

ONE LAST SYSTEM

Chapter 5 - Skyladder Sect

"Huh?" That was the only response I managed to come up with on the spot.

Slaves? Are you for real? Like, for real?

I had to use all of my available willpower to keep my expression still. Yet, I couldn't ask for an explanation. All for the same reason.

This question had a chance to be something that everyone knew the answer for. But, as a foreigner to this world, I didn't know what the local common sense was. In fact, I didn't know if the world 'slave' had the same meaning that it had back on earth, even if that wasn't likely to be the case.

A popular saying of my people claimed that who asks doesn't wander off. By reversing it without asking, I was likely to stray away. But how could I ask about something when a question bore a chance of revealing my dubious origins?

"What do you think I should do?" I asked, moving my eyes from the woman's face to the ceiling fluttering on the wind. While she claimed that I was okay, I realized that I could make use of one piece of information that my system provided.

According to the system, my hidden status was set on 'confused.' But what I actually cared about... was that it was a HIDDEN status. Meaning, there was a huge chance that this woman couldn't tell that easily whether I was confused or not.

"I cannot answer that question," she said, breaking down my hopes. Only with the utmost effort did I manage to keep my eyes on the ceiling. The urge to check her face out was that strong.

'Still... Slavery?' I thought, trying my best to come with some sort of valid answer. 'Whether I need to get some slaves or not, I don't know. But while I don't know, let's just put it aside,' I thought.

For some, the prospect of getting slaves might sound awesome. After all, who could resist the idea of having someone do everything that one found annoying in their life? Assuming that other candidates were of the same age as me, they were bound to wish for some cute slave to nail down.

But the mere thought of keeping a slave almost made me vomit. Not physically, that would be an exaggeration. I couldn't stomach the idea for a simple reason. And it was likely the same reason why that strange man in black clothes was so eager to kill me back on earth.

Because my nation was turned into slaves for so long that others couldn't accept the reality in any other way.

"I will go train," I gave my reply, trying my best not to spit those words with disgust.

"Is this your final decision?" Out of nowhere, a new voice appeared. This time though, it wasn't as mellow but coarse instead.

Turning my head around, I saw a man in blue robes approaching my bed. His face was perfectly still as if his mind was somewhere else. With his hand locked behind his back, he had a certain aura of sage around himself, one that almost made me want to drop down to my knees and submit to him.

I swallowed down a mouthful of saliva. Whatever he wanted to achieve with his question wasn't going to make me abandon my morals.

"Yes, sir," I replied, using a formal manner of speech without even noticing it. Was it the aura of the man that made me do it? Or the fact that his robes were exactly the same as what the drillers wore during the test day?

"What a curious young man you are." The man suddenly smiled, taking me by surprise. That wasn't the way I expected him to behave. It was nothing like the drillers from before.

Or maybe I was wrong? Maybe those clothes didn't denote what kind of role he served in this curious yet strange place? Maybe they simply meant that he belonged to some kind of group instead?

So many questions, yet not a single answer.

"Come with me," the man said, keeping his smile on his lips. He then turned around and stepped away, only to glance back at me a moment later. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. "I can see that you are well-rested already. Don't waste the potential that you endured so much to harness!"

I shook my head and stood up from the bed. While I was still confused about everything that was going on, for now, following a local seemed to be the best idea.

Just to be sure, I threw a quick glance at the middle-aged woman that checked my health, hoping that she would give me some hints on how to act... Only to realize that she had already left for another bed.

'Well, it won't hurt to find out more,' I thought, shaking my head again and following after the man.

In just a few steps, we exited the tent. From the outside, it turned out to be even bigger than I thought it was. But when compared to everything else, it appeared as the least significant place in the entire area.

"Beautiful..." I involuntarily muttered, stunned by the beauty of the place.

I stood at the very bottom of what I could only call a terrace garden of gods. It consisted of a huge plain on which I stood, surrounded from three sides by massive platforms, seemingly carved out in the mountain itself.

'The amount of work it had to take to create something like this...' I thought, awed by the impossible sight.

"Come on," the man in blue robes urged me, although a small smirk on his lips proved that he was perfectly aware of what was going through my head.

"You will get to adore the view all you want, but now, it's time to train! Oh, and one more thing," the man said, taking two steps away before turning facefirst towards me and spreading his arms.

"Welcome to the Skyladder Sect!"