michael hadn't seen Lincoln use the necklace artifact before, but that was probably because Lincoln advanced to Tier-3 not too long ago. He replaced his customized Epic Tier-2 Gloves with the Tier-3 Necklace Artifact.

'A Legendary Artifact?' Michael could tell that the necklace was special via Spirit Eyes. It felt like the essence of earth, or mother nature had been infused into the necklace.

"Go!"

Michael didn't hear the countdown, but he noticed that the excited smile on Lincoln's face had been replaced with seriousness. Lincoln was ready to go all out.

The Legendary Artifact around Lincoln's neck glowed brightly as the young Descendant of the Piedra family charged ahead. His two-meter-tall figure expanded, his skin was dyed brown, whereas his muscular physique seemed to improve even further.

Rocks and dirt grew rapidly out of his skin and it was only a matter of seconds before Lincoln completed his transformation into a miniature-form of the stone giants.

He could not yet unleash the full potential of his 6-Star Soultrait, Stone Giant, but Gaia's Necklace granted Lincoln more control of the Stone Giant transformation.

Lincoln roared and charged toward Michael while manifesting several Earthen Walls around him. A humongous Earthen hand conjured above Michael and crashed down to the ground where Michael had been standing a moment ago.

Lincoln expected Michael to use his Space-type Soultrait to appear next to him and execute a surprise attack, but he couldn't be more wrong.

All of a sudden, Lincoln's conjured Giant Earthen Palm met some resistance. It wasn't much, at first, but that changed quickly.

Michael used the Heavenly Beast Physique Soul Technique right before the Earthen Palm crushed him. However, instead of unleashing the Heavenly Beast Physique while also applying Enhancement and Soul Grimoire's Soul Tears to Superior Constitution, Michael refrained himself.

He was curious whether Superior Constitution alongside the Heavenly Beast Physique Soul Technique was going to be enough to defeat Lincoln at his strongest.

A groan escaped his lips as he used every bit of strength within him. He resisted the tremendous force of the Earthen Palm and tore it apart.

The muscles all over his body bulged as he turned around to face Lincoln in his Stone Giant form, a smile creeping up on his face.

Lincoln slowed down a little when he witnessed Michael tearing through the Earthen Palm. Michael was still surrounded by the Earthen Walls but he stood there calmly and seemingly unbothered about everything around him. Michael's smile caused Lincoln and the other spectators to feel the chills. Lincoln didn't hesitate for long. He released earthen spikes through the ground, ready to pierce Michael's calves and thighs. However, Michael didn't remain idle.

He kicked the ground and propelled his body closer to Lincoln. As the earthen spikes burst out of the ground, the corner of Michael's lip twitched. He summoned Aethyr around his hands and willed them to shape into gloves. The Aethyr within him responded instantaneously. They transformed gloves with solid knuckle caps, allowing Michael to go all out as he punched the earthen spikes one after another.

The brute force applied in his punches alongside the Aethyr Gloves was enough to shatter the earthen spikes without sustaining any injuries. Michael slowed down, but only a little. He was still faster and far more agile than Lincoln in his Stone Giant form.

The greatest advantage of Lincoln's transformation was increased control of the Earth Affinity, increased physical strength, and amplified endurance. In exchange for those gains, Lincoln's speed and dexterity suffered greatly.

Under normal circumstances, that wouldn't be much of an issue for someone like Lincoln. He could slow down his enemies using his Earth Affinity.

However, Michael did not allow anyone to believe of his spar with them as 'normal'. It was anything but normal!

Michael's Spirit Eyes pinpointed the areas where earthen spikes would appear, granting him the advantage of evading them, or crushing them before they'd been fully formed.

He evaded some attacks, evaded others, and counterattacked using the Heavenly Beast Physique's boost in strength to his advantage. Michael dived through Lincoln's legs and delivered feisty blows to Lincoln's legs.

He executed various Martial Arts techniques that he'd learned from the hundreds of Memory Orbs he'd consumed up to this point and crushed the layers of rock and earth that protected Lincoln.

Lincoln was surprised, shocked even, but he reacted quickly. He twisted his body and manifested several Earthen Walls between him and Michael to spend a second or two regrowing the rock and earthen layers Michael possessed crushed.

Michael clicked his tongue when he saw through Spirit Eyes what was happening. He crushed the Earthen walls only to notice that the Soul Power amassed within the Superior Constitution Soultrait was about to be used up. Michael was a bit sad that it was already about to end and applied four layers of Enhancement to finish the battle before Heavenly Beast Physique would use the last bits of Soul Power within him.

The sudden burst in power and speed granted from Enhancement's four layers was more than enough to take Lincoln by surprise.

Michael appeared above Lincoln and kicked his huge head firmly. Lincoln reacted quickly and managed to manifest an Earthen Shield around his head even though he was surprised.

Unfortunately, the Earthen Shield was not strong enough to slow down Michael's fierce kick. The shield burst and the rocks coating Lincoln's head shattered.

Michael didn't hold back, at all. He used every bit of strength within him to kick Lincoln with as much force as possible.

Lincoln was knocked out cold.

His humongous, transformed body crashed hard onto the arena tiles.

Michael looked down at his leg and noticed with a grim smile that he was bleeding profusely.

"Looks like his defense is stronger than I expected," He chuckled lightly and waited until the Medic team of Awakened arrived to tend to Lincoln. They took care of his leg as well, saving some energy from using Archangel's Grace.

"That was...great," Lincoln stated reluctantly when he regained his senses. He looked at Michael who smiled back at him.

