

Last System 122

Chapter 122 - No Witnesses

Mia followed Vaner outside his mansion. For the first time in three days, she ditched her bed and dared to enter the greater area of the sect.

'I didn't expect that leaving this building would be so hard,' Mia thought, clenching her teeth.

Even though it was filled with the atmosphere of emptiness and grief without Arthur, this mansion was still the place where she made the best memories of her entire life.

In this place, she experienced her first time, where she trained alongside Arthur, where she lived her daily life with him...

'No, that's not right,' Mia thought, biting her lips as she decisively turned her eyes away from the building. 'I'm nostalgic towards this place not because of this place itself but because of Arthur,' she realized.

She then raised her head high and raised the pace of her movement, quickly catching up with Vaner.

But soon, her slightly improved mood was devastated again.

It was something that she couldn't see when she was forced to return to the mansion before. Not only was her attention all over the place back then, but the entire sect was covered in the darkness of the young night.

Only now, when it was basked in the sunlight, did she realize the scope of destruction that Arthur's rampage brought to the place.

Several buildings burned down, catching fire from the one that he was accused of destroying. A huge amount of former grasslands and green parks turned into a blackened wasteland, leaving a massive scar on the otherwise beautiful facade of the sect's insides.

"How many..." Mia muttered, unable to tear her eyes away from the sight of the destruction. She then gulped down the saliva that gathered in her throat before throwing a glance at the back of Vaner's head. "How many did he kill?"

For a moment, the elder didn't reply. His shoulders sank a little, proving how much weight this topic brought to him.

"We only know about seven people," he said. "The elders of the Leateria, Kuxhi, and Dastria sects, along with their prime disciples. Additionally, the prime disciple of the Ytraxa sect," Vaner listed out, refusing to explain the specialties of each of those sects, hiding behind their names.

'It will be pretty bad if she learns who they are now,' Vaner thought, closing his eyes.

The leader and prime disciple of the dual cultivation, sword, and alchemy sect. Additionally, the prime disciple of the religious cultivation sect.

It wasn't a coincidence that they were the only recorded casualties of the conflict.

The dual cultivation folks died before everything started for real, while the rest of them died over the course of the conflict.

'If she learns who died first... She would likely realize what caused Arthur's rampage,' Vaner thought, tightening his hands.

He had no proof over his guess, but he would have to be stupid not to realize what happened.

The dual cultivation sect prided itself on three aspects. The ability to cultivate by having two people fuck in a special way. This was the pleasure factor that, course after course, attracted a great number of disciples towards them.

Then came the aspect of abundant resources, procured by their disciple earning money by displaying the arts they practiced. This was the monetary benefit of learning in that sect.

Yet, it was the third aspect that made them so hideous in the eyes of every civilized person.

'I guess she just wanted to rape him to advance her own cultivation,' Vaner thought, silent hate burning up in his soul.

While the most efficient way to dual cultivate involved two disciples of the opposite gender using a special art while screwing, there was a way to forcefully extract the other person's essence for one's own benefit.

It was a forbidden art that the Dastria sect officially banned... But unofficially encouraged across its disciples.

After all, in a world where might makes right, they silently believed that if one had the strength to force the other down, then they were privy to the strength they would steal from the victim.

"Do you know what made Arthur go on the rampage?" Mia asked once she finally managed to digest the sights she saw and things she heard.

"No idea," Vaner barked, almost snapping at the girl.

'Not good, I almost gave my thoughts away,' he thought, shaking his head to regain his composure.

"The people who could know what happened all died during his rampage. Right now, we can only guess," Vaner added after a moment, trying to hide his earlier mishap.

'As if,' Mia rolled her eyes, smarter than to believe in her elder anymore.

'Ever since something happened to Arthur, you lost your credibility,' she thought, staring daggers at the elder's back.

Yet, there was no time for her hostility to turn from thoughts into actions, as they finally arrived at a massive plaza filled with people and carriages.

"This is where we will part ways," Vaner said, pointing his hand at a nearby carriage. "You are to sit in that vehicle. It will take you to the outer compound of the Tuxi sect, where you will become their outer disciple," he said before turning around and leaving without any spare word.

Mia simply stood in place, looking around as if to assess her own situation. Yet, there was one thing that instantly grabbed her attention.

'You said that no one survived the onslaught...' she thought, looking at Vaner's departing back, only to move her eyes towards a group of girls sitting in a carriage nearby.

Their robes were pretty revealing, designed around making those who wore them as attractive and arousing as possible.

Yet, every last one of those girls would look away the second Mia would land her eyes on them.

'It doesn't seem that was the case at all,' Mia thought, tightening her hands into a fist.

She then took a step forward, aiming to find out what happened from those girls, even if it involved beating the crap out of them if necessary.

"Lady, your carriage is over there."

Before Mia could even reach half of the distance towards the girls, someone stood in her path and stopped her.

"Get lost," she scoffed, moving to the side in an attempt to circle around the man.

"Can't you see how terrified those girls are of you?" the man asked, stepping to the same side and blocking Mia's path again. "Whatever grudge you have towards them, you will have to wait until the sect's tournament," he said, shaking his head. "Right now, I'm obliged to protect them, so I can't allow you to go any further," the man said.

Mia raised her eyes at the man's face, only to realize that he was disinterested in the entire situation. What he was doing was simply his job, not a planned interference aimed at stopping her from figuring out the truth.

"Young lady, please, do not make me force you back," the man added in a pleading tone, despite his face proving that he was eager to do it.

'I guess he just wants to feel me up in the process,' Mia concluded, perfectly familiar with the type of looks this random guy was throwing at her.

"A sect tournament, you say?" she muttered before shaking her head and turning back towards the carriage she was supposed to board. "Fine.. I can wait."