

Last System 45

Chapter 45 - Beaten And Defeated

I would love to check what this attack grew in my status. This was my momentary greatest wish.

After all, it would allow me to finally unveil at least a single secret about how my current stage worked. It would allow me to find a way to get stronger without relying too much on the spirit stones that were ultimately in short supply.

But there was no way in hell for this bastard to give me even a second of respite!

Thud.

Thud.

Tic.

Thud.

It took my utmost to adjust the position of my guard to protect my face. The dark-robed disciple continued to unleash his wrath on me, each of his hits threatening to break the bones in my arms.

Thud.

"AGH..." I spat out my saliva when this fucker managed to sneak in a proper attack. His fist buried itself deep into my stomach, sending me back by a whole meter and almost breaking my posture.

If not for the crowd in the building I was just pushed into, I would likely lose my footing.

"Arthur!" Mia shouted. I had no time to look at her face, but I could tell from her voice just how distressed she was.

"GO!" I shouted, instantly paying the price of the momentary lapse of concentration with a culling fist to my side.

'Close,' I managed to shrug the attack off. It was just a few centimeters off from smashing my spleen. Thankfully, I managed to get away with only some of my ribs fracturing.

Praise God for such an ingenious design of human bodies!

Tic.

Tic.

Tic.

Before long, I could no longer feel the weight of the attacks. Each of them hurt me like hell and wore my durability down. Yet, each of the tics I could hear meant a slight advance in my cultivation!

'At this rate, I'm going to turn into a masochist,' I thought, feeling the blood trickling down my skin.

Just my guard bouncing out of my face was enough to cover my handsome looks with bruises and swells.

Thump!

The fucker continued to push me back. He even managed to sneak another hit, this time a low kick right above my knee. If I didn't manage to lower the center of my weight, I would likely be kicked down on the floor.

'Is he getting exhausted or what?' I thought, noticing how each of the subsequent hits felt weaker and weaker. And soon enough, an opening came.

The dark-robed Jenne's follower didn't suffer from a single retaliatory hit from me so far.

I didn't dare to attack for two reasons. Firstly, I wasn't confident at landing a proper hit against someone clearly stronger than me. And secondly, I hoped for such an opening all along!

"FUCK OFF!" I shouted, harnessing all of my energy, wrath, and personal revanchism at the top of my fist. I shot it forward, twisting my upper body and stepping forward with my leading leg.

Tic.

'I did it!' I internally screamed out in joy when I felt something was wrong.

The hit wasn't soft. I didn't get to strike any of the soft tissues of the man, clearly missing my punch. Just like that guy did before, I botched my attack, sending it towards the man's ribs.

Crack.

Or so I thought.

"WHA..." the man failed to articulate his surprise when he flew straggled and landed in the arms of the spectators, three meters away.

'What?' That was all I could think before something welled up in my throat. Unable to resist, I fell down to my knees and released a puddle of blood that gathered in my breathing system.

'Not good,' my eyes widened when noticing the blood on the floor. Contrary to what one would think from reading the novels, I was perfectly aware of how dangerous spewing blood was. It wasn't something that one could do after getting faceslapped by a shameless main character.

Spitting blood often meant devastating, internal injuries.

For all the fun that I had, growing my strength in this counterintuitive way, I instantly turned desperate to conclude the fight. If I were to go any further, this slick ploy of mine could end in the worst way imaginable!

'And Vaner already proved how easy it is for one to lose their lives in this world,' I thought, tightening my teeth and raising from my knees.

For a moment, the situation somewhat calmed down. As I stepped back into the doorway of the building, I could only see the bloodshot eyes of that madman glued to my trembling posture.

It was the first for me. For the first time in my life, someone looked at me with such an intense killing intent.

Not even when that bastard from the staircase, all the way back to when I transmigrated, exuded such hate with his aura alone.

And he was the one to actually kill me, mind that.

'Not good,' I thought, taking in the look of the entire situation. 'If this will go on...'

"What the hell is going on here!" Someone shouted.

As if a Moses appeared to strike his cane and force the crowd apart, the gathering split into two, making way for a sky-colored robes-wearing man.

His face, I couldn't recognize.

'Thank God,' I thought, breathing an internal sigh of relief. 'If it was that elder from before, or even worse, Vaner...'

Yet, before I could analyze the situation, an idea struck my mind.

I fell to my knees. By convulsing my throat, I managed to spit another mouthful of blood, one that managed to gather in my lungs during this short moment of respite.

It wasn't good to spit blood like that, but it was the best card I could play right now.

"Jenne, what happened?!" the elder shouted upon noticing a familiar face.

For a moment, I froze. For this elder to know Jenne could only mean...

No, that was stupid. I knew Jenne was a young master from a powerful clan. It would be strange if the elders didn't recognize him. And that meant...

'I wonder what he is going to do,' I thought, an overwhelming feeling of satisfaction spread through my soul. 'Are you going to protect your retainer despite the crowd of witnesses, or are you going to protect yourself at the cost of duping him in?'

But no answer came.

"You, are you alright?" the elder said.

This voice felt too distant to be real. I raised my head, struggling as much as I could while doing that, only to realize what had happened.

Indeed, the elder wasn't asking about my wellbeing. He was standing above the bastard that beat me up, a look of worry all over his rotten face!

'So that's how this is...' I thought, fury welling up in my insides.

Still, it was strange. Despite all the people around, was the sect elder going to be so clearly favoring another disciple?

Looking up, I couldn't miss a smug smile on Jenne's face.