

Supreme Lord 751

Chapter 751 Eaten Alive?

751 Eaten Alive?

"I need some help over here!" A young man shouted at the top of his lungs as the Undead forces inched closer.

They moved slowly through the sand, but that hardly changed how dangerous they were.

"I have enough to deal with here myself," A second voice resounded in between two heavy breaths, "What about you, James?"

"Just die silently if you cannot even stall the Horsemen. How did you even manage to survive in the Sacred Desert this long?" A third voice, James, shouted while killing a Knight riding on a Giant Ghoul Serpent. He twisted his blade in the Skeleton Knight's Core and shattered it instantaneously.

Following the burst of energy influx that entered his body, James felt a burst of strength pass through his body.

He retrieved a small dagger from his War Rune and hurled it toward a horseman who was about to pass him. The horseman's body fell apart, whereas the Skeleton Horse continued running toward the masses of the living.

The situation was far from easy. The Undead forces reached the last line of defense from three bordering territories. James and the two other Lords tried their utmost to fight the incoming forces, but most of their subjects had already been eliminated. The Infantry Units and the Warbeasts had been moving fast enough to overwhelm most human soldiers in no time.

Only the strongest subjects and the Awakened were left alive. They caused considerable damage to the Undead forces, but their kills barely changed anything. There were too many undead to kill.

Other than the Horsemen, the Knights riding the Giant Ghoul Serpents, the soul-devouring Death Vultures, the Undead Dire Wolves, the Anubirats, and Kleshabits, there were also Bone Titans, beings that could have been considered Mythical Existences when they were still alive. Even in death, the Bone Titans were incredibly strong. Some had already ascended to a Higher Lifeform, but even the Peak Tier-3 Bone Titans were strong enough to kill ordinary Tier-4 Higher Lifeforms.

The Bone Titans weren't many. There were only a few. It wouldn't be an issue to deal with the Bone Titans if there weren't countless Undead Awakened and Undead

Summons, who'd been resurrected after dying, circling the Bone Titans and the other Undead forces.

At this point, millions of Undead are passing through the Sacred Desert. In fact, saying millions could create a misunderstanding. By saying millions, it meant that there were tens of millions - if not more than one hundred million undead spread all over the Sacred Desert.

The total sum was unlikely to exceed one hundred million, but it was certainly possible that their number would reach millions in the three-digit. Almost the entire Sacred Desert had been overrun at this point, and it was fortunate that the Undead Awakened and Undead Summons were resurrected with less than 80% of their former combat prowess. Including the difficult terrain of the Sacred Desert, the living had an easier time dealing with the Undead Awakened and Undead Summons than most other Undead forces.

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The biggest problem with the Undead Awakened and Undead Summons was their numerical advantage. They couldn't feel any pain either and smelled the living from far away. Stealthily circling the Undead wasn't going to be easy.

James appeared beside an Undead Awakened, swinging his sword down at it. He beheaded the Undead and gained a temporary boost in Agility alongside the energy influx. His speed increased as he moved on to thrust his Sword Artifact through the next closest Undead Summon's skull. This time, his perception increased slightly. 2

As long as his Soultrait, Chance Kill, was active, he could maintain the wide variety of boosts he'd obtained from killing the Undead. Although his Soultrait's energy consumption would increase with

time, James wasn't that worried about it right now. It was more important to protect his territory and people.

He eliminated a batch of more than a dozen Undead, gained various boosts in return, and was about to push further ahead when a huge arrow whizzed past his head. James barely twisted his head ever so slightly, ensuring that he wouldn't lose a part of his skull to the arrow. The air howled in his ear as the arrow shot past him, and James' heart skipped a beat.

He retreated a few steps and discovered a small group of gigantic statues holding huge longbows. James frowned deeply before glancing back at his subjects, who were already forced into retreating.

'Fuck this shit!' He cursed aloud, only to hear a terrified scream from the other side. His head flicked to the right side where the two other Lords had been fighting desperately to eliminate as many Undead as possible.

One of the Lords had been impaled by a Kleshabit's arrow, which pinned the poor soul to the ground. The Undead Summons near that young man circled him, tore his clothes apart, and began gnawing on his flesh...while the young man was still alive.

It didn't take long before the young man died, but every second felt like hours. The young man was eaten alive, his flesh ripped out of his body. His desperate screams died slowly, but it had been etched into the souls of the witnesses who were still alive.

Everyone who'd witnessed the Lord's gruesome death paled at the sight. The death of their comrades was already burdensome, but the Lord's death was the worst. Whereas the others were killed with one or two attacks, the Lord was slowly eaten alive.

James shuddered and retreated instinctively. His battle spirit plummeted below zero, and the others were the same. Their spirits had been crushed, and a seed of fear blossomed in their hearts.

A single glance in the direction of the Undead forces was enough to worsen the fear that permeated every inch of their being. No matter where they looked, they saw the Undead forces. The Undead inched closer and threatened to surround the forces of the two human Lords, who could only watch as their hard-earned land was being overrun. A loud scream reverberated through the surroundings once again.

James glanced to the scream's source even though he could already guess what was happening. The other human Lord fell victim to the Undead.

He grit his teeth and was about to jump back onto the battlefield. If he had to die, James wanted to die a heroic death.

However, before he could jump into the battlefield like a kamikaze fighter, James felt several powerful presences behind him.

Small earthen spikes shot out of the ground around James, piercing the cores of the Undead that had threatened to tear him apart in the next few seconds.

A moment later, dozens of icicles shot past James. The icicles pierced through the first target with a clean hit and continued moving until shattering upon hitting the second target.

Once the icicle shattered, a frozen flower blossomed around the area of impact. The target ended up encased in the flower, which shattered after all of its power had been infused into it.

As the frozen flowers shattered, the bodies they'd encased also shattered.

"They're weaker than expected," A hoarse voice resounded, only for a second to add.

"I don't know what you expect from Undead at the 2nd Tier. Obviously, we're stronger than them."

"How about we focus on our enemies?" A third one added, "There are more than enough enemies to tire y'all out. Kaleb. Lincoln. Please focus!"

Kaleb Zenovia, Lincoln Piedra, and Zeke Lavita arrived in the Sacred Desert.

Chapter 752 Nova

After the Sapphirelake Military Academy issued a mission to help the Lords in the Sacred Desert alongside the other Academies and Universities, many Awakened decided to reach out and offer their helping hand.

The Merits offered by the Academies and Universities were great. Every killed Undead rewarded some merit points. That was great, even though it meant that the dangers in the Sacred Desert were much higher than most anticipated. After all, great rewards usually come alongside great risks.

Fortunately, many Descendants decided that the Sacred Desert was a golden opportunity to grow stronger. Kaleb, Zeke, and Lincoln couldn't enter the Sacred Desert easily. They were still Lords and weren't willing to give up their Lord powers to help the Lords of the Sacred Desert to survive. They also used higher quality Teleportation tokens. However, their Teleportation Tokens granted them only temporary access to another location. The three Descendants and many others weren't willing to create a Link of Loyalty with a Lord in the Sacred Desert.

Instead of becoming someone's Subordinate, the Descendants decided to use a special Golden Teleportation Token to enter the Sacred Desert for two weeks. That ought to be long enough to kill tens of thousands of Undead and grow stronger. The energy influx of every Undead was more prominent than ordinary energy influxes after all.

Kaleb, Zeke, and Lincoln desired power. They were shocked when they heard of Michael's fight against Katharina Zenovia and the unknown Divine Lifeform that had appeared out of nowhere. No matter how they looked at it, Michael had grown even stronger.

The Descendants didn't want to be left behind. Thus, they left their territory and did something they wouldn't have done under normal circumstances. They jumped into a deadly situation with eerily low survivability. As long as they survived the ordeal, their power would skyrocket. If they died... They didn't want to think about that possibility. Their focus was on growing stronger and surviving.

Lincoln used his Soul Technique to conjure compressed earthen spikes. Each Earthen Spike drained a fraction of his Soul Power. It was barely noticeable, but the resulting effect was great. Each Earthen Spike pierced through an Undead with ease before continuing to expand. Since the Undead knew nothing about distance and spatial awareness, the Undead Summons and Undead Awakened pushed each other.

They were in a crowded space and didn't even notice that something had burst through the ground before their bodies and cores were pierced and shattered.

