

Last System 129

Chapter 129 - Precise Spear

Up until the point I entered the formation, I barely held to my consciousness. That was the extend of my exhaustion mixed with the pain of the bruises that the failed hunt left on me.

Yet, the second I was surrounded by mana gushing into my pores, I found the strength to ward this tiredness away.

So I kept on training. Kept on pushing my spear, striving to make each hit just as perfect as it could be.

But there was no denying the state of my body.

The mana managed to revitalize my flesh, but I was still in pretty bad shape. And while I managed to hold on and keep training, it seriously affected just how effective that training could be.

"Finally!" I let out a small shout when I managed to break through the beginner level of my spearmanship job.

It took me exactly one hundred and twenty-four perfect stabs to do it. With how immersed I was in training, it felt as if I only took a few hours to do so...

But when I shook my head and broke free from my focused state, I realized that my back was strangely warm.

I turned around, only to see the sun rising above the horizon. The culprit behind the strange warmth on my back.

'I took the entire damned night?' I thought with surprise, only to shake my head. 'That seems to be the case. There is no point in denying the reality,' I quickly thought, falling to my knees and allowing the mana to nourish my body for a little.

It was a bad practice to just soak in the mana, but I needed this tiny bit of rest.

Then, my vision suddenly blurred, just like it would whenever I opened up my status.

But I didn't call for it now.

A set of four windows appeared before my eyes. One was at the top, with three others stacked below in an orderly line.

"Congratulations on reaching the Novice Spearmanship level!"

The top window said, with another message written in smaller letters below.

"Please, choose your specialization!"

'Is this some sort of advancement?' I thought, looking down at the options I had.

From the left, there was spearmage, a mighty spear, and a precise spear.

Not a single word of explanation was added, forcing me to figure out the meaning of each option on my own.

For the first time in a long while, I was stumped by choice.

It felt great to have a solid measure of my growth, but how I was supposed to make a choice without knowing what it entailed?

'The system keeps on using the mana for its names. And I advanced because I managed to land those precise strikes while infusing them with my own energy,' I thought, trying to connect the dots.

'Could this choice have something to do with how I will use my mana on each path as well?' I guessed.

There was no way to confirm my idea. Yet, looking at the choices again, I couldn't help but think that I actually got it right.

Assuming that every choice was somehow connected to using mana while wielding the spear, then what could be the meaning behind them?

The spearmage option appeared like the middle-ground, not specifying any strong or weak sides of the path. In other words, it was the most versatile route I could take.

'A jack of all trades is a master of none,' I thought, recalling one of the popular quotes from back on earth.

In truth, its full version said, 'a jack of all trades is a master of none, but oftentimes better than a master of one.' That was the original meaning of the sentence, one that I couldn't agree with.

In every RPG scenario that I came up with, versatility came at the cost of power. In every game I played, one could achieve things far greater by specializing in one thing than by trying everything bit by bit.

'But if the spearmage is the middle ground, then what's the difference between a might and precision?' I asked myself.

This time, the answer came to me on its own, with a picture of a mighty warrior swinging a massive ax to fall scores of his opponents with each attack.

A mighty warrior was someone who could fight with many at once. A precise blade was one that was far more effective at striking down a single opponent.

'Assuming that's the case, I guess I don't need to hesitate,' I thought, a small smile blossoming on my lips.

If my guesses were correct, the choice was between an allrounder, an area of effect fighter, and a duelist.

The first option I ditched right away because of my own preferences. The second option was too flashy for me to follow. And that left me with the last of the three.

'I wonder, how am I supposed to make this pick, then?' I thought, focusing my sight on the window I wanted to choose.

It started to light up as if someone had increased the brightness of that particular window. Bit by bit, it continued to grow whiter and whiter...

"You trained through the entire night?" a voice reached my ears, forcing me to ditch the status window and turn my eyes towards its source.

Just like expected, it was no one else but Overseer coming out of his window and looking at me in shock and a tiny bit of awe. For a moment, I could swear I saw a hint of respect in his eyes.

Yet, it all disappeared in an instant.

"This is what I need to do, not to be a burden," I replied calmly.

Over the last night, while my mind was fully focused on the training, all the emotions from yesterday dissipated.

With my head cooled off, I managed to rein them back to the corner of my soul.

Just like before, I have not yet been ready to face the dark blot of humiliation, fear, and grief that was stuck at the bottom of my soul. And allowing any emotions to reign over my mind right now was the simplest way to allow the others to resurface as well.

There was also another point that I managed to consider.

There had to be a reason why this man was so hard on me. No matter how shitty his personality was, we were going to hunt together for an extended period of time from now on. It was foolish to make enemies with someone who was supposed to have his back.

And it was impossible for someone to achieve my Overseer's level of strength by acting foolish like that.

'It doesn't mean that I forgive you... But I will withhold my judgment to the moment I understand your reasons,' I thought, staring emotionlessly at the man's face.

"Good," my Overseer assumed the same, arrogant expression that I saw him bearing before. "Keep on training, then," he said, turning around and heading back towards his tent.

With this burden out of my mind, I whispered, "status."

Instead of seeing my progress data, I was again presented with the choice. The choice that I already knew the answer to.

I stared down at the 'precise spear' window, allowing it to explode in brightness before the entire thing faded away.

What was surprising, though, was how the entire world around me faded with my vision as well.

Then, a simple, elegant spear emerged right in the middle of the darkness.

At first, nothing happened. But then, an aura started to gather around the weapon, as if someone threw it into the puddle of water.

For the next few moments, nothing really changed outside of the constant flux of the aura.

And then, the aura started to condense.

All around the handle of the spear, it simply infused itself into the wood. Yet, right at its blade, it actually formed a phantom edge, roughly half a hand-width greater than the blade itself.

For a moment, the entire thing appeared to be solid, just like the material that the spear was made from. Yet, upon closer look, I realized that the mana that made up the aura was still in constant flux, flowing in a circle throughout the entire spear.

The solid top appeared to be solid only because of how dense the mana was out there. Yet, the closer I looked, the stranger this thing became.

Because the aura itself... Didn't appear to be any denser than it was at the handle of the spear. More like... despite the greater amount of mana flowing through that limited space, what increased wasn't its density... but speed and depth.

'Since the mana isn't a force out of this dimension...' I thought, realization causing my eyes to widen.

'Interesting,' I smiled as the vision faded away, forcing me back into reality.