

Last System 327

Chapter 327 What Is A Date

"The plan is simple," I said once I ultimately gave up on forcing Mia to pick the exact path we would follow.

Given her intention to leave everything to me would mean that forcing her to be the one leading would be actually against her wishes.

'She was able to pinpoint the problems and potential solutions,' I thought. 'That's why the execution of those things can be left to me,' I added in my thoughts, trying to rationalize my clear favoritism towards the girl.

"First, we need to secure this place," Mia added, proving that she wasn't going to completely give up on the role I attempted to push on her.

'Maybe she feels better with tackling things one by one?' I guessed in my mind. 'Sometimes trying to form a plan encompassing all the problems and solutions can feel overwhelming,' I admitted, recalling a harsh lesson I once learned.

Back on earth, I struggled with the same type of scenario as well.

It was back when I received my first commission for a big project, courtesy of the internet, where one could hide their race and hope not to be discriminated against.

When I took my first look at the list of things I had to do to complete the job... I felt overwhelmed. It appeared as if no matter how much I would work, the project would never reach its conclusion.

At first, I did the same as Mia was doing right now. I attempted to tackle the tasks one by one, leaving the completion of the entire project to a far-off future. In other words, rather than worrying over the stuff that was too big for me, I attempted an approach of small but steady steps forward.

'Back then, I thought it would work out nice,' I thought, unable to stop a small smirk from forming on my lips. 'Back then, I was too naive,' I thought, moving my eyes on Mia.

And while taking things easy and doing them one by one wasn't necessarily the worst tactic...

"Great, but what do you mean by secure?" I asked, hoping to guide Mia towards the same lesson I learned in the past without pushing her into a pit of despair. "Do you mean to block the exits? Or maybe put some guarding formation in place?" I asked, trying my best to avoid leading the girl in on her nose.

"First, we need to find out where all the exits are," Mia replied while rolling her eyes. She then turned her head away from the array of clothes I prepared for her, all for the sake of giving me an eye.

"I'm sorry," I laughed out, understanding the meaning behind Mia's meaningful stare.

She figured out what I was trying to do. And while she didn't oppose me directly, she wanted to make sure I knew she was aware of it all along.

"Anyway," Mia rolled her eyes again before moving them to the clothes displayed all over the floor of the building. "Which one do you think I should wear?"

This question caused my soul to tremble.

Having a naked beauty sit on her knees just a few inches away and then ask me what she should wear?

Wasn't this the definition of a man's wet dream?

'It doesn't matter what you put on, as long as there will be something to undress you from,' I thought, recalling the last-century humor that I could occasionally hear when dealing with older folks.

"How about those shorts and this t-shirt?" I suggested, keeping my joking comments to myself while pointing my hands at the two pieces of cloth I believed Mia would look the best with.

"Those?" Mia asked, raising the two pieces of clothes I pointed out for her.

"Yeah, but don't forget the lingerie." I shook my head and jumped off the bed. In the next moment, I conjured a set of comfortable but presentable clothes for myself.

"What's the point, though?" Mia asked, leaning her head to the side and allowing her long hair to fall almost all the way to the ground. "It's not like there is anyone here who could spy on me," Mia stated, shrugging her shoulders.

"It's just for hygienic purposes," I replied, rolling my eyes.

There was no way in hell I would admit that undressing Mia's bra and panties were my planned highlights for the end of the day!

"If you say so," Mia replied, not paying any mind to me as she grabbed the lingerie and then started to put her clothes up.

Being the gentleman that I was... I kept on staring at the little show she gave me, showcasing just how much I appreciated her beauty. Yet, while Mia was already a bombshell when naked when the modern, skimpy outfit found its way on her body...

"Damn..." I muttered, gazing right at Mia's outfit. "You look insane in it," I praised, running my eyes from Mia's feet to the top of her head.

The tight t-shirt barely covered her stomach, cutting away just above the level of her belly button. Due to how high it was, I could make out the outline of Mia's bra, along with the full shape of her confined breasts.

To top it all off, the shorts that Mia picked after my advice turned out to be... really short. And while there was more material to them than there would be to a set of panties, they hardly covered any of her legs, only hiding away the two sweet mounds of her ass.

"Do I?" Mia asked, looking down on her own body only to then turn around on her heel, giving me a full view of her now-clothed beauty from every side possible.

"I wish I could just grab and take you right here and now," I whispered as I approached the girl, pressing myself against her back while locking my arms around her waist. "But I guess we should work a little first," I added, the devastation and disappointment filling my voice.

"That's lovely to hear," Mia whispered in reply, moving her hips to the sides to rub her barely clothed ass against my crotch. She also angled her head to the side, resting it on my shoulder as she cast a long stare right at my face.