"Once you have a Custom Soul Technique, you will be much stronger than this."

Lincoln smiled wryly and he was about to say something when Alice Zenovia and the others appeared.

"Great. It's my turn now—..." Alice said, only for Oliver Zeus to step forward. The fire in his eyes spoke volumes as he locked eyes with Michael.

Oliver Zeus was fired up watching Michael fight three Descendants in a row.

"I want to fight you!" He said, electricity currents revolving around his upper body, "Go all out. I want to fight you at your strongest, little brat!"

Chapter 636 Versus Zeus [1]

Michael glanced unsure at Alice.

He didn't know enough about Oliver Zeus to understand if he had some dirty tricks up to his sleeves. He had no idea whether Oliver Zeus was to be trusted, or if he was as annoying as his nephew.

Alice looked at Oliver in doubt and uncertainty. It looked like she had no idea what Oliver was planning either.

She turned back to Michael and shrugged. Michael had to make this decision on his own.

'I always wanted to know how strong well-trained powerhouses are.'

Oliver Zeus was one of the prime examples of the human race's cream of the crop. He might not be on par with Killian Zeus, but he was a young prodigy of the Zeus family. He was in his late 20s and already a Tier-5 Lord.

Michael was certain that Oliver Zeus was not rusty either, or that he would neglect his training. On the contrary, Oliver Zeus seemed highly competitive. He wouldn't accept that his nephew surpassed him without a fight, and he would certainly not back off at the sight of a challenge...whether that was in the Origin Expanse or outside.

"That's fine with me. Let's spar!" Michael said to Oliver Zeus, whose expression lit up ever so slightly.

"I'll probably lose myself though," Michael added, turning to Alice Zenovia with a dead-serious expression, "Knock me out when it gets too bad."

He didn't even say 'if' because he was certain that he would lose himself to the terrifying influence of the three Cursed Seals after going all-out against Oliver Zeus. Maybe, it would take a while until he lost himself, but Michael could tell that it would happen at some point.

The seriousness in Michael's voice took Kaleb and the other youthful Awakened by surprise. They felt shudders run down their spines before they realized.

Michael used some SoulStar Fragments to replenish the Soul Power he'd used up in his previous battles. Next, he retrieved one Inferior Energy Stone which he emptied in an instant using Extraction. The Inferior Energy Stone crumbled in his hands.

His Soul Power had been replenished as well as his energy storage. He was back at his peak and ready to give his all against Oliver Zeus.

The two combatants entered the arena. The atmosphere tensed up and they went into position.

Alice and the other spectators observed Professor Zeus and Michael Fang intently, whereas Michael and Oliver Zeus prepared their minds.

Nobody noticed that someone else had entered the arena a few minutes ago to observe Michael Fang's spars.

Evalynn Fang had sensed her son's fluctuations from the arena and came to observe him. She was curious how strong Michael was and how far he had gotten with the Miniature Coffin Keychain.

Evalynn Fang was certain that Michael wouldn't be able to resurrect his brother's Living Soul. That was not something an ordinary Higher Lifeform was capable of, let alone a mere Lesser Lifeform.

However, what Evalynn Fang saw surprised her greatly. First of all, she sensed that the Miniature Coffin Keychain had been stabilized. The Curse within Danny's Living Soul wasn't growing anymore...or did the Curse stop retaliating against the Living Soul?

Evalynn Fang would have to analyze the Miniature Coffin Keychain properly to find out what happened. All she could tell from the distance was that the Miniature Coffin Keychain had been stabilized and that the danger of the Hellbound Cataclysm had been postponed. The Miniature Coffin Keychain would break at some point, but there was no immediate threat from the Hellbound Cataclysm.

That was even more shocking than Michael's fights against his friends, though she had to acknowledge that Michael was stronger than she expected. His combat prowess was a big surprise. It was just that the stabilized Miniature Coffin Keychain was even more shocking.

Weirdly enough, Evalynn felt that the upcoming battle would be even more shocking than her earlier finds.

"Ready?" Alice asked standing at the edge of the arena. Her eyes lingered only for a moment on Oliver Zeus, who nodded calmly before she stared at Michael for a few seconds.

Michael gave Alice a curt nod before he changed his stance. The cogs in his mind were rattling as a plan formed in his mind.

"Set."

Michael tensed up, ready to go all-out in an instant.

"Go!" Oliver Zeus was the first to move. A thunderous shriek reverberated through the surroundings as electricity currents burst from his body. The electricity currents didn't revolve around Oliver Zeus. Instead, they gathered in front of him and shaped into a humongous eagle with a wingspan of more than 10 meters.

It was a Thynuder Eagle, a beast that transformed into a pseudo-spirit after it was struck by lightning near a Thunder Vein. At least, that was what most people spoke about the Thynuder Eagle. It was not an ordinary monster anymore because its' body was a mass of electricity currents and thunder energy, but it was not a true Spirit either.

Michael didn't waste any time analyzing Oliver Zeus' Soultrait. He used Cosmic Stride to appear above Oliver Zeus the moment Alice started the battle.

He unleashed the Heavenly Beast Physique and applied six layers of Enhancement on Superior Constitution to amplify his physical strength and speed even further. Michael unleashed the three Cursed Seals at their full potential at once. Power surged through Michael's body instantaneously and he made use of it at once.

He condensed a huge sword from Sword Qi and inserted a tremendous amount of True Extraction's power into it. At the same time, Michael conjured the Soul Grimoire to apply Soul Tears to his Soul and Soultraits. His physical strength skyrocketed at once, but he was still not powerful enough to compete against the terrifying power of True Extraction that had been compressed right in front of him.

