

Last System 153

Chapter 153 - Its Not Wise To Threaten A Man Who Makes Living By Killing Monsters

"Are you going to help me or not?" Lucius said, his stare turning cold. "If you just wanted to have fun at the cost of my misery..."

"Chill the fuck out," I said, rolling my eyes. "I got some money, but I'm not going to just throw it on you. That would mean helping you pay an unfair debt," I stated, snatching the cup out of Lucius' hand and drinking all that was left in it.

"What are you going to do, then?" Lucius asked.

'To think that he would be so helpless outside the forest,' I thought, fighting off the grin that wanted to appear on my lips.

"I'm going to deal with the situation like you should in the first place," I said, standing up and moving towards the exist. "Are you coming?" I asked two steps later when I turned my head to the back and noticed Lucius still sitting on his seat.

"Ah, I do, I do," he muttered, rising up and following me outside.

Even though I was the first to leave the Inn, it was Lucius that led me towards the brothel. The first reason was simple.

He was the one who knew which brothel he was scammed at. If I were to lead the two of us, we would likely have to visit half of the red-light areas in the area before stumbling into the correct one.

But there was another reason. A reason born out of my mistake.

And it was my own carelessness that caused it.

Because when I entered the Inn... I had both of my storage rings right on my hand!

Lucius never called me out on that point. Most likely, I had the dim lighting within the Inn to thank for. Yet, thanks to the fact that he was leading me towards our next place, I got my chance to take the rings off and hide them in my pants.

Call me stupid or call me overly cautious, but this was the lesson I learned from the few times in my life when I had not-so-legal stuff in my possession.

As for the reason why I hid the rings from Lucius... Was the sentence he said himself. His advice for me to hide away how much wealth I possessed came in handy now that he got strangely sensitive about the topic of money.

'On the topic of money,' I thought, looking at Lucius back. 'Isn't this a perfect opportunity to make more?'

Given my history of doing business with brothels, I couldn't help but be inclined to look at them as money-making machines.

And it was for a good reason.

In a world where visiting brothels didn't seem to be as much faux pass as it was back on earth in modern times, those places had an insanely high number of money flowing through it.

What's more, with the plethora of fetishes that the earthly civilization discovered and propagated with the use of the internet, I was equipped with thousands upon thousands of years worth of human sexual desires.

In simpler words, just by looking through the list of fun videos I watched back on earth, I could dig out a number of fetishes that I could exploit to make money!

"It's here," Lucius said, cutting my thoughts about making money short.

This wasn't the primary reason why we arrived at the brothel, and out of solidarity, I had no other choice but to focus on the matter at hand.

In the end, once we would return to hunting soon, I would have to entrust watching my back to Lucius again. And it wouldn't be the greatest idea to antagonize him right now by trying to make money while he came to this place with massive grief.

The moment we entered the place, I felt that we became the center of the attention of the staff. While the clients of all sorts didn't pay even the slightest fucking about us, the same couldn't be said about the girls and servants.

'I guess the gossip travels fast,' I thought, releasing a deep sigh.

Lucius shrank in himself under the barrage of looks. But it wasn't a bad thing. Since everyone already knew about what happened, we wouldn't have to waste time explaining it to someone I would grab.

The chances were, they would come to us first.

"How can we help you, dear customers?" one of the girls said, approaching us even sooner than I expected.

"From the smirk plastered all over your filthy face, I think you know it already," I replied without the care in the world.

In an instant, the atmosphere turned colder.

Given how I had plans to do business with this place, insulting the first girl to approach us didn't seem to be the best idea. But starting from the position of a guardian coming to solve the dispute was even worse.

Right now, while hateful, I got their attention.

"Oh?" The girl refused to react to my words, keeping her professional smile up.

'At least she is not smirking,' I thought, smiling brightly to counteract the coldness behind the girl's grin.

I leaned my head to the side. "I came here to receive the payment for the service that you guys forced my dear friend to provide," I said, crossing the arms on my chest and raising my chin.

'You guys thought I came here to pay?' I thought. The corners of my lips twitched as I held back a chuckle.

