

Supreme Lord 761

Chapter 761 Wolf Head

The Wicked Spear Arts was strong enough to cut through the Undead Pharaoh's corrupted domain. The Undead Pharaoh did not see that coming. It was certain that Michael would overestimate his technique's strength and fall victim to his baseless confidence. That was exactly what happened with the Undead Pharaoh instead.

He was too confident in the corrupted curse power and didn't expect that a Lesser Lifeform could cut through it. Not even Higher Lifeforms were capable of such a feat without the perfect Soultrait and Soul Technique. Yet, that was exactly what Michael did. The Aethyr Spear cut through the corrupted domain and struck the Undead Pharaoh's core.

lightsNovel com The Undead Pharaoh responded quickly after noticing that Michael wasn't corrupted. He swung the Staff of Epos at Michael, only to see the corner of the youthful Awakened's lips curl upward. Michael smiled at the Undead Pharaoh as the Aethyr Spear impacted.

The Undead Pharaoh's core didn't shatter, but the Aethyr Spear, amplified by the Wicked Spear Arts, was powerful enough to scratch the core.

That made it considerably harder for the Undead Pharaoh to maintain perfect control of everything. He was forced to check on his core before his focus returned to the Staff of Epos, the corrupted domain, and the millions of Undead he had to control simultaneously.

The World Serpent and the Curse used the small opening to attack. A huge serpent head emerged from the Living Image, which had coiled around Michael's neck. However, there wasn't only one serpent. There was one large serpent with a head as large as Michael's, but dozens of smaller serpents shot simultaneously out of the World Serpent's Living Image.

They all lunged for the Staff of Epos alongside the dozens of Cursed Extraction tendrils that burst out of the Cursed Seals. Each Cursed Extraction tendril transformed into a small canine-shaped head, crunched on the serpentine staff in the Undead Pharaoh's hands, trying to crush it with force.

The World Serpent's serpents coiled around the serpentine staff before lunging at it with razor-sharp fangs. They sapped the Staff of Epos' power without hesitation. There was no time to hesitate, after all.

All the Curse and the World Serpent had was a small opening. They had to make as much use of it as possible.

Some of the serpentine staff's power was drained in the quarter of a second they had before the Undead Pharaoh could react. However, that time was also enough to remove the seal blocking Michael's Soultraits. Michael regained full control over his Soultraits for a moment.

It was just enough to use Insert with Enhancement on the World Serpent and his Curse. In response to the Enhancement layers, both the World Serpent and the Curse managed to drain even more power of the Staff of Epos. Simultaneously, Michael used the Enhancement Layers on his body.

His body was already cracking and breaking apart from using too many techniques that artificially increased his physical prowess. Fortunately, the World Serpent took care of some of Michael's problems. Michael was momentarily strengthened by both the Curse and the World Serpent. The World Serpent used its power to grow onyx-like scales all over Michael's body. The scales intertwined with one another, creating a perfect armor for Michael while also forcefully ensuring that his body would stay intact.

Even if Michael's body threatened to tear apart, his body parts wouldn't be ripped out of his body. Everything was forcefully kept together, after all.

The World Serpent kept Michael's body intact, whereas the Curse ensured that his mind and soul wouldn't be torn apart as an aftereffect of overheating. Michael was using his Soultraits and other powers to an extent his body, soul, and mind shouldn't be able to handle. The Curse and the World Serpent were partially at fault for that. After all, they unleashed their power to push a Tier-3 Lesser Lifeform to face a crippled Divine Lifeform head-on. There was no way that there wouldn't be an issue.

Fortunately, the Curse and the World Serpent didn't leave him to die. They tried to salvage as much as possible while Michael gave his utmost to fight like a suicidal maniac against the Undead Pharaoh.

He regained control of the Elemental Spheres and communicated with Zeroa once again. That was all Michael needed to summon the purgatory flames and use their strongest form, with 10 Enhancement layers alongside Soul Tears and True Extraction.

The white flames washed over the ground, spilling in all directions and burning every Curse in their path, including Michael's Curse. At least, that would have happened if the Cursed Extraction Tendrils had not used extraction in their immediate surroundings, extracting the oxygen and energy within the purgatory flames that would have touched them otherwise.

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It was easy to extinguish the purgatory flames because Michael split his mind seemingly naturally, allowing the Cursed Extraction tendrils to do something while the Undead Pharaoh could not.

The purgatory flames destroyed the corruption and bits and pieces of the cursed power before pushing closer to the Undead Pharaoh. It was interesting to note that the purgatory flames were not only used by Bloodhound to wash away Michael's Curses. Michael also used them to burn the Undead to cinder. It had a significant effect on both Curses and Undead.

The Undead Pharaoh was both.

He was still a formed Divine Lifeform and a being at the 5th Tier but struggled against the World Serpent, the Canine Curse, and Michael's tremendous power. For a few seconds, Michael possessed enough strength to fight the Undead Pharaoh head-

on. And he wasn't even alone.

He was constantly on the verge of death, but Michael could also use Archangel's Grace again. That was exactly what he did to avoid dying.

It wasn't a perfect solution, but it was more than enough to unleash every power he had accumulated within his body. Michael struck the Undead Pharaoh several times with his enhanced purgatory flames, the Wicked Spear Arts, and his terrifying physical prowess. It was barely enough to give his Curses another opportunity to strike.

The World Serpent continued draining the Staff of Epos, but the Canine Curse changed its target.

Michael felt his Cursed Seals move through his entire being. They moved to his chest, where they combined temporarily.

A huge head burst through the World Serpent's scale armor. It was another golden head of a canine. However, this time, the golden head was more detailed than before. Michael lost access to True Extraction for a moment and the Soul Power accumulated within the Soultrait Symbol was drained instantaneously. However, that was not all.

Several thousand SoulStar Fragments disappeared into Extraction's Soultrait Symbol. They transformed into Soul Power, which the Curse utilized to empower the Extraction Wolf Head, which persisted expanding. It barred its fangs at the Undead Pharaoh as it grew into a massive head, which snapped at the Undead Pharaoh.

The Extraction Wolf Head ignored the enhanced purgatory flames shrouding the Undead Pharaoh and crushed the crippled Divine Lifeform.

A sudden rush of strength swept through Michael. The chains of miniature seals manifested all over Michael's body again at last. They trembled violently and showed signs of cracking. However, instead of shattering the seal on one of the Canine Curse's seals, all components of the miniature curse chains trembled violently.

More SoulStar Fragments were sucked out of Michael's War Rune, granting the Canine Curse enough power to sustain the Extraction Wolf Head and strengthen it.

The golden glimmering cranium changed into a majestic wolf's head that sucked the strength out of the Undead Pharaoh.

Chapter 762 Deader Than Dead

As the enhanced purgatory flames burned through the corrupted curse power, the highly detailed Wolf Head devoured the bits and pieces of the Undead Pharaoh's Curse that wasn't corrupted. There wasn't much neutral curse power, but it was enough to empower the Wolf Curse.

The Cursed Seals, active and inactive, shuddered violently as the curse power surged through the Wolf Curse. It swallowed the Undead Pharaoh's power, weakening him considerably.

