

Last System 195

Chapter 195 - Investment

The number of resources that I brought was the cheapest possible set of items. While technically filling my quota, it was effectively a bunch of scraps.

"And what could you mean by that?" I asked, gracing the Clerk with a lovely smile of mine. "Is there any sort of problem with my submission?" I asked, acting as if I couldn't understand what the Clerk talked about.

His face darkened.

'Did he caught on?' I thought with curiosity.

"What submission?" he asked, forcibly bringing out a smile on his lips.

His expression was overall full of shit right now.

"The one that you just unsealed," I explained, putting a silly look on my face.

"And the one that I prepared a few moments prior," the boss stepped in, gently pulling her hoodie down.

Her golden hair made it pretty hard not to notice her appearance. And just in case, her voice filled the entire room.

"Who the fuck are you?" the Clerk asked before he finally looked at the woman's face.

Then, his eyes shook a little.

"I'm your fucking grandpa," the boss's expression turned from amusement to an extreme fury in a flash. "Or so I would be if not for how damn ugly you are."

The Clerk's expression froze.

And then exploded in silent fury.

"You better watch your words!" his face darkened. "There are limits to how much..."

"You do not stand in the way of our money, kid," the woman looked at the Clerk, seizing him down. "You do not stand in the way of our money," she repeated, her gaze turning as if she was scolding a teen hooligan.

"I will have you...!" the man shouted, only to bite his tongue at the very last moment.

But it was more than enough for my current backer. And watching the entire thing, I suddenly wished for a big bowl of popcorn.

'If there is something that I missed in this world, it's drama,' I thought with a slight sneer creeping up on my eyes.

"You will have me what?" the boss smiled adorably as if the Clerk had just presented her with the grandest gift ever. "Banned from dealing with the sect?" she chuckled, honestly amused to the limits by the opportunity this random Clerk offered her on a golden plate.

"No, what?" the man suddenly stumbled, realizing the magnitude of what was happening.

'That's not really... what I expected,' I thought.

Sure, my expanded plan of using the dildos had its elements of undermining the sect's influence...

But I never expected for the auction hall to go fucking all in on this bet!

'Now that it dawned upon me,' I thought, analyzing my current situation. And there was one thing that appeared to be inevitable.

'I'm going to get forced out,' I thought.

There was something very wrong with the logistics center. The way it operated didn't fit the image I had on the sect. And now that I was causing trouble about this matter, someone would step in to silence me.

I wasn't overestimating my value. I wasn't overplanning. It was just the most natural outcome of this situation.

If I started to mess around their nest, they would force me out. One way or another, my ability to support Mia through the sect was nearing.

And in that situation, it was better to take the initiative while I still could.

"What do you want me to do?" the Clerk asked, biting down on his lower lip. Frustration filled his eyes as he forced his mouth to utter the words of defeat.

"You will not stand in the way of our client's money," the boss said. She was pretty willing to continue when I raised my hand and stepped in.

"The things that you stole, I will consider a gift for you," I said.

There was no point in actually pushing the sect right now. I presented my ability and could maintain the status quo. As long as it increased the chance of the sect continuing its support for the girl, I was willing to downplay my position in this situation.

'Any support from the auction hall would take time to get through.

Whatever schemes I was cooking on my end, there was one principle I had to abide by.

'I can't do anything that would potentially cause Mia to be in danger.'

If I could buy Mia and me some more time by the price of a single quota?

How in the world could I hesitate?

"Are you sure?" the boss asked, turning her head to me with a thoughtful spark in her eyes.

"I am," I replied calmly, raising my hand with a small stone.

A courtesy of master Ackhart, currently busy with establishing a production line of the dildos.

A recording formation embedded into the stone was the simplest possible but extremely effective ace card.

"I believe you understand what this means," I said, flashing the stone in the Clerk's face.

His expression darkened even further.

"I do," he forced the words out of his lips. He then took a deep breath and relaxed his facial muscles a little.

"Great," I summed up as a wide smile appeared on my lips. I straightened my back and clasped my hands together. Then I turned my face to the Clerk, flashing the recording stone again. "I assume my quota is secured?"

"It is," the Clerk uttered through his teeth, hanging his head low in defeat.

"Great, then see you soon," I added, grabbing the boss by her wrist and cheerfully pulling her out of the building.

"Damn," I uttered the second I left the place. "That was tiring," I added as I released all the air from my lungs before taking a slow, deep breath to replenish it.

"Are you really sure?" the boss asked, a look of concern decorating her face. "We could've pushed our advantage quite far," she said before lowering her eyes on my face. "Isn't that what you wanted? That's what's going to happen once we prepare everything," she added, looking at me with a weird spark behind her eyes.

"It's fine," I shook my head. "There is no need to hurry. The longer we get to prepare, the harder it will be for the sect to push back," I explained in a hushed voice.

After all, we were still at the doorstep of the building.

"Then, I will count on your hunts," the boss replied.

She then reached out with her hand and patted me on the back.

"Anyway, good job for today," she said before reaching out and taking a ring off her fingers.

"Here," she added.

"What's this?" I asked, looking down at the gift in the palm of my hand.

The answer was pretty obvious.

What else could it be if not a storage ring?

"It's a personal quantificator," the boss explained, using words that I obviously couldn't understand.

"Not only is this a storage ring, but it can also boost both your cultivation and your greatest strength," she thoughtfully explained.

"Thanks?" I replied, weirded out by the news.

This wasn't a part of the deal.

"Consider this.... the investment of our group in you," the boss explained as a mysterious smile appeared on her lips. "After all, how could we pass on someone so clever and useful?"