Every Earthen Spike killed three Undead on average. Lincoln was not yet proficient with Earthen Projectiles, but he was slowly getting the hang of the Soul Technique. It was more difficult to produce Soul Energy than controlling the Earthen Projectiles Soul Technique.

It didn't take long before Lincoln attracted the attention of the Desert's Guardian Statues. The Anubirats and Kleshbits attacked him, and several huge arrows came flying his way. Fortunately, Lincoln reacted fast enough to erupt a large earthen wall to block the attacks. However, the Anubirats were already near him when the earthen wall crumbled. They wielded a long saber in each hand and executed a beautiful blade dance, ready to draw Lincoln's blood.

Lincoln evaded the attacks and blocked some with earth pillars and other objects that shot out of the ground to protect him from the worst attacks. In the meantime, the Kleshbits readied their arrows and pulled the bowstring back, ready to kill the nuisance before them.

However, their longbows froze and shattered before they could release the deadly arrows. Kaleb had released a Nova Bullet—a highly compressed Icy Bullet with more destructive power than most Icy Bullets—toward the Kleshbits. His control of the Nova Bullets was still lackluster because each bullet was made from the compressed power of his Frozen Nova. It used every bit of the strongest power Kaleb could control of his 7-Star Soultrait.

If he tapped into a little bit more of Frozen Nova's power before ascending to a Higher Lifeform, Kaleb would freeze his fingers and hand. That wasn't something he could afford.

It was a good thing that the Nova Bullets were strong enough to shatter the longbows before freezing a portion of the Kleshbits' bodies. The Guardian Statues were powerful and highly resilient but only stone statues. Shattering them with high destructive power wouldn't be an issue.

Kaleb cast a few more Nova Bullets before he used Glacier Bomb, a Soul Technique that altered a projectile to explode upon impact, chilling the energy all around the explosion before shattering, destroying everything in its path.

Kaleb Zenovia used the Glacier Bomb to kill the Kleshbits. He gained their energy influxes and smiled brightly, happy that his assaults worked out.

"If you keep wasting your energy, you'll be dead in half an hour. We cannot care for you, so you better take care of yourself!" Zeke Lavita cursed. It was large that Kaleb managed to kill the Guardian Statues easily, but the amount of energy radiating from the young Zenovia was simply too high.

They had to kill hundreds of thousands of enemies in the next few hours. Kaleb could not afford to waste his precious energy like that.

"I have everything under control. How about you eliminate your foes while I take care of my troubles?!" Kaleb grunted, manifesting two Saber Artifacts in his hands before he jumped straight onto the battlefield.

Kaleb conjured Icicle Bullets around him this time to utilize less energy at a time. He was too excited to try out the Nova Bullets against the Guardian Statues. It was the first time he found suitable foes to utilization this technique, after all.

Kaleb Zenovia had only a few foes near his territory. There were mostly weak monsters around his territory, and most didn't dare to fight against him, his Eternal Ice Phoenix, to be precise. The Eternal Ice Phoenix was at the apex of the food chain in his territory and the surroundings. Even the Lords who'd been living adjacent to his territory didn't dare to oppose the Eternal Ice Phoenix.

The moment they got to know that Kaleb's first summon was an Eternal Ice Phoenix, they abandoned their territory and ran for their lives. Therefore, Kaleb easily expanded his territory without any major battles.

The only fierce battles were against some stubborn monsters and the Tekur in his first Interdimensional Flag War. The Undead were the perfect targets for Kaleb. He wanted nothing more but to test everything he'd experimented with. Unfortunately, his life was on the line. Playing around too much would be a bit foolish.

He released a few Icicle Bullets to crush the cores of the stronger Undead that were about to pounce on him while slicing several foes apart. Using the Legacy Arts of the Zenovia family in the middle of the Sacred Desert was certainly not the best, as the technique required a low temperature to work perfectly. However, Kaleb Zenovia's body was innately incredibly cold.

After Frozen Nova fused with Kaleb, it altered his body. He could naturally exude incredibly low temperatures and survive in all cold environments easily. Therefore, the Zenovia family's Legacy Art could still be displayed in its full grandeur.

And that was certainly something Kaleb did.

But, of course, Kaleb wasn't the only one who went crazy.

Zeke was not slower than Kaleb. In fact, at this moment, Zeke fought even more efficiently than Kaleb.

Chapter 753 Control

Zeke fought a throbbing headache as he weaved through rows of enemies, using his Eye of Illusion in its strongest form.

He used the Eye of Illusion to control some weak-willed Undead, which was easier than expected since none of the Undead possessed a strong will. Even the Guardian Statues were not strong-willed, so they were also easy to control.

All Zeke Lavita had to do was to create illusions on one Anubirat and a Giant Ghoul Serpent. Their minds were influenced and altered to make them think that the Undead around them were their enemies. It was not that hard to change their perspective of the Undead. All Undead transformed into living creatures in their minds, whereas the living turned into Undead. That way, the Anubirats, and the Giant Ghoul Serpent stopped attacking Zeke and the other Descendants.

Their focus switched to attacking the Undead.

Being able to do something like that was not the result of a Soul Technique. Of course, a Soul Technique could amplify the effect and affect more Undead, but Zeke didn't go that far yet. It could cause more harm if he were to experiment with some Soul Technique in an attempt to control more powerful Undead.

The technique he used to control the Undead was part of a Legacy Arts' altered version, which could only be used by two of his ancestors, one of whom created it.

It didn't require eye contact. Instead, Legacy Arts' main focus was to trap the targets into an illusion that would slightly alter their perception. Zeke wouldn't have to use much energy to maintain the illusion by making only minor changes to the targets' perception. The only struggle was maintaining his concentration while fighting against the other Undead.

The Anubirat under his control was not afraid of scratches and bites. He mowed through the Undead, which surrounded him with ease. His sabers flashed through the air and cut in all directions, beheading some Undead while severing others in two parts without much resistance.

Interestingly enough, none of the Undead attacked the Anubirat. Zeke had been certain that the Undead would change their target to the Anubirat soon, but the Undead were too focused on the Descendants to register that one of their allies betrayed them.

Zeke was surprised, but he figured the Undead were not intelligent enough to perceive that the Giant Ghoul Serpent and the Anubirat were their enemies.

'Maybe they can only sense the living and move mindlessly through the Sacred Desert for months because they're not sentient and cannot think? They're like mindless walking corpses. It's just that some of them look better and move like they're alive.

Zeke frowned deeply. It was great that the Undead didn't attack the Anubirats and the Giant Ghoul Serpent, which bulldozed through the rows of Undead Summons, but it made him wonder why everyone struggled to kill the Undead. Why was the Sacred Desert in danger if the Undead weren't even intelligent? Was their numerical advantage truly the only issue?

Dozens of soul-devouring Death Vultures dived to the ground, ready to tear Zeke's body apart. The Anubirat appeared before Zeke and brandished his weapons to cut some of the undead avians apart. The other Death Vultures screeched as if surprised about the sudden appearance of the towering Guardian Statue and flapped their rotten wings to ascend once again.

Zeke noticed a slight change in the Warbeasts' behavior once they came in contact with the Giant Ghoul Serpent and the Anubirat. They attacked the Giant Ghoul Serpent and Anubirat more often in an attempt to tear their bodies apart.

'Where did the sudden change come from?' Zeke cursed in his mind. He'd been happy that the Undead ignored the beings he controlled and was about to steamroll through their rows, killing everyone and everything, when the atmosphere all over the battlefield changed again.lightsnovel

Zeke wasn't given more than 15 minutes to feel like he'd found the perfect tactic to eliminate the Undead forces. The Skeleton Knight riding it delivered a deadly strike to the Giant Ghoul Serpent's head. The Giant Ghoul Serpent didn't die because the Skeleton Knight missed its core, but the change in the situation was apparent.

The Giant Ghoul Serpent squashed several Undead Summons under its weight as it smashed hard to the ground. A moment later, it executed a death roll on the searing-hot sand, shooting it in all directions. Zeke couldn't see much as the tiny sandstorm blocked his view, but he heard the cracking noises. It was initially silent but grew in intensity as the sound of breaking bones overlapped.

