

Last System 54

Chapter 54 - Jennes Mansion

The Skyladder sect's roads meandered a lot to accommodate all the terraces and levels that it was built upon.

And right on one of these roads, Jenne marched with a small entourage of his servants and followers.

Even though he was just a disciple who scored too little on the endurance exam to be privy to private quarters, he still approached one of the massive mansions located on the middle levels of the terraces.

Instead of relying on his score to get his private quarters, Jenne simply used his influence as a descendant of the Oloan clan to get one of the old palaces turned into his private mansion.

Once his entourage finally reached the gates of the mansion, only a handful of people were allowed inside.

In the end, there was a limit to how many retainers Jenne would allow into the luxurious insides of his home.

"Welcome home, young master!" a crowd of servants all shouted in unison, lining up in two orderly rows. For it to happen, there had to be a person filling the job as specific as looking out for the return of their employer just to alert everyone to be present the moment he would step through the doors.

Their heads were all lowered, their voices filled with respect. Yet, there wasn't even a hint of admiration for the man in a single soul present in the place.

Some trembled in terror, scared shitless about making some sort of tiny mistake that would entice their master to punish them. Others simply stood in the perfectly-arranged positions, hoping for the annoying moment to pass as soon as possible.

Thankfully, Jenne didn't have the times to enjoy bullying his own servants this time. His head was too preoccupied with the recent events to pay any attention to the worms only born to serve a noble like him.

"That was quite a show," Jenne muttered to one of the few close retainers that he had by his side upon entering the mansion. Honest awe rang in his voice, proving that even someone as shallow as him could acknowledge the actions of his opponents.

"Sir, now that this girl slipped out of our clutches, what are you going to do?" an old man walking beside the young master asked.

This single person stood apart from every other servant in the mansion. And the reason was quite simple. Contrary to them, he didn't show even the most remote hint of fear of the old man.

His robes were simple, suitable for the butler he was. Yet, the dignified look on his face hinted that between this butler and the young master himself, there had to be some kind of relationship that no one in the mansion could ever dare to pry into.

"She was the best candidate that I managed to find," Jenne bit his lips, the annoyance of his plans falling apart finally catching up with him. "I doubt I can find anyone even remotely as valuable as her. Especially with how the auditions are going to start shortly," he added, clearly dissatisfied with the outcome.

Thankfully for the servants of the mansion, this conversation started near the end of the passage. Before Jenne could gather his thoughts and find it suitable to release his anger at one of them, he would be long gone behind the set of doors that no servant was allowed to cross.

"How about staying here for another term?" the butler proposed, outright ignoring the outraged look that Jenne sent him the moment he did. "You didn't even reach the Qi condensation stage, sir," he added, carelessly touching the reverse scale of the man's soul.

"Do you really believe I could fail the auditions?!" Jenne shouted out, clearly outraged by the suggestion. Yet, before his rage could take over his actions, he reined his emotions in. "I will reach it before everything starts. I hope you don't even have a shred of doubt about it," he added with a smirk.

If someone were to look at their exchange from the outside, it would be challenging to figure out just what kind of connection this butler had with the young master.

On one side, he didn't care about angering Jenne, paying absolutely no mind to his outburst. Yet, it was a fact that Jenne didn't bother to pull back his punches when with that man, making the situation hard to understand for anyone not involved directly with them.

"Sir, do not forget why you were sent to this desolate land. You might be a young master here, but you are just one of the many clansmen back home," the butler said, gently raising his dark eyebrow. "If you force a breakthrough before fully establishing the foundation for it..."

"Do not speak to me about forgetting my place when you are clearly forgetting about yours!" Jenne shouted, unable to hold the reins of his anger any longer.

The meager rate of his progress was one of the things that infuriated him the most. While most of his followers were only capable of sucking up to his ass and would never even mention this topic in their thoughts, this old butler was different.

"I'm perfectly aware of my place," the butler said with a smile, ignoring the lash-out of the young man. "So, what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Can't you just kidnap her?" Jenne asked, rolling his eyes. "Aren't you hiding your real strength? There is no way for the clan to send a damned Core Establishment stage to protect me!" he uttered through his teeth.

