

Last System 61

Chapter 61 - Mias Struggle

Mia somehow managed to put on her robes on the move, even though this would be the first time for her actually wearing them.

The silky material of the direct disciple couldn't even begin to compare with the rugs that the slave robes were made from. Yet, even though this was the first time for her, she couldn't care less about it.

She stormed out of the villa as if the devil itself was chasing her. She clenched her hands into fists, pushing the doors to the building open as she rushed to the outside.

Yet, there was no anger or wrath on her face. Only tears and tons of self-loathing were written all over her eyes.

"Just what did you say that for, you big idiot!" Mia cursed at herself, breaking free from the restraints of the mansion. Yet, as soon as the doors to the villa closed behind the girl, she rested her back against the wall only to slide down and slump down on her bottom.

Mia pulled up her knees to her chin, enclosing them with her arms. She then hid her face in her legs, worried that someone would notice her state.

Not even breathing a full lung of fresh, outside air helped Mia to calm down.

She wasn't angry at Arthur. After what she went through in the past year, she was aware that his approach was right. She was aware of it more than anyone.

'But how can he be so willing to accept it!' Mia screamed out in her soul, tears squeezing out of her eyes.

Mia was full of anger. She couldn't accept anyone daring to raise their hand at the man who saved her. And yet...

'And yet, I made it look as if I only cared about myself,' she thought, squeezing her knees with her hands to the point that they started to creak.

For a few more moments, Mia continued to sit at the wall, hoping that the fresh air would help her refresh her thoughts.

'In the end, it's no use,' she thought, raising her teary face. She then wiped all the moisture from her eyes, hoping to hide the outburst of her emotions from Arthur. 'I won't be able to hold back if I others look down on him,' she realized, looking down at her palms.

With those hands, she caressed his head. With those fingers, she grabbed his thing. With those palms, she rubbed his back.

If for Arthur, Mia was the most precious thing in the world, then for Mia, Arthur was the only one in the world.

'No matter what, I need to apologize to him,' she realized, sniffing her tears back. 'Yeah, I need to do just that,' she used this excuse to push all the other thoughts aside.

After cleaning her appearance, Mia shook her head and turned back to the mansion.

Walking through the corridor that she rushed out of a few moments earlier, she felt as if she was going for her own execution. Her eyes were hung low, and so was her entire face.

The door to her and Arthur's room appeared not like the lovers' nest entrance but gallows instead.

Apologizing was easy. But obtaining forgiveness was an entirely different thing.

"Arthur, listen," Mia whimpered, barely managing to hold her tears back from pouring down her eyes. "I'm sorry for what I said. I didn't really mean it," she said in a weak voice, only to realize that Arthur likely didn't hear a word of hers.

Right now, her lover was busy in the kitchen. He was making so much noise flinging pans, cutting vegetables, preparing meat, that he didn't even notice her return!

"Arthur," Mia bit her lips, pushing back the slight annoyance that this scene caused in her.

Here she was, with her soul in her hand, wishing to apologize... And Arthur didn't even notice her?!

For how affectionate she was towards him, even Mia could feel her face slightly sting because of this embarrassment.

"Arthur!" Mia shouted, unable to bear the shameful moment any longer.

"Huh?" Arthur turned around, sending Mia a quick glance, only to turn right back to the plates.

"Give me just one moment," he requested, instantly immersing himself back in his task.

Mia's lips parted, revealing the whites of her teeth. She could only stand in place, watching at Arthur's busy back while he continued to... cook!

Rather than giving her some face, he opted to cook instead!

'I came here to apologize, and you can't even pay a bit of attention to me?' she asked in her mind, her eyes once again filling with tears. 'Now that you slept with me, you don't care about me anymore? Was my mother right about men?' Mia's thoughts quickly took a wild turn, escalating at a rate that even Arthur couldn't fathom.

Yet, before she could utter a single word, Arthur finally turned around, a bright smile beaming on his face.

"Dear, can you do me a massive favor?" Arthur asked, his eyes brimming with excitement.

'Huh?' Mia shrugged, surprised by the look on her man's face. 'Just when did I see him make such expression?' she thought, unable to even close her mouth.

"Sure... I guess?" she finally forced herself to reply, unable to fathom just what kind of tomfoolery was occupying Arthur's mind.

"Sit down," Arthur requested, instantly turning himself back and shuffling plates, dishes, and spices like some kind of performer at a street-food stall.

Overwhelmed by the situation she couldn't understand, Mia obediently moved to the table and slumped down on the chair.

Yet, rather than despairing over the situation or throwing angry looks at Arthur's back, Mia actually smiled.

'This is the man I fell for,' she thought, shaking her head over her own stupidity. 'His way of thinking isn't comparable to anyone else. How could I measure him with the standards of others?' she asked herself, letting go of all the feelings from before.

Whatever Arthur's requested favor was, she would happily do it. But there was one thing she couldn't give up on.

Whether Arthur cared about it or not, she was going to apologize!

After all, her apology wasn't only about making Arthur forgive her.. It was mostly about allowing Mia to forgive herself.