

Last System 132

Chapter 132 - Exhaustion

'Again!' I ordered myself in my thoughts the second I managed to land a proper strike on an imaginary opponent in front of me.

I couldn't care less for the exhaustion of my body. The mana that continued to rapidly infuse into my flesh would take care of that.

'Again!' I thought, getting back into the fighting stance, driving the energy, and then pushing the spear forward.

Once again, the shadow of a nearby tree that I was fighting with died a tragic death.

But despite being killed by my spear countless times already, that bastard still refused to disappear!

'Again!'

Over and over again, I drove my spear in the exact same way, with the exact same muscles doing the job.

Yet, even with all my efforts, the shadow was only turning bigger.

I turned my head around, taking the first moment of a break in several hours. And just like I guessed, the sun was already getting low above the horizon, forcing me to understand just how long I had been training.

'Through the entire night first and now through the entire day?' I thought, shaking my head over my own stupidity. 'I guess I got overexcited a little.'

Still, with the sun so close to hiding for the day, I decided to train just a little bit more.

I returned to a standard stance with my back and legs straightened and the spear standing straight by my side. I then lowered myself to my knees. Holding my spear firmly, I made its blade angle forward without changing my grip over it whatsoever.

I focused my eyes on the point I wanted to attack. This time, it was the edge of the shadow cast by a nearby bush.

My left leg made half a step forward, stabilizing my position. My right hand moved to the back, giving me a greater amount of snap for the actual attack.

Still standing in this position, I drove my mana through my core, then through my flesh, and all the way to the tip of the spear. Yet, instead of just amassing it over the blade, I circled it around, making it return back to my hand, then my arm, torso, and then all the way back to my core.

I already realized that if I simply pushed my energy into a spear, I would be wasting a great amount of it on each attack. Using the flow to form the phantom blade was simply more efficient and allowed me to keep using it for an extended period of time.

The aura around my spear condensed, falling back on its physical structure. As the flow of my mana intensified, a small shadow formed at the tip of its blade, signifying that the phantom blade had already formed.

And then, I snapped forward.

I made a step with my right leg, lunging ahead. I snapped my right arm to the front and bent my upper body on my hips and stomach to add even more strength to the strike.

All of those movements were focused on one thing, increasing the momentum of the spear as rapidly as possible.

Tic.

I slowly retracted my spear.

The system-announced feeling of progress was great. While it didn't affect the state of my body, it brought a lot of comfort to my mind.

It was a confirmation that, albeit slowly, I continued to grow.

'I really need to take a break,' I thought when my flesh burned up in the pain of extreme exhaustion.

Using mana as a substitute for proper rest would only get me so far.

I lowered my spear and shook my head... Only to notice that there was someone standing in the distance.

I turned my head to the side... and that was basically all I did. Once I looked directly at the figure, I simply stood in place, refusing to say a word or do a thing.

For a moment, I stood with my Overseer in peace, staring each other down.

In the end, he was the one to lose this game of chicken with stares.

"You should take a break," he said, exhaling a mouthful of air. "We are going for another hunt tomorrow, and I don't want you to utter some excuses about how tired you are."

He said his piece... but he didn't turn around. My Overseer continued to stand his ground, clearly awaiting my response.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any place to sleep right now," I said, squinting my eyes as a distant voice of fury echoed in my mind.

I instantly focused all my mind on quelling it.

"Not after you destroyed it," I added after taking a moment to calm down.

Once again, a moment passed when we simply stared each other down.

"And who said that you are supposed to sleep outside?" my Overseer asked, shaking his head lightly. He then turned around and moved towards the tent. "Come on in," he uttered upon reaching halfway through the distance that separated him from his tent.

For a moment, I hesitated.

'Is it another trap of his?' I thought, squinting my eyes and analyzing my situation.

'No, this doesn't make sense,' I quickly realized, shaking my head over my own stupidity.

I trained for nearly twenty-four hours straight, right after returning from that exhausting hunt. Even if I could continue to train, I was nowhere in the state to oppose the man if he wanted to do me harm.

As such, what would be his point in inviting me to the tent?

'I guess there is only one way for me to find out,' I thought, fixing my grasp over the spear and following the man in the tent.

The second I stepped outside the amplification array, a wave of exhaustion struck my body like a hammer.

'I guess I could expect it,' I thought, falling on one knee and taking a moment to get accustomed to the current state of my body.

Back in the formation, mana supported every last move of mine. But right now, without its support, I was back to the devastated state my body was truly in.

I reached the tent and pushed the cloth of its entrance open... and then I stood, frozen in place by a shock.

The insides of the tent didn't match its outside at all. From the outside, it appeared to be at most two square meters big, barely enough for a grown-up man to take a proper rest inside. But from the inside...

'I wonder if Vaner's mansion is actually smaller than this place,' I thought, tightening my grasp over my spear.

Once again, this world proved just how little I knew about its secrets.