

Last System 103

Chapter 103 - Breakthrough

The situation was as tense as it could be. Arthur slowly walked forward. It was clear that instead of heading somewhere, he was simply putting pressure on the elders stuck in the skies.

The cultivator above Arthur was frozen in place. After the display of his strength, not a single elder of the Skyladder sect nor the visitors from other sects dared to intrude on him lightly.

In all ways possible, this was the perfect stalemate.

Arthur couldn't defeat all of the elders in the sky, but he could easily deal with a portion of them. On the other hand, the cultivators knew they could restrain Arthur, but they were also aware that the first few to try it would surely die.

And then, a third party entered the scene.

It was a normal cultivator, a disciple of a third stage. A measly core establishment cultivator with no real strength on this playing field.

'Who the fuck is he?' this one question appeared in the minds of all the elders as they watched the disciple slowly make his way towards the burning hell of Arthur's proximity.

Yet, the young man walked forward without the care in the world about the flames around him. He had his hands freely hanging by his sides, proving that he wasn't holding on to any weapon. His face was perfectly calm, only making it seem insanely elegant when the shadows thrown by Arthur's flames danced on in.

All in all, this young man didn't show even the smallest hint of hostility.

He stopped just a single step away from the flames. For a moment, he simply stood in place, allowing their heat to bruise his skin yet not showing even a single hint of the pain he was surely going through.

"I don't know what happened to you, brother," the young man said, spreading his arms to the side. "I don't know what happened, but I can feel your pain," he said, tears appearing in his eyes only to evaporate right away.

His voice was so soft that only Arthur could hear it. And for the first time since the tragedy started, he was moved.

For the first time since meeting with Mia, Arthur felt as if someone acted genuinely kind towards him.

In a flash, all the humiliation, desperation, powerlessness, and all the other emotions caused by being violated returned to his face, only to crash into the wall of the kindness of that strange man.

Crash, and disappear, momentarily freeing Arthur from his burden.

The man closed his eyes. He took a deep breath as if preparing for something.

And then, he stepped forward, right into Arthur's flames.

For a second, Arthur hesitated. Pulling his flames back would not only turn his inner state into disarray by breaking the more or less table circulation of his overwhelming mana, but it would also open him for others to attack.

But the man didn't stop. He made one step. And then another. He kept his eyes closed, most likely to stop the fear from halting his steps.

After all, not a single person would have it easy willingly walking into what appeared to be their doom!

'FUCK!' Arthur inwardly screamed, killing his flames right as they were about to engulf the man.

Taking the last step, the man struck his chest against Arthur's body and closed his arms around him.

That was it. A simple hug, a simple notion of emotional support. Yet, with this simple thing, he succeeded in what no one else managed to do so far.

He quelled Arthur's flames.

The entire area turned silent.

The cultivators in the sky could only watch the scene in shock, unable to believe their own eyes.

What just happened exceeded their imagination. Not a single scenario that they crafted in their heads came anywhere close to what actually happened.

"Could it be..." the patriarch of the skyladder sect muttered, his eyes widening. "Wait, if he can control those flames, then we can't say that he went berserk!" he exclaimed, the tone of his words conveying the shock he was in.

The power that Arthur showcased was way beyond anything that any of the sect elders could display on their own. It was something that the patriarch himself wasn't confident he could display himself.

Yet, this simple disciple, one that was considered to be so weak and arrogant that he became the laughing and bullying target for nearly the entire sect...

A person like this was actually capable of standing toe to toe with an entire group of elders, each of which reached at least the middle stage of the Qi manipulation stage!

'For someone not only as powerful as him but also willing to keep his head low and humbly accept all the unjustified bullying... What had to happen for him to erupt?' A single question appeared in everyone's head.

Or rather, in everyone's minds outside of Vaner.

As the one which allowed for the whole scheme to come through, he had some information about what transpired. He knew enough details of the matter to guess just what kind of events Arthur had to go through.

But there was no shock on his face. Rather than that, it was vigilance.

'This guy...' Vaner thought, squinting his eyes as he observed the back of the benevolent and courageous youth. 'Isn't he with those holy cultivation freaks?' he thought, pushing his eyes to their limit to recognize the insignia painted on the back of his robes.

A small movement.

Vaner's look sharpened as he plummeted from the skies. He rushed down to the ground at the greatest speed he could achieve, crashing into the ground just a few meters away.

'I NEED TO HURRY!' he urged himself in his thoughts, rushing towards the pair.

'It's you!' Arthur thought when the familiar sensation entered his body. He didn't even need to open his eyes to know who had just landed nearby. He could feel Vaner's presence even with his eyes closed.

In an instant, his soul exploded with emotions, ready to fan up the flames of his mana once again.

'Wait!' Arthur stopped his flames from exploding at the very last moment. In order to defend against Vaner, he had to release his flames once again. But if he were to do so, those flames would consume the guy hugging him!

'Should I kill him?!' Arthur thought, stuck in a moment.

The splits of seconds continued to flow relentlessly, shrinking the time that Arthur had to make his decision.

'It's now or never!' Arthur urged himself.

But he just couldn't come to do this. He just couldn't sacrifice this guy that showed him kindness, all for the sake of defending himself.

'I guess I need to pay for all the deaths that I caused,' Arthur thought, gnashing his teeth together.

Those deaths were all warranted. They either schemed against him or openly tried to kill him. He simply defended himself against their unreasonable actions.

And now, he would have to pay with his own life, just because he was unwilling to sacrifice someone innocent.

"STOP!" Vaner shouted, grabbing the hand of the man that continued to hug Arthur with his eyes closed.

'Huh?' Arthur shook in shock. 'Where did that hand come from?' he asked himself, still feeling the grasp of both of man's arms around his torso.

Then, the right arm dissipated, turning out to be just a construct of energy.. And in the arm that Vaner held from reaching Arthur's back, there was a small knife glistening against the flames of the nearby burning rubble.