

Last System 198

Chapter 198 - Shitshow

The announcer took a long while to finally go through everything that he had to say.

'Whoever is this guy,' Mia thought, sensing when the announcements finally neared their end, 'he sure does love his voice,' she thought, lowering her center of mass as she prepared to rush.

"First, we go west," she shouted to the rest of her team behind her.

Three teams went to the west, one to the north, and five more to the east. While going west first would mean the five teams in the east would likely join hands before they could rush them, it was still better than fighting all nine of them at once.

"And with that said..." the announcer's voice hung for a moment.

"Get ready!" Mia shouted, tensing her muscles up in preparation for what was about to come.

"THE BATTLE ROYALE BEGINS!" the announcer shouted.

All the barriers that blocked their paths came down in an instant.

And Mia didn't waste any time.

The second the barriers went down, her body exploded forward, right in the direction where she judged the nearest team to be.

There was no time for her to wait for the rest of her team. So instead of adjusting her own speed to their pace, she could only count on them joining the fight a little earlier.

In the end, she was the only one in her team, and likely in the entire tournament, that managed to reach the fifth stage of cultivation.

'Faster,' Mia encouraged herself as she pushed her body to the limits.

The fate of this entire tournament all laid in her ability to curb the numbers of the enemy before they could join up.

'Faster,' she lectured herself, feeling how her body reached the limits of how quick it could go, even with the support of her spiritual energy.

'FASTER!' she forced her body to move even nimbler.

And then she crashed right into the wall of a building that appeared seemingly out of nowhere, hidden behind the hill that she jumped over.

"Fuck," Mia cursed, shaking the dust off her body before moving around the building and picking up her pace once again.

This time, no obstacle managed to slow down her advance.

'There they are,' she thought when she caught a glimpse of a human-like silhouette in the distance.

Mia saw no point in sneaking up on them. That's why she cut straight through the open area that separated them, rushing against the enemy with all her might.

"HERE SHE COMES!" the enemies shouted, noticing Mia right as she was about to invade their group.

Their shout was right on time. But their reactions to it were too late.

Mia transferred the force of her breakneck momentum to a jump. She then released it all in a simple kick to the chest of the nearest of her enemies.

Her momentum barely changed, allowing her to swing on her heel. By the end of her turn, she forced her fist deep into the guts of another opponent.

'Huh?' Mia shook in surprise before forcing her emotions out of the window and focusing back on the fight.

Her momentum was now gone. She was rooted on the spot. Out of the initial five enemies in the first group that she encountered, only three of them were lucky enough to survive the first clash.

'What the fuck are they doing?' Mia thought, baffled by how the remaining trio simply stood their ground and took a stance.

'Are they going to punch the damned air?' she questioned her own sanity when she saw what the others were doing.

She then rushed forward again, approaching the nearest of her enemies from the side.

This maneuver confused the enemy, who clearly expected to be approached from the front.

Before he could change the direction he was facing, Mia's nudge to his side sent him flying for a few meters before he crashed into the wall of a nearby building.

'So easy,' Mia thought, still hardly capable of believing the shitshow the others were putting up.

"DIE!" Sander shouted, finally emerging from behind the hill and kicking the head of the enemy furthest away from Mia.

"I'M SORRY!" Veila shouted, simply using her momentum to crash into the last standing opponent from that group, sending him flying for a few meters just like Mia's nudge did before.

"What the hell was that?" Mia muttered, her shock finally catching up with her mind.

This was supposed to be a challenging fight with people who could grow at an insane rate with all the resources they had access to.

'If that's the case, then what the hell was that?' Mia continued to ponder over the topic, unable to believe that this was all there was to the sponsored disciples.

"Snap out of it," Sander shouted as he approached the girl. He then caught her arms and shook her shoulders, forcing her to look him in the eyes.

"You with us again?" he asked, looking Mia directly in the eyes.

"Yeah, sorry," she replied before shaking her head and then shoving his hands away. "Let's not waste time. Any ideas where the others might be?" she asked.

"They should be further west," Sander replied, turning his eyes in the direction he judged to be correct.

"Let's go, then," Mia ordered before pulling the group along with her. By the time they started running towards the next group, the couple that joined her team had only managed to catch up to them.

In the end, they didn't even take part in the first clash.

'We will need to look for some movement techniques and tricks,' Mia took notice, already preparing her mental self for the next tournament. 'With how big this place is, it's super easy to get lost and hard to rush the enemy down,' she thought.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked out loud instead, taking a moment to discuss the situation with Sander.

He was the one to harbor the greatest doubts about their ability to win the tournament. That's why it was his opinion that Mia valued the most right now.

"It's surprisingly easy," Sander shook his head, clearly aware of what was going on inside Mia's mind. "But we can't ignore how we took them by surprise," he added, shaking his head.

Sander's face tensed up as he nodded his chin forward.

They managed to reach the next team before even finishing their short exchange.

"Well, those guys can see us approaching," Mia added in a low voice before glancing over at Sander's face. "You won't be able to claim we beat them down with the advantage of a surprise attack," she added, a grin forming up on her lips.

"That's true," Sander said, his face darkening as if it was set to reflect the opposite of the changes happening on Mia's face. "Let's hope we won't regret joining this tournament," he added, the look on his face sharpening up again.

They were closing in on another enemy... Who simply stood in place, taking their stances and ready to intercept a frontal attack.

'Do they really only know how to punch forward?' Mia thought, baffled by the possibility.

Even though she only ever practiced a single punching and kicking routine, she did it for so long she could easily change the directions, order, and even tempo of her attacks!

'Well, there is only one way to find out!'

Mia decided not to think about the topic too much. After all, what was the point of overanalyzing the situation if her guess would be either confirmed or proved wrong in just a few seconds?