

Last System 143

Chapter 143 - The Change

Before Mia could even get into her practice-mood, the others started to return to the compound as well.

Yet, not a single one stopped to join in on her training. Some of them threw her all kinds of looks, but all decided not to say a word.

'Right now, I'm on a borrowed time,' Mia thought, pushing the thoughts about her current companions out of her head. They would only make it harder for her to focus on the task at hand.

'You just wait,' Dirk thought, ignoring the girl completely as he headed towards his room. 'Soon, you will understand, bitch.' He then clicked his tongue and entered the dormitory.

There was no need for him to stay in the array with a bunch of spiritual stones, cultivation tonics, and other resources. It would be helpful but wouldn't make much of a difference.

Upon returning to his room, Dirk sat down on his bed. With a single throw of a special pouch, array stones flew out and laid themselves out in a perfect formation.

It was simple and far less effective than the one in the training yard, but it was better than nothing.

'Let's see what's better. Hard work or using your cards wisely,' Dirk thought with a smirk, downing two bottles of a cultivation tonic and grabbing the first two of the spiritual stones.

Meanwhile, Mia continued to smash her hands into the pillar, keeping her training regime. She received no resources and all, but rather than worrying about the lack of boosts to her training, she could only worry about Arthur.

'I hope this means he is taking it easy,' she thought, smashing her fists into the training stone.

She then looked at her own hand and shook her head.

Despite her long attempts to get into the mood, her thoughts continued to go awry. The cause of her worry was just too fresh.

'Now that I think about it, where's the sun?' Mia thought, looking around.

She didn't even notice when the sun had already started to set.

'I guess I need to calm my head first,' Mia thought, raising her hands and covering her face with them. 'I need to get some grub,' she decided, lowering her hands on her stomach.

Her worries made it hard for her to focus on the training. Yet, she continued to do it over and over again, entering the state in which she wouldn't notice the passage of time...

'What a waste of the evening,' Mia thought, turning around and leaving the array.

She entered the state of ignoring the time but didn't manage to use that time and state to train properly.

Especially right now, when she was on a borrowed time, she couldn't allow herself such folly.

The guards at the gate of the sponsored area were already used to her presence, letting her pass without any unnecessary questioning. Just a single exchange of pleasantries, and she was out in the common area of the sect.

Mia didn't waste her time strolling through the streets, heading for the dining hall right away.

For her, the place was just like usual. The normal disciples didn't seem to have their day affected by the distribution process. After all, those few inner disciples wouldn't waste their tastebuds on the at most average food at the dining hall.

As such, for the normal disciples, there wasn't anything special out there about the distribution day; outside of having to experience the feeling of inferiority, the sponsored disciples were doing their all to instill in them.

'At least people don't seem to hate me anymore,' Mia thought as she reached the doors to the dining hall.

Back when people first saw her exit the sponsored area, she could feel the tangible lack of favor from all around her. The next day, the rumors about her identity spread out, making her feel slightly pressed whenever going outside.

But now, nearly two weeks after her first day at the sect?

Those who used to hate her no longer could be bothered with her. Those who didn't care about her now at least knew her. And those who were interested in her either liked her a little or hated her guts.

There was still a group of people that wouldn't accept her no matter how little she cared for the sponsorship, but it was better than dealing with general hate caused just by her position at the sect.

'A position that's most likely temporary,' Mia thought, shrugging her shoulders.

To cope with the worries about Arthur, Mia privately decided to assume that he ditched on the role.

'This path would offer him the greatest opportunity,' Mia thought, trying to justify the feeling of uneasiness that started to well in her soul.

Even though ditching appeared to be the best and most rational option for Arthur... The situation where he would ditch her like that still didn't sit well with her.

But it was still a better feeling than worrying about his safety.

With those thoughts, Mia stood in line at the cafeteria like usual. She didn't bother picking any food other than what she would usually take.

'If it's not Arthur's cooking, it all tastes the same,' she thought, looking down at her plate as she moved over to one of the free tables. 'But I still need to eat,' she thought, shaking her head as she sat down.

Yet, just as she was about to dig into her soupy meal, a group of sect disciples approached her.

"I was sure you would be gone by the first distribution," surprisingly, it wasn't Veila that approached her. She was near the front of the group, but it was a man speaking out, the same man that heralded

the group she considered to be hostile. "I was wrong. I believe we misjudged you. Sorry for that," the man apologized, taking Mia by surprise.

'That was unexpected,' she thought. While she had some plans on how to deal with those people the moment they started making some problems, she didn't expect them to offer to bury the hatchet instead.

'Is this some sort of trap?' Mia hesitated, looking at the extended hand of the young man. She then shook his head a little, stood up, and accepted the gesture.

"You don't need to worry about it," Mia said, her face taking on a slightly sour tone. "It's not like I received anything today," she said, biting her lips.

"So you didn't want to associate with the sponsored guys because you knew you won't last there long?" the stare of the young man suddenly turned colder but more interested.

'Does he really take me for someone so calculative?' Mia asked, rolling her eyes.

"Rather than worrying about resources or something as meaningless as status, I'm worried about my sponsor. Don't give me the shit about my group. They are too petty for me to bother with," Mia said, her voice turning chilly.

What she initially took for an interesting offer of peace now appeared as nothing else but the other party trying to figure out the situation.

"What do you mean by that?" Veila joined in on the discussion.

"By what?" Mia replied, her voice still cold.

Mia considered Veila to be her first proto-friend in the normies group. But now, that girl stood with the group that was hostile towards her.

"By your group being petty," Veila specified her question, her stare super intense.

"They are mostly slackers and posers. Rather than training hard to make the best use of the opportunity, they just want to live off the benefits of the sponsorship," Mia said, throwing everything that she had against those people out of her system. "They are using the help of the others and, for some reason, consider themselves better than anyone," she said, tightening her fists.

She shook her head for the nth time.

"This is now how I am, how I can afford to be. I don't want my sponsor to bear this burden any longer than absolutely necessary," Mia added, her eyes drilling holes in the table. She then picked up the spoon and brought it up to her lips.

'Not good. If I get heated about this topic, I won't be able to calm myself to get some training done,' she thought.

"Huh?" Veila shrugged a little. "So you are not sect-sponsored?" she asked, only to look at the leader of the group.

"No," Mia shook her head as she continued to eat her food. "Someone forced my man into the role of a contractor," her face tightened, and so did her fist. The spoon in her hand wailed as Mia

squeezed the juices out of it. "I'm the one supposed to help and serve him, not the other way around," she complained in a soft whisper.

Mia closed her eyes, quelling the emotions raging in her soul. She took a deep breath and opened her eyes.

"I'm done with being saved by him," she said, more to herself than to the others. She then dropped her spoon and stood up from her chair. "This time, I will be the one saving him," she said with dedication.

Already on her feet, Mia turned around and moved away from the table, ready to go back to the training yard.

No matter what, if she wanted to be of use for Arthur, she had to hold sufficient strength. And assuming the worse possible scenario, she could use the sponsored training grounds only for two weeks more.

As such, there was no time to waste on just talking.

"If this isn't a problem..." the leader of the hostile group took a step forward and tapped Mia's shoulder.

"Would you mind training with us for a little?" he asked, only to look at the darkening sky.. "We won't have much time, but maybe we will be able to help out, even if only a little."