Michael could sense at once that his arms and hands were about to be dissected, layer by layer if he kept holding onto the Qi Extraction Sword.

This time, Michael didn't bother to hold onto the Qi Extraction Sword. Instead, Michael released the sword with a mental command and a burst of energy. The highly compressed, vibrant golden sword cleaved down like a guillotine's blade. It shot down above Oliver Zeus with terrifying velocity.

The power that accompanied the Qi Extraction Sword took Oliver Zeus by surprise, but he reacted swiftly. The Thynuder Eagle shrieked loudly and unleashed a highly compressed thunderbolt at the Qi Extraction Sword.

The Qi Extraction Sword vibrated violently when the thunderbolt crashed into it, but the Qi Extraction Sword didn't shatter right away. It absorbed a large portion of the thunderbolt's energy before shattering.

Since Michael was still connected to the Qi Extraction Sword before it shattered, he absorbed the portion of energy that had been extracted from the thunderbolt. Under normal circumstances, Michael would have had some issues annexing the thunder-attributed energy instantaneously, but that was not an issue anymore.

He channeled the thunderbolt's energy into the Spheres of Thunder and Lightning, annexed the attributed origin energy at once, and coated his body in electricity currents.

He used Cosmic Stride to appear next to Oliver Zeus and unleashed a thunderbolt to his side.

Oliver Zeus turned to Michael before the thunderbolt reached him. The corner of his lip curled upward.

He twisted his body and accelerated in an instant. He sped up from 0 to 100 instantaneously and kicked Michael fiercely. Michael's Spirit Eyes pinpointed that something was about to happen, but he was too slow to defend properly against the attack.

The only thing he managed to do was to manifest Aethyr and cover his ribcage. Oliver Zeus' kick hit him hard, and Michael heard a crunching noise from his insides. Despite the Aethyr Shield protecting him from the worst impact, Michael suffered several broken ribs.

He was hurled through the entire arena and crashed into the wall of the arena.

"Oh fuck," Oliver Zeus exclaimed, his excitement replaced with worry.

He had been so excited about the spar with Michael that he forgot to suppress his strength. Oliver Zeus was just about to dash to Michael to take a look at him when his risk sense tingled.

The Thynuder Eagle moved to his side and formed a protective coat of compressed electricity currents around Oliver Zeus.

Michael appeared in front of him all of a sudden. However, something had changed.

The stigmas all over his body expanded and it looked like there were more than before either. His shirt had been dissected by the Aura of Extraction that oozed out of him uncontrollably, revealing three tremoring golden stigmata and countless blackish-gray stigmata, which suffered under the influence of the expanding Cursed Seals.

The activated Cursed Seals expanded and vibrated in fury, influencing the firmly sealed Cursed Seals and stimulating them to break out of their seals as well.

Evalynn's eyes widened in terror. She reacted instinctively and took a step forward. Several black Cursed Seals manifested all over her arm, and she was just about to reveal herself and suppress Michael's Cursed Seals when she saw something that dumbfounded her even more.

Michael raised his right hand, formed a fist, and...punched himself in the face. There was no hesitation. He punched himself with as much strength as he could muster in that second.

But Michael punched himself not once, or twice. He punched himself repetitively until his cheek burst open and the crunching sound of something breaking resounded.

"Listen to me, you little fucker," Michael growled from the depth of his body, his entire being overflowing with fury, "This is my fucking body!"

Chapter 637 Versus Zeus [2]

Oliver's eyes widened in surprise at the sight of the pulsating Cursed Seals. He didn't know what the grayish-black chain-like Cursed Seals were, or what exactly to think about the expanding activated Cursed Seals that showered his body in a golden glow.

However, he could tell that it was dangerous.

But Oliver was not the only one surprised. Alice and the others were flabbergasted as well. Kaleb had already seen Michael in a similar state in the Interdimensional Flag War, but today felt different.

The power that oozed from Michael was far more prominent than before.

Evalynn was star-struck. Her eyes bulged and the hair all over her body stood up to its end. She stared blankly at Michael.

'He can get out of this...on his own?'

Evalynn swallowed hard, a faint memory of her oldest child resurfacing.

'Even Hesta didn't manage to do that after she ascended. Yet, Michael...'

Michael was also not certain about what was going on, but he hated losing control of his body more than anything. Nobody was allowed to control him in any way. NOBODY!!

He regained control over his body before it was too late, but the emotions ravaging his entire being were still present. They...strengthened him...

Oliver Zeus was about to end the battle because he sensed something that made him feel overly uncomfortable, but Michael was unwilling to end it like this. He wouldn't go down like that. Not without delivering a few heavy blows.

The battle continued.

Michael used Insert to channel some energy into the Soultrait Shard of Archangel's Grace to activate the Healing Soultrait. Humongous wings sprouted from Michael's back, but instead of shining vibrantly in its usual white luminescence, the wings were black and golden.

Michael's broken ribs were tended alongside the broken cheekbone. He recuperated near-instantly, and the black, golden wings disappeared right after.

As Archangel's Grace was used to heal him, Michael spread out a bunch of Inferior Energy Stones.

"Since you got the advantage of being a Higher Lifeform and a Tier-5 Lord with a much bigger energy pool you surely don't mind me using some external means, right?" He asked, grinning like he lost his sanity.

Michael didn't give Oliver any time to answer the question. He devoured the energy within the Inferior Energy Stones in an instant using Extraction and conjured a dozen Qi Extraction Swords around him.

