

Last System 102

Chapter 102 - The Reason Behind The Mess

My throat was burning. It was just a side-effect of my flames consuming most of the air around, the flames that quickly found their way into my throat with every desperate breath that I made.

Still, the pained throat was the least of my troubles. Because after turning the two men that attempted to kill me into a crispy steak of blackened human shape, a new, weird feeling spread out through my body.

I was lacking oxygen. My raging emotions only exacerbated the problem. And then this weird feeling, as if yet another force was trying to guide my body against my will.

There was no intent behind this last feeling. It felt as if my body suddenly woke up from ages-worth of training, instantly feeding all the muscle memory into my flesh itself.

My movements became swifter, more fluid, even though all I did was slowly walk forward.

My body twisted and turned, constantly keeping me in the perfect spot to kick back any and all attacks that would come my way, even without using the raging mana that continued to burn all around me.

'What, did I steal their abilities or something?' I thought, looking at the place where the two blackened corpses fell to the ground. One of them, while still alive, pulled out a sword during his attempts to attack me.

The question stood. Did I somehow steal their abilities?

I leaned to the back, closing my eyes for a short moment. My mind was fuming with questions I didn't know the answers to. But as eager as I was to try to look for some explanations, this wasn't the time for me to get distracted.

I just killed what looked like some of the auditors. I just threatened all the elders of the sect. I just saw Vaner appear in the skies.

'So that's how I will go out,' I thought calmly. For a moment, the flames all around me served as a blanket that covered me in a pleasant warmth, lulled me into this false sense of security.

Antagonizing the entire Skyladder sect and all the sects that sent their deputies to this place was never my intention. Putting myself against all of those powerhouses was never a question.

But I did it anyway.

With my eyes closed, I could find only a single mistake that I made, a single mistake that led me to this path of ruin.

It was my trust in Vaner.

For once, I trusted in his ability to keep me protected in the sect. I did everything how he wanted, yet I always doubted his intentions. The second I decided to not only claim that I trusted him but also backed those claims with my actions, everything went downhill.

'There is only one way for me to get away with what I did,' I thought, tightening my fists and slowly prying my eyes open.

The people in the sky were my enemies. They were aiming for my life while holding an insane amount of energy and skills that I could apparently consume.

As painful as it was, it appeared that the only way to survival for me was through spilling the blood of all of them.

'The strong eat the weak, right?' I thought, finally realizing the truth that was in front of my eyes this entire time. This single sentence, oh so lightly used in all the novels I read, described the world where the power reigned supreme.

And from the looks of it, this was the case of this world as well.

It all made sense now. By giving up on my naive thoughts, the situation cleared out in an instant.

The only reason why I fell into the trap that led me down this path was my decision to trust Vaner. The only reason why I was sullied now was that I put my trust in him.

But there was one distinctive notion that I couldn't help but ignore. If he betrayed my trust AFTER I decided to trust him, I could still somehow forgive it. People change, after all.

But this man, this damned lying elder, betrayed my trust even before I started to trust him. His plan had to be set in motion before I made the decision to trust him.

In other words, he made use of my inclination to trust him in order to put me in the situation I was in right now.

And this wasn't something I could just forgive.

I looked up, aiming my sight at the lying elder in the sky.

The slightly guilty look on his face only confirmed my thoughts.

Jenne was running.

His decision to partake in the audition's party was backed by anger and annoyance.

'Why bother wasting time with that party if I can keep on training?' he thought back then, cursing the upbringing that forced him into attending the event.

It was a meeting that he couldn't skimp on. There were people that he had to meet and the reports that he had to give.

'Who would've thought that it would turn into something so interesting!' Jenne thought, running through the alleys that separated the main hall of the sect and the place where the chaos erupted a few moments earlier.

Yet, instead of trying to get to the open space where he could feel powerful forces clashing all over, Jenne instead broke inside one of the buildings nearby, quickly reaching its top floor.

As he stood on the building's roof and ignored the cries of the building's owner, Jenne looked in the distance, trying to figure out what he was actually looking at.

"Is that... Arthur?" he muttered under his nose. He then wiped his eyes with his knuckles before taking another look.

His eyes didn't betray him. The one responsible for all this mess appeared to really be Arthur, the guy who played himself off as one of the weakest disciples in the sect!

'I knew it,' Arthur smiled, happy beyond any logical means. He didn't care about the event itself; it had nothing to do with him after all. But he was happy that he wasn't mistaken about that guy's potential!

Still, his joy was mixed with a hint of fear.

Even if he scorned himself for what he did before, there was no denying that he crossed paths with this guy.

'I bullied him so much; how could I think he would leave me alone now?' Jenne thought, cursing his previous self even further.

But just as this momentary fear exploded in his soul, so did his opportunistic side appeared.

'Wait, if he is going mad like that, wouldn't that mean that there is still a chance to get my hands on Mia?' he thought, his past, scheming self tingling at the notion.

"With all the deaths and destruction that he caused... It should be easy, shouldn't it?" he muttered, only to bite his lips down.

Then, Jenne recognized one of the corpses scattered around Arthur. And then another one.

'They are all dead?!' he shouted in his mind, recognizing the 'friends' from the middling sects that he set against Arthur before his personality changed.

'I thought I wasn't involved in this mess by any means....' Jenne thought, gulping down a mouthful of saliva. 'I guess I can only pray that he won't learn about my involvement instead!'