

Supreme Lord 16

Chapter 16 Bloody Lunch

The moment Michael saw the dark-purple hue shrouding Fenrir's silver spear, he knew that it was over.

Fenrir might not recall all of his memories, but the fact that he used the wicked Spear Arts turned him into a much bigger problem than the monsters outside the protection barrier could be

As long as Fenrir was given enough time to grow stronger, nobody inside his territory would be able to handle the Seven-Star summon.

Michael was trying to come up with a foolproof way to solve the entire mess now that he had found out that the worst-case scenario came true but that was easier said than done.

He was trying hard to chat lightly with Fenrir. Fortunately, Fenrir was not talkative. After a few attempts to strike up a conversation, Michael gave up. He was more likely to mess up and make some mistakes because his nerves were preventing him from thinking straight, either way.

Both Fenrir and Michael carried one of the Gem Jaguar corpses each to the clearing. Tiara saw them and waved excitedly. She was a little surprised to see that there were two corpses but didn't think too much about it. It was only obvious that Fenrir would become stronger the more monsters he killed. The energy influx he received from killing a Tier-1 Monster was not little, and he was a Seven-Star Summon.

His basic combat prowess was already terrifyingly high in the first place. After adding the physical enhancement, he received for every monster he killed, it was only a matter of time before he could leave the protection barrier to go out and hunt.

'This is good news,' Tiara thought.

"Lunch is ready. Take as much as you want, master," She told Michael before turning to Fenrir, "Don't hesitate to eat your fill. You need to keep your energy level up, otherwise, you may end up exhausted and make a big mistake. You didn't even have breakfast this morning!"

Tiara lectured Fenrir, but he simply ignored her. He sat down on a small wooden stool, which Michael had created by experimenting a lot with his new Soultrait, and put the spear aside. His stomach rumbled, and Fenrir felt like he could eat a whole pig. He hadn't expected to encounter so many monsters this morning and regretted not having had a full breakfast.

Tiara frowned upon noticing that Fenrir ignored her once again. She looked helplessly over to Michael, who kept smiling. The day before, Michael was like a starving wolf, gobbling the food she had prepared for them. However, today he seemed a little different. He didn't even eat a lot this morning.

Wasn't he a glutton? Was she mistaken?

After thinking about it for a few seconds, Tiara gave it a shrug. She concluded that maybe pondering a lot over the progress of the territory caused him not to feel too hungry.

Fenrir picked up one of the thick sticks Tiara had used to grill the meat above the campfire. He took a bite of the juicy grilled meat, and it was as if his tastebuds exploded.

Was it possible for Tier-1 meat to taste that good? Fenrir doubted his taste buds, but he devoured the meat sticking to the spear, ensuring he did not leave even a tiny bit. Still nibbling on the remnants of meat hanging on the wooden handle, Fenrir picked up a second one.

"Oh? This is much better than I expected..." He said looking at Tiara while continuing to eat. However, before he could finish his sentence, a bright light shone upon him as if something was glinting brightly in the sun on his left.

At first, Fenrir didn't think too much about it because Michael was sitting to his left. Michael didn't have a reason to attack his own subject, forget about his only Heroic Summon, whom he needed desperately, to begin with.

Furthermore, this pushover of a Lord was not even in possession of a weapon. There was no way that the bubbly, kind pushover could do something to him.

But that was a gross underestimation, something Fenrir realized way too late when a nagging thought popped up in his mind.

'What item in Michael's possession could reflect sunlight? There shouldn't be anything like that...right?' He wondered.

When his head turned to the left, Michael was already in front of him, the tip of a longsword right in front of his face, inching closer mercilessly.

Fenrir's eyes widened and his instincts kicked in. He tried to evade the sudden attack, but he was too late. His hands moved upward to block the attack, only to realize that the silver spear was still resting on the ground where he had set aside to have food and that he was only holding two wooden sticks.

Gritting his teeth, Fenrir tried to launch a counterattack as a dark-purple hue burst from his hands, enveloping the wooden sticks. Even if it was not possible to properly block the attack, his physical strength and instincts ought to be much stronger than Michael's. His refinement degree was much higher than Michael's, after all!

It should be possible to change the trajectory of the fast-approaching blade!

However, the moment Tigerfang's tip pierced the dark-purple hue, Fenrir's expression distorted into an ugly grimace.

'How can he be so strong?' He cursed in his mind.

What Fenrir didn't know was that Tigerfang was an Epic Artifact, enhancing Michael's strength and perception drastically. But even without the enhancement, the blade's sharpness was enough to easily cut through the thin layer of dark-purple hue and sticks without slowing down.

At that moment, Tigerfang's tip sunk deep into Fenrir's throat.

Splash!

Fenrir's eyes widened in shock.

Earlier, Michael didn't smile vibrantly but plastered a fake smile on his face because he had to. Fenrir had indeed been using the wicked Spear Arts of the Calamity and Michael was simply waiting for the right opportunity to strike.

He was the Calamity or would have become one soon!

Twisting the blade tip in Fenrir's throat, Michael bit down on his trembling lips hard, making them bleed while his shaking arm pushed the blade deeper into his opponent.

Meanwhile, as the life in Fenrir's eyes dispersed slowly, a single thought flashed through his mind over and over again.

'Why?'