He raised his hand lightly and pushed his arm down in a straight line. The Qi Extraction Swords reacted without delay. They burst forth and shot straight at Oliver.

Oliver Zeus could instinctively tell that he was strong enough to crush the Qi Extraction Swords with brute force. However, upon crushing the first Qi Extraction Sword, he noticed something that bothered him.

His energy was drained the moment the Qi Extraction Sword came close to him and his arms, starting from his skin, were dissected as the Qi Extraction Sword grazed him. The Qi Extraction Sword didn't even have to collide head-on with Oliver Zeus to drain his energy and dissect his body.

Oliver Zeus could restrain the power of Extraction, but that consumed a lot more mental power than he expected. A deep scowl appeared on his face, and he fused properly with the Thynuder Eagle.

His Soultrait was not only a Summon-type Soultrait. It was more like the Thynuder Eagle was a part of him. The Thynuder Eagle grew stronger as Oliver Zeus' strength increased. More potential was unlocked as the Thynuder Eagle crossed the racial limit that restrained ordinary members of her kind.

Being able to fuse with Oliver Zeus was one of the unique abilities it had acquired. Large wings compressed from electricity currents spread out behind Oliver Zeus.

He was coated in flashes of lightning and meager electricity currents that intertwined and connected the lightning, creating the Thynuder Armor that granted Oliver Zeus the ability to conjure lightning bolts and thunder charges at will.

Oliver threw lightning bolts at the remaining Qi Extraction Swords, ensuring that they couldn't get close enough to affect him.

From the start of the battle, Oliver Zeus didn't hold back his strength. However, that didn't mean he went all-out either. Oliver Zeus knew that the spar would be over too soon if he went all out right away.

Yet...fighting Michael was far more exciting than he initially thought. Oliver Zeus couldn't help but move up to the next gear. It was about time to unleash some real power.

Once the remaining Qi Extraction Swords had been shattered, Oliver Zeus changed his tactic. He kicked the ground and flapped the Thynuder Wings to accelerate in an instant. He was even faster than before and appeared in front of Michael.

Michael could barely sense what Oliver had planned using Spirit Eyes' Prognosis when Oliver was already right in front of him. He used Cosmic Stride instinctively and appeared above Oliver, whose head flicked upward almost instantaneously. Michael's eyes widened, but it was already too late.

A lightning bolt struck Michael square in the chest.

He roared loudly and unleashed True Extraction amplified with a Soul Tear and further reinforced with 10 layers of Enhancement. The lightning bolt was quickly dissected, its energy absorbed at once. A huge, compressed Qi Extraction Sword coated in lightning currents conjured next to Michael as he was flung back.

He didn't crash into the arena walls once again. Instead, Michael used Cosmic Stride while he was still hurled through the air. His vision turned black for a quarter of a second and he lost control of his body for that short period. The next thing Michael recalled was that Oliver Zeus was surrounded by Qi Extraction Swords and that he stood firmly on the arena lines.

'Fuck.' Michael groaned, angry about his incompetence and the inability to keep his physique under control.

Oliver Zeus discharged electricity currents in all directions. A thunderous screech resounded through the surroundings, breaking the arena tiles and Qi Extraction Swords simultaneously.

Michael exerted Cosmic Stride again, but Oliver Zeus was already prepared for that. It looked like he'd analyzed Michael's combat style in their short exchanges.

Michael changed his tactic instantaneously using his vast memories that contained thousands of strategies and combat styles, but Oliver Zeus was already next to him. He grasped Michael's arm and hurled him high up in the air.

Michael's vision was about to turn black again as the activated Cursed Seals tremored, but Michael withstood it. He didn't lose control of his body this time.

However, the focus he had to use to keep in charge of his physique made it nearly impossible to keep tabs on Oliver Zeus. Oliver Zeus appeared above Michael, his hands clasped together.

Michael had a bad feeling and instinctively used Cosmic Stride. But just as he reappeared at the other end of the arena, Michael realized that it was too silent.

Oliver Zeus hadn't released his attack just yet.

Michael looked up and was just about to use Cosmic Stride once again when he noticed that Oliver Zeus appeared in front of him, unleashing a giga charge of thunderbolt energy straight into Michael's body.

A terrifying roar escaped Michael's lips. It was almost like the roar of a...beast.

Oliver Zeus' discharge of thunderbolt energy dispersed all of a sudden, Michael's vibrant golden eyes turned crimson red and blood oozed from his eyes, nose, and ears.

"Knock him o—...." Alice shouted all of a sudden, but Oliver Zeus had already reacted.

His hand turned into a thunderclaw with which he could easily slash Michael's throat. However, instead of doing so, Oliver Zeus tapped Michael's forehead lightly, discharging a highly compressed mass of electricity currents straight into his brain.

Michael's terrifying roar turned into a whimper. His eyes rolled up until only the white in his eyes was visible. He collapsed to the ground.

The commotion of the fierce fight turned into silence. Nobody uttered a single word.

Alice appeared next to Michael and glanced at Oliver Zeus' arm in surprise.

It was only now that Oliver noticed that he was bleeding.

'He...managed to injure me?' Goosebumps spread all over his body.

"I don't think that I could defeat him if I was a newly ascended Higher Lifeform. No. Even at the Mid Ranks of Tier...I wouldn't be able to defeat him...I think," Oliver mumbled, his thoughts flipping over to his nephews.

'Killian has a terrifying rival. But...well. Killian is also a monstrous genius. There are too many monsters in this generation.'