Zeke backed away and decided to lift his control of the Giant Ghoul Serpent. He couldn't see what was happening in the tiny sandstorm, but it got harder to control the Giant Ghoul Serpent out of nowhere. One of the Undead had scratched its core, nearly eliminating the Giant Ghoul Serpent. After that, Zeke nearly lost control. That was a little bit annoying, but it was nothing to cry about.

Zeke left the Giant Ghoul Serpent to die in the tiny sandstorm before sending the Anubirat against the other Guardian Statues. The Anubirats clashed, only for Lincoln to appear beside single of them, his body expanded and coated in earth. He used his Stone Giant Soutrait to initiate a full-body transformation. His body expanded, and several layers of compressed earth enveloped him like tight body armor.

His strength doubled, whereas his dexterity and agility suffered considerably. However, Lincoln didn't see a problem with that. Physical strength was all he needed to crush the Undead. He punched the enemy Anubirats, slowly crushing their stone bodies. One hit wasn't enough to kill them, but a clean execution of several mighty punches to the same spot was perfect. It was all Lincoln needed – besides the support of Zeke's Anubirats – to kill the other Guardian Statues.

High physical strength, deadly accuracy, and a good distraction.

Once the Anubirats near Lincoln died, he diverted his focus to killing the Giant Ghoul Serpents. They might not be the strongest Undead forces since several Undead Awakened had been at the Peak of Tier-3 before they died, but their massive size and weight caused the most disturbance to the Descendants and the surviving forces of the three Lords.

Lincoln chose to work with the Anubirats under his childhood friend's control. It didn't feel good to be next to a walking killing machine made of stone or a similarly-looking material, but Lincoln could tell that the Anubirat was powerful once controlled properly.

Working with the Anubirat helped Lincoln kill the majority of Undead in the immediate proximity. Unfortunately, a Kleshabit emerged from a small hill, only to shoot Zeke's Anubirat right away.

Lincoln, Zeke, and Kaleb continued fighting. Zeke controlled other Undead to wreak havoc, whereas Lincoln continued smashing the Undead around him.

On the other hand, Kaleb fought close combat while simultaneously releasing deadly missiles to eliminate all Kleshabits before they could cause any more substantial damage.

The other Descendants were also doing fine, but the situation on the battlefield changed multiple times.

At some point, it felt like the Undead forces were given orders.

The orders weren't that particular or good in any way, but they greatly affected the grand scheme of the battlefield. After all, the Undead forces transferred from blindly attacking the nearest source of life to aiming specific enemies.

Chapter 754 Azure Meteorite

754 Azure Meteorite

At the end of the day, the Sapphirelake Military Academy did not only allow Descendants to stretch out their helping hand. They also allowed Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs to help out.

At first, the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs didn't see a reason to help the humans in the Sacred Desert. Most humans had been discriminating against them for years until Michael and some others appeared to support them. Only now did they create an academy where everyone from the Tritan Alliance could apply.

Despite the Tritan Alliance's initial problems, the situation has improved greatly since last year. The Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs didn't feel that helping the Lords in the Sacred Desert was a bad idea.

First, they were war-loving races. They enjoyed fighting the Undead forces, and that was what they did. They joined the Descendants and fought the Undead forces with their tremendous physical prowess. They were stronger than most humans and showed that clearly.

Most wielded war-axes, Morningstars, Clubs, or other blunt weapons which amplified the force applied through the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs' physical strength.

They showed everyone their might and how useful their support was against the Undead forces. The Awakened gained countless energy influxes in response to their actions and kills. This was good training and granted them more strength to advance faster, which was something they needed after hearing what happened to the War Priestess.

The War Priestess' death was unexpected and a bad omen, but hearing how their people had been overwhelmed by their own land was even worse.

The Warlock Centaurs and Berserkers may not be afraid of dying in battle, but that didn't mean they wanted their people to die as collateral damage to a fight that wasn't theirs.

The Awakened's desire to protect their people skyrocketed. There was no way that they could sit back and do nothing when treasure troves of merit points, energy influxes, and other treasures were waiting for them in the Sacred Desert.

They had to do something. They had to grow stronger! A group of Berserkers charged into the masses of Undead Awakened. The Berserkers severed the Undead Awakened in two halves and bashed their heads mercilessly. They killed over a hundred Undead in a minute and continued moving swiftly. Their attacks were powerful enough to kill most enemies with a single strike, as the Undead didn't evade their attacks.

Simultaneously, their stamina wasn't drained as fast as most would suspect. After all, Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs were perfectly trained warriors. Their physique was naturally better than most athletes, and they refined their superior physique even further. It was no wonder the

Berserker and Warlock Centaurs killed thousands of Undead without their Soultraits before their stamina started dwindling.

Unfortunately, the Undead changed their tactic at some point. They seemed to adapt to their enemies and changed their movements slightly. It initially felt like a minuscule change, but the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs noticed that every subtle adjustment created bigger changes in the grand scheme.

Maybe tens of thousands of Undead died at the hands of their enemies, but it grew increasingly more difficult to kill them as time passed. It was almost like the Undead learned and adapted from the failure of their kin.

At some point, Zeke and the others realized that the Undead were like a hive mind. It was not the same, but very similar. The Undead were connected by some unknown means, with an individual—or multiple—controlling the masses, allowing them to adapt and improve.

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"Someone is standing on the Bone Titan!" Zeke shouted at some point. The Eye of Illusion spasmed when he looked at the figure standing on the Bone Titan's shoulder. His other eye widened in surprise, as it was the first time that he had major issues with his Soultrait.

His 6-Star Soultrait was powerful, and his Tier was not low either. Nonetheless, the being standing on the Tier-4 Bone Titan seemed to have the means to affect his Eye of Illusion.

A heavy pressure descended upon Zeke as the figure glanced over to him. His breathing grew rough, and his vision blurred. Beads of sweat poured down his temples, and it was only a matter of seconds before his back was drenched in sweat as well.

He felt like he was about to collapse at any moment.

The figure leaped high into the air, where it remained. Burst of black flames emerged underneath its feet, keeping the figure in the air as it raised one arm. A bony arm covered with leathery skin entered Zeke's view, but he couldn't pay much attention. A fireball, eerily black, conjured above the bony arm.

The fireball expanded rapidly until the black fireball was the size of a large building complex. The Descendants swallowed hard, only for Kaleb to shout, "Soul Flames!"

Zeke and the others paled upon realizing that Kaleb was correct. The black fireball had been conjured from Soul Flames. They couldn't be blocked with physical means and burned quickly through origin energy and souls.

The bony arm descended slowly, and the black fireball followed suit. The fireball was about to smash to the ground when a tiny star blinked high up in the air. It was not even dark yet, but a small star shone brightly high in the sky.

It was odd that the star high up in the sky was growing large.

"A meteorite?" Someone guessed aloud as the star shot down to the ground. It expanded until one could make out a blazing object. It crashed down from the sky, leaving behind azure trails, until the body smashed heavily into the bony figure.

The bony figure didn't expect someone to appear above it without warning. There hadn't been a sign that someone had teleported above it, and it would have sensed that. Yet, something crashed into it, hurling the figure to the ground. Simultaneously, the azure flames coating the meteorite split up and shrouded the black fireball. Everyone's eyes widened as the black fireball disappeared. The azure flames had swallowed it, and it transformed into a youthful girl before they returned to the meteorite.

The girl transformed back into blazing azure flames that coated the meteorite, or what the Descendants had presumed to be a meteorite.

A heavy groan escaped the meteorite's lips before his eyes fell upon the mountains of Undead corpses.

"Did I miss the fun?"

Zeke and Kaleb glanced at each other for a few seconds, their confusion apparent.

They were very familiar with the voice coming from the azure body. It was a voice they would never be able to forget.

"Michael?" Lincoln was the first to voice out his confusion.

The azure flames flickered wildly as the man got up from the ground. He stretched his sore body before turning around, revealing his azure-flaming armor to the others.

"Oh, hey. I didn't expect you to come to the Sacred Desert as well. It's a little bit boring here, don't you think so?" Michael asked with a faint smile.

He conjured a large Qi Blade when the Bone Titan roared to stomp him to death and frowned deeply. Purgatory Flames shrouded the Qi Blade, transforming it into a dazzling blade that whizzed through the air like a shooting star.

The Qi Blade pierced through the Bone Titan's skull and Undead Core, killing the Tier-4 monstrosity before it could attack Michael.

