

Last System 112

Chapter 112 - Monster On The Road

The pathfinder led me towards the beast in a pretty cautious way. Instead of just walking upright as he has done before, he bent his body so low that he almost moved on all fours.

Sadly, I wasn't used to this kind of maneuver. The best I could do was to try my absolute best not to cause any noise as I followed the man's back.

"Stay tight," the man ordered once he judged we got close enough. "I will go and deal with the beast. For now, just stay and wait," he ordered, changing the hold on his spear from a comfortable one to a ready-to-use one.

And then, he just disappeared.

He was two to three meters ahead of me. His outfit didn't give any feel of camouflage or anything even close to that. Yet, the second I blinked, I lost track of his body and movements alike.

'That sucks,' I thought, expressing my own feelings. Knowing that my guide and semi-teacher was out there, risking his life to defeat the beast that was blocking our way while I just waited and did nothing...

This was one of the worst feelings I ever experienced in my life. Yes, even when compared to bullying. And it was all for one, simple reason.

Back when I was bullied, it was ultimately the other's fault. I had nothing to do with how others treated me, especially when their treatment was caused by my bloodline rather than my actions or behavior. Yet, right now, it was my own choice to stay back and do nothing.

In other words, if anything were to go wrong, I only would have myself to blame.

I waited for a while. And then some more. Then, when I was reaching the limit of my patience, a roar reached my ears.

'So the battle has started,' I thought.

I knew nothing about the power of the beast or how it compared to the power of my guide. For all I knew, the pathfinder could be like a lion to a mouse when considering this encounter.

But what was making me feel quite unsettled was the possibility that it was the beast that took the spot of a lion, while my guide was the one in the position of a mouse.

'That settles it,' I thought a few moments later when the sounds of the battle turned more and more intense. The noises of the beasts roaring and the shouts uttered by my guide were now mixing in the bloody sound while keeping me in the dark both about the progress and the likely outcome.

'I know I have no weapon...' I thought, hesitating for one moment longer, before tightening my fists, clenching my teeth, and moving ahead.

If I were to just sit and wait for the inevitable to happen, if it meant losing my guide, I was as good as dead.

After all, if someone whose power managed to make me shiver from the bottom of my soul, then the beast capable of besting him would easily claim my life as well. Even if I was only about to make the tiniest difference possible, it was still better than doing nothing.

Bit by bit, I crept closer to the source of all the noises. Bit by bit, I inched closer to the source of a danger that could wipe its ass with me.

And then I saw it.

It was a beast like nothing that I had seen before. More like, it appeared to be a composite of three different animals that I knew from the books, rather than seeing them with my own two eyes.

Its torso looked like that of a rhino, with all the folds of fat protecting it from the damage. Its legs were quite similar to an elephant, doing a great job at holding up its massive torso.

But it was its head that made me feel some kind of indescribable, innate fear.

If its body was a mix of three animals, then its head was a mix of five.

The teeth and length of a jaw fitting an alligator, the thickness of its skull fitting that of a buffalo. The massive horns adorning its forehead were that of a bull, all the while its ears and nostrils made it look like a cat and dog, respectively.

"Just die already!" the pathfinder shouted, clearly annoyed by the best resilience.

Its trunk was covered with long scars, proving that rather than poking it with his weapon, the pathfinder used wide slashes to injure it. Its legs were all bloody from the small cuts.

The only piece of the beast that remained relatively unhurt was its imposing head.

Yet, when the beast charged forward, I realized that all the damage that it received so far was less than enough to even slow it down!

Despite its massive frame, its speed was near the absolute top speed that I could achieve on my own. In fact, if not for how I expected something monstrous to appear, my eyes would fail to track its movements at all!

"DIE!" the pathfinder shouted. He took a few steps to gain momentum, charging right at the beast... that charged at him!

At first, I thought it was a madman's move, a desperate attempt at surprising the beast. But soon, my beliefs turned out to be nothing more than a layman's idea of what was going on.

Using the combined momentum of his own spear and the beast, the pathfinder struck the beast right in its spine. Rather than using the wide slashes that were the origin of the wounds on the beast's body from before, he finally trusted his spear.

"ROAH!"

Rather than uttering a standard roar that I expected, the beast's cry changed mid-way, indicating that the attack clearly hurt it.

But it didn't kill it.

The pathfinder landed his jump roughly two meters behind the beast. From how he relaxed his stance, it was clear that he considered the fight to be over.

But from my point of view, it simply wasn't.

Rather than falling on its knees to the ground and dying, the monster jumped up, turning around midway, and landing ready for another charge. As it landed at the very same moment as the pathfinder did, my guide failed to notice it from the sound.

And the monster readied itself for another charge!

At this rate, the worst that I feared would come to be. And in a situation like this, there was only one thing that came to my mind.

And it was to make myself the target of the charge!

"HEY!" I shouted. "You fat son of a bitch!" I added some insult, just in case the monster was capable of understanding human speech. After all, applying my earthly standards would be stupid in this world.

The monster turned its massive head towards me...

And then charged.

Its speed was just a tiny bit slower than what I could exhibit on my own. That included the speed of its charge.

If it attacked the pathfinder while he wasn't looking, it would be over for both of us. Just from a single look, I could tell I was no opponent for this monster.

That's why, the best I could do, was to try to divert its attention to give my guide a time to recover!