

Last System 96

Chapter 96 - No Consequences

The drink flushed down my throat, entering my digestive system all at once.

Given how I suspected it to be tapped, it was a pretty wild move, wasn't it?

But in reality, I downed it all in one go exactly for that reason.

If the potential poison was posed to act slowly and gradually, I wouldn't be able to feel a thing by drinking bit by bit.

On the other hand, if the added content to the drink was supposed to act quickly, it didn't matter whether I downed it all or if I sipped it sip by sip. After all, my digestive system would require time to absorb a greater quantity of the potential poison.

That's why going all-in on my bet wasn't something that I did out of impulse but a calculated action.

When my throat dried up, I raised my head and waited. For a few moments, I waited, making only the small moves to be able to notice any problems with my perception and sense of balance.

But nothing really happened.

'Was I mistaken? Did I act too rashly?' I thought, looking down at the empty cup in my hand. If it was all just a silly overestimation of my own value here, I would end up seriously digging up a hole to hide myself in.

And to think that I gave such a show when accompanied by Terio! No matter what I would say right now, he was smart enough to figure out that there was something going on in the background. Something that I didn't tell him a word about.

Feeling Terio's eyes on my side, I shook my head and raised my hand as if to show that I was all right.

"Don't worry, you can go and drink..."

My words stopped. For a moment, my vision faltered. Yet, what would usually end up in just a flash, didn't stop at all.

What appeared like a slight, natural stumble at first turned into an uncontrollable force that made me all wobbly. My eyes started to lose their focus, my legs started to give in.

"Arthur...?" Terio asked, his voice proving that he was now seriously starting to get worried.

"Give me that piss!" I shouted, unable to even think straight. Unintentionally, I called out for the drink while using the reference only I could understand.

Thankfully, Terio understood.

From the sound that reached my ears, he threw one of the cups to the ground, not caring the slightest about its content.

"Here," he muttered, putting the half-empty glass to my lips.

I took a deep breath, as deep as I possibly could. And then I looked down at the violet content of the glass.

'Disgusting,' I thought, reinforcing this feeling. 'Disgusting,' I repeated, imagining tiny bull's seeds floating all over the drink. 'DISGUSTING!' I screamed out in my insides, closing my eyes and downing the drink as well.

The second the drink touched the back of my throat, my stomach revolted. But it was too late. The bull's-sperm-filled drink sank into my stomach, mixing with the tapped drink there...

Only to flush forward when my muscles squeezed my insides around.

A wave of the drinks and snacks I had before erupted from my mouth, dirtying the nice stones of the official courtyard.

Retching all the content of my stomach out, I reached out and rested my weight on Terio, who dutifully held me up, stopping me from falling face-first right into my own vomit.

Even though I was an introvert, I drank quite a lot and smoked not exactly tobacco even more. As such, I was more than aware of all the tricks of thoroughly cleaning my insides out of any content possibly left.

For a moment, my mind cleared out a bit. It had nothing to do with my state of intoxication but was a natural reaction of my body to the process of retching.

A defense mechanism developed by all humans just for the situations like this.

Being poisoned meant danger. Danger meant there was likely a predator nearby. This momentary clearance of mind was there to allow me to pick a direction that I should run away to.

'How dare they?!' I used this moment of my thoughts clearing out to try to figure out what was going on. 'Are they not scared of crossing Vaner?' I thought, biting my teeth against each other.

Even though I managed to throw up quite quickly, my body still absorbed a considerable amount of the potion. Right now, I only had my high cultivation to thank for not falling down and losing my consciousness straight off the bat.

Whatever this added content of my drink was, it sure was powerful!

"How can he be still standing?" I heard someone mutter in surprise. I couldn't even lift my head to see who it was.

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!" Terio screamed out madly, throwing himself in the direction of the voice.

A few sounds of crispy hits later, I saw his body falling unconscious to the ground.

I tightened my fists in powerless fury, unable to hold myself upright anymore and falling down on all fours.

As I couldn't change my position on my own, I landed right back in the pool of my stomach matter.

'Right, the crowd,' a sudden flash of hope appeared. Even if the people despised me for being weak, surely they wouldn't stand by and do nothing while one of them was assaulted!

Given the scale of this event, some kind of elder simply had to be nearby. And once he would see what was going on...

The spark of hope that appeared in my heart died out just as quickly as it appeared.

'If someone dared to attack a disciple like that, out in the open, they likely do not fear the retribution of some random elder,' I realized as a cold sweat washed down my spine.

Still, there had to be someone, someone who wouldn't stand this obvious bullying...

"What the fuck are you all looking at?!" the guy who took Terio down shouted out, not caring about acting silently in the slightest. "Get fucking lost!" he shouted at everyone, somehow managing to force the entire damned crowd to disperse.

That spoke wonders about the power of this person.

Still, it didn't make any sense. If they didn't fear the elders or the crowd, they surely would fear Vaner!

Unless...

I couldn't hold myself up on all fours anymore. My arm gave up, forcing me to fall on my forearm instead of my palm. My face got even closer to landing into the stinking pool of my own vomit.

"You won't get away with this," I muttered, using the last bit of physical energy I could muster.

"What?" the shadowy figure approached me, squatting right beside's my face, caring not for the vomit it stood in. "And how do you imagine this will happen?" it asked, clearly having the time of its life.

For a moment, I considered revealing my strength. Even though my physical body was currently failing to work the way it should, I still had my cultivation restrained. By releasing it, I would easily kick enough of a fuss to attract general attention.

And no matter what, if Vaner were to come here, those bastards wouldn't have such an easy time playing around with me!

What's more, given the importance of this traditional event, if some auditor came...

"I dare you to try," the shadowy figure said in an amused voice.

Right. There was no point in acting up right now. Not when I was still bothered by the poison. Not when there was still another choice.

After all, if I destroyed the sect's hall in my outburst, wouldn't that put me even in greater trouble than I was right now?

Lastly, one question still made me hold back my strength.

Why didn't they fear Vaner's retribution? Everyone in the sect did. I could tell even the patriarch himself wouldn't dare to cross Vaner for no reason or a silly one.

Yet, they acted as if their actions would bear no consequences. They acted as if anything that could stop others from acting up in the Skyladder sect didn't apply to them.

'If they don't fear him, that could only mean they are not from the Sky...'

My thoughts disappeared when a powerful hit to the back of my head knocked me out.