

Last System 86

Chapter 86 - Special Treatment

I had to stand up from the bed, take a small stroll around the room and sit right back in my place before I could look at Mia again.

This entire exercise was all aimed to get a fresh look at her face. As the one who applied all the beautification products on her, I lacked this breaking stage. I lacked this before and after a moment when I could compare.

"You are really going to get me killed," I muttered as I sat on the bed and stared down at Mia's face. Her cheeks turned red as she lowered her eyes bashfully.

"What do you mean?" she faltered in a tiny voice.

"You are just too beautiful for my heart to handle," I replied, cringing down at this kind of repeatable compliment. The only thing that eased the pain on my soul caused by my cringe was how it was actually the honest expression of my thoughts.

"Anyway," I bit my lips to regain my composure and turned my head back to the Madam. "That's the product I can sell you the recipe for," I informed, nodding my head.

"A creme that makes your skin fairer and a... foam to soften your hair?" Madam took a moment to guess the usage of the product.

The soap that I used on Mia's skin was pretty easy. It made her skin even more delicate than it already was while making it far more springy and healthy.

Truth be told, I didn't expect its effects to be so great. Sure, using a soap to wash off the dirt would bring forth a great visual effect. When it came to the actual medicinal effects, I could only blame the herbs that I mixed into the soap!

"I also brought a bit of simpler soap, one that you can use to wash the dirt off your skin and hair alike," I said, pointing at the third compartment in the wooden box.

As, outside of the nice, floral smell, there was no additional effect to this soap, I didn't even bother presenting it out. After all, how I was supposed to do it? Ask someone to get dirty just to show how well it cleaned?

"You really are full of surprises," Mia marveled, her expression softening into affection once again. She then brought her fingers to her own face, carefully playing around with the delicate texture of her skin.

"Anyway, the business talk can wait for later. For now, I will leave those products in your care. Feel free to test them out to your heart content..." I informed the Madam before my expression clouded a little. "But for now, I would like you to bring me to a private room," I said, reaching down for Mia's free hand.

"Surely," Madam replied, bowing her entire upper body down and pointing with her open palm towards the doors. "If you would be as kind as to follow me," she offered to guide us herself.

"Mia," I called out, forcing the girl out of her awe-inspired stunned state. "Come with me. It's time for the gift that I worked hard to make for you," I said, hinting at what I talked about before the showcase of the soaps.

Still stunned and largely overwhelmed by everything that happened in this place, Mia silently stood up and followed me like some kind of obedient pet.

The speed of her steps perfectly matched with mine, yet there was no will in her eyes as if she rested her fate completely in my hand that pulled her along.

"I saw him work hard overnight here," Madam whispered to Mia. If not for my cultivation reaching the pinnacle of the second stage, I would likely miss this silent passage. "He refused to touch any of the girls but constantly asked about their opinion over every tiniest detail," the old woman praised my efforts.

'Is she aware that I can hear her?' I thought, puzzled. But what was even more surprising was how Madam seemingly managed to break free from restraints of space.

If not for that, how could she lead the two of us from the front while whispering to Mia's ear, who followed two steps behind me?

"I'm jealous," Madam finished her words, emerging from her superposition right as my mind was about to collapse from trying to understand this phenomenon. "Here is the room that you requested," she said, bowing her back once again.

"Thanks," I uttered, moving inside the place and pulling Mia along.

"Jealous about what?" Mia asked, showing the first sign of her own free will, stopping me from entering deeper into the room.

"About your man," Madam replied straightforwardly, this time not bothering to lower her voice at all. She even went in and cast a glance at my face!

"It's rare to find someone so dedicated to a single girl," Madam chuckled. "Especially when half of this place was constantly fawning over him. I wouldn't lie by claiming that those harlots would love to service him," the old woman took a deep sigh. "Judging from their looks, they wouldn't even ask for any money!" she exclaimed, putting an emphasis on how hurt she was by that fact.

Thankfully, before this old whore could turn Mia's mind into an even greater mess, she finally caught the message hidden behind my furious look and excused herself.

Finally, I managed to bring Mia to the special kind of room and forced all the possible disturbances alone.

Just a single look around the place was enough for anyone to understand the purpose of this place. From various stands and stools, through three different kinds of beds, all the way to the box filled with all kinds of playthings...

In a sense, this was the royal chamber, the VIP room, the golden seat of this brothel! A place where only the magic of highest order would happen, the den of the deepest and most wicked fetishes and desires.

And amidst all of this, there was a single, gold-adorned box. It was a box that the Madam herself rented to me to keep all my personal collection of lingerie secure.

"So, are you finally going to tell me what is this all about?" Mia finally spoke up.

Looking up at her face, I could more or less tell what she was internally going through. She understood most of what happened and was left with only a few gaps that required filling.

But what she wanted right now was not to fill in the missing details. She wanted the full story, from the beginning to an end, that would allow her to ensure that she didn't misunderstand anything.

That what was happening around her right now really had the meaning that she wished it had.

"Sure thing," I said, putting a gentle smile on my face. But instead of telling a story, I let go of Mia's hand and approached the golden box exposed on a small stool in the middle of the room.

I unlocked its lid with a single snap of my fingers before pushing it open. Then, one by one, I brought up various kinds of lingerie, nightgowns, and even cosplay suits that I prepared with Mia's body and comfort in mind.

"I took so long to expose this part of my life because I wasn't ready. The things I was crafting were all made with you in mind... But they were never good enough," I said, pointing at the girl to come closer.

Intrigued, Mia slowly moved forward, only to end up latching on to my side as she looked down at the orderly stacks of my crafts.

"If I wanted you to wear something, it had to be the best of the best. That's why I didn't tell you about it before. As for the rest..." I hesitated for a second, gulping down a mouthful of saliva.

"I understand," Mia put a gentle smile on her lips before reaching for the first set of lingerie. While she picked one randomly, she just happened to grab a black, semi-transparent set.

Crafted with velvet as the base and shredded silk for the transparent parts, it just happened to be one of the most erotic pieces I made.

"Playing dumb any further would only mean that I lack trust in you," Mia said in a calm tone before turning around and facing me, with the black panties spread between her hands.

There was a playful smile on her lips. Her eyes were already shining as the moist at their bottom reflected the dim light of the candles.

Mia licked down her lips.

"I assume you made it all for me to wear for you, right?"