

Supreme Lord 20

Chapter 20 Memories

'When Fenrir was still a Lord, he had the 8-Star Soultrait Divine Eyes,' Michael recalled.

'Does that mean Divine Eyes turned into the 2-Star Soultrait, Eagle Eyes?'

The flood of information that swamped his mind when Eagle Eyes manifested had already been digested. He knew how to use his new Soultrait and the special benefits of Eagle Eyes.

Eagle Eyes was a 2-Star Soultrait that passively enhanced his eyesight. It could be used actively as well to further amplify his eyesight. It was strong if used wisely.

'If I could extract Eagle Eyes from Fenrir, does that mean I can use Extraction to extract the Soultraits of other beings as well?' Michael wondered but he quickly shook his head.

'Summoned Subjects shouldn't possess their former Soultrait anymore. Was I just lucky then?'

Countless thoughts flashed in his mind, and most of them were bound to remain unanswered.

'Fact is that I can extract Soultraits and Soultrait Fragments, or marbles, or whatever they're called. It looks like I can upgrade Extraction and Eagle Eyes if I collect more Soultrait Fragments, and it shouldn't be impossible to collect more Soultraits as well. That's insane!'

The most important question was not how to collect more Soultrait Fragments, but to find out the details related to the drop rates of Soultraits and Soultrait Fragments.

What kind of beings would drop Soultrait Fragments upon being extracted, and why?

The most logical answer to this was extracting the corpses of Lords and Adventurers. They possessed Soultraits, after all. Shouldn't he be able to extract their Soultraits as well then?

'Will it be that easy?' It's not like a 2-Star Soultrait is bad...Still, why was I only able to extract a 2-Star Soultrait from Fenrir? He had Divine Eyes...Does the star rating deteriorate? Why?'

One question after another formed in his mind, and it looked like Michael would never be able to escape the cycle of questions and uncertain answers.

'Is it because Extraction is only a 2-star Soultrait? Would it mean I will be able to only extract 2-Star Soultraits? Hm...'

Fortunately, Michael chose to put an end to the series of questions and uncertain answers right here. He would find out the truth eventually either way. The answers were waiting for him, and it was not as if he was in a rush to know everything.

However, there was something that could be answered immediately; Did Extraction grow stronger upon digesting the Soultrait Fragments?

Michael was still a little tired from using Extraction on Fenrir, but he went ahead and extracted the drops from the Gem Jaguar corpses, nonetheless. Only extracting the drops created by the Will of the Origin Expanse wasn't as taxing as dissecting the entire body precisely using Extraction. However, it was enough to tell just how strong Extraction had grown.

"A wooden warehouse blueprint, an ordinary summoning scroll, and 14 summoning scroll fragments. Even if the first two drops were mostly luck, Extraction had grown much stronger and more efficient!" He mumbled before extracting the Monster Cores and Gemstones as well.

"They're a little bit cleaner than before, and a tad bit brighter. Have they been purified through Extraction, or are they just in a better condition than the other Monster Cores and Gemstones?"

Michael's words reached Tiara's ears, but she could only stare blankly at her master. She could roughly guess what he was doing, but she didn't understand the concept behind his Soultrait, at all.

Michael informed Tiara that his Soultrait was called Extraction. Even without him telling her, she would have found out eventually. Michael wasn't trying to hide his Soultrait, and one would have to be ignorant, stupid, or just extremely dense to be unable to find out what Michael's Soultrait was capable

of. Spending half a day next to him was already more than enough to figure out everything even for a maid.

However, she couldn't really process what had happened just now. Her War Rune's reaction to the items Michael extracted from Fenrir was volatile. The reaction was extremely violent, and it nearly made her act subconsciously. Tiara's hand reached out to the Emblem and the purple marbles, which Michael absorbed not long after.

It was great to see that Michael could feel excited so soon after he had killed someone the first time, but Tiara couldn't feel the same. She was not sure what Michael had done, and this uncertainty ate her from the inside.

'Can I ask him what just happened? No, a maid is not supposed to ask questions...' Tiara thought dejectedly, while looking at the last item that dropped from extracting Fenrir.

"Master, please don't forget to use this item," She spoke after a while to fill the awkward silence surrounding them both. Somehow, she didn't want Michael to forget that she was also there, and that she could help him.

There was no need for him to carry all responsibility upon his shoulders!

Michael looked at the white wisp for a moment before he turned his attention to Tiara. The look in her eyes attracted his attention.

"You can ask if you're curious about something. But let me ask some questions in return as well," He said with a faint smile on his lips.

Michael had many questions about Tiara, which included why she was a Tier-1 Adventurer who had turned into the maid of a Lord. There had to be a reason why someone not native to the Origin Expanse had been chosen as his personal Maid. Tiara was also much stronger than most personal maids of new Lords.

Michael knew that they had many things to do now that they had only eight days left in the Origin Expanse with the protection barrier around their territory. The number of subjects at his disposal was

insignificant – if he ignored Tiara and the summoning scrolls – and the only information Michael had about the surrounding region was that the proximity was filled with Tier-1 Monsters.

Other than that little piece of information, Michael didn't know a thing about the dense rainforest!

Tiara locked eyes with Michael and bowed her head lightly in response.

"Your offer is very kind, but I am not allowed to speak about certain subjects. The questions you have in mind are probably related to those subjects, and I cannot answer them even if I were to sacrifice my status as your personal Battle Maid, master..." Tiara kept looking down at the ground and did not raise her head again. Michael could only see her gloomy expression and her ears drooped limply before she regained her composure.

She smiled apologetically and bowed once again.

'So the Will restrains her...and what is that about Battle Maid? Well, she never looked like an ordinary maid before, but I expected her to be royalty of the Silverfang Tigerfolk, and not a Battle Maid. What even is a Battle Maid?'

The title suggested that Tiara was able to fight, but Michael felt that the title had more meaning and that he was just ignorant of the obvious truth staring at him.

'Most people say that the Will of the Origin Expanse is illogical and random; that it does everything without reasoning, but is that really the case?' Michael wondered, feeling deep down that the Will had its own reasoning. It was just harder to comprehend.

While he was still deep in thought wondering about various things, Michael's hand reached out for the white wisp. However, the moment he touched it, something unexpected happened.

The wisp burst apart and turned into several white streams that shot toward his head. They entered his mind, filling his brain with countless pieces of information.

No, it wasn't countless pieces of information. What Michael received were memories, snippets of Cleave Fenrir's past life!!

Michael's eyes rolled so far back in his head that one could only see the white, and blood gushed out of his nose like a waterfall as the memories forced their way into his mind. He collapsed on the ground, writhing in pain while trying to fight the flood of information. Tiara gasped in shock and rushed over to him instinctively. She reacted fast, but she couldn't help him even if she wanted to.

Michael only stopped writhing in pain after five minutes, and it didn't take long before a curse escaped his lips.

"I cannot get even a moment of peace, can I?"

Why did he feel like this?

A particular memory was seared in his mind.

It was the memory of Fenrir practicing the wicked Spear Arts.

Even after Fenrir's true death, Michael was not able to get rid of his memories, and his Spear Arts!!