

Last System 473

Chapter 473 Patric's Visit (Part 2)

"So," Daniel started once he finally freed himself from his friend's hug, "what brings you here?"

It was a simple question, one that could be said to be the usual beginning of small talk. But when it came to Daniel and Patric's meeting, it turned out to be a far deeper one.

Just like the president and the vice president of the states were banned from ever traveling by the same train, plane, or car, Daniel and Patric were supposed to always stay at least fifty kilometers apart.

In the age of nuclear weapons, this was the only way to ensure they wouldn't be taken out with a single attack, ending the legacy of the lost civilizations.

"We are reaching the endgame of the current cycle, are we not?" Patric mentioned with a small smile, taking a step back not to infringe on Daniel's personal space. He then turned his head to the side. "Alice," he nodded his head, "it's great to see you in great health. You are as beautiful as ever."

"Thank... you," Alice nodded her head as she replied. Yet, if one were to look close enough, her smile didn't have its usual warmth.

"Patric, it really pains me to do it," Daniel muttered once his companion finished his courtesy interaction with his secretary. "But regardless of what's going on, I need to know," he stated before repeating the same question from before, "what are you doing here?"

This time, Patric didn't reply right away. He turned his eyes to Daniel's face and took a moment to gather his thoughts.

"You've sidelined me during the second world war," Patric said, his smile disappearing from his face. "I'm not going to let the same thing happen again."

Daniel's face turned still as well.

"It is a huge stretch to call the current conflict a third world war," Daniel pointed out. "And I don't recall you involving yourself in any of the outer conflicts ever since... what war was it again?"

"Soviet invasion of Afghan..." Patric replied, pursing his lips into a thin line as he looked down and shook his head. "Brother, listen, that's all in the past," he claimed before raising his eyes and looking directly into Daniel's eyes. "And I'm not here to meddle. I just want to be involved when the shit hits the fan."

Daniel turned silent. Then, rather than keeping the discussion up, he shook his head and turned sideways while stretching his hand out towards the insides of the bridge, inviting both Patric and his entourage inside.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The conflict sparked partially by Patric's meddling and aimed at whatever was in Daniel's disciple's head at the time. Yet, just like most of the conflicts that Patric was involved in, it quickly turned into a massive mess that stretched out for years and brought nothing but death and destruction.

"Are you going to introduce us?" Daniel asked once both parties finally sat down at the table that Daniel had hauled inside the bridge just for the sake of this meeting.

"Daniel, this is Maya," Patric pointed out his hand at the girl who sat to his right. "She's my... secretary," he then added while stealing a quick, sneaky glance at Kaya who sat on Daniel's right.

The two girls were pretty similar in terms of appearance. But while Kaya kept her face still and devoid of any emotions, Maya couldn't be more excited.

"It's a great honor to meet you, sir," she said, bowing her head as she greeted Daniel.

"You know of me?" Daniel asked, genuinely surprised by the development. The hint of displeasure that appeared on Patric's face didn't escape his attention either.

"You are not like all the other financial powerhouses of the world, sir," Maya stated, raising her head and smiling at Daniel. "I was quite surprised when Patric told me all about you. I've been your fan ever since!"

Daniel turned his eyes to his former disciple's face. Patric sighed and slightly shook his head.

"Thank you for the praise," Daniel then replied, calmed down by Patric's small gesture.

This small shake of Patric's head told Daniel everything that he really wanted to know. And since he shook his head, it appeared he didn't really mention to the girl anything that went beyond the first degree of stretched influence.

Or, in other words, while it still allowed the girl to get a glimpse at Daniel's exploits that went beyond the ability of an average human... it could still be contained within the modern world's common sense.

Just like Patric mentioning his involvement in the afghan war, he could later claim that it was all his father's doing and he simply was willing to take responsibility as the current head of the family.

"Moving on," Patric said, clearly uncomfortable with the level of attention his secretary was giving to his former master, "Robert, Mark, and Selvius," he introduced the rest of his entourage. "Robert is the chief executive officer of the subsidiary I'm focusing most of my attention on while Mark and Selvius..." Patric took on a face of a victim of abuse, "they are the security personnel that the company refused to free me from."

"I know having security follow you around can be a bit of a pain in the ass," Daniel grinned, "but such is the fate of people of success like us," he added before reaching out and grabbing the glass of wine from the table.

"As for my end of introductions, I'm Daniel, the current head of the management of the Salva Conglomerate," Daniel introduced himself just for courtesy sake before turning his hand towards his partner, "and this is Kaya, chief operation manager for the African branch of the management."

The entire introduction part was extremely obsolete, nothing more but a part of cultural courtesy aimed to showcase the goodwill between the two parties.

Daniel knew everything about every member of Patric's entourage the second they stepped into the plane with his former disciple. And Patric would never bring along someone who he couldn't fully trust.

After all, even though Daniel's entire operation was one thing on paper and a whole different thing in reality, Patric wasn't stupid enough not to realize its importance.

"Well then, now that the introductions are done," Patric said as he raised his own glass, "let me raise the toast to the quick end of the hostilities and eternal peace on this poor continent!"