Evalynn Fang had seen everything, and she was shocked, to say the least. Even without the Cursed Seals, Michael was extremely powerful.

"7 Soultraits? No. It felt like he used more than 7 Soultraits. What...No. How?!"

Michael regained his senses after he was knocked out for a few seconds. He groaned and got up slowly, only to see someone familiar in the corner of his eyes.

'Mother?' He nearly called out, taking a step closer to his mother.

There were still a few more things he wanted to know from his mother. That included information about the Geas and the Nest.

The Geas shouldn't restrain her from acting freely and apologizing for whatever his parents had done, but they made it more difficult to explain a few things.

Michael understood that hating his mother wouldn't help him or Daniel. Instead, treating her like she was dead might be harmful to his brother. And harming Danny was the last thing Michael wanted to do.

He turned a deaf ear to the voices around him and stared intently at his mother. Maybe, it was time to talk with her again.

However, upon seeing Michael approach her, Evalynn turned around and disappeared on the spot.

She couldn't face him right now. Not while the presence of the Curse residing within Michael lingered on him.

The Nest should never find out about Michael.

[Volume 10 End]

Chapter 638 The Nest

"...That being said, the situation is under control. I will be able to bring the Cursed Soul back in a few months. There is no need to worry. We will be able to prevent the eruption of a Hellbound Cataclysm easily."

Evalynn Fang's voice rang out from a small marine-blue marble. Her voice resounded through a large, ominous dark hall.

The hall was covered in intricate patterns of engravings and countless life-like images of various monstrosities. They were mythical creatures that inflicted terror and despair in the hearts of the

ordinary. However, engraved on the walls, these mythical creatures seemed pitiful. Their bodies were chained to the intricate runic patterns, their powers sealed forever.

A burly middle-aged man with long silver hair, azure-blue eyes, and a large scar that spanned from the mid-section of his face down to his neck stored the marine-blue marble and sat down back on his throne. He tapped the table in front of him lightly while his gaze moved through the ominous hall. His attention lingered on a few men and women until it landed on another middle-aged man.

The man had short black hair and dark eyes. A neatly trimmed beard highlighted his great appearance, granting him even more charming looks.

He would have been considered a powerhouse, under normal circumstances. However, in the presence of the silver-haired man and the other higher-ups, the charming man didn't dare to utter a single word.

"We know that your wife is intentionally delaying her return. Her mission is not that difficult," The silver-haired man told the charming black-haired man, who could only flinch as heavy pressure descended upon him. He broke into a cold sweat, "Her Geas was triggered in the Lesser Human's territory. Do you know anything about that?"

The charming, black-haired man was none other than Michael's father, Peter Fang.

It had been nearly 10 years since he and Evalynn arrived at the Nest where they found their daughter, Hesta Fang, however, Peter Fang was still unsure what to think of the Nest and their actions.

The Nest was strong. No. Merely calling them strong was an understatement. The higher-ups of the Nest knew what true power meant. They were mighty, capable of obliterating entire races.

"I'm sorry, but I do not know why my wife's Geas could have been triggered. I cannot imagine what could..." Peter Fang recalled something faintly, but he managed not to make a weird expression. However, just as the memory of something, or someone, resurfaced in his mind, one of the people seated near the silver-haired man spoke up.

"You're lying."

Peter Fang flinched again. His lips parted but the silver-haired man lifted his hand.

"I can sense that you will lie again. Save your breath and don't waste our time with lies." The silver-haired man shut Peter Fang's mouth, but his sharp azure-blue eyes lingered on him.

"He's not hiding something out of ill intentions. He is...worried about someone? That should be enough," A woman from the other side of the table interrupted. She leaned back onto her throne and yawned in boredom.

"Why are we even here? Is it really because this woman didn't come back yet? It's not our problem if we cannot prevent the Hellbound Cataclysm. Hesta told me that her mother would make sure to come back with Daniel Fang's soul to throw him back into the reincarnation cycle. I might not trust Evalynn, but I know that Hesta won't lie." The woman added, only to hear a snort from her left.

"Your opinion of Hesta is biased, Fera. Just because she managed to manifest some Cursed Seals upon ascending to a Higher Lifeforms doesn't mean that her inferior existence is more valuable suddenly," A man commented in disgust, "I don't understand why you picked up that brat, in the first place."

Fera's presence changed all of a sudden. Dozens of fiery red Cursed Seals manifested all over her body.

"Jealous bastard. How about you stop talking nonsense about inferior existences and that shit? Even though she was born in the territory of the Lesser Humans, her talent surpasses that of your useless disciples easily. Maybe, I should tell her to crush your disciples' bones in the next assessment to show you how 'valuable' an 'inferior existence' can be." She snorted coldly, "But then again, your disciples might just be useless because of their brain-dead teacher."

The man next to Fera jumped up with tens of Cursed Seals manifesting all over his body.

However, before Fera and the man could engage in battle, the silver-haired man tapped against the wooden table once again. Cursed Power surged from his index finger as his fingertip collided with the table surface and spread across it.

Fera and the man froze in their tracks and glanced at the silver-haired man. His azure-blue eyes stared coldly at the pair, which sat back down silently.

"I don't care about your competitions and fights but keep me and everyone else out of this." He said lightly as if nothing happened.

Instead of paying any more attention to Fera and the other man, he glanced at Peter Fang for a second as he added.

"Evalynn Fang desired to tell someone about the Nest and its secrets. That's why the Geas was triggered."

