

Last System 71

Chapter 71 - Dinner With Terio

I walked out of the sect. Every step I made was marked with insults.

'Those fellow disciples of mine are really vicious,' I thought, smirking.

While they hurled insult after insult at me, I allowed the warmth of my robe to gently coat my flesh.

Because this wasn't a simple robe.

It looked just like the cloth that every other disciple in the sect wore. It had the same color, the same cut, the same length, and even the same decorations on its sleeves and belt.

But it was a product of a level sixteen tailor rather than a mass-produced cloth. Instead of its only job being to shield one from nakedness, my robe was as good as a magical armor straight from some power fantasy novel.

For every insult thrown my way, my smile would grow slightly bigger. Hearing those people fall right into my act while knowing the truth about the discrepancy between them and me was just too amusing.

'Wait, isn't this exactly what I needed?' I suddenly realized, shocked by the revelation, that I stopped in my tracks, just as I was about to enter the city proper.

What was the purpose in looking for means of earning if I was parading all around the place in it?

Why was I so troubled with the matter of earning money... if I was literally lowkey flexing the prowess of my job? Getting insane perks of using overpowered crafts was one thing but wasn't the primary reason behind having a job... to earn money?

Yet, just as a tsunami of ideas started to overwhelm me, someone placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Yo," Terio said, gracing me with a bright smile.

Out of all the disciples in the entire Skyladder sect, he was the only one who wasn't in the know yet didn't ridicule me.

Our relation was limited to just a single instance where he decided to be my senior brother. And despite my shameful display a week ago, he didn't distance himself away from me.

"It's nice to see you, senior brother," I replied, a small, gentle smile forming on my lips.

There was something magical in a normal relationship like that. Even though we didn't know each other well enough to call him a friend, I was more than willing to classify Terio as my pal.

"Ready to fill your belly with something better than the tasteless grub we get at the sect?" Terio asked, smashing his palm at my back before getting on the move.

"Sure thing!" I replied, pretending that his encouraging smack actually made me bend forward a little.

For Terio, I was willing to happily play the role of the little brother, who was lost in the viciousness of the big sect.

Before long, we were already seated in the garden of some kind of restaurant, a place that my social anxiety would bar me from visiting myself.

'I guess I'm still the same man I was back on earth,' I thought as we entered the place, only to somehow end up at the fancy table between combs of flowers and an elegantly trimmed hedge.

"Since it's your first time in this place, let me do the honors," Terio offered with a small smile.

'Right, for him, I likely don't even understand the concept of local currency,' I internally smiled, watching how he summoned a waiter with a wave of his hand.

From the looks of things, just the fact that we were wearing robes was enough for the local service to be brought up a notch.

"We would like two Perial wines, a chef's special for dinner, and a second standard dessert for the finish," Terio made the order before shoving a golden coin into the waiter's hand.

It seemed that the culture of paying for the meal was different here than what I saw on earth.

"So, how is the life in the sect?" Terio asked as soon as the waiter excused himself.

"Bearable," I smiled lightly, perfectly playing into the role of a bullied disciple. "People might not be nice at all, but it's something I already foresaw when I accepted elder Vaner's tutelage," I replied.

From what I learned over the last week, entering into an elder's direct tutelage was one of the greatest things that could happen to a random disciple.

While it often meant involving oneself in the schemes of the sect's inner circle way ahead of time, it also brought countless opportunities, especially to those who had no power backing them up. As such, it was an obvious move for me to blame all the hate surrounding me on the jealousy of others.

"Don't let those idiots get in your head," Terio advised, only to stop his words when the waiter returned.

The service was truly spotless, as before I could even notice, the waiter was long gone while the table was fully set with everything that Terio ordered.

The delicate aroma of the wine struck my nostrils, proving that while earth knew how to distill heavy drinks, my original civilization knew dogshit about winemaking.

But it was the dinner that was the true star of the outing. It was some kind of animal I didn't recognize hardboiled in a basket of thinly-cut vegetables. All of it was soaked in a creamy mixture of self-sauce and sprinkled with a mixture of herbs.

The one thing I could compare this masterpiece of cooking on the table was the royal-roasted pig that only a few places across the entire world dared to serve.

"Dig in!" Terio encouraged me, quickly laying down a massive portion of the dinner on my plate.? Only a long time later, after I properly filled my belly with the meal, did he return to the topic from before.

"Brother, I know that you might hate all of those idiots for how they treat you, but you must exercise an absolute restraint!" Terio advised before taking a sip of the wine.

At first, I thought that washing down the taste of the meal with the wine was a sin. But when I took a sip myself, I realized that it wasn't the case at all.

The wine didn't replace the taste of the meal but augmented it instead, adding its rosy, fruity taste to the rich and heavy experience of the meat.

"Senior brother, I'm not paying any mind to all those insults and rumors," I ascertained my one pal in this world. "They are all barking right now because they are jealous of what I will become under Vaner's guidance!" I announced, allowing a silver of my true pride to slip into my tone.

"That's exactly what you need to keep yourself from telling," Terio said and shook his head. "I'm sure you know it already, but a huge group of outsiders entered the sect this morning. They will pretend to be your fellow disciples, but the truth is, a single word from them and your future will be gone!" Terio warned me.

"Rest assured, brother," I nodded my head, thanking for the advice, as hollow and actually false it was. "You are the only one who I can open myself to like that," I added, hoping to calm Terio down.

I bore no will towards him. What he saw in me wasn't the real Arthur, but Arthur's shadow that I forced the entire sect to believe in. As such, his intentions were centered around the idea that I was weak. That's why he likely believed that his words were true and was thus hoping to prevent me from doing something very bad.

To be frank, this was the first moment when I regretted acting low-key. If not for the sake of Mia's safety, I would likely just reveal the truth to this man.

It would be stupid, but the kindness of a stranger appeared to be my weakness. Even with Mia by my side, just by being truly kind to me, people had an easy time making me like them.

I could only assume it was a flaw of a character I earned from constant bullying on earth. It was something that I had to pay a lot of mind to fix in the future unless I wanted others to exploit me down the line!

"I can see that this topic is getting you frustrated, elder brother," I said, raising my cup and taking another sip before moving on to the desert. This time, it took only a flash before I emptied out the plate to Terio's clear dissatisfaction.

"Brother, you need to entertain yourself with this dessert!" he reminded me, conveniently ignoring my previous sentence.

"I have sinned," I lowered my head in apology, only for a small smirk to appear on my lips. "In order to make amends, I will need to ask you a small favor, senior," I said before reaching for my sack and bringing it up.

A single shake was all it took for the coins inside to give a characteristic noise.

"I was granted certain allowance by my elder. He claimed that with all the stress I'm going through right now, I should go and relieve myself," I lied with a straight face, feeling no remorse for using Terio in my plans.

After all, it would be a night of bliss for him for the small price of guiding me to a certain, specific place.

"What is it?" Terio asked, clearly puzzled by my statement yet curious to see what I meant.

"Brother, I need you to guide me to the most luxurious red-light house in the town!"