

## Last System 213

Chapter 213 - Designated By The Auction Hall

Mia's situation has changed drastically ever since the tournament.

On the distribution day, she received the standard amount as per usual. It was proof that either Arthur continued to send her supplies or a situation created after Arganar scared the Sect off and made them provide for Mia anyway.

'I wonder which one is this,' Mia thought as she walked away from the sponsored area.

Even though she was now fully committed to the 'normies' cause by heart, the sect regulation still forced her to sleep and dine at the place she actually belonged.

There wasn't any matter of choice in that regard, forcing the girl to waste roughly an hour or two a day just moving between places.

But this time, Mia actually had a reason to swing by the sponsored area.

And it was the training grounds that the area offered.

'So that's how it's done,' Mia thought, pulling out a small piece of paper and a square piece of charcoal.

She didn't really know much about formations... But nothing stopped her from copying the design over. Because if there was anything that the sponsored area of the Sect was good at, it was its training grounds.

'Is that all?' she thought a few moments later when her piece of paper turned into a detailed sketch of how all the formations were applied and positioned over each other.

Mia continued to compare her drawing to what she could see with her own eyes for a moment. Once she confirmed every last bit all over again, she simply hid her drawings and stood up, ready to leave the Sect.

Just as Mia was about to leave the place, several silhouettes flashed in the corner of her eyes.

She turned her head around... And there they were, standing and watching her as if she was a threat to their existence.

The other students of the sponsored area.

Kathia and Dirk were hidden somewhere deeper in the crowd, but Mia was sure they were here. Mia didn't know whether it was a pure instinct or the natural growth of her sensitivity coupled with the rise of cultivation; Mia didn't know.

But frankly, she couldn't care less either.

'I guess they are still scared after that tournament,' Mia thought, packing her stuff up and moving towards the gate.

Now that she did what she came to the sponsored area for, she didn't see any reason to waste her time out there any further.

'I guess I should swing by the Auction Hall,' she thought once she escaped from the confines of the sponsored area and entered the greater Sect outside.

In the last two weeks, her situation changed.

Mia was no longer just a damned sponsored student who couldn't appreciate her own luck that allowed her to land a sponsorship.

With the backing and constant support of Arganar, she no longer had to care about the sponsorship in the first place.

The number of cultivation resources within Arganar's storage ring was greater than her entire team could consume within the short two weeks that they had.

'The best thing about all those cultivation resources is how I can take all the stuff from the sponsorship for myself,' Mia thought.

Only two days separated her from the next distribution day. And in two days, she would receive support from Arthur once again.

In terms of effectiveness, there was no difference between the stuff from the sponsorship and the materials provided by Arganar.

If anything, the stuff that this weird senior brought turned out to be far more valuable than anything Mia would receive from the sponsorship.

Even though Mia still opted to funnel all sponsored resources to herself.

Not because there was any respectable reason behind it.

She did it because the resources from the sponsorship had a small chance of going through Arthur's hands.

And with more than three months already since they last saw each other, every semblance of his closeness was of sentimental value for the girl.

'I wonder how long this situation will last,' Mia thought as she made her way to the Auction Hall.

After everything that happened to her in her life so far, Mia couldn't really handle the long periods of peace. In her troubled mind, a peace like the one she was experiencing right now was nothing more but a temporary state before more trouble would come.

"Welcome to the Auction Hall!" A clerk welcomed the girl the second she stepped through the threshold of the building.

"How could I be of help today?" the man asked, grinning from ear to ear.

"Hello," Mia smiled lightly to the man before placing down her schematic of the training array within the sponsored area. "I would like to request for a master to recreate this kind of formation," she stated before raising her eyes on the man. "Do you think there is any chance for you to evaluate the cost of such request?"

Mia didn't know shit about formations. But she could see how a seemingly small difference in their quality could bring forth a massive change to its efficiency.

But that didn't mean anyone could just make such a formation.

'I guess I could copy all the marks on every formation and just keep repeating it until I got it right,' she thought, back when she still considered her options. 'But I guess it will be easier to just hire someone to do it,' she thought when she ultimately came to a decision.

