

Last System 65

Chapter 65 - Perfectly Botched Attack

I walked into the arena with a soul on my shoulder. Something that was likely simple for others, was an unprecedented feeling for me.

I wasn't stressed by what was going to happen. Despite being an introvert, I never really had stage fright. Be it back at the performance in the kindergarten or now, it didn't really matter. As long as I was sure I could do what I came to do, there was no need to stress myself out with it.

No, I wasn't stressed. I was awed.

Walking through a long tunnel leading to the open part of the arena, I couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder.

From the tunnel that was carved directly in the stone, through the sculptures that filled every inch of its walls, everything gave off a sense of antiquity.

For me, exploring this arena felt like a trip to one of the few sites of ancient architecture left on earth... but instead of touring the ruins, I was adventuring through the building in actual use.

There were massive, wooden doors reinforced with steel bars at the end of the tunnel. Judging from their size, I would be unable to open them myself. Thankfully, there was a gap in the middle, just wide enough for me to squeeze to the other side.

And then I stepped into the arena's field, surrounded by all sides by several levels of tribunes.

'Woah,' I gave off an inner moan of awe.

The arena itself was partially built into the mountainside, with only half of it added on by a human rather than carved out.

The seats around the place were sparingly filled. If I were to guess, only a fifth of the seats was occupied, proving that although not phenomenal, this event still turned out to be quite popular.

'Vaner really did his homework,' I thought, my eyes twitching in surprise.

There were less than two hours between me hitting him up about this and the actual event. And somehow, this elder of mine managed to pull so many people from the sect into watching the spectacle!

It was a pity they were likely going to end up dissatisfied with my performance. At this point, I could only hope they weren't charged for the entry to the place; otherwise, my life would turn far worse than I had already expected.

In the middle of the open field, Igrit awaited my appearance. From the looks of things, he was fully healed from my attack the day before.

But while his body could heal, the wounds of his soul were clearly far harder to fix.

Standing in the middle of this field, Igrit started to tremble in fear the second he noticed my appearance.

I saw no reason not to tease the guy a little, so I put a small, confident smile on my lips as I moved closer to the guy.

"Not so fun when you are the one to receive the beating, isn't it?" I asked, leaning my head to the side and giving the man a shy smile.

Igrit looked at me with hate spilling out of his eyes. I knew that I brought him quite a lot of pain, but was it a reason to hate me that much?

I was hurt, not gonna lie!

"Do your worst," Igrit spat out, lowering that he previously held crossed on his chest.

I saw his body tremble. Whether it was the anticipation, fear, or just stage fright, I could only guess.

'You really are going to get away with it easier than you should,' I thought, releasing a deep sigh. 'I will regret this so damn much,' I added in my thoughts, picturing all sorts of treatment I was bound to receive after my performance today.

As there was still some distance separating the two of us, I moved forward, only to stumble on my feet.

My performance began the moment others could see me, not the moment I would execute my attack. That's why I had to do my absolute best to keep it integral.

After all, who would believe in my act if I were to botch my attack but appear confident and strong throughout the event?

I glanced to the side. On the top of an elevated platform above the entrance to the arena, a group of elders awaited the action. For a second, Vaner's robes appeared right in the middle of the group, only to disappear the second I tried to focus on them.

'Well, I can only hope he is ready for his part,' I thought, moving my eyes back on my opponent.

Igrit lowered his arms and pushed his chest forward. From the marks on his robes, I could see that he tensed up all his muscles in preparation for the devastating attack.

'I heard that one can soften up the attack by relaxing the muscles right at the moment of impact,' I thought, recalling a small bit of knowledge I somewhat randomly found out in one of the books I read.

But it didn't matter now.

I stood in position. My left leg to the front so that I would add a force of my step to the attack. My arms relaxed, with my hands raised to the point between my chest and my chin.

In all regards, my stance was perfect, just like the one I would form while training.

I stepped forward, sending a wide, sweeping strike right toward's the man's chest. In theory, that attack could easily shatter his ribs, possibly leading even to some lethal injuries.

But just as my fist was about to connect... I jerked my arm to the back, killing most of the momentum of my attack!

'FUCK!' I inwardly screamed out. With how much power I infused in the initial stage of the attack, it was a miracle my muscles didn't tear themselves apart!

In the end, this attack was even weaker than the one I used against Vaner when testing the effects of my food!

"Huh?" Igrit moaned, baffled to the point where he failed to realize that my attack didn't hurt him at all. Given his earlier experience, he likely built his own image of what should happen, an image so vivid that he had to take a moment to realize the reality was vastly different!

But my performance wasn't over yet.

I put a satisfied smile on my face and brought my chin up.

"I see you trained well over the last two days," I said, doing my best to exude an aura of an expert praising his opponent for being tough.

"I didn't..." Igrit attempted to say something, only for his words to get stuck in his throat. He looked down on his chest, only to raise his eyes at me. He repeated this motion a few times before his eyes flashed up.

"ARGH!" he shouted in great pain, acting as if my attack actually did him some harm. He then fell to the back only to start wriggling on the ground.

His act was so good, he even managed to put foam on his mouth, something that even I couldn't do!

Sadly for him, his act was too late.

I looked to the side, to where Igrit was sending glances from the moment he noticed my appearance. And sure enough, in a secluded spot at the edge of the tribune Jenne kept a close look on the events.

The annoyed look on the young master's face I could understand. But as I looked towards the tribune with all the elders, I couldn't help but notice a look of terror on Catius's face. It was so distinct; I had no problems with locating the guy at all!

'What is he terrified of?' I thought, even though deep inside, I knew the answer. 'Well, I guess our schemes collided,' I thought, moving my eyes back at Jenne.

In the end, I restrained myself from letting both of those fuckers know that I saw them. Sweeping my robes to the back, I raised my chin high and turned around, leaving the arena through the same way I used to enter it.

'My job here is done,' I thought, bowing down to Vaner as I approached the massive doors. 'Now, it's your job to use this opportunity.'

With a smirk on my lips, I entered the tunnel again.

"Now that we all saw what actually happened," Vaner said, turning his face away from the cluster of grapes he snacked on throughout the event, "would you mind explaining the injuries that your former disciple allegedly suffered from yesterday?"