

## Last System 83

### Chapter 83 - Scourge Of The World

Originator sat down in his usual spot, watching over the passage of people on the street below.

Life was going as usual. People were going in and out of their work. Workers busied around the market district of the town while some second-generation rich folk continued to laze around in the nice weather.

'Who should I rob today,' Originator thought, scanning the street with his keen eyes.

It wasn't his first day in this line of work, nor would it be his last. And thanks to the years worth of experience, he quickly found out his new target.

'A group of two... three? Are those the Skyladder sect robes?' he thought, locking his eyes on his prey.

Seeing them wear the robes of the local sect was a good sign. 'Those people are so full of themselves, they won't be able to do anything once I rob them!' he thought.

But while the robes alone were a sign that they had some wealth to them, it was another detail that caught Originator's eyes.

The younger of the two men in the group was carrying a huge box in his hands. From how much care he paid to keep it in the best shape possible, it was clear that there was something valuable inside.

Originator cared not for all the efforts Arthur had to put to make the box worth of soap. He didn't care for all the sacrifices, all the costs and all the care Arthur put into creating his masterpiece.

All he cared about was getting richer off the back of someone else.

'Well, let's not waste any time then!' Originator thought, his lips twisting in a devious smile.

He jumped down from the corner of the roof to the balcony, from the balcony to a roof of a nearby stall, and from there directly to the streets. Just by waving his hand at several of his coworkers, he quickly amassed a force capable of tackling even the cultivators of the sect.

Obviously, he wasn't going to fight them head-on. He had no means or wits to do so. And why would he bother fighting with the owner of what he already considered his own property... if he could just shamelessly snatch it away?

"Guys, go!" he ordered them by showing them a thumb's up.

For a few more seconds, seemingly nothing happened. And then, some of his men stumbled into the people walking right beside the group of cultivators, pushing the innocent victims right in their path.

Once the first bit of chaos appeared, the second wave of Originator's men rushed in, stumbling directly into the cultivators. Now that the chaos was there, they could pretend to be the unlucky passersby who didn't react to the sudden problem in time.

And in the midsts of all this chaos, Originator simply walked in, squeezed between the mess of a people. His eyes were trained on his target.

With so many people pressing on them, the cultivators lost their balance and focus. And right when the eyes of the younger of the men moved away from the box, Originator rushed forward and snatched it directly from his hands before hurrying away!

'Serves you right, you idiot!' he thought, disappearing into one of the many dark alleys of the town.

'You won't get any poorer, while I will get to enjoy this for free!' Originator rejoiced in his head, ignoring all the real consequences of his actions.

For him, stealing was just the most natural thing in the world. After all, he was entitled to all the wealth he laid his eyes on in this world, and anyone who would argue about his morals would be simply misguided or stupid!

Only after escaping for a considerable distance did Originator bother to push the lid of the box open. And the second he did, a look of surprise appeared on his face.

The fragrance of the semi-solid soaps instantly filled his nostrils. But outside of that... There was nothing of value inside!

"What the hell is this?" he muttered, dipping his finger into the strange, fragrant mass before putting it in his mouth. With his lack of knowledge only rivaling his lack of morals, this was the only way for him to judge the worth of this strange mass.

"Your undoing," a voice suddenly appeared.

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"Your undoing," I said, unable to stop myself from adding the vicious tone to my words.

Looking down at the ugly face of this damned thief, I couldn't really tell how I wished to dispose of him.

Boil him out alive? Find his family and make them watch as he eats his own intestines?

But there was one thing that was boiling inside me already. And it was my rage.

Back on earth, I was used to pirates stealing my stuff and then pretending to be heroes of justice, spreading the content I created all over the world.

And right now, I looked at the terrified face of someone on the same level. Disgusting trash, doing his utmost to enjoy the fruits of the labor of others without a care in the world for its original owner.

In other words, trash which could help society only by using a rope to stop wasting the oxygen of those who were actually productive. A parasite unworthy to be called a human.

"What's your name, you son of a whore?" I asked, making sure to immobilize this piece of garbage with my aura.

For the first time since I descended upon this world, diligently cultivating proved to be so useful.

"I... I'm Originator..." the trash replied, trembling in the face of the wrath of someone whom he attempted to steal from.

'Oh, just how I wish I got to have a cathartic meeting like that with the pirates back on earth,' I thought, lamenting over the difference in the situation.

Back then, I was powerless to fight it. For every pirate I would root out, a dozen new would appear. That was just how strong the feeling of entitlement was in them.

But now, I finally could go back at someone just like them.

"Then, I hope you are ready for the consequences," I said, taking a step forward and grabbing that garbage's hair only to lift him up.

"Do you really want to waste your time on dogs like him?" Vaner appeared behind my back.

Given his level of cultivation, it was no wonder he could easily keep up with my steps.

"If we don't set an example, others will believe they can just do whatever they want," I muttered in response.

For the first time in my life, I was able to retaliate about the situation I hated the most in my life after the prevalent racism of the post third war earth.

And I wasn't going to let this chance go.

"I will carry the box," Mia appeared behind the two of us. From the looks of things, she was there far sooner, just decided to hold herself back and watch how the situation would develop from the shadows.

"Thanks," I replied, pulling on the Originator's hair as I moved through the alley towards the brothel.

"STOP!" the bouncers at the doors were quite quick to stop me before the doors. Yet, the moment my face came to light, their expressions quickly changed. "Young master...? they were quick to change their attitude.

It seemed that my fame in this place preceded me a bit.

"This is a cowardly thief who attempted to take my property," I said, throwing the tarnished body of the thieving scum under their feet. "Knowing what place is this... Could you bring forth a group of fattest and ugliest men you can find and make them rape him in every orifice he has?" I asked, despite knowing how much I risked here.

What I risked was Mia's opinion. What I risked was the relation I had with the brothel. After all, they would likely change how they think about me once they saw how vicious I could be.

But this was my baseline. The one thing that I wasn't willing to accept at any terms.

One state of mind that I was set of culling from the world, even if it would cost me everything in return.

"Will do, boss," the bodyguards smiled as they replied.

From the looks of things, the only thing out of the ordinary here was just how enraged I was about the situation.

After all, this world wasn't earth. Back there, pirates would do whatever they wanted because there were no consequences to their parasitic behavior.

Thankfully, that was no longer the case for me.

Watching how the guards dragged Originator's soon-to-be-defiled body away, I felt a sense of satisfaction spreading through my soul.

Even if it was only the first step to my redemption, I was happy to take it. Because thievery was one of the things that I hated the most.

And even if there were no pirates in this world, plain thieves were the closest one could be to them. As such, they were the best target for me to unleash my vengeance on.

I breathed out a sigh of relief, feeling how my entire body relaxed a bit. Only then did I turn to the back to look at the weird looks at Vaner's and Mia's faces.

They didn't appear to blame me for what I did... But more likely, they were curious about my relationship with this place that made it so easy for me to ask its bouncers for help!

"Sorry for the delay, guys," I said, nodding my head in a small apology.. "I just had to get it out of my system," I added with a small wink directed towards the fourth dimension of this story which I just broke. "Anyway, how about we go in so that I can finally explain everything?"