

Last System 97

Chapter 97 - Disaster (fixed)

My senses were returning pretty damn slow. It felt as if I was swimming through a whole universe of nothingness, all my efforts futile, only exacerbating the problem instead.

Nonetheless, my senses continued to fight against this endless void, slowly but surely bringing my consciousness back to the world of the living.

I had no idea how long I was out. Given how not only I ingested quite a bit of pretty potent potion but also took one to the back of my head, it was as likely that only several minutes had passed as it was for several days to go by.

One thing that I could say for sure, though, was that enough time passed for my captors to move me to someplace else.

My sense of hearing was the first to return, shedding some light on my situation. It was also the reason why I could tell I was no longer anywhere near the party during which I was kidnapped.

The first hint was the total lack of mixed chatter. The second hint, a bit bigger, was the constant moans of pleasure reaching my ears from every single damned direction.

'Am I in the middle of an orgy or what?' I thought, doing my best not to give away the fact that I was regaining my senses. Trying to act up while I was still unsure about what was going on was the easiest way to let my captors sedate me again.

For now, they brought me to their den. And that alone was good, as it allowed me to peer into the identity and the means of those who dared to raise their hand against me.

"This guy is insane," I heard a batted voice, praising someone while moving closer and further with each sharp breath its owner took.

When I heard those words, my sense of touch finally returned. And the first thing I felt was the chains binding both my ankles and my wrists.

Being bound alone wasn't that much of a problem. What was even worse was the fact that somehow those chains were blocking the flow of my energy!

With that being said, I could feel that the second I would release my cultivation, those chains wouldn't be able to hold back my energy.

'It seems that at least one good thing came out of playing it all low-key,' I thought, stopping my lips from forming a smirk.

It wasn't the time to celebrate yet.

Especially with how with the return of my sense of touch, I could no longer ignore the unpleasant, meaty feeling that continued to slap every last inch of my skin from my chest to my knees.

It was super weird, as if someone created a human-sized whisk, coated it with a fleshy material, and used it as a torture device.

Yeah, the torture device. Not because of the feeling itself. While disgusting and uncomfortable, it was something I could bear with. But the weight with which this strange thing continued to smash my body made every last of my affected bones release pretty worrying sounds.

Yet, as my thoughts continued to clear up, I realized with worry that this feeling...

It was disgustingly familiar to me. It was something that, albeit different, I already felt in my life.

Not in my life back on earth, but only in my new life in this world of cultivation and young masters.

The second my heart beat a bit faster when the realization struck me, I struck all my emotions down. I killed every last part of my character that made me human, becoming a lifeless, soulless blob of meat.

It was a special skill of mine that I developed back when I was too weak to stand up to bullies.

Without emotion, their words couldn't hurt me. Without sanity, their strikes couldn't hurt.

And right now, without the two of those, I could still somehow retain control over my thoughts without giving in to the wave of wrath, hate, and humiliation that welled up from my crotch up.

'I guess that does it,' I thought emotionlessly, feeling as if my entire inner self curled up in a small blob of consciousness, deep within my core.

Then, my emotions became too great for my will to hold them back.

Rage of being bound and used.

Wrath of someone daring to fuck me without my consent.

The humiliation of being bound and used.

Fear of losing control over this one, most intimate part of my life.

All of those emotions exploded outwards when I finally connected the dots.

Only one group of people didn't fear Vaner's influence. The people didn't belong to this sect but came here as guests.

Only one human being could cause both the familiar feeling of having my penis rubbed while making it feel as if some kind of mountain slammed down on me.

A girl that was so disgustingly fat that I had no strength to push her image out of my memory.

And there was only one profession that I knew about in this world, only one way of growing one's strength, that would allow this girl to somehow redirect the flow of my mana, sucking it out from my penis she was violating!

My first reaction was pretty civil. Forcing all my emotions back again, I wanted to open my mouth. I wanted to scream out and threaten this whore to get off me, tell her what kind of fate awaited her now that she crossed me.

All for the sake of getting her off me. Even though I was already disgusted with myself for being sullied like that. I wasn't going to allow this both mental and physical torture to keep going.

'No, that's not right,' for a mere second, I calmed down. All my thoughts fell right in their place as if this simple realization was the last piece of the puzzle that I not only missed but forcibly showed aside, throwing everything else in disarray.

'There is no reason to warn her,' I realized, inwardly scared of this cold, perfectly emotionless state that my soul happened to be in right now.

'In this world, this kind of transgression warrants death.'

This sentence was the last thing that I could consciously experience in my mind. The next moment, all the reins over my emotions broke apart.

The mana within my body, propelled by the raging inferno of emotions, fired up.

In an instant, my entire body started to burn from the inside, as if the mana that gave me strength before was now set on burning me inside out.

For a moment, I could only think about this insane pain. Even though I hoped to pretend that I wasn't awake, my body twisted up, stretching to the absolute limits of my joints and tendons.

Not even the weight of that monster, for some reason called female, could pin my body down anymore.

All of my feelings accumulated, condensed, mixed with mana...

And then something broke.

Tic.

"Critical Alert"

A beautiful female voice appeared in my mind.

"System's Limiter Failure"

It said, just as I pried my eyes open, finally able to see the world again.

An error occurred in the code.

The values crossed their thresholds, creating the original bug.

At first, nothing major happened. The structures could still hold. The auto-repair function was more than enough to deal with the problem.

Bugs were a part of any system. One could never avoid them, not unless being a perfect being. Rather than striving to be perfect, one's work had to be good enough.

This was the motto of the creator.

This was the motto by which all his systems ruled.

The repair function did its job before returning back to slumber.

The error occurred again. Once again, some values grew bigger than they could. Bigger than they were allowed to.

Once again, the repair function came and fixed the problem.

Then it happened again. And again. And again.

It became such a repetitive occurrence somewhere along the line that its classification has changed.

From a bug to a terminal error.

And error that the repair function couldn't handle.

"System Reevaluation Required"

Eve's voice filled the structure. It was soothing. The mana of the structure aligned with the voice, as if responding to the creator's greatest longing.

There was a reason why Eve's voice appeared in the system made by the creator long gone. There was a reason why the mana aligned with it.

But there was no sentience capable of knowing that reason.

After all, the system was just a program. A program encoded on the mana of the creator.

"System Realignment Required"

Eve's voice appeared once again, coldly sentencing a huge part of the structure into obliteration.

There was no one to cry after the lost part of the structure when it dissolved back into the pure mana. After all, the structure couldn't feel any emotion.

For the greater system to work, any part of it could be sacrificed for its purpose to be achieved.

"System Integrity Regained."

Eve's voice brought peace back to the structure. All its devolved parts that could falsely be taken for a shadow of emotion rejoiced.

Today wasn't the day its purpose would be achieved.

Yet, it got to hear Eve's long-lost voice. The echo of the creator's emotions trembled with joy.

It wasn't that bad of a day after all. Even if the cost of that voice was great.

"Notifying the host."

A moment of silence. The system was coming back online.

"System Limiter's Failure."

Eve announced to the host before turning silent once again.