"But why would she try to do that despite knowing that the Geas will restrain and punish her?" Someone asked, only for the silver-haired man to raise his finger lightly and shake it.

"That's not the correct question," He pointed out, "We have received reports about the Supreme Human Alliance reaching the Lesser Humans in the Yeltas Sector. Evalynn knew that, yet she wanted to tell someone about the Nest? Even if that could potentially harm the Nest, harm Hesta? That made me curious because it doesn't make sense...and I don't like it when something doesn't make sense."

The silver-haired man continued eying Peter Fang, whose legs trembled under the man's pressure as he asked the most important question into the round of Curse Users.

"WHO is important enough to Evalynn Fang to risk triggering the Geas? Risk endangering Hesta?"

Fera's eyes widened, "That's right. That doesn't make any sense!"

"That insane woman is obsessed with Hesta. She wouldn't do anything that could harm her daughter," She mumbled, her attention drifting to Peter Fang as well.

It didn't sound implausible that Evalynn Fang encountered Peter Fang's relatives that she felt obliged to warn them about the Supreme Human Alliance and that there were organizations that fought against the Supreme Human Alliance. That could have triggered the Geas as well.

However, as far as everyone was concerned, Peter Fang was an orphan, raised and trained by Evalynn Fang's father. Peter Fang wasn't cursed and he would never become a true member of the Nest because he didn't have the means to become a Curse User. Therefore, there shouldn't be anyone important enough to Evalynn to reveal certain secrets. Revealing them could lead to the destruction of her Soul, after all.

An attempt at exposing the Nest and its secrets to strangers...

to non-Curse Users would have been enough to obliterate her.

Slowly, realization dawned upon the higher-ups in the ominous hall. Everyone's attention fell upon Peter Fang.

"Fenrir's bloodline ended with Daniel Fang, right?"

"Can we even counter Daniel Fang as an offspring of Fenrir? Isn't that a disgrace for the Fenrir bloodline?" Someone else pointed out, "He died before ascending and never managed to manifest a single Cursed Seal. He wasn't even able to become a proper Curse User."

"You idiot!" An old man exclaimed, taking the higher-ups by surprise. It was the first time that the old man raised his tone in the last few decades,

"If Daniel Fang cannot be considered Fenrir's offspring because he didn't manifest a Cursed Seal before his death, why would we be able to sense his fluctuations?!"

The burly silver-haired man looked up, his expression changing ever so slightly.

"Wait a moment," He raised his hand, gesturing for everyone to stay silent for a moment.

"How is it possible that we sense the presence of Daniel Fang's curse if he never rose to a Higher Lifeform? According to Evalynn's report his Living Soul is retained in a perfect seal of the Will. His Curse cannot be strong enough to break through perfect seals, otherwise, the Hellbound Cataclysm would have happened a long time ago."

"Is that so?" Fera asked, not quite sure what was happening, "I thought the fluctuations indicated that Daniel Fang's Curse was unstable and that it was getting out of control. Isn't that why Evalynn was given the Compass of Kins to find her son's Living Soul?"

"Maybe, we're missing a crucial detail," A man covered in scars pointed out, his milky-white eyes trailing toward Peter Fang, "Something is wrong, and you know what's going on."

The blind man's aura exploded all of a sudden, humongous outlines – a phantom – of something far more terrifying than most could comprehend, materialized around him.

"Tell us everything!"

Peter Fang shuddered, and his eyes dimmed. His lips parted slowly, and his tone resounded emotionlessly.

"I. will. tell. you. everything."

**

Evalynn sighed deeply, throwing the marine-blue marble into the corner of the room.

It was a good thing that the Geas wasn't too strong. All she had to do was complete a few missions now and then and ensure that she didn't expose anything about the Nest and its secrets.

The Geas didn't give the Nest the ability to control her or force her to reveal everything.

'They don't know anything about Michael...but for how long?'

Evalynn knew that if Michael continued like this...something bad was likely to happen. She was not certain about that because Michael was good at using brute force to regain control of his body, but was that a permanent answer?

'Should I bring him to the Nest? But then...'

Little did she know that it was already too late to think about that. Everything had already been set in stone, and the cascading chips were falling, one by one.

Chapter 639 Scrolls

"Is that intentional?" Kraft Viton asked, raising a small teacup to his lips. He took a sip from the Camille tea and placed the teacup back onto the office table that separated the old man and Michael.

Michael had retrieved roughly 200 Scrolls, placing them on the office table before he resumed smiling innocently.

"I'm not sure if I can follow you."

"You throw one surprise after another at me. Are you a gift box, or something like that?" Kraft Viton wasn't angry. If anything, he was amused that Michael managed to continue surprising him at this point.

Michael had surprised him so often that he should have gotten used to it. That was now the case.

"It's only one Sharpshooter Scroll, one Enchanter Scroll, one Great Warrior Scroll, one Warlord Scroll, and 195 Mythic Scrolls. I have 16,363 Agriculture-type blueprints, and 1524 Artifacts to sell as well. Some of them Are 4-Star Artifacts. I even got a 5-Star Tier-1 Artifact, though it's customized by none other than Michael Fang."

He joked a little, but Kraft Viton's smile froze.

"Stop trying to act humble. That doesn't suit you."

Michael merely nodded.

"Why are you not using the Scrolls for your territory?" Kraft Viton changed the topic, his attention lingering on the 3-Star Warlord Scroll.

Kraft Viton had heard about Michael's territory fights from Rebecca Zuber. She had been a little bit worried about the army of the Native Empire. However, Michael seemed to have solved that greatly. The only downside was that too many combatants died on the battlefield.

