

Last System 203

Chapter 203 - [Bonus]Scuffle At The Waiting Room

'It hurts,' Mia thought to herself. She was biting down on her lips.

She was holding her left hand over the massive bruise on her right shoulder. It was the reward for daring to rush right into an entire crowd of her opponent and then focusing on just the two of them.

But despite the pain, there wasn't any sign of regret or unhappiness on her face.

'How is the rest doing?' she thought, glancing over her arm.

And just like it was in her own case, not a single soul of her team appeared to be down.

Sure, they lost the tournament. They ended up severely beaten up... But they were all smiling.

'I guess they learned that we can actually compete with those idiots,' she thought.

Right now, they were returning from the tournament through the very same tunnel that they used to enter the area.

In the end, the Elders behind the organization of the event proved that they had any brains, separating their group from everyone else and allowing them to return first.

After all, seeing how forty-five people were all set on beating them up, it wouldn't be wise to let all of them return at once.

"You did well, guys," Mia said, unable to handle the prolonged silence. "We might've lost today, but we should be able to claim the victory in two weeks!" she exclaimed.

"YEAH!" as if orchestrated by some sort of scheme, all four of her companions cheered in the same way, at the same time.

"Right," Sander suddenly spoke up, hurrying his steps a little to level his position with the girl. "Are you going to explain your request from before?" he asked.

Out of their entire team, Sander ended up getting the worst beating. His face was swollen to the point he could only use one eye. Every last patch of his skin that Mia could see was covered in violet and red marks.

A testament to how much he managed to suffer before finally succumbing to his exhaustion, pain, and lack of mana.

"It's simple," Mia said before releasing the air from her lungs. "Those two... I believe they are responsible for forming two more teams," she added.

Mia turned silent for a moment, organizing her thoughts.

'For how simple this matter is, it surely is pretty damn hard to explain it,' she thought while Sander patiently waited for her answer.

"In short words, they are the sponsored disciples that arrived at the sect at the same time as I did. Even though they initially appeared to be normal and kind, the second I started going to train with

you guys, their attitude changed," she explained, raising her head only to see nothing more but the darkness for the ceiling.

"What's more, I even had an encounter with them during the second distribution day," she picked up the topic only when they finally emerged from the tunnel and arrived at the waiting area. "They were eager to see me kicked out of the sponsorship, and I said a few bad words to them when their wishes didn't come true," she added before releasing a small chuckle.

"Those fuckers..." Sander muttered under his nose. Whether he was angry at their earlier exploits or at the fact that they attempted to bully them in the tournament? Mia couldn't tell.

"Chill," the girl said, attempting to stop Sander from getting too emotional. It wasn't the best idea to get heated up about anything in particular with all his wounds. "To answer your question, I went at them, hoping that by beating them up, I could stop them from putting a wrench in our plans," Mia finally revealed.

"How about we beat them up again?" Sander proposed, a vile glint appearing in his eyes. "If we do it here, as they are exiting, there will be no one to stop us," he pointed out.

The Elder that initially let them into the arena was nowhere to be seen right now.

'Wait a second,' Mia froze when she realized this fact and what it could potentially imply.

Her eyes opened wide.

"We need to ditch," she said, instantly turning her face towards the exit.

"What's wrong?" Veila asked, following the girl even before she could receive her answer.

"Sander just said it," Mia replied. "There is no one here to witness whatever will happen here," Mia pointed out. "And between the five of us and forty-five of them, I'm not so sure who will beat who," she added, rushing towards the other tunnel.

"Fuck," Mia muttered barely a second later.

The gate that was previously open so wide that she didn't even notice its existence... It was now closed. And what was even worse, there wasn't any knob or keyhole that could be used to pry it open!

'We are fucked...' she thought, tightening her fists as she turned around.

Right as she did so, the other groups finally started to emerge from the other tunnel, proving that her guess was right.

Whoever closed the gate aimed to keep all fifty of the tournament participants confined in the waiting room.

At first, nothing spelled out the disaster.

Some of the disciples appeared to be in awe of Mia's team's skill; others were clearly dissatisfied with how vicious they were. But what was slightly hopeful was how the majority of their former opponents appeared to be extremely wary of them.

'I guess our approach worked out,' Mia thought, unable to stop a small smile from forming on her lips.

"How did you get so strong?" One of the disciples broke away from the group and approached Mia's team by the gate. "Tell me now!" he demanded.

