

Last System 72

Chapter 72 - Jennes Visitors

Jenne's mansion was restored to its usual glory on the same day when his rampage occurred. As such, a week after that day, one couldn't find a single hint of destruction, a single giveaway of what happened.

In its most special place, in the study to where only Jenne and his butler had access, a group of people sat.

Outside of the two hosts, there were three other people, all donning the luxurious clothes, only pretending to imitate the colors of the Skyladder robes.

"There is one guy I will need your help to deal with," Jenne said as he slammed down a cup with the medicinal brew. The drops that spilled directly on the floor could make any of the Skyladder sect disciples go crazy.

But Jenne's friends didn't even bat an eye to this nonchalant show of wealth and Jenne's disregard for it.

"To think that a day would come when an Oloan young master would be troubled by some random disciple," the younger of the two male guests said, his fingers playing around with a vial containing a thick, green liquid. "Is he far stronger than you or something?" he asked.

"Is he cute?" the massive girl asked, instantly causing Jenne, his butler, and the former speaker to look at her with strange expressions on their faces. Out of everyone, only the oldest of the guests remained silent.

"He... Cough, he is," Jenne replied after a moment of hesitation, and even then, only after clearing his throat.

"I'm in, then," the oversized female said, leaning back on the sofa, not minding the desperate creaking of its structure.

'This vicious whore...' Jenne thought, rolling his eyes.

If not for how desperate he was for the matter, he would never extend an invitation to this rowdy bunch. After all, to have failed disciples of Alchemy Sect and Dual Cultivation sect, not to speak about the mad disciple of the Religious sect...

In a sense, by inviting them to his home, Jenne took a risk far greater than ever before.

"Anyway, I can't deal with him on my own, he is too crafty, and I draw too much attention to myself. But what I want the most from you," Jenne made a theatrical pause, "is to discredit his teacher's reputation while on it," Jenne explained.

"And what's in it for us?" the failed alchemist asked, pretending for a moment to drop his vial, only to catch it right as it was about to shatter on the table. "I mean, this is your problem. We do not involve you with our struggles," he said, sending Jenne a vicious smirk.

'Because you do not have the minimal standing necessary to request Oloan Clan's help,' Jenne commented in his heart, putting a kind smile on his face for others to see.

"Obviously, I will be sure to compensate you. The better job you will do, the greater my gratitude will be," Jenne said, clenching his hands.

He already strained the funds of the clan on his previous schemes. The truth was, he had no means of paying those 'friends' of his for their favor. If they failed, he would have no other option but to ditch them and hope for the best.

'I need to get my hands on that damned girl first and send her off to the sect before I will be able to get back on my feet,' Jenne thought, forcing his face to remain empty of his inner thoughts.

"Then, before we agree to anything, explain one thing to me," the silent one of the three guests finally spoke up. He didn't move a muscle ever since he appeared in the room, nearly turning into a statue seated in the most comfortable seat in the entire room.

"What do you want to know?" Jenne asked, tightening his hands to the point the whites of his bones showed underneath his skin.

Out of the three of his guests, he was disgusted by the fat girl, felt superior to the failed alchemist... but in regards to that religious freak, he could only feel fear.

Despite coming from a lower sect than he did, his means and powers were just too unorthodox for Jenne to wrap his head around.

It was a man too dangerous to associate with. And only Jenne's desperate situation pushed him into making the call.

"Why are you so desperate to do him in?" the man asked, raising his head a little. "You are the recruiter of the Oloan clan; most of the elders of this punny sect would kill to gain your favor," he said, leaning his head to the side as a small, vicious smile appeared on his lips. "With all of that, you failed to do that poor fellow in. And now, you seek our help to do so," he added.

But instead of asking the question right away, the man stood up from his chair and approached Jenne's seat. He then slammed his hands at the armrests of the chair, locking Jenne in place and staring down his eyes.

"Why do you wish him harm?" he asked with an empty look on his face, staring down at Jenne's soul.

"It's revenge," Jenne replied, revealing his genuine feelings. "I just want that son of a whore to die a dog's death!"

The cultivator of the religious sect smiled before standing up and moving away from Jenne's seat.

"That reason satisfies me," he said, turning his face towards his fellow cultivators. "What do you say, guys?" he asked.

"He will be a fine subject to test my new concoctions on," the alchemy sect disciple said, his eyes spreading out with excitement.

Back at the sect, he had to be extremely careful with picking his victims. But here? In this unknown sect? No one would dare to say a word even if he were to exterminate several villages in the wake of his scientific experiments!

"I don't care, as long as I will get a bite of him at the end," the female said, her lips twisting in an ugly smile. "After all, men have to be properly trained before they will learn to appreciate my beauty!"