

Last System 93

Chapter 93 - Invitation

Pac, pac, pac.

The sound of my fist hitting the stone filled the entire courtyard.

Pac.

Once my fist would hit the pillar, I would take a short moment to regain my posture.

Pac.

With my left-hand striking, I would let it return, using its momentum to twist my body.

Pac.

My right leg would make use of the momentum, crushing at the pillar.

Pac.

Rebounding from the strike, my right leg would return, I would twist my hips and send my left leg forward. My entire body twisted sideways to augment the force of the kick.

Pac.

This was the hardest part of the combo. It wasn't the combo I devised itself, but a way to connect the last attack into the first attack of another round.

When striking with my left leg, I supported my weight with my bent right leg, twisting my body so that it nearly turned parallel to the ground. When I started pulling my leg back, I used the sway of the broken balance to shift my body to another side, increasing the momentum of my right-hand strike.

"Huff..." I released a mouthful of air, breaking the combo right after the strike of my right hand. I managed to more or less perfect the combo itself, so there was no point practicing it any further.

'I still need to improve it quite a bit,' I thought to myself, looking down at the marks my movements left in the damp soil.

'As expected,' I thought, my shoulders falling down in disappointment.

In order for my combo to connect seamlessly from one to another, I had to ensure that my position was set in stone. In other words, even after both kicks, my footing had to return to exactly what it was.

But instead of seeing just two cave-ins in the ground outlining the shape of my shoes, I could see two circles, twice the size of my feet.

A proof that, although a little, my position kept changing.

"Fuck!" I screamed out, sending a rudimentary punch towards the pillar.

Tic!

The notification of my status raising even higher failed to disperse my bad mood.

I started training to connect my combos three days before the official Auditions started. Right now, the sect was two days deep into this week-long event, and I still failed to improve to a satisfactory degree!

"The dinner will be ready shortly!" Mia shouted over from the insides of our room.

That's right. Even though my cook's skill boasted the eleventh level already, Mia still decided to take over the duty of preparing the dinner for us.

Was it her womanly pride? Was it her wish to take some burdens from my shoulders?

To be fair, I didn't know the answer to those questions. What I knew, though, was how happy I was to be privileged to eat her cooking!

"Thanks, I will come shortly!" I shouted over, turning my attention back to the pillar.

I imagined all those moments when others would bully me back on earth. I imagined the moment when that bastard pushed me down the stairs with the clear intention of ending my life. I imagined all the moments that would infuriate even the calmest person alive.

And then I used the wrath born out of those emotions to fuel a flurry of attacks towards the training pillar!

Right now, I could use my combo in a more or less perfect form without actually keeping my focus up. The relentless training that I did over the last month finally started to pay off.

Pac, pac, pac, pac.

Tic!

Once again, my status increased.

'Status,' I mouthed the word, taking a look at my current progress.

Mana Condensation 1048/900

{

Mana Pool 397/300

Mana Flow 397/300

Mana Density 279/300(+75)

}

'Still, a bit to go,' I thought, staring down at the Mana Density gauge. While it wasn't that far off from the other statistics, it was only because of the bonus I received right when I entered the mana condensation stage.

On its own, my mana density has yet to reach the maximum, which was the likely reason behind the lack of system-born opportunity to break through to the next stage.

"Are you coming or not?" Mia shouted over, hints of annoyance appearing in her voice.

'Right, it's pretty bothersome to prepare the dinner only to be forced to wait for others later on,' I thought with a smile, grabbing a towel from a nearby stand and moving back to the room.

"I'm here," I reported, wiping the sweat from my naked chest.

Even though today was a pretty cold day, I still opted to train with my upper body bare. It was something that I decided on ever since I created this magnificent robe of mine.

"Right, I was going to ask," Mia turned her head towards me as she carried the prepared meals from the kitchen's compartment to the dining table. "If you want to take part in the auditions, is there any reason for you to keep training like that?" she asked, leaning her as she threw me a curious look.

"Right now, I still don't have enough to show. I need to get even stronger first," I replied, placing the towel down at the chair before seating myself on it.

'That is, I don't think I will have many chances at the auditions unless I reach the core establishment stage,' I thought, slightly tightening my hands. 'And that's not something I want to do before reaching at least one thousand, three-hundred and fifty points in the mana condensation stage in total!'

My desire was simple. Since I was capable of overtraining myself to the point where I would break the limit of the system gauges, I wanted to bring my stats at least halftime more than what the limit was.

If it was possible to raise them even further, then I was all up for it, but this fifty percent above the limit was the minimum I was going for. After all, this overstacking of statistics was likely the reason for the boost to my cultivation I received after breaking away from the first stage!

But there was one more reason behind my reluctance to advance towards the third stage right away. For the time being, I still required Vaner's help to advance to the next cultivation level.

Normally, that would be an easy thing. Meaning, I only needed to go and ask Vaner for help or at least advice on how to approach the breakthrough. But doing so was extremely problematic for one simple reason.

I felt that Vaner already knew too much.

While it was great to enjoy his protection due to my rapid advance, there was a limit to how much of my progress he could stomach. Once he would learn that I could reach the core establishment stage in less than a month...

Knock, knock.

"Guys, can I come in?" someone asked from beyond the closed doors, stopping my train of thought. Someone whose voice I could somewhat recognize.

"Terio?" I shouted over before shaking my head. 'Who else would come to visit me in this damned sect?' I asked myself, despairing over my idiocy. "Come in!"

I watched Terio come inside, unable to stop myself from feeling that he was now slightly... different. It was as if the air around him changed from the last time I saw him.

'Could it be...' I thought, a certain possibility appearing in my mind. A possibility that I was eager to verify, but due to Mia's presence right beside me, I had to hold my horses back.

'Could it be that he was a virgin prior to the night I organized for him?' I thought, a small smirk appearing on my lips.

"Man, you really are not giving yourself any slack," Terio commented once his eyes laid down on my sweaty back. But as he looked around the room, he noticed all the spirit stones scattered all over the place.

This wasn't a way of showing off my wealth... But rather a convenience measure. After all, if we wanted to constantly feed on the spiritual energy from those stones, it was better to just pick them up whenever necessary instead of heading to some specific location!

"How did you get your hands on all those stones?" Terio gasped, his eyes opening wide in shock.

"And how do you think I got to fund your nights at the brothel over and over again?" I asked, unable to stop my smirk from taking over my entire face.

"Man...!" Terio looked at my face with a weird look on his own before glancing over at Mia's amused expression. "Not fair, you know?!" he protested.

"How about you sit down and eat with us?" Mia asked, hiding her own smirk by turning around and heading back to bring the rest of the plates.

"Hmm?" Terio dropped the earlier topic and took a whiff of the room. "If not for that uncultured brute, I would say that you have some pretty godly aroma cooking in here!" he exclaimed before slumping down on the chair beside's me.

"Anyway," I said, grabbing a piece of bread that Mia had already prepared and stuffing my face with it. "What brings you here?" I asked after munching on the food for a bit.

"You see, just like you mentioned before, you brought quite a lot of fun to my life," Terio smiled. As Mia approached the dinner again and started to pour the vegetable curry on each of the plates, Terio quickly nodded his head to signal that his portion was already enough. "Today, I came to pay you back a little, or rather, to assume my senior brother's duties!" he said, dipping his bread in the curry and taking a bite.

'Huh?' I thought, surprised by the notion. While it appeared to be more of an annoyance than an opportunity, I still kept a nice smile on my face.

The fact that he was ignorant about the reality was actually my fault, so there was no way I would let him take the burden of it.

"I came to invite you to the party for the auditioned disciples," Terio announced.