

Last System 127

Chapter 127 - My Weakness Is To Blame

'Slowly, but steadily,' I muttered to myself as I crawled forward. This was the golden rule that pathfinder taught me while we were hunting.

Do not hurry it up. It's not your presence that will alert the prey, but your movement.

'I will regret it so damn much,' I thought, thinking about my situation.

My robes were all wet. For how great it was, I never designed it to allow me practically swim in the forest floor's vegetation.

Fear inched closer to the core of my soul the closer I got to the beast. It was a slow but steady process, not allowing me to identify the moment when it started. As such, I was unable to counteract it.

I tightened my grip over my spear. It could do only a little, but it still helped me to ward off my fear a little bit.

'It doesn't look as scary up close,' I thought once I managed to get within five meters of the beast.

Crawling forward was the simplest and most straightforward way to approach the monster. But that would also mean going downwind while plastered against the ground. As such, not only would the beast be perfectly aware of my presence, I would also be in the worst possible position to defend against its attacks.

That's why, rather than going in a straight line, I made sure to circle around the best, carefully observing the movements of the vegetation to keep track of the changing winds. Only thanks to this precaution did I manage to approach my target so close, without getting noticed.

I wasn't a skilled or experienced hunter. I only had a few pathfinder's lessons to my advantage. But I made sure to make the damned utmost out of them.

I inched a bit closer. Four meters. Three meters. Two meters.

At this point, I could only hope that the tiny noise my crawl was making sounded just like the natural sounds of the forest. If I reached out, I could almost pet the goat's back.

I slowly inhaled the air to prevent the whooshing sound from alerting my prey. As I slowly released it, I finally pressed my body up. Now on one knee, I aimed my spear.

With its back to me, the nape of the goat's neck was exposed. The place where my blade would have the shortest path towards its spine. Whatever defenses this monster had, this was where they would be the weakest.

I cleared my mind. My hands tightened their grip on the spear as I got the closest to the perfect stabbing stance I could while still kneeling.

Standing up would make too much noise, and the movement would be too visible. So even though it meant compromising on the strength of my stab, it was my best shot.

I aimed my spear and...

"Hurry the fuck up!" the Overseer shouted from the bottom of his lungs.

Startled by the noise, both the monster and I reacted simultaneously.

I pressed my spear forward, despite not being in the right state of mind to do the perfect stab yet.

I was half a breath short.

The goat jerked its body to the side, making my blade slide down its throat instead of stabbing through it.

'Was it just bad timing? Or did he...?' In an instant, my head filled with suspicion. For as little as I knew my Overseer, intentionally interrupting my hunt just as I was about to deal the killing blow didn't seem too far off from how he behaved so far.

In the back of my head, a certain sentence started to rang.

"He might not kill you... But accidents happen."

Was it his purpose? Was he trying to get rid of me right on the first day?

I shook my head and jumped back. Right now wasn't the time to think about it.

Alerted not only by the shout but now also by the force of my attack, the goat finally noticed its new target.

I only managed to jump back, but it was already charging at me with its horns covered in electric-like sparks.

I had no time for another dodge, so I did the next most sensible thing. In a pathetically wrong stance, I stabbed.

The goat didn't even flinch, allowing my spear to bounce off its electrified fur. The next thing that I could see was the forest's treetops swooshing by my vision.

And then I felt it.

'FUCK,' I internally cried out, feeling the familiar type of pain.

At least two ribs broken, lungs squeezed to the point it was getting hard to breathe.

Another wave of pain assaulted my mind when I crashed against a random tree. My already broken ribs instantly cried out in pain when the push came from the other side this time.

"DIE!" forcing my eyes open, I could see the Overseer jumping at the beast from above, right as it was contemplating the effects of its charge.

It was too late.

Already on full alert, the goat simply jumped to the side, using its insane agility to escape the Overseer's blade. For a moment, she entered into a standoff of stares with the man before shaking its head arrogantly and jumping deeper into the forest.

The display right now made it clear. We were too slow to even attempt pursuing it.

"You foiled my kill..." I squeezed out of my lips. My words were oozing with hate and killing intent. But right now, I was in no state to do that man any harm. In fact, he was perfectly suited to end my life!

"Shut up, you moron," the Overseer looked at me hatefully. "Sneak attacks are for cowards!" he added with a sneer, proving that his shout was fully intentional.

'If that's the case, then why did you use me as bait in the first place? Wasn't it to land a sneak attack yourself, huh?' I thought, using all my willpower to keep my tongue behind my lips.

No good would come from baiting this fucker right now. As much as I hated it, I had to endure.

'Fuck,' I cursed, shaking my head and looking down. I expected to see my own blood fountaining away from my chest...

But no such thing happened.

My robes were ripped apart and looked as if someone half-burned them. Yet, not a single scar, wound, or bruise could be seen on my chest.

'Was I wrong?' I thought, running my fingers down my torso.

It was surely beaten... But that was nothing more but muscle pain, not an actual injury!

'I guess the robe saved my life here,' I thought, gritting my teeth.

The matching robe with what Mia was wearing, and now it was all in tatters.

I stood up. The Overseer showed no signs of willingness to help me out, so I had no other choice but to follow him back into the camp on my own. Out of everything, he was the one who could somewhat navigate the forest.

'I bet he would be overjoyed if I got lost and died in the forest,' I thought, using this notion to push my battered body just a single step further.

And just like that, with the accompaniment of curses, insults, and swears, I managed to make it back.

"It's all your fault!" this single sentence summarised the content of what my Overseer continued to hurl to my side throughout our return.

But reacting to it would be stupid. It would gain me nothing while only pushing that guy's fury further.

'I hate it,' I thought, gripping my spear to the point all the blood flew out from my hands, only to relax them a moment later. 'But I have to endure. I have to bide my time,' I thought, forcibly calming myself down.

With that notion decided on, I approached the Overseer with a blank expression on my face. For me, he was just a scum. But if I could use him, then I wasn't going to hold anything back.

"It's indeed the fault of my weakness that this beast managed to escape," I admitted to something that wasn't true at all. "That's why, would you be as kind as to provide me with a training pillar and an amplification array?" I requested.

"Huh?" the Overseer turned surprised for the very first time since I met him. "You want to be a contractor... No, you want to be a cultivator, and you don't even have something as basic as amplification array?" he asked with a sneer, only to laugh out openly. "How did you even become a contractor, then?!" he asked, exploding in laughter.

"By killing all those who wronged me," I replied in a cold tone, tightening the grip over my spear.