

Last System 235

Chapter 235 - Groups Decision

"I believe we should continue to sponsor the girl," Ackhart said, pushing his long hair out of his way. "Right now, we have a problem because two problems combine. If we keep the girl from learning about what happened, we will keep her as a separate problem," he explained his train of thought.

The Inn once again turned silent as the people digested Ackhart's words.

Despite their usually rowdy attitude, they weren't simple men. And they knew better than answering with whatever came to their heads in the heat of the moment.

"That's a good idea," Natan said silently, nodding his head.

The first few moments of the meeting were vastly different from what he expected. But instead of refusing to accept the new situation, he quickly forced his pride down his throat as he humbly rejoined the meeting.

"The only reason why we bother with this topic on such a high level exists because two problems merged into one," Natan pointed out, explaining his support for Ackhart's idea. "If we make her think that there is nothing wrong with her sponsor, the girl shouldn't act up for no reason," he added before shrugging his arms.

The silence continued as if the young man said something strange or otherwise revolutionary.

"What's more, we have that annoying elder digging around," Natan added, holding himself back from spitting on the ground.

Over the past week, Arganar's actions intensified.

On the outside, he didn't do anything that called for Natan's attention...

'He constantly calls for meetings, investigates past matters, check's on the sect's overall state,' Natan thought, recalling all the troubles that he had to deal with over the last few days. He then shook his head.

"If someone doesn't stop this man, he will dig out the truth," Natan said before lowering his head.

"It's not a matter of if, but of when," he added, bowing his head to the leader of the cell.

Once again, the place turned silent. Now Natan couldn't have any doubts about the identity of everyone within the crowd that filled the place.

For the noise they were making to cut off right at the most important moments, it had to be a coordinated act.

'And they just had to do it as I stopped speaking,' Natan cursed in his mind, refusing to raise his bowed head.

"You do not need to worry about Arganar," Antrall said with a small smile decorating his lips. "This man..." he hesitated for a moment before averting his eyes. "Let's say that he usually solves all the problems that he is causing in the first place," Antrall explained with a mysterious glint in his eyes.

'What the hell?' Natan moaned inwardly with disappointment. 'That's all? After all the trouble he caused...' he thought, only to tighten his teeth and deepen his bow.

"Thank you for your consideration, boss," he said.

Natan didn't need Ackhart's direct pointer to understand who was the boss in the room.

"What are we going to do about the guy, then?" Ackhart asked.

The smile on the man's face showcased how he felt about Natan's performance.

As an old mentor of the young man and his protector in the organization, Ackhart couldn't be happier but to see his underling grow from a simple henchman to a proper officer.

"He seriously left the sect," a tall guy sitting in the back of the hall suddenly announced, answering Ackhart's question. "By the time I got wind of the news and sent my people to track him, he was long gone," the man added, clearly dissatisfied with the development of the problem on his end.

"You had one job..." Antrall moaned. It didn't take a genius to let the others notice how unhappy their leader was with the information.

"I know, elder brother," the man stood up and brought his head so low it actually went parallel with the floor of the building. "I'm sorry, elder brother," the man added, keeping his bow even after his apology.

"What are we going to do, then?" Antrall asked, turning his eyes away from his subordinate.

As he didn't give the order for the man to raise up, the tall officer continued to bow in this extremely uncomfortable position.

"It just so happens that I'm friends with the boss of the local auction hall," Ackhart spoke out, disgusted by the unnecessary show of strength.

In this entire gathering, he was the only person that didn't need to respect Antrall's standing.

He wasn't Antrall's superior. Ackhart simply belonged to a different group within the formation in the organization, one tasked with oversight instead of direct management.

"The reason why that guy is coming here is because of his girl, isn't it?" Ackhart said offhandedly, freely moving his eyes along the construction markings left on the roof.

He kept on pretending not to notice Antrall's angry stare for a few moments longer before finally bringing his eyes down.

"Since he is coming here to get the girl, doesn't this mean it's a perfect opportunity for us to grab him?" Ackhart suggested, finally looking into Antrall's eyes.

"This is my decision to make," Antrall commented, squinting his eyes a little as he looked at the overseer of his cell.

"I'm only making a suggestion," Ackhart countered, smiling right into the twitching eyes of his colleague.

For a moment, the two men were locked in the standoff, a virtual contest of measuring the length of their nether regions by seeing who would turn their eyes away first.

"We don't really have the means to organize that," Natan spoke up, forcing the two men to break their deadlock and return to their task of analyzing the situation. "Sure, within the sect, we could do everything we want, but I doubt he will dare to step inside the premises of the inner city after his display at the lower headquarters," Natan explained his worry.

Even though he advanced only recently, the young man made it his personal mission to always be up to the news. And this dutiful habit of his now finally started to pay off.

"What do you want to say?" Antrall asked, happy with the opportunity to move on.

With the problems stacking on their heads, there was no real reason to waste their time and energy on pointless and stupid conflicts.

"We will need the help of the auction hall," Natan mentioned, looking right into his master's eyes. "Are you sure you can rely on your contacts there?" he asked.

This was the one point that would decide the entire plan.

If Ackhart couldn't trust his friends with the task of helping them with this assassination, then they would have to come up with another plan.

"It's a childhood friend of mine," Ackhart smiled, diffusing the tension that appeared in the room. "What I ask for, she will do," he added, a pride starting to infect his smile.

"Fine," Antrall said, smashing his cup into the table. "We will go with this plan, then!" he announced, finally turning their words into the reality that their actions would now bring forth.

"We will wait and prepare for that guy's arrival. Once he reaches the Outerpost, we will silence him before that girl has a shot at making a mess," he explained the details of the plan.

And once his words sounded out in the air, those were no longer his words.

The orders he just gave were the will of the very sect that established their organization in Tuxi lands.

"The help of the auction hall appears to be crucial," Antrall added, moving his eyes on the overseer of their cell. "You need to make sure they won't disappoint," he said, staring down Ackhart's eyes.

"You truly are a slave-driver," Ackhart replied, shaking his head as a look of exhaustion peeked from beyond his pupils.

Antrall turned around, ready to address the other topics that were the theme of their meeting.

Ackhart, on the other hand, lowered his face and scratched his nose.

"You truly are a slave-driver," he muttered under his nose, repeating his previous words. He then raised his eyes and looked at Antrall, already immersing himself in another problem of the group.

'Isn't that right, Andrea?' Ackhart thought, raising his eyes to the ceiling.

The orderly lines of the wooden poles that held up the thing in the air had a certain calming effect on the man.

"Right, before we move on," Antrall turned his head back to Natan's master. "I need you two to make sure the girl won't learn about the guy leaving," he announced.

"Will do!" Natan replied, striking his fist against his chest.

He just got promoted into the lower of a lower officer. And this appeared like the perfect chance to push for the opportunity to advance once again!