

Extract 822

Chapter 822 Hubs

The woman dropped dead to the ground. A Peak Tier-5 powerhouse died just like that.

The man, who'd sensed something before the silver blast emerged, shuddered. His eyes widened in terror as he looked at the silver-haired man, his legs quivering slightly.

Eren returned the man's gaze while his extensive leathery wings retracted slowly.

"H-How dare you attack us?! We are professors of the Saphirelake Military Academy! I demand answers!" The man, apparently a professor, declared through the fear that had rooted deep inside him.

Eren cocked an eyebrow, which wasn't taken great by the professor, "I will arrest you for murdering one of our precious professors!"

Even though Eren tried to maintain his expression, the professor's words made him snort.

"I don't think so."

It didn't matter who the men and women shivering opposite him were. Eren couldn't care less about their occupation, their background, or whatever they deemed important enough to mention. The only thing he wanted to do was to follow Michael's wish and Nest's dogmas.

The Supreme Human Alliance's members and their devout followers had to be killed on sight.

The human professors might not be devout followers of the Supreme Human Alliance at first glance. Still, a short appraisal of the Human, Berserker, and Warlock Centaur corpses was enough to tell that they had been slaughtered mercilessly. There weren't any marks determining that the victims defended themselves. They had been too weak to do so.

The professors slaughtered the students of the Saphirelake Military Academy.

"To think that some of the strongest youths of the younger generation die like this, slaughtered by their professors." Eren sighed deeply.

"Who the hell are yo—..." The professor demanded more answers, but Eren sealed his lips — forever.

He released a droplet of silver energy at high speed at the man, piercing his forehead instantaneously. The man collapsed to the ground. He didn't even writhe in pain or flinch. Death came to pick him up before he crashed onto the ground.

If Eren could believe their words, the other professors scattered and ran at full speed. They tried to increase their chance of survival by splitting up. It was their misfortune to encounter Eren. He released a few more silver droplets, which pierced through the back of their heads, killing all but one of the fleeing professors.

Eren kept the strongest — right after the man and the woman he'd killed first — alive.

He appeared before the man, punched him firmly in the stomach, and high-kicked his face when he doubled over in pain. Eren used too much force in his kick, nearly breaking the man's neck on the spot.

"To think that someone as weak as you managed to become a teacher. Whatever...you owe me some answers," Eren declared lightly, bending down to the writhing man, who screamed loud enough to attract the attention of many. Fortunately, Eren didn't care too much about the attention lingering on him.

"Are you working for someone else, or did the Supreme Human Alliance give you guys all orders?" Eren asked, one of his hands transforming into elongated claws. They looked razor-sharp and caressed faintly across the young professor's cheeks, cutting through his skin.

Eren didn't even have to try to injure the professor. His physique's refinement degree wasn't all that great. It was too low to stay unmarked as the dragon claw brushed past his cheeks.

The young professor's lips parted to say something, but no word escaped his lips.

"That is the wrong answer," Eren grumbled.

He wasn't known for his great patience—he had never been. Maybe it was possible to train one's patience, but Eren never bothered. Being patient wasn't his style.

His elongated claws pulled back and brushed past the young professor's arm, cutting off his sleeves. The claws cut into his arm as well, drawing several red lines across his biceps.

"I will cut your arm off next. Answer my question, or suffer until you're close to death. Once you are on the verge of death, I will heal you up and torture you again. I will repeat the process until your spirit is destroyed and you wish you could have died with the others."

Eren's voice was calm, too calm. His serenity spread and transformed into eerie cold flushing into the young professor, whose eyes widened in horror.

"T-the Blaze family! The Blaze family rallied everyone against the Tritan Alliance's supporters! We were promised treasures and high positions in the Supreme Human Alliance as long as we followed their orders. They have given us rewards already. The Supreme Human Alliance has many unique techniques, and we received some of them..." The young professor proceeded telling Eren everything he knew, but the man sounded more like a yapping child.

He couldn't listen to the professor anymore. Ten minutes of non-stop talking was too much, even more so since there hadn't been any more useful pieces of information ten seconds into the yapping session.

Eren ended that nonsense with a wave of his claw. The professor's head slid from his neck and landed on the ground with a resounding thud.

"It doesn't matter whose orders you followed," Eren murmured.

The only reason he asked whether the professors were working for someone else or if the SHA gave them all orders was to find out whether he could remove the root of the Tritan Alliance problems with a single pull or if he would have to cleanse the entire Tritan Alliance of devout followers.

The response was simple. The Blaze family received significant sponsorship from the Supreme Human Alliance, which they have been using to convert various powerhouses. They were bribed and pulled to the Blaz family's side and given enough resources to submit to them.

That was the intel he procured from the yapping professor. Of course, there could be more.

"I need more information," Eren mumbled before making his move. He had to research more.

Eren didn't know much about the Tritan Alliance and its network. They weren't as technologically advanced as the Nest and most other places he'd been, but putting one and one together wasn't overly difficult.

Eren procured a crystal watch from one of the professors he'd killed. Accessing the crystal watch was a little annoying, but Eren recalled some tips and tricks from his daughter. He used them and managed to access Skynet. Of course, Skynet wouldn't help him find all the traitors, but it was enough to find pictures of the Blaze family members and recent news about them.

Once he procured some useful pieces of information, Eren was interrupted by an old man.

"You are the one who brought Michael to the Nest, if I'm not mistaken..." The old man said, his eyes drifting to the bodies of students and professors, "You didn't kill the students, did you?"

Eren tilted his head. He couldn't recall the old man, but something about him attracted Eren's curiosity.

"These professors killed their students. Apparently, the Blaze family ordered them to do so. You are not with the Blaze family, right?"

The old man chuckled, "I hope the Blaze family will wither in hell. They transformed the Tritan Alliance into a big mess."

He sighed deeply, "I'm Kraft Viton. I instructed Michael a little bit in the past. How is he doing?"

Eren nodded slowly, understanding dawning upon him.

"I'm Eren, Eren Long. It's nice getting to know you," He introduced himself, the corner of his lips curling upward.

"Are you up for some face-slapping? The SHA is in dire need of some lecturing."