Kaleb and the others swallowed hard.

"Yeah...it was way too boring..."

Chapter 755 Extensions

It was not a surprise that Michael was too bored fighting ordinary Undead. Even the Anubirats and Kleshabits weren't worth his attention at this point. They weren't weak. It was just that Michael could overpower them with Sacred Constitution and the Aethyr Warhammer.

Fortunately, the Elemental Empress had fun burning everyone with her Purgatory Flame. She comprehended how to conjure Purgatory Flames, and practicing how to utilize the new flame was intriguing enough to push her to eliminate more foes. As she killed thousands of Undead, energy filled her body. She gained enough energy influxes to increase her rank slowly.

Once they were done killing the Undead in the surroundings, Michael decided it was time to kill the strongest Undead to end the reign of the Undead forces. He didn't plan on wasting his time in the Sacred Desert if he could spend his time doing something more productive.

But sensing the strongest Undeads wasn't as easy as he'd predicted. He traveled through the Sacred Desert for a while, ignoring millions of Undead as he flew above them, only to pinpoint the bony figure that was about to throw a black fireball at Kaleb and others.

Michael descended with horrifying velocity while fusing with Zeroa. She was excited about the black fireball and released a portion of her body to dive into it as they crashed heavily into the bony figure.

"Where is that idiot?" He asked, looking left and right, only to see Kaleb pointing underneath him.

"Ohhh."

lightsNovel Michael smiled, embarrassed, but he didn't have much time to be shy. His Cursed Seals suddenly manifested alongside the Serpent Seals. Michael didn't even do anything as a serpent head emerged from the World Serpent's Living Image. The serpent head was as thick as a human head. It lunged for the bony figure's head, crushing it instantaneously.

However, that was not all. Vibrant tendrils burst out of the Cursed Seals. Michael narrowed his eyes and swallowed hard when he noticed that the golden extraction tendrils were more resilient and potent than 7-Star True Extraction. His Curse took action and unleashed extraction tendrils through the Cursed Seals.

But instead of smashing into the bony figure, the extraction tendrils intertwined and merged, forming a large canine head. The canine head was blurry, moving almost too fast for Michael to make out anything. However, he clearly saw the Curse's massive fangs as they plunged into the bony figure's chest, devouring it.

Michael swallowed hard. He didn't do anything, yet a massive flood of energy swept through his body until it reached his War Rune. His War Rune churned wildly in excitement and accepted the energy unconditionally. Simultaneously, the Cursed Seals vibrated rhythmically alongside the Serpent Seals.

A third Serpent Seal glowed up for a few seconds before dying again. It was similar to the Cursed Seals. But the sixth Cursed Seal didn't start glowing. Instead, the fifth Cursed Seal glowed stronger than before. Only now did Michael notice that the fifth Cursed Seal wasn't as potent as the other seals. That was about to change.

Spirit Eyes discovered something dark and eerie inside the bony figure, something that had been drained rapidly from the World Serpent and his Curse. A single glance at it caused Michael to shudder badly.

"That thing is sinister. Is that a Curse as well?" Michael asked after he regained complete control of his body.

He could tell that the bony figure wasn't the Undead Pharaoh, but the World Serpent and his Curse wouldn't jump at his enemies like this if the bony figure wasn't a Curse or something like that. They usually only acted in uncontrollable greed when it was related to Curses and growing stronger.

[It's a Fragment, a tiny portion of the Curse we're hunting!] The World Serpent answered in his mind.

"That thing is the fragment of the Undead Pharaoh's Curse? That means the Undead Pharaoh should be quite strong. If a small portion of his power is already stronger than an Elite Tier-4 Awakened...how powerful will he be?" The corner of Michael's lips curled upward.

"How many Fragments are there?"

The World Serpent hissed in annoyance.lightsnovel

[How am I supposed to know how many Curse Fragments the Undead Pharaoh has? The more Fragments he created, the higher the deterioration of his main body's strength. He could have split his Curse into hundreds of Fragments, though I doubt that. The Undead forces are too unorganized for the Undead Pharaoh to have hundreds of Curse Fragments spread throughout the Sacred Desert.]

The World Serpent's answer was satisfying enough for Michael. He summoned the Aethyr Blade and coated it in purgatory flames, which was only possible thanks to Zeroa's tireless training with the newly

acquired flames, and pierced it through the bony figure's core. The Curse and the World Serpent were already done devouring the Curse Fragment. There was no need to stay here any longer.

Michael turned to his friends and smiled at them.

"You are doing a great job out there. Everyone is improving so fast. That's nice to see," He praised them before spinning back to the masses of Undead.

Michael didn't jump into the air this time to avoid the Undead. His entire being was overflowing with energy, and everyone, including his Curse, the World Serpent, and Zeroa, was itching for some blood.

In fact, Zeroa wanted to test out the Soul Flames she'd devoured a minute ago, whereas the Curse and the World Serpent lusted for more Curse Fragments.

'I have two addicts, a cute little flame, and an annoying brother inside me. That has to be a bad joke,' Michael thought, but the grin on his face never ceased.

[I didn't even do anything!] Danny complained, but Michael just smiled.

He unleashed strands of Qi in all directions. The strands separated from Michael's body and expanded naturally. They burst outward and contracted, compressing into magnificent double-edged blades.

Michael controlled the Qi Blades at will. At this point, they felt like extensions of his form and moved with deadly precision. Michael took a deep breath, trying to maintain perfect control of each blade. Simultaneously, he urged Zeroa to lend him some power.

The Elemental Empress complied without hesitation. She shrouded the Qi Blades with purgatory flames and maintained the fire.

After that, Michael strode toward the Undead horde that had been inching closer.

"I'll be searching for their Boss," Michael told the others, who stared at him as the slaughter ensued.

The Qi Blades coated in purgatory flames shot in all directions. They pierced cleanly through the cores of the Undead, entering his range of attack. At first, only a few Undead Summons died from the Qi Blades, but Michael's control of the Qi Blades improved until they were indeed like extensions of his body.

It was a magnificent sensation. Minuscule power influxes reached his War Rune at every moment, and he didn't even have to use too much energy to maintain the Qi Blades. Only moving the Qi Blades around cost energy as long as they didn't shatter.

However, it was not like Michael lacked energy. He could insert Extraction threads into the Qi Blades to extract the Undead's power as they died. However, Michael didn't feel like draining the Undead's tainted energy. He'd rather avoid harming his form by doing something stupid.

It might not be the first time Michael planned to do something stupid, but he learned from his mistakes. There was no way that he would repeat his foolish mistakes.

Probably.

Chapter 756 New Soultraits

The others stared at Michael, their eyes narrowed to slits. He killed more than a hundred Undead in a matter of seconds before using Cosmic Stride to teleport into the Undead masses.

Kaleb and others could only hear the commotion from far ahead. They swallowed hard as they realized once again how strong Michael had grown.

"I cannot accept this!" One of the Descendants mumbled.

"We have to catch up to him!" A second declared, only for the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs to flex their muscles and charge the Undead. They resumed the fight against the Undead forces. However, instead of holding back, they used their Soul Techniques and entered combat more aggressively than before.

There was no way they could go back after witnessing Michael defeat the Tier-4 Bone Titan and the bony figure before walking off into the Undead masses like he was on a morning walk.

"I really didn't want to use this yet," Kaleb murmured while lifting his hand.

A large pillar of ice emerged before him. The ice pillar had been manifested with Frozen Nova's power, but Kaleb hadn't accessed Frozen Nova's Soultrait Symbol. Instead, he'd accessed his new Soultrait, Elemental Summon.

Elemental Summon was a 4-Star Soultrait that required an elemental power to summon a creature from another plane. Kaleb possessed a powerful Ice Elemental Soultrait. It was more than enough to summon a powerful creature.

The ice pillar groaned. Cobweb-like cracks spread alongside its surface. They expanded and pushed deeper until the ice pillar shattered.

A line of ice and mist blocked Kaleb's view, but he continued staring ahead, a deadly serious expression plastered on his face. He waved his hand to disperse the ice and mist, revealing a towering figure made of Frozen Nova's ice.

"A Glacier Golem. That's not too bad," Kaleb murmured. He was slightly drained from using Elemental Summon for the first time since he'd obtained it from Michael, but the effect was better than expected.

