

Last System 16

Chapter 16 - Obtaining The Funds

"What do you want from her?" Mia continued to ask, almost attempting to pull me back by my hand.

To be fair, seeing her distressed like that was actually pretty entertaining. Those were the worries that a girl her age should have, not whether or not some kind of thugs would kidnap her so that she would serve as a sex slave to some arrogant little prick.

"Just a small favor,"

"Come on! Just tell me!"

"Nope,"

With each of those small exchanges, my smile turned brighter and brighter. Even though clearly distressed, Mia was slowly getting more energetic. And in my book, this was the first step to healing the scars on her soul.

"Huh? What are you doing here, kids?" the female medic from the day before asked as soon as she noticed the two of us enter the infirmary. "Don't tell me you went and trained..."

"No, you don't need to worry about it," I denied her suspicion with a shake of my head.

"Media!" Mia shouted, rushing towards the woman. She then sank in her chest as if in an attempt to hide away from me. Or maybe to protect her former savior? I couldn't tell.

"What happened?" the woman asked, raising her eyes on me as she started to pat Mia's head.

'She looks like a small cat in her arms,' I thought, enjoying just how adorable the girl was with her motherly figure. "Actually, I came with two things today. First, is there some sort of marketplace anywhere near this place?"

"And why would you need a market for? It's not like..." Media squinted her eyes, only to cut her sentence short where my wide smile gave her the answer she sought. "What do you need?"

"Some beddings, a large piece of cloth, ten long nails, and two one-meter long sticks," I replied casually.

"What, are you going to build a camp now?" Media asked with a sneer.

"Yup," I replied, watching how her face soured. "But to be fair, I believe a market is the best place to visit. After all, we can't spend our lives just training, do we?"

"That's precisely what being a disciple of the Skyladder sect is all about, though?" she replied, her face taking a turn for a weird expression.

"Tell me, did training how to punch helped you to become a medic?"

"I became one solely because I hit the limit of how far I could grow," she said, clearly not endorsing my idea. Yet, after taking a moment to think, she ended up shaking her head. "If it's the money you need, then you will receive some funds from the sect once you advance past the first three primary stages. If your speed at doing so will be exceptional, one of the teachers might even decide to sponsor you," she said before reaching underneath her robes and pulling out a small pouch.

'But you will give me some money now, right?' I thought, already finding several possible ways to multiply that amount.

After all, there had to be something that I knew about from earth that I could use to make a quick buck in this world! In a sense, this was the minor reason that prompted me to aim for setting up the camp at my private garden.

"Here," Media said, pulling out three silvery coins from her pouch before passing it to my hand. "This is all I'm willing to give you. Consider it a token of gratitude for taking care of Mia," she said before turning around and leaving.

I looked down at the coins in the palm of my hand. This was the initial investment that I had to somehow turn into a bigger wealth.

I had some ideas about what I could do, some things that even an amateur like me could produce... But I had to get a better look at what this world had to offer. After all, what would be the point of making soap if people already had something of its kind?

"Well then, let's not waste our precious time," I said, reaching out with my hand and passing the money to the girl. "Would you be so kind as to hold on to those for me?"

For a moment, Mia's eyes opened in surprise. She just looked at the money in my hand, unable to see through my intent. But before long, she just sighed and took the money.

'I wonder if she is growing used to me or just decided to don't bother over my quirks,' I thought, genuinely puzzled.

"Master, this amount of money..." Mia muttered, looking at the coins in her hand.

"It won't be enough?" I asked, worried that getting the basic supplies for the camp would prove more challenging than I expected.

"That's not it," Mia said before shaking her head which made the long streaks of her hair flutter in the wind. "This amount would suffice to buy everything you listed.... ten times if not more over!"