

Last System 43

Chapter 43 - Changing Situation

"Do you know where that accommodation office is?" I asked after guiding the elder out of the garden with my eyes. I then looked to the side at the still tense face of the girl.

"What?" Mia asked, shaking her head a little. "Sorry, what did you ask about, again?"

"The accommodation office," I said, putting a small smile on my face. "Do you maybe know where it is?" I repeated my question.

For all my accomplishments in the short two weeks I spent in this sect, I have yet to fully learn its layout. Spending most of my time in the training garden and on the path to the market, I severely lacked the orientation of this massive place.

"Sure," Mia smiled, her eyes regaining their usual glister. "Let me lead the way," she instantly offered, grabbing my arm and pulling me forward.

In theory, I should spend a little bit more time practicing. Vaner's test proved just how weak I was in reality, even if there was hardly any disciple that could threaten me now.

Yet, for how cliché it was, I had no other choice but to accept the sad truth that rang true both on earth and in this new world of mine.

There was always a bigger fish.

If I were to get complacent now, just because I managed to achieve the first of my short-term objectives, I would never be able to forgive myself.

The time I spent leading the RPG sessions online back in my old life taught me one thing. That it wasn't about catching the rabbit, but about chasing it. Or in other words, the path to the goal would often prove to be more important than the goal itself.

'At this rate, I might start uttering bullshit of the like that it doesn't matter if I win or lose; what matters are the friends I made along the way,' I scoffed at my own thoughts, belittling this naive approach.

Keeping my eyes locked on the faraway goal was just a mean to push myself for greater heights. On its own, it was a meaningless objective.

I really aimed for the results that it forced me to achieve.

"Right," I muttered, realizing an important mishap on my end. "I still have yet to thank you," I said, burying my feet in the soft ground and forcing Mia to turn around and face me.

"Huh? There is no..."

"Mia," I said her name in a serious tone, looking deeply into the girl's eyes. "I'm really grateful for what you did back then," I said, placing my hands on her shoulders. "Even if it ended with the two of us playing right in that guy's hands, that doesn't change anything," I said, frozen in the depth of the girl's emerald eyes.

"Don't mind it," Mia replied, smiling gently in response to my honest feelings. "Still," she muttered, averting her eyes as a tingle of irritation coursed through her face, "it's annoying to know that I only helped that bastard in the end," she complained, putting a little pout on her face.

"Anyway," I let go of the girl, moving my hands away. This honest and slightly intimate moment was enough for my cheeks to explode in red. "I'm quite curious how his teachings will benefit us," I said, desperately wishing to change the topic.

"That guy is no good," Mia scoffed in response and rolled her eyes. "It's better if you don't get your hopes up. His reputation..." she hesitated, "is pretty bad in the sect."

I raised the corner of my mouth in a half-smile.

'Right,' I thought. 'Why else would he bother with such troublesome disciples like Mia or me?'

"Right, that reminds me," Mia spoke, striking her fist against the open palm of her other hand. She then looked at me, blushed, yet kept eye contact nonetheless. "I hope the way you treat me... Won't change at all, even after I won't be your slave any longer," she explained her wish, staring intensely into my eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, genuinely scared by the notion.

'Does she have some problems with how I treated her so far? Or is she worried I will ditch her now?'

'No, that can't be,' I shook my head, ridding of those useless and completely illogical thoughts. They were born out of my lack of self-confidence, the remnant of who I was back on earth.

Still, realizing it didn't make it any easier to figure out what the girl had in mind!

'Girls can be such a pain in the ass,' I thought, desperately striving to figure out just where did Mia's request come from, or rather, what did she mean by it.

"Don't look that confused," Mia chuckled, hiding her pearlish-white teeth under her hand. "Listen, it's pretty hard for me to speak about this topic..." her laughter died, her expression soured.

'What is going on?' I couldn't help but panic.

Why did I never try to raise my level of interacting with women's skill back on earth? If I did, surely I wouldn't be as confused now!

"I mean, it will be fully okay if you keep treating me like your slave!" she suddenly shouted, hiding her head in her own hands. "In fact, you should treat me more like a slave!" she added, raising her eyes only to hide them back in her palms.

'What?'

I stood agape, confused to the hell out of it.

Was she some kind of masochist and wished to engage in this sort of play with me?

"I mean, back then you said, that I shouldn't worry about cultivating resources," Mia whispered, bending her legs and plummeting down only to hide her face in her knees instead.

"Mmrrmmrrmr," she muttered something, forcing me to kneel down and get closer to understand her words.

"I'm sorry, I didn't catch that," I said in a hushed voice. Since I had no freaking idea what should I do and how should I act, I decided to just go with the flow.

Surely, following my heart couldn't be as bad as I always believed it was!

Or rather, in the current situation, I could either do that or just stand frozen in place, taking my sweet, damned time to process what was actually happening!

"If you don't make full use of me, I would feel like a leech for relying on you in that regard," Mia whispered again. This time, my ears were close enough to understand her words, even if it forced me to practically shove my face into her hair.

"So that's what you were worried about!" I exclaimed, falling back to my ass and breathing a big sigh of relief.

"Huh?" Mia scoffed in surprise, raising her face from her knees and sending me a confused look with her big, emerald eyes. "What did you think I was talking about?" she asked, her eyes shining with playful curiosity.

"I had honestly no idea," I replied, not seeing any benefit of hiding the truth.

Thankfully, before Mia could implore any further, her attention was drawn away.

"It's right there," she said, pointing at a nearby building.

This was the place where we would finally ditch the robes of disciple and slave, respectively, exchanging them for the robes of direct disciples of higher rank.

Yet, as if nothing could happen peacefully in my life, as soon as we approached the doors to the place, someone opened them only to reveal his familiar face to me.

'Just what this bastard is doing here?!'