"Crush them all!" He ordered the Glacier Golem, who looked back to study Kaleb for a few seconds. At last, the Glacier Golem turned around and charged the Undead forces.

His towering, six-meter-tall figure shot across the searing-hot sand and emerged before some Undead Summons. However, instead of slowing down and punching them, the Glacier Golem kicked them fiercely and crushed them to death with his heavy weight.

The rough surface of his body glimmered brightly in the afternoon sun as he continued wreaking havoc. He crushed countless with brute force and never stopped moving. It was almost like his stamina was limitless. The Glacier Golem was just like the Undead.

"You don't have to brag about your Soultrait," Lincoln grumbled, "Did you think that you're the only one who got something from Michael?"

Lincoln's body expanded even further than before. He groaned in pain as loud cracking noises resounded through the proximity. Two horns pierced through his forehead. They expanded and grew into large horns. Lincoln's skin ripped apart. The layers of compressed earth that engulfed his body burst apart for a moment, revealing the shreds of skin and blood that concealed the dark scales Lincoln had grown.

4-Star Draconic Transformation.

That was the Soultrait Symbol Lincoln obtained from Michael. It enhanced his physical strength and resilience even further, transforming his body into a natural fortress. As long as Stone Giant and Draconic Transformation were used together, Lincoln was as strong and durable as an Earth Dragon!

He kicked the ground, shooting a wave of sand in all directions as he shot past the Glacier Golem. He grasped a Giant Ghoul Serpent's tail, lifted it high into the air, and smashed it onto the ground. Lincoln transformed the massive creature into a deadly weapon. He used the Giant Ghoul Serpent to crush the Undead Summons and Awakened next to him. He spun around his axis, hitting dozens of Undead, breaking their bones and crushing some cores in response.lightsnovel

At last, Lincoln released the Giant Ghoul Serpent. He hurled it into another Giant Ghoul Serpent and appeared beside them, his hands transforming into huge claws right before they dug deep into the Giant Ghoul Serpents. Once he reached their cores, he twisted his claw inside their bodies. His claws retracted with their cores in them.

The Giant Ghoul Serpents were not yet dead. They stared at the cores, only for a devilish smile to blossom on Lincoln's face. He crushed their cores, ending the Giant Ghoul Serpents' misery.

Zeke appeared next to Lincoln. He looked at his childhood friend with a wry smile.

"So, we're all using Michael's gift now? Didn't we say we would catch up to him without using his gifts?" Zeke asked, but the hesitation in his voice was apparent.

He didn't want to be left behind, either. If Michael continued growing stronger exponentially, nobody could keep up with him. Zeke's parents were already in trouble because they worried about what would happen once Michael ascended to a Higher Lifeform. Michael's mother was stronger than everyone else.

Evalynn Fang could force everyone in the Tritan Alliance to surrender their rightful access to the human Race Achievement Shop.

Evalynn Fang didn't seem attached to the Tritan Alliance. She was likely to leave soon. However, Michael was more attached. He had friends and was likely to return even if he were to leave at some point.

How long would it take for Michael to be stronger than everyone else? Would he force High Society to submit to him?

Kaleb and others said Michael wouldn't force himself upon others, but most Noble households, Supreme Families, and Guilds and Clans didn't think like that. They knew what they would do if they had Michael's power...and that was what worried them the most.

Lincoln and Zeke were told to nourish their relationship with Michael. They were said to reap as many benefits from Michael as long as he recalled they existed. Their parents said Michael would forget them once he left to go with the Nest. Once he returned, Michael would be stronger than ever and force everyone to submit to them. Therefore, they had to ask him for benefits now.

Little did they know that Kaleb, Lincoln, and Zeke had already obtained some Soultraits from Michael. It hadn't been long since Michael gave them the Soultrait Symbols, but they were incredibly useful and suited perfectly to their existing Soultraits and Legacy Arts. It was almost like the Soultrait Symbols had been created for them.

Yet, the descendants had been reluctant to use them right away. They didn't want to rely on Michael's generosity to grow stronger, and they didn't want to tell their families that Michael had already given them Soul Traits.

The moment their relatives found out that Michael gave them something without asking for anything in return, they would go crazy.

However, now that they possess witnessed again how vast the gap between their power and Michael's might is, they cannot hold back anymore.

lightsnovel "Let's just say that Michael allowed us to take a loan and that we possess to pay him back," Zeke murmured, the corner of his lips twitching as he utilized his 4-Star Soultrait, Puppeteer.

The Giant Ghoul Serpents' bodies twitched as countless threads blasted from Zeke's fingers. The threads pierced the Giant Ghoul Serpents' scales and linked to the bodies.

He utilized his Legacy Arts with Eye of Illusion to cast an illusion on two more Giant Ghoul Serpents before he jumped on one of the moving corpses.

"Whatever. We possess to mature stronger. Who cares whether we use Michael's Soultraits or not? Strength is all that matters!"

Chapter 757 Staff Of Epos

Michael pushed through the Undead masses for a while before replenishing his used-up energy with Inferior Energy Stones. Once he was filled to the brim with energy, Michael returned to search for the strongest Undead forces again.

He didn't want to waste his time, but it was not like he would ignore the Undead Higher Lifeforms that entered his path. He killed a bunch of Bone Titans, some Undead Awakened, and a bunch of other Undead before he made his way to a mountain range covered in sand.

"Am I right here?"

[Yep. The hidden valley of the Sacred Desert should be around here. Look out for a magic cir—...Ah. There it is!]

lightsnovel Michael's eyes landed on a small portion of the mountain range. Sand covered a large gate that had been built into the mountain range. If not for Spirit Eyes, Michael wouldn't have found it.

Michael released a gust of air to remove the sand and reveal the obsidian gate. He tried teleporting inside the room hidden behind the obsidian gate, but Cosmic Stride failed him.

"That's interesting," He murmured, teleporting before the obsidian gate and channeling some origin energy into it.

Michael flexed his muscles to push the gate open. It was harder than expected, but the origin energy spreading through the gate helped smoothen the sockets. At last, the gate swung open, revealing a small room of the same darkish obsidian. A complex of several overlapping magic circles, a short-distance teleportation array, had been engraved into the obsidian.

"Wouldn't it be easier to travel through the mountain range? This feels like a trap," Michael mused when his eyes fell upon a trace of the eerie cursed power he'd sensed earlier. The Curse Fragment had the same cursed power. No matter how Michael looked at it, someone altered the short-distance teleportation array. And that someone was the Undead Pharaoh or one of his Curse Fragments.

[You can try it, but I don't think you feel like dying today. The Red Dragon's flame was already hot, right?] Danny asked ambitiously.

Michael recalled their time in the Lord Rift. He shuddered as he recalled the Red Dragon's breath. The dragon's breath terrified him even now.

[Now imagine a being much stronger than the Red Dragon guarding the mountain range. The Lamia Queen, my first Summon, called the mythical creature a Primal Phoenix. They're also known as Sacred Creatures, though I don't know precisely what that means. I don't think that a Sacred Creature is stronger than a Mythical Creature per se. Either way, the Primal Phoenix kills everyone daring enough to enter its territory.]

Michael pondered about his brother's words for a moment, "And the mountain range is its territory. It doesn't care about the hidden valley, but the mountain range is off-limits."

His brother nudged at the back of his mind as if to agree silently.

"Great." Michael clicked his tongue, "And the Undead Pharaoh is in the hidden valley?"

[I don't know if he is still there, but the Primedival Pyramid is in the valley. The Undead Pharaoh might be there, or he might have left. But we haven't heard any reports about the Undead Pharaoh yet, and you haven't sensed or seen him either. He is probably in there. Even if he isn't, there will be a bunch of powerful Undead creatures for you to kill.]

Michael sighed deeply, but he gave his brother a curt nod. He stepped onto the short-distance teleportation array and channeled enough energy into it to activate it.

A moment later, Michael activated the Cursed Seals and the Serpent Seals while shrouding his entire body in Aethyr. He applied several layers of Enhancement to his body, increasing his resilience, while also applying several Soul Tears to Sacred Constitution, Spirit Eyes, Enhancement, and Extraction.

The world around him twisted. He was teleported outside the teleportation chamber.

As Michael's body left the teleportation chamber, the obsidian gate closed. A gust of wind howled through the surroundings. The wind dragged sand through the mountain range, covering the obsidian gate once again in glistening grains of sand.

