

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 6: Imperfect Acupressure Can Cripple a Man (3)

"I-I... The-Then, just for a moment."

Finley was speaking with a flushed face and seemed to be on the brink of tears.

I did it!

I finally got permission from her and was inwardly delighted.

I didn't want to surprise Finley, who was crouching like a frightened deer. Finley took off her sandals while pretending to be calm.

I can finally see her small soft soles.

I've already seen Elfriede's feet so much that I was tired of it. I didn't think there was anything special in seeing a girl's feet.

The meaning of such a place didn't seem that different from their secret region.

Puk-

Finley buried her face even further in the pillow.

Maybe it was to hide her embarrassment, but it was also rather fortunate for me that I didn't have to face her.

"I'll start touching you then."

"..."

There was no answer from Finley. I accepted the silence as an affirmation of her consent and placed my hands on her feet.

Soft.

Her soles were soft and supple like a baby's skin.

Unlike Elfriede's feet, which were as cold as ice, Finley's had a warmth that I felt good to touch. Perhaps because of her small stature, its size was especially cute.

“Ah, hah, aah...”

I could hear Finley groan at my touch through the pillow. Her ears which she couldn't hide were burning red as if they were about to burst.

“Well, I'll be quick then.”

I set my gaze on Finley's small and adorable feet that perfectly fit in my hand.

Then slightly above the center of the sole of her left foot.

If I pinch her toes, I can see a bright red spot about the size of my thumb in the recessed area.

It's as if it was asking me to be pressed.

I pressed on it as I did with her neck.

In addition to pressing on it, I also began to rotate it clockwise.

“Sob, sob, sob...”

Finley, whose face was covered in a pillow, sounded like she was crying. I started feeling guilty, somehow feeling like a freak who defiled her dignity.

Unlike my guilty conscience, my little brother was standing more upright than ever, ready to burst out. I couldn't believe I was getting excited by forcibly touching a woman while listening to her cries.

I'm really no different from a beast.

No, no this is a medical procedure.

That's how I kept myself from getting too agitated.

“Sob, sob...”

The only thing that could be heard in the darkness of the clinic aside from the patients' groans was Finley's cries.

Everything else was engulfed in silence.

Had I made a mistake?

Just when I was immersed in my thoughts.

Ding—

『Healed: Finley's Insomnia』 『Task Points + 10』

As the letters appeared, I also felt like something was being sucked out of the tip of my thumb.

I also felt a bit dazed, but that's all.

“Uh, uuuh, whoa.”

Finley, who was crying with her face on the pillow, suddenly trembled and soon lost consciousness.

I immediately put my palm on her neck to check if something was wrong. Fortunately, she just lost consciousness and fell asleep.

Finley opened her eyes after a day had passed, as the night sky had long parted and the morning sun rose high. After she regained consciousness, she approached me, who was sweeping the clinic.

“Hey, what happened to me yesterday?”

“You suddenly fell asleep. I thought it would be a shame to wake you up, so I let you rest.”

“I never slept like that before. I don't think I've ever had such a good sleep.”

“Did you have sweet dreams?”

“Sweet dreams?”

“That's how we ask if you slept well in my hometown.”

Upon hearing this... Finley tried to enunciate 'sweet dreams' a few times.

“That's right. Sweet dreams. That's very fitting. I did have sweet dreams. I haven't been able to sleep so peacefully since becoming a healer. It was years ago. It's amazing....”

Finley suddenly burst into tears. I began to panic, as I couldn't understand the reason for her sudden emotional outburst.

Is this a side effect of the treatment?

While I was thinking about that, Finley wiped her tears and said.

“I can’t stop crying. That’s weird. I’m not sad or anything at all, but I can’t help it. I’ve been feeling like this since I woke up. Did something go wrong?”

“It seems that negative energy is trying to get out of your body. Insomnia comes out in the form of tears”

“Is that the case?”

Is that the case?

How am I supposed to know?

I just uttered the first thing that came to my mind and somehow tried to make it sound logical.

Didn’t those quack doctors say things like this? For example my father, I wonder what he would say in such a situation?

“Listen to me, it’s actually bad to hold back your tears. That’s why it keeps trying to get out. If you feel like crying, just cry heart out.”

“I-Is that so?”

Perhaps because of her tears, Finley’s eyes were sparkling. I don’t know if it was because of this weird mood, but they contained something akin to trust.

Indeed, a quack’s words are dazzling.

A drug dealer’s words are bound to convince people if they are accompanied by proof.

Many charlatans and cultists began their journey by saying they would cure anything. They convinced a lot of people by performing miracles.

Of course, I wasn’t considering being one of them. Just thinking of that cultist that sent me to this world is enough to make my blood boil.

“Oh, here’s something for you.”

Chink—

Finley, who had been sobbing for a long time, took out a package from the spacious bosom of her white medical blouse and handed it to me.

It was probably money.

I was pretty sure it was money.....

“What is that?”

“It’s the promised amount, 30 silver coins. I want to give you more but I really can’t. This is all I have.”

“Ah, it’s fine. This is enough. I’m rather sorry that I didn’t teach you much.”

“That’s not true!”

Finley yelled at me for being humble.

“What?”

“It’s...It’s not true at all! What a wonderful technique. I was taught healing in a temple and thought I knew a lot about human anatomy. However, Hassan, you showed me a lot of things that we weren’t taught, from correcting the spinal cord, twisting the pelvis and the ligaments...”

Finley spouted multiple complex medical terms that I didn’t know of.

I could vaguely understand that what I did was something difficult and proved that I possess proper medical knowledge.

Finley continued.

“And the blood of the neck, the back, the soles of the feet. It can’t come out without fully understanding the circulation of mana. That’s awesome; I feel like I’m one step closer to solving the mystery of the human body!”

