

Last System 201

Chapter 201 - I Will Have This Investigated

"Why the hell they are not fighting?" Arganar asked, squinting his eyes as he looked over the gathering of the disciples.

Even though he was interested in how Mia's fights would turn out, he couldn't ignore the peculiarity that took place in the other corner of the map.

"Teaming up, I guess?" the Elder in charge of organizing the even replied in a dismissive manner. He then shook his shoulders and turned his attention back to a piece of dirt stuck underneath his fingernail.

'Does he really believe that's enough for an answer?' Arganar thought, hiding his emotions from the outside world.

There was no point in lashing out right now.

Right now, it was better to just appear ignorant.

'At least she is proactive,' Arganar thought, moving his eyes over to the girl that caught his interest.

From the very beginning of the tournament, it was Mia's team that acted like they were in a battle royale.

Instead of trying to join forces with other groups, she rushed into the fight.

'She clearly aimed at culling the number of the enemies by taking those to the west,' Arganar thought as he observed how the situation developed. 'It's almost as if her team was against everyone else in the game,' he realized.

"Can you remind me of one small thing," Arganar asked, once again bothering the attention of the Elder nearby. "How is the score calculated during the tournament?"

It hid a devious little trick in it for a fairly simple question.

Because Arganar, roughly a century ago, used to do the very job of the man he was asking about the tournament rules. In other words, he was the one who oversaw those events.

And he was more than familiar with the rules of the tournament.

"The last one standing wins," the Elder replied, unknowingly stepping into Arganar's trap.

'How can that be?' the former Elder thought, reaching out with his hand and massaging his arm.

He could still feel the iron grasp of the patriarch's fingers when that bastard pulled him out of his comfort zone and forced him to keep growing.

'It seems that I was away from this place for way too long,' Arganar thought, clenching his arm over the one bruise that never healed.

'Back in the day, there was an elaborate way to calculate the score by adding up the number of the enemies defeated,' he thought, recalling the old regulations that were in place just a hundred years prior.

Those weren't the rules that he came up with, but a holy tradition that was bound to never change. Yet, in the time he was away, it clearly did.

'Something is going on,' Arganar chased away his thoughts when the situation in the arena changed once again.

Mia's team managed to steamroll through the three teams that she set out to defeat.

Arganar's opinion of the girl didn't even change when she clearly went all-in on forcing one of her enemies out of the game.

Instead, it gave him a bit of insight into how the situation really looked.

'Still, it's insane to see someone talented clearly going against an advantage with their head raised high,' the former Elder thought, his interest in the girl growing even further than it already was.

"So you want to tell me that if a single team defeats all of the other teams outside of a single one," Arganar spoke, "which would then use the exhaustion of their only opponents to win," he took a small pause.

"Yeah," the Elder replied before Arganar could finish his sentence. "They would emerge victorious," he confirmed his predecessor's guess. "This is how a battle royale works, sir," the Elder added, forcing himself to show respect to the badge that Arganar wore.

As a member of the higher headquarters of the sect, he had no position in such a remote location as the one he was in right now. Still, his ties with the higher headquarters made him a figure that could easily topple any power and authority within the outpost.

But that wasn't the time to use his authority. Not now. Not yet.

'And even if I did step in, it wouldn't change the tournament at all,' Arganar thought, clenching his fists as he refocused his eyes on the girl.

Her team finally approached the group consisting of all five remaining teams. It was a five versus twenty-five scenario. A difference of strength in numbers so great that even Mia's talents would likely fail to bridge it.

'I guess that's the end of her road,' Arganar thought, relaxing his hands.

But the girl didn't follow his guess.

Instead of giving up and dropping out, she took a moment to talk with her group before suddenly rushing forward.

'Did something happen?' Arganar nearly jumped from his seat when he saw the girl charge forward.

She skillfully dodged several of the attacks aimed at her, only for her teammates to step in and exploit the opening. Yet, instead of cooperating, Mia continued to push forward.

'Is she...' the former Elder was about to attempt to formulate a guess when Mia's actions proved it to be unnecessary.

Upon reaching a certain person within the crowd of her opponents, she finally unleashed her power.

Pushing her way through a swarm of enemies didn't leave her unscathed. Some of the attacks, all of which aimed at her, managed to connect.

In other words, she couldn't even face her target in a prime state.

But what was even more surprising was how Mia apparently found her match.

Her speed was matched by the girl she attacked. Her attacks were blocked. On the other hand, though, not a single attack managed to reach her body either; all either blocked or simply dodged.

'It's clear that she's better than her enemy,' Arganar thought, leaning forward in his seat. 'But yeah,' he thought, biting down on his lips. 'Her opponent's cultivation is just way too high,' he thought.

Watching as the competition unfolded before his very own eyes, Arganar couldn't help but root for the underdog of the game.

Mia finally managed to grasp an opening in her opponent's defenses, sneaking in a powerful attack right into the girl's bosom. Yet, before she could follow it up with an attack of her other fists, someone else snuck a hit right against her back.

"FUCK OFF!" Mia used the momentum of the attack to turn around, sending a kick high up at the enemy's head. All in one, fluid motion.

'That had to hurt,' Arganar thought, biting down on his lips.

He didn't question how the hell did he manage to overhear the girl's shout. It was one of the magics of the formation encompassing the entire thing.

Soon, the situation changed again.

Mia's team couldn't handle their high-burst fighting style for long. After receiving the powerful attack on her back, Mia couldn't fight as she used anymore either.

'It's just a matter of time, now,' Arganar thought, sinking down into his chest.

This was a defeat that would surely affect the mood of the girl. It could even make her dislike the idea of growing in the sect.

'For someone so talented to go through this kind of unfair shit?' Arganar shook his head. 'This might build her character up, but it's not something that should happen,' he decided, already crafting up a plan in his head.

Soon, the entire tournament was over. And almost exactly the same as in Arganar's example he brought in the discussion, when the last of Mia's team members fell to the ground, only six people managed to keep on standing.

Arganar stood up and looked at the Elder once again.

"How come all teams united to bully a single team?" he asked outright, no longer bothered with keeping up any fake appearances.

"What does it matter," the Elder shook his head and rolled his eyes. "It only shows they were too focused on their training and too little on the diplomacy," he added, clearly not bothered by what just happened in the area.

"I don't think you realize what you just said," Arganar muttered under his nose before turning around. "In my capacity as the High Headquarters messenger, I will have this matter thoroughly investigated," Arganar claimed in a furious tone.

He no longer had any reason to hold his emotions back.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," the Elder waved his hand, dismissing the troublemaker.

'And I will be sure you will be amongst those who will take the hit for what I just saw,' Arganar added in his thoughts before taking one last look at the arena.

'She didn't win in the end,' he noticed, taking a moment to look at Mia's battered body only to turn around and leave the lodge. 'Still, a third-place?' he thought as a small smile crept up his lips.

"Not bad!"