

Last System 85

Chapter 85 - Jawdropping Presentation

When the show started, both Mia and Vaner couldn't stop their jaws from dropping. But the reasons for this kind of behavior were starkly different.

What Vaner saw was a long string of young girls in their prime, walking into the room without even a hint of shame while only dressed in some kind of funny rags.

For him, this show was nothing more but a presentation of the goods that the brothel had to offer.

But the same couldn't be said for Mia.

As the girls started to walk inside the room, one by one, every last one of them wearing a different set of lingerie, Mia finally understood what that money was all about.

Or rather, that's what I guessed from the shocked look on her face and from how she couldn't tear her eyes away from the sights.

"Did you..." she muttered, only to swallow a gulp of saliva instead of completing her sentence. She leaned forward, almost reaching out for the hips of the girl that just happened to pass by her at the moment. Retracting her hand at the very last second, she shook her head. "Beautifull..." her eyes flashed with excitement, only for Mia to avert them a moment later.

"This is what I was working at during the nights," I finally explained what this entire situation was all about. I even went as far as to point at the bra holding up the sizeable bust of the nearest prostitute. "This is what that money was for," I added.

"So you are working in the red-light district now?" Vaner asked, the look on his face showing his disapproval. "I can't really imagine how did you get inside, though. It's not like you could be the owner..." he muttered, rubbing his chin.

'This fucker...' I thought, turning my hands into fists. 'He is clearly just trying to make things hard for me because I didn't clue him in!' I realized.

Clasp.

I looked to the side to figure out the source of the strange sound. And it turned out to be Mia's hand slapping her own face in the commonly known facepalm gesture.

"He tailored the lingerie," she explained, the sadness and pain finally disappearing from her face, replaced by the awe and slight annoyance.

'Does she understand what Vaner was trying to do?' I thought, only to shake my head. 'No, that's likely not the case. I guess it will be stupid to believe I can figure out what she is annoyed at,' I decided.

There were many men in history who tried to figure out how women think. Assuming that this world had immortals at its top, some of their research was likely still going.

I wasn't going to fall into the trap of trying to do the same.

"Am I right?" Mia muttered after a moment, turning her face to me.

I looked down deeply into her eyes, only to clasp my hand over my heart. As far as I could tell, Mia was full of hope that her guess was correct, yet she was still scared that she assumed too much.

Even though I basically already said it out loud, she still sought the confirmation directly from my lips, as if my words, my direct explanation, was the only thing she could trust.

"That's correct," I nodded my head, raising my hand and rubbing my fingers against Mia's cheek.

"But that's not all," I added, gracing the girl's mellowed eyes with a gentle smile.

'How can she be so damn adorable?!' I screamed out in my mind. With the tears from her earlier anxiety still wetting her eyes, mixing with the currently mellow look in her pupils and gentle smile that surfaced when I caressed her cheek...

Mia could easily claim the throne of the cutest being in this damned world with this look!

"There is still something I kept just for you," I whispered, turning the flirtiness of my tone up a notch. "But before that, there is yet one more thing," I added before turning my head around and looking at the brothel's manager.

"I hope you won't mind if my girl will be the first to test the new product this time?" I asked, more for courtesy sake than for actually asking for permission.

After all, who was this main whore of the house to dictate what I could and what I could not do with my products?

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to oppose," Madam smiled, most likely catching up on my intention behind this request. "I already feel bad for stealing a different first from her," she bantered, hiding her mouth behind her elegant fan.

"Arthur..." Mia grumbled, her previously improved mood sinking once again.

"Don't worry," I rolled my eyes, moving my hand up a bit and rustling Mia's hair. "She was speaking about being the first to wear my undergarments," I explained before sending a sharp look at the Madam.

After bearing with the chuckle of that middle-aged, wicked woman, I finally opened up the wooden box that I had brought.

In an instant, the faint aroma of the perfume that filled the room disappeared, taken over by the floral and herbal scents of my soaps.

"Mia, I will need you to trust me for a second," I said, lowering my hand and scooping a tiny bit of the soap with my finger.

"Mhmm," Mia nodded her head, musing in response.

"Close your eyes," I gently suggested, raising my hand while spreading the creamy oil between my fingers.

"Ummm," Mia followed my request with a silent moan. She even moved her face up a bit.

Just before she could close her eyes, I managed to catch the sight of something interesting. Despite how silent and obedient she turned out ever since the misunderstanding cleared out, there was a clear hint of excitement that flashed in her eyes just before she closed them!

'I guess every girl will go crazy about cosmetics,' I thought before finally touching my fingers down on the delicate skin of Mia's face.

This soap I already tested on myself, even going as far as to rub it into my sensitive parts. While some would take it as an attempt to pleasure myself, it was actually my desire to ensure it wouldn't be able to hurt Mia's skin.

After all, how could I ever look her in the eye if my failure at testing the soap would end up injuring her?

For the next few moments, I simply enjoyed myself by massaging the soap into Mia's face. I rubbed it into her cheeks, her ears, her small nose...

When I was finally done with the face itself, I took a bit of the other soap, one that turned out quite a bit more puffy. This time, I brought it to Mia's hair instead, gently spreading it all over her long, golden streaks.

"Magnificent..." Madam muttered even before I could finish the treatment. She then stumbled around, pushing various shelves and drawers open before she finally found a small, handy mirror and stood in wait.

"It's finished," I whispered gently, retracting my hands away from Mia's disposition. Even though the main aim of this situation was to present the qualities of the soaps, I actually found this kind of care quite fun.

It made me feel like I could do something that Mia would enjoy and be thankful for, despite how much I enjoyed it myself!

Mia slowly brought her eyelids up, only to take a quick glance at the mirror that Madam quickly passed near her face.

She blinked a few times before raising her hand to her cheek. Mia's eyes then scooted over, staring down my eyes as she turned confused.

"This is... me?" she asked, unable to believe the results of those soaps.

To be honest, I found it hard to believe in what I saw myself. Because instead of just delicately improving Mia's complexity.... Those soaps turned out to have an effect that I could expect from an entire prolonged treatment!