"I'm sorry, young man, but I think you might've mistaken what this place is," the girl said, shaking her ample and barely hidden bosom to put an emphasis on her words. "Unless your friend hiding behind your back is a male whore..."

"You better watch what..." Lucius flared up at the mere suggestion, not allowing the girl to even finish her sentence.

"Chill," I said, raising my right hand to stop my Overseer from acting up.

If they want to provoke you, stay calm. If they want to calm you down, flare-up. If they want to pay, leave them alone. If they want you to pay, ask for payment instead.

Doing the exact opposite of what the other party wanted you to do was the very basic tactic of negotiating!

Or amateurish manipulation, it all depended on whether one judged the morals or efficiency.

"If you are not interested in going along with MY version of the story," I said as a bright smile crept up on my face, "then we are more than happy to report it back to the sect!" I announced.

For a moment, everyone in the building froze. Not only the staff but the clients as well.

'Oh?' I thought, hiding my surprise caused by this unexpected reaction. 'Is this place bad news after all?' I thought, ready to rectify my earlier assumptions about the local culture once again.

"And what would you report to your sect, kid?" the girl asked. There was no smile on her face any longer, proving that my words worked well so far.

"Oh, just a small heads-up. Contractors might not be a well-received profession, but they do provide the sect with its lifeblood, the cultivation resources," I explained.

In my opinion, the main reason why the girls dared to make use of Lucius was that he was a contractor. This was the only rational explanation for a place like this daring to scare away frequent customers like him.

I knew it... Because back on earth, I received the same kind of treatment.

Be a contractor, be a descendant of the hated nation... What was the difference? Outside of the range and timespan of the scorn, there were none.

'People will always jump at the opportunity of those pushed away by the society,' I thought, recalling one of the many quotes I found on the internet.

"I wonder how the sect would react if they were to learn that such place is intentionally weakening their providers and then demanding additional payment for that!" I asked after giving the girl enough time to think about the matter.

"I dare you to try it, kid," the girl said. Her eyes turned ice cold. She then lowered her hands and hid her behind her back.

'She most likely signaled someone,' I thought. Then I released an exhausted breath.

"Well, I believe that doing so... Would really be going a bit too far," I said, taking the girl by surprise.

After pushing her hard from the very moment she initiated the discussion, I suddenly gave her a way out.

A nice gift...

But also a potential trap.

My lips turned into a smile on their own when I saw the conflicted look on the girl's face.

"After all, I don't need to go to the sect to put all your whores out of business," I spat right in the girl's face. I then raised my hand and locked them behind my head. "It wouldn't be the first time for me to destroy a massive establishment, and it likely won't be the last either," I said.

I then gently shook my arms to illustrate how little I cared about this matter.

But instead of getting scared, the girl scoffed and then chuckled.

"If you want to make threats and flex your imaginary muscles, at least try to make it realistic," she advised in what appeared to be good faith.

I took a long look at the girl's face before dropping my head down and then shaking it. I used all of my focus to make myself look as if I was overwhelmed by pity.

"Lucius, we are done here," I said, turning around while still shaking my head.

Yet, the second I turned around, I saw a bunch of meatheads blocking the way towards the doors and eyeing me down.

"We are not letting him go until he pays for the service like a proper gentleman should," the girl smiled deviously. "It's not my problem he didn't pay upfront!" she added.

'Well, at least Lucius' story seems to be true,' I thought, turning around and throwing the girl a weird look.

"Do you really think threatening people that make a living by killing monsters... is a wise thing?" I asked, my head dropping into my robes and near the pocket.

My rings were in my pants, but what mattered was getting my hand closer to them.

After all, in order to pull my spear out, I didn't need to wear the ring. I only needed to touch it.

"I came here because I heard a commotion," a new, mature voice appeared on the scene, forcing me to roll my eyes and then look towards its source.

And there she was. Clad in her luxurious and disgustingly expensive-looking robes as if in armor, the assumed owner of the place strolled through the crowded interior as she approached the commotion.

"I heard what you just said, and I can't help but wonder...." she muttered in the calmest voice I ever heard discounting pathfinders', "do you really think we lack patrons who would shield us from your wrath?"