

## Last System 182

### Chapter 182 - What Quota?

"With this out of the way, I guess I could go and submit my quotas," I muttered to myself as I walked out of the auction house.

I would get the meeting that I wanted.

Obviously, today wasn't an option. No matter how much money I would throw at them, no respectable formation master would accept a meeting at such short notice.

'The guy back there said he would surely get it for tomorrow...' I thought, only to shake my head. 'I guess all I can do is wait, but for now...'

I looked down at my hand.

Before moving out of the auction house, I made sure to bring out the sack with my haul out of my storage ring.

I wasn't all that comfortable with walking around the city with nearly a thousand gold coins worth in stones dangling by my belt. Still, as I directed my steps to the logistic office, it was the only thing that I could do.

After all, it wouldn't be so smart to flex my storage ring in the faces of people out there, wouldn't it?

The road between the logistic office and the auction house was actually quite far. Not only did I have to go through most of the district's diameter, I still had to pass by the gate.

"It's him," someone reported in a hushed voice the second I appeared at the gate.

'I guess this didn't change,' I thought, sending a quick look in the direction the voice came from.

And sure enough, the inner sect disciples were already heading my way, clearly set on making trouble.

"Identification," the burliest of the disciples, took a step ahead of everyone else and came out with a request.

"Who are you?" I asked politely, not giving a single shred of fuck about them.

"If you want to pass," the guy attempted to say something.

"If I want to pass, I will bother the guards, not you," I cut the man off before he could finish his sentence.

"The fuck are you talking about?" he shouted in reply, clearly keen on making things hard for me.

"Are you blind or stupid? I'm one of the guards for this gate!" he exclaimed.

"You are not wearing any badge, any uniform," I said in a low voice while squinting my eyes. "Do you even know the dangers of infringements of privacy? Are you sure you can bear the consequences of impersonating a guard without proper identification?!" I threatened.

"W-what?" the man backed off half-a-step, looking at me as if I lost my mind.

"Didn't you hear me correctly? Is mud filling your ears just like it fills your eyes and brain?" I insulted him without a care in the world. "Your identification or I will report you to the sect for impersonating the ranks!"

I had some books about the Tuxi sect amongst the ones that I bought during my last visit.

I didn't pay much mind to read them... But I looked through them either way. And the obligation to bear the badge of one's role whenever acting above one's natural rank was one of the laws that the sect imposed.

'Given the state of decay of this place, it's no wonder they are not abiding by it,' I thought, waiting for the man's reaction.

"I didn't... I don't have any on me," the man replied, looking sternly in my eyes for a moment only to avert his sight the second later.

Between the two of us, he was the one that would find himself in trouble if the situation continued to escalate. As long as I myself had my identification, they couldn't really do anything against me.

"Scram," I ordered, waving my hand away.

I didn't intend to lose even a second more than necessary on this encounter.

'I'm going to pay for it later,' I thought, only for my shoulders to shake when a small chuckle left my mouth. 'Well, come at me all you want,' I thought, passing by the group while sneering.

Soon, I found myself at the doorstep of the logistic center of the lower headquarters. Upon passing by the doors, I realized that the clerk behind the counter didn't change at all.

"I came to submit my quota," I said, pulling my haul bag and detaching it from my belt only to slam it down on the counter.

"I will process it right away," the clerk brought his eyes up only to take a quick look at my face before lowering them down.

Just like before, he was too busy doing something in the shadow of his counter to bother with my request.

'What the hell is wrong with him?' I asked myself when the wait extended from a few moments into a few minutes.

This man was keen on ignoring me!

'What is he unhappy about?' I asked myself. 'Did he expect me to bring more so that he can steal it?'

This was the option. That's what Lucius suggested would happen when I submitted the lower quota of my first fulfillment of the contract.

"Okay," the clerk finally put his pen away and snatched the bag from the counter. He then threw the bag's content on his table and quickly calculated the spoils.

"Right the minimal amount," he muttered.

This time, I was certain. This fucker was really unhappy with what he saw!

"Do I get to receive some kind of confirmation slip?" I asked.

Since he wasn't happy with how much I brought, the chances were, he would just take it for himself!

"Excuse me?" the clerk raised his eyes. For a moment, he stared me down before moving his eyes back on whatever he was dealing with before.

Once again, I continued to wait for my answer.

"The fuck are you still doing here?" the clerk finally exploded, clearly annoyed by my presence.

"I need a signed paper that I brought my quota," I repeated my previous request.

"A quota?" the clerk raised his face and looked at me with a vicious smile. "What quota?" he asked.

I released a deep sigh.

"Are you sure you want to play with me like that?" I asked, putting my hand in my pants.

While I pretended to just scratch my balls, my fingers moved closer to my storage ring.

'I know this might be a big mistake,' I thought, waiting for the clerk's answer, 'but I won't let anyone steal from me like that!'