

Last System 318

Chapter 318 Confession

Mia's words shook me to the core.

Not only because they were shocking themselves, but mostly due to how close they hit home.

'So she had those doubts as well,' I thought, pretty sure that my guess was correct this time.

It wasn't once or twice that I noticed there was something strange in our relationship. It was as if there was some weird compulsion that drew us closer, initiating our relationship.

As if the whole thing was orchestrated from the very beginning.

But for Mia to react like that...

"Why do you say something like this?" I asked, my face showing just how serious I was.

As sure as I was that my guess was correct, I didn't dare to just outright assume it. Not until Mia would confirm it herself.

Because the drawbacks of assuming a falsehood like that could bring down a massive weight upon our mutual trust.

Mia lowered her head. Her body started to shake a little as she held back her tears.

'Isn't her reaction a little bit over the top?' I asked myself, noticing those small clues only due to how long I had known her already.

"Back when I was breaking through, those vile thoughts constantly assaulted my mind," Mia muttered, refusing to look me in the eye. Instead, she naturally gravitated into my embrace only to hide her face in my chest.

For the next few moments, Mia simply refused to speak at all, using my warmth to calm herself down.

"The vile thoughts of the thing between us..." Mia finally spoke out, only to end up hesitating and cutting her sentence short.

She then took a deep breath, raised her face, and looked me in the eyes.

"The thoughts of our relationship being orchestrated by someone... or something," Mia uttered, tears brimming in her eyes.

'So that's why she was so eager to learn more about me,' I thought, discovering the reason for Mia's earlier behavior.

Suppose she had a doubt regarding the seriousness of our relationship. In that case, my reluctance to explain everything to her could serve as proof of her misconception.

Because no matter what her thoughts were, I never even dared to consider what we had between us to be fake.

Even if it was forced on us, even if there was some will that pushed us together, I didn't give two shits about it. Because whatever the reason for my feelings for Mia was, the feelings itself was real.

Still, between figuring it out on my own and telling the news to the girl in my arms...

Those two were completely different challenges.

"Mia, I need you to listen to me and listen carefully," I said, gently rubbing my fingers down her hair. "But more importantly, I need you to wait for me to finish," I added, bringing my hand up Mia's cheek.

I then raised the girl's head and looked her in the eyes.

"If you stop listening in the middle, you will have an extremely wrong picture of what I want to say," I informed, speaking directly to Mia's face.

Holding Mia's chin in my hand and somewhat forcing her to listen to my request filled my mind with a strangely pleasurable sensation of power.

'Power?' I thought, puzzled by the sudden change in my soul. 'Or is it domination?' I analyzed my own feelings, determined to learn everything about myself to make my words as close to the truth as possible.

In the end, if I wanted to speak about my feelings, I had to be honest with myself, to begin with.

"Un..." Mia muttered, nodding her head a little as her eyes latched to my lips. Her tears reflected the sunlight, making Mia's entire face sparkle.

"I'm also aware of this strange force," I stated after taking a moment to brace myself.

Speaking of those things wasn't easy for me either.

"This unexplainable yet clearly foreign influence that pushed us together," I elaborated a little, raising my eyes and bringing both of my hands to the back of Mia's head.

Only when I hid her face deep into my chest did I dare to continue.

"In my wish to be fair with you, I thought about it over and over again," I admitted.

Those thoughts plagued me in the past as well. But I found a simple way to get rid of them.

'It doesn't matter how it began if what we have right now is real.'

This single statement, a single change of approach, allowed me to ignore those annoying thoughts.

I couldn't help myself.

I raised my hand a little and placed it down on top of Mia's head. I then sank my fingers into the softness of her hair, only to then shake my hand and bring it down, rustling Mia's hair as I went.

'She's so warm,' I thought. I couldn't stop those feelings from swarming my soul. Even in a serious moment like that, Mia's softness was firmly lodged at the forefront of my thoughts.

Yet, along with Mia's warmth came the feeling of her movements.

Having her enclosed within my embrace, every shiver, every shrug, and twitch of her muscles would resonate on my skin.

'As great as it is to hold her close like that,' I thought, regretfully pushing the girl aside a little so I could look at her face.

