

Last System 181

Chapter 181 - Arthurs Proxy

From the brothel, the next place that I had to visit was an auction hall.

As one of the two pillars of my power in this world, this place offered me both opportunities to earn money, but most importantly, it could help me spend my money too.

'Reinvesting one's assets is the primary way of growing,' I thought, recalling one of the many smart quotes that I found back on earth.

In other words, money that doesn't move does not work for itself. What was the use of keeping money on your account if it wasn't making you more money?

Surprisingly enough, the distance between the brothel and the auction hall was laughably small.

'Given how this place operates like some sort of bank as well,' I thought, thinking about the account I had with them. Then, I shook my head. 'I guess they had to set themselves up pretty close to each other.

The brothel was the main money sink. The auction house was the money provider.

What other two businesses could cooperate so well together if not those two?

"Hello," a new receptionist appeared to greet me the very moment I stepped through the doors of the massive building. "How can I be of service to you today?" a middle-aged man asked in a polite tone while executing a perfectly restrained bow.

"Hello," I replied with a small smile. "I came here to ask about an array of things, so let me start right away," I said, crossing my arms on my chest.

It was a small detail, but I could slightly influence the other party's perception of me by standing in the so-called position of power.

It was a small detail, but not something that I would ignore.

"It would be a pleasure for our establishment to be of help to you, sir," the man replied without even a hint of hesitation.

Was it the training of those people? Or maybe the receptionist from the last time flexed how much she earned just from a few hours and a few requests that I made?

Or maybe I already became a prominent figure that the local brass hoped to cater to?

"First off, I would like to know if your organization could arrange a meeting with a formation master for me," I asked.

This was a fairly simple yet important request of mine, one that I was willing to splurge quite a lot on.

As for now, mastering the job of a formation appeared as the most efficient way for me to get stronger. As it could augment both my passive growth and aid me directly in fights, I was willing to go to great lengths to learn more about this topic.

"A meeting with a formation master..." the receptionist muttered as he tapped his finger against the wood of his counter. He then moved his eyes on my face. "While possible, it would certainly come at a hefty cost," he added, his voice almost turning apoplectic. "It's not that we don't want to help, but those people really do value their time," he added, clearly worried that the mention of money would scare me off.

"Don't worry," I attempted to calm the man by sharing a bright smile. "I'm well aware that the demand for the services of those people is high," I said, raising my hands as if to defend myself. "I'm not unreasonable," I added.

I could see how a wave of relief flushed through the receptionist's body.

"Secondly, I wish to buy those materials and tools," I said, pulling out a small list from one of my pockets.

Outside of enabling me to study the books of this world, this was the greatest perk of figuring out the translation ability.

Although it took me a long time, I managed to find out how to write all the stuff that I needed, saving me the effort of spelling it all out loud.

"Relaxation beads, cauldrons, spiritual water," the man took a glance at the list, his expression calming down even further. "Obtaining those is all within the scope of my ability. It would be a pleasure to be of service to you, sir," the man quickly bowed again.

However, this time, there was a bit more emotion and genuine respect behind his moves.

"That would be great," I replied, a satisfied smile forming on my lips. "Before I go, though, let's get this straight," I said, moving my head up and removing my hands from the counter. "How much could renting the formation master cost?"

"Sir..." the man started to hesitate all over again. "I'm worried... I think it won't be any less... than five thousand," the receptionist finally revealed the number.

"That's a whole fucking lot," I thought, shocked by the number.

I could still afford it... But it would eat well into the money that I still had left.

'Right back to poverty, aren't I?' I thought, closing my eyes for a moment.

"Sir...?" the receptionist asked, clearly worried about my response.

It was hellishly expensive... but I had to go to this meeting, no matter the cost!

Talking with someone who dabbled in formations for their entire life was what I desperately needed right now.

Not only it would allow me to confirm several doubts that I had about formations, but it would also allow me to see which approach to the jobs of this world was common.

Was it the practical approach presented by the guide that I bought? Or was it the mystical thinking that dominated every other manual that I found?

The answers to those two things were worth far more than just some measly five thousand gold coins.

Especially if I could improve the designs for my dildo, thanks to such meeting!

"It's fine," I said, opening my eyes and looking at the receptionist's face. "I'm willing to pay that much..." I said, only to hesitate a little. "But that's pretty near the limit of what I can afford right now," I added, a hint of regret appearing in my voice.

"Sir, that's how setting private formations costs in this city," the receptionist explained, much more hesitant about the affair than I was.

'What, is he worried about me going bankrupt?' I asked while unable to stop a small smirk from appearing on my lips.

"I don't need anyone to set up a formation for me," I clarified the thing that the man clearly had wrong. "I just need to talk with some masters that can help me out with the problems I have in my studies," I explained.

"Oh?" the receptionist shook a little. "I think I could use that to drive the price by a lot!" he claimed, a hint of excitement appearing on his face.

"I will rely on your abilities, then," I replied, gracing the man with a wide smile.

He would profit greatly from arranging such a deal. There wasn't any question about it. This was how all sorts of services in the auction hall worked.

In a sense, he would become my proxy in this town for a short while.

But I didn't care.

As long as I could learn a tiny bit more about formations, I should be able to finish the project of my dildos and sleeves!

'And I can't even fathom how fucking much they will sell for,' I thought.