

Last System 113

Chapter 113 - Spouting Out Blood

The monster charged at me.

It was my first ever encounter with a monster... and it was one that I had no way in hell of dealing with. The sight of its massive jaws shaking as it rushed right at me with several tons of its weight nearly made me freeze.

'Not yet,' I thought, noticing the movements of the pathfinder with the corner of my eye. I was setting up a perfect bait for him. The one bad thing about it... was that I was the bait.

'Isn't this the perfect training for what's about to come for me in my new job?' I joked, trying to lift my mood.

One second. Two seconds.

I bent my knees, wobbling my body to the left and right, trying to confuse the monster about the direction I would dodge.

It looked like something capable of countering my feint, so I had to just wing it. Just like when one would move their arm around in a comical way only to end up kicking the opponent, I waited one more second...

'JUMP!' I shouted in my thoughts, hoping for this internal scream to add a bit more velocity to my move. I pushed my legs straight as quickly as I could.

During the move, my mana rushed to my legs, supporting the motion and allowing me to climb just a tiny bit higher.

I reached the perfect height to let the monster pass below me.

But I didn't account for the possibility that it could jump as well.

"Ugh..." all the air squeezed out from my lungs and through the mouth.

It all happened so fast that I could only guess what really happened.

I was thrown to the side. My stomach and upper torso hurting like hell.

Was it its horn that smashed into me? Or did it shake its massive head?

'Headbutting by the monster to the death, isn't that funny?' I thought, only to cough up blood the moment I crashed into the ground. Only the pressure of striking the ground with my back allowed me to get rid of all the blood welling up in my lungs.

I wasn't dying... But I wasn't all that far away from such a state.

"DIE!" the pathfinder shouted. I could tell he wasn't happy with what I did, but he wasn't going to let the changed situation go to waste either. The second the beast turned its attention away from him, he chased after it.

Using me as a distraction, he managed to get the right angle to push his spear right into the same wound he dealt before, this time driving his weapon even further down the monster's body.

My vision started to turn black as my body forcibly cut off every last unnecessary thing. In a fight for survival, consciousness didn't appear as one of the vital elements of keeping myself alive.

All the pain disappeared, numbed down by the feeling of my mana rushing all over my flesh. It felt as if it was trying to make up for all the broken and destroyed cells, either by healing those that could be healed or by destroying and reconstructing those that were beyond repair.

"You still alive?!" the pathfinder shouted, landing on his knees right beside's me.

"TCHE..." Spouting out more blood was the only response I was capable of.

"This will hurt a lot," he muttered in a concerned voice.

'Bring it on; it's not like I can feel any...' I thought cheekily, only for my eyes to open wide as the man drove his open palm right into my broken ribs.

"AARGH!" I shouted from pain. This release of torture forced me back awake, as much as I would prefer to just stay unconscious.

Yet, thanks to the mana circulating through my system, I could feel the changes that this strange healing method brought.

My broken and displaced ribs moved back into their respective places, allowing my mana to desperately start connecting the parts that broke apart. But as if that wasn't enough, a whole burst of foreign mana smashed into my system, enhancing my healing process.

"That was uncalled for," the pathfinder muttered. His voice was strange, different than it was before, making it impossible for me to read his emotions.

Was it gratitude? Shame? Annoyance? Right now, I could only guess.

Or rather, I could guess if my mind wasn't fully consumed by the insane pain.

"You failed to kill it," I muttered when I reached the state where I could gather enough strength to do so. "It was about to charge at you while you turned its back to it," I explained in a weak voice, still waiting for my mana to fix my body.

"It was a trap," the pathfinder explained, although there wasn't even a shred of confidence behind his voice.

'He is likely trying to bullshit me right now,' I thought as a small smile crept on my lips.

"Let's just leave it at that," I whispered, feeling my spare strength quickly draining.

This wasn't the right moment for me to discuss the matters. Right now, I had to allow my body to slowly heal up.

"You are stable now. Just stay down and rest," the pathfinder ordered me, standing up and shaking his head. "I guess we won't travel far today," he added, the usual tone of dissatisfaction returning to his voice.

The smile on my lips grew larger.

This was how the pathfinder was for how short I knew him. Grumpy and dissatisfied. Seeing him like that served not only as an ointment for my stressed-out mind but also as a signal that I was on the right track to heal up right now.

If he could bother to put on his usual mask, then it likely meant that the situation was somewhat stable now.

"I guess that's the kind of stuff I will have to get used to from now on," I muttered, trying to lighten up the atmosphere with a small joke.

Sadly, from the lack of the man's reaction, it didn't seem that he took my words as a joke at all.