

Last System 77

Chapter 77 - Arthurs Gift

"I didn't expect this kind of benefit," I muttered to myself, walking out of the narrow alleyway that led to the red-light district. This was the only place deserted enough in the entire town where I could open up my system without excessive worry of bumping into some strangers.

And there was one part of my status that I couldn't help but gawk at.

PROGRESS STATUS WINDOW

- Body status: Mortal
- Growth status: Mana Condensation
- Body status modifier:
- Endurance:192/200
- Willpower: 163/200

Mana Condensation 834/900

{

Mana Pool 300/300

Mana Flow 275/300

Mana Density 184/300(+75)

}

After roughly two hours spent at the brothel, my willpower and endurance skyrocketed to numbers I had never seen before.

There was only one possible explanation behind this unexpected change.

'Could it be that holding one's arousal back can help with improving those stats so much?' I thought, pushing myself to turn the change into a formulated thesis.

If my guess was true, then I just found out an absolutely simplest yet most tragic way of increasing the pace of my growth.

Assuming that my guess was true, just by asking Mia to arouse me in one way or another without actually fulfilling the lust, I could speed my growth up to an unimaginable degree. That, by itself, was the greatest benefit of visiting the brothel.

The problem was, I didn't need to try it out to know I had no heart to ask Mia for something like that. Ignoring the aspect of how I found out about this effect and all the questions that would surely follow, how could I ask Mia to suffer through unfulfilled horniness just for the sake of growing stronger?

With those thoughts plaguing my mind, I returned to the mansion. Yet, instead of walking straight to the room where I could hope to find Mia, I directed my steps to another study that I asked Vaner to prepare for me a few days prior.

It was a simple, dimly-lit room where I stored all my job-related materials and worked hard to raise its levels. Given how previously I only cared about improving the level of the job, I never really cared for how the end-look of my products would be.

But now, I could finally light up all the candles that I stored there before pulling out a spirit stone and sitting down to work.

This time, my job was pretty simple. It was something that I did over and over again when testing the capability and means of my job.

I sat down and started sewing pieces of expensive, light-blue cloth together.

Most of the parts were prepared in advance. The color of the cloth was exactly the same as the robes that both Mia and I were currently wearing. I even made sure to secretly measure its size, all for the sake of constructing the perfect replica of the sect's outfits.

By the time the first candles started to go out, I finally placed my needle back on the table. Standing up, I stretched my back for a moment, feeling the exhaustion of the day finally catching up with me.

'Should I take another stone out?' I asked myself, patting fingers against the bulky pouch with the remaining few spirit stones.

Ever since selling the fries recipe, I have been pretty liberal with the use of the stones. Their cost was simply too low for me to bother saving on them.

But now, after just a week of extensively using them in my and Mia's training, more than half of my assets were gone.

I could easily reach the breakthrough point to the core establishment stage with the stones and money that I have left...

But what I would do then?

Come up with yet another crafty invention to obtain more funds? But was it really worth drawing even more attention to myself, even if it would be limited to Vaner's perception?

'It's too risky,' I decided, raising my hand and moving it away from the pouch. 'I just need to cut back on using the stones for the convenience sake, and they should last for a little longer,' I thought, grabbing the finished robe and finally returning to the room.

With my tailor job breaking to level seventeen back in the brothel, I was finally confident with my work enough. Finally, I could give Mia a piece of protection that would more or less guarantee her safety.

After all, there would be times when I would be away from her!

"What is it?" Mia asked in a cold tone when I laid down the robe at her feet. Raising my eyes at her face, I could see that she was pretty unhappy about something.

"Is something the case?" I asked, genuinely puzzled.

"You were supposed to go out for dinner with Terio, and you only returned now!" Mia exclaimed, taking on airs and rocking her head to the side, refusing to look at me.

"Well, that's true," I admitted without even a second of hesitation. "But the truth is, I was in the mansion since two hours ago or so," I added, trying to get Mia curious enough to make her forget about her anger.

"Huh?" Mia turned her head back to look at my face.

'Mission success,' I thought, a small smile creeping up on my lips.

"You see, this is the thing that I was working on for the last week," I said, raising the robe and presenting it to Mia's hands.

"What are you saying?" Mia shook her head after casting a quick look at the cloth. "Isn't it the same thing I'm wearing right now? If you were looking for excuses, you should've tried a bit harder!" she complained, averting her eyes away.

What I could easily notice, though, was that her movements lacked the energy from before.

"Just touch it, and you will see the difference," I suggested, shaking the robe to make its movements attract Mia's attention.

"If you are lying..." Mia turned her head back. But as I finally managed to take a closer look at her eyes, I realized that she wasn't angry at all. Rather than that, there was a hint of sadness hidden deep in her pupils.

"Huh?" she moaned in surprise the second she raised her hand and touched the cloth. "It's different..." she muttered, snatching the robe from my hands as she stood up before bringing it to her cheek.

"It's so soft!" Mia exclaimed, rubbing her cheek against the material.

"Try it on," I hurried the girl up, barely able to hold my excitement down.

The fact that this thing was comfortable was the least important of its qualities. I simply couldn't wait to flex the rest of them on the girl!

Following my advice, Mia quickly threw her normal robe aside, appearing before me in just the crude undergarments of this world. Even though seeing her bare skin was still more than enough to get my blood pumping, right now, I couldn't help but just think about how sexy she would look in the undies I wanted to prepare for her!

Sadly, I still wasn't ready for this. The designs that I presented in the brothel were something that the whores could wear, not this most precious girl in my world!

For her, only the panties and bra of the best material, best craftsmanship, and best design could be worthy!

"It's really comfortable," Mia muttered in awe, moving around in her new cloth as if to explore its capabilities.

"Dear, forgive me what I'm about to do now," I said, knowing very well that actions spoke louder than words.

I extensively tested the capabilities of this robe before. It was a product of even better quality than the one I was wearing. I consumed three times as many stones while crafting it as I did when crafting my own.

In every possible regard, this was the most supreme product that ever came out of my hands.

"Huh?" Mia looked up only to see me taking a battle stance. "Did I do something?" she asked, leaning her head to the side. Not a single hint of fear appeared on her face.

I closed my eyes.

"Not at all. I just want to..." I muttered, feeling the pain exploding in my soul.

It was just a showcase, a way to explain to Mia in the simplest way possible what this robe was capable of.

But to me, even the idea of striking the girl, this particular girl...

"Here, feel free," Mia smiled gently, opening her arms up as she stood defenseless before me.

Prying open my eyes and seeing the sight, I fell to my knees.

Even though I only wanted to flex the potential of my gift, seeing her accept what had to look like a beating without a word of complaint...

I saw her ready to accept my fists. Whether it was supposed to be some sort of punishment or just a way of getting excited by beating someone, she was ready to accept it all with a loving smile.

It hurt.

It made me feel like half of my soul split away only to rot away in the flames of the deepest hell that existed.

"Arthur, are you okay?" Mia asked, falling to her knees right beside me. Looking up at her face, I could see that the tingle of sadness from before now mixed with worry.

I couldn't stand this sight. Yet, as I lowered my eyes, I caught something with my eyes that finally gave me the idea for a way out of this small mess I caused myself.

"Mia, dear, do you have a thread anywhere?" I asked, looking at the long sleeve hanging far below where Mia's hand actually was.