

## Last System 308

### Chapter 308 Unseen Influence

'Damn, that was close,' I thought, barring my chest before Mia only to use my own robes to cover her naked skin.

There was no way in hell I would allow some random man to gawk at Mia's beauty. Call me a traditionalist, reactionist, or conservative prick, but I wasn't going to allow anyone to put their eyes on the beauty that belonged to me and me alone.

All political correctness of earth could go and merrily fuck itself. Thankfully, this possessive approach of mine towards my relationship with Mia didn't appear as something that the girl herself would mind.

"Thanks," Mia whispered, a small smile appearing on his lips as she saw right through my thoughts. Just like I thought, she didn't really blame me for what I did but opted to enjoy the treatment instead.

After all, if it showed anything, it was my care for her.

Yet, as much as I would like to focus on Mia and Mia alone, there was one thing that needed my attention right away. I still had to check the results of a particular bet that I made before the fight started.

I ensured that my robe covered as much of Mia's skin before finally turning around and throwing a cautious glance at the ground's depression, where Hera consumed the violet energy.

"Will she change back to the monster she was when she came to this world?"

This was the one question that made me superbly cautious.

I couldn't tell whether she became a monster because of some sort of technique or if it was the effects of the two types of mana distorting each other.

And if it was the latter, then my wish to interrogate her about her own take over our situation could prove to be increasingly difficult.

"Hera, are you still with us?" I asked, drilling my eyes into the back of the girl.

For one insanely tense moment, Hera remained silent. Then, she turned around on her heel and nodded her head deeply with a cheeky smile.

"Chill down. I'm not going to go crazy or anything," Hera laughed out, amused by how tense I was.

Yet, rather than keeping up in this weird moment, Hera turned her eyes back to the man she bitchpunched out of the monster.

It was clear that between banter with me and saving one of her own, the latter took precedence.

She consumed a massive amount of that violet energy. An amount that I never dared to consume all by myself, even when I had the means of using it. And yet, both the look in Hera's eyes and the way she acted proved that she kept her sanity.

'That's a relief,' I thought, only for a wry smile to creep up on my lips. 'That is, assuming turning into one of those monsters isn't something that happens over time,' I added in my thoughts, unable to keep up with that happy-go-lucky approach.

If something could go to shit, it usually would. For how unreasonable this personal interpretation of Murphy's laws of mine was, I have yet to end up hurt by assuming it would be true.

"I know what you are thinking about," Hera stated as she picked up her pace and moved towards the unconscious man in the distance.

In the end, the strength that she used to make the monster shit out of the man that served as its core was not the culprit behind how long her trek was.

"And no," Hera finally added once she stopped above the naked body of the stranger, shaking her head before elaborating on what she meant. "We didn't turn into those monsters because of the difference in the type of energy. It was a technique we used in hopes of surviving the collapse of our world," she explained, clearly not caring about how her words could change protobear's idea of helping us.

"I kinda expected this..." I muttered only to send a glance up towards the head of the protobear. Yet, no matter how much I strained my eyes, I couldn't discern any expression on its massive head.

Well, it was wrong for me to assume that I could understand the facial expression of an animal-like beast in the first place, but it never hurt to try.

Or rather, in this specific scenario, it didn't hurt to try. Because claiming that this historical piece of quotable wisdom was applicable to all scenarios was the worst possible line of defense one could use in a court.

After all, it did hurt to try some things once. Or rather, it did try to hurt a wide variety of things even once, including any sort of crime, drugs, or even alcohol.

But I digress.

"Well, I guess I will allow myself to some of the leftovers as well," I announced upon not noticing a single change in the protobear's disposition.

Now that Mia was awake once again and she grew strong enough to handle the drawbacks of small amounts of that violet energy, it was the obvious choice for me to rely on it again.

After all, the power that I could output through my engine was several times greater than anything that I could do without it!

"Feel free," Hera commented as she took a knee before the unconscious body of her brethren. She was clearly much more interested in saving one of her own than fighting over the small amounts of the violet energy left after the dissipation of the monster.

"Right, before I forget, what was your level before your world went into shit?" I asked as I roamed the place to collect all the bits of violet energy that were left hovering above the ground.

"I managed to reach the profound stage right before the collapse," Hera revealed, clearly unaware of how little her names for cultivation stages told me. "If I didn't, I wouldn't be able to construct the technique required to survive the crossing," she added, only to tighten her lips and turn silent.

'Is it too early for her to talk about it,' I thought, only to squint my eyes which I then promptly hid by turning around and pretending to be focused on absorbing a near ball of the violet mana. 'Or is she trying to hide something?'

Sadly, as pressing as this question was, I couldn't tell which one was it. As such, I couldn't tell whether she was following me only for the convenience's sake or if she was actually willing to properly cooperate.

"Does that mean you were on the weaker side of the monsters that are about to come?" I asked, only for a weird feeling too well up within my insides.

For some reason, ever since a while ago, I lost all my restraints in regards to discussing the matters related to the violet energy, monsters, and the other world they all came from.

It was as if something was stealthy, lowering my guard when it came to those topics, encouraging me to speak my mind about them.

'Huh?' I shrugged, unable to get this weird feeling in my head. And once I found it out, luckily, it didn't prove to be challenging to keep reminding myself of this weird effect.

'That was a pretty smart play,' I thought after a short while, watching in silence how Hera attempted to force the naked man awake.

There was only one entity that could impose such a silent rule without anyone noticing anything for a while. And it was a presence that was so insanely imposing that we somehow nearly forgot about its existence.

"Anyway, it's good that you are on our side now," I muttered, trying to hide the fact that I had freed myself from this strange influence. "If not for the information that you provided me with, I would likely end up just killing all the people enslaved by those monsters as if they were the ones guilty of what's happening," I added, desperately attempting to convince the protobear that we were actually on the same side.

And it was all because of a simple reason.

If it was testing us like that, it simply meant it had yet to decide whether to slay us or not. And even with my engine now stocked with both kinds of mana necessary for it to operate, I wasn't arrogant enough to believe I could solo that beast.

"What happened to you?" Hera asked, turning her head away from the man she was trying to force awake as she glanced at me from the corner of her eyes. "Why raise that..." she attempted to ask, only for her voice to end up stuck in her throat.

Hera then swallowed her saliva down, making it seem as if she made the rest of the words from her last sentence ride on her saliva down her throat.

"Haaah?" a small voice suddenly interrupted our small exchange, forcing Hera to turn her head back to the man.

"Where the hell am I?" he asked, shaking his head a little only to finally open his eyes and take a look at Hera's face.

Then, his eyes widened as they locked on a small detail on Hera's face that I never even noticed.

"Banarian...?" he uttered in a weak voice, only for his entire body to slump down on the ground as all hope and energy vanished from his face. "Just kill me already," he stated, closing his eyes and clearly hoping to escape from the torture by rushing into the path only the deceased could tread on.

'He is about to bite off his tongue,' I thought when noticing the strange movements of the man's jaw.

"Stop it," Hera stated, falling down on her bottom only to lean her body to the back and rest on her outstretched hands. "Right now, our former allegations have no meaning anymore," she stated, only for a sad expression to appear on her face.

"Right now, all of our people are nothing more but slaves to the rampage of the monsters created from the technique that allowed us to survive the end of our world."