

Last System 27

Chapter 27 - Why Are You Casting Me Aside?

"Mia, stop," I said, spending all of my willpower to reach out for her arms and raise them back up.

If she were to get all touchy-feely with me right now, then all the sense of reason would disappear from my mind.

With all the great bonuses that came in stock with this body, smaller resistance to arousal was one of the cons. Being seventeen of age once again, there was only so much that I could handle before my body would take the better of my mind.

And while I saw nothing wrong with sleeping around at this age, I would never do it by making use of Mia's situation!

"WHY?!" Mia screamed out. Her face was buried in my chest, making me unable to see what kind of expression she was making. Yet, feeling how my robe turned slightly wet, I had to accept the fact that she actually teared up.

Just what the hell did I do to upset her so much?

"Just calm down," I whispered in a peaceful tone, reaching to my belt. Unveiling the cord that held up my robes in their places, I grabbed the sides of the cloth only to throw my own clothes around the girl's currently naked body.

"You need to respect yourself more," I said gently, wrapping the cord behind her back. Then, prompted by nothing more but an instinct, I raised my hand and started to pat her head.

Mia's body shook while her tears started to trickle down the skin of my chest.

"Why won't you do it with me?" Mia asked through her tears, her sentence broken by her sobs. "Am I really that unattractive?!" she asked. Her voice leaned between depression and terror.

"It's not like that," I replied, rustling her hair with my fingers. "You are really attractive. I believe you should be able to feel it yourself," I added, feeling how my cheeks turned slightly red.

Even without direct skin-to-skin contact, my teenage body already reacted to how close Mia was to me.

"Then why..." she attempted to ask again. Yet, this time I didn't allow her to do that. Instead, moving my hand to the back of her head, I pulled her into a closer embrace, muffling her lips with my chest.

"I'm not going to use your situation to my own advantage," I replied calmly, finally gathering enough courage to properly hug the girl. "Rather than sleeping with you because of you being my slave, I would prefer to sleep with you once you decide that you want to do it yourself," I added, feeling as if my cheeks were to explode from how embarrassed I was to utter those words.

Right now, my words were nothing more but a fake front I was putting.

Not even back on earth have I found myself with any girl in a situation like that. Standing with nothing but undergarments covering my crotch and hugging such a lovable girl like that, I was actually quite surprised I still didn't lose my sense of reason!

"Am I really such a burden to you?" Mia asked, her voice still breaking, her body still shaking in my arms. Yet, her convulsions clearly started to die out, meaning that she was slowly calming down.

"Huh?" I exhaled in surprise. "Why do you think that?" I asked. Even if this wasn't the best course of action, I wouldn't have a chance to learn the answer if I didn't ask.

The only experience with women I had in my previous life came with the few years I lived with my sister. Even with that, I could hardly speak about my experience with women, given how I never saw her turn from a girl into an actual woman.

In other words, I only knew how to interact with young girls that were a part of my family, not with a bombshell that could easily put all the models of the earth to a shame with a single smile of hers!

"If I'm not a burden, why are you trying to get rid of me?!" Mia asked, finally moving her head away from my chest and looking right into my eyes.

Staring down at her teary face, I felt two parts of my body tingle. First one, I could only hope that Mia didn't notice. The second one was my heart.

For a moment, I sank down in the deep eyes of the girl, unable to tear my sight away. This kind of face struck a weird chord in my soul, making my wish to protect her properly take roots deep into my soul.

As if some kind of spell, some kind of charm, was cast on me, I could no longer look at Mia as if she was just a girl I decided to help. Right now, with every last fiber of my being, I wished to protect her.

"It's not like that," I said after somehow tearing my eyes away from Mia's face. Raising my face to the sky, I closed my eyes and took a few breaths to find a proper way to express what I had in mind. "I just can't stand the slavery as it is. It repulses me. I hate it," I said in quick succession, refusing to look down in worry that Mia's eyes would once again entrap me.

"Then why did you agree to help me out?!" Mia protested, hitting my chest with her forehead as she once again buried her face in it.

"Listen, I can't stand you being a slave. I never said that it has anything to do with you personally," I added, finally revealing what was really on my mind. "Just like I said before, I'm not trying to cast you aside. I'm trying to free you from your status of a slave."

For a moment, the two of us simply kept silent, as if neither of us knew what to say next.

"Is that really such a bad thing?" I asked. To say that this situation made me distressed would be a gross understatement.

"So you are not trying to cast me aside?" Mia asked in a weak voice. Looking down, I couldn't see her face, but I could see how her cheeks quickly turned beet red.

"Why would I?" I asked in response, putting my hand on the back of her head and pulling her closer into my embrace. "I enjoy spending time with you a whole lot!"