

Last System 118

Chapter 118 - Value Of The Gold

"I will get to it once we reach the crossroads."

That's the answer that the pathfinder gave me when I asked about my spear. Yet, just like usual when talking with him, I have no idea what the crossroads he mentioned were.

Yet, when I woke up the next morning, I could stop my excitement from rising. Whatever those crossroads were, we were about to reach our destination sometime soon; that's what the pathfinder said himself.

And since we were soon going to part ways, the crossroads were bound to be right across the corner... Or, to be more specific, right across the line of the horizon, that made me unable to see any crossroads at all.

"Wake up!" the pathfinder shouted over. Ever since I started hunting with him, he at least spared me the waking method of kicking me in the guts.

"I'm not sleeping," I replied in a clear voice, instantly standing up from the ground I laid down on.

Today not only would be the day when I would receive my spear, but also the day when I would part ways with the pathfinder.

'I'm going to miss him,' I thought, dusting off my robe. 'But I just can't help but get excited about what's going to come next,' I thought, tightening my hands into fists to quell my excitement.

This anticipation was the very reason why I woke up so quickly, despite going to sleep so late.

In the end, yesterday's night was the very last time for me when I could cultivate in the amplification array in peace. Even if I could get my own formation stones once I become a fully-fledged contractor, I would likely be too busy trying to stay alive to find some time to cultivate in peace.

"Let's go," the pathfinder muttered, turning his head away and getting on the move.

'Having a storage ring sure is convenient,' I thought. Thanks to this small item, my guide could pack up in a mere moment, saving all the time normally required to actually roll the camp up.

"Sir, how expensive are the storage rings like yours?" I asked barely a few meters into today's travel.

"Like mine?" the man echoed my question. Looking from behind, I could see how the side of his face tensed up a little when the corner of his mouth raised in a smirk. "You won't be able to afford it for years. But a cheap one should go for as little as ten thousand," he gave me the answer.

Once again, it consisted of the vital information that I lacked.

"Ten thousand... of what? Kisses? Windows?" I asked the very same question that the math teacher of my previous life nailed down over and over again.

"Gold coins, what else?" the pathfinder was so stunned by my question that he even stopped moving for a moment and cast a glance over his shoulder at me.

"Wait, the same golden coins that I used back in the sect?" I asked, dumbfounded.

'For as little as ten thousand coins...' I thought, biting my lips. In anyone else's mouth, it would be clear information on how the gold value deflated with the growth of one's strength.

The problem was, it was the pathfinder who said it. Meaning, this likely wasn't just a straightforward explanation.

"That's right," the pathfinder nodded his head before turning it back towards the direction we were going. "Just forget about it for now. It's not something a poor contractor like you can get your hands on any time soon," he said.

'This doesn't make any sense,' I thought, freezing on the spot.

From what and how the pathfinder said, ten thousand gold coins was actually quite a considerable wealth. A prize that only someone with good enough financial background could afford.

But wasn't that roughly a fifth of what I got for the deal I made with the Madam of the brothel?

"What happened?" the pathfinder stood down once again, noticing how I froze in place.

"Aren't the commodities in this part of the world far more valuable than what we can find back at the Skyladder sect?" I asked, even though I knew the answer already.

Just a single spiritual stone that would be worth consideration on this side of the barrier would be a thousand more times valuable than the spirit stones I bought back then.

"No, another question," I uttered, shaking my head. I didn't have a high degree in economy, but this didn't make any mathematical sense! "How much would a spirit stone cost in here? Like, on average?" I asked.

This was one specific commodity that I knew the value of. Even if it would change over time, there was still the median that I could take for an average price.

"A normal spirit stone?" the pathfinder raised his eyebrow, only for a smile to appear on his face.

It seemed that he finally realized what was puzzling me. Yet, it wasn't a proud smile, but one that you would use to look at children asking why the government won't print more money to make everyone rich.

"A spirit stone here should cost around the same as it does on the other side of the barrier," the pathfinder threw with a smirk before turning around once again and resuming the march.

"How can the prices of different goods..."

"Do you think it's easy to move tradeable goods between the different sides of the barrier?" the pathfinder asked before I could even finish my question.

This time, he didn't even bother to turn around.

But the question he asked... was valid.

This man was strong. Incredibly strong. Stronger than anything I had in my mind to compare. And yet, even he treaded insanely carefully while passing through the barrier's borderlands.

Moving gold between different sides of the barrier to make more value out of it... Didn't seem to be possible. In fact, moving any sort of big amounts of trading goods didn't appear viable either.

'So that's why...' I realized.

The gold was precious only because it was in short supply. In this world where paper money was still on the level of bills of exchange, it was no wonder that the existence of the barriers allowed to keep the gold's value in check.

But that made me realize something else.

"Does that mean that if I made some money back on the other side of the barrier... I will still be able to access it?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Did you bring it with you?" the pathfinder asked, his tone light enough for me to understand that he was making fun of me now.

"I did not, but..." I attempted to explain the situation, only to see his head shaking to the sides.

"Then, unless it's registered in the auction house, you will have to go back to the other side of the barrier to use it," he said in a tone that clearly indicated the topic was over.

I wonder how he would react if he knew that right now... I had over fifty thousand gold coins in the bank of the auction hall, with more to come when my share of the profits from the brothel would start flowing there?

"Forget about the money for the time being," the pathfinder shook his head as he raised his hand and pointed at a small bulge in the far-off distance. "We are almost there," he said, lowering his hand back.

At first, I didn't really understand what the pathfinder meant. Then, I didn't want to believe it.

And then I could no longer ignore what I saw with my own eyes.

Several kilometers ahead, there was a small shack sitting right at the massive crossroads. Or rather, it sat right at the place where the small path we were traveling on joined to the side of a massive, stone-laid highway that even Romans would be prideful to call their own.

"That shack is where you will make your spear," the pathfinder said.

"Excuse me," I muttered, shaking my head. There was something wrong with my ears. "This is the shack where you will make my spear, right?" I attempted to echo the pathfinder's words.

"No," he shook his head. "This is where I will teach you how to make your own spear," he said before turning his head and glancing over his shoulder with a smile.. "You can consider this a rite of passage."