

Last System 120

Chapter 120 - New Guide

"Huh?" I moaned in pain when my consciousness somehow returned.

I wasn't wounded, but every last micrometer of my flesh felt as if it was set alight.

"Don't move too much," a foreign voice reached my ears.

'Who are you?'

'What happened to me?'

'Where is the pathfinder?'

An array of various questions instantly blossomed in my mind, infusing it with panic. Yet, my body had concerns on its own.

I had no strength left in my flesh, yet somehow my hands started to flail around as if looking for something.

"Don't worry, your spear is here," the voice said. A moment of rustling sound later, my hands grasped the wood of the weapon I crafted, finally coming to a rest.

"Who are you?" I managed to utter the first of my questions.

"I'm the one responsible for picking you up," the masculine voice replied calmly and without even a shred of hesitation.

'Huh? Who was that bastard from before, then?' I wanted to ask, but I had no strength in me to utter those words.

For a few more moments, I continued to breathe the air in and out, trying to gather enough force to voice the rest of my questions.

"Right now, you are still in the shack at the crossroads," the man started to answer my questions all on his own, even though I didn't get to ask them yet. "The man that guided you here already departed for another job. The life of a pathfinder is a busy one," he explained another point.

'Right, pathfinder was just the name of his job, not his own,' I thought, attempting to bite my lips, only to realize I couldn't even do as little.

'I guess I never got to ask him his real name.' A wave of guilt and grief spread through my soul for a moment.

"If it's about the other guy that came here, he is dead. Your friend already buried him by the side of the road," the man explained another one of my doubts.

At last, I managed to pry my eyes open.

Just like expected, my current companion was a man. He wore perfectly white robes gathered at his abdomen by a wide, purple belt.

"Look, he lays over there," the man pointed with his hand out towards the open doors of the shack.

I followed the direction the man pointed out.

And there it was, a single piece of wood inserted over a mound of fresh earth raising slightly above the level of the plain.

'Well, it's not like I care much about that man's demise,' I thought, swallowing a mouthful of saliva.

What struck me wasn't the death of that man in particular. It was the ease at which one could lose their life in this world.

Even after claiming several lives with my own two hands, I still couldn't get used to that fact.

"You are looking at the road, huh?" the man muttered, resting his back against the wall of the shack.

"If you go to the right, you will reach the outer compound of the Tuxi sect. This is also," the man threw me a weird look, "where your beneficiary will be taken to practice," he said.

My beneficiary. In other words, Mia. By following that path, I could reunite with her...

But did I really want to?

I tried my utmost not to think about what happened back at the sect. Be it the event that started my rampage or how I ended it by actually injuring my love...

No. Right now, I wasn't ready to face Mia yet. And I didn't even know if she had any interest in facing me either.

"I will guard you for as long as you need to regain your strength. But once you do so, it will be your choice to make. To go to the right? Or to go to the left?" the man muttered softly.

I pushed my head to the side a bit to take a look at that man's face.

His forehead was free of wrinkles, but a sizeable beard covered both his mouth and his neck. It made it pretty weird to guess his age, as those two features didn't seem to go together in this world.

"If you take the right direction, you will be able to meet with the person you care for. But by doing so, you will give up on your contractor role and become an unaffiliated cultivator of the continent," the man said, clearly about to explain the situation.

"I know it already," I managed to utter through my mouth.

Although slowly, my energy was steadily returning to my body.

'It's most likely the influence of how rich the air in this place is in mana,' I thought, guessing the reason for my relatively quick recovery.

"I guess the pathfinder explained some things to you," the man smiled mysteriously. "You should be aware how much it speaks about you," he added after a few moments of silence.

"..."

Even if I wanted, I didn't have the strength to reply. And even if I had, I wouldn't waste it on pointlessly talking.

I had to recover as soon as possible to start my job as a contractor. Wasting my scarce energy on talking wasn't a part of the equation.

'While I might not be ready yet to face Mia, I definitely cannot let her suffer because of my own slacking,' I thought, mentally tightening my hands.

"To make it short, I would advice you to pick the left side," the man added after some more breaths of silence. "It will be dangerous as nothing before in your life. Your overseer will likely hate your guts and hope to let you die a dog's death if you don't prove yourself to him quickly enough..." the man muttered bit by bit.

'What, does he want me to give up on the job?' I thought, rolling my eyes.

Mia's future depended on my efforts right now. I wasn't some kind of black-hearted person to just fuck her and ditch the moment I would have to take my fair share of responsibilities.

"I see," the man muttered, raising his head and smiling gently. "Do your best at recovering. We set off tomorrow," he suddenly added, turning to the side and covering himself with a blanket.

I released a deep sigh.

'I guess that's it for the rest-as-long-as-you-need thing for me.'