

Last System 217

Chapter 217 - Gate Goes *poof*

I left the auction hall building quite a bit richer than I was before entering it. Even though I didn't bring anything with me directly, opting to store everything away in my storage rings, I could still somehow feel the weight of my treasures.

'I didn't expect it would be that easy,' I thought, slowly making my way towards the inner grounds of the Sect.

This was the one thing that exploded way beyond my expectations. I wanted to find silver, but I found gold or something.

It turned out that the business I created just to get myself a new source of a passive income would shake the foundations of the society all over the continent soon!

'Well, that doesn't mean I can get complacent,' I thought to myself, approaching the gates of the inner ring of the Sect.

It was little to no surprise, but they were closed shut. But the guards' presence in front of the gate made me guess that there had to be some way of entering.

"Hello," I said as I approached the guards.

'It's him!' I could hear the whispers right away.

'What should we do?' Someone else whispered right away while I was stuck facing the mute and unfazed guards by the gate.

"Are you going to let me in?" I pressed the issue. The sense of urgency in the whispers I heard made me feel like doing exactly what they didn't want me to do.

And it meant hurrying up.

"The gates are closed for the night," the guard looked down at my face only to release a small smirk and return to its former, disinterested self.

"I came here to submit my quota," I announced, shrugging my shoulders. "And if you want to stop me from doing so," I added, looking at the guard's face with a smirk of my own, "then you should pick some guards capable of stopping me," I explained.

Back in the day, those guards posed a challenge for me. Just for the sake of keeping myself safe, I had to avoid them.

But that time was long over. Being a cultivator in the middle of a tenth stage, I could mop the floor with all of the guards at once while leisurely turning the inner ring wall into smoldering rubble!

"Are you threatening me?" the guard asked, lowering the tip of his ornamental weapon.

It was the middle of the lower headquarters. There was no need whatsoever for the guards here, save for the tradition.

"I'm just informing you," I replied in a relaxed manner.

Right now, this man was nothing but a small fry in my eyes. While I couldn't really judge it without skill or experience, the aura around him appeared to be rough of the same density as some of the stronger monsters I was fighting with.

In other words, back when I first turned into a military mage, that man could still pose a threat to me. But after two weeks of grinding and leveling, I could take on an army worth of people of his level all by myself!

After my words, the guard simply stared me down, refusing to elaborate any further.

"I will ask once again and for the last time," I got bored of waiting for the answer. And to prop my words up, I allowed a small bit of my mana to leak. "Are you going to let me in so I can fulfill my duty to the sect?"

And once again, instead of a straightforward yes or no answer, I was met with the silent treatment.

"Fine then," I said before releasing a deep breath. Then, I slowly inhaled the air to fill my lungs and closed my eyes.

'Wardens,' I thought, opening the fist with eight of the formation stones.

The stone shone with a bright light and rose up in the air, only to hover in a protective formation around me.

"Last chance," I said, opening my eyes and looking directly at the guard's face.

He was stunned by sight. His eyes continued to track the delicate movements of my wardens as if he was charmed by them.

"Are you going to let me in like your duty tells you to do?" I asked, already gathering the mana in the palm of my hand.

"I..." the guard hesitated. But I wasted enough time on him already.

"Too late," I said, raising my hand and making a throwing motion.

But I didn't throw anything. Rather than that, I allowed the mana that I gathered to separate before fusing it all into a single bolt.

Poof!

There was almost no delay between the moment my bolt shoot, and the second it struck the gate.

And just like it would happen when the bolt touched the monsters, the gate simply collapsed as all the forces responsible for giving the materials it was made up from their qualities suddenly disappeared.

'I need to be careful with this kind of spell,' I thought, watching the gate crumble before my very own eyes. 'If I were to shoot it at some kind of uranium deposit, it could turn ugly in a hurry,' I realized.

"Wha..." the guards only started to react a few seconds after I destroyed the gate.

There was no explosion or sound that one could associate with general destruction. The gate simply... crumbled away as if it was nothing more but a structure made out of the sand.

"I will make sure to report your misdeeds to the sect later on," I said, taking a long look at the guard that was unfortunate enough for me to pick him.

Then, without sparing a second word to those silly people, I crossed over the pile of ashes that remained of the gate before making my way inside.

No one dared to stop me. It appeared that my display of silent strength was enough to either scare them shitless or at least make them seek help from their superiors.

And while the guards were likely frantically scrapping to wake up some of their elders, I made my way towards the logistic center.

'Thank God,' I thought, noticing the delicate shine that seeped through the cracks in the window. 'I was scared it would be closed for the night,' I thought before approaching the doors.

"I believe we should just take everything he offers tonight," a familiar voice reached my ears before I could even step inside the building.

But it wasn't the voice of the clerk that I had my fun scaring before.

"I'm not going to do shit!" this time, I could recognize the voice of the clerk. "This guy is fucking merciless. If I try to raise to do anything, he will bury me," he added, taking my earlier threats and show of power pretty seriously.

"Don't worry," someone with Lucius' voice attempted to calm the clerk down. "He won't mind any of that once we promote him to an Overseer." the voice assured. "That's why this is our last opportunity to make some profit out of him!" the voice added.

"Otherwise, what's the point of cultivating this tradition in the first place?"

I finally managed to find a crack big enough to look inside the building without being noticed.

And then, my worst expectations came true.

It wasn't someone with a voice similar to Lucius.

It was Lucius himself talking!