

Last System 17

Chapter 17 - Finding A Venue To Earn

"Master, the market is not in the sect, but in the small city right by the border," Mia explained, deciding to speak up all on her own.

Most likely, she noticed the confusion on my face as we went out of the area that I considered to belong to the sect.

Standing in the middle of a massive road, I couldn't help but feel in awe all over again. Right now, I finally got the chance to cast a look at how the sect looked... from the outside of its confines.

It was built on what looked like an inverted mountain. From the inside, one could see all kinds of terraces and platforms that made use of the inner slopes. Yet, from the outside, save for the few gates leading in and out of the sect, it looked like a massive mountain that someone deprived of the very top.

"Master?" Mia asked, casting a confused look at her face. We were supposed to go to the market, so there was no reason for me to waste time just standing in place and gawking at the rigid outside of the sect.

"Sorry, my bad," I replied, unconsciously reaching forth with my hand and patting the girl's head. "Ah," I quickly noticed my slip up, about to retract my hand when...

"Mhmm..." Mia squinted her eyes instead of moving away or pushing my hand away. Her expression softened a little as a small smile grew on her lips.

"Why is it so fun?" I asked myself, rubbing the girl's head. But soon, rationality returned to my soul.

"I'm sorry for that," I said, hurriedly retracting my hand and looking away.

"Ah," Mia exhaled, "not a problem. Master can rub my head anytime master wants..." she added, her face turning beet red.

Because of this accidental interaction, the rest of our way towards the city was completely silent. Yet, as embarrassed as I was with my own actions, I would have to lie to claim that I didn't enjoy it. Not even because it felt nice to rub Mia's head, but mostly because she didn't seem to mind it at all.

"Spirit Stones! Sprit Stones for sale!"

That was the first thing I heard when we entered the town.

Looking at it from the perspective of a transmigrator, it was no different from a ragtag bunch of peddlers and small merchants that would gather wherever there was money to be made. Yet, upon a closer look, there were some nicely dressed people, forcing me to accept that this was just how the local market was.

"Ancestral Swords! Great promotion! Only fifteen gold pieces each!"

Another merchant screamed right in my ear. Most likely, he took my sect robes for a good sigh.

Sadly for him, I had nowhere near fifteen gold pieces. And even if I had that kind of money, why would I waste it on some items that were clearly fake?

"We should be able to get the materials you need in the general shop," Mia informed.

She didn't flinch even when the merchants around her continued to shout their offers. To be completely fair, she seemed to be more relaxed in the market than she was ever in the sect.

"Lead the way, then."

Following the girl, I looked around the marketplace. And there was one thing that I couldn't help but notice.

It was full of food stalls.

From what I saw back at the sect, food was provided to all its members free of any charge. Yet, no matter how one looked at it, it was just a plain staple food, not something that one could truly enjoy. As such, in order to enjoy a good meal, one had to go outside and look for one of the food stalls in the market.

All kinds of foods were available there, from grilled meat and skewers to roasted potatoes and other vegetables. As we walked through the busy streets, I could even see some stalls offering sweets!

This kind of atmosphere was something that I was pretty used to. After all, given my lack of social life, my earthy experience was mostly limited to working at home and going out to either eat outside or just do some shopping.

As such, there was a lack of one thing, one staple that I was extremely used to on earth. A single kind of food made the most profits for all the big chains of fast-food restaurants on earth.

Fries.

'I would need to get some oil, salt, and potatoes for fries, but in order to truly be able to sell them, I will need something else,' I thought.

Even though I wasn't an entrepreneur, the problem of fries was pretty obvious.

They were insanely simple to make once you learned the recipe. That's why I had to find something that others would find troublesome to replicate. Something that would set my future business apart from all the copycats that were bound to appear.

And I knew just the right thing.

"Since we have more money than necessary, how about we get ourselves some nice food?" I muttered, trying my hardest to recall the recipe for one of the most popular sauces on earth.

"If Master wants to eat something good, I know of a few places serving delicious meat!" Mia instantly replied, happy to jump at the opportunity to please me.

"Ah, no, that's not what I meant," I replied, shaking my head. "Tell me, can we afford a small bag of salt, vinegar, and big bags of tomatoes and potatoes each?" I asked before suddenly realizing that there were a few more things I needed to prepare fries. "Right, we will need a few bottles of oil and a small cauldron," I added.

"The vegetables and salt are easy, but oil?" Mia shook her head. "Master, if we were to buy several bottles of olive, we might actually run out of all the money that we have!"

"It's okay," I smiled in response. Thankfully, according to the common practice of lower-end restaurants, oil could be used almost indefinitely.

And in this world without any health standards for food preparation, I definitely wasn't going to waste my limited amount of cash by changing it!