

Last System 63

Chapter 63 - Testing

"So I just need to stand here and block your attacks," Vaner echoed my request. "Right?" he asked with a small smile on his lips.

"That's exactly right," I replied, a smile inevitably appearing on my face as well.

Even with how exhausted I was right now, I just couldn't help but both endorse and enjoy the idea of using my direct superior as nothing more but a punching bag!

After all, if I were to get him to taste my cooking, wouldn't that make Mia feel even more useless?

I might be bad at reading women's thoughts and feelings, but I was set on doing everything in my power to make Mia as comfortable with me as humanly possible!

With no more words necessary, I stood in position.

Right now, I was too tired to execute a punch at my full strength. The most I could do was a casual bitch-slap. And without a second thought, I moved forward and sent it towards the Elder.

"Pff," Vaner chuckled only to shake his head, so dissatisfied he actually found it amusing. "That was... bad," he said, easily capable of seeing through all the flaws of my attack.

Sure, I put barely any strength behind it, but I still made sure to focus my attention on it to the best of my ability!

"That's right," I still smiled, nodding my head to the Elder. "I'm perfectly aware how bad it was, but that's not what I want to find out. For now, if Elder could just wait for me a second or two..." I requested, turning around and hurrying back inside the room.

In there, Mia still sat on the table, the look on her face proving that she was still conflicted over something.

I was too eager to finally find out whether my cooking was worth anything outside of improving the taste of the dishes I would prepare. As such, rather than trying to cheer Mia up, I leaned over the plate and devoured the sandwich as quickly as possible.

In the end, I shouldn't let the damned Elder of the sect wait in the garden for a long time, should I?

Still, my act of feasting on the sandwich as if I was about to die from hunger managed to snap Mia out of her thoughts. No matter what, I much preferred to see her confused rather than troubled, so this small test of mine already proved to be worth the effort.

Eating the sandwich actually managed to restore a sliver of energy. On its own, it already proved that there was some kind of effect added to the food I prepared. But I still had to test out a few more possibilities.

"I'm back, Elder," I reported as soon as I rushed back to the garden.

"Let me guess," Vaner smiled, "you want to try punching me again?" he asked, proving that he was either some sort of a prophet... or just a man aware of how irritable his behavior often was.

"That's right," I said, cupping my hands and taking the same position as before, "I will be in your care, Elder," I added as quickly as I could so that Vaner would have no time to refute.

I threw another bitchslap. In order not to make Vaner hate me, I pulled my arm down, aiming it at his chest instead of his face.

My hand snapped at the barrier that Vaner raised. But as much as I wanted, I was unable to see any difference between my attack now and the one before. That's why I raised my eyes at the Elder's face.

"That one..." Vaner bit his lips, "was so-so," he said. At the same time, his eyes widened in surprise as his entire face started to ooze curiosity.

"I see..." I muttered in response.

In Vaner's judgment, there was an actual difference between those two attacks. A difference that couldn't come from me recovering a silver of my strength since I accounted for it while throwing a punch.

"That means my meal actually improves my fighting ability...?" I thought, happy with the discovery.

This result was something that I outright expected and wished for... But still, it was hard to hold back the joy when my guess proved to be correct. Otherwise, those jobs of mine would be only good at allowing me to find a damned, manual job in this world.

And since it was something I abhorred back on earth, I was less than willing to spend my days as a physical worker in this magical new life of mine!

"Elder, I will make my way to the venue, then," I said, cupping my hands and lowering them in a sign of respect. As much as Vaner wanted to know what this test was all about, I wasn't ready to explain it yet. "Also, while I will be away, could I ask the Elder for a small favor?" I asked only for my lips to twist in an ugly grimace. "It's something so small that normally I would ask Mia to do it... But I don't want to let her risk her safety by going outside just yet," I added, lowering my entire back as I bowed to the man.

"If it's not something too troublesome, then sure," Vaner smiled before a look of confusion suddenly appeared on his face. "But wait a second, venue? What venue did you mean?" he asked.

"Huh?" I shrugged, genuinely surprised by Vaner's question. This was something that I considered so obvious; I was never supposed to mention it out loud!

I couldn't stop myself from looking at the Elder in disbelief.

"Are you going to tell me you weren't about to make the most out of this event?" I was so shocked that I even forgot to use the respectful form of speech that Vaner's position in the sect guaranteed.

"A venue it is, then," Vaner smiled in response, unwilling to admit to the missing my point.. "But if that's the case, I can only hope you are ready for what will come next."