I had to say my next piece in the absolutely perfect way.

"Ultimately, though, I'm a simple man," I revealed, putting a massive smile on my lips. My eyes zeroed in on Mia's, locking in an intimate stare.

In this one look of mine, I attempted to transmit all the affection I felt towards this particular girl.

"I don't care if someone or something forced our relationship," I stated in a serious tone. "It doesn't matter if the thing between us was orchestrated by some third party," I added, bringing my hands down to Mia's chest... Only to grab her hands and bring them to my lips.

I then placed a long, passionate kiss just at the surface of the joints of Mia's fingers. And with that, I moved my eyes right to her face, unable to resist the charm of Mia's pupils.

"You are my happiness in this world," I stated openly, not giving Mia any window to react. I pushed my entire upper body forward, closing the distance a little to turn the moment even more intimate.

I then rested my head on Mia's forehead, my lips just an inch away from hers.

"And that's all that I care about," I finished my confession, giving Mia some time to process what just happened.

Her eyes were already wet from her tears. But now, tears started to stream down her face all over again.

"Arty..." Mia whispered, hardly capable of producing any volume behind her voice.

Mia's body suddenly relaxed all over. It felt as if some sort of tension left her flesh, forcing all of her pilled-up exhaustion up her mind.

'Thank God,' I thought, seriously scared by the event. Even though I held her at a distance, I was still well prepared to catch her up.

At this moment, the shudders of happiness shook Mia's body twice in my arms. She then brought her head up, only to let it fall along with the momentum onto my shoulder.

"Arty..." Mia whispered again, rubbing her face against my chest as she wrapped her hands around my ribs.

Her hold tightened to the point when I became conscious of my own breath.

Sadly, that was all the happiness I could offer her for now.

My expression darkened when the more serious topic came up.

"Mia, I hate to kill the mood, but we really need to talk about this," I stated, bringing my hand and caressing Mia's back.

"There is really something going on between us that we don't know anything about," I stated.

This was a problem that existed on a real plane. And with how we were both affected, there was no way it was my own delusion.

As such, we had to face this problem. Sooner or later, it would surface. And it was simply better to tackle it in the relative safety of the place we were in.

"That's right," I suddenly muttered, surprised by my own realization. "There is still the topic of this place..." I muttered, mostly to myself.

But that didn't mean Mia didn't catch those words. But at this point, I had no intention to hide anything.

"Can we sit down for a bit?" I asked, only to slump down at the long bench.

All the time that we spent on top of the protobear's back could hardly be classified as rest. In the end, even now, I could still feel the burden of my built-up exhaustion.

"Arty?" Mia asked silently, raising her eyes to my face as sparks of worry appeared behind her eyes. "Are you okay?" she asked, instantly forgetting about all her happiness from before.

"This place only makes me increasingly aware of just how right I am," I whispered.

Sitting down on the bench with Mia snuggling up to my chest, I could only sigh heavily over the messy situation we were in.

"Arty, can you..." Mia spoke out, only to cut her sentence short. She lowered her eyes and bit down on her lip. Yet, after only a short moment, she raised her face and looked me in the eye. "Can you tell me now?" she asked.

Her question struck on multiple levels. It wasn't only about learning the things she was curious about. It wasn't only about seeing whether I was ready to reveal the truth about myself to her.

'I bet there are many more reasons why she asked this question,' I thought, a smile appearing on my face.

Because no matter how complicated the motivations behind this question were, I had one simple answer to it.

"It is as I said before, dear," I replied, leaning down my chin and raising my hand. I then rubbed my fingers against Mia's cheek, incapable of getting my fill of her cuteness.

"You are my happiness in this world."

It was a simple statement, but one that I could fully stand behind. Simple, but one that came as close to the truth as I could get with words.

"But this is not the first world I exist in," I suddenly declared, only to cringe at my words a second later.

'It's surprisingly hard to put it in words,' I noticed, only to shake my head and get rid of those idle thoughts.

I then brought both of my hands to Mia's face, only to lock it in my firm grasp. I leaned over her lips, putting only a single inch between our faces.

"In simpler terms, I was originally born in another world. But I died and then reincarnated in this world."