

Last System 345

Chapter 345 The Skyladder Sect Is Reborn!

Only silence followed Vaner's words.

The Patriarch just explained what lengths he was willing to go to keep his position at the sect. And there came Vaner, challenging that ruling without even a second of hesitation.

It wasn't just a denial to accept the new situation. It was a direct slap to the Patriarch's face!

"Don't even try it, old man," Vaner warned, seeing how the man tightened his grasp over his massive sword.

The weapon stood only about two feet shorter than the Patriarch himself. Its blade was so massive that it should be rather used as a blunt rather than a cutting weapon.

And yet, with Patriarch's strength, every swing of this massive sword would spell doom to those who would underestimate it.

"Have you lost your mind?" the Patriarch asked, furrowing his brows as his lips moved and complexion darkened. "Or do you come here just to die?"

Vaner simply stood in place, looking down on the Patriarch's face, not bothered by the threatening aura surrounding the old man.

"You claimed that you slew those who opposed the rulings of the sect, am I right?" Vaner asked, locking his arms over his chest as he threw a small smirk in the Patriarch's face.

"That's right," the old man nodded his head. A momentary flash at the back of his eyes proved that he had some hopes regarding the conversation.

'Does he think he can convince me to stay in line?' Vaner thought. He then gently shook his head. 'Well, it doesn't matter.' His eyes sharpened.

"Then, just like I said, you owe me your allegiance," Vaner claimed. He took a step forward and opened his arms wide to the sides. "For I cometh from floors above, carrying the blessing of the Sect's highest spirit," Vaner finished his proclamation.

His arms moved slightly up, forming a V shape above his head. Vaner then raised his eyes as if he wanted to bask his face in the sun... despite it being blocked by the roof of the building.

"First, you desert the sect in its time of need," the Patriarch shook his head and brought the massive blade on top of his shoulder.

'Between his sickly build and the weight of this sword, seeing him carry it like that never fails to impress me,' Vaner thought, genuinely awed by the old man's ability.

"Then you somehow barge in here, right after I finally solved all the problems," the Patriarch brought up another point, taking a step towards Vaner.

"And then you dare to claim to come from the terraces above?" the Patriarch shouted his question, tensing all over as he stood over Vaner. His massive sword made him tower over the unruly Elder of the sect.

The Skyladder sect's Patriarch then shook his head, only to fix his eyes on Vaner's face.

"I only have one question for you, now," the man stated, tightening his fingers around the handle of his swords.

"Are you ready to face the consequences of the words you foolishly uttered?" the Patriarch asked, his eyes turning cold. "For I will not stand anyone spouting utter heresies in the grand hall of the sect of my forefathers!"

Patriarch's last shout shook the air in the room, seemingly expanding his aura well beyond the realm he was normally capable of controlling.

The elders that survived by falling in line stood by, watching with fearful expressions at yet another fool who dared to irk Patriarch's fate.

Some were shocked. Others were saddened. But some were visibly happy, excitement taking over their bodies as they watched what appeared to be Vaner's end.

"Oh, Catius," Vaner whispered, just loud enough for the lowest of the elders to hear him.

The joyful expression on the middle-aged man's face stiffened a bit, only to once again relax into a small smirk.

"You are in for some major disappointment," Vaner warned his petty rival while his smile blossomed on his own face.

Seeing how both the lowest and highest ranks of the sect aligned to go against him, Vaner no longer saw any need to hold back.

Because of how real and serious the power of the Patriarch was...

It was nothing much in Vaner's eyes at all.

"Either way..." hearing the Patriarch's voice, Vaner turned his eyes back towards the old man, only to see him charging forward.

Once close enough, the old man added his second hand to the handle of the weapon, only to then use his own shoulder as a lever point to bring his entire sword down in a wide, vertical slash.

Vaner didn't even bother to dodge.

"Get lost," the middle-aged man swiped his hand, sending a wave of turbulent energy against the Patriarch.

"WOAH!" the old man shouted, leaning back on his feet right at the very last moment. A single second later and the wave of spiritual energy would fry him up.

"HOW..." the Patriarch uttered, backing two steps in order to get himself some time to reorganize his thoughts.

The power that Vaner showcased on a whim clearly shocked him to his core.

"Didn't I say it already?" Vaner asked, casually swinging his hand again.

This time, the old man didn't have enough time to dodge.

The wave of energy struck right against the weakly and sickly body of the Elder, pressing him down to the ground so hard his eyes nearly came out of his skull.

"Are you ready to accept the new reality now?" Vaner asked, taking three steps ahead and leaning down above the Elder.

The respect that he held for the man was the one thing that stopped the former royal from finishing the Patriarch off.

"Sect Armament!" Patriarch shouted, paying no mind to Vaner's words.

'So you would really go that far, huh?' Vaner thought, shaking his head to showcase just how futile the resistance of the old man was.

"Did you think I didn't know about it?" Vaner asked as a brilliant, blueish blade formed seemingly out of thin air right before Patriarch's face.

"By order of the seal bearer, strike him down!" the Patriarch shouted, pointing his left hand towards Vaner's face.

And on it, on the middle finger of his left hand, there was a golden signet decorated with some sort of extremely tiny and compacted sets of runes.

The blueish sword vibrated... And then it suddenly swirled in midair, turning its pointy end right towards Vaner's heart.

"KILL HIM!" the Patriarch shouted, a look of celebration and victory creeping up on his lips.

And so, the sword shot forward... Only to shatter into a myriad of small pieces of light when it reached some sort of an invisible barrier around Vaner's body.

"Didn't I tell you?" Vaner asked, once again leaning over the Elder and shaking his head with pity over the state this once great man was now reduced to. "I bear the blessing of the highest spirit of the sect," Vaner announced, raising up and looking at the former Patriarch through the line of the bridge of his nose.

"I will not allow it!" the old man protested weakly.

The Sect Armament was clearly his last-ditch attempt at saving himself.

But now, it was too late.

"I will take what's rightfully mine," Vaner announced, reaching out and grabbing Patriarch's outstretched hand, only to coil his fingers around the man's thin finger and forcefully pull the golden signet out.

"Mark this day," Vaner muttered, only to turn towards the surviving elders and raise the signet high in the air. "For today, the Skyladder Sect is reborn!"