Michael needed more, stronger, combatants. A Sharpshooter, Great Warrior, and Warlord would be perfect for him.

"You are the one who told me to use Insert on Ordinary Scrolls and the like. Can't you remember?"

Kraft Viton's expression remained unchanged for a few seconds, but his facial features distorted upon realizing the meaning behind Michael's words.

"Those are all made from Ordinary Scrolls?!?"

"The Named Scrolls are made from Ordinary Scrolls, yeah. But I can create Mythic Scrolls with Ordinary Scrolls, Scroll Fragments, to be precise, for quite a while already," Michael pointed out, "You know that I can extract Soultraits and the Fragments to upgrade Soultraits from Awakened, right?"

Kraft Viton nodded, recalling his last chat with his student.

"I've always been able to extract Scroll Fragments in addition to Ordinary Scrolls from my enemies as well. That's also why I requested to exchange Mythic Scrolls with Ordinary Scrolls. I can create an infinite cycle like this."

Kraft Viton's eyes widened in surprise, and he had to pinch the back of his hand to get back to his senses.

He cleared his throat and glanced at the Scrolls spread out across the office table.

"So, you want to exchange the Scrolls with Ordinary Scrolls again to create more Mythic Scrolls to trade with Ordinary Scrolls again while also...creating Named Scrolls with higher star rating. That is pretty smart."

Michael could create an infinite cycle with the creation of Mythic Scrolls. If he used this opportunity properly, he shouldn't have an issue creating countless Named Scrolls in the following months.

"You should have told me earlier about this. I would have pressured the traders to give you even better quotes for the Mythic Scrolls you've given me earlier."

Kraft Viton spread out his energy to stockpile the Named Scrolls and Mythic Scrolls in front of him. A moment later, a mountain of Ordinary Scrolls manifested behind Michael.

"The quote is not bad with an average of 15,550 Ordinary Scrolls for every Mythic Scroll you've requested. The little mountain behind you should contain 730,850 Ordinary Scrolls," The old man pointed at the mountain of Scrolls, "I don't know how expensive the creation of Mythic Scrolls is, or how arduous it is to create 2-Star Named Scrolls. But I'm pretty sure that everyone with more than two brain cells will be willing to toss a fortune at you. Of course, the same applies to the other 2-Star Named Scrolls, especially the Enchanter Scroll."

Michael agreed with Kraft Viton's statement. The only issue was that Michael had to use Extract on the Ordinary Scrolls to procure Scroll Fragments. Since the Scrolls bought from shops weren't procured by Michael or his people and were usually in the shops' warehouses for a while already, Michael would receive an average of 1.5 Scroll Fragments for every extracted Scroll.

That was not a lot.

Fortunately, Michael learned about Insert's ability to combine Ordinary Scrolls and fuse them into Named Scrolls. He could use Named Scrolls to increase their star rating as well. That could save him lots of losses, which he would have sustained with Extraction.

"Do you think rare 2-Star Named Scrolls will be as valuable as Mythic Scrolls, or do you think I should focus on Mythic Scrolls for the anonymous trades?"

"I think Mythic Scrolls will do better. Many might favor purchasing rare 2-Star Named Scrolls, but the funds you can earn from 2-Star Named Scrolls is much lower than a Mythic Scroll. After all, 2-Star Named Scrolls summon 2-Star Summons. Mythic Scrolls have a high probability of summoning 3-Star Summons and even 4-Star Summons if you're lucky. The gacha effect is more addicting," Kraft Viton thought hard about Michael's question.

"But then again, if you're lucky enough to create rare 2-Star Named Scrolls that cannot be summoned through Mythic Scrolls, you can ask for a huge surcharge. It all depends on how likely you are to create rare Named Scrolls and your expenses. If it's cheaper to create 2-Star Named Scrolls en masse you might be able to earn more that way. You should keep in mind that the demand for Mythic Scrolls exists everywhere. I'm pretty sure that I can strike some nice deals with some Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs to exchange the 195 Mythic Scrolls for 20,000 Ordinary Scrolls each."

Michael acknowledged slowly.

"Alright. I think I know what I'm going to do," He said.

Michael stored the 730,850 Ordinary Scrolls in his War Rune. He considered turning the Scrolls into Mythic Scrolls right away but decided against it. Michael had yet to rebuild the Untamed Army. 730,850 Ordinary Scrolls would be enough to accomplish that.

Instead of wasting more time talking about the Scrolls, Michael retrieved the Agriculture-type blueprints and Artifacts. He considered bartering them for Ordinary Scrolls as well, but there were a few things he had to purchase.

He conjured two lists in his palms and handed them over.

"One of the list has some items I'll need to beat the shit out of some Alliance of 106 Lords. There is a Pseudo-Legendary Tier-3 Artifacts mentioned on the list as well. I'm not sure if I have enough funds to acquisition it, but I saw it in the Bartholomew catalog, but I was curious about the Artifact. It should help me bargain more damage to those idiotic Lords in the Savannah," Michael uttered lightly.

His nonchalant attitude was enough reason for Kraft Viton to chuckle lightly.

"You are probably the biggest oddball I know."

He shook his head, not sure how the Bartholomew Corporation ended up with someone like Michael.

"But you shouldn't have to worry about money. You were probably too busy to inspect your finances on the Bartholomew Account."

Hmm?

Michael raised his head. First, he was confused for a second, until he recollected something.

"The Agriculture Project!"

Kraft Viton broke into a smile. Michael checked his finances at once, his jaw dropping to the ground a mere moment later.

