

Last System 124

Chapter 124 - Meeting The Overseer

Walking on this new path, both literally and metaphorically, was a strange experience.

It was new for me to walk on a perfectly even stone road without even the slightest worry of twisting my ankle. Or rather, it would be if I didn't have my memories of life on earth.

Yet, being able to compare the road I was using right now to the stuff that only way more advanced civilization could create wasn't the way to go. If I kept doing that, I would never be satisfied with anything in this world but the girls.

That's why, for every step I took, I did my best to enjoy just how fine the local highway was. At least, in comparison to the abandoned-looking road that pathfinder used to bring me to the highway.

The same difference could be applied to my current guide.

Instead of a silent and condescending treatment of a pathfinder that I got so used to over the last few days, my new guide was...

Well, still silent. Yet, whenever I asked any question, he would openly answer it, as long as he deemed me fit to know such an answer.

For example, when I asked about who he was...

"I'm Rubart, a menial elder of the lower headquarters of the Tuxi sect," he introduced himself properly, going as far as to reveal his full, lengthy title.

Over the course of my further questions, I learned that menial meant an elder who was still tasked with actual jobs. When compared to the politics-oriented elders I knew from the Skyladder sect, it was already an improvement.

Yes, this menial elder would answer almost every question I asked, outside of ones regarding the meaning of life or the universe. So it should be all great and dandy, shouldn't it?

'I miss pathfinder,' I thought, annoyed by the fake openness of Rubart. Yes, he would answer most of my questions... But that was it.

He would pick up the discussion. His answers wouldn't lead to anything.

Back when I was still with a pathfinder, if we talked about something, then the discussion, as annoying as it could be, would always lead to some sort of conclusion. Some sort of explanation of the meaning of said discussion.

And now?

Rubart's answers were as short as possible without making them lose their meaning. Yet, for me, who knew close to nothing about the trivia of this world, they only added more mystery to the questions I already had.

"We are nearing the pickup spot," Rubart spoke out of his own will for the very first time. He then brought his hand up and pointed at a small dent in the line of the woods nearby. "As such, you need to stay silent as I explain some vital information," he added.

Rubart then cleared his throat.

"Once we reach that place, you will meet your Overseer. You are required to bring in the haul every month or every week, but your progress is tracked in a biweekly manner," he threw some trivia in a formal tone.

'It's most likely a formula he has to utter whenever leaving the people he is guiding,' I guessed, rolling my eyes.

Reaching this place took us several hours from when we departed from the crossroad shack the first thing in the morning. He had a lot of time to tell me all of those things, so why didn't he?

Even with all the questions that I posed, most of our journey we spent in silence and peace!

"You have the right to act independently if you so desire, but it's advised to follow the lead of your Overseer. His strength might be your advantage," Rubart continued. "Any and all grievances you have against your Overseer might be reported during your visits in the lower headquarters," he finished, right as we stopped by the wall of trees.

"Took you long enough," a young man, roughly in the middle of his twenties, commented the second Rubart finished his piece.

"Bringing people directly from beyond the barrier takes time," Rubart replied, casting a quick glance at my Overseer's face. "Tsk," he clicked the tongue, turning his face towards me.

For a moment, I could see a pity flashing in his eyes.

"My job here is done," Rubart said, turning around. "Good luck," he added before stepping on the road and leaving.

"Follow me," my Overseer barked, not even bothering to ask for my name.

Between the anger clearly visible in his eyes and Rubart's reaction to this guy...

'I'm fucked, am I not?' I guessed.

Just like Vaner warned me all the way back on the other side of the barrier, it appeared that my Overseer didn't really like the idea of... well, overseeing my growth.

'And that means he is the greatest danger to my wellbeing,' I thought, tightening my grip over my spear.

This weapon, a crude knife, and my robe were the only belongings I was allowed to take from the sect. That, and the identification token that I obtained from the auction hall, although it was hidden in the deepest pocket of my robe.

Soon, we reached a small clearing, roughly a kilometer deep into the forest. It still had some trees offering some shade during the day, but most of this small area was open and clear of all the bigger vegetation.

Right through the middle of the clearing, a small river cut through, providing the place with a fresh and relatively abundant source of water.

There was only one thing that wasn't raised by nature's hand in this entire place. It was a relatively small tent, appearing to be able to fit three people at most.

'Are we going to live in such a cramped space?' I thought, following my Overseer towards the tent.

"And where do you think you are going, you little fucker?" the man asked, throwing me a hateful stare. "If you want a place to sleep, go and organize it yourself!" he instantly sobered me up from the idea of sharing the tent.

'What a low kind of person,' I thought, squinting my eyes.

Yet, there was no point in protesting.

I was still weak. Just a single day of rest wasn't anywhere near enough to help me replenish my mana, and a forced march right after that didn't help either. Still, if I wanted to rest in any form of comfort, it appeared that I had to organize it myself.

"You, what's your name?" the man finally asked, stopping right at the entrance to his tent.

"I'm Arthur," I only revealed my first name. Although this was likely a pointless worry, Pendragon's name held a lot of meaning and value back on earth. I didn't want to reveal it in this world and risk attaching value to my head if someone turned out to be after my blood!

"Good," my Overseer said with a sneer. "Don't you dare hold me back, Arthur," he barked before hiding himself in the tent.

'This is going to be a pain,' I thought. I then shook my head to clear it from useless thoughts.

There was no point thinking about this rude fucker. A time would come when I would be able to pay him back for all the bullying I was sure I was in for.

For now, I had to make sure I could get some rest without getting my robes wet from the roses or rain.

And the crude knife by my side would surely come as handy as all the videos of men building primitive houses I watched instead of sleeping back on earth!