

Last System 150

Chapter 150 - Money Makes The Girl Smile

"Storage rings?" the receptionist echoed my words, only for a bright smile to appear on her already smiling face a moment later.

It was a smile that I could recognize. I smile that I would see on my reflection when I would turn down the computer after a good day of work at a call center.

It was a smile of someone who could smell the commission!

"We certainly do have some!" the girl added, melting in smiles. "What kind are you looking for, exactly?"

"To be honest, I only know that the storage rings do exist," I admitted. "Could you maybe explain what there is to know about them when picking one?"

The smile on the girl's face deepened. She could already feel how fat her commission would be!

Not like I minded it either. This was her line of work, and I just assured top-quality service for myself. With how easy it was for me to make money in this world, I didn't mind spending a bit more just to get things properly done.

"For starters, there are three parameters that we differentiate here. The size of the storage, its added effects, and then the cost," the girl explained, leading me out of the workshop towards one of the negotiations rooms. Yet, with how excited she was, she couldn't stop herself from talking while we were still walking.

'A rookie mistake,' I thought, sneering silently. 'You should never let the others know how excited you are to make the deal. It will make you look like you are trying to scam them,' I thought, recalling the advice of my supervisor from my previous life.

I hated that part of my life when I was still bound to the lowest level of modern society. I never scammed anyone in that life, but the legend that people made around the call-center workers made most of my contacts back then treat me as your average thief rather than a salesman.

"On the market, you would also hear about the fourth grading metric for the storage rings. But as a company policy, we only deal with the storage rings that have the highest security mechanisms installed," the girl explained, gently flexing the worth of their products.

'Just who hired this girl?' I had to stop myself from shaking my head in disappointment. 'The information is great, the delivery is top-notch... but the moment couldn't be any worse!'

Still, I followed the girl into the negotiating room and got myself comfortable on the couch there.

"When it comes to the storage rings, we differentiate their capacity with cubicles. A single cubicle is as much space as a box the size of this desk," the girl said, pointing at a square coffee table.

'So a cubicle is a meter squared,' I thought as I took a quick glance at the piece of furniture.

"Our storage rings range in size from a single cubicle all the way up to twenty of them... But the price range increases dramatically with the growth of the volume," the girl warned.

'Finally, some good approach,' I thought, relaxing a little.

The lack of ability of this girl got me sitting on the edge of my seat and trying hard not to cringe. Listening to her made me feel like in those days when as an experienced and pretty accomplished salesman, I was forced to sit down and teach newbies.

The rest of the topic turned out to be pretty simple.

As the auctioning hall mostly dealt with rich people and business owners, they had rings outfitted with effects like cooling, preserving, and many others. In other words, if there was a merchant dealing with food that was worried about his wares spoiling, all he had to do was to buy himself a ring with either cooling or preserving effects.

'Thankfully, I have no need for such things,' I thought after hearing just how massive the premiums were on each specific effect added to the storage ring.

It wouldn't be an overestimation to say that having a single effect on the storage ring could as much as quadruple its prize!

"I would like to get one storage ring of two cubicles and another one of five cubicles then," I said once the entire explanation was finally over. By its end, I was so tired of learning the details that I simply wanted this topic to be over already.

"Sir, that will cost you..." the girl turned silent for a moment as she scribbled some numbers on a piece of paper.

'As if you didn't know it already,' I thought, rolling my eyes.

What the girl was doing right now was trying to make me look like a top-tier client who came with an unusual request. But it didn't take a genius to realize that for people of any wealth, storage rings weren't a luxury.

They were a damned commodity.

"All in all, for two storage rings, twelve thousand Imperial gold coins," the girl finally raised her hand and gave the price. "Taking the currency differences into account, that will be eleven thousand and three hundred forty gold coins of the type you are dealing with," the girl said with a massive smile on her face.

'You can smell it already, don't you?' I thought, only to shake my head. "The commission is really going to be fat," I guessed from just how wide the girl's smile was.

"Right, I would also want you to put ten thousand imperial gold coins into the bigger of the storage rings," I gave my request before widening my smile.

This girl wanted to end the deal and go celebrate? Today she would learn the lesson that if one was spending big, then one should truly spend big!

"That won't be a problem at all," the girl said, her smile continuing to grow into the limits of how wide it could be. "What's more, as you made such a huge purchase with us, I can waive the fee of transfer on this transaction as well," the girl added.

My mouth twitched.

'Why the hell would you do that?!'

My salesman spirit was raging in me, as I did my very best to keep my face straight.

'You can waive it? Then keep your fucking mouth shut and get that money for yourself! Issue that money as a company credit, forcing me to spend it here! Just use it to give me a discount if I kept buying!' I thought, listing out just the random first few ideas that came to my mind.

Helping out the customer?

This girl was either shit at her job or actively sabotaging the auction hall!

"That's perfect," I said instead. Right now, I wasn't the one selling. I was the one buying. As such, it would be counterproductive to teach the girl her job.

'If only this world had phones... I could become the richest man alive in a matter of months!' I thought to myself.

But I still had some things that I had to tackle in this place.

"Since I'm already here, do you maybe have some cultivation resources on hand?" I asked.

Since I gave away most of my stones back at the logistic center, I had to buy some of the other kinds to send to Mia. That was the very reason why I bought the smaller storage ring in the first place!

"You are in luck, sir," the girl's smile broke through the limits of her face and started to form in her aura as well. "As today is the distribution day, we received quite a lot of fresh products!" the girl exclaimed, almost jumping out of her seat. "Sadly, there is a limit of fifty thousand gold coins that you can spend on them. This is a restriction imposed on us by the sect, so we can do nothing about it," the receptionist said before lowering her head in apology.

'Finally, some good fucking marketing tactic,' I thought, my salesman's feelings placated.

But still, fifty thousand? While it appeared that I could still afford to exhaust all my resources for the cultivation materials... I didn't see any point in doing so.

"Now that I think about it, how many spiritual stones or their equivalents would I be able to buy for ten thousand?" I asked.

Ten grand was a lot of money... but still reasonably within my means. As I still had a lot of other investments to make, I had to limit how much I would spend in one place.

"If it comes to spiritual stones... Then about one hundred and twenty-five?" the girl guessed, her face taking a troubled look.

It appeared that while aware of the general prices, she didn't know the exact numbers.

"Let me put it in this way, then," I said after thinking for a moment. "How about I put down a thousand as a reservation fee. I will come back to this place by tomorrow at most and decide whether to make my purchase or not. If I do, the reservation fee will be waived, and if I go back on the idea, you will collect the fee," I suggested a solution to my current quandary.

"That's..." the girl hesitated for a moment, only to shake her head and then nod it decisively. "It's perfectly doable. I will see this matter through personally," she added.

"That's great then," I said, standing up from my seat to indicate the negotiations were finally nearing their end.

"Is there maybe anything else that I could help you with, sir?" the girl asked.

Initially, she clearly wanted this meeting to be over the moment I decided to buy the rings. She most likely wanted to go around and brag about her achievement and fat commission. But now? After she saw just how quick I was to spend my money?

She swallowed my bait along with the hook, the line, and the fishing rod at once!

The greed in her eyes was clear to me.

"Actually, yes," I turned to face the girl again. "You see, I'm in dire need of two things. Books and...."