

## Last System 298

### Chapter 298 Ackhart's Adventure

'This damned guy...' Ackhart cursed under his breath.

And given just how exhausted he was, wasting his break like that proved just how annoyed he was with his current mission.

'Sending one of the last few surviving elders of the outpost for a fetch mission like that...' Ackhart thought, only to gnash his teeth together and pull his hands into fists.

Yet, no matter how furious he was, the elder still managed to keep his head cool.

"Well, I'm moving into the lands of the sect. I guess sending an elder like me was the most rational option," Ackhart muttered to himself, trying to find any reason at all to keep on following Arthur's wishes.

Sadly, though, Ackhart's reasons remained the same. The world simply refused to provide him with a convenient lie that could hide the real intentions behind his exhausting journey east.

Ackhart took a deep break before lowering his eyes on the path once again.

Even though the trail was getting fresher and fresher, the distance that he had yet to cover to catch up with the group he was chasing... It actually continued to increase.

'I guess I can't move much faster when I don't know what place is their end goal,' Ackhart thought to himself before releasing a tired sigh as he picked up the pace.

It was already well into the second day of his chase, and he had yet to catch up with the group. But he only had himself to blame for that.

Roughly ten hours ago, right before the sun would set for the day, Ackhart decided to take a gamble. Instead of following the trail to the last hint, he deduced where it would lead in the long run before changing directions to take a short path.

Travel the quicker way Ackhart did... But upon his arrival, there were no signs of anyone's presence. Not a single hint pointed at the trail intersecting the place Ackhart hoped for.

In the end, his attempts to shorten the distance separating him from the group he was chasing after turned out into nothing more but a massive waste of time.

And by the time Ackhart managed to return to where he strayed off the trail's path, it was already dark, making it quite challenging to keep on going.

'But how could I know they would head south instead of following the main path?' Ackhart thought, eager to let go of some of the guilt that he felt. 'What is even down this road?' he then asked himself, unable to point out a single thing of importance located in the way the trail led him.

Just a single day of marching away from the lower headquarters. Just a single day's worth of travel away from a massive gathering of the Sect Elders. Or, in other words, a day of march away from a place bustling with people capable of facing those monsters.

And despite being just a single day away from a place like this, the group that the elder was following ended up taking the wrong turn and heading into the wilderness!

"The one thing that is south from here... Aren't those the contractor hunting grounds?" Ackhart muttered to himself after thinking for a while.

He could only vaguely recall this information. It wasn't knowledge officially accessible to the people in the sect. He only knew about it because of a warning he once received when he strayed too deep into the wild during his time as a disciple of the sect.

'With how they are treated in the sect, you don't want to enter the lands where contractors run wild,' Ackhart thought, recalling the very quote that he heard when his past teacher lectured him.

"But there is just no way they knew about it," Ackhart whispered, trying to make sense of his situation.

Then, his face froze for a second as a single thought flashed in his mind.

'What if they had someone within the sponsorship relation, someone just like Arthur and Mia's pairing?' Ackhart thought, the look on his face changing.

If even a single student had someone close act as a contractor to the sect, there was a chance they also learned the news of the contractors' hunting grounds.

And in the time of an apocalypse and the world-changing... Who else could be qualified to be sought for by the others if not the very people that made a living by hunting monsters far and wide in the wild parts of the southern sect-lands?

"If that's really what they thought..." Ackhart bit down on his lips as he forced his body to move forward. "Then they are in for a really nasty surprise," he then added under his breath as he continued his toil.

Ackhart then shook his head and picked up his pace.

Concerning himself with the safety and well-being of the people of the group he was following... It wasn't one of his concerns.

If he could reach them quick enough to help them, he would likely extend his hands toward the people in need. But for those who would likely lose their lives to wildlife before he could even find them...

'I guess I'm just a bad person,' Ackhart thought, shrugging those thoughts off.

As much as he was willing to help those disciples of the Tuxi sect if they were in need, he couldn't really concern himself about them either. In the end, there was only a limited amount of free space in his heart that could make him feel compassion.

And all those who failed to secure a soft spot in Ackhart's heart for themselves were, well, out of luck.

"Huh?" Ackhart suddenly stopped in his tracks. He then lowered himself to his knees as he looked around, eager to pinpoint the location a weird smell was coming from.

And soon, his eyes laid on the source of the awful stench that alerted him in the first place.

'Poor guy,' Ackhart thought, looking at the mutilated corpse donning the sect's robes.