"That won't do. A single word of complaint from her during the auditions would be enough to bury our clan. Speak about this idea again, and I will make sure to find a replacement for you soon enough," the butler's tone turned cold, all the emotions disappeared from his face.

This expression of the old man only lasted for a short moment, yet it was enough to put Jenne back in his place.

"I understand; I'm sorry," Jenne apologized, lowering his head. "Still, even with the elders we bought, it will be a tough fight to make that Vaner guy relinquish her status," Jenne mentioned, falling back on the couch and stretching his entire body. He then grabbed a cup of booze already prepared on the table from the moment the two of them entered the room.

With no servants allowed inside, it truly was a wonder how everything was always prepared to Jenne's liking here. Yet, he simply considered it as a convenient mystery that he had no wish to uncover.

'If it works, it works,' he thought, taking a huge gulp of the expensive drink. The medicinal ingredients, rich in spiritual energy, filled his throat, quickly spreading through his flesh.

Just a single cup of this drink had effects similar to absorbing half of a spiritual stone. Yet, for Jenne, it was nothing but a tool for him to water his throat.

"I'm afraid that you won't be able to deal with him with any means that our clan has to offer here. Even by using all the elders we bought, we won't be able to dislodge Vaner from his position," the butler said, biting his lips.

Even if he didn't like his current master, this failure was something that he actually cared about. For someone with such a rare body constitution to be discovered in this remote sect was a blessing for their clan. Yet, as if someone was trying to work them down behind the scenes, right as the young idiot of his master was about to snatch her, she became someone else's slave.

And just like one would expect from someone with her talent, in meager two weeks, she already advanced to the stage of Qi condensation, ridding herself of the slave status.

What was even worse, she even managed to find the protection of one of the local powerhouses, a force that even the Oloan clan couldn't easily deal with!

"If he is crafty enough, we won't be able to do anything about him," the butler added, already trying to figure out a way to deal with the situation.

'Now that I think about it, it would actually be more reasonable to just look for some more ordinary talents,' he thought.

Yet, he had no chance of voicing out his suggestion.

"I know this. Just like you said before, even if they are just a backwater sect, they used to bring quite a lot of talents in the past. We can't afford to antagonize them," Jenne said, taking another sip of his drink.

Thanks to its medicinal properties, he managed to calm down completely, returning to the composed schemer he usually was.

Jenne took another sip before hanging his head to the back, taking his time to let the drink bring forth its miraculous effects.

"Did you notice that idiot she was protecting?" Jenne suddenly asked, his eyes flaring up with excitement.

A sign of the young master coming up with yet another of his devilish plans.

"She even stood up to that stupid elder, even when she just lost her slave status," Jenne added, voicing out his thoughts to help the idea form in his head. "How about we use him to..."

"Young master!" A chamberlain, the third person who was actually allowed to enter the central room of the mansion, made use of his privilege. He stepped through the doors and lowered his head. "Disciple Igrit is here to see you," he said.

"Bring him in," Jenne ordered, closing his eyes.

'What a bother,' the young Oloan thought, stopping himself from shaking his head.

As he opened his eyes, he could hardly believe what he saw. This Igrit guy was supposed to be one of the Core Establishment disciples of the sect. A damned inner disciple, someone just a step away from becoming another elder or a candidate for auditions.

'Just how could a damned purification stage idiot reduce him to such a state?' Jenne asked himself, squinting his eyes.

"Young Master!" Igrit fell to his knees, ignoring all the bloody bruises covering his face. From the way he twisted the moment he made a move, it was clear that his ribs were even in a worse state than his face. "You must readdress my grievances!"

Jenne smiled.

'Finally, a good opportunity,' he thought, standing up from his seat and approaching the kneeling idiot.

"I will tell you what you will do, now," he said. "You will go, have a meeting with that idiot from before and obediently let him beat you up," he said before turning around and returning to his seat.

"Young master....?!" Igrit whined out, unsure how he was supposed to react.

Was that how the hidden powerhouse of the sect was going to treat one of his followers? Was this his reward for following Jenne's instruction of causing trouble?

"If not," Jenne turned around, looking down on Igrit with a hate-filled stare.. "I will have your mother and sisters raped before eradicating every last one of your kin!" he shouted, threatening his former follower. "Now, get lost!"