

Last System 241

Chapter 241 - I Would Rather Kill Myself

In Mia's mind, Jenne was the one responsible for all the bad things that happened to her.

All the things, or namely, her separation from Arthur's side.

Even though Mia was aware of how unhealthy her attachment to her man was, she didn't mind it at all.

'Even if it's nothing more than just myself overthinking things, even if Arthur already has long moved on,' she thought, only to shake her head, 'I won't forget it. I won't forget how I felt back then.'

The look in Mia's eyes darkened.

'And I won't forget who is responsible for hurting Arthur.'

This was the one thing that Mia hated the most.

Initially, when Arthur pushed her aside back at the last moment when she saw him, she assumed all the guilt. She thought that it was her own fault that Arthur didn't want to see her.

But as time allowed the girl to cool her head, she figured out a few things about what happened by analyzing it logically.

Something happened to Arthur. And it was so drastic that he wasn't in his right mind when she saw him.

'There is no doubt it was all his fault,' Mia thought, gnashing her teeth together. She then took a deep breath and slowly released the air out of her lungs in an attempt to calm herself down.

'It's been so long since I have last seen him,' she thought, lowering her eyes as sorrow filled her soul.

Just a single thought about her man was enough to sour Mia's mood. Her earlier rage caused by the memory of the man that caused this unhappiness disappeared in an instant, replaced by the longing.

Mia's knees rubbed against each other as her crotch started to itch a little. Her entire body tensed up as she recalled all the moments when Arthur would keep her in her arms. All the moments that they spent joined together...

"I see," Sander suddenly said, forcing Mia out of her daze. He then took a few steps forward, slammed his hands against the girl's desk, and looked her in the eyes. "Get the hell out of here," he said in a stern voice while furrowing his brows.

"The fuck are you talking about?" Mia asked in a low voice and squinted her eyes.

It was the first time for Sander to act like that, seemingly without reason at all.

"I will do the rest of those papers," Sander said, raising his hands and moving to the other side of the desk. He then grabbed the backrest of Mia's chair before forcefully pulling it to the back.

"You sat cooped in this room for long enough. Go and get some fresh air," he ordered, pushing the chair to force Mia to slide out of it. "It will do wonders to smoothen that wrinkled forehead of yours," he added in a concerned voice.

"Huh?" Mia muttered, surprised by the sudden turn of the events. Yet, rather than trying to protest, she instantly looked towards the mirror hanging on the wall, the one piece of luxury that she allowed herself to have. "Is it really wrinkled?" she asked as she scanned her own face with worry.

'What would be the point of working so hard if Arthur won't enjoy my looks anymore?' Mia thought, scared shitless as she scanned her own face.

Thankfully, Sander's words were an exaggeration. While indeed, there was a long, thin line marking the girl's forehead, it would likely go away after Mia would relax for a little.

'I better take better care of myself,' she thought, determined to keep her face exactly as it was when Arthur fell in love with it.

Yet, what Mia didn't expect, was that this topic once again reminded her of her man. And what was even worse, it reminded her of how long it was since she last held him dearly in her arms or was held in his.

Yet again, Mia rubbed her knees together, trying to ignore the itch that started to bother her.

"I guess I will do just that," she finally said as she released a deep sigh.

Right now, all that Mia wanted was to get away from Sander and anyone who knew her as she could!

And just as she wanted and then claimed, Mia did. She turned around and rushed out of the room, only to make her way out to the open.

"Aaah," Mia moaned slightly when the gust of wind struck her face. It was slightly cold, perfectly refreshing, especially with how bothered she was right now.

'I guess leaving the job to Sander could help a little,' she thought, taking a quick glance at the building behind before raising her eyes on the street and starting to move.

Yet, before she could take as much as three steps, another familiar figure appeared before her eyes.

"Oh, it's perfect to meet you here!" Arganar exclaimed as a wide smile grew up on his lips.

'Why did he have to appear before me?' Mia complained in her thoughts while forcing a small smile on her lips.

"Hello, Senior," she said, pushing herself to act politely with the man.

No matter how much she wanted to be alone right now, Arganar helped her and the other disciples a lot. It wouldn't be wise to antagonize him for such a silly reason!

"Could I ask for some of your time?" Arganar asked before Mia could figure out a smart way to ditch the man.

"Sure thing," Mia put on a fake smile on her face, despairing over the unfortunate meeting. "I just got out to take a break from all the work and relax a little," she added, scouring her mind for any sort of excuse that would work well in this particular moment.

"That's great, then!" Arganar exclaimed, a wide smile appearing on his lips.

"This is the perfect opportunity!" the man rejoiced in his mind, eager to make use of this opportunity.

Yet, what he didn't include in his calculations was Mia's current state of mind. As such, even after leading the girl towards the town's center for several minutes, no conversation appeared to stick between the two of them.

'Well, just walking right that is nice on its own,' Arganar thought, forcing himself to put a good face to a bad situation.

"We are here," Arganar finally said, stopping in his tracks when the two of them approached one of the fancier buildings in the town.

"A restaurant?" Mia asked, puzzled by the man's actions.

Sure, he helped her and her group a lot. There wasn't a single doubt about this fact in Mia's soul. Yet, he had never brought her to a restaurant before!

"What are we doing here?" Mia asked, quite reluctant to enter the place with the man.

While it was a perfect place to take her mind off the job, just standing at its entrance with someone else than Arthur made Mia feel uncomfortable.

