

## Last System 169

### Chapter 169 - Nagging

"Stronger!" Mia scolded herself, shouting within her mind as she pressed her fist forward. 'Faster,' she commanded her body, squeezing her muscles to their limits. 'Sharper!'

Just like every day, Mia was hard on the training.

Outside of the necessary elements of daily life like eating or sleeping for a few hours, she would rarely leave the training ground.

'Since I'm the one pushing the others to work harder, I need to work even harder than them,' she would think whenever her body reached its limits, forcing it to go just a bit beyond it.

And every time she did, Mia pushed the boundaries of her ability for a tiny bit forward.

This was the sad reality of cultivating without the proper resources. The second all the tonics, spiritual stones, and spiritual cores ran dry, she had no other choice but to return to training just like every other disciple of the sect.

'This is the gap between normal disciples and sponsored disciples,' Mia thought, ignoring the stinging pain on her fists.

The training stone before her was long marked with the blood from her hands.

'Again,' Mia thought, resetting her position and taking a single, deep breath to regain some strength.

"I dare you to hit that damned stone again," Sander approached Mia with his face tensed all over.

"Eh?" Mia turned her head to the man only to roll her eyes and release an annoyed sigh as her eyes moved back on her target. "What do you want?"

All their resources ran out. Right now, she could advance only by working harder than ever before.

'Right as my efforts are about to pay off,' she thought, feeling how the mana within her system stretched to almost every corner of her flesh. 'Right as I'm about to break through to the fourth stage, you come here to annoy me?' she thought, forcing her eyes to remain on the training pillar instead of sending Sander an extremely annoyed stare.

"What you are doing, right now, is counterproductive," Sander announced as he crossed his arms on his chest. "I know that you are desperate, but everything has to be done with reason," he said before hanging his head low. "Don't repeat my mistake. Don't overtrain yourself in a stupid chase after the impossible," he added.

"Your mistakes?" Mia scoffed, lowering her hands as she relaxed her posture and looked at the man with a poorly concealed scorn. "Have it ever occurred to you that going for the extra effort is just the quality that you lack?" she asked.

"Do you even hear yourself?" Sander asked, his face tensing up even further. "I'm not here to chastise you, nor am I pointing fingers right now..." he shook his head. "But you seriously need some break," Sander added after a short moment of silence.

Mia closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Her body returned to the training position all on her own, already perfectly used to the daily toll.

"We trusted you with our fate," Sander muttered, "so how about you trust me with something as small as just a few hours of your life?"

"What do you want?" Mia tightened her hands into fists... but didn't throw a punch out. Instead, she angled her head and looked over at Sander. "What do you need a few hours of my time for?"

'Here, I thought he came here to tell me to rest,' she thought, gnashing her teeth. 'And as it turns out, he simply had some business,' she thought angrily.

"I need you to take a few hours of break. Get the fuck out of this training grou... no, from this sect. Explore the town," Sander sighed heavily. "You will never be able to fully focus on the job if you don't even know what you are fighting for," he added in a muffled voice.

'The fuck are you talking about?' Mia almost exploded within the confines of her mind...

And then she calmed down.

All at once, the weird behavior of hers, how easily she could be forced out of her usual calm state, dawned upon her.

'Maybe there is actually something wrong with me?' she thought, slightly scared about the idea of looking deeper into her soul.

But there was no denying it. Over the past few hours, if not days, she became insanely irritable.

'I would react even to a friendly advice as if it was an enemy's scheme...' she thought, gnashing her teeth again, although for a different reason.

"If you go outside, see how the city looks like outside of the boundaries of the sect..." Sander muttered as a mysterious smile appeared on his lips. "Actually, are you even aware of why everyone wants to become a sponsored disciple?" he suddenly asked, changing the topic.

"Huh?" Mia shrugged. She was ready to admit her mistake just as the man turned her attention towards another side of the topic.

The side that she, up to this point, actually failed to consider.

'I have my wish to help Arthur that keeps me going... But I'm not the only one squeezing last bits of sweet every day in the training grounds,' she thought, realizing the obvious. 'Just what pushes them forward?' she asked herself, rephrasing the question Sander posed.

For the man, Mia's silence was enough for an answer.

"It seems that I was right," Sander muttered before shaking his head.

"Anyway, go and see some of the world outside of the sect grounds. Who knows, maybe it will help you achieve the breakthrough?" he suggested before turning around on his heel.

"Wait a second," Mia called out before she could bite herself in the tongue.

Sander stopped and turned his face back to the girl.

"Do you..." Mia cut her words as a slight blush appeared on her cheeks. "Do you know any good places to visit?" she asked.

'Since he doesn't look like he craves to see me claiming that he was right, let's not do this,' she thought, desperately looking for means to maintain the conversation.

Her initial call was caused just by this, her wish to admit to her wrongs. But the second Sander turned around, Mia's personal pride took one better over her.

"I know some places... But I don't think you would be interested in them."

This time, it was Sander's turn to blush as he quickly turned his head away from Mia's prying and suddenly curious eyes.

"Well.... thanks anyway," Mia muttered before throwing one last longing look at the training pillar before setting foot outside the amplification array. "I guess I will take you up on your offer, then!"