

Last System 121

Chapter 121 - Void In The Soul

Mia lied down in her bed. It was the same bed she went wild with Arthur just a few days ago. Yet now, even his scent was quickly vanishing from the sheets.

Her eyes were filled with dried-up tears. After three days of crying, there were no more tears her eyes could produce.

The food brought by the servants has long gone cold on the nearby table.

For the last three days, Mia refused to eat, cultivate, drink or even talk to anyone.

She just laid in her bed, not moving an inch, as if already dead.

Vaner pushed the doors to the room open. The exhausted look on his face proved just how trying the last few days were.

'I guess that was only to be expected,' he thought, lowering his eyes and just standing at the doorstep.

"Where is he?" Mia muttered into the pillow, just loud enough for Vaner to barely pick her words up.

"He was brought away from the guild," Vaner replied in a soft voice.

There was no satisfaction nor happiness in his voice or face.

'I achieved what I wanted... But at what cost?' he thought, tightening his hands into fists.

Vaner shook his head. His eyes laid on the platter with the soup-gone-cold.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asked. "I heard you didn't eat anything ever since the shit went down," he muttered, even though he already knew what kind of reaction he could expect.

Or rather, the complete lack of reaction.

The second Mia got her arms fixed, she refused to talk, eat or interact with anyone else.

'Now that I think about it, she wasn't happy with us fixing her hand either,' Vaner thought, his face turning ugly. 'It's as if she thought that her broken arm was some kind of memento of that guy,' he thought.

"Fuck!" Vaner shouted, slamming his tightened fist into the side-wall of the room. Under the powerful force of his expressed anger, cracks appeared all over the place he struck.

"Dealing with all the consequences of what Arthur did was already a massive pain," Vaner uttered.

"Can you stop making my job even harder?!" he requested in an annoyed voice, unable to bear Mia's attitude any longer.

But just like before, she didn't reply.

'Do you think I'm fucking stupid?!' Mia thought, pressing her face even harder against the pillow. Ever since a few hours ago, she was almost unable to sense any remaining scent of her lover.

It was as if everything in this sect, even something as personal as the bed they shared, was erasing its memory of Arthur.

Over the last three days, Mia remained in her bed. She refused to speak to anyone; she refused to eat or drink.

But she continued to think.

'It's your fault that something happened to him,' she thought, hiding her tightened fists. If she were to say a word, the hate filling her soul to the brim would easily spill over. 'It's your fault, and now you want to pin the blame on me?!'

Vaner's words, instead of forcing the girl out of her stupor, only made her more obstinate.

Her hate was one of the major reasons why she didn't dare to move or speak. But it was only one of the reasons, not the reason itself.

'Just why did you shove me aside?'

This was the one question that continuously rang in Mia's head. The void that this question represented would swallow Mia's soul whole whenever she attempted to figure out the answer to it.

"If you just stay in bed and refuse to move, you will be shitting on Arthur's dedication!" Vaner shouted, desperate to get the girl out of her bed.

'If she refuses to go to the sect, we will be all fucked!' he thought.

Arthur could become a contractor only because Mia was worthy enough to become a sponsored student. Mia could become a sponsored student only because Vaner put his trust in her and her potential. And Arthur could become a contractor only because he had Mia to support.

If even a single person in this triangle of co-adoration were to fail, they were all going to be fucked sideways!

"The fuck did you say!?" Mia finally spoke out. She jumped up, turning her face towards the man.

Her eyes were lit up with hate, wrath, and lightning. The intensity of the last-mentioned was great enough to scare Vaner off a little.

It wasn't a fear he could understand consciously. It was a fear that rang deep from the most innate, animalistic part of his body.

'If she could break my shield while still just a mortal of the first stage, then now...' Vaner bit his lips, aware of the risk he was taking by taunting the girl with Arthur's name.

"I could only help Arthur by turning him into a contractor," Vaner lied. 'There is no way I will tell her everything I did was to make him the contractor in the first place, not the other way around,' he thought, clenching his fists so hard that his nails penetrated the inner side of his hands. "And if you refuse to become his beneficiary, then all his efforts will be in vain!" he shouted.

"What did you do to him?" Mia's eyes turned deadly cold.

Right now, she was holding her rage back only by a straw of her willpower. Her hate now evolved to a step higher, fueling the static that appeared all around her.

'She is losing control,' Vaner thought, his innate fear exploding. But once in, he could only go all-in on his bet.

"I don't really know what caused Arthur to behave like he did back then. But if I were to point fingers..." he said before closing his eyes.

Then, he slowly raised his hand and pointed his finger right at Mia's face.

"What the fuck do you mean by that?" As impossible as it could seem, Mia's voice turned even colder.

"You are the only person that he cares for. And only by telling him that this is the way to keep supporting you did he agree to become a contractor," Vaner lied again, making up the story as he went.

In the end, it was questionable whether Arthur managed to wake up already, not to speak, find someone to explain his situation to him.

'They should be well past the barrier right now... But knowing the pathfinders, they won't bother talking with him at all,' Vaner thought, only to shake his head and refocus on the girl before him.

"What?" Finally, Mia's rage started to quell. The static still covered her entire body, something that she didn't appear to be aware of, but its intensity died out greatly.

"Arthur agreed to become a contractor so that you could become his beneficiary," Vaner explained. "And that means, if he doesn't die hunting monsters to provide for you somewhere out in the forest, you will get your chance to reunite with him," he said. "I'm not saying it will be simple or quick.... But isn't it better than just hiding your head in the bed and sniffing the sheets in hopes of catching his scent?"