

Last System 386

Chapter 386 Proper Introductions

The situation was tense just a short moment ago. I was getting myself ready for the potentially hardest fight in my life so far, even after all the growth I went through in the last few months.

And yet...

Within a single instant, Pathfinder came in, wrecked the scale on which the situation was weighted and declared his absolute supremacy in the moment.

'I don't think I could defend against such a quick move,' I thought, gulping my saliva down.

There was a strange feeling of satisfaction roused at the bottom of my soul when I was free to let my saliva flow down my throat...

While the royal that acted so cocky couldn't even let the air pass through the same part of his.

"Not so strong without your father's support, ain't ya?" Pathfinder's words finally reached my ears.

There was some sort of history between the two of them. A history I wasn't privy to know yet. And a history that at this exact moment... didn't hold much value for me either.

"AAergh!" the royal attempted to say something. And even with his windpipe nearly crushed, he still got to drive his energy, finally revealing the secret of how he kept two types of mana within his body at the same time.

'It's so fucking simple,' I thought in the instant the man turned serious.

There was no special trick to managing two types of mana at the same time. No special method of stopping them from interacting.

He simply accepted the loss of his own power coming from the imperfections of his cultivation while driving those two forces in two similar circles. The only difference was how he drove both of those energies in opposite directions, negating most of the repelling force directed at each type of mana by the other.

'It's so... crude!' was the only thought that I ended up with.

"Don't worry," Pathfinder muttered while having the look of the happiest man alive on his face.

"The rest of your family... they will soon join you!"

He didn't bother with long speeches or elaborate torture. With a simple tension of his hand, he snapped the man's neck.

The royal's body relaxed... way beyond the level of any living human. Yet, with his spiritual energy reaching its maximum output, he managed to compensate for his physical death by forcefully keeping the connection between the snapped parts of his spinal cord with some sort of technique.

'This doesn't fit him,' I thought, squinting my eyes.

The technique he used... It was so extremely advanced I could only see its general picture. I was unable to peer deep enough into its details to see its true form.

"It doesn't make any sense," I muttered.

"Isn't it?" Pathfinder remarked with a lenient smile, turning his eyes away from the man and looking at my face again. "It's because it's not a technique they created, contrary to their means of becoming royals!"

"Hmm... okay?" I muttered, taken aback by the randomly thrown informational bomb.

Pathfinder used only a few words... and he already answered some questions that I didn't even ask.

There was a difference between how the royals developed their cultivation base and the techniques they were using. That information alone was worth its length translated into weight and then turned into gold.

That is if gold was still as precious in this world as it was back on earth.

"Don't worry, I will explain it all to you soon," the pathfinder replied, turning his face back to the young man hanging down from his hand. Then, a grin took over his lips, making him appear like a kid who just received a puppy they always wanted.

Seconds passed. Then, they turned into minutes. And while I could feel the flow of energy slowing down in the royal's body, it still took roughly five minutes before his technique finally dispersed only for his body to slump down.

And in such a simple and anti-climatic way, the first royal I encountered... ceased to live.

"That was..." I muttered, only to see Pathfinder throw the dead body down as if he was casting a scrap of trash away. "Pretty anticlimactic," I couldn't stop myself from remarking.

"Sorry for that," Pathfinder said as he grinned at me. "I waited for this moment for so long... I just couldn't help myself," he added, happily stepping on the body as he approached me.

Yet, rather than offering me a hug, a handshake... or even a nod of his head, he directed his attention to Mia who silently stood at my side.

"I don't believe we've met, young lady," he said in a courtly voice unfit of his ragged appearance. "Is it safe to assume for me that you are the precious lady this young man spoke to me so much about?"

"Young lady?" Mia initially repeated the title Pathfinder used to refer to her. She then shyly lowered her eyes and took half of a step to the back. "I... I mean..." she then added, her voice breaking as she ended up hiding behind my side while blushing intensively. "He talked a lot about me?" she then added in a tiny, although extremely happy voice.

"Oh, he did," Pathfinder laughed. "So much I nearly had to pretend to be a mute in my desperation to make him shut up!" he added only to burst out laughing.

"That's not true," I protested, baffled by the direction the situation was heading to. I then shook my head. "Anyway, allow me to introduce you guys. Pathfinder, this is Mia, my wife," I said, nearly catching myself calling her a fiancée instead.

Even though I never offered her the ring that I hoped to hoist on her finger, I still proposed to her back within the borderlands. And as such, it was my responsibility to curb my habit of calling her my love or fiancée and turn it into a tendency to call, her my wife instead.

"Mia, this is Pathfinder," I then turned my hands towards the man before saying what the girl already know.

"It's a pleasure to meet Arty's benefactor," Mia then said, doing a small curtsy only to hide behind my back right away.

And for some reason, her expression appeared to be soured a little.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you," Pathfinder gently nodded his head only to give the girl a bright smile. "I would say you are as beautiful as my junior claimed you to be, but I don't want to incur his jealousy," he then added before stealing a glance at the side of my face.

For a moment, I could swear he was about to show me his tongue... yet, in the end, his joy only expressed itself through some sparks of amusement in his eyes.

"Okay guys, now that you know each other," I started, ignoring Pathfinder's last statement. "How about you giving us some answers first?" I requested.

"Sure thing," Pathfinder nodded his head. "But wouldn't it be better if we sat inside first?" he suggested, turning his face to the ruins of his shack.

"That's..." I instantly replied only to cut my words short and avert my eyes to the side.

Despite all my exploits... the sudden realization was somehow able to make me feel embarrassed.

If there was anyone who I didn't want to see the stains on the bed within the shed, it was the man right before my eyes!

"Don't worry, little brother," Pathfinder said, noticing my awkwardness caused by the idea he brought up. "Oh, one more thing," he then added. "Now that I'm free from those filthy royal's control," he stated, turning a hateful glance towards the corpse several feet to the back, "I'm no longer Pathfinder. From now on, call me..."

"Levisay"