

Last System 78

Chapter 78 - Showcase

"Is this supposed to be some sort of... a play?" Mia asked, watching how I took the excessive part of her sleeve and bound it to a random pole with the thread.

When Mia heard my request a moment ago, she blushed. Even though those complicated emotions still lingered deeply in her eyes, I could tell what kind of thoughts flared up in her mind.

It seemed that even if she was troubled by something, she was still far more than willing to let me engage in any kind of play that I would find exciting.

Even if it went as far as to involve ropes and threads!

But now, instead of being bound to the bed, instead of having her freedom or senses restrained, I simply bound a small part of her robe on a pole while making sure Mia's hand could be a safe distance away.

"Earlier on, I didn't want to hit you for some random reason," I said when the corner of her sleeve was finally secured on the pole. "In fact, when I realized that in order to do what I wanted, I would have to actually hit you..." I muttered, only to shake my head and lower my eyes.

Just thinking about doing something so outrageous was enough to make me feel nauseous.

"So you wanted to hit me but didn't want to hit me?" Mia asked, confused by my chaotic explanation.

"I wanted to showcase what this robe is capable of, you dummy!" I exclaimed, grabbing Mia's cheeks and resting my forehead against hers. I then stood in this position for a moment, using Mia's closeness to calm myself down.

"I still don't understand," Mia whined, her eyes tearing up a little. But before proper tears could fall down her cheeks, a confident smile appeared on her face. "No, whatever you want to show, I'm ready to see," she said, gracing me with an affectionate smile of hers.

Just like before, she simply decided not to doubt anything that I wanted to do.

"God damn it!" I screamed out, throwing my arms around her sides only to hug Mia closely. "If you keep acting so precious, I won't be able to handle it!" I complained in a trembling voice, only capable of keeping my sanity up by immersing myself in Mia's flesh.

Only by holding her close could I ward off the danger of experiencing her cuteness of preciousness up close.

"I don't understand what you mean at all," Mia chuckled, using her one free hand to return the hug.

I had to hold Mia close for a few more moments before I managed to take hold of my sanity. But the first thing I did after moving away seemed to prove that point false.

The thing I grabbed the second I moved away was a woodcutter ax. A handy piece of tool that laid in the far-off corner of our garden before.

"Are you for real?" Mia asked, her eyes opening up wide when she realized what was likely my intention. "You just gave it to me; why do you want to cut it already!" she protested, pulling her hand away, unwilling to part ways with this gift of mine.

"Don't worry," I said lightly before dropping the ax at the piece of cloth I bound to the pole before Mia's desperate attempt to save the robe would make the thread snap.

Swinging the ax down, I used all the physical strength that I could muster.

Normally, this attack would be more than enough to split even the chunkiest woodblock into halves. In fact, the last time I did so, I actually made it fall apart into several unshapely pieces rather than cutting it!

'Fuck!' I thought when my arm exploded in pain.

Instead of cutting through the robe, the heavy blade of the ax simply bounced off it. My arm's sudden change of momentum made its bones crack under pressure.

If not for my relatively advanced cultivation, my bones would likely shatter at this point!

"What?!" Mia shouted, unprepared for the sight, just as my fingers could no longer keep the handle of the tool, allowing it to fly up and away.

"That's what I wanted to show you," I muttered, bringing my arm down and holding it close to my chest.

To be honest, I didn't expect this show to have such a massive effect!

Judging from the forces, the strength of the rebounded attack was even greater than the force of the initial strike. That meant, by hitting the robe, one was more likely to hurt himself rather than whoever wore it!

"Are you okay?!" Mia shouted, moving her hands on my pained arm.

All the thoughts about the robe vanished from her head when she saw that I was in pain.

"Don't worry, I'm okay," I quickly rushed to calm my dearest down. "I just didn't expect it to be that potent," I added with a satisfied smile.

What was a momentary pain when compared to the presence of mind that Mia was now generally safe? That there was hardly anyone in the sect powerful enough to do her harm?

"Now that you said it... Just what is this robe?" Mia asked, looking down at her raised left hand, bringing the part where the ax struck closer to her eyes.

I could tell that there wasn't even a single mark left of the cloth with a single glance.

"It's my gift for you," I replied, my soul finally mellowing down.

Back when I was in the brothel, I was constantly worried about someone assaulting Mia in my absence. What's more, I had to constantly keep myself on guard not to touch any other girl!

Even when I returned, I couldn't help but worry about the complex emotions that Mia hid from me in her eyes, emotions that I couldn't explain.

But now, staring at her awed eyes as she touched her own robe all over, I could finally feel at ease.

For the first time since I started caring for her, I believed that she was truly safe.

"Arthur..." Mia whispered, dropping the cloth of her robe and moving her eyes on my face. She then raised her hands and brought them to my cheeks, only to lean over and press her lips against my mouth.

This wasn't the lewd, wet kiss that we would share during our nights. It was her way of conveying her gratitude, her affection, and her trust alike. All of that with the soft lips of her accompanied by the sweet air of her breath.

"Now," she mused as she moved her head a little, "are you going to tell me where did you get your hands on it?"