

Last System 79

Chapter 79 - Just Dont Be Too Rash

"Didn't I say it already?" I asked as a proud smile appeared on my lips. There was hardly anything better than flexing to the girl I cared for! "I made it!" I announced, a warm feeling spreading through my chest.

"It's hard to believe..." Mia muttered, taking a step back and looking down at her robe. She then rocked her head up to cast a glance at my face, only for a blush to appear on her cheeks, making the girl avert her eyes.

"I don't want to say I don't believe you..." she muttered before her face tensed up a bit, only for Mia to look me in the eyes with a refreshed energy. "But how can you explain its origin to others?" she asked.

"Huh?" I shrugged at the question. "Why would I bother explaining anything about this robe to anyone?" I asked, genuinely surprised. "I made it look exactly like the sect outfits for a reason!" I pointed out.

"I mean, if you will have to use it for whatever reason, you will need a story for it, won't you?" Mia's face darkened a little as she looked down and tightened her hands into fists. "I don't want someone else to learn how great you are. If they were to see what this robe is capable of..." she said and took a deep breath before raising her eyes at my face, "I'm sure they would do their utmost to enslave you!"

Mia's eyes were filled with worry. While I didn't like to see her like that, I would lie to claim that having someone worry about me didn't touch the deepest part of my soul.

'How long am I going to carry the burden of my past?' I suddenly asked myself, realizing where this warm feeling was coming from.

It wasn't anything great to have others worry about me. I was aware of that much, as it was a pretty basic thing in human relations.

Still, after my experiences on earth, my soul was scared to the point where even those basic emotions had a massive effect on me.

Sure, it felt great to have a girl I liked to worry about me, but it wasn't a healthy feeling.

"That's the entire point behind making this robe just like the sect outfits," I finally answered after calming my mind for a little. "It's to have this robe as nothing more but assurance, something I won't make use of unless absolutely necessary," I explained.

What Mia said was pretty on the point. If anyone were to learn that I could craft robes capable of withstanding the force of stage two and maybe even stage three cultivators, my life as I knew it in this world would be over.

The monetary potential behind someone capable of crafting robes like that was simply too massive for the major local forces to pass on.

"If you are not going to use it, why bother making it in the first place?" Mia smiled lightly as she leaned her head over her shoulder.

A minor heart attack caused by her cuteness later, I released a deep sigh.

"As I said, I don't want to use it. I don't want you to use it either," I said in a serious voice. "But if there will come a time when either of us will have no other choice but to use those robes..." I muttered, my voice turning guttural as I grabbed the cloth of my own robe and raised it to my eyes, "In that kind of scenario, the drawbacks of attracting attention would be the least of our problems, I believe."

"And what if some elders will notice the difference?" Mia persisted on the topic, taking a step closer as she crossed her arms on her chest.

"What, are you dissatisfied with my gift?" I asked. Even though my words could sound hostile, I uttered them while releasing a breath and letting my arms fall down along my sides.

I wasn't angry at Mia's questioning. I could tell that it all came from her worry about the trouble that she could cause by wearing it.

But against her persistent question, I was simply powerless.

"You know that's not what I mean," Mia pointed out while shaking her head and making her hair dance around her face.

"It's far more comfortable than anything I wore in the past. Knowing how much effort you put to make it makes me all the happier to wear it..." Mia said, only to hesitate for a moment, swallow a mouthful of saliva and raise her eyes on my face. "But if wearing it would create some problems for you, I don't want it," she said in a decisive voice.

I looked up at her face again. This time, there wasn't even a hint of a smile on it. Instead, her eyes were full of determination.

"I have a way to explain the origin of this robe... It's just, I'm not ready to reveal it yet," I uttered, giving up on the topic.

If the worst came to worst, I could always claim that it was something I bought from the brothel. The moment the Madam would make enough money out of my deal, she would happily vouch for my story and even come up with some additional tidbits about it.

'A strange hermit came to my place and exchanged this robe for a night of pleasures with my best girls. He disappeared in the middle of the night, so I never got to ask about the robe. As such, I just gave it away without thinking much about it,' I came up with a random story myself.

Sadly, for something like this to work, I had to ensure that the brother's Madam would be willing to cooperate with me. And only by bringing her sufficiently massive profits I could ascertain that.

"Let me guess, you are going to throw money at the problem to make it disappear?" Mia asked, releasing a tired sigh.

"You know me so well I'm starting to get worried about myself," I replied with a smile, unable to stop myself from this small, ironic remark.

Thankfully, rather than taking it personally, Mia smiled as well.

"What did you mean by not being ready yet, then?"

"Just what you said, throw money at the problem to make it go away," I echoed Mia's words before shaking my head. "Sadly, we already used quite a lot of stones. At the current rate, I won't have enough gold left to make it work," I said, musing over the problem while rubbing my chin with my hand.

"I'm sorry," Mia quickly lowered her eyes as a guilty expression filled her face. "I used so many of them without even asking if you could afford..."

"Don't even dare to mention it!" I raised both my hand and my voice. Then I took a step forward and slammed my hand at Mia's shoulder. "You are my everything. What I said wasn't aimed at making you guilty. All the stones you used, I willingly gave to you. Do not ever forget that," I requested in a serious voice.

Everything I did for Mia came from the urge of my heart. As such, I could never accept her taking responsibility for my currently lacking financial means.

Especially given how I didn't really lack the money yet.

I would run out of gold soon without changing our habits and usage of the stones... but I actually had yet to even get below five hundred gold coins!

I was worried about the money not because I lacked it right now, but because I could face the problem of lacking funds in the future...

That is, assuming that my lingerie business would fall flat. Yet, despite how certain I was that it wouldn't be the case, it was still a possibility I had to prepare for.

"Okay, I'm sorry," Mia muttered, her eyes widening in a surprise for a little, only to mellow down into a look of affection.

Before I could react, Mia took a step forward and hid her face in my chest. I then felt her hands lock behind my back as she rubbed her cheek against my robe.

"Just don't do anything too rash," Mia whispered, persistently hiding her face away from my eyes.

From how she tightened her hold over me, I could tell that she really meant what she had just requested.

"Don't worry," I muttered gently, rubbing my fingers against the scalp of her head.. "I won't," I lied softly, breathing in her smell.