"Oh, that's right!" the clerk suddenly interrupted, clearly something else on his mind when he did so. "We actually received a letter for the young lady," he said as he leaned below his desk, clearly looking for something.

"Oh, there it is!" the man raised up from behind his desk with a happy look on his face. He then turned around and passed a small envelope to the girl.

"What is this?" Mia asked, confused by the sudden change in the situation.

Her anti-trouble instinct kicked off in an instant, stopping her from even opening the envelope.

"I don't know," the man shook his shoulders. "We were informed that a message came all the way from the lower headquarters of the sect," he added.

The man then looked at some note in his hand before moving his eyes on the girl again.

"Sure..." Mia muttered, still unsure about the situation. Yet, she need not fear some silly pranks with her current backing.

She tore the envelope open and looked at its content.

It contained a simple letter and a small vial with a drop of blood inside.

"Excuse me," Mia muttered, raising her eyes on the man before her, before passing him the letter. "Could you please read it to me?" she requested with a small smile. "I don't exactly know how to read," Mia added, her cheeks turning red.

Back in the skyladder Sect, being illiterate wasn't much of a problem. In fact, it was a pretty common trait for the people that gathered out there.

This was the first time for Mia to realize the drawbacks of not knowing how to read or write!

For a moment, the clerk looked at Mia with a weird expression in his eyes.

Clearly, in this place, reading was considered as one of the must-have abilities to go around!

"Sure thing, young lady," the man added after a moment to hide the blunder he committed by letting his thoughts appear in his eyes.

"Just like I thought," Mia sighed when Arthur's words flowed to her from the piece of paper.

He really did send some kind of storage ring to her!

'So he didn't just leave me with the bare minimum,' Mia thought, grabbing the letter back from the man's hand before pressing it tightly to her chest.

She couldn't care less about the resources themselves... But she was well aware of how unpleasant it would be to find out Arthur only provided the bare minimum he was obliged.

She assumed that this kind of approach might be a result of some circumstances that she didn't know about. As such, whenever she would receive the same standard package as everyone in the sect, Mia would hold her worries back, happy that there was at least a sign that Arthur was still doing well.

But the letter right now?

It confirmed both her assumptions and Arthur's feelings!

'Since that's the case...' Mia took a moment to think, only to raise her eyes at the clerk. "Excuse me," she asked, "but is it possible for you to send back a response?" Mia requested.

"I'm sorry, but that's..." The clerk didn't outright deny, but the wish to do so appeared all over his face.

"Is it about the cost?" Mia asked, pressing the issue. "Right now, the sect itself is sponsoring me, so I think I can pay whatever it might cost," she pointed out, desperate to establish a link with Arthur.

Even if it would only lead to a single message every week or two, she was more than willing to hamper all of her growth just for the sake of that.

'I really miss him,' Mia thought, stopping her sadness from getting into her soul.

"It's not really about the cost," the clerk hesitated when a sudden commotion drew his attention away.

But it didn't happen at the place's entrance. Rather than that, it started in the insides of the building, only to continue growing as its source neared the entrance.

"I'm sorry for being late!" a man suddenly invaded the area, instantly resting his hands against the wall.

He took a moment to regain his breath before finally turning his head to the side and glancing over at the girl.

"Could you, by any chance, be Mia?" the man asked through his batted breath.

'This task really has to be super important for him since he won't even let himself regain his breath,' she thought, backing off two steps, startled by the commotion.

"I am," Mia finally answered after swallowing her saliva.

"That's perfect," the man smiled, a look of relief appearing on his face. "I'm sorry to have taken so long, but I'm finally here," he said before pulling out a small, orb-like token from his pocket.

"And who are you?" Mia asked cautiously as she accepted the item from the man's hands, only to look at it with utmost care.

"I'm the handler of your finances, young lady," the man explained, nodding his head to Mia. "I was assigned to your role the second we received massive funds with your name designated as the recipient," he added before taking a closer look at the girl's face.

He then turned his eyes to the troubled expression of the clerk.

"I can see that the young lady desires something," the man muttered, proving that he ate his teeth on the craft of serving others. "Can you tell me," the man looked into the clerk's eyes with clear anger, "why the fuck are you still here instead of seeing the young lady's request's fulfillment?"