

Last System 156

Chapter 156 - Mias Comeback

Mia's days were full of stress and anxiety... but they were mundane nonetheless.

Living on a borrowed time in the sponsored area allowed Mia to change her mind a little.

Instead of ignoring the luxuries of her everyday life, she grew to acknowledge them. She would stay extra three minutes in the bed because of how comfortable it was.

She would waste two more endless minutes in the shower, just because the water was so calm and the cleaning oils so aromatic.

And then she would be out in the training field five minutes after the sunrise.

"Huff, huff, huff," Mia breathed out silently whenever her fist would strike the training pillar.

Despite advancing from the Skyladder sect to the Tuxi sect, this was still the best way for her to train.

"Huff, huff, huff," Mia breathed out, executing the same routine that Arthur taught her. Over and over again. And then some more.

She didn't receive any lessons or teachers. While some elders would occasionally come and give some random pointers, it wasn't something consistent.

'And if there is one thing that I learned from Arthur,' Mia thought. She kicked the pillar with her left foot, ending the four-moves sequence.

All this time, this training pillar and this training method remained the same. Because with no special resources, this was the only way for Mia to train.

"The sun is getting higher and higher," Mia whispered under her nose, tracking the progress of the star in the sky.

Normally, sponsored students would laze around until noon before ditching their cozy beds and coming in to train. Acting like that was nearly taken as a tradition at this point.

Even Mia's influence couldn't change it.

After the initial spur of waking up early to train, barely any sponsored student would come her way in the mornings. There were a few glorious examples, but the majority opted to just rely on cultivating their resources instead.

'Still, it will be better if I get going,' Mia thought, grabbing the towel she prepared before heading out.

The girl crossed by the small as she left the training area. The formation set around it instantly cleared her skin from all the sweat and foul smell.

'This is going to be another convenience I will dearly miss,' Mia thought with a small smirk as she hurried towards the gate of the sponsored area.

Normie disciples only started to appear on the training field when Mia reached the place. Even when compared to those who wouldn't receive any real amount of resources, she would still train before they would even wake up!

"You are already here," Veila moaned as she stretched her hands high up. "Don't you ever get tired?" she asked after taking a sleepy look at Mia's robes.

They were all cleaned off by the formation... But a single look was enough to notice that Mia was already late into her day.

"I don't have the time to get tired," Mia smiled gently. She nodded her head in the greeting before taking a stance against one of the free training pillars.

'The difference is massive,' she thought, her lips tensing up a little.

The normal gathering arrays of the sect couldn't be compared to the complicated design of the sponsored area training grounds. Here, it was just a single formation. Back at the sponsored area, it was an entire training ground riddled with formations.

Not changing her regime whatsoever, Mia hung her towel away and returned to her training.

Each hit would make Mia's mana shake within her body. Although the progress was slow, she continued to use this shaking to push her mana together.

Only once she would shake it hard enough for the mana to congregate into a core, she could think about a breakthrough.

'I wonder what stage Arthur is on right now,' Mia thought. The lack of ability to know what he was going through was killing her.

"So today is the day, huh?" Sanders appeared on the field only a few minutes later than the others. Most of the disciples still had to arrive, not putting him in a bad spot as the leader of the group.

"I guess so," Mia muttered in response. She had already learned how to converse lightly without losing her focus, but she still couldn't do more than just whisper. "Still, this will give me some insight about his whereabouts," she added before focusing back on the training.

Mia's morning exercise would last all the way until noon. Until the hour, the distribution center would open up for the disciples.

"I guess I should get going," Mia said when she raised her head and noticed where the sun was. 'It's better not to be late,' she thought to herself.

Normally, the sponsored disciple would gather roughly two hours afternoon to go get their resources. It was a part of the tradition.

A tradition that Mia hoped to exploit for her own convenience.

"Don't dwindle too much, then," Sanders advised. "The sooner you go, the sooner you will be back to training," he said with a gentle smile.

'Against all expectations, he turned out to be a pretty normal guy,' Mia thought. Just two weeks ago, she considered this man the greatest threat to her plans of assimilating into the normies. He was the leader of the group hostile towards her.

And now?

Just two weeks later, he would train hard alongside her and other normal disciples, hoping to put in enough effort to bridge the gap between them and the sponsored disciples.

"Yeah, will do," Mia replied offhandedly, wiping her face clean and heading out.

Rather than being excited about the possibility of receiving resources, anxious about the possibility of losing her status as a sponsored student...

Mia was anxious to find out more about Arthur's whereabouts. Even if she wouldn't receive any message, she would still be able to figure out something from the sheer fact of whether he provided his quota or not.

'I really hope I will get something,' Mia thought, tightening her fists.

She didn't have the potential benefits in her eyes. She only wanted to get a confirmation that Arthur was alive and well.

'I should have more than enough time to get everything sorted out before others arrive,' Mia thought as she neared the distribution center building.

