

## Last System 91

### Chapter 91 - He Will Hate You If You Do This

"Do you intend to make him into a contractor?" the young man asked, his face tensing up the second he used his sect-specific term.

Just by looking at the deputy's face alone, one could guess how emotionally weighted this single word was.

"To be perfectly honest, his current situation isn't all that much different," Vaner replied, twisting his lips in an ugly grimace. He then leaned forward and rested his head in his palms. "That guy is my direct disciple... But I actually did nearly nothing to help him grow. Didn't give him any lessons, never spent a penny on him or his cultivation resources either," Vaner muttered, refusing to raise his head from his hands.

"That's pretty... bad, isn't it?" Vaner's friend asked, unsure what to think about the confession. This confusion was visible in the young man's deep, blue eyes as he glanced at his friend with concern.

"And yet, he broke through to the mana condensation stage in two damned weeks!" Vaner nearly shouted, only stopping himself at the very last moment.

His friend's formation could mask their voices, but only to a certain degree. If he were to shout, people would be able to hear his voice despite the formation.

"Wait..." the young man stumbled, glancing at Vaner with his eyes wide open. "Don't tell me, are you jealous of him?" he asked, only to fall apart into giggles a moment later. "I mean, it's awesome. That's one heck of a talent, but didn't that girl from before do the same?" the deputy asked, leaning his head over his shoulder. "What's the difference between them?"

Vaner swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

"To be honest, I believe that the growth of that girl... was all her partner's work," Vaner revealed his innermost assumptions about the situation. "Oh, and he doesn't have any special body or constitution to bank off," he added.

"Didn't you claim that you didn't waste a penny on the cultivation resources for him?" the young man asked. "Given how thin the Qi is in this place, it would be early impossible to cultivate so quickly without any help of the resources!" he concluded, pointing his finger at Vaner as if trying to single out a liar from the crowd.

"That's another point," Vaner sighed, acting as if his friend's words didn't condemn him but rather reminded him of another bothersome element of the story. "I have no idea how, but his head is filled with various ideas," the elder said before shaking his head. "And he found a way to turn those ideas into a lot of money," Vaner said, before turning his head around and looking at the deputy of his sect, "thrice," he specified.

"Wait, let me roll it all together," the young man said. "The guy that you have in mind managed to reach the second stage all on his own in two weeks..."

"Ah, I acted as a catalyst for his breakthrough; that's all the help he received from me directly," Vaner quickly added when he noticed an inconsistency caused by his own shitty memory.

"Still. He reaches the second stage in two weeks and still manages to impress you to the point that I can see, all the while taking care of both his financial well-being and courting some kind of girl?" the young man finally finished his sum of Arthur's exploits.

"That's right," Vaner sighed, no longer having any strength left to discuss the topic.

"In that case, making him a contractor really looks like the best idea," the young man smiled, only for his smile to sour after a measly second since appearing. "Or so I would say if I didn't know what kind of hell this role turned into."

"What, another political struggle of the outer sect?" Vaner asked, annoyed by just recalling the details that he could remember.

Normally, a contractor job referred to a sect's disciple that... wasn't bound by the sect. This role came from the time where the world's economy was still in shambles, allowing for the more freedom-oriented cultivators to grow not by cultivating but by fighting monsters and providing the spirit stones for the sect.

This system was later expanded upon, forcing so that all the individualistic and talented disciples would become contractors while assigning them a teacher tasked with overseeing their safety.

In a sense, this was the quickest way to advance through the ranks, as a practical experience was always more valued than the theoretical one. A soldier that fought in a battle was worth ten of greenhorns who only ever moved around during the drills.

And the same was likely the case with cultivators. A practitioner that grew up in a dangerous place and often had to fight for survival before joining the sect would have much greater potential and prospects than someone who joined just for the sake of it.

"Right now, they are ditching all those who aren't diligent enough to cultivate. They are forcing them to become the 'teachers' overseeing the kids," the young man said, his fist visibly tightening.

'It appears I'm not the only one disgusted by the situation,' Vaner thought after forcibly calming his emotions down.

"So you want to say that even if we make him a contractor, some arrogant young master is going to make things hard for him... just because he will have greater authority?" Vaner grumbled, furious at the sheer idea of something like this happening.

'He already had enough of young masters in this sect. It would be damn hard to demand him to deal with more of them right away,' Vaner thought."

"Yup," the young man nodded his head.

"I guess we will have to use some of the most drastic measures, then," Vaner muttered, slapping his knees with his hands before standing up. "If we want to make him into a contractor, we will need to separate him from his girl," vaner announced.

"Puppy love?" his friend asked.

"Puppy love," and Vaner replied without as much as a second of hesitation. "As painful as it might be for him, this is exactly what he needs right now to keep growing," Vaner said, his face turning sad.

"You know that doing something like that will make him hate you with passion?" the young man asked, leaning his head over his shoulder.

This realization was pretty obvious... But one had to actively think about it to notice it. And now, once Vaner realized it, he also understood the far-reaching consequences.

Not like it managed to change his mind, though.

"I see," the young man replied after a few more moments, coming to a realization that Vaner had already made his decision.

"Anyway," the deputy was quick to change the topic when he noticed Vane's state. "How are you going to push him into accepting the role?" he asked. "If he knows even the tiniest bit about it, your plan is doomed to fail."

"I don't need to do anything on my own," Vaner faintly smiled, the sense of guilt overtaking his insides. "I just need to stop shielding him from all the vermin that are eager to feast on his corpse," Vaner explained.

"You are going to let others bully your direct disciple?" the young man asked, raising one of his eyebrows in surprise.

"Bully?" Vaner echoed his friend's words only to erupt with loud laughter. "I would want to see them try to bully him!" Vaner laughed for a good minute before wiping the tears of joy from the corners of his eyes.

"Still," Vaner turned serious in a flash, as if capable of killing all his emotions on wish. "If something happens, it will be huge. That's why..."

"Yeah," the young man nodded his head and accepted the request even before Vaner could finish his words.. "The moment the shit goes down, I will make sure to appear."