

Last System 258

Chapter 258 - I Hope You Will Be Safe

Mia was back in her room, busy sorting through the last few papers left on her desk.

There wasn't any slowdown to the necessary administrative tasks stemming from how she basically organized a sect within a sect. Rather than that, a new batch of disciples was scheduled to soon join the outpost, putting even more souls under Mia's responsibility.

Nonetheless, the papers on Mia's desk only treated on the most important problems of her organization.

The need for repairs to the training grounds after a disciple went berserk and devastated one of the cells. The two disciples missing from the roster. A financial report containing all the expenditures and income of resources.

'Finally done,' Mia thought to herself when she placed the last piece of paper in the pile of the finished work. She then raised her head towards the window.

The day was long over, forcing the girl to cut well into her sleeping hours.

'I still need to get that meeting out of the way,' she thought, sighing heavily before standing up and fixing her robes.

As the un-called leader of the entire organization, Mia could no longer allow herself to just run around in whatever robes she had at hand.

Right now, she had to keep the pose of the leader she was.

"Let's hope it will go smoothly," Mia muttered to herself, closing the doors to her house as she left for the last of her points scheduled for the day.

Yet, just as she made barely a few steps into the sect grounds, she suddenly noticed that there was something wrong.

It was already late into the night... But she could see the outline of the buildings far better than she should be able to.

'It's not a full moon today either,' Mia eliminated the possibility by looking around. And soon, she managed to pinpoint the source of this weird feeling that she got.

From the direction of the auction hall, the sky itself was shining.

The gentle red aura cast upon by whatever was going on there spread out throughout the city.

'A fire?' Mia thought, freezing in place. 'Wait, at the auction hall?'

An array of thoughts flurried through the girl's head, each more disastrous than the one before.

'It most likely means Arthur came back,' Mia thought, curling her fingers up into fists.

Yet, instead of rushing towards the event site, Mia stood her ground.

'I want to go...' she thought, pressed forward by her very heart...

But her rationality refused to let Mia act on her emotions.

'Ackhart should be out there to help,' Mia thought, furious at how meaningless her ability was. 'If I go there, I will only turn into a burden for everyone else,' she thought, lowering her head and attempting to quell her fury directed at herself.

'If only I trained instead of trying to pull away Sangakart's attention,' she thought, biting down on her lips as she stared into the distance.

Mia's decision was no different from a bet. And as it appeared, she lost said bet.

"Are you okay?" Veila asked when she emerged from the small street leading towards Mia's house. "You don't look okay," she added after stealing a quick glance at the girl.

"Something insanely important is happening right now," Mia said, looking towards the reddened sky above the auction hall building.

She couldn't see the fire itself. Mia stood way too far from that, with too many buildings blocking her view.

'I can only judge the situation from the aura of the fires...' Mia thought, clenching her jaws before suddenly turning around.

"Let's go!" she shouted quickly, pressing forward before Veila could make up her mind to do something.

"Don't you want to know what's happening there?" Veila asked, rushing to follow after the leader of her group.

"I want to know," Mia nodded her head only to release a deep sigh. "But I dare not to get too close. Right now, I would be nothing more but a burden to whoever is at play there," she added, stealing a quick glance behind her back.

There was no need to keep the discussion up. The two girls moved through the rest of the way in silence, aware that there were no words that would cheer either of them up.

"You are finally here," Sander greeted the two right at the doors of the building where they set up their meeting.

His forehead was covered in a long wrinkle, indicating that he was also cautious about the events happening deeper to the east of the sect grounds.

"Do you know what's going on?" the man asked, gripping the handle of his spear a bit stronger.

"Not our problem, not yet, that is," Mia replied, refusing to elaborate on the point.

'I don't know whether it's Arthur's doing or not,' she thought, glancing behind her back yet again, only to shake her head in an attempt to refocus her attention.

"Okay then," Sander replied, spreading his arms wide and then raising them up as a sign of surrender. "Let's proceed with the meeting then, okay?" he suggested.

"Fine," Mia nodded her head, making her way inside the building.

The young couple that made up the rest of their group was already inside, cuddling together and waiting for the meeting to begin.

"Okay guys, first thing first, we have to prepare for tomorrow," Mia stated, resting her hands on the edge of a massive desk in the middle of the main room of the building. "We are going to act ambassadors of the entire sect before the foreign disciples. We can't let others make fun of us while at it," Mia stated.

She was powerless to influence the events happening out at the auction hall. In the current moment, the most she could do was to make sure to attract as much attention of Sangakarts as she could to herself, hoping it would distract them from trying to press Arthur.

"So tomorrow, we are going to meet with the others," Sander muttered before raising his eyes on Mia's face. "But what about the day after tomorrow?" he suddenly asked. "The tournament only starts in three days, not two!"

"You are right," Mia nodded her head, already aware of the problem Sander was raising. "I went to ask at the administration office. Apparently, both the time after the meeting and the day before the tournament starts, we are free to do whatever we want to do," Mia explained, spreading her arms away.

"Seriously?" Veila muttered under her breath, quickly stealing the glance at the profile of Mia's face. "They allow us to roam free... even after that hostile statement of yours?" she asked, puzzled how the situation developed.

"The sect won't mind as long as I keep my hands away from him until the opening of the tournament," Mia shrugged her shoulders. "I made sure to explicitly ask about it. Whatever happens to Jenne after the opening ceremony is not their problem," Mia explained.

"I see," Veila muttered, only to pull back a step and fall into the depths of her thoughts.

Soon, Sander took over the leading role of the meeting, putting new and new topics onto the agenda.

Yet, despite how busy the meeting was, Mia's eyes couldn't help but gravitate to the east, to where the fires continued to threaten the auction hall.

'Arthur,' she thought, paying no mind to the discussion at hand.. 'I hope you will be safe.'