

Last System 479

Chapter 479 A Scheme Four Hundred Years In The Making

Patric sat down in the crew cabin of his plane, waiting.

Today would mark the pinnacle of a plan four hundred years in the making. A plan that he dedicated his entire self to, going as far as provoking global conflicts just to set the stage for what was happening right now, just to ensure his former master would be mistaken about one, single thing.

'I wonder how she's doing,' Patric thought, taking a look outside through the open side door leading directly to the crew's cabin.

His plane wasn't of any design formerly accepted by the world. It wasn't a fighter jet, a transportation vehicle, or a weird combination of plane and heli that combined the downsides of both for no real benefit but a scary appearance and huge size.

It was the peak design that could only work thanks to the benefits of the technology Daniel introduced through the conglomerate.

Its powerful engines allowed to greatly increase the hull size of the flying warship, as Patric came to lovingly call his vehicle of choice, turning it into a mobile operating center for all his operations.

'She's taking longer than expected,' Patric thought, no longer able to focus his eyes on the reports that he was pretending to study.

His plane was parked right outside of the excavation zone, in the dead center of the most protected part of the entire area. An arrangement that Daniel came up with, likely to ensure Patric's safety. And an arrangement that Patric greatly enjoyed, due to the open view he had over the huge area of the excavation zone.

Tap, tap, tap.

Patric's finger struck his knee at regular intervals. It was the only hint that revealed the man's state of mind as he waited for the news.

'In the end, no matter how much I planned for this moment, that fucker is still older than the civilization as we know it today,' Patric thought, gritting his teeth as the perspective of the girl failing her mission loomed over his shoulders. 'And if he somehow survives that, there is no way he won't connect the dots.'

Patric bit heavily down on his lips... right as Alice finally emerged from the tunnel before starting to slowly climb up the slope of the excavation zone.

She wasn't an athletic person. As such, it only made sense for her to take her time trying to scale the steep angle of the dug-out area, making it impossible for Patric to guess whether she was injured or not.

Only once she finally cleared the last ridge and entered the flat surface leading to Patric's air fortress did the man have a chance to judge how things went.

Alice was covered in blood. Not even a single inch of her clothes was free of this extremely cheap dye. Thankfully, though, she showed no signs of stumbling on her feet that could imply she ended up injured in the altercation.

"Welcome back," Patric said, nodding his head and inviting the girl inside the ship with a small smile. Then, as soon as the girl's feet left the solid ground, he turned around to look towards the pilot's cabin. "Start the engines, we are leaving."

The sliding door of the crew's cabin shut closed, sealing the interior of the plane and turning it into a nearly impenetrable bunker.

The engines of the plane started to warm up.

They were the products of several massive breakthroughs in the preexisting technology and implementation of physical theorems that humans of this civilization never even thought of.

Just a single engine out of the six that were installed in the plane would be enough to singlehandedly carry a tonne of cargo up from the earth's surface all the way to a stable orbit and then still have enough juice to spare to perform a transfer burn required to intercept the moon.

Patric's airship was outfitted with a total of six of those insane engines... and yet, they still had to warm up for a good few minutes before gaining enough propelling force to lift the vehicle up, winning over the force of gravity that was doing its very best to keep it landed.

"So?" Patric turned his eyes to the girl and started up a conversation only once the belly of the plane rose above the surface of the desert. "How did it go?" he asked, even though he could already tell the most important part of the answer.

"The old god is no more," Alice whispered, refusing to look Patric in the eyes as she turned her head away, looking out through the window instead. "You are now free to do whatever you want with that device, assuming you will figure out how to operate it."

Alice's words were empty. Even though she accomplished the impossible, there was no joy in her eyes or her voice to back up her achievement.

"Dear Alice," Patric said as he stood up from his seat and approached the girl... Only to gently pat her on her cheek with a wide smile. "My plans were never about that device," he revealed as if it was the most obvious thing under the sun.

