

## Last System 47

### Chapter 47 - Verdict

Following Mia's words, the entire area turned silent.

Some had to be stunned by the arrogant and openly defiant stance that a girl, dressed in slave robes, took against the elder of the sect. For someone like her, even holding a token of being a direct disciple wasn't enough to warrant such behavior.

Others were stunned because of what Mia's words implicated. And while I could bet that barely anyone believed that the sect was a uniform entity aimed to help people grow as a charity, bringing up its dirt to the surface clearly had some shock value behind it.

Ultimately though, everyone turned silent because Mia's words forced a decision on the elder.

A decision on how to react to her accusations.

"What do you want?" the elder barked, his face all tense from the internal rage.

'I guess he doesn't like the fact that a former slave put him on the spot,' I thought, unable to stop a bit of satisfaction from filling my soul. Yet, no matter how happy I was to see someone like this elder served such a sour pill to swallow, I couldn't help but feel concerned about Mia's safety.

After all, there was a reason why her behavior could only be named as daring!

Instead of responding, Mia lowered herself on her knees and grabbed me underneath my arms, helping me stand up.

"Arthur?" she asked, clearly done with her part, wishing for me to take over the reins of the situation.

It was something that I understood on the spot. Yet, I was pretty conflicted about how I should feel about it at the same time. Happy that she trusted and relied on me? Or disappointed that she didn't decide to ditch her former position as a slave, leaving all the decisions to her master?

"The fight ultimately happened between that disciple and me," I struggled to say in a loud voice, residual blood still clogging my throat. "I don't think implicating respectable elder of the sect as a whole is reasonable," I added before coughing to clear my throat. "As such, how about giving me one free punch, an attack to level the grudge that this man festered between us?"

If the crowd was silent before, then it turned completely mute now.

This solution was so damn simple that it was a wonder no one proposed it before. Or rather, it only appeared like that.

Because as the victim of the unwarranted aggression, I was the only one with the right to put it forward.

"Obviously," I said, wishing to push the momentum of the situation ahead, "I won't be forced to take responsibility for that man's injuries resulting from my hit, just like I won't force him to take responsibility for my current state."

This was the most important part of the plan that I hatched on the go. Right now, I was in pretty bad shape, making it easier for everyone to accept the kind of solution I proposed. But at the same time, it would destroy any sort of image if I were to offer terms too kind for the crowd to accept.

'No one would ever respect me if I covered in fear failed to demand just and reasonable payback,' I thought.

The silence of the crowd finally broke apart as people started to discuss what they had just heard in hushed voices. Yet, in this entire gathering, one person reacted differently.

The disciple that so happily bashed me before turned all white. He was the only one who felt the force behind my hit, a hit executed after I had already taken some serious damage.

He was the only one in the entire situation, that understood just how vile my plan was.

To allow a single attack against him while barring the man of his right of defense?

If I was capable of shattering his ribs with a loose, partially failed attack and after receiving a serious beating, then his life would be as well as foregone if I were to attack him properly!

As such, with his life on the line, the man turned his face towards Jenne, clearly pleading for his help.

'He didn't look at the elder,' I noticed, squinting my eyes a bit.

"Sure!" Jenne shouted, his lips forming a happy smile. Sadly, the young master quickly reflected on his mishap, shaking his head and pretending to be saddened by the entire encounter. "Go on; you may hit him as hard as you want!" Jenne said before sending a meaningful look towards the elder.

'Wait, what? So are they in cahoots or not?' I thought, confused by the mixed signals.

If the elder wasn't really in bed with them, then why did that disciple turn to Jenne instead of his former teacher? And if they were in cahoots... then the same question applied.

The only solution I could arrive at was that Jenne actually held a higher ground between him and the elder!

'It seems that I made the right decision to bully his followers,' I thought grimly, realizing just how insane the extend of Jenne's social powers could be.

Hopefully, I was overestimating his influence. But I wasn't going to ever underestimate him again!

"Do you really think that I'm going to punch someone when I need support to even stand?" I barked in response, only to spew out yet another gulp of blood from my throat. "You were so nice to me, but do you actually wish for me to die a dog's death here?!" I half-accused the man.

With no proof, I couldn't bring him to justice. That was the very reason why I didn't react to any of his earlier provocations.

But if there was one thing that I understood better than the people of this world, then it was just how simple the human brain was.

And how easy it was to sway the crowd into believing something, even if one had no proof at all.

"To think I gave you a way out of your favoritism!" I uttered heavily, sending a glance over to the elder.

Right now, he was the most vulnerable link in the chain of their potential conspiracy. Seeing how he reacted to Mia's accusations before, he clearly didn't want this matter to surface.

"That's reasonable," the elder replied before Jenne could say anything to stop him.

'So he just wants to save his own skin.' I smiled internally, happy that my small bet paid off.

"I hereby grant you the right to attack Igrit once, without any repercussions or him defending himself. You may hold on to this right for as long you need to recuperate your wounds, but by using that right, you waive all the rights to hold on to the grudge this idiotic, former disciple of mine caused!" the elder announced, only to end on a slightly threatening note.

The elder then turned around, casting a quick glance at the crowd observing every last detail of the encounter.

"The fuck are you all looking at?!" he shouted, finally releasing a small silver of his fury.

"Disperse!"

Following the elder's lash, the onlookers quickly started to move out. Only Jenne and his follower, likely named Igrit, remained for a short while longer.

For a few more moments, Jenne locked himself in a contest of stares with me.

And I made a mistake. No longer having the energy to keep up the act, I graced him with a smile that contained all the viciousness that I was going to unleash on him.

All the bottled feelings of hate, powerlessness, denial, and fury that amassed through my previous life would finally find their outlet.

And it would all happen in a world where I could finally obtain some strength on my own.

Sadly, this had to wait. With the last bit of strength leaving my body, I hung myself on Mia's arm, no longer capable of even standing up on my own.

'And what I should say to her, now?' I asked myself as soon as Jenne turned around and left. Out of everything that happened so far, this was the greatest puzzle for me.

Should I scold her for putting a target on her own back for my sake? Or maybe I should lash out at her for putting herself in danger?

But that would mean outright disrespecting the decision she made. After all, even though we only knew each other for a bit longer than two weeks, I was pretty sure she was aware of the potential consequences of her actions.

That's why, as much as it pained me to do so, I only said a single word.

"Thanks."