

Last System 186

Chapter 186 - Dirks Determination

Dirk opened his eyes. He did so only because the sun got too high that it started to shine directly on his face, despite the shuts covering most of the room's window.

'Hmm...' he moaned inwardly, refusing to leave his state of slumber for a moment.

But the annoyance of the light was quickly getting out of the hand.

He raised his hand and rubbed his eyes, forcing his sleepiness away.

'What hour is it?' he asked himself, taking a glimpse through the shuts at the angle at which the sun shone upon his face.

"Hmmm..." Kathia muttered through her sleep, conveniently lying on the side of the bed closer to the wall. To wake her up, the sun would have to get even higher.

"Well, it's time to wake up," Dirk muttered, shaking his head and pushing his upper body up.

"Just five more minutes," Kathia muttered, hiding her face in the pillow.

"Wake up, little one," Kirk gently shook the girl's naked shoulder.

Kathia only buried her face deeper into the pillow in response.

"Is it morning already?" she finally muttered after a few more shakes.

"It's well past the morning," Dirk replied honestly, stretching his arms high up. "We should go and train soon," he added absentmindedly.

"Huh?" Kathia shrugged a little before turning herself around and looking at Dirk from underneath her lowered eyelids. "You still have some resources left?" she asked, raising her hands as she yawned while stretching her body.

In doing so, the sheets fell down, revealing her sperm-covered body. After going at it for the good part of the night, neither of them could bother to take a bath.

"Only a little, but yeah," Dirk nodded his head as he slid down from the bed and fell to all fours. He then stretched himself across the floor and started pumping his body up and down.

In the meantime, Kathia finally moved from the bed and approached the in-room basin to wash the dried-out fluids off her skin.

"Actually, I didn't even use a single relaxation bead," Dirk flaunted with a smile while raising from the floor. He then approached the massive barrel and flushed the sweat off his body.

"Huh?" Kathia shrugged again. "Are you insane? If you keep it up, you could go berserk!" she warned, sending Dirk a shocked glance.

"Actually," Dirk smiled, clearly expecting this kind of response. "If you spread the usage of resources out, you don't really need those beads," he added, a smile of pride appearing on his lips.

The two of them continued to wash the signs of the events of the night from their bodies for a few more moments.

"Since the distribution day is tomorrow, I should be able to sell those beads for quite a lot," Dirk added as he grabbed a towel and started to dry his skin. "Then I will be able to buy a lot more tomorrow!" he added.

"Oh, how smart are you," Kathia muttered as she rolled her eyes. "Since you have yet to use all of your stuff, you are only going to amass more and more of them," she pointed out. "At some point, you will be unable to cultivate through them all without the beads anyway," she added.

"Kya!" Kathia shrugged when Dirk suddenly splashed the water in her direction. "What was that for?!" she protested in a high voice.

"Just having a little bit of fun," Dirk snickered before shaking his head. "Anyway, let's get going. We already lost half of the day," he added.

Even for the sponsored disciples like them, waking up so late was unusual. The only reason they slept for so long was the hour at which they finally laid down to sleep.

'We will need to be smart about when we dual cultivate,' Dirk thought as he put on his robes and walked out of the room. 'It can help a little, but it will all be pointless if we start slacking because of the exhaustion,' he realized.

The two of them swung in by the cafeteria located on the bottom floor of the building.

"Do you want something?" Dirk asked while grabbing a sizeable chunk of meat from one of the many platters presented on the main table.

"I think I will have to refuse," Kathia replied, patting herself on her slim stomach. "I can't eat right after waking up if I want to keep my figure up," she added with a small, slightly shy smile.

"As you wish," Dirk's smile turned slightly vicious as he theatrically took a big bite of the food. The meat juices sprayed all over the place as he did so, spreading the aroma of a well-cooked dish.

"Meanie," Kathia commented, throwing her hair behind her shoulder as she moved out of the building.

"Or so you say," Dirk chuckled a little, happy with the small poke he did.

'Since we are sleeping together like now, it's best to establish who is at the top,' he thought, satisfied with how the situation played out.

As this was the aftermath of their first night, he was keen on creating an impression that would last for a long time!

With Kathia already outside, Dirk paid no mind to his eating mannerism. He quickly chomped down the rest of the meat's piece before following her to the training area.

Yet, before they could even get their warming-up exercises done, a huge commotion formed by the gate of their area.

"What the hell is going on?" Dirk muttered to himself, looking over at the direction the noise came from.

"Do you want to check it out?" Kathia asked, clearly too curious about the event to focus herself on the training.