"Then why did you wait for so long?" Alice then asked, shaking her head to push Patric's hand off her cheek. "Do you have any idea how it felt to gun him down right at the moment of his greatest victory against the cruel fate of this world?!" Alice barely held herself back from screaming out.

She then pursed her lips and looked down, locking her eyes on her trembling hands.

"How can you be bothered so much with a single death when you decimated all those innocent engineers that blocked your way out of the tunnel?" Patric pointed out as his smile took on a cruel tone.

Yet, rather than bullying the girl even further, he simply turned around and went back to his seat before grabbing an impressive set of straps that he then proceeded to put over his body.

"You better strap yourself in," Patric then recommended right as he secured himself on his seat. "Oh, and close the shuts on that window, if you could, I don't want to go blind, even if it would be only temporary."

"Go blind?" Alice asked, instinctively following the man's advice regarding the belts and with her hand reaching to lower the shuts over the lone window within the crew's cabin. "What are you..."

The whole plane shook.

A mountain of steel and graphene that weighed several times as much as commercial, passenger jets despite being only a fraction of their size...

It shook in the air as if its engines suddenly lacked the energy to keep it stable.

Alice's eyes went wide as she turned her eyes towards the now-closed window.

The shuts were in place, but the avalanche of light outside was so potent, it easily penetrated through the protective cover and filled the crew's cabin with light.

"You didn't..." Alice muttered, quickly connecting the dots as she turned her terror-filled eyes to Patric.

"Yes, I did," Patric instantly confirmed Alice's fears. "Now that humanity regained its freedom, they have no use for technology that's a few thousand years above their current level," he explained while the discharge of a potent, conglomerate-manufactured nuclear explosion washed over Daniel's base, turning all of the military and civilian personnel there into a mere shadow of existence.

"I hope you won't forget your end of the bargain..." Alice muttered after taking some time to stomach her shock.

'I didn't expect him to be so damn ruthless...' she thought, gritting her teeth.

"Oh, you don't need to worry, I will," Patric reassured the girl with a smile. "Now that humanity regained its freedom, I wouldn't be as vile as to take it back for myself," he said with a wide smile of accomplishment.

The flight of the plane stabilized. The red lights within the cabin died down, replaced with the usual illumination.

Patric reached out to his side and opened one of the secured shelves, pulling out two bottles of a vintage beverage.

"I know you loved him, but only his death could save humanity from killing themselves all over again," Patric pointed out, passing one of the bottles to the girl while dressing his face up in a solemn look.

This was his moment of victory. Victory in the making for the last four hundred years.

Four hundred years of always standing opposite to whatever Daniel wanted to push, always going against his wishes. Four hundred years of going along with regimes that went directly against Patric's own belief, all for the sake of convincing Daniel that they were fated to forever stand on opposite sides.

But now that the obstacle in form of his former master was gone, Patric was finally free to bring forth the peaceful and prosperous world that he has long since envisioned.

"I know you loved him. And I can only begin to imagine how it has to feel to be the one that killed him," Patric repeated his former sentence before building up on it. He then pulled himself back on his chair once the girl accepted the bottle, more to drink her sorrows away rather than to celebrate.

"But remember, you did that to save the world from his martyr-like believes," Patric continued to convince the girl for a while. "And what is the life of a single old fuck when compared to the safety and peace of billions?" he then added, uncorking the bottle and taking a long sip of the expensive drink. "Still, allow me to congratulate you," Patric said as he finally relaxed down on his chair.

"Until the last moment, I had serious doubts about whether you would be able to do it."

"I never did it for you," Alice barked, grabbing the cork of the bottle with her teeth before pulling it open with a single twist of her head. "And just like I killed him, I won't hesitate to end you if you ever dare to go back on your promise," Alice threatened before taking a long sip from the bottle.

"I'm sure you will," Patric replied, his words echoing in the relatively empty chamber of the crew's cabin while the low frequency of the noise made by the plane's engines continued to ring at the edge of his awareness. "I'm sure you will."