

Last System 15

Chapter 15 - Mashed Potato

I held a potato in my hand. It wasn't some kind of special weapon or a stone disguised as a vegetable.

It was the potato in every possible regard. A steamed one, soft enough that it started to deform from just me holding it, even though my entire hand was covered in bandages.

The only reason why I held it out was that it's been a while since I last mentioned it. And from the looks on the intruders' faces, they clearly assumed that it was something more than just a vegetable I randomly picked up this morning from the cafeteria.

"Does it look like a normal potato to you?" I asked, introducing even more confusion amidst their ranks.

"Huh?" The leader of the group squinted his eyes.

But it was too late for him to understand my true intention.

I pulled my hand back, pretending that I didn't want them paying too much attention to the potato. And then, in the exact same way in which I struck the pillar countless of times yesterday, I threw the potato forward.

Right in the face of the leader of the group.

I jumped forward as soon as I stabilized my momentum from the throw. Using the short window when they were shocked, I closed the distance, not giving them any time to draw back or recalculate the situation.

They invaded my private garden, so it was only my courtesy and cautiousness that made me hold back for so long. And since this was the very first wave of people that the young master sent after Mia and me, I had to deal with them in a definitive manner.

I threw out a kick.

With my injured hands, I opted not to risk using them for as long as possible. Thankfully, one of the intruders was either still shocked or just too slow to react.

My foot buried itself in the guts of the guy on my left, sending him flying.

'Huh?' I couldn't help but get shocked myself.

Sure, take a few steps back, maybe trip and fall on your back. That would be a natural reaction to a kick.

But the guys actually flew for a few meters before crashing heavily into the ground!

"Oh no, I have to keep my composure!" I alerted myself, calming my shocked face back to a smile as I turned towards the last of the opponents.

To the man's side, his leader was still trying to clean his face or at the very least, his eyes from the mashed potato that my steamed vegetable turned upon hitting his head.

'No respect for the vegetables,' I thought, turning my eyes towards the last, still standing guy.

"Really?" I asked, seeing him raise his guard. Then, without any regard for the healing of my hands, I threw a simple punch right into the leader's face, applying a deep-pore mashed potato treatment to the skin of his face.

'Fuck, that hurt,' I thought as a small tremble shook my body. If my hands constantly felt like if a thousand needles punctured them, it now turned into hundreds of furious bees.

"Really?" I asked again, holding my pain back.

"I... I-I'm sorry!" The guy shouted, turning around and running away.

I could chase him... but what would be the point of it? Ultimately, he didn't even raise his hand against me. And I wasn't someone unreasonable, beating up people just because they weren't nice while having a conversation with me.

"Now then..." I muttered, turning my sights back to the leader of the trio.

He was currently lying flat on the ground, stunned after my hit squarely to his face.

"Wake up," I said, throwing a loose kick right between his legs.

This particular guy ran his mouth for more than I was willing to excuse.

"Ugh..." the man scowled, instantly proving that he wasn't unconscious at all. He hid his crotch with his hands before leaning forward.

I could only imagine what kind of torture he was going through.

For a moment, I simply stood there and observed the man before finally waving my hand away and pointing it at the exit of the garden.

"Scram!"

My shout finally scared them out. Limping away, they hurriedly left the place.

"Why did you let them go?" Mia hurried to my back and asked, grabbing my right hand and unveiling the bandage.

As expected, the scabs were crushed, oozing fresh blood and lymph.

"They were just small fries," I sighed, watching how the girl wiped the blood away with the old bandage before pulling out a small bottle of ointment from her robes.

This was the very essence of the deal I made with her previous owner. Rather than having her as my slave, I would make use of her nursing experience to push myself to the limits while training. In this way, I would actually have some use for her outside of having a cute yet extremely troublesome follower.

"What was all of that for, even..." Mia muttered. Just one look at her face was enough for me to tell that she was still distressed by the situation.

"I think it's still the same guy, the one that wanted to get you for himself," I replied as I threw a look towards the stone pillar nearby.

'Should we stay here or...?' I thought, analyzing the possibilities.

"Now, all done," Mia said as she tore the end of the cloth in half and secured the bandage in place. She then raised her head and graced me with a light, shy smile.

"Thanks," I muttered involuntarily, still immersed in my thoughts. But I didn't dare to remain in this state for long.. "It seems like we will need to ask your previous owner for a favor."