In the meantime, the World Serpent continued paying attention to the Staff of Epos. The World Serpent continued draining the Ancient Artifact, ensuring that the Undead Pharaoh couldn't access it properly.

As more and more curse power entered the World Serpent, a third Serpent Seal began shimmering. Michael felt a sudden surge of power spread through him, but that didn't help him feel more alive. He still felt like his body was on the verge of tearing apart. It was a terrifying feeling and much worse than most of the things he'd gone through since his War Rune manifested.

Even Archangel's Grace was not enough to help him at this point. It was barely enough to keep him alive, with the serpent armor fixating his body parts where they belonged.

Michael swallowed hard, but his expression changed dramatically. He grasped the Aethyr Spear tightly and let his emotions lead him once more. The Undead Pharaoh had to be eliminated right now!

The Wicked Spear Arts' purple hue washed over Michael. Mots sparkling purple and golden shot in all directions, only for a suctioning force to pull them to the tip of the Aethyr Spear's blade.

His power surged, and he kicked the ground when he felt that the time was ripe. He lunged forward and shot through the golden Wolf Head, which split up into two large heads to make space for him. The Undead Pharaoh pinpointed Michael and released its Curse in a straight line at him. An eerie beam of greenish-dark power shot toward Michael, who lifted the Aethyr Spear in response.

He was barely fast enough to move and pierce the eerie cursed beam with the Aethyr Spear. The beam and blade tip collided, and the impact force pushed Michael to slow down. The corrupted curse power threatened to flood Michael as the Aethyr Spear managed to split the beam thanks to the Wicked Spear Arts' tremendous power.

An uncontrollable sensation of greed, the desire to kill, and fulfillment filled Michael to the brim; they joined Michael's chaos of feelings and enhanced the Wicked Spear Arts. But that was not all. Michael chose to add enhanced purgatory flames to coat the Aethyr Spear while also shrouding the blade's tip with Qi and several Enhancement Layers.

Michael's energy was sucked dry near-instantly, but he wasn't worried in the slightest. His spear burst through the eerie cursed beam, splitting in several parts while burning the corruption left within the curse power. The Undead Pharaoh didn't expect Michael's attack to grow this powerful. He also didn't

expect to lose control of the Staff of Epos and that his curse power would be weakened to such an extent.

He underestimated Michael's Curses...as well as the youth's power.

Michael burst through the curse beam and appeared before the Undead Pharaoh, his eyes glowing vibrant golden. The last thing the Undead Pharaoh could see was a reflection of his bony skull and the azure flames flickering brightly where his eyes were supposed to be.

A single thought flashed through the Undead Pharaoh's mind as Michael's Aethyr Spear thrust forward, its power amplified by the Wicked Spear Arts' full power, enhanced purgatory flames, Enhancement, Qi, and the Wolf Head's Extraction.

'I am not supposed to be alive.'

The Aethyr Blade's tip pierced cleanly into the center of the Undead Pharaoh's core.

The Undead Pharaoh could have responded in time, but the thought that flashed through his mind slowed his reaction considerably.

He realized what was happening only after the Aethyr Blade managed to dig deeper into his Core. The Aethyr Spear cut deeper and deeper until thunderous cracking noises resounded through the throne hall.

As the Aethyr Spear cut deeper, Michael felt his power deteriorate. He felt weaker and weaker as the last bits of power left him. His vision grew hazy, and his legs threatened to cave in. His arms trembled violently, and he began wondering whether he would die here or if the Undead Pharaoh would die first.

His attack was working, but it wasn't like Michael didn't sustain any injuries. The Wolf Curse and World Serpent noticed Michael's deteriorating condition and suddenly pushed forward. It looked like they'd been holding back before, only to move forward with more power than before.lightsnovel

More curse power entered the World Serpent and the Wolf Curse, invigorating the Seals engraved deep into Michael's body, mind, and soul.

'Are they finally going all out?' Michael wondered weakly, only to realize that his thoughts were nonsense.

They weren't even close to going all out. The Wolf Curse couldn't strain Michael even further by unleashing more of its sealed prowess. It had already drained too much of Michael. Any more, and Michael would die – not that he was far from succumbing to his wounds and the strain put on his entire being.

The World Serpent could probably use more of its power rather easily. It wasn't entangled with Michael as closely as the Wolf Curse. If the World Serpent wanted, it could leave Michael's body entirely, exposing its majestic—and humongous—body to the cosmos.

But was that really what the World Serpent wanted? First, was it necessary for the World Serpent to use more of its power? Would that help Michael grow strong enough to deal with his problems?

Michael didn't think it would be good if the World Serpent helped him too much. He didn't want to rely on the World Serpent. It would transform into a crutch, just like relying on his Soultraits. Fortunately, he managed to use the Wicked Spear Arts with most of its power.

He gritted his teeth and pushed the Aethyr Spear deeper into the Undead Pharaoh's core. Their combined effort and the sudden increase in their attacks' intensity were enough. Their tactic worked.

The cracks spreading through the Undead Pharaoh's core spread further and dug deeper. It took one last push to shatter the Undead Core with a thunderous bang.

The Undead Pharaoh was about to be eliminated, but it wasn't done resisting yet. Bony spikes manifested all around Michael. They rotated around their axis with horrifying velocity and shot toward Michael with tiny explosions as the Undead Pharaoh's bony body collapsed.

The bony spikes pierced into Michael from everywhere, catching him by surprise. He hoped the serpent armor would be strong enough to block the bony spikes.

He didn't want to die.

[Consider this a thank you for the additional curse power. This was a tasty feat!] The World Serpent hissed quietly.

Suddenly, the serpent armor grew more resilient as the World Serpent used more of its power to reinforce it. The bony spikes that had managed to pierce the serpent armor before, their tips digging deep into Michael's body, were suddenly stopped.

A burst of greenish curse power erupted from the serpent armor, crushing the bony spikes.

They were ground to powder before they landed on the ground.

A moment later, Michael finally got the confirmation that the Undead Pharaoh was dead.

A gigantic energy influx flooded Michael.

It was stronger than any energy influx he'd ever received.

Unfortunately, Michael was not in a good condition. The energy influx smashed into him, nearly killing him on the spot.

Chapter 763 Managing Emotions

The Undead Pharaoh was dead, and the energy influx nearly killed Michael as it reached him.

Michael was fortunate that Archangel's Grace and True Extraction were still active. He used Extraction to drain bits of the energy influx and Insert to insert it into Archangel's Grace before using the Heavenly Realm Soul Technique to recuperate faster from his injuries.

It didn't take long to heal Michael to the peak, but he wasn't in perfect condition even after the effect of Archangel's Grace deteriorated.

His vision was still hazy, and he stumbled around the throne hall with unsteady steps. Nonetheless, Michael was alive and not on the verge of death anymore. With enough time, he would be fine. That was all that mattered.

"What are we going to do now? The Curse is dead," Michael asked, only to see a large serpent and a Wolf Head lean over the Undead Pharaoh's body.