The gate disappeared as it had never been graced with sunlight's touch.

**

Michael expected to be shoved into a pit of lava or to fall into iron stakes, but nothing like that was the case. The trap turned out to be much less dangerous than he'd expected. Despite that, the short-distance teleportation array had been tampered with. Michael didn't end up where Danny expected he would be.

Instead, Michael appeared in a humongous throne hall. Huge pillars of sandstone supported the massive ceiling above him. Everywhere he looked, treasures were present. Mountains of gold were to his left, and various valuable treasures were stored to his right. Michael found a stash of Legendary Summoning Scrolls, High Artifacts that exuded immense might, gemstones, and other treasures that attracted his attention.

However, it wasn't long before his eyes landed on the intricate murals depicting the mighty's lives in the Second Epoch. After all, that was when the Undead Pharaoh had been alive.

[The Second Epoch? The Undead Pharaoh isn't that old then. But the Curse feels pretty powerful. That's weird.] The World Serpent mused in Michael's mind.lightsnovel

The golden Cursed Seals trembled, and a deep growl escaped through Michael's mouth.

[That's true. Now I remember. The Epos Staff. The Ancient Artifact of the Titans.] The World Serpent responded to the growl that had escaped Michael's lips.

[You are a peculiar Cursed Child, Michael. Your existence is filled with fortune and misfortune alike.]

"What are you talking about?" Michael asked, but the World Serpent didn't respond anymore. A heavy presence weighed down on Michael, forcing him to flex his muscles to remain standing. He swallowed hard and spun around as a clicking resounded behind him.

The hair stood up to its end, his eyes filled with both confusion and understanding.

A bandaged hand holding a golden serpentine scepter was the first thing that attracted his attention.

Michael's perception of time seemed to slow down as his eyes fell upon the full body of the mummified figure approaching him slowly. It inched closer, azure flames flickering brightly in its eye sockets.

The mummified being was adorned with ornate, regal attire reminiscent of ancient pharaohs. It wore a headpiece featuring an ankh symbol, symbolizing power, and life. The headpiece resembled the pharaoh's crown of the Second Epoch, adorned with hieroglyphs and intricate patterns.

The being's skeletal body was crested with jewelry, amulets, and sacred relics, a sign of its eternal connection to the long-

forgotten empire. Upon discovering Michael's vibrant golden eyes, the being's eye sockets glowed in otherworldly radiance, casting a gloomy and eerie atmosphere all over the throne hall.

It clutched the serpentine scepter tightly, intensifying the heavy pressure weighing down on Michael.

Michael had a hard time breathing. He gaped at the majestic being, whose presence changed slowly with ancient authority, and a sense of enigmatic power channeled into it. Its presence blended in with the appearance of the regal majesty, shrouding the fact that a being, which should have died a long time ago, was standing right in front of Michael.

'That's the Undead Pharaoh?' Michael asked himself, trying hard to show that he was not affected by the being's presence. Unfortunately, that was easier uttered than done.

[Yup. That's the guy who slaughtered me.]

"Welcome to my humble abode, Cursed Child. I have been waiting for you," The Undead Pharaoh said, his voice an odd mix between hoarse and robotic.

Michael swallowed once again. The Undead Pharaoh was definitely a Mythical Creature, or at least as strong as one. He was also at the 5th Tier...or stronger...

"I took the liberty to seal this place," The Undead Pharaoh uttered lightly, tapping the lower end of the serpentine scepter against the ground, "You won't be able to use your Soultraits for a while."

Michael's eyes widened in terror. At first, he thought that the Undead Pharaoh was bluffing, but Michael was proven wrong instantly. He tried using Cosmic Stride to escape but failed to access the Soultrait Symbol. It had been enclosed alongside his other Soultraits.

Only Sacred Constitution, Extraction and the Soul Grimoire didn't seem to be fully sealed.

[That's what I meant.] The World Serpent cursed.

A tiny seed of fear planted deep into Michael's heart.

[You are lucky the Undead Pharaoh is so young, but you are one of the most unfortunate children to be forced to deal with the Staff of Epos. That Artifact was basically made to deal with people like you!]

Michael groaned in his heart.

'Thanks for nothing!'

Chapter 758 Corruption

The Staff of Epos was an Ancient Artifact that adjusted to the wielder's power. It was capable of sealing the Soultraits of all targets in its range.

That would have been useful to know before the Undead Pharaoh sealed Michael's Soultrait. The only advantage was that his 7-Star Soultraits hadn't been sealed. Only Divine Lifeform could unleash the Staff of Epos' true power. The Undead Pharaoh might have been a Divine Lifeform when he was alive, but his power was still sealed. He could only seal a portion of Michael's 7-Star Soultraits using the Staff of Epos.

Nonetheless, that was enough to put Michael into a tricky situation. He couldn't escape the Undead Pharaoh's grasp because he was in the pharaoh's throne hall, which had been locked moments after Michael emerged.

The only reason Michael didn't panic was that he had the World Serpent and the Curse on his side. If not for their presence reassuring him, Michael would be on the verge of losing his sanity.

[The Staff of Epos is an Ancient Artifact that can only be used by a Curse User. That's also why it's overflowing with curse power. If you get us close enough to the Staff of Epos, we can drain some of its curse power. The partial seals on your 7-Star Soultraits will disappear. The curse power inside the Staff of Epos is compressed and highly potent. As long as you stay close to him, we can unlock more Seals to strengthen you!]

The World Serpent was already in fighting mode, and the deep growl within Michael showed that his Curse was also ready to rumble. However, Michael was not yet prepared. He had to get a hang of the weird feeling that permeated his entire being. It was the first time that he felt naked and powerless.

Most of his Soultraits had been sealed, including Spirit Eyes. His vision returned to how it had been originally. The Staff of Epos also sealed the passive effects of his other Soultraits. The only passive effect that remained was the Elemental Empress' tattoo. It was just that the Elemental Empress was sealed inside Michael and that they didn't have any means to communicate. Taming was sealed, after all.

"You are talking to your Curse. That's interesting," The Undead Pharaoh noticed nonchalantly.

He was eerily calm and didn't consider Michael a threat anymore. Why would he? Michael's Soultraits were sealed, and he was merely a Lesser Lifeform. It didn't matter that Michael was already familiar with his Curse and that he could talk with it.

"I didn't expect that the young brother of that Cursed Child to be so much stronger. I felt that you were special when I read your brother's memories, but to think you were such an anomaly. Very intriguing!"

Michael frowned deeply, anger bubbling deep inside him.

"You killed my brother."

The Undead Pharaoh walked around the throne hall, the Staff of Epos clicking lightly on the polished sandstone floor.

"I sure did. But I only dealt the finishing blow to your brother. He would have died either way. The people he trusted foolishly betrayed him," He revealed in a light tone, "I wouldn't be here if not for their betrayal. Your brother's blood triggered my awakening. It was not within my plans to wake up anytime soon. In fact, I didn't want to wake up from eternal slumber in the first place. But now that I've been awakened, the Willâ€™...."

The Undead Pharaoh was just about to say something when he groaned. The blazing flames in his eyesockets flickered wildly for a second, only to die down once again. The Soul Flames regained their normal intensity once again.

"It seems like I shouldn't speak any further about this," The Undead Pharaoh shrugged lightly, trying to hide what was going through his mind. Either way, you look just like your brother. He was just a little bit older than you...and definitely weaker. Your presence and stance are entirely different from that naive man's. The Curse inside you is a lot stronger as well. I can't remember hearing of a Cursed Child capable of talking to his Curse."

"Your blood should be enough to help me re-awaken my full power!"

[Below you!] The World Serpent hissed in his mind, and several thick golden Extraction tendrils shot out of his body. The tendrils plunged into the ground, where Michael saw several pairs of bony hands emerge out of nowhere. The bony hands lunged for Michael's legs but were shattered as the Extraction tendrils impacted.

'Darkness...Is that another Curse affiliated with darkness?' Michael wondered, recalling that his mother's Curse was related to darkness and that Danny's Curse had also been a nuisance with eerie dark powers.

However, something else about the bony, dark hands attracted his attention. Something merged into the darkness.

'If Spirit Eyes was working, I would have been able to figure out what it is right away. Fuck this shit!'

