

Last System 503

Chapter 503 Buried Past (Slightly R18)

"Argh!"

A bestial moan escaped from my lips.

A strange, foreign-like energy suddenly exploded in my loins outwards, filling my entire body with power I didn't know I had.

Unable to suppress my desires now that Mia kept on edging me for so long, I jumped up... Only to reach out and grab Mia by her waist.

Then, with one, swift and well-practiced move, I pulled my crotch towards Mia's exposed parts before pressing the tip of my hardness against the invitingly twitching outer folds of her sweetest place.

'How could I ever be rough with her?' I suddenly asked myself, quelling the bestial desire to just jerk my hips forward and force my dick as deep down Mia's insides as I could. 'How could I ever as much as risk a single strand of hair falling down her face? How could I ever cause her pain?!'

With the insane amount of lust filling every cell of blood in my veins, I was holding myself back by just the thinnest strand of willpower.

"Arthy..." Mia called out pleadingly, moving her fingers from spreading herself open to grabbing at the shaft of my dick, keeping it in place as she pushed her hips to the back, practically nailing herself on me.

I could sense her desire... but not only the desire to feel good with me for yet another time.

No, this was something deeper.

I leaned forward and rested myself against Mia's back, pinning her down to the bed while inserting only the very tip of my dick, just to keep it in the correct position.

By getting closer to her skin, I could sense our connection growing stronger.

I had no clue what sort of principle was behind this entire quirk, but right now I simply couldn't be bothered to complain or think much about it.

'Just what is it?' I asked myself, fully aware Mia would notice my curiosity.

And I was right. But rather than trying to cover the insides of her soul and hide them from my perception, the very second Mia noticed my curiosity, she opened herself up instead, inviting me into her heart and then joining me in my efforts to uncover that peculiar feeling.

We dug deeper, past the overwhelmingly massive ocean of our combined lust. Past all the affection, comfort stemming from the warmth of the other, friendship, and camaraderie we developed over time...

We moved deeper, past all that was ordinary and usual, even past all the things that we had different opinions on.

Sometime during this strange, mental drift, I pushed my hips forward, instinctively figuring out that it wasn't about how close I was to Mia's skin that influenced the strength of our connection.

It was all about how close the tip of my dick was away from her womb.

I pushed my hips forward, not to rub my dick against Mia's insides, but to enter an even deeper level of connection, making our mystery-solving endeavor all the easier.

And then, just like that, we found it.

A tiny yet extremely condensed seed of self-doubt, self-loathing, and regret, all bundled up with some memories I couldn't recognize or place within the timeline starting with the moment we met for the first time.

The thing hidden at the very bottom of Mia's affection towards me was perfectly mixed with what constituted the core element of her soul.

And just like with my background as a reincarnator, while I never heard what happened to Mia to become a slave in the first place from her lips, I was more than capable of guessing the general outline of the story.

Still, rather than trying to learn more about things Mia has yet to grow comfortable enough to share with me on her own, I was actually more interested in uncovering just what was this strange guilt that made Mia affectionate and subservient to me.

But when we finally touched this hidden emotion, Mia's body suddenly tensed all over.

"I remember now..." A single, three words long sentence escaped from her lips before her soul exploded in flames.

"NOOOOOOOO!" a cry of an unknown voice reached my ears.

My back exploded with a searing pain when a burning log pinned me down to the ground.

My mouth filled with blood when a spear pierced through my calf only for a sword to dig right into my heart.

I opened up my mouth to scream out from the pain, only for my perspective to change, moving me a few meters to the side... Only for a massive barbarian to swing its hammer and crush my head with it, sending me to yet another body.

'It's not real,' I told myself, trying my absolute best to fight off this weird illusion.

It was uncomfortable and unpleasant, but I couldn't feel any threat from any of the dangers within. Still, I was in the perfect hurry to free myself from this strange world of lies.

After all, I was a mere spectator here. And I had to find a way to help Mia, who was likely the source of this illusion.

'Wait, so it's not about finding a way out, but...'

Before I could even fully form my thought, my vision changed yet again.

This time I felt the stinging pain of several arrows drilling holes in my back while I crawled on all fours towards a burning shed at the edge of the small village.

There was nothing else in this world. Just pain, more pain... and the burning shed.

The burning shed now spewed out four huge figures and another, smaller one, thrown over the shoulder of the biggest of the shadows.

"MIA!" a scream escaped from my mouth only for my entire body to suddenly light itself on fire.

The metal of the arrowheads melted down, sealing the wounds those blades created. The wood of the arrow burned away in a mere instant as a raging storm of fire wrapped itself around my entire body.

My clothes vanished in a mere moment, just like all the hair all over my body.

But the shed still stood. And so did the four figures I saw escaping from my burning house.

"MIA!" I shouted again, rushing forward in an uncoordinated charge, acting more like a wild beast than a human.

In theory, I had no business standing up to those damned cultivators. I could feel how every second of keeping those strange fires was sapping the very last few bits of the strength still left in me.

But I couldn't care less.

The burning shed and the four figures in front of it were all that I cared about.

The burning shed and the three shadows.

The fire consuming my house and two opponents still daring to stand in front of it.

The screams as the last of the cultivators desperately begged for mercy accompanied me before I stomped his head to the ground, instantly frying the brains that spilled out from underneath the hell of my shoes.

"Mia..."

The fires that cloaked my body died off, deprived of the fuel necessary to keep them up.

I looked down at the messy and teary face of my dearest daughter. The kid that I gave up everything I ever valued before just to give her a chance at a better, more peaceful life.

"Mommy..." Mia cried a little, reaching out with her bloodied hands and grabbing onto my breasts as she tried to pull herself into my arms.

But I no longer had any strength left to embrace her.

My body was dead. It was only my soul that stubbornly refused to let it go yet.

"Remember me, dearest," I somehow broke past the barrier of death, forcing my hands up and bringing Mia into one last embrace I could offer her. "Remember to be kind, especially to those whom the world refused its kindness," the words flew out of my mouth even without my intention or action.

My mouth moved on its own, simply replicating the scenes of Mia's forgotten past that she ended up buried deep down at the bottom of her soul.

"And remember, dearest," my voice turned into nothing more but a fleeting whisper. "Love, if you want to be loved. Be kind if you wish to rely on the kindness of others."

I took a breath, knowing full well it would be my last.

"And don't you ever let go of what will bring you happiness."