

Last System 62

Chapter 62 - Cooks Job

I can't say that I didn't hope for something like this to happen. After all, what kind of reincarnation to a cultivation world would this life of mine be if I didn't get some kind of cheat job?

Never in the world did I expect, though, that the first job to discover would be actually a cook!

With Mia rushing out of the room somewhere, I initially wanted to chase after her...

But the time was tight.

After the events of yesterday, I was no longer sure whether the next day would be peaceful or not. Now that I openly opposed Jenne, I could only assume his retaliation would be swift.

As such, I couldn't miss even the tiniest opportunity of getting stronger. Even if it meant getting stronger by cooking and then eating.

Jobs Window

Cook - Level 1 0/2

After checking the system notification, I realized that a new window appeared in my status. Counting all of them together, I now had a total of six windows, each detailing a different part of my strength.

As to what exactly each of the numbers in this new window meant...

Just by cooking a few more dishes, I quickly managed to find out.

By the time Mia returned to the room, I had already managed to bring my cook's job level all the way to the... third level. Looking objectively, it wasn't much, but it was still better than nothing, especially given the short window of Mia's absence.

'Huh?' my body froze for a moment when I noticed the look on Mia's face. It bore a mix of anger, grief, and sadness, a mix that I was more than familiar with. After all, that's how I felt most of the time in my previous life!

But I decided not to tackle this problem for now. As pained as it made me to look at Mia's sad eyes, I had no way of knowing what was causing it. That's why, rather than meandering through the complex labyrinth of female emotions, I decided to just leave it off for later.

Rather than striking up a proper conversation, I asked her to sit down only to place the last plate I had just finished in front of her.

"Could you please tell me, what do you think about this meal?" I asked, lowering my eyes to avoid eye contact.

For now, I opted to avoid discussing my sudden discovery. I could easily hint at it without revealing the existence of my system... But with so little information I had, there was no point in making any

statementsIn the end; I only managed to learn that to reach a higher level of the cook's job, I simply had to prepare more meals. And for each level, the number of the meals necessary to advance further would rise by one.

"How's the taste?" I asked after watching Mia silently follow my request.

Seeing the girl devour the sandwiches I prepared with a slightly crazed look on her face tickled my soul in just the right way. But, sadly, I had no time for those small pleasures. Right now, I had to figure out how could I exploit this new feature of my system for my own advantage!

In the end, my status only revealed the current level of the job and how many more meals I had to prepare to advance it. There wasn't a single hint of what kind of effect this job actually had on the meals I prepared.

Faced with such a situation, I could only hope to find that out all on my own.

"I mean..." Mia struggled to voice her opinion. "It's pretty damn good," she said, looking down at the sandwich in her hands, only to squint her eyes and lower them on the table. "But I never got to taste such cuisine," she said, looking up at my face. "I don't really have any prior experiences to compare."

Right now, Mia's face was filled with one massive 'what the fuck' expression. It was clear that she had no idea what I was doing, cooking and asking her opinions for. But what made it too lovely for the good of my heart was that she followed my request nonetheless!

Yet, before she could add another word to her reaction, a small tear suddenly appeared in her eye.

'Huh?' this was already too much for me to handle.

I could hold back my attentiveness for a short while, given how important developing my system was... But to watch Mia tear up and say nothing?

I fell to my knees, grabbing Mia's arm and looking up at her confused face.

"What's wrong?" I asked with the softest voice I could produce.

"I'm sorry," Mia quickly wiped out the stray tear, only to shake her head when more of them appeared in her eyes. "I came here to apologize... and here I am, unable to help you out with something so simple," she cried out, wiping her eyes dry over and over again.

"Don't you worry," I replied, raising Mia's hands to my lips only to place a gentle kiss on top of her fingers. "Even if you don't understand it yet, you are helping me quite a lot," I said, attempting to encourage the girl for a bit.

Yet, instead of just sitting there and cuddling her up, I stood up and turned around only to return the few steps to the kitchen area.

She already tested the sandwiches I prepared with just the third level of a cook's job. Preparing a measly nine more plates of food to bring the job's level up by two points so that she could compare would take me a few minutes at most.

Yet, as I rushed to prepare more and more meals, I realized the actual downside of the job.

Right now, preparing the food actually took quite a lot of energy from me! By the time I was done with the fifth dish, I could feel my entire body getting slightly weaker. My knees started to wobble by the seventh meal, making it a challenge to stand straight. When I finished the ninth meal, I could barely hold my consciousness together.

The tenth meal, the first meal made with my job at the fifth level, was the absolute last one I could prepare.

"Here," I said, placing the plate down before the girl.

'I wonder if using the spirit stone to refill my energy would help,' I thought, already eager to test this theory out.

Yet, before Mia could dig into the meal, the doors to the room burst open, allowing Vaner to make his way inside.

"Are you ready to take care of your unfinished business?" he asked right away, not bothering to even say his greetings or even knock at the doors before kicking them open.

"Wasn't I supposed to deal with that guy only once I fully recover?" I voiced out my surprise before I could pull the reins on my tongue. Despite Vaner's abrupt entrance, I wasn't stupid enough to misunderstand what he meant with his question.

"Do you really think you need to be fully healed to do what's best in your situation?" Vaner asked, the corner of his smile twitching a little.

"You are right, Elder," I replied, cupping my hands together and bending my back, despite my muscles screaming out in hunger. I was so tired, I was willing to bet quite a lot on whether I would simply slip up and fall on the table or not. "Thank you for your advice," I said in a respectful tone, only to raise my face and look at Vaner with a peculiar look in my eyes.

"But for now, may I request elder's help with a little test?"