'It's not like we will lose anything by skipping it for a while,' Dirk thought as he looked towards the training pillar.

The sheer look of this crude piece of stone made him recall the one person he couldn't stomach.

'Yeah, I'm not going to go down the same path as that crazy bitch,' he thought, not even realizing that his hands tightened into fists.

Soon, their curiosity got better over the mundane duty of training their bodies. Yet, what was supposed to be a nice way of skipping the useless training, soon became the reason for their blood to boil.

"Did you hear? Some newbie from the normies dared to enter the tournament!"

"Isn't she a sponsored disciple as well?"

"She might be, but her entire team is made up from normies!"

'It's her!' Dirk didn't even need to ask around to arrive at this conclusion.

After all, there was only one sponsored disciple in their class that would be wild enough to not only enter the tournament... but also do it with normies for teammates!

"Wait, what are we going to do if she actually wins it?" Kathia muttered silently to Dirk's ear.

"Huh?" Dirk could only shrug as a reaction, still too shocked by the news to get over them. "What does it matter?" he asked impassively.

"Isn't our turn in two weeks?" Kathia quickly explained. "To win the tournament, I mean," she added to clarify her thoughts.

"And what does it matter? How is that connected..." Dirk attempted to chastise the girl for random thoughts when the realization struck him.

Mia had talent. That one thing was undeniable as much as he hated it. What's more, she continued to train harder than any of the sponsored students.

'Right now, she might be stronger than us,' he thought, clenching his fists.

But then, he managed to calm himself down.

"It doesn't matter," Dirk finally said. "While she might be personally stronger than any of us, the rest of her team consists of normies," he said slowly as if pushing words through his mouth caused Dirk to feel physical pain.

"Dirk, there is barely any difference between the sponsored disciples' strength," Kathia said, the look in her eyes sharpening. "Since most of us can only grow with the resources we receive, we all grow at the same rate," she said before shaking her head.

For a moment, silence hung between the two.

"This is the reason why all the tournaments were set," Kathia added when only the two of them remained in the area as everyone else already returned to their daily life.

As interesting as the news were, they were nothing more but a curiosity.

"What do you want to say?" Dirk asked, the look on his face darkening heavily.

"She trained super hard ever since she arrived at the sect," Kathia explained. "When she's not training in our training grounds, she does it in the normie training grounds," she added.

"As such, she will hold a massive advantage over any other team," Dirk finished Kathia's line of thought. His eyes darkened even further. "Which makes it possible for her to carry her entire team through it," he muttered.

"Especially if others won't pay her enough mind," Kathia added before kneeling down and slamming her fists into the ground in silent fury. "If it goes like this, we won't be able to get an easy win during our turn!" she nearly shouted, dulling her voice down at the very last second.

"We don't have any choice, then," Dirk muttered, his hands tightened to the point his nails cut the skin of his palms open. "I will give you all the resources that I have and everything that I will be able to buy in exchange for the beads," he said as he moved his eyes on the girl's face.

"Huh?" Kathia shrugged, not expecting the conversation to take this turn. "Don't tell me..." Her eyes opened up wide when she realized what Dirk intended.

"You will partake in today's tournament," the man said as he reached out and detached a small pouch from his belt before passing it to the girl. "You already consumed all of your resources, right?" he asked.

"..."

The blank stare of the girl had to suffice for Kathia's answer.

"That's why you are the only one who can gain an edge right now," Dirk explained his thought. "If she gets the reward even once, we will never be able to catch up with her," he added as his entire body shook in a silent rage.

"I'm not so sure if I can..." Kathia attempted to protest. Yet, before she could finish her sentence, Dirk's furious stare silenced her.

"If she can win once, she will keep on winning," he claimed. "And if that happens, we will never be able to cull her from the intersect tournament roaster!"

Once again, there was nothing but silence between the two.

"Fine," Kathia said, releasing a deep sigh as she reached out for Dirk's pouch. "I will do my best... But I still need you to go and tell the others about it," she pointed out.

"Will do," Dirk replied. For the first time in a while, a smile returned to his lips. "I won't let anything to the fate. We will grasp our future with our own hands!" he claimed as he turned around and left.

'And if we want to break free from the restraints of the natural growth,' he thought, tightening his hands into fists as he noticed the lack of weight to his belt. His face darkened once again, only for

him to shake it. 'No, it was a necessary sacrifice,' he told himself before raising his eyes and directing his steps outside the sponsored area, towards the sect's administration building.

'If we want to break free from our fate, we have to keep the tournament spots for ourselves!'