

Last System 488

Chapter 488 The Most Efficient Way Of Becoming Monsters

"We have no other choice but to become monsters ourselves!"

Such a high and mighty phrase. Mere step away from the cringe.

But cringe was a concept developed in the modern world when the use of bombastic phrases saturated.

In this world, speeches like the one I just gave were still treated seriously.

'At least I got through the worst part,' I thought, putting my focus back on the situation.

I couldn't be drowning down in my thoughts while in the middle of everyone's attention, could I?

"As much as you guys might hate it, right now, we need to all step up our game."

I spread out my arms open before giving the crowd a small, troubled smile.

"I know that all of you would like nothing more than to recover your powers. But that will have to wait. Right now, I need all of you to do what you are best at." I took a step forward only to stand down right away.

All my movements were just a part of the act, of the role that I had to play to steer the situation in the direction I desired.

"Only those who are extremely talented in cultivation and battle will receive the ability to grow back to their full potential," I announced before the crowd of cultivators below could properly digest my words.

Then, I smiled.

"I know it sounds bad. What can I offer to those who won't be picked as the cream of the top, then?" I didn't hesitate when pointing out an inconsistency in my plan.

There was not a single real reason that bound all those cultivators to me.

I was their benefactor because I saved their lives when anyone else wouldn't go the extra mile?

It sounded cute, but no. When the push comes to shove, people follow their own best interests.

And for all those cultivators gathered below me, their world just came to an end with them dropped to a foreign world, doomed to wander it in the form of monstrous mana abomination.

For all this bunch, the push just came to a shove.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but you've all lost quite a huge chunk of your cultivation. But have any of you asked..." I paused for a second, finally giving the listeners some time to rest.

While I intended to draw their attention from one point to another, I kept the pressure up.

But now that I directed the flow in the way I wanted, I had to release the reins of control.

I sowed the seed of thought in the crowd, now was the time to let it blossom on its own.

"Have any of you asked, how come you've all ended up around the third and fourth cultivation stages?"

This question could have several different answers.

From the logical point of view, only those above a certain mark could perform the technique that saved their lives at the cost of turning into mana monsters. I could even guess that those who were too powerful wouldn't be able to slip through the dimensional gaps.

That assumption left only a narrow spectrum of cultivators that could survive the apocalypse. And the same, narrow spectrum of power appeared when all of them lost around the same portion of their cultivation.

But there could be other explanations.

Maybe passing through the barrier between the reflections of the world equalized everyone to the same level of strength?

Or maybe there was another phenomenon that I simply didn't know about and thus couldn't take into account?

"The world is surely full of mysteries..." I thought while raising my eyes to the sky.

Then, I waited for a fewteen seconds before lowering my eyes back on the cultivator.

"Tell me, do we have any craftsmen that were of high rank before the collapse of your world?"

This was the ultimate direction that I guided this entire event too.

A small detail came to my mind while I was giving out my speech.

Sure, we need to become horrors to fight off the horrors foreign. But what did this mean exactly?

The answer I found out, was making the most of what we had on hand. And given how most of the gathered cultivators appeared to be human...

"I used to be an eleventh-rank blacksmith," a strangely young old man stepped forth while raising his hand. His facial features were extremely young, yet his stature gave off this old uncle feeling.

"I've been a ninth-rank sculptor and seventh-rank carpenter," another cultivator came forward.

For now, they were curious about the direction I was taking this entire meeting in rather than supportive of the idea itself.

And soon, at least ten different people stepped forth, volunteering to answer.

"And how many fighters of around rank tenth do we have here?" I asked while raising my eyes from the volunteers back into the crowd.

Contrary to what I thought would happen, quite a few cultivators raised their hands.

The highest rank craftsman was a novice ascended herbalist with his side job matching the level of his cultivation. In other words, a rank higher than the blacksmith that raised his voice first.

On the contrary, there were three novice ascended who proclaimed to be fighters. Quite a few of the eleventh and tenth former rankers too.

But in total, there were only about twice as many fighters capable of matching the average level of the craftsmen.

"One blacksmith monster can turn into monsters all those who wield his weapons," I shouted through the crowd. "One monstrous carpenter can change an entire unit of archers into monsters!" I shouted, raising my voice even higher.

Then, I tensed up my face to make it look as if I blushed, only to avert my eyes and look away.

"And he will make you an amazing bed at a different time..." I added in a conspirational tone.

Some laughs rose above the crowd from the selected few who acknowledged my acting efforts.

"To turn a single warrior from our ranks into who they were before the apocalypse, we will need a massive amount of resources," I stated the obvious.

There was no avoiding that fact, even when abusing my formations.

Sure, cultivating within my formation was incomparably better than using the methods of the locals... But it didn't break any laws of math.

The amount of energy used as a fuel didn't increase or grow in any other way.

My formations simply made absolutely perfect use of it, rather than wasting the majority of the resources by using lousy techniques or following the wrong advice.

But the same principle didn't apply to craftsmen.

Their skills were in their hands, or conversely in any other body part that they used to practice their craft. And if the only thing that they lacked right now was the energy they used to freely wield...

Then wasn't this something that my formation could fix while providing the town with a much greater boost than a couple of fighters that I could groom in a different scenario?

"From today on, we are changing how things work around here," I announced, finally ready to drop the proper news.

The rambling time I spent on my announcements was all in preparation for this moment.

"Everyone will be assigned a job over the next three days. It will depend on your talents, the town's need, and only then your own wishes or desires." I announced.

In theory, the concrete reduction of the people's quality of life should be the flashpoint of any unrest. But now, with everyone tickled by my propaganda, they were gobbling it all up.

"Only by doing our best can we resist the decay of this world," I concluded my lengthy speech with a sigh. "Because I hope you don't want to lose this world as well!"