

Last System 64

Chapter 64 - Venue

I walked through the open space of the sect grounds as I made my way towards the venue Vaner prepared. I had no idea how much good he could organize in the short timeframe he gave me, but I could only hope for the best.

After all, when it came to scheming, I couldn't hold a candle to experienced politicians like him. That's also why, as much as it pained Mia and me in extension, I decided to play low for as long as possible.

Because I was aware that in terms of schemes, I would never be a match to the people of Jenne's sort.

But there was one thing that I could easily topple them with. And it was growth.

The reason why I asked Vaner to organize as much cloth and sewing materials as he could, was pretty simple. And it had a lot to do with one tiny detail that my system unknowingly hinted at.

This new window that appeared on my status when I obtained the cook's job wasn't called a job window. It was a jobs window instead. Plural form. And it could only mean that I was capable of obtaining more jobs than just a single one.

But even with that said, what other jobs should I aim for?

I used to read a lot of cultivation novels in the past, most of which also had the aspect of side-jobs covered. But what always baffled me was how two of those jobs always took the prim.

Smithing and alchemy. Both of those jobs were the most popular choice made by the main characters. Main characters, which mind that, often liked to stay low-key.

Or rather, they liked to claim that they were low-key, aiming for the comedy factor of taking two of the most high-key jobs while claiming to keep themselves low.

Both smithing and alchemy required a lot of training, insides knowledge, and, most importantly - initial investment. Be it basic materials, schematics, tools of the trade, or even knowledge, all of those aspects made those jobs extremely hard to enter.

But why go for sewing, then, one would ask.

To tell the truth, staying low-key turned out to be the major factor in this decision. After all, everyone in the sect wore robes. Everyone. From the lowest of slaves to the greatest of elders, all of them donned their robes before they dared to show themselves to the world.

What could be better than crafting a robe that would prove to empower me beyond any human reason then?

There was one more reason behind this decision of mine. It was a crafty way to use the sewing job rather than an underlying reason to take it in the first place.

So far, I have yet to see a single person in this sect bear a weapon. Whether it was some kind of internal law or whether people at my level opted to fight with their bare hands, I couldn't know. But

what I knew was that modern civilization long came with the simplest solution to reinforcing one's hand in fistfights.

And it was a wrap or boxing gloves. Either of which, I would be more than capable of sewing up. What was even better, wrapping my hands in a seemingly plain, white cloth, wouldn't arouse anyone's suspicion or interest!

I continued to make my way to the point Vaner described with those thoughts occupying my head. To be honest, I was so excited about the idea of trying my hands at the job that I could barely care for the main even of today!

The event being, my botched revenge on the disciple that beat me up.

Yes, botched. Because if I wanted to make the most out of this moment, rather than punching him to his demise, I had to make myself appear as weak as possible.

As to what others would think when comparing my punch with the damage I did earlier... Since when was it my problem? It was all Vaner's job to make them think whatever would suit his agenda best!

"Now that I think about it, preparing this venue should be the favor you asked me for," Vaner muttered, appearing by my side. "Organizing cloth, thread, and needles?" he shook his head. "You should seriously get yourself another slave for this kind of odd-jobs," he advised.

"Elder, we both stand to benefit from this situation," I countered. I didn't even need to look back at Mia to guess how happy she would be with such an outrageous idea. "Because of that, I wouldn't dare to call this a favor," I added, slowing my steps down to let Mia catch up.

Rather than commenting on the idea of getting another slave, I caught Mia's hand and gave it a squeeze as I pulled her a tiny bit closer to my side.

Her face was sunken, her eyes dimmed. Despite all my earlier efforts to make her smile, the girl continued to sulk.

There was a hint of some underlying problem that made her appear as sad as she was, which only made my heart bleed tears in return.

Not even holding her held or walking side by side with her could soothe this pain.

'I'm worried about you, you know?' I thought, putting all my focus on the girl, trying my best to figure out the underlying cause of her sadness.

"I didn't expect you to be so shrewd," Vaner suddenly said, forcing me to look ahead.

"I don't understand what you mean," I replied, squinting my eyes. He had eyes, so why he couldn't see what was going on?

"I believe you know," Vaner countered, a small smile appearing on his lips. "Anyway, this is the venue you asked for," the elder said, raising his hand to point at a massive circle embedded into the side of the mountain that surrounded the sect. "I hope you won't disappoint me," he added, before his head turned to the side, towards a group of approaching elders.

"I won't," I replied, watching how the man hurried off to the side of his peers.

"Master..." I whined, squeezing the muscles of my face hard enough to squeeze some tears from my eyes. With an expression of a nobody scared to the ends of his soul, I raised my hand towards where Vaner stood, acting as if I couldn't go on without him by my side.

The fact that I had yet to enter the venue didn't mean I could hold myself back from acting. There was no telling who watched my performance now.

"Arthur..." Mia whimpered, squeezing at my hand. Turning around, I couldn't help but clutch with my left hand at my heart. Her teary expression made me both die from the cuteness overload and pained by the fact that she had tears in her eyes.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, casting the impure thoughts aside. I would never allow myself to be a man who would enjoy a pained expression on the face of someone I so deeply cared about.

"Don't worry," unable to figure out what Mia was thinking, I decided to go with the most straightforward answer. "I just need to punch that fucker once, and it will be all over," I smiled, raising my hand to pat Mia's head.

What kind of other worries could Mia have at the doorstep of the arena? Worrying about me seemed to be the most logical solution.

"That's not it," Mia muttered, lowering her head to the point where her forehead struck me in the chest. "It's not like I'm worried that trash could ever hurt you," she muttered, playing a little with my hand. She then pushed her entire self forward, hugging her head to my chest closely.

"I just wanted to apologize for before," she said, instantly making me confused.. What did she want to apologize for again? "I just need you to know that whatever you will do out there," she muttered, looking towards the entrance of the area only to move her eyes back at my face, "I will support it."