

Supreme Lord 10

Chapter 10: Hero Summon

"Master is so lucky. This is wonderful!" Tiara exclaimed excitedly, clapping her hands like a seal while her tail swished around excitedly.

'Is she that excited for me?' Michael wondered, unable to hide his smile either.

He had yet to get fully accustomed to a life as a Lord with territory in a wild and untamed world, but he knew that a Seven-Star Summon was equivalent to a sure-shot ticket to power and prosperity.

Michael was happy, of course. Why wouldn't he be? However, something bothered him.

He couldn't put his finger on it but he had a weird feeling that something was amiss.

Meanwhile, the War Rune on the back of his hand glowed faintly. A connection was formed between Michael and his new Summon. The connection made him feel as if someone touched his soul gently. It was warm and soothing.

'Is that how the Link of Loyalty feels like?' He wondered before his mind blanked out as the Hero stepped out of the energy pool of the Summoning Gate.

Wielding a silver spear and wearing black leather armor, the Heroic Summon stood tall and proud in front of the Gate.

His gaze traveled across the clearing calmly, taking in his surroundings, until his dark eyes landed on Michael. The corners of the Hero's lips curled up and he began to move toward him.

"I am Cleave Fenrir, but you can just call me Fenrir. Let me be of your service, my Lord!" The Hero, Fenrir, introduced himself with a polite smile. He bowed his head in front of Michael.

However, Michael had yet to regain his senses.

'So that is a Hero? My first summoned subject?'

Fenrir had long black hair tied back into a man bun, dark eyes that seemed to analyze everything in the surrounding, and a well-trained physique that had been tempered over the course of years.

Cleave Fenrir was certainly a powerhouse, even though his Tier had been reset after the resurrection.

His presence was enough to make Michael's hair stand up on its end. Fenrir was the one bowing to Michael, yet he felt like he was the prey while Fenrir was the predator waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike.

'Most heroes are flashy or overwhelmingly confident in their capabilities which makes most Lords face difficulties in controlling them, but it looks like this one is not a show-off and not too full of himself. He knows what he is capable of but he doesn't seem to be arrogant. Did he enter the Origin Expanse just for the excitement and adrenaline rush a fantasy world can provide? How long has it been since he died? What did he achieve?'

Michael had never heard about the Fenrir Family, or any famous personality called Cleave Fenrir. That was a little odd because he had researched most families to know what they were capable of, in case he summoned one of their deceased ancestors.

'Is he a self-made powerhouse with a powerful Soultrait? Or was his family purged? Well...not that it matters right now...'

The name Fenrir pulled some strings in his mind. It was as if he should have known Cleave Fenrir. That was a little weird, but it was not too out of the ordinary.

'There are many well-known figures in the human races...though most of them die miserably. I might have heard about him in passing when I searched the forum and read books about the myths of mankind'

Michael chose not to dwell on it for long. He didn't want to waste his time overthinking either way. It was great that he had summoned a Heroic Summon and that the Summon seemed to be loyal to him as

well. However, he was still a new Lord, who had yet to find out anything about his territory! Michael wanted to change that as soon as possible!

"My name is Michael. I hope you don't feel offended that I summoned you," He introduced himself calmly.

It was important to gauge the reaction of his subjects after he mentioned he was the reason of their resurrection. Some might hate him for being summoned, while others would feel relieved and happy. However, at the end of the day, his subjects would feel a certain degree of loyalty and protectiveness toward him because of the Link of Loyalty.

That meant they were unlikely to attack him even if they hated him for resurrecting them as his subjects.

Gaining his subjects' trust and unwavering loyalty wasn't easy either. Thus, he had to figure out more about them to make sure that his subjects, including Fenrir, would be willing to fight for him and his territory without any qualms.

If his subjects weren't willing to work hard, his territory would never prosper. Furthermore, what was the use of a high military might if nobody listened to his commands?

It may seem far-fetched for a new Lord like Michael to bother thinking about the loyalty of his subjects to such a high degree, but he felt that it was very important. He had read more than enough reports about subjects rioting in their Lord's territory, overthrowing his rule, and executing their Lord.

Just thinking about it was enough to make him shudder and make goosebumps appear all over his body.

Fenrir lifted his head after hearing Michael's introduction. He looked at the young man for a few seconds and stepped back.

"How may I be of your service?" Cleave asked while maintaining his disciplined stance.

His attitude changed a little, which made it seem as if Fenrir had accepted his Lord as a superior existence.

Michael nodded his head in response to this change in attitude. It would be great if the Hero's loyalty would increase rapidly.

"The protection barrier around my territory will be sustained for the next ten days. Scout the surrounding area and bait monsters close to the barrier. Hunt them down while using the barrier's protection to the fullest. You should be able to increase your Tier and rank much faster doing so," Michael ordered after a moment of consideration.

Fenrir nodded his head before he left to complete the mission.

'His responsiveness is a little slow but that should be solved once his loyalty increases. He won't question my commands anymore by then.'

Michael's eyes were glued on Fenrir's retreating figure. He watched the Heroic Summon intently as gusts of wind brushed past Fenrir.

'Well, he certainly looks like a powerhouse. He has charisma and presence.'

Shaking his head, Michael decided to wait until Fenrir returned with his first prey. He chose to focus more on the connection that had been built between him and the Hero.

"The Link of Loyalty is not strong. No wonder Lords have to pay attention to their subject's actions," Michael mumbled aloud, still thinking about the possibility of his subjects executing him if he was to do something extremely stupid.

"All summons will be connected to their Lord's War Rune. This way, you can perceive your subjects' strength and loyalty more easily, Master!" Tiara explained, thinking that Michael didn't know much about the Link of Loyalty.

She was tailing him like a shadow since he emerged from the Gate, and she intended to continue to stay by his side. That was her task as the Lord's maid!

Michael nodded his head faintly after hearing her as understanding dawned upon him.

'So that's how it is.'

He looked at Tiara for a second or two and tilted his head. She seemed to realize something and gasped in shock. The sound of her hurried footsteps reached his ears and the next moment, Michael found Tiara grasping his right hand tightly before she closed her eyes.

His War Rune began to glow, and Michael felt a link slowly forming between them. It was much stronger than the connection with Cleave Fenrir, and the link seemed to pulsate as well.

'Why is her link firmer and stronger?'

His eyes flicked in the direction the Heroic Summon had disappeared in before he diverted his attention back to Tiara.

The glowing rune on the back of her right hand attracted his attention.

'Fenrir doesn't have a War Rune because he is now considered a native. Doesn't that mean Tiara is not a native of the Origin Expanse? How was she chosen as my maid? That's weird...'

Creating a Link of Loyalty with both Cleave Fenrir and Tiara increased his strength. Precisely, it increased the power of his Soultrait. It was only a minuscule increase in its efficiency, but Michael could still feel it.

'That explains why Lords' Soultraits are much stronger than the Soultrait of Adventurers. The explanations always sounded weird, but it makes sense, I guess...'

After his new findings, only half an hour passed before Fenrir returned, dragging a bloody body behind him.

"I got one."