

Last System 50

Chapter 50 - At The Infirmary

The sect was as beautiful as always. The birds were chirping, the wind was gushing between the vegetation all over the place, the greenery filled my vision with calm and nostalgia.

All the while, my body screamed out in pain for every step that I made.

"Just a little bit more," Mia whispered in an encouraging tone while making sure she wasn't hurting me with her hold. "You can do it," she added, her breathing resonating in my ears.

Right now, I was resting the majority of my body's weight on Mia's shoulder. The injuries caused by the fight with that senior disciple were finally catching up with my mind as the body started to remind me why I shouldn't treat it like a training bag for others.

"Don't worry about me," I muttered, squeezing a small bit of air through my beaten-up lungs.

In an instant, I had to pay the price of the pain of using my voice. With my ribs beaten hard, they made it hard to even breathe, not to speak about using my voice.

"Huh?" Media uttered a small, shocked sound as soon as she saw the two of us enter the massive tent. "What happened?!" she instantly rushed towards us, helping Mia to carry me to one of the free beds.

"TERIO!" she shouted from the bottom of her lungs before I could even answer any of her questions.

"Can you help him?" Mia didn't bother responding to the questions, asking for help instead. Even though I was seriously concerned about my state, the concerned look on this girl's beautiful face was worth all the pain I was going through.

"First, tell me," Media looked at Mia's face only to shake her head and request. "What happened to him?"

"Brother!" Terio shouted, rushing towards my bed as soon as he noticed what the situation was. "What happened?!"

"I just got beaten up a little," I struggled to utter those words before putting up a fake smile.

This short sentence caused yet another spasm of devastating pain to stir my soul up. Only by gnashing my teeth, I managed to hold it in.

For how lovely the worried expression on Mia's face was, I didn't have it in me to make her even more anxious about my state.

"You have a concussion, cracked bones in your left arm, two shattered ribs..." Media said after placing her fingers on my forehead and doing something. "Such injuries after a fight?" she opened her eyes and looked directly at my face. "Did you get beaten up by an elder or what?" she asked in a doubtful tone.

I didn't bother to answer this question. My injuries were even worse than I expected them to be. And if my ribs were really in such a bad state, then speaking... would only make things worse.

"Fine, I won't ask you anymore," Media said, throwing me a weird look before moving her eyes to the girl instead. "Mia, what happened?"

The girl lowered her head. A look of extreme guilt appeared on her lovely face, instantly making my heart surge in pain, pain even greater than the one coming from my injuries.

"It's all my fault," she said, lowering her head.

'No, it wasn't,' I attempted to speak up while raising myself from the bed, only to freeze in place under the angry look of the local nurse. "You stay where you are. You had your chance to explain yourself!" Media shouted.

She then once again turned her eyes to the girl. "Continue," she ordered.

"For the last two weeks, he not only allowed me to train but helped me with it extensively. Thanks to Arthur's help, we caught an eye of an elder," Mia explained before raising her eyes at her former caretaker and smiling gently. "Right now, we are not only both in the QI gathering stage but are both direct disciples of that elder," she announced.

Yet, rather than allowing this natural satisfaction of her boast to linger, Mia brought her arms down and tightly grabbed my uninjured hand.

"If not for him, I would be just that bastard's plaything," Mia whispered as tears started to well up in her deep, emerald eyes. "Can you help him? Please?" she muttered, her tears trickling down her delicate face.

"There is only a little that I can do," Medina turned her eyes back towards my face only to shake her head, "but I will... No, we will do what we can," she announced before reaching for my robes.

In a few quick movements, she opened up my robes and pulled them down from my chest, revealing the skin of my upper body. Not waiting for me to get embarrassed by it, she moved towards my feet, only to pull the robes up, leaving them all only directly above my crotch.

"Terio! Bring the ointment," she ordered before taking a quick look at my quickly reddening face. "Wait, seriously?" she suddenly asked, moving her eyes between my face and the weird look in Mia's eyes, who desperately attempted to avert her eyes from my skin, despite constantly losing that fight and sending glances towards my chest.

"Here," Terio quickly returned with a jar of a white, oily substance in it. He then glanced over at the faces of everyone involved before taking a deep sigh, placing the jar down on a nearby stool, and raising his hands. "Since that's what's going on, you guys will have to excuse me," he said, a small smile forming on his lips as he turned around and started walking away.

'Huh?' I thought, still failing to understand either his behavior or Media's last reaction.

"Huh?" Mia spelled my reaction out loud, clearly just as confused and surprised as I was.

"Right, Mia," Media called out before either of the two of us could completely lose ourselves in our confusion. "What are the robes that you are carrying?"

"Those?" Mia gratefully accepted a way out of her confusion. "The elder requested us to get them from the accommodation office," she explained, a weird look appearing on her face.

After all, she had already explained it just a moment earlier!

"Wait, the accommodation office? But those robes are for the Qi condensation stage disciples only!" Media protested, taking her turn to be the confused one.

"That's right," Mia nodded her head, throwing her former patron a weird look. "The reason why Arthur is beaten up like that is that he guarded the entrance while I received them," she explained again.

"But those are Qi Condensation stage robes only!" Media protested once again, her mind clearly failing to process this simple information.

"Yeah, we both reached i..." Mia's words were stopped in her throat when Media slapped her hand on top of the girl's lips.

"You shouldn't say that out loud!" Media's shouted, her face tensing up. "Whenever someone asks you, just claim that the elder forced you to wear them," she ordered before shaking her head for the third time in short succession. "A Qi condensation stage in measly two weeks... just who are you?!" she whispered only to shout at the end.

"It's Arthur's..." Mia shrank in herself, unsure how to cope with the situation. Yet, as soon as she directed her eyes to my body, her cheeks instantly blushed.

"I think I'm starting to understand..." Media whispered, her shoulders falling down.

If I could describe her reaction, then she simply decided to give up on her attempts to wrap her mind around what Mia just told her.

"Judging from your reactions... No, I won't tease you guys like that," she said, shaking her head once again.

'Is she going to be okay?' I couldn't help but think with worry. Shaking her head so much... wouldn't she get motion sickness if she keeps that up?

"Anyway, you claim that it's all thanks to Arthur here, right?" Media stopped her head and asked, looking directly into Mia's eyes.

"Yes," Mia replied without even a shred of doubt or hesitation. "He saved my life, my purity, and my dignity on more than one occasion," she said before angling her head towards me. Looking at her face, I couldn't help but have my heart beat a bit faster.

It was the first time in my life for someone to look at with so much affection.

"He did what he promised," she added, turning her eyes back towards her former patron. "She made me a proper disciple. Meaning, I'm no longer a slave," Mia announced, looking directly into the woman's eyes.

"I see..." Media muttered, turning silent for a moment. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a slightly wicked smile appeared on her lips. "Then, I won't bother the two of you any longer," she said before clasping her hands.

In an instant, the outline of the tent started to rapidly change... Or rather, that's how it looked from my perspective. A set of four poles emerged from the ground, only to stand guard at the four corners of the bed that I occupied.

A second clap later, white curtains appeared out of nowhere, stretching between the poles and cutting my bed away from the rest of the tent.

"I believe you know how to use this ointment," Media claimed. "But just in case you forgot," even though I couldn't see the woman, I could bet that her wicked smile returned on her lips, "you need to cover his entire body for it to show its full potential."

"Hai," Mia replied in a hushed voice before raising up the curtains and entering the enclosed space with her head all red and the jar of the white oil in her hands.