

## Last System 162

### Chapter 162 - Missing Word

Raising the level of my translator job took away most of the daylight from my day off. As such, when I started looking for any clues about the arcane weaponmaster job, I went into a frenzy.

I did a quick sweep through all the books that I bought only to confirm something I already knew.

Not a single one of those precious commodities had any mention of the job I was interested in on its title or first few pages.

'It's no use, isn't it?' I thought, putting all the books back to my storage ring, leaving only the formation guide open.

There were no windows in the tent. Yet, through some kind of magic tomfoolery, the sunlight still got through its walls, just bright enough to let me read in peace.

Sadly, the small point of light that marked the position of the sun was already getting dangerously low on the tent's wall.

'I don't have much time,' I thought, clenching my teeth and looking down on the book.

I had to strain my eyes to see the letters, even with the help of my translation ability.

'No, there is no way,' I thought, shaking my head. 'I'm only going to waste my time by trying to read properly like that,' I thought, grabbing the book's open edge and quickly scanning through its pages.

By scanning the book's content like that, I wouldn't learn anything. I would give myself barely enough time to read a few words from each page that caught my interest, or I would spend a few seconds analyzing the drawn schematics for more complex formations before moving over.

Only right at the book's end did I find something interesting.

"For the more comprehensive guide about micromanaging your formation as well as enchanting unanimated material, refer to my other book, "Guide to the ... Formations."

The only thing that interested me about this passage, located right on the last page of the book, was the fact that a small part of it was missing.

A single word was scratched off... No, wiped away?

The closer I examined the book, the stranger it became.

It was as if the proper word was never written on it in the first place.

The paper had no marks pointing towards someone tampering with it. There was no sign of scratching, bleaking, or even painting the word over.

It was as if the word was never written.

'Is this a mistake?' I thought, trying to cut away the more improbable scenarios. Yet, before I could arrive at any sort of conclusion, the merciless sun finally hid before the nearby hills, depriving me of the much-needed sunlight.

"I guess it's over for today," I muttered to myself, stowing the book away in my ring.

While the strange, missing word at the end of the book was puzzling, I didn't really care for it much. If the author or whoever was responsible for erasing it wanted to avoid attention, they should remove the author's name from the book in the first place.

'I guess I will find out during the next visit at the sect,' I thought to myself before standing from my bed and moving out of the room.

The sun was down, which meant there was no more sunlight for me to read. But that didn't mean the day was over for me at all.

I grabbed a torch out of the pile right by the tent's doors and went outside. By condensing my mana to the breaking point at the tip of my fingers and then releasing it, I managed to get the torch alight as I moved away from the tent.

Whatever it was made from, I never wanted to even test whether it was fireproof or not. Because in the off-chance it wasn't, I likely would never be able to pay back its insane cost.

'After all, if a small cubicle like my storage ring can already put a dent in my fortune, something as spacious as that tent...' I thought before shaking my head and moving forward.

Upon arriving at my usual training spot, I couldn't help but smile when I noticed the glister of the formation stones reflecting the shine of my torch.

'They are all over the place,' I thought, lowering my head over the disaster of a formation.

I only managed to read through the first chapter of the formation book, but I could already see many ways to apply my new knowledge.

For a moment, I stood above the stones, staring down at the runes marking their surface.

I then shook my head as a small smile crept its way up my lips.

'There is no way I could do that, isn't it?' I thought, wondering over my momentary naivete.

I hung the torch on a special stand that I prepared before leaving for the sect and then entered the array.

I had no problem with training while it was dark. Yet, for some reason, it made me feel more secure and... homey.

'Still, I'm blessed by the situation,' I thought as I started boxing with my imaginary shadow. 'Even if I need to figure out this entire arcane thing all on my own, I still have more than enough resources right where I live,' I thought, turning my eyes towards the dark shadow of the forest.

If the monsters' materials were the one thing I needed to create arcane weapons, then becoming a contractor might just be the best thing to ever happen to me!

'Nah, that's just silly,' I thought to myself, uppercutting that annoying project of my imagination.

Even when I was looking away, my body still continued to execute my punching routine.

'For something so basic, I sure stuck to it for a long time,' I thought, moving my attention back to the training.

I wouldn't be able to mentally call it a day without training in the array for at least a short moment. Without this movement, this small strain of the body, I would end up restless and unable to fall asleep.

'Still, I really need to go to sleep,' I thought, realizing just how quickly the time passed when I got into my training.

It no longer felt like a chore, something that I had to do for my own sake. Right now, the training allowed my mind to free itself from the mortal bonds of my body.

In a sense, executing this simple punching routine of mine was the greatest form of relaxation I could afford right now.

"That's enough," Lucius suddenly shouted over, his head peeking out of the tent. "You don't want to fall asleep while on the hunt! Hurry up and get to bed!" he nagged like some sort of old granny.

"Just a moment," I shouted over, forcing myself to move out of the array.

It was set up poorly; I could tell that even from the glimpse I caught while inspecting it. But still, it was my place of training. A place where I could allow myself to put my mind at ease.

Stepping out, I finally got the full picture of just how late it was.

Not only was the sun gone, but even its shine vanished from over the horizon, filling the forest's clearing in almost unpenetrable darkness.

For a moment, I simply stood in place, my head raised and my eyes adoring the elegant luster of the stars shining above me.

'Just like it was on earth, we are still just an insignificant speck in the ass of the universe, aren't we?' I thought, before shaking my head, bringing my eyes down, and marching back to the tent.

Lucius was right.. I should have been long asleep. I couldn't afford to make any mistakes during the hunt tomorrow!