

Last System 185

Chapter 185 - [Bonus]Mias Little Scheme

Mia waited in the long line at the administrative office of the sect.

If the distribution center was the beating heart of the sect that brought energy and nutrients to its disciples, the administrative office was its brain.

All sorts of decisions would be made here.

From confirming the mentor-student relationship, through giving out quests and missions, all the way to expulsing unruly disciples or punishing them.

But Mia was here for a whole different reason.

"Next!" the clerk sitting behind a mahogany desk shouted, shooving away his previous guest at the same time.

'That didn't go well for him,' Mia thought, watching how a disciple she didn't know left the place with his head hanging low over his chest.

"Your business?" the clerk asked, not wasting his energy on pleasantries.

"I would like to apply for the next tournament," Mia said without any hesitation.

"You are aware that you need a team for that, I assume," the clerk asked, his eyes opening up a little further as he looked at the girl.

"I'm perfectly aware of that," Mia said as she nodded her head in response.

Finally, the meaning behind her request reached the man. He first shook his head, then blinked a few times before finally looking at Mia again.

"I'm sorry, I think I worked for a bit too long," he excused himself before slapping his cheeks.

"Could you repeat it again?"

"I wish to participate in the next sect tournament along with my team," Mia repeated her request.

'I guess that's one of the things that... do not happen often,' she thought, holding back a chuckle.

"Well, okay," the clerk didn't bother hiding his amusement. He dipped his feather in a fresh ink before bringing it over a piece of paper. "Your name?" he asked, raising his eyes at the girl.

"I'm Mia," she replied.

'Even though I was aware how they would react to it...' Mia thought, slightly displeased with the array of chuckles that soon spread out through the entirety of the building. 'Still, it's not a nice feeling,' she thought, her mood darkening.

'Still, this is the one and last chance for us to start participating,' she thought, watching how the clerk obediently filled in all the necessary details.

"The tournaments take place a day before each distribution day," the clerk informed as he put the last few marks on his paper. "Meaning, the next one starts tomorrow," he added, raising his eyes on the girl's face. "Are you sure you want me to submit your application?" he asked again.

This time, outside of amusement, there was a hint of concern in his voice.

"That's right," Mia nodded her head. There was no way she would allow the concern of this man to shake the decision she had already made.

'With how the distribution center is doing, it's likely they will only give me the absolute minimum amount,' she thought, swallowing saliva as she watched the paper move onto the pile of completed ones. 'Meaning, I can't count to receive anything during the next distribution. That's why this tournament is our first and last chance to change something,' she thought, reinforcing her own determination.

"Did you see her? She wants to join in the tournament!" the rumors quickly started to circulate around the building, putting Mia at the pedestal of everyone's attention.

But for Mia, it didn't matter.

"Is it done?" she asked the clerk that was serving her.

"It is done," the clerk replied in a super-serious manner, only to burst out laughing a moment later. "Good luck, girl," he added just as Mia turned around and headed for the exit.

Before long, she was already back at her usual spot on the training ground, ready to break the news to everyone else.

"Can you gather the entire team?" Mia asked the second she noticed Veila.

"Huh?" the girl shrugged. "What for?" she asked, leaning her head sideways in an expression of curiosity.

"I will tell when everyone gathers," Mia replied as she rolled her eyes.

What was the point of announcing the news to everyone one by one? It was more efficient to just get everyone in one place and then announce that they would enter a pretty dangerous tournament tomorrow!

'It's not about wasting time by going to everyone separately,' Mia thought while observing how Veila went around the place gathering people. 'It's about fighting off their reactions four times in a row instead of doing it just once.'

"So, what's the deal?" Sander asked when all four of Mia's teammates surrounded her.

"I signed us up for the tournament tomorrow," Mia revealed her answer without any hesitation, straight in everyone's faces.

For a moment, the area turned completely silent. Even the random disciples that continued to train hard around them stumbled up and stopped moving, too scared of making any noise.