[The Curse's vessel was destroyed, but the Curse is still there. We'll exorcise him for you.] The World Serpent explained, and the Wolf Curse growled in agreement.

"I doubt that you are doing this for me. If anything, you are doing this to strengthen your body after whatever happened to you before you emerged from my Summoning Gate. The Wolf is also doing this to loosen the restrictions on the Cursed Seals. But whatever. Continue absorb the Curse. I'm only alive because you two decided to help me."

Michael was about to say more when he sensed something deep inside him. He frowned deeply and felt a surge of annoyance spread through him. Usually, he wouldn't be that annoyed, but his emotions were stronger than normal. Even though Michael had expected that he felt weird nonetheless.

Everything felt more intense than it used to be.

'Using the Wicked Spear Arts once was enough to affect me this much. But it was worth it. I would rather have the Wicked Spear Arts affect me than allow something sentient to take over my body and potentially alter it.'

The Wolf Curse growled deeply. Even the Wolf Head looked up from the Undead Pharaoh's body to glare at Michael.

"That's nothing against you. Well, it is, but that's your fault. You should have been nicer from the beginning. You tried to steal my body from the beginning, only to turn into a lovely puppy after we exorcised Danny's weakened Curse. That's suspicious, you know?!" Michael excused his actions, only to receive a snort from the Wolf Curse as a response.

He felt a pang of guilt and frustration erupt from the depths of his being and frowned deeply. He was on the verge of begging the Wolf Curse for forgiveness.

'Fuck. The amplified emotions are much worse than I expected. How am I supposed to survive like that? In the first place, are the changes permanent, or will the effect wear down after a while? I don't think Cleave Fenrir had as many problems with the Wicked Spear Arts as I have. He used it for decades before, which was this bad if I recall correctly.'

Michael tilted his head, unsure if the issue was that he was more compatible with the Wicked Spear Arts or if it was the opposite. Maybe practitioners with higher compatibility have fewer issues with the altered intensification to which they feel emotions.

Michael had no idea if the issue was with his body or if it was somehow related to the intensity with which he used the Wicked Spear Arts. It was not unlikely that the latter was the case, but it would require more research to turn the theories in his mind into facts. In the first place, Michael hoped he wouldn't have to use the Wicked Spear Arts again. Unfortunately, he felt that he would have to use it more often in the future.

Hopefully, he could find a way to weaken the detrimental effect of the Wicked Spear Arts by then.

Michael was deep in thought and busy dealing with the mess of emotions that swept through his entire being. He didn't even notice that the throne hall began shaking violently or that deep fissures burst through the polished sandstone, swallowing the mountains of gold.

[Your money!!!] Danny screamed at the top of his lungs, his voice shaking Michael awake.

He regained his senses but frowned deeply when Danny continued screaming.

[Get the gold and treasures!]

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"Don't tell me what to do!" Michael clicked his tongue, only to frown deeply at his curt response.

His brother was worried that he would forget about the valuables and the mountains of gold. It wasn't like Danny annoyed him. At least Michael wouldn't usually be upset at his brother so easily. Well, most of the time.

'The Wicked Spear Arts is truly wicked,' Michael's frown deepened, but he did what his brother told him to. He spread the bits of energy he'd replenished over the last few minutes and stored everything in the throne chamber inside his War Rune, including the Undead Pharaoh's body. Maybe it would come in handy.

After that, Michael jumped into the fissure that had swallowed his gold. It was dark down there, but Michael could still hear his gold clinking loudly whenever it scratched and hit the walls. He landed hard on the bottom of the fissure and spread his energy out once more. The fissure was eerie, but Michael didn't think of staying there for long. He got his mountains of gold and utilized Cosmic Stride before anything evil could grasp him. However, it was not like Michael could sense or see anything powerful down there; he could tell there was something.

He shuddered when he returned to the throne hall, only to look left and right.

"Where is the Staff of Epos?" Michael asked quietly.

The Staff of Epos caused him some trouble, but an Ancient Artifact contained a tremendous amount of curse power. If he could give it to the World Serpent and Wolf Curse to devour once he ascended to a Higher Lifeform, they could grow stronger together quickly.

[The Staff disappeared.]

"Hmm? How did that happen?" Michael groaned, feeling like throwing some stones at the World Serpent for losing the Staff of Epos.

Was the World Serpent powerful and wise, or was that just a farce? How could it lose the Ancient Artifact?

[The Ancient Artifact was pulled away from me when the Undead Pharaoh ceased to exist.]

"Just like that?" Michael frowned, "Did you even try to keep the Staff? I anticipated you to be stronger,"

[Mind your words, puny child. You better control your emotions, or I will forcefully beat some manners into you. Beating the shit out of brats is something I'm very good at!]

The Wolf Curse seemed to agree. However, instead of growling at Michael, it did something entirely different.

The Wolf Curse suddenly expanded within Michael. He couldn't even react in time because he was too busy scolding the World Serpent and managing his chaotic emotions.

One moment, the Wolf Curse spread through his entire being, and the next moment, Michael noticed that the Wolf Curse did something to him.

The anger and frustration that had filled him until a moment ago seemed to affect him less.

The Wolf Curse devoured some of Michael's excessive emotions.

Was that a peace offer?

Chapter 764 Reward

Thanks to the Wolf Curse's peace offering, Michael had fewer issues with the Wicked Spear Arts, and it didn't affect him that much anymore.

While the Wicked Spear Arts' effect hadn't vanished entirely, Michael found solace in the fact that it was now manageable. It seemed the curse had found a way to extract a portion of his overwhelming emotions, or perhaps it was using its power to isolate and control them within him.

Michael was uncertain about the exact nature of the Wolf Curse's actions, but one thing was clear-it was helping him. His feelings towards the Curse, a mix of gratitude and wariness, deepened once again.

"I still don't like you trying to take my body, but I don't hold you accountable for your desire to survive. Even if you do not care about me and my survival, you still care about yourself enough to give me a helping hand."

The Wolf Curse—which Michael suspected it to be after it formed into a Wolf Head multiple times—didn't respond, but Michael thought that was better. He didn't need another chatterbox in his head. The World Serpent and Danny were already more than enough.

The Primedival Pyramid continued its relentless collapse, leaving Michael with little time to search for more secret treasure vaults and other valuables. He had to leave, and he had to leave quickly. With a swift Cosmic Stride, he teleported outside the pyramid and materialized high above the crumbling ruins, the urgency of his escape palpable.

He levitated in the air using a minuscule amount of wind-attributed energy and looked down. The sand surrounding the Primedival Pyramid was stirred up as the massive structure collapsed, leaving Michael no choice but to use Cosmic Stride again. He landed on the searing-hot sand more than two kilometers from the Primedival Pyramid.

There were no Undead in the vicinity, which was good because Michael didn't feel strong enough to defeat an ordinary Undead Summon at this point. He slumped to the ground and allowed the searing-hot sand to prickle his skin. The rays of the afternoon sun shone dazzlingly on him, but Michael didn't care.

