

## Last System 474

### Chapter 474 Daniel's Selectiveness

The official meeting lasted for a few hours.

During that time, Kaya slowly got over her cold act directed at Patric, opening up to socially mingle with the guests that he brought over. Somewhere along the line, she ended up sitting with Maya on the couch and passionately discussing something with her in a hushed voice.

Expensive wine was poured one bottle after another with everyone quite eager to prove just how much of a tough drinker each of them was.

This led to some small personal conflicts during the first hour and then a drunken fest of deep, political discussion during the latter part of the small, private party.

In the end, Patric's guests ended up escorted away by some of Daniel's officers with the excuse of showing them around the full extent of the military developments that the conglomerate never really flaunted so openly before.

For them, it was the chance to witness the might of the technology that prompted the very corporation they were working for, technology that up to this day, they never had the chance to experience with their own two eyes.

At that point, both Kaya and Maya left the bridge of Daniel's hover as well, eager to take their conversation somewhere where men's prying ears couldn't hear them.

"Finally done," Daniel muttered when the last of the annoying souls left his personal space, leaving him with just Patric on the bridge.

Finally, he could drop his drunken act, revealing how little all the wine that he poured into himself affected his ability to think or act.

"I'm really sorry for that," Patric apologized, showcasing the same ability to detoxify himself as his former master. "I never expected that by accepting your offer to create this corporation I would end up with this kind of shackles..."

Patric didn't bother trying to hold back his displeasure. In the end, Daniel was surprised that his former student managed to hold himself back from activating some of the cameras that Daniel had all over the place just to see his subordinates so that he could show them his middle finger.

"This is what happens when you try to move too fast," Daniel replied, stretching himself back on his chair. He then put a small smirk on his face. "I thought you learned that during the Napoleonic wars," he then added only for the corners of his lips to twitch as he held back his smile.

"Don't you dare remind me of that shorty," Patric moaned, copying Daniel as he stretched himself on the chair. "I still can't believe it took me three attempts to finally get rid of him for good!"

"Life is all about learning," Daniel shook his shoulders before reaching out and grabbing a whole bottle of the vintage wine.

Now that their secondary guests were done, there was no need for either of them to keep up the appearances. And while they could never get properly drunk with something as soft as wine, Daniel simply liked the drink's exquisite, mature taste.

"It's a pity all those humans live for way too little to learn on their own, fucking mistakes!" Patric cursed a little only to then fill his mouth with a huge gulp of vodka, the bottle of which he conjured seemingly out of nowhere.

"We are not going to meddle with their nature," Daniel said, suddenly all serious. "I thought we concluded this topic already," he then added as a look of dissatisfaction appeared on his face.

"I know, I know," Patric rolled his eyes. "It's not our place to change how humans are, right?" he asked only to take another gulp of vodka directly from the bottle.

Patric then slammed the bottle down on the table before leaning over it and turning silent for a moment.

For a few more seconds, Daniel could hear the distant noises of the rest of their group happily partying away outside of the hover.

"But if that's the case, then what the hell are you trying to do by uncovering the vaults?" Patric asked, raising his eyes directly at Daniel's face.

'Here it is,' Daniel thought. A wave of relief washed over his body.

All the formalities related to the company that fronted all of their endeavors in the modern age were nothing more but a stupid distraction. A smoke screen right into the eyes of anyone who would like to try to pry into what was going on.

The real reason for Patric's visit, however, was included in the question he just asked.

"I'm trying to stop the civilization from annihilating itself," Daniel replied after a moment of thought.

"So it's not okay to increase their lifespan by mere fifty years so that the experts could provide their expertise for triple the time they have right now, but it's okay to stop them from killing each other in senseless wars?" Patric asked, his expression turning extremely sour.

"I don't want to hear that from you, mister Jack the ripper," Daniel countered, pulling out one of the cards that he kept safe in his sleeve.

Jack the ripper. The legend of the industrial age London. A criminal who took way too many lives and remained at large, never to be caught.

An urban myth for most. And a real person sitting right in front of him, Daniel.

"Is that so, mister Alexander the great?" Patric then executed a counter on his own, proving that he came to this meeting prepared.

Over the ages, the one major trouble that the two of them had was endless boredom. After all, overseeing the redevelopment of human civilization was an interesting task only to those who didn't realize just how insanely long time had to pass for anything new to happen.

As such, a huge chunk of the major historical figures... were nothing more but spare bodies that Patric and Daniel inhibited with the use of some of the technology they salvaged from the fall of the Altanti.

In theory, neither of them was privy to the information of what bodies the other party used, but just as the exchange just now proved, the facts often were heavily detached from the official agreement.

"We won't get anywhere like that," Daniel concluded, opting not to reveal what else did he know about Patric's past.

"So you are going to meddle in the events on a scale much bigger than I ever hoped to do so myself while telling me not to do a thing?" Patric asked, going right back to the conflicting point that brought about the end of their master-disciple relationship in the past and remained the one difference they could never agree upon throughout the ages.

"I'm only going for the neutralization of their nukes," Daniel finally relented, revealing the real purpose behind all of his current plans. "It's only a matter of time before they start throwing those devil's bombs at each other. It doesn't matter where it starts happening for real. Once a single city gets struck, the rest of the world will follow suit."

"So you are going to stop them from nuking each other out until there is not a single human left... but you are not going to do anything about how half of the world is mobilizing all the men they can in preparation for a conventional war anyway?"