

Last System 67

Chapter 67 - [bonus] Jennes Rage

Jenne didn't walk back to his mansion. He rushed back instead, fueling his mad dash with the fury brimming in his soul.

From the very moment he pushed the doors open, he vented his anger on everyone and everything around. Before he could even make his way to his private study, vases, sculptures, and paintings, each of which was worth more than an average sect disciple would earn in their entire life, were crushed on the floor.

"The fuck are you looking at?!" he screamed out at the unfortunate maid that happened to be in the main hall the moment the young master returned. "Pack your things and scram!" he shouted, chasing the poor woman away.

By the time he managed to reach the private study, Jenne had already depreciated the value of his property by roughly a tenth of its starting bid. Even though he wasn't its true owner but just a current holder in the name of his clan, this wasn't something that he was actually allowed to do.

But there was no stopping Jenne's fury right now. Only when he made his way to the study filled with his private belongings did he quell his rage a little.

"We invested so much to put that fucker down..." he barked at the butler who magically appeared in the room, even though Jenne never forgot to close the doors. "It's all lost!" he screamed out, smashing his fists into the study's wall.

"Young master..." the butler attempted to say something. Sadly for the middle-aged man, his attempts only reignited Jenne's wrath.

"We are not getting the value of what we invested back! It's all lost!" Jenne continued to throw a fit, unaccustomed to the idea of failing.

His entire life, to this point, was the definition of a smooth-sailing. Brought up by one of the major families within the clan, he never lacked any resources nor asslickers. The presence of the former only made him grow used to always being right, never to be rebuked by anyone.

As long as he kept a humble and obedient attitude towards his betters and elders, Jenne was free to do whatever he wanted, never to fail at it.

What he never learned, though, was that most of his successes came from an immense work put by his servants in the background. And now, deprived of most of his servants, he found that scheming and plotting wasn't as easy as he always believed it was.

"If you keep it up, you won't make the cut," the butler said, deciding to ignore Jenne's fury altogether. Instead of calling the flames of his rage, he came to the realization that he actually had to fan them up.

"The fuck did you say?!" Jenne barked, hardly capable of believing his ears.

His butler just rebuked him. His butler. Rebuked him.

"If you keep wasting the sect's resources on dealing with an imaginary opponent, you won't get through the auditions," the butler repeated, his face lacking any emotions. "You proved to be unable

to take care of your investments, and it's both within the scope of my duty and my ability to report it," he added, a vicious smile appearing on his lips.

He didn't lie. Even though he acted as a butler to the young master, he was actually his overseer. After all, even when it came to the son of a major family, the sect wasn't willing to carelessly put him in charge of not only a massive fortune but also a powerful position within their subsidiary!

"Young master, unless you wish to be replaced on this position, you need to focus on your own cultivation instead of wasting your time on pointless scheming," the butler added, finally offering the young man a way out of his anger.

"As if..." Jenne only rolled his eyes, refusing to accept the olive branch.

"Your schemes fell apart twice already," the butler pointed out. "If we take into account all the smaller attempts, this number rises to give," he added only for an ugly smile to appear on his lips. "What makes you so certain that any further attempts will be successful?"

"I do not need to explain my actions and reasons to you," Jenne said, refusing to acknowledge the butler's authority. Even though he had a position above him right now, he still came from a less influential family than he did.

'Once we will get back to the sect, I will be sure to show him what it means to cross me!' Jenne vowed to himself.

"Actually, you do," the butler said, rolling his eyes at the childish behavior of the kid. "What's more..."

Before the butler could finish his words, a knocking sound announced that there was a visitor by the doors.

"Come in," the butler was quick to call the guest inside.

'Whoever it is, it's better if the young master focuses on someone else,' he thought, more than willing to push the anger of the annoying brat on someone else's shoulders.

"Excuse me..." Catius said, pushing the doors open. Yet, before he could as much as step inside, Jenne already rushed at him, sending his fists straight for the elder's face.

For the next few moments, Jenne continued to beat his follower up while Cautious courtly ignored the beating, pretending that it could actually hurt him.

Even if he was the weakest of the sect elders, he was still a cultivator of the fourth stage. For him, the fists of a measly qi gathering disciple were no different than bug's bite.

Even if that someone was groomed by the sect superior to his own.

"I..." Catius attempted to put in a word, only for Jenne's furious attacks to shut him up. "I bring dire news!" he finally managed to pass on the message, giving Jenne a reason to stop his beating without losing his face.

"What happened, you fucking moron?" Even though Jenne stopped his fists, his words were as vicious as his attacks before.

Catius wiped out the blood from his forehead, the blood that appeared only because he allowed it to. After all, if he were to appear spotless after this long round of beating, the young master's fury would only burn stronger instead of somewhat quelling.

"Vaner saw through it all," he informed quickly, worried that with any elaboration, Jenne would stop his words once again.

"Saw through what?" Jenne asked instead, clearly either unable to understand what Catius meant or simply refusing to acknowledge it.

"He called me out on acting on your behalf," Catius explained, lowering his eyes on the floor.

Even if Jenne could only dream about beating him up, that didn't mean he didn't have the means to seriously hurt him now. To be perfectly honest, just by ending their cooperation, Catius would be left as nothing more than a stain on the sect's lineage of elders.

"You were called out on cooperating with me," Jenne echoed Catius's words, taking a step closer towards the elder. The explosive fury on his face died down, replaced by the cold wrath of someone brought to his limits. "And the first thing you do is waltz right into my place?!" he shouted right into the elder's face, barely holding the reins over his emotions anymore.

"I hid well..." Catius attempted to excuse himself.

"Tell me, do you really believe someone of Vaner's ability would miss you? Or rather," Jenne brought his face so close to Catius's head that their noses almost struck each other, "do you believe you can lose him?"

"And even if he saw me walk in here, what the fuck does that change?!" Catius snapped. He didn't have the patience nor the position of the butler of the mansion. Faced with such a vicious approach, he reached his limits pretty quickly. "He knew it all already anyway!"

"Earlier, he could only guess," Jenne spat through his lips, "now, he is certain," he added, turning around and walking away from the elder, worried that if he were to stare at his ugly face for a second longer, the elder would never leave his mansion alive.

Jenne was perfectly aware that his fists couldn't reach the man. But it wasn't the case with his butler!

"Throw him out," Jenne ordered instead, more than aware of just how much the elder valued their relationship.

Despite Catius's protests, he was quickly removed from the mansion. By the time Jenne took a few breaths to calm himself down, there wasn't even a single hint that this disgusting elder ever appeared in the mansion.

"I guess I really need to focus on my cultivation right now," Jenne said, standing motionlessly in the middle of his study and gazing at the ceiling of the room.

"That would be most advisable," the butler quickly came to approve of the young master's actions.

As happy as he would be to do this arrogant prick in, the truth was that he would also pay the price of doing so. After all, just like Jenne had his responsibilities in this place, as his overseer, the middle-aged man had his own share of duties.

"If I want to deal with those idiots, I can only wait for the height of the audit," Jenne smiled, proving that he didn't give up on his schemes yet. "Once my friends come, not even Vaner will be able to stop them from stomping on his disciples!"