

Last System 187

Chapter 187 - Jennes Change

Jenne slammed his fist into the training pillar.

His body was covered in sweat. Some of it already managed to dry up, forming a filthy layer. Yet, the only reason why he didn't stink was that his fresh sweat would wash the old one away.

"Fix the position of your left leg," an elder in modest robes gave a pointer. He stood behind Jenne, watching closely over every move of the young man. "Right now, you are losing quite a lot of momentum just to swing it," he elaborated before turning silent once again.

"Yes, teacher!" Jenne shouted his reply, pulling his left leg back.

'Even after all this training, I still have lots of things to improve on,' he thought, executing his routine punching technique.

It was an elaborate art that only the core disciples of his sect could learn. And despite all his misdeeds of the past, he was lucky enough to fall under the patronage of a man who knew it.

"Now you are overdoing it," the elder reprimanded the young man. "Take a break for now and watch," the elder ordered as he stepped forward.

Jenne stopped his training without as much as a sliver of hesitation.

"Look,"? the elder said, standing in the position. He then slowly pushed his fist forward, angling himself at his hips.

Even though it was just a demonstration performed at a snail's pace, Jenne could see just how devastating this punch could be.

There was nothing special to it... That is if one excluded a monstrous amount of experience behind it!

"Now, look how my legs are moving," the elder directed Jenne's attention. "I'm not stepping on," he pointed out. "I'm allowing my leg to follow the momentum of the rest of my body," the elder said, not stopping his demonstration even for a second.

"I see," Jenne muttered, closely observing every last detail of the elder's moves. "Thank you, teacher!" he shouted as he cupped his hands together and bowed his head.

There wasn't even a hint of fakeness in his gestures. The respect that he showed to the man was genuine and voluntary.

'Still, it's hard to believe how quickly I actually changed,' Jenne thought as he moved back into his training position. He then started to move at a snail's pace, doing his utmost to replicate the elder's moves.

"That's better," Jenne's teacher commented, a small smile of satisfaction present on his lips. "Keep going," he ordered as he stepped back and returned to his usual job of just observing Jenne's training.

"Yes, teacher!" Jenne shouted before getting back to his routine.

'Everything changed so much,' Jenne thought, unable to keep his thoughts on the training.

"You are not focused." Jenne's teacher was quick to notice that fact. Yet, instead of scolding his disciple, he only shook his head a little. "Training any further with that state of mind will be pointless. Go get yourself cleaned," he ordered.

"Teacher! I can still keep going!" Jenne protested for the first time in a while.

'Training is the only thing I'm good at,' the young man thought, clenching his fists. 'I shouldn't let all those thoughts get to my head!' he blamed himself before raising his eyes at his teacher.

"Elder, I can keep going," Jenne said, his voice full of determination.

"Like I said, there is no point," the older man sighed before putting on a small smile. "Also, I have some great news for you. But they are quite disturbing, so you won't be able to train anyway," he added with a small chuckle.

'News?' Jenne thought, stunned by the announcement. "What news?" he asked, lowering his arms and abandoning his position.

There was nothing extraordinary about the teacher passing the news to their disciple... If not for the fact that it was the first time it happened ever since Jenne's Overseer changed!

"That Oogan bastard got his punishment," Jenne's current teacher smiled as he made the big reveal.

Oogan was the man who forced Jenne to become who he was back at the Skyladder sect. He was the one who made use of Jenne's mental situation to turn him into a scheming son of a bitch that didn't mind hurting others for his own benefit.

'That fucker...' Jenne instantly got agitated.

The matter of his former master surfaced only a few days after his appearance in the sect. While he was still away, he barely paid him any mind. Yet, the second Jenne appeared in the sect, other elders noticed his situation and quickly got to the bottom of the entire thing.

"What will be... his punishment?" Jenne asked, barely able to hold back the excitement in his voice.

Seeing that dastardly elder punished for what he did to him was one of Jenne's main objectives.

"He lost his rank and got banished from the sect," Jenne's teacher revealed. Then, his smile soured as an angry expression appeared on his lips. "I hoped for a greater punishment for what he did... but he was still an elder," the man said as his shoulders dropped. "We couldn't really argue for any greater punishment," he said.

'Does that mean... I'm finally free?' Jenne thought, clutching his heart with his hand.

Even when he fell under the jurisdiction of his current teacher, his soul was still frightened by the possibility of his former Overseer returning.

But now it was all over. Oogan could no longer influence him. He could no longer force Jenne to change into a vile person like the one he was back at the Skyladder sect!

"This is really reassuring," Jenne muttered, overwhelmed by the news.

"You did well, holding on despite his bullying for so long," the elder said with a warm voice. "This story is finally over."

This man was the one most vocal about Oogan's punishment and the first to reach out to Jenne when he returned.

All in all, it wouldn't be a stretch to call him Jenne's savior.

"Respectable elder," Jenne muttered as he lowered his eyes. "I'm sorry, but nothing is over yet," he added, raising his eyes and looking right at his saviour's face.

"Huh?" the man shrugged in surprise. "What do you mean?" he asked, genuinely curious.

"Elder, did I ever hint at the reason why I wanted to join the intersect tournament so much?" Jenne asked, seemingly changing the topic.

But over the course of the last few weeks, Jenne's new teacher learned a few things about him. As such, the middle-aged man could tell that Jean was guiding the discussion towards something.

"I assumed you just wanted to prove something to yourself," the man replied, shrugging his shoulders.

This was the difference between Oogan and the man. Oogan expected Jenne to fulfill Oogan's wishes while not caring about Jenne at all.

Jenne's current master wanted to see Jenne grow, not caring much about the reasons that pushed him for the great efforts he showcased.

"It's nothing as grand," Jenne replied with a small chuckle. "The reason why I want to join the tournament is not for the tournament itself, but to travel to the Tuxi sect," the young man revealed.

"And what's so interesting in that sect?" Jenne's teacher asked, clearly puzzled by his disciple's revelations.

"There are two people whom my schemes hurt the most," Jenne replied. He then lowered his eyes and turned silent for a moment.

Even now, after several weeks, he had a hard time even thinking about what events he made happen.

"And how are they reason for your wish to travel to Tuxi sect?" the elder asked, even though his knowing smile suggested he already knew the answer.

"This shitty period of my life won't end before I apologize to them," Jenne said without even a hint of hesitation.

The determination could be heard in every tone of the words he spoke.

"And what if they won't forgive you?" the elder asked, his smile only continuing to grow.

He was clearly satisfied with what he was hearing.

"Then it will become my new purpose to pay them back for what I did," he stated. "As for whether they will ever forgive me... It's not something that I have any say in deciding," Jenne announced as he raised his eyes and looked at his elder.

"You won't bother with things that are not yours to decide," the elder echoed Jenne's conviction; his smile grew even wider. "I like that," he added.

"And that's why, respectable Elder," Jenne said, only to bow in half. "If that would be possible, I would like to return to my training!"