

Last System 252

Chapter 252 - [Bonus]End Of The Selection(and The Arc, Duh)

The second those words left her mouth, everyone in the area froze. On the other hand, Mia couldn't feel better, a rush of emotions surging through her soul.

"The sponsorship system has long proved to be counterproductive, more able to inspire conflict than growth. The treatment of the disciples outside the sponsorship is not worth the principles that made me join this sect in the first place," Mia continued her rant.

Then, a wide smile appeared on her lips.

"That's why I won't be satisfied with just winning the tournament," Mia stated, turning her eyes back at the Elder and refusing to move them away. "I also want everyone who will watch the tournament to see the gap between the sponsored fucks spoiled by the sponsorship and those who trained hard to stand when they are right now!"

'The one thing I can do to help Arthur is to divert Sangakart's attention to me,' Mia thought, recalling the reason why she was willing to openly throw a gauntlet at the organization sabotaging the sect.

The Elder before Mia took a step back... and then another... and another. He continued to retreat until his back hit the edge of the stage on which the rest of the stunned elders stood.

"I have already heard about your group," the man finally regained his wits, turning his eyes towards Mia's companions. "Am I to assume their reasons are the same as yours?" he asked, a strange glint appearing in the back of his eyes.

"Just the second one," Mia replied, instantly calming herself down and using the sweetest voice that she could produce. "They are not involved in my personal trouble, nor they are aware of the last thing that I brought up," Mia explained...

"We stand with her," Sander stepped forward, refusing to let Mia's words sink in. "I always thought that our treatment was just how the things were supposed to be..." he hesitated for a moment, only to sharply raise his eyes and look the Elder directly in his eyes. "But I'm sure of it now. This sect doesn't work how it's supposed to. And if our participation in the tournament can bring a wind of change, I will do everything in my power to achieve it!"

The rest of Mia's group didn't bother to make such haughty statements. Rather than that, both Veila and the silent couple stepped forward, showing their support nonverbally.

"I see..." the Elder replied, clearly lost for words.

He raised his hand and rubbed his long, black beard as the clouded look in his eyes indicated he was lost in his thoughts.

And then, the Elder's face returned to its usual, stoic look, as if nothing of importance had happened.

"Normally, there are only seven slots for the participants of each sect," he stated, changing the topic without a single comment directed at Mia's or Sander's statements.

A wicked smile appeared then on the man's lips.

"It's now up to you to decide who will participate," he stated before sitting himself down on the edge of the stage.

'That's unexpected,' Mia thought, taken aback by the sudden change of the situation.

But for how surprising it was, it was a good thing to happen.

Mia turned her head to the side only to look at the sponsored disciples with a lenient smile.

"I don't think I need to prove it yet again," she stated, raising one of her eyebrows. "You guys have no chance against any of us. Pick the two to drop out yourself," she stated before turning her head back and crossing her arms on her chest.

This time, it was the sponsored disciples' turn to get surprised.

At first, nothing happened...

But then, the man standing at the leftmost of the row of the disciples cast a quick glance at Mia's group...

And then he just turned around and left the place without uttering a single word.

The remaining trio of the sponsored disciples took a few paces to the back, clearly not willing to share their way of solving the problem with the others. And before long, they formed a triangle and hid their right hands behind their backs.

"Rock, paper, scissors!" they all shouted in unison before bringing their hands forward.

'That's quite smart,' Mia thought, instantly recognizing the simple scheme.

Dirk and Kathia were clearly working together.

Picking different stances during each round maximized their chances of cutting the third wheel off, quickly forcing the third guy out of the participation list.

"Great!" the Elder clapped his hands when the eight of the disciples turned around and left with his head hung low. "Now that we have the team for the tournament, I need you all to go to the distribution center and claim your new outfits," he stated.

Once again, for the nth time during this single, short event, everyone froze in their place, stunned by the revelation.

There wasn't any way for them to make the Elder happier.

"It's exactly three days before the tournament will start. That means the participants from other sects will arrive here tomorrow," he stated, his smile only widening even further.

Then, the Elder took a theatric pause to raise the tension of the moment...

"And we can't have you go and greet them while still dressed in those worn-out rags!"

The atmosphere, tense to its limits, relaxed in an instant.

After Mia's statements, the conflict between the three sponsored disciples, and all the other things that happened during the day, no one expected the Elder to drop such a bomb.

But after how tense this day was already, everyone welcomed the change.

"Oh, and you," the Elder turned his eyes back to Mia's face. "Yes, you," he added when Mia looked around, trying to guess who he was looking at.

"Whatever happened in your past... Do not bring your personal problems and wars during the initial meeting," the Elder requested. "You will have more than enough time to settle the score later!"

The Elder jumped down from the edge of the stage and stood up straight, raising his chin up high.

"All dismissed!" he shouted only to turn around, flutter the long cloth of his robe and leave through the exact same street he took to arrive at the plaza, to begin with.

"Well, that was tough..." Veila commented, finally capable of breathing a sigh of relief.

Despite her strength, she wasn't the greatest at taking in the pressure.

"Yeah, it was," Mia nodded her head, only to shake it right away. "But I need to go now," she stated before turning around on her heel and leaving back the way she came from.

'This sure was a rough ride,' she thought as she hastily moved towards the auction hall.

After everything that happened, Mia wanted to just lay down and rest, giving her mind some room to think the recent events through.

But there was still one more thing that she had to do.

Upon arriving at the auction hall, she didn't bother to announce her appearance to Andrea or Ackhart.

They were too busy to cater to each and every of her recent and common visits.

Rather than that, she quickly grabbed a quill, a piece of paper, and enclosed herself within one of the rooms that Andrea generously gave her the keys to.

The dictionary was already waiting on the desk, supporting her efforts at learning how to write her letters properly. Even though she knew how to write a little, she often found herself unable to express the recent events without relying on the dictionary's help.

Mia sat down, wetted her quill in the bottle of ink, and started to draw letters on the piece of paper she had brought.

"Dear Arthur, I hope this letter will find you in good health. Ever since my last message..."

The end of the arc.