

## Last System 133

Chapter 133 - The Reason

"You had this much space, yet you kept me outside..." I muttered as a wave of emotion washed over my head once again.

If that wasn't bullying, then I didn't know what bullying was!

The insides of the tent were separated into three areas.

Right in the middle was the common area, with all kinds of sofas, chairs, and places to take a seat. There was even a massive, circular table in its direct center, currently messed up by a huge number of papers scattered all over it.

I could see a makeshift kitchen, bathtub, and even what appeared like a toilet in the back!

The rest of the tent was focused on the rooms placed by its sides, each of which was equipped with a set of proper doors, unlike the entrance to the tent itself.

"It's all part of the job," the Overseer shook his head as he moved deeper into the area. He then picked up some drinks and food and brought them over to the main table of the tent.

With a single swing of his hand, he pushed all the papers aside, creating an empty area big enough for two people to dine at.

"If you proved to be a worthless piece of shit, sent here just because of a backing of some delusional but influential figure..." the man stopped his words before he could finish his sentence. I thought he would leave it hanging for a moment, forcing me to guess the rest.

But no. After taking a deep breath, he looked me right in the eye and finished. "You wouldn't be worthy of entering this place."

'So that's the case,' I thought, without much of a surprise.

I already guessed that there was some reason why I could see the cracks in the mask that this man wore.

First off, his ways of bullying were just too direct. If he really intended to go as far as he did, then he would be far more devious if not outright hostile in his actions.

It simply didn't make sense to be so damn disgusting piece of shit of a person... without going for an extra mile to make my life even harder.

"Do you want to say that one can become a contractor even without the ability to do so?" I asked.

This was the one thing in the entire situation that didn't make any sense to me.

Wasn't the contractor's job something that only people with adequate strength could take on? Wasn't it even a sort of punishment?

That's what I understood about it from the way in which Vaner duped it on me.

"Pretty much, yeah," the Overseer rolled his eyes and pointed his hand at the chairs by the table. His intention was pretty clear at this point.

Sitting down on a strange type of low-kind sofa, I could almost see my body breathing a sigh of relief. For how small it was, being able to rest my weight took some burden off my tired muscles.

"Go on. I can see you are hungry," the man encouraged me by pushing a platter filled with meats and vegetables towards me.

"I'm not going to ask you to forgive me for how I acted before. But it was something necessary," he said, averting his eyes the second I looked at his face.

'Well, I can already guess why did you do so,' I thought.

If it was possible to assign incompetent people to the contractor's job, then it would be a massive pain... no, a massive danger for Overseers to take care of them.

As this job entailed hunting monsters, it was a job that was pretty risky on its own already. Having someone supposed to watch your back run away or commit some major blunder, just like the Overseer did to me in the previous hunt, wasn't something that could be called an annoyance.

It was a mortal threat to the Overseer himself.

"You see, in the continental zone, there are two types of people. Inborns who were born in this area and never had to try their utmost to reach your level of strength and the advancers like you or me," the Overseer said, reaching out with his hand and taking a sizeable piece of meat for himself.

The meaning of advancers was pretty obvious. Since the first group of people consisted of people born on this side of the barrier, by elimination, advancers could only be those who reached this place from beyond the barrier.

"Most of the inborns, outside of the few glorious examples, are worthless,' the Overseer said before biting down on the chunk of meat. In an instant, the fragrant juices sprayed all over his face only to slide down his cheeks. "But that doesn't automatically means that all the advancers are worth the respect either," the Overseer shook his head before swallowing the piece of meat he just bit off.

"If someone is capable of reaching a level high enough to advance from the areas outside the barrier... Doesn't that mean they are hardworking enough?" I asked, surprised by the notion a little.

Instead of replying, the Overseer put his meat away and threw me a knowing look.

'Right,' I thought, feeling how my breath left my lungs in a long sigh. 'There are people who are just born into rich and powerful families, capable of using their resources to cultivate,' I realized, a face of Jenne appearing before the eyes of my imagination.

"I see that you understand now," the Overseer said, bringing his meat back towards his mouth. "Normally, if an inborn was assigned to me, the period of bullying would last for a while," he informed. "Those people are pretty capable at pretending to be great and hardworking people, despite being utmost garbage," he added, his eyes filling with scorn.

"On the other side, with advancers like you, one can judge them with just a single day," the man added with a smile. He then reached for an elegant bottle and poured it into a cup. As he passed it towards me, he finally lowered his head. "Consider this my reparation for the house I destroyed and the hunt that I botched," he said, passing me the cup.

'What's with all those people valuing their drinks so much?' I thought but accepted the cup and took a careful sip.

I didn't want to end up with the taste of a bull's piss in my mouth. Yet, to my surprise, the drink appeared to be a herbal one, perfectly sweet and mellow.

As the single sip that I dared to take fell down my throat, my body finally relaxed a little. It felt as if all the exhaustion that I accumulated over the hunt and the latter training started to evaporate from my body.

'I still need to take a proper rest,' I reminded myself. No matter how great this drink was, it wouldn't replace the proper rest!

"Thank you, senior," I muttered, staring down at the content of the cup.

To say that I was amazed by it would be a gross understatement.

"Also,? it's for the far-off future, but you should still remember it," the man said, stretching his back and then resting it deeply against the backrest of the seat. "With how huge the continental zone is, there are places where even inborns are considered as advancers once they reach it," he said, squinting his eyes as if his mind had already traveled to those far-off places.

For a moment, we just sat in silence, each of us sinking deeply into our own thoughts.

"Anyway," the Overseer finally woke up from his daze, slapped his hands against his knees, and leaned forward. "For now, you need to go and take some rest," he said, standing up and grabbing the food that he had yet to finish. "We are going to go for another hunt starting tomorrow. This time, though," he moved his eyes on me as a small smile appeared on his lips, "we are going to take it seriously."

"One last thing, senior," I stood up, fighting off the exhaustion of my body to do so. Right now, only the prospect of a proper rest kept me going. "You keep calling this place a continental zone... If that's the name of this place, then what's the name of the zone I came from?" I asked out of sheer curiosity.

The man only chuckled.

"The continental zone is vast and diverse, but it has one name. On the other hand, there are thousands of the lower zones that people advance through the barrier to this place," the Overseer smiled before shaking his head. He then looked at my face with a strange expression. "Yet, all those places share a common name.. A zero zone."