

Last System 51

Chapter 51 - Lotion Massage

Mia fixed up the curtains, ensuring they properly shielded the secluded area. She then came closer to the bed and sat right on its edge.

Ever since Media left, the girl didn't utter a single word. On the other hand, her face was turning redder and redder with every second.

'It's tempting... but I can't allow for that to happen,' I thought, already making my assumptions about what was about to go down.

Maybe it was my inner virgin talking, but if Mia wasn't ready to help me out like that, I wouldn't enjoy it either.

"If it's uncomfortable, you don't need to do this," I said despite every word making my lungs feel like someone pierced them with daggers. "To a degree, I can move on my own," I said, gently waving my hands around.

I gnashed my teeth when my arms exploded in pain. It was the consequence of blocking all those heavy hits. A pain that I had no other option but to endure.

"It's not like that," Mia shook her head, refusing to look at me. She squirmed on her bottom, most likely not aware how her slave robes that she had yet to change, perfectly showcased the curves of her body. "I... I just need to set my thoughts straight," she added, hiding her face in the palms of her hands.

Before I could say anything else, Mia moved her hands away, only to bring them down on her cheeks, slapping them a few times.

"Yosh!" she muttered some kind of word I didn't know but could perfectly understand. Thankfully, instead of crawling on top of me to start whatever she was about to do, she simply stood up while grabbing the jar of the white ointment.

Yet, rather than going for whatever she had in mind, she simply stood in place. She then placed the jar back on the stool, turned around, and reached for my hand.

"Arthur, listen," she whispered softly, her fingers tightening around my hand.

If I were to be an honest virgin, this touch alone was salvation for the pain I went through. But no, I aspired to be a chad sigma male in this new world, instead.

Sadly, my aspirations and social capabilities were... slightly misaligned.

"This lotion," Mia continued, unaware of the inner battle going on in my mind, "will make your body... extremely sensitive. Even a gust of wind might feel like someone stacking ice on you," she said. Mia then opened the jar and dug a little bit of the oily lotion before gently rubbing it in the palm of my hand.

'Huh?' I thought, surprised. While I expected some kind of effect to be there, wasn't this arrangement... a bit too favorable?

It felt as if I was some kind of main character of a poorly written story whose author decided to finally give his readers some fan service!

'No, that wouldn't make any sense,' I thought, fighting the inner urge to shake my head. 'I guess I'm just cultured enough to see hints in even the most innocent situation,' I realized, closing my eyes.

"Huuu..."

A shiver went down my spine when a mix of extreme pleasure and warmth exploded on my palm. I focused my sight and looked up, only to see Mia gently blowing at the place she just rubbed the lotion in.

"That's..." I was at a loss for words. If that was how much my sensitivity would rise...

Wouldn't it be shameful to unleash my load in my pants just from having my ears or shoulders stroked then?

I mean, normally, I wouldn't think much of it, but if it were to be Mia's fingers touching me all over...

"Now, at least know what to expect," Mia said in a gentle tone as she stood up and moved behind the head of the bed.

In theory, I could lift my head to look at what she was up to... Sadly, my injured ribs would quickly make me pay the price of doing this kind of still acrobatics.

As such, I was stuck listening to the moist sound of her scooping up more of that oil before her fingers landed on my face.

"Close your eyes," she whispered directly to my ear, sending another shiver down my spine.

What was that, some kind of personal ASMR session on a level no one back on earth could experience?

But I was a good little boy. In fact, I figured out that closing my eyes was a good idea... all on my own. After all, just her touch or voice alone was enough to make me excited. By having to constantly look at her beauty...

Yeah, it was better to preserve my dignity, even if it meant missing a lot of lovely sights.

With my mind in slight disarray, Mia finally started her treatment. Her fingers descended down on my face, making me shiver over and over again.

Yet, the true battle of endurance was only about to get started.

Mia was an incredibly diligent girl. I learned that back when she continued her training without even a single word of complaint. But right now, I felt victim to her diligence.

Just like Mia warned me, the lotion on her fingers quickly made every spot she touched insanely sensitive. Yet, what she likely wasn't aware of, was that she continued to rub the same exact spot... even long after the lotion would bring out its full effect!

I couldn't tell how much time had passed when she finally moved on from my face to the neck. The experience was just ungodly, making me feel like trash for daring to live through it. Yet, the worse was only about to come.

As Mia started to stretch her hands further and further, she quickly started to lean over my head instead of overextending her hands. And when her bosom, covered only in the thin cloth of her slave robe, started to rub against my already overly sensitive face...

'I'm done,' I thought, no longer able to prevent the natural reaction of my body. Even if only the cloth of her robe rubbed against me, my nose quickly filled with Mia's fragrance, only pushing my arousal further.

Her hands moved away. For the first time in what seemed like ages, Mia removed her fingers from my body.

Given how this enjoyable moment turned into a battle of my will against the will of my body, I couldn't help but release a sigh of relief.

Only for my bed to shake a little when a sudden soft weight pressed down on the tent that I already pitched!

"Wha... Wait..." I attempted to protest, feeling how Mia's thighs touched my sides. There was only one position that would allow for this mix of feelings.

"Sit still," Mia was quick to lecture me, pressing her opened palms against my chest. Along with her skin, I felt that she used a massive amount of lotion this time.

'What? Is this some kind of punishment?' I thought, dying from embarrassment and shame, when my tent continued to press up, only to be forced down by Mia's soft crotch.

She was going for such length just to help me heal. How misguided I had to be to use this moment for my own arousal?!

Yet, as her hands started to gently rub the lotion into my chest, I realized that this fight I had already lost.

'This will be a long night,' I thought.