“Ye-Yeah, that’s right.”

“Anyway, it was amazing! It’s like you were a reincarnation of Lord Asclepius!”

When was the last time someone showered me with compliments?

I felt butterflies in my stomach and my face burned. I didn’t know what expression I was supposed to make.

After becoming a responsible adult.

Also, after being abandoned in this world and becoming a slave. Compliments were the last thing to ever come my way.

Finley's gratitude and praise to me, who has been whipped and abused, touched my heart more deeply than the money bag in my hand.

"Honestly, I don't have the confidence to improve this technique, but if I work hard I'll at least be able to use it right?"

"If it's Ms. Finley, then you'll definitely be able to do it!"

I didn't know if she'd ever achieve it, but it wouldn't hurt to encourage her.

Looking at Finley's bright smiling face whose eyes were finally rid of the dark circles underneath, I thought it wouldn't be too bad if she actually succeeded.

Because I'm not a bad person.

"Anyway, Ms. Finley. This money will be put to good use. I have something to do today so I'll leave for a while."

"Do you have anything to buy?"

"My freedom."

Holy Shit—

That was pretty cool, wasn't it? I put the 30 Silver coins in my arms and left the clinic.

Stomp, Stomp

The city of Kalkata came into my sight where mud, filth and trash filled every corner of the street.

Kalkata is a city of adventurers where junk food, robbers, pagans, thugs and scammers were in every alleyway.

There was no way to know if this was a corpse or a faint drunkard. No one would care if pigeons or rats were gnawing away at it.

I made my way through the street, where I would normally just hang my head down and move quietly. However, today I walked with resounding steps with my head held high.

There was no stopping my path with my pride and money restored.

A world without Elfriede looming on the horizon looked so beautiful.

“The fuck did you say? You’re a goddamn slave?”

A nasty bald man furiously raved at me.

My mood, raised so high by that money and pride seemed to be sinking again.

This is a slave management center located in Kalkata.

I came here to get back my slave document, which was in essence buying my freedom.

However, the head of the management center began to threaten me with blood vessels bulging atop his shiny bald head.

“Damn it, you want to free yourself?”

“Yea-Yeah. I brought the money, 30 Silver coins. According to the protocol, I’m free once this amount is paid, right?”

“That’s right. But where did you get these 30 Silver coins? How can a slave come with so much money?”

Fuck.

I didn’t know it would come to this.

It would obviously be strange if Hassan, a slave from another world, suddenly came to this office with loads of money, without anyone doubting him.

“It isn’t dirty money!”

“Fuck, that’s what everyone says. But if it’s stolen, you’re going to prison. You won’t be treated as a slave but as a criminal, the true bottom. Do you know how prisons are?”

The words ‘Criminal’ and ‘Prison’ reminded me of the dark underground prison cells infested with rats where the convicts rotted.

I’ve never been to prison myself, but I know a few people who have gone into prison and never got out of it.

Of course, the harsh prison life wasn’t something that most people could survive.

As my mind was still wandering, the bald placed the coins on his desk in bundles of ten and asked.

“Can you tell me the source of this money?”

“Yes, yes. I got it from Healer Finley. Please check in with her.”

“Are you talking about Ms. Finley from the clinic at the White deer three-way intersection?”

“I don’t know the name of the street, but she was a pretty young woman with short blue hair.”

I felt some longing when I thought about Finley’s face. I don’t know if I’ve grown attached to her or her kindness.

“Blue hair? Well, there’s only one with that hair color. Oi, go and check it out.”

The bald manager spoke to a young waiter who was listening closely. Judging by the iron chocker/cord hanging from his neck, he seems to be a slave too.

“Y-Yes!”

The boy ran away fast. He was moving so fast I couldn’t even see his feet move.

“I sent someone to verify your claims. It’s too late if you want to run away now.”

“Yeah...”

The baldy stated something terrifying.

Just like criminals who trembled in fear at the sight of a police car. This bald head of the slave management center seemed very terrifying to me.

Above all, his muscles were bulging, and he looked intimidating and strong.

If his skin was a little darker, he would be a carbon copy of ‘The Rock’.

If I had to fight him with my bare hands, I’d lose to him 9 times out of ten.

“Getting anxious now, aren’t ya? Just admit that you stole it.”

“I didn’t steal it.”

“Ugh, your confident expression won’t fool me.”

The bald-headed manager had a strict expression on his face.

Of course, it couldn’t be helped. He was just doing his job, but from my point of view, he seemed really scary. I felt like I could die any minute.

Just when I started getting restless.

Chime-

The doorbell rang and the waiter who had previously disappeared came with an urgent look on his face. Then, while panting, he explained with a ruptured breath.

“Whoo, I just confirmed it. Ha- Ha-, He wasn’t lying. I even got a handover certificate.”

“What the...you serious? Are you really saying this money belongs to this bastard?”

He knitted his brows in irritation as if he didn’t like the news. On the other hand, I felt like a death row inmate who was presented with a lifeline.

“See? It’s my money.”

“A slave who freed himself. I don’t think I’ve ever seen something like this. Oh, well the laws of the kingdom should be respected. Take this, it’s your slave contract.”

He took out a small scroll from a drawer and held it out to me.

Finally, it was finally in my hands. After, two years.

I was finally going to become free.

“I’ll warn you. Once a slave, always a slave. You’re bound to be one again, whether it be by debt or by accident. See you again, Hassan.”

Yeah, see you again, bastard.

I’ll definitely lose if things get rough, so I’ll let you off this time.

The next update will take some time, but I assure you guys it will be worth it ;). Come hang out in our discord in the meanwhile.