For a moment, Mia was baffled. Given the lack of response, the rest of her team shared Mia's reaction.

"The fuck are you talking about?" Sander stepped forward, taking the brunt of the conversation on himself. Even though he was in the worst state of the entire group, he was clearly willing to take the beating for the rest of them.

"Either you tell me now, or I will report that you cheated!" the disciple proclaimed, raising his chin up and looking at Sander along the line of his own nose.

At first, Sander simply stared at the man as if he had lost his sanity. Then, he chuckled. And finally, he waved his hand.

"Scram before I will make, so you will never be able to have kids," he threatened, reaching out and pushing the disciple out of the way.

'Damn it,' Mia instantly flared up. 'I shouldn't let Sander speak!' she chastised herself in her own thoughts as she rushed forward.

Right now was the worst possible moment to start a fight. Even with the advantage of their training and resilience born from all their efforts, they wouldn't be able to fight off so many people at once!

"Don't you know who I am?" the disciple appeared to be baffled by Sander's reaction. "No, that's not it," he shook his head before a vicious and triumphant smile appeared on his lips. "Don't you know who my father is?!" he shouted.

Once again, Mia's team refused to reply to the provocation. Thankfully, Mia managed to reach Sander before he spoke up, tugging on his hand to divert his attention from the conversation.

An act that the disciple clearly took as a sign of weakness.

"My father is the very Elder that oversees and manages all the tournaments in the sect!" he announced in a gloating tone.

"That's great to know," a new yet familiar voice suddenly entered the scene as the gate behind Mia burst open with so much force that the air current it produced pushed against the girl's back, almost making her fall.

The same Elder that approached her before now made his way into the middle of the room. He then stopped just two paces in front of the girl before staring down at the disciple that just gloated in the open.

"Now that I have proof of that idiot's nepotism, I will make sure he will be banished from the sect along with every last one of his kin," Arganar stated with a smile.

"And who the fuck are you?!" the disciple shouted, enraged by the sheer fact that someone dared to defy him, even after he brought up his father's position.

Arganar didn't reply. Instead, he just took a step forward reached out with his hand.

He slapped the disciple's cheek. Then he did it again. Both of those times,? he did it with extreme care, making it look more as if he was just intimate with the kid instead of reprimanding him.

And then the disciple suddenly went flying when Arganar's third slap finally had some weight behind it.

"I'm the one son of a bitch that you cannot cross," Arganar said with a wide smile adorning his face. He then turned around on his heel and looked at Mia and her team.

"Now then, I'm deeply sorry for the wait," he said politely before pulling a small pouch out of nowhere. "Here. Those are your winnings for the tournament," he said, forcing the pouch into Mia's hand.

"Huh?" the girl didn't really know how to react, too stunned by the sudden development to gather her thoughts.

"Thank you, Elder?" she replied in a confused manner, not sure what kind of reaction was expected out of her.

"I'm not an Elder," Arganar quickly fixed Mia's mistake, shaking his head as he did so. "I would be pleased if you could drop the formalities," he requested.

"Thank you, sir," Mia attempted to abide by the man's wish, only to see him shake his head again.

"I'm Arganar," the man gave her a hint.

"Thank you, Senior Arganar," Mia tried once again.

"Fine, let's just go with that," Arganar said as he rolled his eyes.

It was an annoyance that wasn't worth his time to solve.

"Right," he suddenly said, bringing his hand up and pulling one of his fingers out. "The Elders of this sect appears to forget about the treatment you are entitled to upon reaching the fifth cultivation stage," he said before forcing the ring into Mia's hand, in the same manner, he did with the pouch before.

"Huh?" Mia shook once again. The situation was developing way too fast and in a way too unpredictable direction for her to wrap her mind around it.

"This ring is unlocked, so make sure to lock it later," Arganar advised with a smile.

'What the fuck is going on?' Mia thought, desperate to find some answers. But no matter how hard she tried, the more she thought, the more confused she ended up. 'Fuck it,' she then decided. 'There is no biscuit without risking it,' she thought, raising her face and looking at the non-elder.

She dropped all her thoughts about what was currently going on. What mattered was how this man appeared to be positively set towards her.

"Eld.... Senior Arganar, there is one small request that I have," she said before bowing her head.

"Would you be willing to lend me your ear?"