

Last System 360

Chapter 360 Uncertain Cooperation

"Just what the hell is going on?" I muttered under my nose.

My knees turned weak, too weak to hold my body up.

Plop.

I plummeted down to the ground, falling weakly on my ass. Only thanks to a desperate throw of my arms to the back did I manage to keep my eyes on the massive dragon ahead.

Yet, rather than using this opportunity of me lowering my guard to attack, the dragon simply threw a quick glance at me...

And then it returned to literally licking its wound.

'Just who would be able to hurt it like that?' I asked myself as I stared wide-eyed at the being in front of me.

I then shook my head and closed my eyes, focusing more on the mana view of the world.

'Woah,' I shrugged when I finally realized what the hell was going on.

'It didn't want to destroy the city,' I realized when I finally managed to figure out what I saw in the mana spectrum.

Contrary to its calm demeanor in the physical world, the dragon was actually hyper-active in the mana world. Yet, rather than trying to actively do something...

It simply allowed the vortex that I noticed near the middle of the city before to suck all the anti-mana that oozed out of its flesh!

'So it simply wanted to get rid of the element that's unnatural in this part of the greater world?' I formulated a thesis that could somewhat explain what the hell was going on.

"Does that mean..." I muttered...

And the dragon's head moved only for its eyes to once again land on me.

I wasn't a dragon behaviorist. I didn't know whether I could apply the human methodology to its behavior...

But as far as I was concerned, there was curiosity behind those deep, lake-like eyes of this majestic being.

"God damn," I cursed under my breath before leaning back on my hand and taking a deep breath. "I guess I overreacted to your presence, didn't I?" I said in a feeble voice while turning my eyes towards the sky.

The dragon continued to look at me for a little longer, only to then turn its attention back to its wing.

The licking clearly helped the wound to heal... but I could sense some sort of force that prevented the membrane from fully closing. Whenever the two cut parts attempted to merge back together, that strange force would ramp up, splitting it open yet again.

"That's quite a potent curse," I muttered as I leaned forward.

To say that this effect caught my attention would be a gross underestimation.

'Wait a second,' I thought, gathering myself up and standing up before taking a step towards the dragon.

"Rrrr..." a small growl came out from the dragon's mouth.

It was clear that it didn't endorse the idea of me approaching it any further.

But right now, my state of mind turned weird.

So, despite how dumb it might be, I dropped my mage's tower, summoning all the formation stones back into the set of pouches that decorated my clothes.

I then raised my hands and looked the dragon directly in the eyes.

"I do mean no harm anymore," I stated, only to shake my hands a little.

I couldn't know whether or not the dragon understood the meaning of this gesture... But for some reason, the thought of caution didn't linger in my head for even a second.

I took one more step... and then another. And before long, I stood by the side of the dragon, directly in front of its injured wing.

'Is this some sort of curse? Or maybe poison?' I thought, looking closer at the roughly arm's-long gap in its wing's membrane.

Now that I got closer, the dragon clearly became jumpier. Yet, while I couldn't control my current actions, I managed to at the very least slow down all my movements to the bare minimum.

"Just who could injure you like that?" I muttered under my nose, raising my hand to the wound... Only to stop it right before the two could come to contact.

A stray thought continued to linger in my thoughts, too vague for me to even voice it out, yet too persistent for me to stop now.

"It had to be done by some sort of blade," I muttered, closing my eyes before pressing my hand for the half of an inch that separated it from the dragon's injury.

My fingers touched the wound... Only for my mind to explode.

An insanely complex array of magic threatened to fry my mind just over a short attempt at deciphering it.

"So it's mana based," I thought, slowly sliding my hand through the soft membrane as I continued to scan the strange curse.

A short moment later I opened my eyes and took a step back. I then took a deep breath before looking at the dragon's head.

'Gulp.'

The sound of me swallowing my saliva sounded like the drums of heaven announcing the end of the world. And my consciousness once again threatened to sink into the dragon's deep eyes.

"Fear not," I said out loud, summoning my spear.

The dragon nearly jumped back to its feet... but something somehow stopped it right at the verge of making the move.

On the other hand, rather than using the opportunity to attack the beast... I brought the spear to my knee before snapping it into two.

The outer part of the wooden handle I threw away. Yet, before doing anything else, I turned my front to the dragon and pushed both of my hands out while making sure the palm of my left hand would be directed right at the dragon.

"Look," I said, bringing the front of my spear that I broke away from the rest before pressing it against the palm of my left hand and cutting it open. "Wound," I said, lowering myself to my knees just to grab a handful of earth from the ground.

"Curse," I continued my attempt to explain both the situation and the idea to the dragon as I smeared the dirt around the small wound I made on my own hand a moment earlier.

I then pointed at the dragon's wound before moving my finger back at the dirty wound on my hand.

And then, I raised my broken spear again before making another cut, this time making it circular as if in an attempt to enclose all the dirt on my hand with a new wound.

"Cut out," I said, shaking the blade in my hand before looking right into the dragon's deep eyes. "Do you want me to help?" I asked.

The curse on its wing was far beyond anything that I could solve on the go. As such, rather than wasting time trying to break the curse, it was simpler to just cut it off!

The dragon continued to look at me for a little longer... but it didn't do anything beyond that.

It didn't shake its massive head nor did it nod it.

'Bringing a blade to its wing might be too risky,' I thought before looking around. And then, my eyes fell on the sharp claws that decorated each of the dragon's legs.

"Look," I said, dropping the blade from my hand as I approached the dragon's wing again. I then erected my forefinger from my fist and shook it to make sure the Dragon took notice of it.

And then, following the borders of where I felt the curse before, I painted a huge oval on the dragon's wing.

"Cut it," I said, pointing my hand at the dragon's claws before taking a step back and once again raising my hands.