Michael jumped back and retreated further. He tried to sense what his Curse's extraction tendrils had devoured, but his connection to his Curse was not strong enough to perceive much.lightsnovel

More hands emerged from the polished sandstone floor. Skeletons of various races, coated in darkness, formed. However, the darkness was not eerily black. Countless green lines spread through the darkness, creating multiple intricate patterns.

[Corruption. You're really unlucky.]

'What do you mean?' Michael had a good guess about what the World Serpent meant but didn't have the luxury to play the guessing game. The Skeletons kicked the ground and shot toward Michael.

Michael conjured two Aethyr Scimitars and coated them in True Extraction's power. His Cursed Seals and the Serpent Seals were still active. Fortunately, the Staff of Epos didn't seal them either.

Simultaneously, Michael used Heavenly Beast Physique. He shot forward and cut through the shroud of darkness, severing the Skeletons in half.

[Corruption. His cursed power has been corrupted. You'll have to extract the corruption properties if you want me to help defeat him.]

Michael had no idea how it mattered whether the Undead Pharaoh's cursed strength had been corrupted or not, but he certainly felt something off when he cut through the corrupted darkness shrouding the Skeletons.

True Extraction tapped into the corrupted darkness briefly, but it was enough to devour a trace of it. The corruption entered the strength of True Extraction, which shrouded the Aethyr Scimitars. At first, Michael didn't think much of it. He cut through the first two Skeletons, killing them by shattering their cores.

lightsnovel However, as more corruption entered the Aethyr Scimitar, Michael felt something. It was harder to control the golden hue that coated the Aethyr Scimitars. Michael was slowly losing control! Michael didn't regain control even as he tapped into True Extraction to thicken the golden hue around the Aethyr Scimitars.

He frowned deeply and accelerated by activating Foundation Break for a quarter of a second. His skin burst open as tremendous strength surged through his entire being. The Skeletons fell victim to his scimitars individually, but Michael was not happy. He retracted as much Aethyr as possible without transferring the corruption to his form before hurling two needles made of Aethyr to the other side of the room.

The golden hue coating the Aethyr needles dyed sickly green. The Corruption also devoured the True Extraction Hue before swallowing the Aethyr Needles.

'How am I supposed to remove—...' Michael was about to continue curse when his Cursed nudged at the back of his head.

"You can do it?" Michael asked, a trace of hope emerging in his mind.

However, the hope was shattered and replaced by suspicion and a deep frown when his Curse tried to access his body. It spread through him in an attempt to control his being.

"But you need my form to do that?"

Was that worth it? Could he defeat the Undead Pharaoh in any other way?

At this point, Michael wasn't sure if he could trust his Curse. It hadn't bothered him much in the last few months and had been helpful. However, Michael recalled the times the Curse tried forcibly taking control of his body.

Maybe everything the Curse had done was a trick to take control of his body?

What if all of this was the Curse's plan to devour him and replace him?

'Fuck'

Chapter 759 Memories

Michael was too focused on the Curse and trying to find its true agenda, and he was too late to move when more bony hands emerged around his feet.

He tried to evade them, which mainly worked fine. The only problem was that one of the bony hands managed to scratch his calf. The scratch wasn't too bad since the bony hand barely managed to get through his skin, but the problem was that a trace of corrupted darkness entered Michael's body.

He used True Extraction right away to remove the corrupted darkness. Unfortunately, that didn't work as expected. He could temporarily contain the corrupted darkness and move it around as he pleased, but it was impossible to extract the corrupted darkness without inflicting harm on himself.

Michael considered slashing his calf to cut a piece of it off when he noticed that the corrupted darkness threatened to spread. Fortunately, he didn't do that. Michael compressed and contained the corrupted darkness before extracting it alongside a piece of his flesh. It was painful to rip a piece of flesh out of his body – even if it was the Soultrait doing the deed –, but Michael managed to remove the corrupted darkness before it could harm him seriously.

The corruption was truly bothersome, and it made Michael rethink whether he should give his Curse a chance or solve the situation differently. But what was he supposed to do? The Curse was confident that it could manage all issues with corruption. Even the World Serpent didn't seem overly optimistic about that right now.

Michael was unsure why the World Serpent had issues with corrupted curse power, but more things bothered him than that.

The Undead Pharaoh saw Michael grimacing and laughed heartily – if he had a heart, to begin with. He thought that Michael was struggling to face him head-on. The corrupted piece of flesh attracted his attention. He pulled it toward him with a wave of his scepter and put it into his bony jaw. A burst of energy flushed through the Undead Pharaoh. The energy spread through every bone in his body before spreading outward, increasing the pressure in the throne hall.

"Amazing! To think that a Lesser Lifeform can contain so much life force and energy," The Undead Pharaoh exclaimed ecstatically, "Your blood will help me regain my whole power!"

He cackled for a while, only to stare at Michael, who wasn't moving. It looked like Michael was frozen in fear.

"You shouldn't have come here with your puny strength. Foolish child!"

Michael was far from low, but the Undead Pharaoh could be considered a crippled Divine Lifeform with the same strength as a Tier-5 Mythical Creature.

Michael frowned deeply. He stared at the Undead Pharaoh while his mind was going crazy. What was he supposed to do now? Should he trust his Curse?

[You might have to risk it. That bastard is a piece of shit, but he is your only chance. I'm not equipped to deal with the corruption of a Divine Lifeform without going all out. That is not something I can do...right now.] The World Serpent sounded downtrodden and frustrated.

Nonetheless, it delivered Michael useful pieces of information.

[That bastard would be better off as a fox Curse, so be careful. But I think you have to do it!]

Michael cursed inwardly. Even the World Serpent told him to accept his Curse's offer after calling him a sly fox-like bastard.

'Great. That's really great!'

Anger filled his body, and it intensified as the Curse made a second attempt to spread through it.

'Fuck off! I didn't permit you to do anything...yet!'

The Curse retracted but remained ready to expand at any moment. The Undead Pharaoh noticed the anger in Michael's face and decided to end the farce.

"I'll grant you a quick death," He said generously while conjuring dozens of bone spikes around him. They levitated in the air and were coated in darkness. The darkness expanded explosively at the lower end, pushing the bone spikes toward Michael at an incredible velocity.

If Michael had access to Spirit Eyes, evading the bone spikes wouldn't have been an issue. Unfortunately, Spirit Eyes was sealed. Michael dove to the side and rolled over the ground with both Foundation Break and Heavenly Beast Physique activated. His skin burst open, but that didn't matter as much as the bone spike he'd managed to evade by a hair's breadth.

He evaded the bone spikes and jumped up, manifesting the Aethyr Scimitars with a thick hue of True Extraction. He also applied Soul Grimoire's Soul Tears to Sacred Constitution and Extraction, further amplifying the Soultraits. Michael then added another Soul Tear to his soul before producing massive amounts of Soul Energy. The Soul Energy was drained to empower True Extraction, enhancing it enough to cut through the second batch of bone spikes that reached him a moment later.

Unfortunately, it hardly mattered how powerful True Extraction was at this point. Michael was too slow to cut through all the bone spikes that threatened to pierce him. One bone spike pierced his shoulder, while a second scratched his thigh. The scratch was a little bit deeper than expected, as Michael found himself missing a chunk of flesh, but his movements weren't as restricted as he'd feared.lightsnovel

It was painful, but he could still move.

There was also no corrupted curse power in the attacks. The darkness was only used to accelerate the bone spikes. That was Michael's fortune because he would have been on the verge of death if the

corruption had entered his shoulder. Maybe Michael would have salvaged the situation by containing and removing the corruption fast enough, but more barrages of bone spikes threatened to pierce him already.

The Undead Pharaoh didn't seem to care that Michael was unwilling to accept a quick death. It seemed to enjoy watching Michael's desperate attempts to survive.

Michael cursed quietly while trying to find a way to deal with the Undead Pharaoh. He managed to inch closer to the Undead Pharaoh, who retaliated by manifesting a domain of corrupted darkness. The domain was small but more than enough to keep Michael at bay. He instinctively knew that he would be affected if he were to enter the corrupted dark domain. Michael couldn't afford that as long as he had no idea how to deal with the Undead Pharaoh.

He continued cursing but went silent when the Curse urged him to make a decision. The World Serpent joined the fray this time. Neither the Curse nor the World Serpent were willing to die. The World Serpent could reveal itself to the Origin Expanse, but it didn't want to do so. That would be its last resort before Michael died.

