

Last System 60

Chapter 60 - Morning Argument

I woke up to the chirping of the sound mixing with the gentle whispers of the wind.

For the first time since I appeared in this world, I felt simply... peaceful.

Feeling the weight on my shoulder, I looked down. And there she was, Mia's sleeping face, gently brushing up and down along with her calm breathing.

'Isn't it lovely?' I thought, directing this praise both at Mia's face and the situation I was in.

Never before did I expect that a day would come when I would wake up to such happiness.

Yet, there was this thrillingly annoying feeling inside my soul, one akin to finding the most comfortable place and position in one's bed... Only to be forced by one's bladder for the nightly visit to a place where even a king walks on his own.

'I'm stinky,' I thought, grimacing at the uncomfortable realization. Now came the time to pay the price for how great the last night was.

Surprisingly enough, I didn't feel tired. Even after all the vivid exercise of the night before, I felt no pain in my muscles at all. Rather than that, I was revitalized like never before.

All the juices and liquids that we sprayed all over the place yesterday now turned into a sticky mess.

My heart tore apart when I slid myself out of Mia's arms. Feeling her breath on my chest, the weight of her head on my arm, and the softness of her flesh all over her skin was something I never thought I would willingly desert.

But how could I allow her to see me, dirty all over, the first thing in the morning after her first time?

'I guess that's what women do for the men,' I thought, gently smiling as I stood above sleeping Mia, watching her suck on her thumb like some kind of toddler. 'They make us want to become the better version of ourselves,' I thought, turning around and walking towards the basin.

This time, I didn't bother thinking about water heating and clearing principles. Instead, not allowing those secrets to bother my mind, I quickly washed the dirt off my skin before dipping in the bail for a quick soak.

Only once I was sure that my body was spotless, I allow myself to relax for a short moment. Yet, the moment I rested my back against the basin's wall, my eyes inevitably fell on the other part of the room.

'That could make her morning moment even better,' I thought, staring at the orderly sets of pots and cooking utensils.

"Good morning..." Mia muttered at the same moment as I wrapped a towel around my hips, aiming to go and prepare a fancy breakfast for her.

"Good morning, sweetheart," I replied with glee, a huge smile plastered all over my lips.

What else could a moment like that be, if not the greatest morning ever?

"So," Mia swung her long legs to the side of the bed, only using the blanket to cover her charms. "What are you going to do today?" she asked as she yawned.

My hand involuntarily moved up to my chest only to clutch it tightly. Even after knowing this girl for a while already, even after seeing everything that there was to her, Mia's sleepy face was so cute it made my heart ache.

Yet, I didn't reply right away. Even if this was just a casual question, I actually had no answer to it.

'I guess I should deal with that bastard,' I thought, recalling the events that transpired before the steamy night. 'But how should I tackle it?' I asked myself, resting my bottom against the edge of the kitchen's shelf.

"I guess I will go and pay that bully of mine back?" I muttered, not certain about my course of action at all.

Should I really kill him? Or maybe hit him strong enough to make him incapable of breathing without pain for the rest of his day? Or maybe I should play it down and act as if my previous hit was just a fluke?

There were ups and downs to every path I would take. But whenever I thought about any high-profile way of dealing with the matter, Vaner's words from yesterday would ring in my head.

'For now, train hard and lay low,' the elder said.

What was his purpose, I didn't know. What was his aim? I had no idea. But no matter how I thought about it, keeping my head low really seemed to be the best course of action for me.

"So you are going to smack him hard?" Mia asked, a lovely smile appearing on her lips.

Seeing it, I couldn't help but swallow my saliva.

Was I really strong enough to say something that Mia clearly didn't expect? Was I ready to destroy that lovely smile of her?

I clenched my hands at the edge of the shelf. I then lowered my head and looked down at my toes.

"Actually, I was thinking about pretending to be weak. About letting him go with just a smack to his pride," I muttered.

No matter how hard it would be to surprise Mia like that, I opted to be honest with her.

'In the end, I still know no real limits to the power of that bastard,' I thought, recalling the hateful face of that young master from before. 'I already saw how vicious he can be, so it's better not to play right into his cards,' I decided.

"Wait, what?!" Mia jumped up from the bed, the blanket silently falling down by her side. Even though there was nothing to hide her charms, I didn't dare to raise my eyes.

Not because I was worried she would mind me looking at her body. I didn't dare to do so because I couldn't look her in the eyes.

"Do you remember what Vaner said?" I said as I bit my lips. "It's better if we lay low for now," I reminded Mia about yesterday.

Right now, I was furious with myself. After all those years of being bullied back on earth, now I had the chance to vent all those feelings out of my system.

In a sense, this was a perfect opportunity for me. But I didn't dare to take it, not knowing what its prize would turn out to be down the line.

"You don't dare to do what you are allowed to do, even with Vaner's protection?!" Mia shouted, slamming her hands down at the coffee table sitting beside our bed. Even though her position left little to nothing to my imagination, right now, I had no way of enjoying the sights.

Even if they were just as lovely and inviting as they were just a few hours ago.

I bit my lips.

"To be honest, I don't think he is ready, nor willing, to help us out if we cross the line," I said, trying to reason with the girl. "I don't think this matter is that simple," I added, trying to find something to my defense.

But why was Mia so angry in the first place? At this point, I couldn't understand at all.

It's not like she was the one to be beaten nearly to her dead, right?

"I know that we need to lay low for a while," Mia said, squinting her eyes as she crossed her arms on her supple chest. "But tell me," she leaned her head over her shoulder, "if you are not going to punish those who wronged you, how can I ever expect you to actually protect me?!" she shouted.

For a moment, she simply stood there, looking for some kind of reaction from me.

But I had no words capable of mending the situation right now. Everything that she said was correct.

But I dared not to underestimate Jenne. After experiencing the happiness of walking up with Mia in my arms, I wasn't ready to make any concessions that could sabotage this happiness in the future.

'If I learned anything from all the bullying on earth, it is how to recognize a bully. And I have no doubt that Jenne is one,' I thought, steeling my resolve and looking down at my feet.

"Hmph!" Mia pouted, grabbing a towel and her robes, before storming out of the room. I could only sigh a small breath of relief when I saw her covering her nakedness with the towel before going out.

If anyone were to lay his eyes on her, I would have no choice but to pluck those eyes away before making the victim eat them whole.

"Goodness gracious," I muttered. "Just what had happened to her?" I asked myself, raising my eyes to the roof. "It's not like her to say stuff like that," I whispered, biting my lips.

For how right Mia was, was this the first time for me to see this side of her? Was this some kind of change that happened only once we slept together? Or was I just too stupid to realize what really had happened?

I shook my head and turned around. Rather than sighing and debating over the debts of women's minds over with my reflection in the window, I could do something productive.

I could do something manual to tear my thoughts away from the recent encounter.

Yet, barely a few moments after I picked up the first few ingredients, my face tensed up in shock.

TIC!

"What the actual fuck?!" I thought, looking down at the plate.

I just made two sandwiches. Something so insanely simple that I could do it with my eyes fully closed.

Why did my system react to it, then?