

Last System 46

Chapter 46 - Favoritism

"That bastard broke my ribs!" the dark-robed disciple shouted, pain clearly quelling his throat.

For how much I could tell through my bloodied eyes, the look on his face was truly hilarious. This fucktard clearly didn't expect that he would end up injured, and by a guy wearing first stage robes at that!

"Him?" the elder sent a surprised look towards me and squinted his eyes. A long wrinkle appeared on his forehead. Yet, instead of lashing out at me, he took a deep breath...

Only to turn around and round kick my oppressor right in the head!

"You are fucking useless!" he shouted, lashing out at my oppressor instead. "How could you get beaten by a damned purification level trash!"

The man took a deep breath, seemingly attempting to calm down.

"A core establishment practitioner was beaten by a purification stage disciple... PATHETIC!" the calm front of the elder quickly vanished, revealing just how furious he was. He then raised his chin high only to look down at the dark-robed disciple. "You are no disciple of mine anymore!"

This statement loudly rang in my ears. Glancing over at the crowd, I could tell how massive this announcement was from the surprised and shocked looks they gave between themselves.

"Teacher, he..."

"SILENCE, WENCH!" the elder shouted, his fury making his head release steam.

But the dark robed disciple wasn't discouraged by the lashing.

"He killed my brother!" he shouted, taking not only the crowd but also me by surprise.

Sure, I beat your brother up, but don't blame me for killing him, god damn it! After all those efforts and holding back to keep him alive...

You should have a feud with Vaner, not me!

Still, as ridiculous as this statement was for me, it was actually a good thing.

"Huh?" the elder turned around and sent me a weird look. He then completely ignored his former disciple and approached the doorway where I was on all fours.

"Did you kill his brother?" he asked, his face and voice perfectly still as if this matter didn't disturb him whatsoever. Yet, by sending a quick glance to the man's eyes, I couldn't help but tremble a little.

"I did... cough!" squeezing my lungs and my throat, I pushed all the residual blood to my mouth, only to spew it right at the elder's elegant shoes. "I did not! I only told that bastard that his idiot brother died!"

The look on the elder's face darkened.

"How dare you speak ill of the deceased?" his voice was low, guttural. The elder's eyelids lowered, leaving only tiny slits through which he looked down at me.

Yet, there was one thing I was certain about.

This man has shown no signs of surprise when learning about the demise of the sect's disciple!

In other words, he had to be already aware of it!

"Elder, with all due respect, I just call things as they are." I struggled to raise my head and send a defiant look right towards the man's face. "How else could I name a purification stage disciple disrespecting an elder known to be hot-headed?"

A murmur shook the crowd in reaction to my statement. Sadly, with my eyes locked on the elder's face, I had no way of knowing how did my oppressor react to my words.

It had to be one hell of a face!

"You speak ill of the dead; you dare to hit your senior..." the elder closed his eyes and shook his head. "You even dare to stand defiant to my word," he said, slowly opening his eyes and looking at me with no emotions on his face. "Do you really want to end up as that guy's brother?" he asked, pointing his hand and Jenne's follower while raising one of his eyebrows.

"Elder, unless you wish to end up as that fucktard's brother as well, I would advise you to let my master go," Mia said, calmly walking right into the scene.

A tremble shook both my flesh and my soul.

"What the hell is she doing?!" I inwardly screamed out.

Everything I was doing right now had a precise reason. It was all part of an act that I, a former legend in the game-mastering circle, came up with. All part of an intricate plan to corner Jenne into submission.

But I wasn't angry at Mia coming in and shattering all of those plans with a single, defiant statement of her.

What I was angry about was that she put herself in danger!

"Outrageous!" the elder yelled out, taking a step back. His eyes were pried wide open and filled with shock.

Moving my head to the side, I noticed the likely reason.

Mia was still wearing her slave robes. If one were to look closely, the small bracelet on her wrist was missing now, proving that she was a slave no longer.

But it was a detail that everyone gathered during the commotion was likely to miss.

"You are courting death, slave!" The elder shouted, the shock of his face giving way to fury.

"Didn't Arthur say it?" Mia asked, unbothered by the aggressive stance of the elder. She went as far as to cross her arms on her chest and look at the furious man with an amused expression. "Our teacher is known to be hot-headed. The last time someone infringed on him," she leaned her head to the side and opened her delicious, full lips in a bright smile, "I believe we all know how the poor

fellow ended. I still can't get the sight of his head getting snapped out of his neck out of my memory."

Another murmur shook the crowd. It appeared that the people were only starting to realize the true depth of the situation.

"A mere slave..." the elder started to speak in his guttural tone once again, clearly on the verge of losing control.

"This man here, who your disciple beat up for no reason, is a direct disciple of the Sect's Elder Vaner," Mia said sweetly before whipping out the token that Vaner passed to us back at the garden.

"So am I," she said, her smile turned smug. "And I now stand witness to your blatant favoritism!"