

## Last System 151

### Chapter 151 - I Got Scammed

"Right, on the last point, could you be as kind as to point me out to where the Drunken Calm Inn is?" I asked once I finally finished all my matters at the auction hall.

"Huh? Excuse me?" the girl shook her head, clearly not listening to me before.

The massive grin on her face and occasional shakes of her body showed just how excited she was.

"The Drunken Calm Inn," I repeated. "Can you tell me how to get there?" I asked.

I just splurged more than twenty thousand Imperial Gold coins with this girl. While the storage rings took more than half of the total cost, filling them with all sorts of stuff wasn't cheap either.

'I can only imagine how fat of a commission she made when we closed the complete deal,' I thought, not paying her unfocused attitude any mind. Since I could sympathize with her current state of mind, I wouldn't be as rude as to expect her to remain focused!

"Sure thing, sir," the girl finally regained her focus and smiled as she replied. "How about I act as your guide?" she proposed as her eyes lit up.

I knew this expression. Due to my origins, it was an expression I never saw directed at me back on earth... But I was a relatively silent and observant person.

I saw it more than just once or twice back when I was in school and during my failed attempts at going to college.

This was the expression of a girl whose gold-digging instincts would wake up.

"Just the directions will suffice," I quickly replied. Even though we were separated right now, there was no way I would betray Mia by using the opportunity to score this girl.

This receptionist might be a fine lass, but she wasn't fine enough for me to cheat on Mia!

"But thank you for your kind offer," I added, softening the rejection.

The look on the girl's face changed a little. From the sudden hope she felt a moment earlier when she hatched a plan to get her claws on me and my fortune by extension to the sad realization that her plan wouldn't work.

Still, she managed to keep up her professional smile while the joy of making a fat commission still continued to flash in her eyes.

'At least she is someone who knows her limits,' I thought when the girl moved towards the doors.

"Sure then," the girl kept up her smile as she brought her hand up and pointed towards one of the alleys. "You need to go down this road, and at the first major crossroads, take a right turn," she explained.

"And then?" I asked, still not sure what I was supposed to look for.

"Once you see it... you will see," the girl smiled, happy to be able to invoke a bit of mysterious aura around herself.

Even if it was only caused by her withholding the information from me in the first place.

"Sure, thanks for all the help. I'm looking forward to working with the auction hall again!" I said before leaving.

Yet, instead of walking right in the direction the girl pointed me at, I returned to the market instead.

Now that I had more money than I could spend and a fat stack sitting safely in my storage ring, there was no way I would just leave that place unattended.

Soon, both of my rings started to fill up as more and more sundries, ingredients and tools took up the space inside them.

For the merchants, I had to be the perfect kind of client. Going in, buying whatever he wanted, never arguing about the price...

I could tell whenever I was scammed. Or rather, I could tell that half of the merchants expected me to haggle when they gave their prizes...

But how could I be so wasteful?

My time in the headquarters was limited. Even if I could save up to even fifty gold coins combined by haggling on every last stall I stopped by...

How could it be worth my time?

'Still, I need to start thinking about what job to focus on,' I thought as I glanced inside my storage rings.

I had materials for literally everything. From alchemy, through tailoring and cooking all the way to poison crafting. I had both materials and books to enter the world of all kinds of jobs... But once again, what limited me, was time.

I bought all of this stuff on a whim, hoping that one day it would prove useful. It could even be attributed to my slightly hoarding attitude of mine, one that I would always exercise when playing games.

But whether I would find the time to indulge in them... Was an entirely different topic altogether.

'I guess I should focus on the job I already have first,' I thought, looking through my system as I made my way back to the auction hall and then finally moved to where the receptionists pointed me at.

'Wait, is that...' I suddenly found something that I missed all this time.

There were two things in two different windows of my system that shared the same word in their name.

'Arcane weaponmaster and arcane possessions...' I thought, comparing my one high-class job and an entire window under which my spear was outlined.

'Could it be?' I thought, realizing what the one striking feature of that spear that made me use it over and over again was.

The one thing that made my spear special was the ability to drive my energy through it freely.

'Is that what the arcane means?' I thought, taking the turn that the girl told me to. 'Does that mean I can level up that job in some other ways than by leveling up my fighting class?' I thought, an idea appearing in my head.

Right now, I didn't even remember when that arcane weaponmaster job appeared in my system. With how it continued to grow bit by bit, I couldn't really tell at what exact moment did that job appear.

'Now that I think about it... It's quite possible it did back when I crafted that spear, isn't it?'

I was left nearly unconscious back then. I didn't even check my system anytime soon after that. Yet, once I finally looked it up, the job was just there.

But whether it was wielding this weapon that created this job or making said spear... I didn't know.

'Still, it's not like I could use it to make money,' I quickly realized.

As insane benefits as this job brought to my ability to wield my energy with precision, there was just no way I could randomly start selling arcane weapons.

They were too powerful. Yet, rather than having something to do with the popular bullshit of 'people are not strongwilled enough to wield such power,' I was more concerned about spreading the one ace card that I had to myself!

Before I could make any sort of decision, I suddenly stopped in place, stunned by sight.

'She was pretty damn right,' I thought, recalling the words that the receptionist bid a farewell to me with.

She was right. The moment I saw the building, or rather the crowd gathered in front of it, I knew I had found the right place.

'And that brings me back to the topic,' I thought, slowly pushing my way through the crowd and towards the doors.

Why do all those people keep standing outside? I had no idea. But as no one tried to stop me nor anyone looked at me sideways, I assumed they weren't all queuing to the place.

The second I stepped inside, I figured out two things.

'So he is already here,' I thought, noticing Lucius sitting in the corner of the main hall while slowly sipping on a cup of a drink. Yet, it was his presence that made me realize the answer to my earlier questions.

'Isn't a brothel the perfect place to do business with?' I thought. 'This is where I made my first small fortune, and it proved surprisingly easy,' I thought, seriously considering such an option.

As someone who already dealt with the brothel on a daily basis, I knew I could go into that devil's den and stop the girls from seducing me. After all, if the girls back at the Zero Zone couldn't do it, why would anything be different here?

"So you came," Lucius said the moment I said at his table. Yet, only now could I see just how sunken his expression was.

He wasn't just drinking his beer. He was sinking his sorrows in the glass!

"Just hit it," I said in a calm voice, instinctively adjusting to the peaceful atmosphere within the place. "What happened?" I asked.

For a moment, Lucius was silent. He barely even raised his eyes on me from his glass, only to move them away the next second. He then looked to the side as if ashamed of something.

"Didn't you say that you have some money?" he asked in a silent voice, refusing to look me directly in the face. "Would you be willing to lend me a bit?"

I was shocked. Out of all the things that I expected to happen, seeing my Overseer ask for money...

But there just had to be a reason behind it. His request right now didn't sit well with me... Not because that wasn't the Lucius I know.

But because I hated borrowing or lending money in the first place.

"Dude, you just returned to the brothel," I muttered before leaning back on my chair. "Unless you tell me what the hell happened, there is no way I'm lending you a penny," I said, trying to force my greedy nature back to its cave deep within my soul.

If I could help my Overseer, I would. But if it meant sponsoring him some girls, there was no way in hell I would accept that!

"Long story short...." Lucius swallowed his saliva as his cheeks turned red in shame, "I got scammed."