He took a deep breath and stopped restraining the Extraction Aura. It devoured the surrounding origin energy and annexed it instantaneously. The Extraction Aura expanded slowly while simultaneously filling Michael's body with origin energy. Only small amounts of origin energy entered his body simultaneously, but that was better. He had yet to digest the massive energy influx of the Undead Pharaoh, and it was unsure how much more energy his body could handle right now.

He might have healed, but his body, mind, and soul were worn out. They were sore and felt like they had been ripped into shreds just to put them together later.

Michael was unsure how much time passed, but it got cold at some point. But that was only for a moment. Zeroa emerged from the Taming Tattoo and engulfed Michael in her mythical flames. Under normal circumstances, the mythical flames would have hurt a little since the Elemental Empress was currently not fused with Michael. Still, the Elemental Empress's control of her mythical flames increased considerably over the last few days.

[Mythical Flames, Purgatory Flames, Soul Flames. I'm the flame master~!!!]

Michael sighed inwardly. He momentarily forgot that Zeroa was also a chatterbox.

The silence had been great while it lasted. Unfortunately, the Elemental Empress didn't know how to be as considerate as the World Serpent and his brother. At least they didn't bother him while he was resting from defeating a crippled Divine Lifeform. It was a matter of fact that Michael didn't defeat the Undead Pharaoh alone, but he was the only one who had to suffer, being on the verge of death for most of the fight. The World Serpent could have crushed the Undead Pharaoh easily, but it didn't do that. Why? Cause it desired to stay hidden.

Michael understood that, which is also why he didn't say anything. There was no way that Michael would complain to the World Serpent just because it didn't want to be discovered. But that was also why it was basic courtesy of the World Serpent to keep its mouth shut when Michael didn't want to be bothered.

The Elemental Empress didn't know what that was. Basic courtesy? Is that tasty?

At some point, Michael fell asleep. Zeroa had bothered him a little bit, but she was too busy practicing with her new flames to talk to Michael all night.

He woke up when the sun burned upon him. It was hot, but Michael felt terrific with a faint gust whirling around him. Once he got up from the sand, Michael stretched his body for a few minutes. After that, it was time to take a look at his gains.

First of all, Michael retrieved the Undead Pharaoh's corpse. He activated the Cursed Seals, used a Soul Tear on Extraction, and added Enhancement before unleashing True Extraction's full power upon the Undead Pharaoh's corpse. [lightsnovel](#)

"Will...if you can hear to me... Please do not give me anything useless. I'm a Lesser Lifeform and managed to deal with a Divine Lifeform. That should be value something!"

Michael omitted that the Undead Pharaoh was crippled or that he had received aid from some extraordinarily powerful entities, but that should be fine. One way or another, Michael managed to defeat the Undead Pharaoh. He delivered the finishing blow. The Will would reward that under normal circumstances.

Fortunately, the Will was on his side. For once, Michael felt like he had obtained something valuable, such as a golden metal stamp and a small parchment.

Mots of light sparked around the metal stamp and the parchment as they landed on the Undead Pharaoh's corpse. Michael's eyes narrowed to a slit when he felt that True Extraction wouldn't be able to extract anything else other than the remaining curse power left within the corpse. He retracted True Extraction and picked up the golden metal stamp and the parchment.

"You can feast on the Undead Pharaoh's curse power. I do not need the corpse anymore," Michael allowed the Serpent and the Wolf to devour the remaining parts of the Undead Pharaoh. There was no need for the corpse anymore.

[He didn't even drop a Memory Orb. What a loss!] Danny commented, but Michael shook his head.

It would have been great to receive the Undead Pharaoh's memories. That was only obvious. However, Michael felt that the two items in his hands were perfect for him.

The golden metal stamp gazed faintly familiar. It wasn't big, but Michael's heart leaped out of his chest when he saw the symbol that could be stamped with it. It was a War Rune.

[Wait! Isn't that a Lord Seal?]

Michael nodded slowly, his smile widening even further.

[That's great.] Daniel Fang uttered in Michael's mind, but his excitement died down quickly

[But you won't make much if you sell it. Selling a 3-Star Soultrait Symbol will earn you several times the money offered for a Lord Rune. They're rare, but why are you so excited about it?]

Michael continued smiling, his eyes landing on the small parchment. It was old and didn't look like anything special at first glance.

However, everything changed after looking at the words written on the old parchment.

Claim Note – The Awakened who tears this note will be considered the rightful owner of Paradise Valley. All entities native to Paradise Valley and the Blazing Sand Mountain Range, Sacred Beasts included, will be amiable toward you and your forces.

The Lord Seal was amazing, but its true value could only be determined by combining it with the Claim Note.

It was perfect.

It was almost too beneficial to be true!

Chapter 765 Lord Of Paradise Valley

The Lord Seal and the Claim Note were an extraordinary combination. Michael could be acknowledged by the SacredBeast, who reigns over the mountain range. He wouldn't have an issue controlling Paradise Valley if he'd used the Lord Seal to transform it into his territory.

"What do you think? Should I use the Intermediate Summoning Gate properly starting today?" Michael asked while his attention remained on the Claim Note and the Lord Seal.

[You want to set up a Summoning Gate in the valley? Are you not busy enough with your territory in the Untamed Jungle?] Daniel asked, but Michael merely shrugged.

"Of course, I'm busy in the Untamed Jungle, but you told me enough about Paradise Valley to know that this place is worth it. Since the Primal Phoenix won't attack me, I will have no problem claiming the entire valley. The Undead Pharaoh got rid of all potential enemies. Not many were left after you and the other Lords died..."

Since it was possible to connect an Intermediate Summoning Gate to two Basic Summoning Gates, it wouldn't be an issue to create a second sub-territory in the Sacred Desert.

The Basic Summoning Gates could be used like the Intermediate Summoning Gate. There wouldn't be any difference.

Usually, multiple Summoning Gates were established when a Lord's territory expanded into a Dukedom. The Portal Attachment would be added to the Summoning Gate to allow all subjects connected to the Lord to teleport from one Summoning Gate to the others. Each teleportation cost a considerable amount of energy, but the price would be worth it as it would make traveling through large territories much easier.

The Portal Attachment was especially useful for warfare on multiple fronts.

But Michael didn't want to use the Summoning Gates like that. It would focus on teleportation arrays to transport his subjects through his territory while using the Summoning Gates for other purposes. Of course, teleportation arrays were more expensive to create and use than the Portal Attachment. Still, the increased energy consumption was a low price if he could use the Summoning Gates to create sub-territories in other regions.

The Sacred Desert's Paradise Valley was a secret region with various valuable resource deposits required to mass-produce teleportation arrays. Several business partners required the resources acquired within the Sacred Desert as well. Michael could procure them using his workforce to lower the production cost of the Sacred Desert's product. Improving the business cycle with an even lower budget wouldn't be an issue. That was perfect!

Only a few Lords would be daring enough to establish a second territory far from their main territory, but Michael was not afraid of enemies. In the first place, the Sacred Desert was almost void of enemies. Only a few Human Lords near the edge of the Sacred Desert were still alive. Some of them were somewhat 'powerful' but couldn't compare to Michael.

Now that the Undead Pharaoh was dead, only the Primal Phoenix was stronger than him. No other entity in the Sacred Desert should be able to hold a candle against him.

