

Last System 489

Chapter 489 What Does A Craftsman Need

When stretching the means of the town to the limit and with as many formations as I could set up with what I had on hand, I could foster the growth of fifteen warriors at once.

This kind of force wouldn't be anywhere near enough to contend with the dangers of this new, changed world.

So, I had no other choice but to empower everyone by focusing on craftsmanship instead.

"I was under the assumption that you wanted to create an army," Mia said once I removed myself from the stage and left back for our room.

I looked down to my side, only to be captured by Mia's deep eyes.

She wasn't out to judge or demand answers.

The sparking curiosity in her eyes was what prompted her question.

"Because that's what I wanted to do at first too," I admitted with a sigh. Then, I shook my head, allowing myself to show just how helpless I felt.

I took in a deep breath and turned silent for a moment.

"There is no way for them to fight against those mana monsters as equals," I pointed out a few moments later. "I can't afford to be humble. It will stop me from properly evaluating the situation and our options," I added before stopping in my tracks and turning to face my girl.

She looked at me earnestly, long used to my proactive quirks.

It was such a random moment, but I somehow ended up frozen by the natural, everyday beauty that I should've long gotten used to.

"Mia, we are stronger," I said. Then, a slight chuckle shook my lips. "We are built differently," I added, even though Mia wouldn't catch the joke.

Then, I sighed.

"I'm not trying to put all those cultivators down, but they are unlikely to reach the same heights that we did."

"You mean, that you reached," Mia finally spoke after giving me some time to elaborate on my thoughts. "I'm still far from your level..." she added while pushing forward a bit.

Mia fell on top of my chest, resting her hands flat on it while laying down her ear right atop my heart.

For how innocent and simply wholesome this scene looked and felt, a predatory glint in her eyes that Mia tried to hide gave away her real intentions.

'This girl...' I thought, wrapping my hands around her arms for a moment.

The hug sadly didn't last for long. For how much we might desire each other, we still had a lot of things to do.

Rallying up all the cultivators was just the first step, after all.

"You see, when it comes to the army, I know of a good saying," I said as I let the girl out of my arms before picking up the pace. "An army is something like an ugly, festering cyst on a healthy body."

I took a short break to clear my throat and take in a good, proper breath.

This story wasn't mine. I wasn't smart enough to come up with something like this.

In other words, it wasn't the fruit of my intelligence. But as it was something I've read and learned, it was a result of my knowledge instead.

"This cyst is ugly, causes discomfort to its host, and always is a source of problems," I continued to elaborate.

Out of habit, as my right hand swung in the air, it sought companionship. And before I could even notice, I grabbed Mia's hand as I continued to speak.

"The thing is, it's this cyst that scares away all the dangers and potential predators."

All social interactions worked in the same way between the worlds. Everything had a cause and effect, leading to astonishingly repetitive patterns even between the worlds that should have nothing to do with each other.

Just like a gesture of bowing or shaking one's hand.

They both came from the natural physical disposition of humans. Shaking a hand or even waving was a gesture to reveal the lack of the weapon. A universal sign of relative trust or lack of bad intentions.

Bowing, on the other hand, was a gesture of submission, something born out of the animistic reflexes of human ancestors.

In other words, everything that worked back on Earth likely would work out in this world as well, especially when adjusted for local customs.

"Normally, one needs to keep the balance. As long as the host continues to grow stronger, so can the cyst," I pointed out, leading the topic toward the very foundation of my idea.

"So, you want to improve our means of production first before focusing on improving our fighting power?" Mia easily guessed the intention behind my lecture.

"That's right," I nodded.

As much as I didn't want to admit it, Mia was just the perfect listener.

She listened to every word that I said, paid attention to every detail. And she then used all of what she learned to put forward educated guesses, only to further nail down the point of how attentive she was.

Somehow, over the course of the last few moments, our simple hand-holding transformed into Mia hanging down my arm.

It was a natural evolution of all the small movements we made as we walked side by side, leading to the inevitable outcome.

But I couldn't really complain.

"I want to use those guests to restore the city, not to turn them into a mercenary band," I summed up the entire topic in a single sentence.

Just as I did, we arrived back at our room.

It was in the same, slightly rundown state, where the complex and advanced architecture existed side by side with holes in the walls and burned-out parts of the floor.

Still, it was big and comfortable enough to serve not only as my bedroom but also as my office.

"So, what are you going to do now?" Mia asked, letting go of my arm only to chase ahead, cleaning a small, handheld table before bringing it to the bed.

Following Mia's unspoken suggestion, I grabbed a waterskin that I'd left in the room in advance before heading off to our resting place.

Yet, rather than getting under the sheets or starting to get frisky, I allowed Mia to pin me down to the bed with the table...

Only to then have her bring a stack of clean paper, a quill, and a long, elegant feather.

"I made sure to remember all the craftsmen that came forward," I answered while tapping the end of the feather against my mouth.

Then, I took it for a dip in ink, shook the spare droplets off, and brought it back over the first sheet of paper.

"I need to design formations that will allow them to regain their crafting ability," I explained... Only to end up staring at the end of my writing device, unable to move it down to place the first letter.

Now that I sat down to plan it out... what exactly did those craftsmen need to once more pick up their tools and craft high-ranking wonders?

What kind of formation does a herbalist need to mix his herbs? What sort of tools did a blacksmith need to produce high-quality weapons? What sort of help did a carpenter need to craft divine bows?

"You know what, could you maybe call Levi and all the other craftsmen?" I asked while raising my eyes to my girl. "I have an idea on how to bite it, but I will need to consult with them for a bit."