

# ONE LAST SYSTEM

## Chapter 8 - System Override

"How could you not know this?" Terio asked this question with his voice breaking, proving just how distressed he was by the situation.

'So it was actually my fault?' I couldn't help but shudder when this thought appeared in my mind. How damn convenient to blame the situation on its victim! It wasn't as if anyone told me how the gate worked in the first place, then how could I be expected to know it?

-Conflict Detected. System Override-

I lost control over my body. As if I returned to the same soul-like state that I initially descended upon this world at, I could now only watch the proceedings.

"I was thrown in a ditch, considered dead. My family was massacred by my brother at the orders of my uncle. Sorry, but I found it hard to focus on the debriefing!"

-System Override Concluded-

Power returned to my body as I once again could move about the place. Yet, just like when this happened for the first time, I was in a state of a temporary shock. Only because of this effect I managed to keep my expression consistent.

"Oh..." Terio gasped for air before turning silent. His face turned still, but I could see in his eyes how conflicted he felt right now.

"Forget it," I said, using one of the few skills I could actually take pride in. "It wasn't your fault, nor were you involved in that matter. I'm sorry for burthening you with the truth, senior brother," I said, keeping my tone between angry and apoplectic vibe.

"I-I don't know what to say...."

"Then let's just drop this matter altogether," I said, giving Terio an easy way out. In the end, I was just as clueless about what just happened as he was. I never knew the history of this body of mine, although I could start piecing it together now.

"Let's do that," Terio said, releasing a deep sigh. "For now, we need to take you to the infirmary. You can decide on your Slaves out there," he said before grabbing me under my arms and lifting me up.

"I can walk on my own; it's not like I tried... kicking...." I couldn't help but feel like facepalming myself. The main reason why my hands were in such a sorry state was the complete lack of rest. Maybe in this world, if I took some breaks between the training, maybe they would end up all right.

And given how apparently the training was all about hitting the stone pillar, what difference would it be if I were to hit it with my legs instead?

"Are you interested in leg training as well?" Terio asked only to shake his head a moment later. "No, for now, off to the infirmary we go."

This time, I had no chance to even protest. With my senior brother holding my arms so that my hands would remain in the air, we walked out of the garden. However, the moment we passed through the main gate, I noticed that we used a different exit than the one we entered this place with.

"What is this place?" I asked, unable to hold back my awe. The sights I saw before were insanely beautiful, yeah, but even those images faded when compared to what stood right behind my eyes.

"This, my dear junior, is the real face of the Skyladder sect," Terio said, troubled to lift the corner of his mouth even by a little. It was clear that he was still troubled by the state of my hands.

'And here I thought he was out to bully me.' I couldn't help but criticize myself with regard to that point. 'Maybe I am just too used to this kind of treatment?' I asked the question, yet nobody had access to my mind to answer it for me.

I was no stranger to bullying. In fact, I would rather call myself a pro of being a victim. Given my heritage, I was the prime target for all the undervalued kids in the school. I allowed their actions to get to me back in the prime school, giving them great entertainment in return. This unfair transaction, though, didn't take place in middle and high school.

Because I learned that everyone loved to bully me, not because I was an easy target. The reason for it was that the heritage they hated so much actually instilled fear in their hearts.

'That's all in the past,' I commented on my own reminiscence, all the while silently following Terio through wide streets.

On both sides, masterpieces of architecture rose to the skies, seemingly disobeying the physical laws that I was aware of. Yet, those structures somehow managed to be grand yet delicate at the same time.

If my heritage instilled fear in others back on earth, I could already see how it would inspire awe in my new life.

And then, we finally reached the infirmary.