Michael could expand freely in the Sacred Desert for quite a while.

Even if trouble occurs in the future, Michael will be able to defeat the Monster Overlords and the Lords in the surrounding regions by utilizing the advantages of the Sacred Desert and the Untamed Jungle. Michael wasn't afraid of a good fight.

The corner of his lips curled upward.

[You can destroy the teleportation chambers leading to Paradise Valley before claiming it. If you do that, nobody will notice your presence in the Sacred Desert. After all, nobody should know that Paradise Valley exists.]

"Except for the family who betrayed you," Michael added, his expression changing slowly.

He tried controlling his emotions, but the anger boiling at the mere thought of the traitors was enough to enrage him. His brother was with Michael again, but everything would have been so much easier if Danny had never been betrayed.

[Don't bother about that family for now. You can find and punish them when you're a little bit stronger. Either way, it won't be long before you are strong enough to control High Society. If you persist like this, you'll be able to deal with the old Tier-6 powerhouses of High Society in a few years at most.]

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Michael didn't calm down instantly. He had to close his eyes and take a few deep breaths before his boiling anger subsided.

"Removing the Teleportation Chambers will severely affect my only routes into Paradise Valley and outside. I don't think I should do that," Michael murmured after he considered about Danny's proposal.

[That's not true. If the Sacred Beast, the Primal Phoenix, accepts you as the rightful owner of Paradise Valley is mentioned in the Claim Note, everything should be fine. You can establish a secure path through the Blazing Sand Mountain Range. The Primal Phoenix won't attack you or your subjects while

you're passing through the Blazing Sand Mountain Range while protecting the path from invaders. You can turn the Primal Phoenix into the Guardian of Paradise Valley!]

[You won't have to leave Paradise Valley for now, either. It will take a while to claim the entire valley and transform it into a properly working territory. Establishing a territory in the desert is a little bit harder than in the jungle. You might not struggle as much as I did since you won't have many enemies, but it won't be easy!]

It was interesting to see how quickly Danny changed his opinion. At first, his brother was skeptical, only to be convinced that creating a sub-territory in the Sacred Desert was the best possible choice.

What else would Michael do with the Lord Seal? Sell it? That would be wasteful. The Lord Seal and the Claim Note were incredibly valuable for Michael. The brothers doubted that High Society could afford to purchase the Claim Note and the Lord Seal. It was too valuable in their hearts.

"What do you think, World Serpent? Wolf Curse?" Michael inquired them lightly, ignoring that they crunched on the Undead Pharaoh's bones to suck him dry of curse power.

[Don't care. Please tell me when you tame the Primal Phoenix. I want to make fun of it.] The World Serpent replied, disinterested, whereas the Wolf Curse didn't even bother looking up from the Undead Pharaoh's corpse.

Michael didn't expect much from those two. He used Cosmic Stride to teleport high up into the sky, and he used Spirit Eyes to search for an intact Summoning Gate.

Since the Lord in Paradise Valley died roughly simultaneously, Michael had no problems finding an intact Summoning Gate nearby. Many Lords in Paradise Valley were killed before their Summoning Gate had been damaged.

Reactivating them was fairly simple as the Summoning Gate was intact, one Summoning Core was installed, and a Lord Seal was present.

Michael found a few Summoning Gates with inlaid Summoning Cores, but Spirit Eyes detected some damage in their interiors. Therefore, he removed their Summoning Cores and continued searching for a perfectly intact Summoning Gate.

It took him two hours to land on a small mountain of sand, the frame of a Summoning Gate peeking out of it. He unleashed a torrent of wind, stirring up the sand mountain and dispersing it into the surrounding area.

An intact Summoning Gate emerged from the mountain.

Spirit Eyes detected that there was no issue with the Summoning Gate. It merely missed a Summoning Core, which was solved quickly as Michael opened the hatched to the Summoning Gate to install all Summoning Cores – after purifying them thoroughly.

The Summoning Gate hummed soundly after the Summoning Cores had been installed.

It was time for Michael to become the Lord of Paradise Valley.

Chapter 766 2nd Territory

Michael retrieved the Lord Seal and glanced gently at it. He studied the small object briefly before channeling origin energy into it.

The bottom side of the metal stamp glowed dimly as it consumed Michael's energy. Faint threads of energy condensed around the War Rune Symbol. They expanded and tried moving to Michael's right hand.

Michael smiled faintly as he moved the Lord Seal to stamp his War Rune. The energy threads poured out of the Lord Seal and entered the War Rune. It entered the depth of Michael's War Rune and set up a connection with his War Rune. A strong pull attracted Michael's interest. He closed his eyes and entered his mindspace where the Soul Sphere and the Pillar of Light appeared before him.

The Soul Sphere levitated to Michael's side and made space for him to look properly at the Pillar of Light. A silverish-golden thread tried to pass by the Pillar of Light's barrier and enter it to get through the Essence of Michael's War Rune.

It didn't work well at first, but the silverish-golden thread penetrated the pillar's barrier, and a similar thread emerged on the other side. The second thread was much thicker and prominent. It was a thread of the Intermediate Summoning Gate's power, a fraction of Michael's Lord Power.

The Intermediate Summoning Gate's power sensed a familiar power and aided the Lord Seal's connecting thread to pass through the Pillar of Light's barrier. After that, the threads connected.

Since a Lord could only have one primary Summoning Gate, connecting the lower-ranked Summoning Gates to the primary Summoning Gate was necessary. This would put most pressure on the primary Summoning Gate, which was also the reason one couldn't connect Summoning Gates of the rank. If the primary summoning gate was linked to a Summoning Gate of the same rank, it would be damaged or shatter in the worst case.

The Lord Seal's thread attached to the Summoning Gate and Michael's Lord Powers. It was implanted deep into them and stimulated to grow roots inside Michael's Lord Power and the Intermediate Summoning Gate's links.

Michael gasped for air as a powerful tug pulled on his soul. The touch was eerily cold and spread through his entire being.

'So that is how it feels when Rogues and Adventurers retrieve their Lord Powers. Would they have issues with the Pillar of Light's barrier, or is that because I was already a Lord when I used the Lord Seal to create a second connection with another Summoning Gate? It would be quite cumbersome to get a second territory without the Intermediate Summoning Gate's power supporting the connecting link between the Gates.'

His eyes shot open, a grin plastering his face. He pulled closer to the intact but inactive Summoning Gate and bent to the ground. His hand grazed gently across the Summoning Gate's foundation. Michael lowered the Lord Seal and pressed it against a small indent in the foundation. The indent fit the Lord Seal perfectly. It pushed in smoothly as if it had been made for the Lord Seal to fit.

Michael smiled from one ear to the other as the other end of the Lord Seal's threads shot inside the intact Summoning Gate.

The Summoning Gate hummed quietly as the Lord Seal's threads spread through the Gate's foundation. They spread everywhere, attached to the Summoning Cores and the remaining parts of the Summoning Gate in no time.

Michael felt a faint connection building up with the intact Summoning Gate. It was still not active, but the remnants of energy within the Basic Summoning Gate were enough to establish a faint, almost inconspicuous connection.

