

Last System 273

Chapter 273 Bells Of The New Day

Mia woke up way before the bells announced the morning for the rest of the town.

There was no way she would sleep that long, given how there would be only a single hour from the moment the bells would start ringing and the second the tournament would officially begin.

"So today is the day," Mia muttered to herself. She looked over through the small window of her room.

Just like she felt in her gut, the sun has yet to rise. Her waking up on time was nothing more but a combination of sheer luck and habit.

'I guess I could get ready,' she thought, only to jump down from the bed and take a quick look at herself. The mirror in the room was the one piece of luxury that Mia decided to afford for herself the day she heard Arthur might be coming to this place.

After all, how should she take care of her looks to prepare herself for the reunion if she couldn't see how does she look?

'Did I gain weight?' Mia thought, stressing over the topic as she ran her fingers up her flat stomach only to rest her hands on her breasts. Dressed in nothing but a thin night-robe, she could feel the heat of her fingers as she sank them into her own flesh.

"Wait a second," Mia muttered, grabbing her boobs as she stared into the mirror with focus. "Was I really the lucky one?" she asked herself, shaking the boobs in her hands. 'Did really only my breasts grow?'

There were no signs of any additional fat anywhere on her body but her bosom. Despite training as hard as she could, Mia always took care to eat just enough so that a thin layer of fat would hide her well-toned muscles.

'It would be bad if I could no longer be soft enough for Arthur to hug me to his slumber,' Mia thought, recalling all the moments when it happened, nostalgic to the bone.

Sure, the times when they slept and got wild together were fun too, but it was the ambient and peaceful rhythm of the everyday life that Mia sought.

'I wonder if this approach is why I'm so drawn to him,' Mia thought, lowering her hands and looking around the room.

Then, her eyes locked at the small drawer where she kept all her robes.

For an auspicious day like today, it would be expected of her to don the sect colors. Yet, Mia didn't even consider such an option.

Sure, she would wear the elegant sect robes on the outside for the formal part of the day. But since she wanted to draw everyone's attention during the tournament, she wasn't going to pull anything back.

As such, only the prized treasure of hers, the robe that she kept hidden throughout all her time at the Tuxi sect, was the valid choice of dress for today.

Knock, knock.

Two short knocks were followed by a moment of silence. And then, a single knock more followed.

'Veila?' Mia thought, recognizing the code.

In theory, everyone was supposed to use them when approaching closed doors. Yet, in reality, only Veila stuck to the rule, turning this manner of knocking into a personal thing.

"Are you alone?" Mia asked before letting the other party enter. As she was still in just her nightrobes alone, she had to make sure no eyes of man would fall on her body.

Looking at her beauty was a privilege only Arthur was allowed to enjoy.

"Yeah," Veila replied through the doors. "Can I come in?" she asked, her voice slightly uncertain.

It was the first time for Mia to hold anyone at door point. Given how they were preparing to set off for the tournament, it was no wonder the girl got weirded out.

"Then come in; I still need to change, though," Mia said, hiding in the part of the room that wasn't visible from the doorway.

"So that's the case," Veila muttered as she made her way inside and locked the doors behind. She then cast a quick glance at Mia, who emerged from her hiding place.

"Damn, sister," Veila muttered, scanning Mia's charms. "That boy of yours... He really is one lucky fart," the girl said, her breath taken away.

"I really hope that's the case," Mia replied with a deep sigh as she moved towards the wardrobe and picked both of the robes that she wanted to dress.

She then pulled her night robe up and out, standing butt-naked in the room before quickly covering herself with the fabric that once got through Arthur's hands.

'It still smells like him,' Mia thought, raising the collar up to her nose as she sniffed the robe.

After being separated for so long from her man, every tiniest point of remembrance of Arthur was worth the world for her.

"Are you going to fight in this robe?" Veila asked, shocked by the display. "I know you don't like the sect, but are you really going to be like that?" the girl asked even more questions, the look behind her eyes showcasing how anxious she was.