"Wait! Am I rich?!?"

Chapter 640 Awakened Agency

It turned out that the Agriculture Project progressed much faster than Michael had anticipated. The issues in the Sacred Desert, alongside the food scarcity in the Frozen Tundra, also known as Frozen Cataclysm, created a huge demand for highly nutritious, energy-rich food.

Before the Barren Lands turned into somewhat fertile lands thanks to the Agriculture Project, the human race had been forced to pay a heavy overpay for most food from the Origin Expanse. It was

possible to bring food from the outside world into the Origin Expanse, but it was not as energy-rich and nutritious, and therefore not good enough to train Soldiers and maintain the citizens' morale.

Furthermore, the production of food outside the Origin Expanse was a much slower process, resulting in a low supply. The supply couldn't meet one-tenth of the demand.

But now that the Barren Lands transformed into fertile lands it was possible to fight the food scarcity. The Bartholomew Corporation wouldn't sell their products cheap, but they didn't ask for the same heavy overpay. They lured more Lords to their side, expanded their business, and earned a fortune.

Michael, as the main contributor with his supply of the Agriculture-type Blueprints, made the most gains as an individual. Purchasing a Pseudo-Legendary Tier-3 Artifact was no problem for Michael. He still had more than enough money left for other purchases.

[Finances: 2,399,629,624,246]

"The money I make by selling the blueprints and Artifacts for the items on the list should be more than enough to purchase everything. I've got the Tier-3 Artifact as well," Michael mumbled, tilting his head lightly.

"What am I going to purchase now? Rare Blueprints? More tools for the Blacksmiths and Alchemists...or...No. I know!"

Michael smiled brightly at Kraft Viton, who tried hard not to chuckle. The old man rarely saw people like Michael. His student was one of the prime examples that there could never be enough money.

Even if he didn't know what Michael was planning, Kraft Viton could tell that Michael was going to burn the fortune in his bank account as if it was only a few bucks.

"What do you think about creating an Awakened Agency in the Bartholomew Corporation's name?" Michael asked, his eyes glowing vibrantly. Pure excitement oozed out of his eyes.

"You need to give me some more details, otherwise, I'll have no idea what you're talking about." The old man responded. Even though Kraft Viton could make some guesses about the ideas that flashed through Michael's mind, he had no idea what he was going to do now.

"We've been talking about searching Awakened for my territory, right? Suitable Awakened might not be impossible to find, but if they have to fit my criteria it will be a little bit harder. After all, I want hard-working, loyal, and decently competent Awakened in my territory."

Kraft Viton nodded, "Their background and Soultraits don't matter because you can provide them with enough resources to turn them into little monsters. I know, we talked about that."

Michael continued smiling, "That's where the Awakened Agency comes into play."

"I want to create several branches of an Awakened Agency across the Tritan Alliance with the necessary devices and resources to test Awakened all over the Alliance's territory. It will be quite difficult for ordinary Awakened to reach me at the Sapphirelake Military Academy. Their background might not allow them to travel through space, and, likely, many won't be confident enough to meet my other requirements. That's why we need the Awakened Agency and their branches spread out everywhere to test everyone."

"So, to summarize what you've just said... You want to create an Awakened Agency to examine Awakened throughout the entire Tritan Alliance."

"That's it. I want the tests to be extremely hard to pass. It would be the best solution if less than 1% can pass the test on their first attempt as well. The fewer the better," Michael added, "The tests will be free of charge and each Awakened Agency will give access to study material and a large training center with Basic Nutrient Serums and other resources to help them grow a little bit stronger. The study material will contain certain techniques that help them pass the tests as long as they work hard enough."

Kraft Viton was with Michael until the last sentences reached him.

"You want to give everyone the same opportunity, and you want to see how desperate they are to grow stronger. How ambitious, hard-working and competent they are. That way, the tests won't be the 'real' examination. Instead, their actions after failing the test for the first time will be the start of the real

examination. The more they fight and the harder they work grow stronger the better it will be for you...someone who can give these desperate souls everything they had been dreaming about..."

Kraft Viton shuddered slightly.

"Are you really Michael Fang?" He asked half-jokingly, but the corner of his lips twitched.

'Was Michael always like this?'

Michael's strategy was good. It was amazing, if one thought Directly support the authors on WebNovel!

about it a little longer. But it was also sly and unlike Michael's usual behavior.

"Not many will pass the tests, and it will take some time before someone eventually passes. It will also be quite expensive to establish Agency divisions throughout the Tritan Alliance.

"Money is no problem, and I never expected that it would be easy or fast to find the Awakened, who are the most suitable to be trained and nourished from scratch. I want the cream of the crop," Michael shrugged, "But rather than naturals who were born with a golden spoon, powerful Soultraits, and everything they need to grow powerful, I want tenacious cockroaches, Awakened who don't shy away from difficult labor to grow stronger. That's the cream of the crop I'm talking about!"

Kraft Viton could only shrug. The Awakened Agency was worth a try. He wasn't sure if it was going to be a success, but it was Michael's capital and capabilities that were going to be used to support this project.

All he and the Bartholomew Corporation had to do was to build the Awakened Agency divisions and spread the news.

"Your examinations will probably crush the spirit of many hopeful Awakened," Kraft Viton warned, but Michael replied mercilessly.

"But it will also be the nourishing grounds for those who desire strength more than everyone!"

"Reward the initial three Awakened who successfully passed the test with a Soultrait Symbol," A devilish smile crept up on his face.

"Secretly', of course."