The inconspicuous connection grew stronger as Lord Seal's power came into display. The golden metal stamp released waves of highly purified energy into the Summoning Gate. Every wave of energy leaving the Lord Seal inflicted a profound crack in the metal stamp. After the fifth burst of energy, the Lord Seal crumbled into countless pieces. It had been drained of the last bits of energy, fulfilling its purpose.
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The bursts of energy were intense enough to establish a proper connection between Michael and the Basic Summoning Gate. The connecting link grew thicker by consuming the massive amounts of energy entering its foundation.

The changes in the Gate's foundation stimulated it to hum more. The humming of a Basic Summoning Gate was equivalent to a suctioning force to the surrounding origin energy. The humming drew the origin energy out of the surroundings and sucked it inside the Summoning Gate, where it was used to thicken the connecting link to Michael.

After that, more origin energy was required to activate the Summoning Gate properly. That was the most expensive step in the re-awakening of most Lord Power. The activation of the Summoning Gate.

A Lord Seal was already expensive. It was probably one of the most expensive items with only a single rank and one purpose. However, the Lord Seal was usually still cheaper than the fortune that had to be invested to activate an inactive Summoning Gate. Fortunately, the Summoning Gate chosen by Michael was perfectly intact. It didn't have a single flaw and looked like it had never been used. That would lower the energy required to activate the inactive Basic Summoning Gate.

But Michael didn't think it was going to be cheap. He retrieved a bunch of Superior Energy Stones and fed them to the Summoning Gate, which responded with a thunderous hum. Michael's smile widened as the Gate's metal frame began to shine brightly. Origin energy gathered in the metal frame, where it would be altered, compressed, and fused into its individual properties.

Droplets of energy oozed out of the Summoning Gate's metal frame, but they didn't trickle to the ground. Instead, they were drawn to the center of the metal frame, where they congregated into the energy pool.

The number of energy droplets required to create the energy pool of the Summoning Gate was massive. Nonetheless, Michael had been certain that the purified energy of his Superior Energy Stones would be enough to complete the process rather quickly. Unfortunately, that was not the case. The Energy Stones crumbled faster than he could look, and the congregating of the energy pool ended suddenly.

Michael frowned deeply and procured more than a thousand Inferior Energy Stones. He fed them to the Summoning Gate, which buzzed to release the purified energy within the Inferior Energy Stones and suck them inside.

'That better be enough. I wasn't planning for such expenses!' Michael cursed quietly in his mind. He had more than enough Energy Stones in his War Rune storage, but they were his stockpile for the breakthrough to Tier-4. The ascension to a Higher Lifeform was far from cheap. No matter how Michael looked at it, he would have to store tremendous energy to break the barrier to ascend to a Higher Lifeform.

His Soul Sphere and Soultrait Symbols wouldn't lower the energy requirements to ascend to a Higher Lifeform. If anything, they increased his expenses tens of times.

He would have to spend more wealth on his ascension than dozens of Lords would have to spend on theirs combined.

Even though Michael complained about his expenses, he grinned brightly as the Summoning Gate sucked his Energy Stones dry.

Finally, the energy pool formed within the Summoning Gate.

Michael acquired his second territory!

Chapter 767 Weakened

Shortly after the Undead Pharaoh died, the situation all over the Savannah Region changed drastically.

The Undead forces didn't crumble or turn into dust, but something about them changed. All Undead within the Sacred Desert seemed to slow down. Their smooth movements across the desert sand transformed into sloppy strides. Their powerful attacks were no more. They were replaced by weakened attacks that lacked accuracy. "The Undead's martial power halved!" Zeke bellowed, his eyes squinting into tiny slits when he felt that the resistance to Eye of Illusion's illusions decreased drastically. He upped his game and expanded the range of his Legacy Arts to control more Giant Ghoul Serpents before doing the same with Puppeteer. At least, he was trying to do the same.

Zeke quickly noticed that putting the Undead into an illusion was only easier. Controlling their corpses didn't change much. The only thing that changed considerably was that their corpses were still as powerful as before. Only the moving Undead had grown weaker in every possible way. 2

Lincoln burst across the desert sand with terrifying velocity, overflowing with joy. He emerged before an Anubirat and punched a hole into his abdomen with a single strike.

"Yeap. Even the Guardian Statues are weaker than before," He shouted to the others before releasing a large earthen spike from his palm, crushing the Abnurat's wolf-like head.

Lincoln changed his target and stared at one of the towering Bone Titans. His expression turned serious.

"A weakened Higher Lifeform should be feasible," He murmured, channeling more energy into Stone Giant and Draconic Transformation. A mighty roar reverberated through his lungs and escaped his lips as his body expanded.

Zeke and the others watched as Lincoln's form changed drastically. He transformed into a five-meter-tall bipedal Earth Dragon.

"What the hell," Zeke cursed aloud when the Bone Titan and Lincoln clashed. They crashed heavily into each other and beat each other with brute force rather than techniques.

At least, that was what it looked like at first glance. The Bone Titan drilled his bony fists into Lincoln before headbutting his Earth Dragon form with as much force as possible. Lincoln transformed his head using Stone Giant. He added spikes and horns to his head before the Bone Titan headbutted him.

The result was more than pleasant. The Bone Titan's head smashed heavily into the earthen spikes that scrapped across its skull. It didn't look like much, but there was a tiny line on the Bone Titan's skull. It was a minuscule crack.

The Bone Titan didn't feel any pain, and it didn't think about its injuries either. It was an emotionless creature that died thousands of years ago. Not the slightest speck of a soul was left within it. It merely walked with the remnants of the tremendous power that had been cast upon it to resurrect it.

The Bone Titan tried to grasp Lincoln's shoulders tightly before pulling him apart with brute force, but Lincoln dissolved a portion of his left shoulder before the Bone Titan could do anything to him. He transformed the hardened stone into tiny grains of soil until the Bone Titan's hands passed through his shoulder. After that, Lincoln compressed the grains once again before hardening his shoulder to release a few mighty punches to the Bone Titan's ribcage.

"That bastard. He's actually doing it!" Zeke's eyes widened in shock. He was bewildered and nearly lost control of Eye of Evolution and Puppeteer. Fortunately, he regained his composure fast enough to maintain in charge of a bunch of Giant Ghouls and their corpses.

He focused on the task ahead again and decided to continue to control the Giant Ghouls to push forward and bulldoze the weakened Undead forces. Since he couldn't deal much damage to beings at a much higher rank than him with his Soultraits, Zeke had to pull back and kill the masses of enemies. Instead.

On the other hand, Kaleb could defeat the strongest enemies on the battlefield now that they've grown weaker.

However, instead of blindly charging ahead, he fought calmly and focused on managing his stamina and energy reserves.

He might have a 7-Star Soultrait alongside a newly acquired 4-Star Soultrait, but he couldn't waste his precious energy and Soul Power to kill Undead Summons with an overkill. Elemental Summon was

definitely worth the energy it consumed slowly and steadily, but even the weakest icicle of Frozen Nova was too much to kill a single Undead Summon.

