

Last System 52

Chapter 52 - You Dummy!

Mia didn't stop her massage even though I was certain she could feel my hard-on. Rather than that, she continued to rub my chest with her oil-covered fingers.

Every rub of her fingers was not only making my chest more sensitive, but at the current stage, it appeared that it increased the sensitivity of my entire body as well.

Whenever she would pull herself up to get more lotion or lean herself down to keep the massage, her crotch would inevitably move around a little, putting me right on the border between the heaven of pleasure and the hell of trying to endure it.

"I can feel it," Mia announced after some time when she finally lowered her hands and took a little break from the massage. As if to accent her words, she wiggled her bottom a little, sending another shiver of unbearable pleasure down my spine.

Before I could even react, Mia took another scoop of ointment on her hands before moving her hands towards my belt. At the current rate, it wouldn't be long before her hands would reach the area that I desperately wished for her to avoid right now.

"I can't really help it, you know?" I muttered. Still, for some reason, I opened my eyes.

Mia was mounting me up as if we were in the middle of *ars flagranti*. Her cheeks were all red, proving that my hard-on wasn't the only thing that she could feel right now.

"And why is that?" Mia asked, more than willing to play around. Her haggard breath and passion filling her eyes proved that she was more than just feeling it. From how her hips continued to move around without cease, it was clear that I wasn't the only one aroused by the situation.

"Can you stop that?" I requested in a pained voice, forcing my eyes shut. Looking at her aroused expression any longer would be more than I could endure. "I don't want to shame myself just like that," I explained the source of my problem.

"Oh?" Mia muttered, her voice sounding more than happy. "Then how about... THIS!" she said, lifting her bottom a little, only to slam it right down a mere moment later.

"WHA..." I uttered in shock, involuntarily opening my eyes, only to notice that the girl turned around on my lap. Before I could utter even a single word more, her ointment-covered hands landed on my legs, dangerously high on my thighs.

'Damn, her robe looks tight,' I thought, unable to tear my eyes away from how it stuck tightly to her curves. Looking at her sin-worthy bottom nearly revealed through the thin layer of cloth, I had to use all of my willpower to stop my hands from reaching out for it.

Clearly enjoying my plight, Mia leaned forward, making her ass stick even more. At this point, through the cut of her robes, I could see the skin of her thighs, all the way to the mysterious point where her robes finally did the job of covering her body up.

Mia's body moved up and down as she massaged my legs. With every change of her position, her crotch would rub against my tent. At this point, one could say that our undergarments were as good as spoiled from all the juices that both of us were producing.

Mia giggled, finally stopping her movements and looking over her shoulder at her bottom. At this point, my tent was stuck perfectly below her cheeks, visible to both of us.

"I think now you know how I felt back when I offered myself to you," she said, a happy grin all over her lips.

"I do," I admitted, "I'm sorry. I used my morals as an excuse to chicken out back then," I continued to confess, hoping that maybe honesty could stop the torture of pleasure.

Right now, this had to either stop, or I would be able to stop myself from pinning Mia down... Something that definitely wouldn't bode well for my injuries.

"So," Mia whispered in a lovely voice, shaking her butt to the sides, "are you going to stop with your bullshit right now?" she asked, only to turn herself around and stare right down my face. "I don't think either of us can wait for much longer," she added, her eyes burning with passion.

"Before that, I just want to tell you one thing," I said before taking a deep breath.

For the social coward that I was, hidden under the guise of chad I did my best to assume in this world, what I was going to say was by no means easy.

"If you are willing to go so far, to do so much..." I said, only to cut my sentence short and shake my head despite a wave of stinging pain that this movement instantly caused. "No, that's not it. If you wish to sleep with me, only because I helped you out..." I said, biting my lips as I gathered the wits to finish it. "Then I won't do it," I finally said it.

One could say that I was using my morals as an excuse for my social cowardice. An excuse that only a virgin would use, putting too much value into what others would discard without a second thought.

But maybe it was the truth. The truth is that just because I was a virgin, I wasn't willing to throw it aside. Not because there was some kind of deeper meaning behind it, but because otherwise, my years of sexual pureness would prove to be all worthless.

Breaking this approach right now wouldn't just mean going against the morals I had for years, but it would mean going against the conviction that got me going through all the years I spent alone!

"You really are a big dummy," Mia muttered, shaking her head before lowering herself down and gently laying on top of me. She was clearly making sure not to put her entire, meager weight on me as to not strain my already wounded ribs.

"I know. I'm an idiot who doesn't understand a thing," I said, openly admitting to that fact. "That's why I'm too dumb to understand it without you explaining it to me. And more than everything, I don't want your sense of gratitude to push you into something you would regret later on."

This was the honest state of my soul. I was scared that my help pushed Mia into the fake belief of liking me. And even though I wished with all my being to protect that lovely smile of hers, at the same time, this wish of mine stopped me from taking our relationship to another level.

"You really are a big dummy," Mia said, moving her body up just enough to bring her face right above mine.

Staring into her deep, emerald eyes, glancing over at her full, red, moist lips, I couldn't help but swallow a gulp of saliva. Right now, I was just an inch away from a sensory overdose. In the end, there was only so much cuteness that a man's brain could handle before imploding.

"Even if what you say is right," she whispered straight to my face, her lips almost rubbing against mine, "what's wrong with me falling for you because of what you did?" she asked, unwilling to break the eye contact with me.

"I'm sorry to break your fun," someone suddenly said, pulling the curtains shielding my bed apart.

In an instant, Mia jumped up, pressing her hips even harder against my crotch as she did so.

Her face exploded in redness as she realized that someone saw just how intimate she was with me.

And it wasn't just some random someone.

It was this damned elder who I was sure was behind everything that happened to me so far!

"Once again, I'm really sorry," he said, looking all satisfied despite what he was saying, "but there are some things that we really need to talk about."