

## Last System 452

### Chapter 452 Disappointment

"Outside of that, do as you wish," Levi said, releasing a heavy sigh as he took a step back.

The distance that changed between him and the dragon hunters wasn't great. It was just a single step. And yet, the relief that appeared on the man's face was immense.

'So that's their range,' I thought, giving the situation a glance before turning my eyes and looking at the dragon hunters properly.

They all wore all kinds of different equipment. And save for their leader who stood in the back, said the equipment could hardly be called good.

'They are the cannon fodder in every meaning of this name,' I thought, squinting my eyes as I struggled to figure out just how in all hell they could be hunting dragons if their equipment looked as if it was all on the verge of falling apart.

'Or maybe it's due to them having a tough, prolonged fight with Levi?' An idea appeared in my mind as I stared the group of soldiers down.

Regardless of the state of their equipment, the soldiers returned the gaze, unwilling to let me win even on this field without a proper battle.

And then, just like that, everything started.

All seven of the warriors rushed ahead... although only four of them continued to dash in the same direction.

Two of the soldiers near instantly changed the direction of their run, taking position roughly forty percent to my sides before pulling out the bows that they wore in a way that put their strings across their chests while the wood of the bow was behind their back.

The four of them continued to dash right at me while swinging their weapons as if to telegraph their attacks.

If I were a bit less experienced or hot-blooded, I would allow this theatricality to take my full attention. But at this point, I wasn't naive enough to believe someone on this level would be as stupid as to openly admit what sorts of attacks they were hoping to use.

No, the strange way in which the four of the front-line, melee-focused soldiers of the dragon-hunter group only had one and only one reason. And it was to hide the movements of the only one soldier of their group left unaccounted for, save for their leader himself.

'What is he...' I initially thought, baffled when my eyes finally landed on the last remaining member of the dragon-hunting party.

It was a man with no weapons on his own and only donning some light robes, quite similar to the attire all the disciples of the Tuxi sect often boasted about.

He had no weapons... but he held his hands high up to the sky while his mouth moved in an extremely weird manner as if he was uttering some extremely high-speed chant.

'A supporting mage or what?' I thought, turning my eyes back toward the advancing melee party.

If anything, their equipment didn't telegraph their true skill. Even though they all dashed ahead, they still managed to keep up a relatively simple formation.

Two of the melee fighters, both of whom were equipped with long-handled axes, rushed ahead in a straight line with barely any gap of open space between them. Then, the other two followed closely behind, although they positioned themselves slightly to the sides, with just enough space between them and the main duo of the formation to give their ranged fellow soldiers enough space to shoot their arrows through.

'So the front duo will bind me in the fight, the other two will force me to split attention to protect my flanks while the shooters will look for gaps in my defenses they could exploit,' I thought, quickly summarizing the most likely reasons behind and the objectives of the formation.

And so far, figuring out the other party's intentions was bafflingly easy. And then, I remembered the only member of their group that stood behind me.

'What is he...' I thought, only for all my thoughts to freeze.

There was a huge blob of transparent mana gathered right at the man's raised hands. And with every step the melee party took toward me, the amount of mana around that guy's hands continued to increase.

"DRAGON'S BLESSING!" the man finally shouted, stirring up the mana in his hands before pushing his hands forth as if he wanted to slam them against a desk positioned right at the level of his collarbone.

The presence of the melee members of the attacking group skyrocketed. Their movements became so fast I could hardly follow them with my eyes.

At the same time, the ranged duo of the group pulled back the strings of their bows, ready to unleash the hail of arrows the second I would allow my defenses to falter.

The melee soldiers at the front raised their axes in unison, ready to smash them down against my barriers the very next second.

'Quite impressive,' I thought, honestly admiring the simple yet complex formation that they deployed.

And then, after experiencing a strange effect of slow motion as the axes fell down on the outermost of my barrier, I couldn't help but release a long, disappointed sigh.

"So this is all you guys mount to," I muttered, shaking my head sideways with contempt and dissatisfaction.

The axes fell down. A moment later, two swords joined them to the sides, bringing a total number of blades brought against the outermost of my barriers to four.

And the disappointing part was... they all failed to even make a dent in it.

All in all, there were a total of seventy-seven defensive measures I deployed within my mage's tower. And for how rudimentary and simplistic it was, the outermost barrier was made with the same number of formation stones as most of my other, more complex formations.

On its own, it didn't change how much power the barrier could withstand. No, the added excess of instructions embedded into the barrier's very fiber of being aimed at making it as universal as possible.

And yet, the attacking party failed to break through the said barrier, leaving all the other seventy-six of my traps, barriers, puzzles, and mazes completely unusable.

'Wait, no,' I suddenly reminded myself before casting a quick glance at Levi to my backward side.

His breathing was as heavy as it was when I first arrived at the scene. His wounds continued to bleed, although the man now dedicated all of his focus to ripping his own clothes apart before using the material to cover his wounds.

'They gave Levi a run for his money,' I thought, only to gulp my saliva down a moment later. And with my eyes moving back to the weirded-out group of soldiers who failed to understand just why they couldn't take even a step closer to me, only a single thought prevailed in my mind.

'I can't get careless!'

And yet, despite raising my vigilance to its maximum... the dragon hunter soldiers failed to make any progress at all!

They continued to hack and slash at the air, missing the barrier out so frequently with their attacks that I couldn't help but get suspicious as to whether or not they were simply stalling for time!

Yet, no matter how hard I thought, I couldn't come up with any ideas for whom they were waiting for!