'Right, she cares about the tournament, doesn't she?' Mia thought, sending her friend a quick glance, unable to stop a small smile from forming on her lips. 'Meanwhile, I'm more anxious about whether Arthur would still like to lay with me or not,' Mia thought, her lips turning to form a weird grin of self-awareness.

"Yes, I will," Mia replied, patting down the cloth of Arthur's-made robe before reaching out with her hand and grabbing the official sect attire. "I'm not going to provoke the sect before my fight starts, though," she added in an attempt to calm her friend down.

"Good," Veila nodded her head, her movements a bit too stiff for someone who was used to practicing harder than everyone.

To say that Veila was stressing because of the intersect tournament would be a gross understatement.

"Right, I wanted to ask before," Mia raised her head after putting on the second robe.

'I will get sweaty as heck,' she thought with annoyance, already feeling the warm burden of wearing a double layer of the clothing. 'Wait, doesn't that mean my smell will mix with Arthurs?' Mia then realized, only for a shiver to follow down her spine a moment later, right as her crotch started to itch a little.

After keeping her chastity for quite some time already, even the smallest memory of her master was enough to get her all prepared and ready.

"What is your real reason for joining the tournament?" Mia asked, fixing all the nooks of her robes before approaching the doors. "I know I kind of pulled you into it with the group, but do you have any personal reasons to participate?" Mia asked as she opened the doors and got outside.

"Not really," Veila shook her head as she followed her leader to the outside, where the rest of their team was already waiting. "I joined because our group did," she said before shrugging her shoulders.

"One doesn't need a grandeur objective just to keep going," Veila added after a few moments of silence.

"That might be true," Mia nodded her head, seeing no point in arguing about this topic. "But don't you think it makes everything more fun when you have a distant objective?"

Veila only rolled her eyes.

"Are you really sure you are qualified to the point that out?" Veila asked, throwing a strange look at her friend. "Listen, I do not mean to depreciate your efforts or reason behind them... But all you do, is try your best to follow that former master of yours, isn't it true?"

Once again, the silence ensued between the two. As a result, not a single soul in their group dared to voice a word. Only the young couple didn't seem to care about the tense atmosphere, already busy enough flirting with each other as usual.

"First off, it's not a former master," Mia stated in a decisive tone. "Even if he casts me aside, I will still and always consider him my master," she said with a determination striking through her tone. "And don't worry, no offense taken," she added while waving her hand to dismiss Veila's worries.

"But to answer your question, yes," Mia stated, taking a stop and looking Veila in the face. "I do believe life is more fun when it has some purpose. And as silly as you might consider my *raison d'être* to be," she hung her words in the air, allowing them to make the atmosphere thicker for a moment, "I don't really care," Mia finally finished her words, topping them up with a shrug of her shoulders.

"That attitude..." Veila hesitated only to end up revealing a small smile on her lips. "It's not something I could condone," she then stated, revealing what she thought about Mia's confession.

"On that note, I hope your efforts will be rewarded as soon as possible," Veila added, only to release a small chuckle. "I saw your bedsheets. Keeping you alone at night for much longer would be no different from torture!"

Veila's joke instantly made the atmosphere as tense as it was just a moment ago. Yet, after the initial shock passed, Mia was the first one to start laughing.

There was just something with human nature that made them enjoy lewd-colored jokes more than they were actually funny.

But it didn't matter now. Right now, any reason to laugh was great, as the huge structure of the arena visible in the distance already put a massive burden on everyone's soul.

In that place, they would fight.

'In that place, I will draw everyone's attention to me,' Mia thought, not bothered enough to stop her chuckle yet. Rather than that, she finally started to prepare herself mentally for what was about to come.

'I wonder if Arthur will be watching,' Mia thought, speeding her pace up a bit.

The sun finally rose above the horizon, illuminating the girl's face with its bright rays.

The bells started to ring.

Now that the day has officially begun, only an hour was left before the tournament would start!