

Last System 342

Chapter 342 Vaner's Rationale

"I really should go back," Vaner muttered under his nose as he continued to explore the strange place.

'I knew this sect had a lot of ancient secrets, but to think it was on this scale...' he thought, gazing at the simple yet insane wonders of clearly antique making.

The construction itself was insanely simple. It consisted of a single but massive wire that circled around the mountain.

Nothing less, nothing more.

'The scale of this thing,' Vaner thought, tracing his fingers against the texture of the ancient wall.

He dared not to touch the wire. Instead, he simply plunged into the dark, circular corridor that housed the wire.

"I wonder what was its use," Vaner muttered. The atmosphere of grandeur and precision filled the dark depths of the corridor. And the tunnel itself appeared to continue ad infinitum, most likely to circle around the sect.

'I will reach the place where I started if I just keep going,' Vaner commented, finally putting a stop to his travel.

"Rather than wasting time here myself, I should arrange for someone to check it all out for me instead!"

Vaner shook his head before raising his hands and slapping them against his cheeks. The momentary explosion of sharp pain helped to sober him up, clearing the look behind his eyes.

"Good," Vaner muttered before turning around on his heel and moving right back where he came from.

This place was just too damn massive to explore it alone.

'Once I take over the sect, I should be able to get enough manpower to survey it all,' Vaner thought as he set off on the long trek back to where he penetrated the mountain.

"There is no way this is the entire thing," he commented after walking for a while.

There wasn't any apparent use for this wire. Sure, it held an ungodly amount of power inside, but for as long as it was confined, there was hardly any use for it.

"Just what was its purpose?" Vaner asked in a low voice, his eyes glued to the massive entity.

Yet, no matter how many questions Vaner posed, the air around him refused to give a clear answer.

'The ancient didn't build it just to ensure future generations would know what it is or how to use it,' Vaner thought, unable to shake the topic of the massive wire off his head.

There was nothing in its simplistic form that Vaner couldn't understand. Given enough resources and manpower, he could easily replicate it, even though it would still be a monumental task.

'For someone to go to such great lengths to construct it, they had to have some damn use for it!'

Vaner clenched his teeth and tightened his fists.

'Why are my thoughts so occupied with it in the first place?' Vaner asked himself, suddenly realizing a weird notion about his current situation.

No matter how hard he tried, while confined within the tunnel bored deeply into the sect's mountain, he couldn't think of anything else but the wire inside of it.

And then, just like that... He reached the 'exit.'

"Praise the sun," Vaner released a deep sigh of relief when he noticed the familiar marks of low-key destruction that occurred.

The marks he left when he exploded his way through the thick stone of the mountain.

'It's good to be back,' Vaner thought, stepping out on the small cliff-side outside.

Then, he froze.

'Huh?' Vaner shrugged, releasing his breath only to inhale a lungful of a fresh one.

The middle-aged man then closed his eyes, keeping all the air deep in his chest.

'How come the air doesn't taste any different here?'

This wasn't a question like the others. Because contrary to the struggle he encountered before, now, he could reason the truth out.

'The air inside the cave can't be just as fresh as the air outside!' Vaner noticed, squinting his eyes as he turned around and looked back towards the tunnel.

'Which means someone put an effort to somehow filter or exchange the air,' Vaner reasoned, only to shake his head and look down the steep side of the mountain.

Then, the former royal raised his head towards the top of the potential climb.

"I nearly forgot that I still need to get on the other side," Vaner commented in a silent voice. He then shook his head yet again before covering his hands with a dense clump of magic.

"The sooner I start, the sooner I will get it over with," he commented.

Vaner leaped forward, stealing as much momentum as he could from the narrow space of the cliff's edge. He then jumped up, using the spiritual energy around his limbs to latch onto the nearly vertical tower of stone above.

'In the end, I'm brute-forcing everything again,' Vaner thought, his complexion darkening.

"I guess I'm nowhere near catching up with him, am I?" Vaner muttered, a look of boredom caused by the exhausting climb replaced with a glint of determination.

Climbing the mountainside rather than solving the mystery of the wire. This was the choice Vaner made, hoping to put the burden of figuring it all out from his own shoulders to the many shoulders of the sect members.

And as effective as it might be, it stood in direct opposition to the teachings of Vaner's master, the one man that the former royal wanted to catch up to in his life.

"I guess I do not make a good disciple," Vaner muttered. He used his self-loathing to power through the task, reaching the breaking point at the top of the mountain.

'It took only about half as long as I expected,' Vaner thought, looking down on the mountain's side that he had just climbed.

Seeing the vast distance that separated him from the foothill of the round mountain range, Vaner couldn't help but gulp down a mouthful of saliva.

And then, he looked down but on the other side.

"Time for the worst part," Vaner sighed, shaking his head as he moved his leg over the ridge and stared at the even terraces directly below.

His expression stiffened when he caught a glance at the intricate yet modest markings on the nearby floors and walls.

"Descend."