

Last System 231

Chapter 231 - We All Have Our Circumstances

"You again?" the female clerk nearly jumped up when Mia returned to the auction hall. "Is there anything that I can help you with?" she quickly changed her narration, bowing respectfully as she assumed the professional look on her face.

"Ehh..." Mia sighed, lowering her eyes. "Bones of monsters," she replied, refusing to look the woman in the face.

This was a strangely unusual request.

For most, monsters' bones were nothing more than a waste, an unnecessary hunting byproduct. And yet, Mia was in the middle of the auction hall, asking to buy some.

The clerk made the 'why am I not surprised' kind of face before rolling her eyes and reaching to her pocket.

"Here," she said, passing over a ring a second later. "But you should ask yourself one question," the woman put a small, mysterious smile on her face as the look in her eyes sharpened for a second.

"How come I so readily have the seemingly unnecessary item that you came to request," the clerk stated a question before turning around and raising her hand in a wave. "I assume you are on the clock, so I won't stop you any longer," she added before hurrying away.

'Just who is she?' Mia asked herself, baffled by the strange behavior of the woman.

Judging by her robes, she was just one of the officers of the local auction hall. Yet, the way she acted didn't adhere to this image.

"Well, thanks," Mia ended up lowering her head before turning right around and leaving.

Unable to understand the woman's motives, she couldn't feel comfortable around her.

'At least it went quickly,' Mia thought. She was eager to return, curious about the developments back at the training ground.

But within the short time that she took to procure the monsters' bone, the situation at the training grounds changed completely.

'What the hell,' Mia thought, baffled by sight.

She expected the place to be emptied out for renovation. Cleaned and prepared for maintenance.

But the workers underneath the formation master literally ripped the place apart.

The stone slabs that laid out the training grounds area were all but gone, cast aside on a pile like some kind of garbage.

'Sure, they weren't worth much,' Mia thought, startled by what she saw, 'but they could still be sold for a pretty sum!'

This show of wastefulness finally made the girl realize the scale of what was going on.

It wasn't some simple renovation.

The Elder didn't overestimate his plans when he claimed he would rebuild this place from scratch.

"You are finally back," the man hurried to Mia's side the moment he noticed her. "Do you have the bones?" he asked impatiently.

"Yeah," Mia passed the ring to the man. She already confirmed its content while on her way back.

And it was indeed filled with bones of monsters.

'I guess he was the one who supplied those bones,' Mia finally realized, struck by the sudden enlightenment.

The rank of this man-made his presence at the outskirts strange. There were all kinds of locations and facilities where his skills and worth could be better used.

That was the first red flag that was raised in Mia's mind. And just as he created a demand for something, the supply appeared out of nowhere as well.

'I guess he is just going to make a massive profit from me,' Mia thought, stopping herself from releasing a deep sigh.

'Well, I guess I should already be used to this kind of treatment,' she thought, rolling her eyes a little.

"Okay, everyone!" the Elder shouted the second he received the ring, turning his eyes towards his near-infinite pool of manpower. "Let's turn this place around!"

Mia never expected to be charmed by the sight of men working.

She didn't pay attention to any of the workers but to their work's general progress and efficiency.

And rather than calling it to work, she soon decided to call it a spectacle.

First, the group that initially arrived with the Elder would take a monster bone. They would then cut and shape the bones only to imprint them with runes.

'Huh?' Mia looked at the work, shocked by something that even she, a complete amateur at formations, could notice.

The marks on each of the stones... were extremely simple. They appeared more like groups of a few letters instead of long and complicated paintings.

Once the semi-elders would prepare the stone, the workers would array them on a special wooden plate.

"Isn't this going to be a problem?" Mia asked, unable to explain one thing.

"Let me guess, why are we using wood, right?" the Elder countered, glancing over at the girl.

From the moment he finished his last blueprint, his job on the site was done. Now he only had to see the rest of the construction over.

"Isn't it too fragile for the task?" Mia asked, truly concerned about this point.

'If this place breaks down after a week of using it... then what would be the point of this renovation in the first place?' she thought.

"Fear not," the Elder replied in an amused tone. "Once the spiritual energy starts to circulate, this wood will turn into a material that hardly anything can challenge," the man explained.

Even though the work started, the prepared plates would go to sit on a stockpile rather than being plated over the area.

The formation master's design was simple... but it required a lot of groundwork.

First, the workers evened out the ground all over the training grounds area. Then, they split it up into several pieces before digging each and every one of them out.

'Foundations?' Mia thought, shocked by sight. 'Isn't this for like,' she hesitated even in her thoughts, 'for big buildings?' she asked herself. 'Why use it for a simple platform?'

But soon, Mia found the answer to her question.

Once again, the formation master stepped into the working field. He pulled out several bags from his storage ring before mixing them in a massive cauldron.

And then, magic happened.

Each of the workers would approach the cauldron with a small cup. They would then pour it on the ground and use a special, wide shoe to smear it all over the surface.

And a measly few minutes later, the substance hardened, reinforcing the dugout.

"Add the first layer!" the formation master ordered.

And then, the entire machine finally entered its last phase.

Now, the prepared wooden slabs would go directly into the dugout. First, the workers would pour some earth onto the desired area before splashing it with Master's mixture. Then, once it would become soft and moldable, they would push a wooden slab into it before giving it some time to solidify.

'That's quite ingenious,' Mia thought. But soon, she couldn't even dress her shock into words.

Because after filling the floor of the entire training ground with wooden slabs... The workers started to repeat the process once again.

"Make sure not to mess up the order!" Master's direct subordinates started to walk around the place, overseeing the procedure.

From the looks of things, the Master was set on keeping even the tiniest details as perfect as possible.

And once the second layer was finally finished... the workers got started on the third.

"How many layers is this place going to have?" Mia groaned, unable to process the sight before her eyes.

If she had any doubts about the man's intention before, then they were all gone now. Because instead of going for the path of the least resistance, this man did several times more than Mia actually expected!

Just from the amount of effort the Elder put into his craft, Mia couldn't help but feel respect towards him.

And in the spur of a moment, Mia's thoughts escaped through her lips.

"Master, why are you even in a place like this?" Mia asked silently, unaware that her thoughts were leaking.

The man smiled before replacing his cheerful expression with a sorrowful one.

'Huh?' Mia finally realized her blunder. But instead of backing off, she decided to push right ahead.

"What is a man of your caliber doing in such a remote place?" Mia asked.

Over the course of the last weeks, she has learned the basic information about the sect. Being the rising star of disciples, she decided it was a necessary knowledge.

This decision allowed her to look at the situation from a broader perspective.

'Right now, we are on the westernmost edge of the fertile lands, with only frontier awaiting beyond the river,' Mia thought, recalling the map in her head. 'Sect hinterlands lay far off to the east. And it's there where this Master should reside,' she thought.

A man of his caliber was fitted for the lower or upper headquarters, not the Outerpost deserted in the far west!

"I'm just a slave, driven to the bone by a sadistic boss," the Elder laughed out, pretending to complain. His troubled look from before finally found its release.

"I guess we all have our circumstances," Mia sighed in response before laughing out as well.

For some reason, she just couldn't be on guard around this man!