Yet, the second she took the last turn, she realized just how wrong she was.

Ever since she didn't receive anything on the first distribution day, Mia was on borrowed time. The relatively friendly attitude of her group from before was now all but gone, replaced by tension and hidden disgust.

Mia wouldn't spend her day training in the sect for one simple reason.

It wasn't to make friends with the normies. That would happen either way.

She just didn't want to be around those people for more than absolutely necessary.

Because they made Mia remember the one person she could stop hating.

"Look who has slithered here!" Dirk was the first to engage. "It's rare to see someone that eager to be thrown aside like a stray bitch!" he reveled in the situation.

In his eyes, Mia didn't belong to the sponsored group any longer. Even though mishaps on the first delivery happened often, Dirk was already certain she would be expelled.

"Dirk, stop," Kathia spoke up. But Mia wasn't delusional to think the girl was taking her side.

What started as a potential friend now turned into a vicious whore.

"Don't even talk about her. It will dirty your mouth!" she claimed.

Mia only rolled her eyes.

They were an annoyance... but not a problem.

"The moon doesn't care about barking dogs," she scoffed before pushing her way through towards the counter.

"Elder, I would like to receive my sponsorship," Mia said outright to the man behind the desk.

Even if she knew that no sponsorship would come, she was still supposed to approach the desk with this sentence. Just a weird tradition of the sect that she learned about a measly two days earlier.

"Name?" The young man behind the desk asked, raising his eyes from the scroll he was studying to Mia's face.

The annoyance in his eyes was as clear as day.

"This isn't the time yet. Why do you bother me? Can't you see I'm busy?" his eyes said.

"Mia."

"Give me a moment," the relatively young clerk muttered. He then reached out underneath his desk and pulled out a small box. "Here you go," he said before moving his eyes and attention back to the scroll he was studying.

"Thank you, Elder," Mia replied absentmindedly, staring down at the box on the counter.

"Do you need anything else?" the clerk asked, rolling his eyes in clear dissatisfaction when Mia simply stood in place.

"Ah, sorry for that, thank you again," Mia scurried off and apologized, then grabbed the box and walked out of the building.

"That's right! Fuck away, you are unworthy of the status of the sponsor..." Dirk started gloating the second Mia came out, only for his eyes to bulge out and his words get stuck in his throat the moment he saw her.

No one else dared to speak a word. The disciples from other groups were still a few hours away from arriving at the place, so there was only Mia and her former group at the place.

For a moment, Dirk remained silent, unable to come up with a witty reaction to the situation.

He swallowed his tail and cleared his throat.

Mia sent him a mocking, sideways look. Then, without saying as much as a single word, she headed back towards the sect.

"That's right! Run away, you bitch!"

Seeing Mia's back greatly lifted Dirk's morale. His filthy tongue quickly regained its ability to throw slurs at the girl.

"A random stroke of luck! She will be forced out soon anyway!" Dirk quickly returned to his earlier gloating.

"Look, she only received the minimal amount!" Kathia suddenly shouted, slapping her own face in a pretended shame. "That man clearly doesn't even care for her! He only cares about not losing his own privilege!"

Mia stopped in her steps.

Seeing this, the sponsored students only got agitated more.

"I bet he is just as foul-smelling trash like she is!" Dirk shouted, agitated by his insults finally working.

Mia gently placed her box down on the ground and turned away. She then approached Dirk at a slow, natural pace. She even landed her left hand on his shoulder before patting it thrice.

And then she drove her fist right down his stomach.

Mia still refused to say a word, even with Dirk hanging over her shoulder while unable to catch a breath.

Unknowingly, Mia struck directly at his spleen. The one place that, although non-lethal, can make even the greatest berserker curl up and wail in pain.

"I don't recall any of you receiving more than minimum either," Mia said, her entire self lighting up.

For a second, static filled the air.

"And if I'm shitty and trashy for receiving just the bare minimum, then what does that mean about you?" she asked, staring down each and every member of her group.

"I will tell you what you are," Mia hissed before anyone could answer her previous question. "Just a bunch of lucky pissants. You were never special. The only thing special about you is that you were used as a special trade by your sects. They threw you aside just to get some resources for themselves. You are a fucking product," she spat those words right in the faces of those who mocked me.

"No one is willing to waste more than the contract stipulates on you. In other words, no one gives two fucks about you," Mia's lips curled up in a vicious smile as she continued her litany.

"This single box I received means that there is someone who earned far more than that, just to keep his promise to me," Mia said, raising her chin high. She then kicked Dirk's lifeless body aside in an angry fit. "Meanwhile, you are just a bunch of numbers in the accounts. A group of naive kids that others will exploit and use for their own advantage," Mia finished her tirade.

She turned away, picked up her box, and moved towards the exit of the area. She then took one last stop, and without turning her head away towards the stun-locked people, she spat.

"I would be ashamed to be alive in your shoes.. You should go and try to find some rope to rid the world of the useless filth you are."