

Last System 81

Chapter 81 - Between Working And Training

My schedule was swamped. Between my daily duties of preparing food and training, there was hardly any time I could spend on things that others would misunderstand.

From the very morning, I would be busy with enjoying the dawn of the new day with my girl, only to prepare dinner for us and go train next. When my hands would start to bleed from the constant strikes against the training pillar, I would take some time to let them rest before moving on to clean the room and prepare the dinner.

I only managed to find a short window of time to work on my new product far into the day, roughly an hour or two before the last meal of the day.

"What are you making this time?" Mia asked, throwing a curious look at me in between smashing the pillar.

Neither of us slacked in our training, even though its effects were quickly turning smaller and smaller. For that reason, Mia opted to train in a cloth resembling a crude night-cloth. After all, our garden was enclosed from the rest of the sect, so there was no point in sweating her precious robe in and out!

On the other hand, this meant a great feast to my eyes, saving me from boredom as I patiently burned every last piece of wood that I bought yesterday.

"For now, it's nothing more but trash. If my tests fail, that is," I said offhandedly, averting my eyes when Mia looked at my face.

Even though we were fucking on a daily basis, for some reason, I still found it shameful to stare at her curves, perfectly visible under the wet, thin cloth she was covered with.

"Come on, can't you be any more specific?" Mia protested before throwing another punch. My eyes obediently followed the delicate motions of her body as her chest wobbled under the momentum of her move.

Even though I could only see the general shape of her flesh, it was somehow even more enticing than seeing her plain naked.

'Am I developing some kind of fetish?' I thought, feeling a sense of terror washing over my soul. While I knew there was nothing wrong with developing some fetishes, was it the influence of the lingerie I was crafting?

Did I immerse myself in that business so much it started to influence my mind?

My body shook when this realization struck. But before this sense of fear could lodge itself into my soul, my attention was forced back to the task at hand.

The wood has now all but turned into ash. And this ash was precisely the last ingredient I needed for my new invention.

I stacked three sets of pots to the side, each filled with boiling liquid. Two of them were filled to the brim with herbs and fragrant flowers respectively and doused in a mix of vegetable oil and distilled water.

In the third pot, there was just a massive amount of the fats, both vegetable and animal ones, that I bought the day before.

'I will need more water,' I thought, grabbing the fourth empty pot and moving back to the room. Once I returned with a half-filled bucket, I added all the ashes that I could to the water before setting fire underneath.

"My question is still standing," Mia commented a few moments later, just as the water in the fourth pot started to boil. "She wiped her forehead clean with the back of her hand before resting her arms on her hips. "Are you going to spill the beans or not?" she asked.

"You know I hate spoiling the fun!" I protested, sending the girl a slightly annoyed look. Even though I knew how hard it was to battle one's curiosity, I didn't want to let Mia's hopes grow too much.

After all, everything I was doing was just some amateur work. The chances of it all working out as planned were dim at most and minuscule at worst.

"You are really turning into another Vaner here," Mia shook her head before turning herself back to the stone. She then took the position and sent another strike at the pillar. "Keeping all the information to yourself even though I want to help," she explained her mind before focusing back on the training.

"You are doing just fine by cultivating," I smiled to my own thoughts, stirring the mixture up only to stand up and take my own robe off. Given how warm the day was, there was no point in soaking it in my sweat. "We only have a few days left before the audition proper, so we need to make the most of that time," I said as I started my stretching routine.

"Right, I just ran out of the stones," Mia suddenly mentioned, pointing at the empty holster attached to the inside of her palm.

It was a small contraption I put together a long time ago when I first realized the most efficient way of using the stones. Instead of just grabbing them head-on, we would rub our thumb against them between every attack, allowing the flow of mana following the strike to help assimilate the energy from the stone.

"Here," I said, passing one of the last few stones that I had on myself. Before long, I would have to make a trip to the auction hall to exchange my money for some more of the stones.

"Anyway, what you said about focusing on cultivation," Mia pointed out, stretching her shoulders to the back before landing another attack at the pillar. She then leaned her head to the side and threw me a playful look. "Does this apply to you as well?"

I opened my mouth, ready to utter some quirky response... But I ended up closing my lips instead.

What Mia said was actually right on the money!

What right did I have to stop her from helping me if I was spreading my wings so much? What was the point of confining her into the cage of cultivation and cultivation alone if I myself was doing all sorts of things?

"Actually..." I muttered, still hesitant to admit the mistake.

"Wait, what am I even doing?" I asked myself, realizing the process that went through my head right now. I was trying my best to figure out the way to reply to the girl, not for the sake of doing what was best, but for the sake of proving that I was right.

Was I really someone who advocated for this kind of approach? How was it any different from all those unreasonable scenes of people pushing their weight around to bully others? Weren't I the victim of such behaviors throughout my days back on earth?

"Actually, you are right," I said, nodding my head to the girl in defeat. "I was wrong to keep everything away from you," I said in apology.

"Huh?" Mia shrugged in surprise, clearly not expecting this kind of development. She even broke her stance and wiped the sweat from her eyes as if to make sure if she was actually awake or not.

"I won't tell you what I'm doing yet, I don't want to spoil the surprise," I said, raising my hand, "but once you are done with your turn of training, I need you to kill the fire under the ash pot and maintain the shimmer on the other pots," I explained the next steps of the process.

"Is that all?" Mia asked, a look of disbelief appearing on her face. Even though I couldn't read her mind, her face screamed 'what for?'.

"Oh, once the water in the ashpot cools down, find something to carefully scoop it out. You need to make sure not even the tiniest bit of ash will get to the clean pot!"

"And what then?" Mia asked, still not fully convinced about my intentions.

'Well, it's the first time I'm leaving her to do my job... It's only natural for her to be confused,' I thought, a small smile creeping up on my lips.

No matter what Mia did, I found it adorable. Be it her training, be it her eating, even her breathing... But now that she stood with a confused look on her face, clearly unsure what to think about what I said...

Once again, my hand went up to clutch at my heart.

"Once we will have that water ready, we will start mixing everything up!"