

Last System 359

Chapter 359 Unexpected Developments

For but an instant, a tiny little vortex appeared within my mage's tower. It sucked out but a tiny bit of my mana...

Yet, before it could close up and form the spell, I forcefully infused a little bit more of my energy into it.

It all lasted but a split of a second. And within that timeframe, I decompressed my muscles and launched myself forward along with all the air contained within the sphere assaulted by the disturb skill.

And so, I closed my eyes.

'Let's hope it will work,' I thought, counting seconds in my mind.

My skin started to crack. The air around me turned into liquid, threatening to drown my lungs in it. The perspiration on my skin formed daggers that flew all around the small bubble of liquified air.

Yet, outside of all the excruciating pain that filled every last cell of my flesh, I could remotely sense something. A vortex powerful enough to influence me even beyond the bounds of space, outside of the scope of what normal physics could handle.

And then, just a few seconds later, it all came to an end.

"HAAA..." I desperately exhaled the condensed air from my lungs, only to then gasp for the air. Yet, the second I did so, I choked on a massive amount of air that filled my lungs to the point of threatening to explode them from within.

My consciousness wavered as I desperately fought off against all sorts of elements.

Yet, there were two things that changed when compared to just a moment ago.

First, I could still somehow feel that vortex that I noticed within the space broken by my skill. And secondly...

The place where I ended up was far more familiar than I felt comfortable with.

'It worked,' I thought, falling to my knees as I retched all the blood that filled my lungs.

The second my arms hit the ground, I could somehow feel the pull of that mysterious vortex strengthening.

'I need to recover,' I thought, posing a simple task before my exhausted mind.

I could recognize the outline of the nearby lands. It was exactly the same as when I left it when I went to chase after that crafty dragon.

But the fact that I somehow made it here in time didn't change the fact that the dragon was coming here as well. And right now, I was in no state to fight it.

'I need more energy,' I thought, desperately forcing more and more antimana into my mana engine... only to realize that I had none of the fuel necessary.

'Huh?' I shook my head, hoping to put my thoughts into order. 'How could the engine stall without killing me?'

The inertia of the engine should wreak havoc in my cultivation the moment I ran out of anti-mana. After all, the force that caused the anti-mana to enter the engine now had no fuel to suck on. Yet, that lack of fuel wouldn't suddenly cause this force to cease to exist!

And yet, against all logic and laws of magic that I could figure out, I was still alive.

'Could it be that strange world outside of space's fault?' I thought, desperate to find an answer, hoping it would shed some light on my current situation.

THUMP.

The dull noise of something heavy landing right beside me announced the end of my time.

I failed to find an answer. This meant I couldn't form a new magical thesis that I could exploit in a fight against the dragon.

"I guess this is the end," I muttered, only to send another wave of blood down my throat and on the ground.

Still on my knees, I lowered my head, ready for what was going to come next.

Yet, no matter how much I waited... I could still think.

I opened my eyes, and surprise, surprise, I could still see. I could breathe. My heart continued to beat.

All those things could mean only one thing.

"I'm still alive?" I muttered, raising my head to look at the dragon that definitely landed right by my side just a moment before.

And there it was, comfortably lying on the ground.

As I raised my head, our eyes met. And its eyes...

They were as deep as an ocean, filled with a deep wisdom that I couldn't find in a single human being alive.

'Those are not the eyes of some vile monster,' I thought, swallowing down my saliva.

The dragon looked at me... Only to then turn its head to the side and lick a long, bloody wound on the membrane of its wing.

'I didn't do it,' I thought, unable to connect any of my attacks to this kind of injury.

And most importantly... the dragon didn't appear to be hostile towards me at all! Yet, what was even more important, it didn't go on a rampage over the city's roof, opting to just calmly sit on it instead!

'Was I mistaken?' I thought, falling back on my ass as I stared down at the majestic figure of the dragon.

"What are you?" I asked in a tiny voice, unable to hold back my awe.

The dragon turned its eyes to me... but it didn't bother to move its head at all. And after just a quick, almost pitiful glance, it moved its focus back to literally licking its wounds.

Wounds that, as if touched by some magic wand, started to mend at a visible rate.

'Fuck,' I cursed under my breath, noticing a simple possibility.

Rather than refusing to fight for no reason, the dragon could simply notice I was in no state to fight at all, so it opted to cure itself first before bothering to finish me off!

For a moment, my vigilance raised... Yet, as soon as I raised my now focused eyes to look at the dragon again...

The wise look behind its eyes, the absolute peace at which it rested on the ground...

Seeing a being so peaceful and majestic, I simply couldn't bring myself to even think about raising my hand against it!