

Last System 343

Chapter 343 Sect's Spirit

Thump.

Vaner's body created a dull noise when he slid down the mountain's edge and landed on the highest terrace in the sect.

And then, he immediately fell to his knees, bowing before the altar of the founder.

For the next few moments, absolutely nothing happened.

The former royal remained frozen in his position, his forehead rubbing against the cold stones of the outside yard carved into the inner ring of the mountain.

"Humble descendant pays his respect!" Vaner shouted, pressing his forehead against the floor so hard its skin started to cut open.

There wasn't a single soul in the entire area.

'Knowing procedures, there likely isn't anyone anywhere above half of the mountain's height,' Vaner thought, keeping his humble position.

There was a reason why most of the sect's upper floors were abandoned.

Not a single sect member could intrude upon those lands without enough power or acknowledgment from its guardian.

And yet, Vaner entered the highest floor from the get-go. As such, it was the most reasonable decision to kneel down and humbly beg for forgiveness.

'I can only hope the sect's spirit can understand the situation,' Vaner thought, clenching his teeth to the point they nearly started to crack.

In all of his life, this was his first meeting with an absolute being above the understanding and perception of humans.

Yet, no matter how long Vaner continued to kowtow on the floor, nothing happened.

No spirit appeared; no guardian made its presence known.

'Is this a test?' Vaner thought, ignoring the blood trickling from his forehead on the cold stones of the terrace.

And as usual, the air around the middle-aged man refused to conveniently give an answer.

Vaner closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying his best to calm himself down.

'I need to think,' he decided, eager to figure out what he should do.

And only because of his intense focus did Vaner suddenly hear a tiny hissing.

He opened his eyes while keeping his head in a lowered position. His eyes moved in the direction of a small sound...

And then he saw it.

His blood slowly seeped into the stones of the floor. And as the stones absorbed his blood, a small, trickling smoke appeared right above the surface of the stones.

'What?' he thought, fighting off the urge to raise his head and look around.

In the domain of the spirit's sect, its innermost core at that, he dared not to move a muscle.

"XQXQQZY, QzZZzyYQQZ, QZQWzZ."

A strange series of sounds suddenly reached Vaner's ears.

No sound appeared, and no voice could be heard. The air itself shook under some sort of force, creating this incomprehensible series of noises.

'It said something!' Vaner thought, only with utmost effort keeping his forehead smashed against the floor.

He couldn't understand a single thing of what this strange being said, but it said something!

"Humble disciple pays his respect to the ancestor!" Vaner shouted with all his strength, worried that silence would be taken as a sign of disrespect.

But no further words followed.

Then, Vaner felt the crushing weight of the aura that filled this place.

Feeling the pressure, Vaner instantly made peace with his life.

'I did my best,' he thought, feeling as if his eyes would end up squeezed out of his eye sockets.

And then, without warning, the pressure disappeared, leaving Vaner gasping for air on the floor.

'Huh?' Vaner couldn't form a single, cohesive thought. He simply laid down on the floor, craving the coldness of the stones. But the fire of pain that burned inside him stopped him from moving even an inch.

'What the hell was that?!' the former royal thought, slowly attempting to prompt himself up.

He didn't receive any attack. It was simply the aura of this place that nearly rendered him dead just by being there.

"Cough!" Vaner spat out blood directly on the floor before finally raising his eyes.

But just like before, there wasn't anything or anyone on the entire terrace, just the cold stones of the floor and smooth caves bored directly into the mountain's side.

"Cough!" Vaner weakly gathered himself from the ground, finally regaining enough strength to push himself up from the floor.

The pressure from before was nowhere to be seen. Yet, a powerful shudder moved down Vaner's spine when he realized just how rich in energy the air in here was.

'Oh my sun,' Vaner thought, his eyes opening wide-open when his maltreated body soaked in the rich spiritual energy permeating the place.

There was a limit to how much one could heal just by using spiritual energy. In a sense, it worked well to slowly heal the injuries, plastering a reinforcing and reinvigorating layer over one's wounds.

In other words, one couldn't just use his spiritual energy to heal up all their injuries with a snap of their fingers.

Yet, as Vaner stood in the air thick from mana contained in it, he could feel his body changing.

It wasn't a massive change. He didn't grow a third leg, his breast didn't start to produce milk, nor did his descendants-producing organ double in size.

Still, under the influence of air filled with more mana than it could hold, Vaner's body healed.

The spiritual energy didn't simply replace the old healing spell. It infused itself directly into Vaner's flesh only to then break down in pure energy, providing fuel for Vaner's own regeneration.

"Aaah!" Vaner uttered a loud moan when all the exhaustion simply evaporated from his body.

His mind cleared out. All the wear and tear from his adventures in the past lifted from his flesh. Even his robes suddenly turned softer and somewhat more comfortable.

"Is this a sect spirit's blessing?" Vaner muttered, looking down at his hands.

He then shook his head and moved forward, using his recovered body to approach the edge of the terrace.

Below, directly before Vaner's eyes, appeared all the insides of the Skyladder's sect.

The concentric circles of terraces carved lower and closer to the center of the mountain formations, the magnificent buildings constructed in the lower areas...

'This is strange,' Vaner thought, clasping his hands into fists.

He could tell there would hardly be anyone on the upper floors. And he was aware that he was pretty high up for now. Yet, there was one thing that Vaner simply couldn't understand.

"Where is everyone?"