

ONE LAST SYSTEM

Chapter 9 - Mia

"Dear heavens, just what did he do?" A young lady appearing to be in the middle of her twenties asked as she covered her lips with her hand in shock.

"Overtrained himself. He kept training for hours to no end, not realizing I couldn't enter unless he would stop," Terio replied. He then averted his eyes under the scrutinous look of the female.

"Huh?" The lady almost jumped in shock. "How could he not know?" she asked before turning her beautiful, blue eyes on me.

To say that I felt uncomfortable under the scrutiny of such a beautiful woman would be an understatement. But as I was stuck to the bed with my hands already locked in some kind of handcuff-like device, there was nothing I could do about it.

"Let's say that his circumstances... explain that," Terio replied, sending me a glance as if he wanted to check whether he dismissed the topic correctly.

How considerate.

"Anyway," the woman said before throwing yet another look at my face. "Any further training is out of the question for the rest of today and tomorrow," she said before squinting her eyes, "at the very least, that is."

"I-I understand." My reply was that of a humbled kid, one that knew how much he misbehaved and was just happy to get away with just a small punishment.

The truth was, though, that I couldn't be any happier. One and a half-day spent in peace? Even if that would mean losing the edge I gained by working so hard, there was a huge chance that I would learn just enough about this world to stop making grave mistakes. After all, there was only so far that this story about not listening on the debriefing could take me.

"As for you...." the woman looked at Terio, only to shake her head and raise her hand, sending a small nudge to my senior brother's forehead. "Don't let this kid wander off anywhere. I know this kind of desperate," she said, only to send me another glance. This time, it was filled with pity and... and what? I couldn't really tell. But I was damn sure that there was some kind of feeling hidden deep in those blue eyes of hers.

"Right, Mia!" the woman shouted before clasping her hands.

"I'm coming!" some girl replied in an impossibly melodic voice, only to appear with a heavy breath by the side of the medic the moment later. "What should I do?" she asked, throwing the long streaks of her platinum-white hair away.

"Since he managed to overtrain so quickly, he didn't get to choose a slave yet, right?" the medic asked, sending Terio a quick look.

"You don't mean to...."

"Just answer the question!"

"Y-yeah..." Terio quickly proved that despite his outgoing attitude, he was nothing more than a simple beta male when it came to interacting with women.

"Good," the woman said before her eyes once again laid down on me. "Would you like to... Or actually, never mind. Let me check something for a moment," she said before turning around and leaving.

'Just what the hell was that?' I thought, confused by what was going on. The situation clearly implied that this Mia girl was about to be dumped on me as a slave. That's what I could read from what was said and what happened in the last few moments. And while there was a chance I was terribly mistaken, I honestly doubted it.

I felt slightly curious and raised my eyes at the girl in question.

'Mia,' I thought, spelling out her name in my thoughts as I finally got to see her.

There was no denying that her hair was her most striking feature. But underneath her shy expression, an actual cutie was hidden.

She had big, green eyes hidden under a set of long eyelashes. Her face was perfectly proportional, making her look like an actual kid, something that the clearly marked curves of her body denied.

Our eyes met.

'Shuck,' I almost jumped out in surprise, not expecting the power hiding behind those big eyes of her. I averted my eyes and swallowed a gulp of saliva. Even when taking my earthy experiences into account, I had close to no experience with women.

The only real interaction I had with the members of the opposite gender was when I shut down a gang of bullies in the middle school, exposing their real colors to the entire school. Other than that, only my little sister could apply to that category, yet I never saw her as anyone but a cute little bun that I had and wanted to take care of and protect.

Involuntarily, I sent Mia another glance. Not at her body, one that was to kill for, but at her face. And to my surprise, her cheeks were already all read, and her eyes glued to the floor, proving that she was far shyer than I initially expected.

"I'm back," the medic from before returned with a strange, blue crystal in her hand. Her heavy breath proved that she took no breaks while rushing to get it. "Now, show me your palm," she ordered, throwing me a look that said the refusal was out of the option.

"Yes..." I said, turning my hands around within the limited scope of movement that I had with those strange handcuffs on.

'Is she going to check my progress?' I thought when I suddenly realized that ever since I lost my cool back at the garden, I have yet to check my status even once.

'Status,' I called forth, and my system answered.

As I looked over the numbers, I felt the medic insert something in my palm. Looking down through the screens, I saw her put a single finger of hers on the bluestone as well.

For a moment, nothing changed. Then, the stone gently flashed once.

"How..." the female medic uttered in shock, only to snatch the stone out of my hand and throw it on the floor. Then, without even a shred of hesitation, she stomped on it with her heel, causing it to shatter.

"Is it that bad?" Terio asked, clearly figuring something out from the woman's action.

"No, there is not," she replied before her eyes once again hung on my face.

"What's your name?"

"Arthur..." I replied, not really sure what was going on. Did I fucked up something, somehow?

"Arthur, hmm... Tell me, would you like to take Mia here as your slave?"