[Don't even think that I will help you. I will kill the Undead Pharaoh and eliminate you right after that. You will die a painful death if I'm compelled to reveal myself because of your selfish attitude!] The World Serpent hissed, but Michael ignored it.

An idea formed in his mind, but it was risky. Michael was not sure if the plan was better or if it would be better to trust the Curse for once.

'No, I can't trust it.' He shook his head.

[Please. I don't want you to die. Even if the Curse betrays you, I know you will regain control of your body. I will help you!] Danny exclaimed when another bone spike pierced Michael, this time piercing his gut.

Michael's eyes widened in surprise. He didn't expect the bone spikes to accelerate all of a sudden. They were furthermore faster than before. He might have been able to evade them with Cosmic Stride, but the Soultrait was sealed as well. Now, he could only rely on Sacred Constitution's exceptional natural regeneration. The Soultrait Shard of Archangel's Grace was also sealed, after all.

His condition was far from good, but he was unwilling to take the risk. He didn't want to give his body to his Curse, not furthermore for a just period. It didn't feel right to do that after realizing that the Curse might have fooled him intentionally. The Curse might have planned to play nice until he desperately needed it.

"No." He yelled out through his gritted teeth. Michael was unwilling to give his Curse the benefit of the doubt.

[So what are you going to do? Die miserably?] The World Serpent hissed in anger. It was the first time Michael felt the World Serpent's fury. Until now, it had been amiable to him. It always acted like it was on his side. Not now.

The Undead Pharaoh was pleased with the situation. Michael was desperate to survive, while it could absorb more and more of his blood through the bone spikes. The problem was in his favor.

Michael was bound to die.

Suddenly, Michael's expression lit up. He turned deadly serious, took a deep breath, and commanded the Cursed and World Serpent.

"You superior listen to me if you don't want to die or get exposed," Michael said, his entire presence switching from one moment to the next.

lightsNovel "If you want me to believe you, you superior give your best!" He told his Curse before transforming the Aethyr Scimitars into a long silvery spear.

He couldn't be sure whether he did the right thing or not, but Michael felt that it was the only way out of misery without granting the Curse control of his body.

Michael tapped into a set of memories he hadn't watched for a long time. He accessed memories he initially wanted to ignore.

It was the first set of memories he had obtained from a Memory Orb.

Cleave Fenrir's memories.

Chapter 760 The Spear That Cuts Through Everything

760 The Spear That Cuts Through Everything

Michael decided to use the Wicked Spear Arts. That ought to be easier to handle than the Curse claiming control of his body. At least, that was what Michael was hoping for. He tapped into Cleave Fenrir's memories while also recalling the dream he had about Cleave Fenrir the day before his War Rune manifested. Understanding dawned upon him as he created enough Soul Energy to circulate through his body. It moved smoothly through him in a circle while steadily accelerating.

The first bunch of circulations was slow, but it didn't take long before a faint purple hue shrouded Michael's arms. The purple hue expanded toward the Aethyr Spear and enveloped it at once.

The Aethyr Spear and the purple hue resonated. Both vibrated weakly in sync. A faint smile plastered Michael's face, but it was replaced by deadly seriousness as he let his emotions go crazy. It felt like eons had passed since he allowed his emotions to move freely. However, that was necessary to ensure he could release the Wicked Spear Arts' strongest form.

The stronger the emotions raged through his entire being, the higher the Wicket Spear Arts' potency.

Michael let loose for the first time in what felt like decades.

The memories of his brother's death resurfaced in his mind. Michael recalled Masked Saber jumping before him and Tiara to block the Red Dragon's breath and clearly remembered his brother's sad expression and the last words that left his body before the dragon's breath burned him alive.

A wave of anger surged through his body. He hated Taros for waking the Red Dragon and himself for being too weak to protect himself. He had been helpless against the Red Dragon's fury. He had to rely on his brother to survive. The frustration and anger swept through Michael.

Simultaneously, the faint purple hue shrouding the Aethyr Spear grew more potent. It glowed brightly as it expanded.

Following Masked Saber's death came the news of the betrayal of his brother's trusted allies. The anger within Michael intensified. It erupted and flooded his entire being as he recalled that the real perpetrator was still somewhere in the Tritan Alliance.

Michael's face distorted in anger and frustration. The Undead Pharaoh noticed that something was wrong and decided to make a move. Michael was already injured and was bound to have difficulties moving, but the change in his expression showed that he was not yet ready to give up.

The Undead Pharaoh released several bone spikes alongside the corrupted darkness hands that shot out underneath Michael's feet. Michael lightly tapped the sandstone underneath him with the Aethyr Spear's lower end. That should have never been enough to get rid of the hands shooting out of the ground, but it was. The most up to date nove/s are published on nove l n ext .c om

The sandstone cracked as the purple hue shot deep into the hardened stone. The purple hue spread across the floor, tearing the bony darkness hands apart before they could touch Michael. A fraction of a second later, the purple hue retracted. As the purple hue retracted, a golden tinge mixed into the fray.

Michael noticed that his Curse was trying to temporarily restrict his use of the Wicked Spear Arts. He responded with a burst of defiance. The purple hue glowed stronger than before, forcefully terminating the Curse's interference.

"You better fucking listen to me, or I will make sure that you're the next Curse I'm exorcising!" Michael bellowed while unleashing the Cursed Seals alongside the Serpent Seals again.

"You better amplify my emotions now. If you don't listen..." He didn't finish the sentence. Instead, Michael let his emotions speak volumes.

He recalled how easily his Mother and Father abandoned them in a quarter of a second. Thereafter, the situations, faces, rumors, and words of countless people flooded him. Everyone expected great things from Michael. They projected their hopes and desires upon Michael and didn't even think about hiding their uncontrollable greed. Everyone wanted something from him. They didn't even care about the things he wanted to do. He was just a tool for them.

Michael roared out in defiance. He lifted the Aethyr Spear and whirled it around his body with deadly precision. The memories of every Spear user he'd killed surfaced in his mind. The memories he'd drained from their Memory Orbs filled his entire being. Simultaneously, Michael felt something more. He glanced at the bony spikes that shot toward him and began to move.

Michael saw a semi-translucent figure moving before him. It was a young man with black hair and black eyes.

Michael saw Cleave Fenrir move before him and followed his steps. The Aethyr Spear continued whirling around his body as the true potential of the Wicked Spear Arts dawned upon him. Cleave Fenrir's mastery of the Wicked Spear Arts transferred to him.

He slashed and cut through the bony spikes that threatened to hit him easily, allowing the pain of every action to affect him. The pain and desire to stop moving, to give up and rest, swamped his entire being. However, instead of giving up, Michael used those emotions and feelings to nourish the Wicked Spear Arts.

Suddenly, the chaos of his emotions amplified. The purple hue of the Wicked Spear Arts trembled. It grew thicker and changed subtly, fusing into the Aethyr Spear that hummed in Michael's hands.

'What the...!' Michael nearly cursed aloud as he lost control of the Aethyr Spear. He had to grasp it even tighter than before to keep his weapon with him.

"A warning would have been helpful!" He barked before realizing it.

The Cursed had decided to give Michael a helping hand.

It understood that he would rather suffer tremendously, or maybe even die, than give up his body to someone else. Unfortunately, Michael had to survive. At least his soul had to survive. The Curse was fused into Michael's Soul. It couldn't afford to lose Michael. Therefore, the Curse decided to show Michael that they were on the same side even if they didn't agree at all times.

The purple hue expanded in all directions and shrouded Michael, whose attention fell on the thick golden lines passing through the hue. He used Soul Grimoire's Soul Tears to amplify his Soul, Sacred Constitution, and Extraction, but that was not it. Michael added a Soul Tear to each Cursed Seal and Serpent Seal before adding more to strengthen the World Serpent and his Curse.

Michael didn't have the luxury to doubt whether the Curse would attempt to steal his body shortly. His entire focus was on the Wicked Spear Arts, his chaotic emotions that roared throughout his entire being, and the Undead Pharaoh.

Michael kicked the ground and lunged forward. He crushed the incoming bone spikes with deadly, precise attacks and ignored the blood spurting all over the hardened sandstone floor - his blood.