"Are you mad?!" Sander exploded in an instant. "There is no way we are ready for it yet!" he protested.

The rest of the group grumpily agreed with the man.

'They really think I'm mad,' Mia thought, unable to stop a small smile from appearing on her lips.

"Do you really think we can't deal with them?" she asked, even though she knew what answer to expect.

"That's right!" Sander stressed his position on the topic. "Look, you might be in the fourth rank already, like everyone else participating... But we are still stuck in the third rank!" he brought the shameful reality to Mia's attention.

"Oh, so you believe you reached your limits?" Mia asked, angling her head to the side with a lovely smile plastered all over her lips. "Then watch this," she said, pushing her teammates aside as she entered her personal training spot.

For a second, she turned motionless and completely silent. She even closed her eyes, focusing her entire self on the single hit that she was about to perform.

Then, she opened her eyes. Her entire body tensed up in a perfectly-coordinated manner.

She repeated this move thousands upon thousands of times already. Even without much of her focus, Mia was more than capable of executing a perfect hit!

Her fist slammed the training pillar. And in an instant, her body exploded with energy.

"AAAAH!" Mia moaned in extreme pleasure as the spiritual energy freely coursed through her flesh and bones, filling every last inch of her body.

Her energy swirled as if it was rotating on the spot. And before the surge of power even managed to end, Mia felt her energy break through something.

It was as if an invisible foil was taken off her eyes, off her body, and her mind. In an instant, the energy that she tried hard to circulate through her entire body in the fourth stage now surged into this unexplored territory of her insides.

"Ahhhh..." Mia exhaled all the air from her lungs before slowly taking in a deep breath.

'So this is what the fifth stage is,' she thought, lowering her eyes on her hand.

Compared to before, she felt as if the world was in the palm of her hand. As if the energy that surrounded her... was responding to her wishes.

"Excuse me!" someone shouted. "Let me through!" the noises continued for a while before a man donning the robes of the sect's elder appeared before the girl.

"You, what's your name?" he asked excitedly in a fashion unfitting of his long, white beard.

"Excuse me?" Mia asked in a baffled tone.

But on the inside, she tensed all over. In the end, she didn't have any good memories of this sect's elders.

"I just saw you break through to the Unlocking Meridans' stage," the elder said, way too excited for his age. "Just to confirm, you are an ordinary disciple, aren't you?" he asked.

'Oh, so that's what he is about,' Mia thought, realizing what the reason behind the weird behavior of this man was.

It wasn't easy for normal disciples to break through to the fourth stage. The fifth stage was the breaking ground for those who were talented enough to receive support from the sect and those who would never cross it on their own.

"I'm a sponsored disciple," Mia quickly fixed the elder's misunderstanding.

"Oh," the man muttered, clearly disappointed. His over-the-top excitement dissipated in a second.

"She might be a sponsored disciple," Sander stepped in for some reason, "but she barely got any resources," he claimed, instantly raising his hand to keep Mia silent.

"What do you mean?" the elder asked, puzzled by the sudden information.

"She only received the minimal amount of sponsorship once... And even then, she shared it equally with the four of us," he said, pointing at himself and then the rest of Mia's teammates.

"Really?" the excitement of the elder quickly reincarnated, once again filling his soul. "To achieve so much despite lacking resources like that... Damn, I would love to see how strong you are with this kind of foundation!" he exclaimed.

'Isn't this a perfect opportunity?' Mia noticed.

A wide smile appeared on her lips.

"Elder, we would be more than happy if you observed the showcase of our abilities," Mia said before executing a deep bow.

"Oh? Right now?" the elder asked, his excitement once again shooting through the roof.

"I'm sorry, but that can't be done now," Mia quickly denied the man's request.

As great as it was to earn the support of an elder for her team, she already had a better use for this man.

"Then what did you mean by that?" the old man asked as he flung his robes to the back.

"Respectable elder, we will be participating in a sect tournament coming tomorrow," Mia announced, giddy from excitement. "And it would be our pleasure to showcase our skills to the elder during its course!"