Yet, before I could turn my wishes into reality, Mia pushed forward, escaping from my grasp, only to turn around as soon as she put some distance between us.

"Arty, as much as I would love to keep making love, we really need to put in some work," Mia stated, her face taking on a regretful expression.

'I wonder if she's just playing or if she really desires me that much,' I thought, unable to believe something as simple as attraction born out of affection.

While I had no doubts whatsoever about Mia and her state of mind, she was simply too damn precious for me to accept it like that!

"So, we are going to check for the exists first, right?" I took a deep breath before bringing back the topic we discussed before our attention moved to the clothes.

"That's right," Mia nodded her head, jogging her way back to my side only to pick up my arm, wrap her arms around it and then pull me towards the doors. "But for that, we need to go around the perimeter of this entire place," Mia added, opening the doors and pulling me out to the open...

Or rather, pulling me out to the insides of the underground ruins with artificial light, only faking the feeling of openness in the place.

"Now that I think about it," I muttered a moment later, "isn't this like a date?" I guessed out loud while enjoying the warmth wrapped all over my arm.

"A date?" Mia turned her head to the side, raising her eyes to my face. "What's a date?" she asked, cutely turning her head sideways.

"Wait, you don't know what a date is?" I asked, stupefied by Mia's question.

I knew that this world had a massively different common sense when compared to the one of the earth... but to not know what a date is...

'Wait, no,' I suddenly thought, forcing my thoughts back onto the unbiased path. 'The dates on earth appeared as a means for two people living apart to get to know each other, right?' I thought, quickly finding out the conflicting element between the two worlds.

In this world, people fourteen and even fifteen years old, while not yet adults, were often burdened with the responsibility for their own fate and future. In other words, when people entered the age during which they would get interested in the opposite sex, they were already past the point of living under the care of their families!

As such, if one wanted to spend the time with a significant other of theirs, rather than on dates, they would simply go eat out, go for drinks, and likely end up mating back at either of their places.

'Thinking about this, isn't date just an official term for spending quality time with the other?' I thought before shaking my head.

"A date... How should I say it," I muttered, only to turn my head sideways and then push it forward, taking Mia's lips in a surprise attack.

Mia clearly didn't expect this sneaky attack of mine, yet after the momentary shock, she quickly responded in kind. Only after I got a proper taste of her lips and tongue alike did I pull my face away with a wide smile adorning it.

"A date is just a name for an outing with one's significant other," I explained, fixing my hold over Mia's fingers as I pulled her back to my side. "Back in my world, before two people would get together, they would usually go on dates to get to know each other first."

Mia didn't bother to speak up after I finished my explanation. Maybe she was digesting the news? Or maybe I satisfied her curiosity, bringing the topic to an end?

"So a date is an outing with a romantic purpose, right?" Mia asked several moments later, tightening her hold over my arm as she pushed her breast to my side.

"That's correct," I nodded my head, enjoying the treatment in silence as we walked through the empty streets of the underground city.

"Then, once we check for all the exits..." Mia whispered in a voice nearly too small for me to notice. Yet, in contrast to her initially meek attitude at the beginning, Mia quickly gathered her wits and brought her free hand to my chin, only to bring my face down.

"How about we go for a proper date?" she asked, her eyes filling up with a mix of hope, uncertainty, and embarrassment.

"You look lovely when you are shy," I commented, raising my hand and placing it on Mia's cheek.

Without even a second of hesitation, as if it was the most natural thing to do, Mia rested her head on my palm and squinted her eyes, clearly enjoying the treatment.

"I'm sorry, dearest, but that's wrong," I said, watching how Mia's eyes filled with shock and confusion.

I allowed this state to last only for a short moment, unable to help myself but enjoy the fragile state my words put Mia in.

"Because it's not the girl who should ask a man for a date," I stated, only to lower my head and shake it in apology. "No, that's not it. There is nothing wrong with a girl asking a man out," I quickly added, fixing that incredibly sexist statement of mine.

Then, I fell to my knee while picking Mia's hand up. I then brought it to my lips, placing a gentle peck on top of the outer part of the girl's hand.

"Mia, you are the sun of my life, the one person whom I hold dearest to my heart," I spoke, killing all the shame, cringe, and embarrassment that could stop me from uttering those words.

Because of how cliché they could be, they rang true to what I truly felt in my soul.

"Could you give me the honor of picking you up for a date?" I asked, looking at Mia from my lowered position.

"You...!" A set of conflicting emotions appeared on Mia's face. She then tightened her hands into fists and brought them down...

Only to relax her fingers as she placed them down on my shoulders before leaning in and planting a delicate kiss on top of my forehead.

"It would be my pleasure."