"Didn't you say you wanted to relax?" Arganar asked, pinpointing the thoughts surfing through Mia's head.

"Well, that's kind of true," Mia hesitated, feeling more and more uncomfortable with each passing second.

"Then let's stop dawdling and just enter!" Arganar replied before making his way inside the building.

Mia stood in her place for a moment before she finally released a deep sigh and swallowed her saliva. She then shook her head and finally followed after the man, only to find him already occupying one of the fancier tables inside the main hall of the place.

'At least it's not a private lodge,' Mia thought, shrugging off the weird feeling that she got ever since she met with the man today. The itch in her crotch that she felt ever since she thought about Arthur only made it harder for her to rein her emotions in.

"Well then, don't hold back when ordering," Arganar said with a small smile as he passed on the restaurant's cart to Mia's hand.

"So, how are you doing?"

"Do you have any problems?"

"How's the progress of the other disciples?"

"I noticed you guys started to take a lot of sect missions recently. Is there any reason for that?"

Arganar tried, again and again, to pull Mia into a discussion. Yet, despite all his attempts, Mia would always reply with a quick "No," "Yes," or a short explanation to the open questions.

Her mind was clearly somewhere else.

'Huh?' Arganar suddenly shrugged when he noticed two things that escaped his attention so far.

First off, there was a small blush on the girl's cheeks. And secondly, Mia continued to rub her knees together.

'Is this...' Arganar thought, seeing the hope in the situation for the first time in a long while.

"It's getting late," Mia said, taking the initiative to talk for the first time since the two of them entered the restaurant.

Despite stuffing herself with all sorts of fancy foods and downing all sorts of expensive drinks, the atmosphere in the restaurant only made her more uncomfortable than she was before.

"I need to get back to my place," Mia announced, standing up and bowing her head to Arganar.

"Thank you for your invitation, but I will be going now," she announced as she left the table and headed for the exit.

"Don't worry, I will escort you back," Arganar said with a small smile on his face, instantly following after the girl.

At first, Mia wanted to protest... But after calculating the situation in her head, she decided to bear with the lack of comfort for a little while longer.

'It would be a pity to make him angry after doing my best to just bear with it for so long,' she thought, tracking the setting sun with her eyes.

"Hey, did you manage to relax a little?" Arganar suddenly asked after a few moments of silence between the two of them.

"Yeah," Mia nodded her head, putting a fake smile on her lips. "Thanks a lot for that," she added, unable to be bothered to as much as look at the man's face.

'I know I'm not entirely fair to him by acting like that,' she thought, feeling the guilt spreading to her abdomen. 'I will have to pay him back somehow tomorrow,' she decided, unwilling to let go of this beneficial relationship yet.

"Hey, how about we hop in for the night?" Arganar suddenly asked, directing his eyes towards the Inn they just happened to be passing by.

"Excuse me?" Mia raised her brows, finally taking a look at the man's face.

"Didn't you want to relax?" Arganar asked, blind to the changes ongoing on Mia's face. "What's a better way to relax than to have a passionate night?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Senior, but I'm not interested," Mia shot Arganar down the second he made his intentions clear.

There was a certain value that Mia added to that man's backing. And what he just said was several orders of magnitude below the respect that she had for her body!

Back in the past, she could consider such an offer. But not now. Not since Arthur claimed ownership over her private parts!

"Huh?" Arganar shrugged, not prepared for such a sudden and straightforward rejection. "Is this how are you going to repay me for all the help I offered?" he asked as his face darkened.

He clearly didn't expect the situation to NOT go as he expected it to.

"I never asked for your help, Sir," Mia replied coldly, reverting to the initial way of referring to the man. "While I'm grateful for all the help, Sir, it doesn't entitle you to my body or affection," she added in a cold voice.

"That's not how all the bitches in this sect would say," Arganar replied, his tone giving out just how angry he turned out to be. He then reached forward and coiled his fingers around Mia's arm, clearly set on pulling her towards the building.

"I would rather kill myself than let you soil me!" Mia shouted as she attempted to wrestle her arm free.

'Huh?' Mia shrugged in surprise when the man took the first step towards the inn.

'I can't resist,' she thought, terrified by the sudden realization.

If she couldn't wrestle her arm free from Arganar's grasp, how else could she defend herself against his unwelcomed advances?

On the other hand, Arganar didn't seem to mind Mia's resistance. He simply continued to walk towards the building, dragging the powerless girl along.

'I need to kill myself,' Mia thought, desperate to save herself from the shame of being spoiled.

If there was anything worse than being separated from Arthur, it was another man soiling her and thus stealing what was rightfully Arthur's!

"NO!" she screamed out, driving all her energy through her flesh to set herself free from the man's grasp.? Yet, even with all her power, she couldn't overcome the strength of Arganar's grasp!

'I won't allow anyone but Arthur to touch me!' she screamed out in her thoughts, ready to force her energy to go berserk at the moment's notice.

The doors of the Inn loomed closer.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing to her," a voice suddenly appeared, filling Mia with hope.

For a single second, she stopped herself from driving her own energy to consume her, raising her eyes towards the source of the voice.

And then she saw it. Ackhart's furious face as he looked at Arganar as if he was the filthiest worm to roam the planet.

"Let go of her, you fucking bastard!" he shouted in fury as the air started to crack under the sheer might of the aura that the formation master released.