

Last System 200

Chapter 200 - Lets Kick Some Balls

Mia was a woman of a few words.

Before anyone could as much as respond to her words, she approached the nearest of her enemies.

"DIE!" he shouted the same phrase as everyone else, clearly trying to use his mental state to improve the force of the punch.

Mia didn't bother dodging at all. She simply took a step to the side, getting away from the path of the man's fist.

"Unlucky," she muttered, staring down at the man with clear sympathy.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!" the man shouted, throwing another punch, this time with his left first.

"Woah, that's an improvement," Mia whispered before letting out a small whistle.

Just like before, she stepped to the side, allowing the man's fist to brush past her robes.

"Now, it's my turn," she said, reaching out and grabbing the man by his clothes.

She didn't bother striking him down. If she did it now, even when limiting her strength, she would likely put him out of the commission, effectively spreading a protective umbrella of sect intervention over him.

'That's not the plan, not for now, yet,' she thought, throwing the man over her shoulder and pinning him down to the ground with her heel.

"Now, how should I go around it?" she muttered in the open, mindful of the position of the two other enemies.

"I GIVE..." the man attempted to shout his surrender, only for Mia to move her foot and stuff his face with her shoe.

"Did you want to say something?" she asked, staring down at the man with her emotionless eyes.

'It's your fault for attempting to gang on us,' she thought, biting her lips.

And then, she jumped. Using the man's head as a foothold, she bent her knees mid-air before plummeting right down on the poor man's body.

One of her knees dug deep into the man's stomach, squeezing every innard of the poor man way beyond their natural limits.

But this was the more merciful of her knees, as the other one aimed right below the man's belt.

"I GIVE," the man shouted before Mia's vicious attack turned his plea for surrender into a long, continuous scream of pain.

'That should do it,' Mia thought, raising her face and stepping away from the tormented man.

She first raised her eyes at the remaining two of the enemies.

"We give up!" they both raised their hands, unwilling to suffer through the same treatment.

"Scram," Mia spat a single word before letting her saliva lose on the ground. Yet, as she turned her head around, she finally noticed the looks on her teammate's faces.

'Did I step over the line?' she instantly thought, unsure what to think about their reaction.

Sander was amused. Not only was he openly smiling, even his eyes curved a little, proving that he did his damnest to hold back his laughter.

On the other hand, Veila was terrified. Be it of Mia's viciousness or the potential consequences of what she did, Mia didn't know. But from Veila's shaky hands, through the tear in her eyes all the way up to the position she assumed, it was clear that she couldn't handle her fear.

'Huh?' Mia shrugged gently when she looked at the couple that kept to the back of their group.

She didn't really have many chances to interact with them as she spent most of her time on training. But their reactions...

Were completely void. It was as if what she just did, didn't leave any lasting impression on the two of them.

'Are they really younger than me?' she thought, stunned by their lack of reaction. 'At least he should react,' she thought, recalling the situation that she often saw back in her hometown when a single hit to the genitals of a single male would make every man in the vicinity scowl in what appeared to be a shared pain.

"See, guys?" Mia finally spoke up, unwilling to keep the silent treatment going for any longer. "I can bet that this guy won't bother participating in the tournament ever again," she said before openly putting a smirk on her face. "I doubt anyone from his team will, to be honest," she added before openly chuckling.

"That's how we should deal with them," Sander was quick to agree, clearly enjoying the moment. "How about we go and kick some more balls?" he suggested, copying Mia's chuckle.

"We are screwed," Veila muttered to herself, only to shake her head and then raise it high... And then slap both of her hands against her cheeks.

For a moment, she was frozen in this strange position, with her hands covering her cheeks.

"Fine," she finally said, the look in her eyes changing by a whole damned lot. "Let's kick some more balls," she added.

'And that's what you call a morale boost,' Mia thought. Her lips appeared to freeze in a grin, refusing to stop showcasing the inner state of her mind.

"Let's not waste any time, then," she said before turning around towards the north.

'By now, they should already group up,' she thought, analyzing the potential distances, the time that passed since the beginning of the tournament, and how far they could be from the other teams.

"I think we can still have a shot at catching up to one of the teams," she muttered under her nose, only to shake her head a moment later. "But I highly doubt it," she added, looking at her teammates' faces. "Most likely, we are going to rush right into the open arms of every surviving team," she said.

There wasn't any point in hiding the truth. Her teammates were more than capable of figuring out the situation on their own. But, by spelling the truth about the situation out loud, Mia turned it from a possibility into a certainty.

A certainty that they could prepare for, instead of a possibility they could only cover in fear of.

"Let's go kick some balls, then," Veila repeated her words. "Whatever is going to happen will happen whether we like it or not," she said as she shrugged her shoulders.

"I want to kick some balls too!" the female of the couple suddenly claimed with an adorable expression of eagerness on her face.

"Dear, if you really want to..." her partner's face turned white as he muttered those words, only to step a few steps away and stand with his legs far apart. "I'm ready when you are!" he then shouted and closed his eyes, clearly terrified by what was about to come.

"Stop it!" Mia reacted right in time, stopping the girl of the couple right as she started to gather her momentum. "Save it for the enemies," she ordered before looking in the direction where they most likely gathered up.

"Let's go!" she ordered, moving on ahead and leading the group to the east.

It didn't take them long to reach the other party. And just like Mia expected, all six of the remaining teams gathered up, presenting a united front against them.

But rather than focusing herself on the sheer number of the enemies, Mia's eyes were glued to two faces she could recognize.

The two faces that she didn't even dare to wish to see during the tournament.

"Guys?" Mia asked, turning her voice to her teammates.

"Yeah?" Sander replied, perfectly assuming the role of the second in command of the team.

"Would you mind if I fucked up our chances for winning?" Mia asked politely. But even though her voice was cultured, her face was not.

For a moment, Sander hesitated. Yet, as he looked at Mia's darkened expression, his own facial muscles quickly relaxed.

"Do what you need to do," he said, waving his hand away. "I bet it will work out better if we did everything by the rules," he added, dismissing the topic.

"I will leave all of those guys to you for a few moments, then," Mia stated before moving her eyes back to her targets.

'Dirk and Kathia, huh?' she thought, curling her fingers up into fists. 'I didn't expect to see you here, but I won't let this opportunity pass!'

There were two more teams during the tournament than usual, theirs excluded. And now Mia finally knew who was responsible for this kind of last-minute change.

'If they are willing to go to such lengths to bother me,' she thought, taking a step forward. 'Then I need to deal with them before they bring more troubles to my head!'