

Last System 115

Chapter 115 - Unexpected Intricacy Of Spears Stab

"Stand in the same position as before," the pathfinder started giving orders the second I entered the array.

Even though he was quite reluctant to initially agree to my request upon seeing how determined I was, he somehow agreed.

I would love to be already able to just stand in the perfect position right away... but real life wasn't as simple. It was something that I had already learned with my bare-handed training.

I had to practice over and over again before I was capable of landing perfect hits one after another. Given how much more complicated weapon-fighting was and the massive focus on the stance that the pathfinder put, I dared not take this initial part lightly.

I lowered my knees, pushed my left foot forward, three lengths of my foot away from the right one. Once my center of stability moved near my abdomen, I looked towards my temporary mentor.

"Stick your ass to the back more; you won't get any clients like that," the pathfinder commented, shaking his head with disapproval. "What are you, a damned prostitute?" he asked, proving that his earlier advice was but a joke.

I didn't talk back but pulled my buttocks forward, even though it made my stance feel quite wobbly.

"You are not trying to stop a charging best, but remain as mobile as you can," the man advised, most likely noticing my disgruntled thoughts. Still, he reached out and passed the spear to my hands.

Feeling the wood of the crude weapon in my hands, I couldn't help but close my eyes for a moment.

From this moment onwards, this would be the item the use of which I would try my utmost to master. Whether my system would help me or not, I was set on learning how to use this relatively simple weapon.

In a sense, opting to start from scratch with a spear instead of just going for the sword was counterproductive. After all, didn't I already have a proper foundation that I stole from the auditor back at the sect?

But that was the main problem. It wasn't something that I grew myself, something that I ingrained into my flesh with long and diligent training. It was an ability, an instinct that I stole. And with how I didn't understand the principle behind it nor saw any mention of the swordplay skill in my system, I dared not to rely on it.

The times when the greatest dangers that I faced were all about being humiliated by my rivals at the sect were now over. The real world came knocking, forcing me to accept the brutal reality that it was all about.

Thankfully, after the several mistakes I made with the posture alone, at least I managed to get the hold over the spear correctly.

"I know this will sound simple, but it's not. Try pushing the spear out," the pathfinder ordered.

'Huh?' Strange? His direction didn't sound strange. It sounded so simple that I had a hard time believing that he was the one to give it. With how detailed and precise every last of his previous instructions were...

Was he trying to make me humiliate myself to nail the lesson down?

I tightened my teeth and closed my eyes to regain focus. Then, I slowly lifted my eyelids, focused on some random point in the distance... and thrust my spear towards it.

I didn't really know what muscles should I use, how to twist my body, how to shift the weight and the center of my stability. I simply pushed the weapon forward, imagining a ball of meat at the point I tried to press its blade against.

"You should understand how unnatural it is to push the spear with both hands now, don't you?" the pathfinder asked, a small smile creeping up on his lips.

And he was right. Even though I stood sideways, using both of my hands to drive the spear forward was simply uncomfortable, unnatural, and clunky.

"What should I do, then?" I asked, pulling the spear back and returning to the more or less proper position.

"The only time when you use spear with both of your hands is when you are trying to repeatedly stab the opponent," the pathfinder explained, circling around the array so that I could keep him in view without turning my head around.

Although it was just a small movement, it was enough to wreak havoc on my stance with how much of a novice I was.

"Didn't you just say it feels clunky to use both hands?" I asked.

If this position was all about quick and repetitive stabs, then shouldn't it feel more natural?

"That's right," the pathfinder smiled. "Because you are using both of your hands to push the spear," he pointed out. "Now, it will feel even worse, but push the spear forward only with your right hand, allowing your left one to just ride along," he ordered.

It wasn't what I expected... But well, kids in primary school didn't expect that negative numbers actually do exist either.

Once again, I took a deep breath to regain my focus. And just as instructed, I pushed the spear forth with my right hand, allowing my left hand to slide down on the handle.

"NOT LIKE THAT!" the pathfinder shouted, instantly slapping his hand against his face. "If you keep the spear like that, a fly will sit on it, and you won't be able to hold it!" he chastised me. "Keep the hands on the spear as they were, just don't use your left hand to push it!" he fixed my misunderstanding.

'You could've clarified that before,' I thought, annoyed. I was a newbie. What I heard him tell me to do, I did. Why did he expect me to understand everything that he said correctly right away?

But instead of complaining, I once again returned to the starting stance. I was finally ready to strike the air with my spear again a few moments later.

I pushed the spear forward. My left hand remained right where it was on the handle, all the way to the point where I felt my muscles and tendons in it straining a little...

And then, by the sheer reflex, I pulled the spear back. This time, my right hand relaxed, making me pull the weapon back with just my left hand alone.

Tic.

"Do you feel it now?" the pathfinder asked; his expression became a mix of surprise and pride.

'He didn't expect this kind of reflex from me?' I thought, realizing what I had done.

Thinking about it calmly, it made sense. If I were to keep both of my hands tense both while pushing and retracting the spear, not only would I tire them out pretty quickly, but their movements would quickly get hard to control.

By splitting the task of pushing to my right hand and of pulling to my left one, I could actually keep stabbing the opponent over and over again for far longer!

"Now, repeat this process slowly for ten to twenty thousand times, and you should be able to grasp the basics," the pathfinder grinned.

I didn't like the smug look on his face. It wasn't a strong feeling but rather a cheekiness of a student jokingly rebelling against its master.

Still, I had my own reasons to be smug. Because when I executed the stab more or less properly... I felt the system react to it!

"Anyway, since you decided to go with the diligent route, from tomorrow onwards, you will help me fight the monsters," the pathfinder said before throwing a small stone into the array.

In an instant, the density of mana that I already grew used to exploded, making me feel just like I felt back when I first entered the array.

"This is my gift for today," he explained.. "The spiritual stone of the beast we killed today. Train hard because starting tomorrow, your life will become far harder!"