

Last System 183

Chapter 183 - Scheming To The Limits

"Are you threatening me?" the clerk asked, the joy on his face only deepening.

Did he really think that I would far for his trick?

"I will ask you again," I said in a low, nearly guttural voice. "Is this the path that you wish to take?" I asked, scratching my balls.

"I have no idea what you are talking about," the clerk replied, shaking his arms.

"Fine," I pulled my hand out of my pants and smiled widely. "See you soon, then," I added, turning around and leaving the place.

Decisiveness was the key here.

I didn't really plan any contingency for a scenario like that. I didn't expect the sect official could scam me out in the open like that.

In theory, it was my fault for not bringing in a witness. In theory, it was my fault for submitting the quota earlier than necessary.

But that didn't mean shit to me.

'Let's see who can win in the long game,' I thought, fully relaxed.

Once again, decisiveness proved to be the key.

As I walked out of the logistic center, the disciples at the gate were still discussing what had happened a moment earlier.

Even though the clerk stalled for time, the entire encounter took way less time than usual. They didn't expect me to come out so soon.

I passed by their group without a single one of them noticing me.

'We only see what we want to see,' I thought, a small snicker forming up on my lips.

I passed through the gate without any trouble. The guards paid little to no attention to those leaving the sect district. They were only focused on those who attempted to enter it.

I made my way right back to the auction hall. The decision to keep some money saved would prove essential in the next step of my plan.

"Hello," a new receptionist greeted me the second I passed through the building's door.

'So they have a system like that,' I thought, keen to make observations even in the shaken state of mind I was in.

It was only a guess, but from how the previous receptionist was missing, he was likely busy solving my recent requests. If my gut feeling wasn't wrong, then the moment I would get something to do for my current assistant, someone else would come to staff the reception desk by the entrance.

"Hello," I replied, smiling gently towards the young girl standing at attention. "I hope it wouldn't be too much trouble, but I would like to request a quick meeting with one of your executives," I explained the reason behind my visit, still keeping that gentle smile from before.

"Oh no," the girl's face turned white. "D-did we do something, not to your satisfaction?"

From the tense look on her face, I could tell this girl was cursing all the gods for her fate.

"Why did it happen to me?" I replicated her voice in my mind, slightly amused by the scene.

"No," I shook my head. "I'm sorry for sounding like a troublesome client," I apologized, my smile deepening at the cute face the receptionist made. "I'm just looking for a small favor," I added.

"Sir, right now, we only have the head boss of the hall," the girl replied in a hesitant voice.

'Fuck,' I thought.

"Oh, forget it then," I quickly pulled back.

As much as I hated it, this wasn't the level of authority that I could borrow for my own selfish request.

Not because I wasn't shameless enough to do so.

Such a figure was simply way above my pay grade.

"What seems to be the problem?" a voice appeared right to my side.

'Who...?!' I thought, stopping my instinctive reaction to sweep my eyes around. Instead, I slowly turned my head to face the newcomer to the discussion.

'Fuck me,' I thought, my mood darkening even further.

What kind of cheap kind of plot twist was this supposed to be?

'Could it be...' I thought, terrified by the sudden idea. 'That I'm a protagonist in some kind of shitty story written by a childish author?'

For a moment, I was petrified by such a possibility. Then I mentally waved my hand.

Whether that was true or not didn't matter now. Just like with the boss of the auction hall, dealing with such a potential situation was way above my ability.

As such, I had no other choice but to take a huge dosage of copium and deal with the problems I faced.

"There isn't any problem at all," I replied after swallowing my saliva.

Right now, I was way more anxious than when dealing with the sect. Even though nothing had happened yet, this damned woman was far too important for me to insult.

"I overheard your request for an executive," the middle-aged woman said, putting a gentle smile on her lips. "How could I be of service, then?" she asked, clearly amused by both the situation itself and then the reaction of my face to the development.

"I know the limits of my importance," I announced, taking a step back and lowering my head. "I wouldn't dare to occupy your time with my unorthodox request," I said in a voice filled with respect.

"Bear it no mind," the woman replied while keeping her smile within a professional frame. "It's not like I'm busy today," she added with an encouraging look in her eyes.

Then, an idea struck me. An idea so daring that I couldn't take a breath.

'Should I just do it?' I thought, stunned by my own ingenuity.

'No,' I barely stopped myself from suddenly shaking my head. 'I still need to know one thing before that,' I thought, realizing the limits and flaws of the plan that I suddenly hatched.

"I actually have two matters I would like some help with," I said, raising my sight and looking directly into the eyes of the boss of the local auction hall.

"First, I would like to purchase enough cultivation resources to fill a single contractor's quota," I announced.

The woman before me raised one of her eyebrows a little.

"It's still two days before the submission time," she said, her eyes filling with curiosity. "Those products are at the highest of their prize cycle right now," she informed.

'I know,' I thought grumpily. This one ploy would likely cost me the rest of my savings. Once again, I would be completely and utterly broken.

"I'm aware of that," I nodded my head in response.

"What's your other request, then?" she asked, leaning her head slightly to the side. Because of that, her long, golden hair fell on her left shoulder, exposing the right side of her nape.

"To have an executive of the auction hall bear witness to the moment of submitting my quota," I said bluntly, revealing the easier of my plans.

This was what brought me to the auction hall, the initial plan of my revenge at the scammy clerk.

The problem with this plan lay in its repetitiveness. Even if I could somehow get one of the executives from the auction hall to help me, doing so every two weeks would be a massive pain.

And there was no damned chance that the damned boss of the place would agree to do this over and over again.

But there was something that I could learn from the response to my request. And depending on that answer, I could move with the other plan that hatched in my mind.

"That's... an interesting offer," the boss said, her eyes lighting up.

A smile returned to my lips.

"Actually, I might have an even more interesting proposition."