Therefore, Kaleb decided to lower his energy consumption with the Legendary Ice Staff he'd obtained from his father a while ago to maintain the Elemental Summon as long as possible while simultaneously fighting as the Elemental Summon's aid. The Glacier Golem was a perfect vanguard. It charged ahead and squashed the weakest forces while slowing the stronger Undead forces to give Kaleb the opportunity to kill them with one precise attack.

The other Awakened were also high in spirits. Now that the Undead were much weaker than they used to be, everyone's confidence skyrocketed. They were more comfortable with charging ahead to kill a few Undead. After all, every slain Undead would reward them handsomely. Not only would the Academies and Universities reward Merits, but they would also gain energy influxes and the loot generated by the Will. The Undead forces were still considered monsters by the Will, after all!

After being pushed back for so long in the Sacred Desert, everyone was high in spirit now that the tables had turned. They unleashed their Soultraits and martial arts to kill as many enemies as possible. Of course, the battle didn't end easily. There were still decently strong Undead spread throughout the Sacred Desert, and the Undead's number didn't suddenly deteriorate either.

Tens of millions of Undead were still spread throughout the Sacred Desert. Killing all of them would take weeks, maybe even months. Of course, nobody complained about that. The Undead were walking treasure troves now that they were weaker than ever!

A grand total of six hours after the Undead Pharaoh died, an interesting guest appeared in the Sacred Desert. Killian Zeus emerged from his Runic Gate to reach out with his helping hand.

The moment he arrived in the Sacred Desert, he expected to be thrown into a fierce battle, but he found himself surrounded by corpses and destroyed Undead cores.

"Am I too late? Father said the Sacred Desert was on the verge of destruction, but that doesn't look like it. If anyone, the Undead are the ones who're getting destroyed. That's weird. Father's information network isn't that slow."

Killian tilted his head. His family had given him a high-ranked teleportation token to rescue the desperate Lords in the Sacred Desert. He was supposed to be their savior in desperate times. From the looks of it, someone else had already taken that job.

Now that Killian had thought about it, it was a little bit embarrassing. He flushed a little but was glad nobody was there to see him arrive late.

'Good thing Father never tried to do a PR stunt with my 'selfless rescue.' In the first place, why is everyone in

Olympus so focused on acting like they're heroes? They waited way too long to give me that damn teleportation token. I just wanted to help-.....!

His thoughts were interrupted as the sound of combat reached his ear.

"Since I'm too late...I might as well make use of it."

It was time for Killian Zeus to test a bunch of stuff, including the upgraded version of his Legacy Arts. After all, he had two Soultraits to combine.

Lightning shrouded Killian Zeus as he bolted toward the combat sounds. He transformed into a purple flash and joined the battle against the remaining Undead. It was not like the Sacred Desert was missing any Undead.

There were still close to 100,000,000 Undead left roaming the Sacred Desert. They might be weaker than they used to be, but that didn't mean their numerical advantage disappeared.

Killian Zeus didn't know that the Undead were weaker than before, but he was aware of their numerical advantage.

That was what excited him the most. He hoped his battles would push him to the verge of death and force him to break his limits. That was the reason he came to the Sacred Desert. His Father and the other members of Olympus didn't matter. Surpassing his limits and growing stronger was what actually mattered!

Otherwise, how was he supposed to defeat a monster like

Michael Fang once he ascended to a Higher Lifeform?!

Chapter 768 The Nest And The Monster

The situation in the Sacred Desert wasn't the only one that changed.

Eren sat cross-legged in the middle of space somewhere in the Lunar Stellar System, thinking about the recent events with the Supreme Human Alliance, his encounter with Michael, and the fact that Michael had not only control over two Curses but that both Curses had already awakened even before he ascended to a Higher Lifeform.

'I wonder if throwing him into the Sacred Desert was too much. Eevee mentioned that the Curses in the Origin Expanse have gotten stronger in the last few years. The Will must be overwhelmed dealing with the imbalance of the Origin.'

He shook his head and sighed deeply. His eyes shut tightly, and he drifted in pace, pondering the future steps. It had been a rushed decision to leave the Nest, but Eren was confident it had been the best choice. Something terrible would have happened if he'd deployed someone else to check on Evalynn and the Hellbound Cataclysm. Bloodhound might be considered a relatively weak Divine Lifeform, but he was one of the few Hyumans with the oldest bloodline.

The majority of his power didn't originate from his War Rune or Soultrait. It stemmed from his blood. He was the child of one of the oldest human races. Even among Hyumans, Bloodhound was one of the purest.

Many Hyumans ended up breeding with other human races. That wasn't frowned upon and was very common, unlike interracial breeding, which was punished with execution in the Supreme Human Alliance. Nonetheless, the offspring of Hyumans would grow weaker after breeding with a younger human race. The difference was not apparent, but it was existent. The changes would be more obvious thousands of generations later, especially upon using the Primordial Bloodline technique.

Using the Primordial Bloodline technique was still possible, showcasing that they were purely Hyumans or mixed with Humans. Still, only pureblooded Hyumans like Bloodhound could unleash Primordial Bloodline's true power.

Fortunately, Bloodhound was scared of Eren. He didn't want to die just yet, otherwise, the Lunar Stellar System might have ceased to exist. That wasn't within Eren's plans since destroying an entire stellar system connected to origin energy would affect the events within the Origin Expanse. The influence of a single stellar system wasn't tremendous, but it would affect the Origin Expanse.

When his bracelet lit up, a myriad of thoughts flashed through Eren's mind. A tiny spark lit up from the bracelet, shrouding Eren in a gray membrane that transformed quickly into a bubble.

Eren lifted an eyebrow and accepted the call. Countless mots of light burst out of the bracelet, forming the outlines of a familiar woman who appeared before him. The woman had a small face and a feisty wolf-cut that highlighted her silver hair beautifully. Her emerald eyes stared intently at Eren, still drifting in space.

"I will never understand why you're out there in space doing...whatever you're doing. I don't really get it," The woman said, straightening her white blazer. She wore her uniform pridefully. The crisp blazer had been tailored to perfection. It fit her better than any clothes she owned and was also more comfortable. But the comfort might as well come from the blouse that added a formality to her set of clothes.

Lastly, her skirt completed her uniform, granting the final touch to the perfect ensemble.

To highlight her uniform, the woman wore striped ties, meticulously knotted, lending her appearance a sophisticated dash.

"And I will never understand why you're still wearing this shitty uniform. It has been centuries – no. Millennials since we fini–..."

"Shut up!" The woman commanded, pointing at Eren, who shook his head in denial.

It was a matter of fact that her clothes clung perfectly to her figure, highlighting her well-trained body and extraordinary figure, but wearing the same set of clothes—multiple sets of clothes—over and over for more than a thousand years was overkill.

The uniform didn't look that good.

"Evee, I just thought about you," Eren greeted her with a flat smile, trying to change the topic before Evee sent a barrage of missiles his way. They wouldn't kill him, but Evee could sometimes be...hard to predict.

