

Last System 68

Chapter 68 - Changes In Arthurs Day

Ever since I moved to Vaner's mansion, my plan of a day changed drastically.

First thing in the morning, right as the sun would cast its first ray into the room, I would wake up. But instead of hugging the pillow that would only remind me of my loneliness, I would be hugging myself to the soft skin of Mia instead.

Waking up with this divine plushie in my arms, I would often spend a few more minutes lazing around and simply adoring her carefree expression as her chin would move up and down on my chest along with her breath.

But this morning's bliss would last only a few moments before a ringing of a bell would wake everyone up.

The second Mia would open her eyes, I would sneak out to the other side of the room to prepare breakfast. While my colleagues from back earth would likely be quick to call me a simp or a man slave, I simply enjoyed the idea of cooking food.

Not because I enjoyed the process itself, nor because it allowed me to bring the level of my job a little bit higher. It was because doing so would grant me the opportunity to watch Mia's happy expression as she would devour the meal whole only to grace me with her thankful expression.

That alone was worth all the additional efforts in my morning.

But as soon as we were done with the meal, neither of us would waste our time.

First, we would follow the stretching techniques that I could still remember from my primary school to prepare our bodies for the day's strain. And from that moment on, the training would become an essential part of the rest of our waking hours.

We would usually start with a quick review of what we learned yesterday and what caused us some problems. After talking it between ourselves a little, we would both move aside, kissing our sweet time together goodbye.

Because even though we would never be further than just a few steps apart, once we would stand against the training pillars, there would be no spare attention in our minds to spare for each other.

For the next three to four following hours, we would immerse ourselves in training, doing four things over and over again. Left hand, right hand. Left leg, right leg.

We would strike the stone over and over again, only changing the limbs we were doing it for the sake of preserving their endurance.

Only once the first round of the training would be over, an hourly break would ensue.

But instead of allowing both my mind and body to rest, I would quickly move on to work on my sewing ability. I would sew all kinds of clothes I could remember from the earth only to tear them apart the moment the system would acknowledge them as finished.

Just like with cooking, I only needed to provide a finished product for the job to grow a little. And just like with cooking, for every new level, I had to finish one additional project when compared to before.

Once the break would pass, I would get to cooking while Mia would go train instead.

She originally was against the idea of wasting my time like that. When I convinced her that it also was a part of a special training I received from Vaner, Mia allowed me to include this in my daily schedule.

With the dinner done, we would once again sit together and eat, allowing me to refill my Mia-closeness gauge for the rest of the day. Without her presence and time to watch how her face would change into all sorts of cute expressions as she would snack on my self-made dinner, I doubt I could survive another week of such a heavy training regime.

With the dinner done, we would both move back to train. Then I would take a break to sew. Once that would be done, it would be time for the training against, then sewing, then training...

Once the second ringing of the day would announce the start of the sleeping hours, I would prepare the last meal of the day. Our consumption of it would then soon turn into the consumption of the lust that ate away at us throughout the day before we would finally rest back in the bed.

In a sense, this schedule was even heavier to bear than what I did back when I was still a measly stage one disciple. After all, every last moment of my waking hours would constantly drain my mana, be it leveling up my basic abilities or working on raising the level of my jobs.

That's why, over the last week, with Mia's and mine needs combined, we consumed exactly one hundred and twenty spirit stones. A number that would be baffling for anyone else in the sect, upper echelons included.

But there was simply no other way around it. If I wanted to keep using my time in the most efficient manner, this was the only path I could take.

And to be frank, the moment of joy at the end of each day would more than suffice to heal all the mental scars caused by this heavy burden.

"I worked really hard," I muttered to myself, staring down at the numbers presented by my system.

PROGRESS STATUS WINDOW

- Body status: Mortal
- Growth status: Mana Condensation
- Body status modifier:
- Endurance: 162/200
- Willpower: 113/200

Mana Condensation 834/900

{

Mana Pool 300/300

Mana Flow 275/300

Mana Density 184/300(+75)

}

Even when taking how both the endurance and willpower would affect the rate of my progress, I still was more than satisfied with how far I went in this single week. In fact, if not for my Mana Density lagging behind the rest, I could hope to take a leap for the next stage in the manner of the next few days!

That's it, if that wouldn't be far more dangerous than it would be advantageous. It was already hard enough to keep the facts of my awakening out of the rumors circulation. If I were to reach the third stage from an absolute no one in just three short weeks, I would likely be caught up and dissected by the first random elder.

In such a situation, even Varner's protection wouldn't suffice. After all, just like back on earth, people were aware that it was far easier to ask for forgiveness than it was to ask for permission.

This was also the reason why neither of the two of us dared to step outside.

Sure, we weren't fully stuck in our quarters. Fully hiding from everyone's eyes would only have the opposite effect of making them curious about where we were. That's why, from time to time, we would step out, just to show ourselves together before disappearing back into the depths of the mansion.

"I expected this, but still," I thought, staring down at the group of disciples weighting eggs in their hands.

Ever since the news about how insanely weak I was spread throughout the sect, more and more people became daring enough to challenge Varner's authority of me.

"I knew it would happen but still...." I thought, twisting my lips as I moved away from the window.

People dared to pick on me because they believed I had no strength to oppose them. And what was even worse, revealing my power to smack their faces would mean exposing my trump card to all those who wished me ill!

Which was obviously something I couldn't do!

"Kids!" Vaner suddenly shouted, pulling my attention away from the window. Just as I thought about taking a rare moment of break, he proved that the sooner I would forget such thoughts, the better it would be for me. "The sect has visitors!" he announced, entering our room with a wide smile on his face.

"Shouldn't you knock first?" I asked, more than fed up with Varner's bullshit.

What I took to be heroic and cool just a week ago now was nothing but a source of constant annoyance. After all, how I was supposed to learn how to fight if he was forcibly tearing my focus apart?

"Forget knocking. The sneaky part of the audition is about to begin!" Vaner shouted, instantly quelling all my protests at their source.

It looked like the week worth of relative peace was about to end for us.