"Keep that nonsense to yourself," Evee snorted, "This is important."

lightsNovel com Eren raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything. He turned more severe and stopped floating mindlessly in space. His expression changed at once as he gestured Evee to proceed.

"You know no one was stationed near the Sacred Desert, right? The long-distance radars were faulty. They picked up multiple sources of curse power in the Sacred Desert...but it was only one. I researched the Sacred Desert and surrounding regions and found some interesting facts about our Curse." Evee stopped there. She stared at Eren, who frowned deeply.

"Continue," He said, his expression showing clearly that he was not in the mood for jokes right now.

'Something was wrong. Why did I tell him to kill the Curse?'

"You are no fun at all!" Evee pouted, only to be glared at, "Okay. Okay. Our Curse is probably the strongest Pharaoh of the Second Epoch. He ruled the Sacred Desert and some surrounding regions for a few hundred years. It has been a while, but we have some pretty nasty information about the Undead Pharaoh. He experimented with Corruption and Curses when he was alive."

Eren frowned deeply.

"But that is not even the worst. From what the long-distance radars, the Ancient Curse Spheres, detected, we can be certain that the Undead Pharaoh has enough curse power to rival Nest's Commanders easily, or he managed to procure a Cursed Artifact, one of the stronger ones. If it's the latter, the Undead Pharaoh is probably at the 5th Tier and way too strong for a Cursed Child to deal with. No matter how powerful this Michael Fang is...you send him on a suicide mission."

Eren paled visibly. He clenched his fists and didn't notice that his fingers had transformed into silver claws. The claws dug deep into his palms even as he began to bleed in streams.

"Funnily enough," Evee's expression lit up, "Your little Michael Fang is a diamond in the rough. No. I don't know if we should call him that. Monster probably fits a little bit better."

"What do you mean?" Eren inquired, his expression still sour and filled with guilt.

"Your little guy from that backwater galaxy managed to kill the Undead Pharaoh! His Curses are either on a higher rank than you've reported, or they're even firmer fused with his Soul than they should be. If it's the latter, you'll have to deal with the issue before it's untreatable. The Ancient Curse Spheres detected the presence of two mighty Curses right before the Undead Pharaoh died. There was something odd about one of the Curses. Its presence was too 'active' to be a Curse, but we can check that later when this Monster comes to the Nest.

Eren's expression lit up.

Michael was alive. That was good.

A moment later, his expression turned eerily dim again. "You could have told me that he killed the Undead Pharaoh right away. Why did you—... No, don't tell me. You fooled me."

Evee smiled from one ear to the other.

"Yes, I did~. Either way, bring that kid to the Nest. If he can kill a crippled Divine Lifeform, who has either more power than Commanders or wields powerful Cursed Artifacts, he can do a lot more after undergoing some proper training. He will blossom and become a true powerhouse once he leaves the backwater galaxy!"lightsnovel

"He will be worse than his sister," Eren smiled, still relieved.

"Hesta? I hope Michael beats the shit out of his sister in no time. She deserves some beating!"

Eren chuckled but shook his head.

"I doubt he'll be able to beat Hesta Fang anytime soon. Is that everything you want to tell me, or is there more?"

Evee lifted an eyebrow and stared at Eren through the projection.

"You want to hear more? Isn't it enough to hear that this freaky little kid, a Lesser Lifeform, was strong enough to kill a Divine Lifeform, crippled or not?"

"If you say it like this, it sounds like I'm greedy," Eren murmured. He gave it a shrug, "So there is no news about Bloodhound and the Supreme Human Alliance? They haven't been making a move in the Origin Expanse or the Cosmos?"

"You don't want to know additional about your future disciple? Well, that's fine. You should do your research. It's quite annoying for me to use my Soultrait alongside the Seer Curse. This kid drains more curse power to get a glimpse of him than most brats I've investigated. But that's not the point. You wanted to know what's going on with Bloodhound, right?"

Eren rolled his eyes. Evee was an extreme case of a chatterbox. Unfortunately, she didn't know when to keep it short. It was almost like that was impossible for her.

"There is no news about Bloodhound. Since I cannot even see him with my Soultrait, he is probably still in a coma. It will probably take a while before he wakes up. Maybe he won't wake up before the portal is done. You can return with Michael and Evalynn before Bloodhound and the Supreme Human Alliance stir any more trouble."

"That will be hard. Since Bloodhound managed to get to this place, additional people will come, even if it's merely to hunt down the Berserkers and Warlock Centaurs. Michael understands that as well. He might be foolish enough to stay back."

Evee shrugged, "I know how convincing you can be. Just convince him to come with you to the Nest. He can rip Soultraits out of Awakened and form them into stable orbs. We can fight for him if he provides the Nest with enough Soultraits."

Eren sighed, "I should talk to the other Commanders soon or the Leader. Maybe the Leader knows what to do with Michael and the Tritan Alliance. I'm tired of leaving other races behind. I don't want to witness the Supreme Human Alliance extinction of additional races. I'm getting sick and tired of them!"

A deep growl escaped his lips alongside a thunderous roar. Evee smiled sadly at Eren for a moment before slapping her cheeks.

"Let's not think about this for now. The Supreme Human Alliance has been less active recently. We discovered another human race, Fera did, to be precise. She managed to protect some lesser races from Searon and managed to kill him!" Evee exclaimed trying to lift Eren's mood.

Her attempt worked out fairly decent. Eren smiled at Evee's projection.

"The deals with the Thorn family are doing fine as well, and we found a few additional races with territories in unique regions in the Origin Expanse. We managed to strike great deals with them. However, we had to give them some Origin Sap in exchange. The Leader was not too happy about that, but it's fine. We gained a lot more than we had to pay."

"That leads us to the bigger issues," Evee sighed deeply. We need additional powerhouses. Our forces are exceptional. We are one of the strongest forces in the southern parts of the cosmos, but we are simply too few. We need to expand our forces. Shouldn't we accept more people instead of relying on Curse Users only?"

"Didn't we talk about that already, Evee? You know as well as I do that Curse Users are pursued by misfortune wherever they go. Only other Curse Users are unaffected by the influence of other Curses."

"You might have forgotten about it since it has been so long since anyone close to you has been affected by the influence of Curses, but it's pretty obvious over here. Bloodhound came and killed the leader of the Warlock Centaurs because of a Curse User. Of course, that could have been a coincidence, but the Undead Pharaoh is not a coincidence. He wouldn't have been resurrected if Evalynn had never hidden her children from the Nest."

Eren shrugged slowly, "There are probably far additional instances in which misfortune struck Michael and his brother, but they survived almost all of them. Michael wouldn't be strong enough to defeat the Undead Pharaoh if misfortune hadn't pursued him so desperately."

Michael had grown powerful quickly, but he also escaped death multiple times. That was the fate of all Curse Users and those unfortunate enough to be around them.

"I hope Michael accepts his fate. He should come with you as soon as the anchors are installed. Otherwise, the people he loves will suffer." Eevee mumbled, faintly recalling occurrences of the past she'd long forgotten.

Eren sighed deeply as well.

Michael might be strong enough to handle all kinds of misfortunes, but his beloved wasn't.