

Last System 194

Chapter 194 - Pushing The Advantage

"Oh!"

The receptionist nearly jumped when she saw me. Her eyes first opened wide and then calmed down as her professional behavior kicked in.

"Welcome to the auction hall, sir!" she greeted, respectfully bowing her head.

'Heh,' I chuckled in my mind. Then I shook my head and smiled humbly.

"Excuse me, but could you arrange a meeting with the boss of this branch?" I asked, politely nodding my head.

"Yes, right away," the girl replied while bowing her head.

It was my first time meeting her, yet she acted just like any of the earlier receptionists I met.

'Still,' I thought, pushing my body forward as I followed the girl. When I turned my eyes back at the entrance, someone else had already staffed the receptionist's desk. 'Everything went quite fast,' I rejoiced.

"Sir." The girl stopped by the doors, bowing her head and pointing me towards it. "The boss is waiting," she added.

"Thanks for the help," I nodded my head to the receptionist before making my way through the doors.

"You are here earlier than I expected," the woman sat in exactly the same setup as any other big boss that I met in this world. Be it the Madam from the Skyladder sect or the boss right now, they all had it.

A simple room devoid of any luxury. An old, fine desk crafted from exotic materials. Two bookshelves by the wall and a window lurking at the castle's gardens.

And there she sat, deep in her one piece of comfort, an enormous chair.

"I want to deal with it as soon as possible," I nodded my head. "I hope it's not the wrong time for me to come."

I raised my head and looked at the woman's face.

"Don't worry about it," the boss grinned. "It's impossible for me to be busy when I know what's about to happen," she added.

Her eyes lit up. She then stood up and leaned down, only to bring out a small, sealed bosk from below her desk.

"It's good to see you amused," I raised my eyebrow and then rolled my eyes. "Shall we go, then?" I asked.

I wanted to get the confrontation at the logistical center out of my way. It was something that I had to do, but that would bring me little to no direct benefit.

But something that I had to do nonetheless.

"Sure thing," the boss grabbed an outer, hooded robe and followed me towards the doors. She then passed the small box to my hands.

"It will be better if you will be the one carrying it, wouldn't it?" she said with a happy face before sending me a wink. She then brought her hoodie down, hiding her face in its shade.

"That's correct," I took over the box before moving out.

The plan was simple.

The box in my hands contained exactly the right amount. The quota right at its minimal level. But one that was prepared by the auction hall boss.

'Damn,' I thought as we continued towards the logistical center. The small weight of the box constantly reminded me of the one sore point of my situation.

Despite all my attempts, I failed to reach the next level of cultivation.

I was still stuck at the peak of the sixth stage. It was pathetically low compared to Lucius's seventh and eighth levels of the higher figures around.

And the resources in my hands would be enough to advance in a flash.

'Damn,' I thought, aware of a certain possibility.

"Let me ask about one thing," I said, quick to check the situation. "Would it be possible to remotely sponsor someone in a different city?" I asked.

This was the one real worry I had about the entire deal with my contract. If they were willing to steal from me openly, then what if Mia didn't receive even a bit of my help?

What if her sponsored status was long gone while I continued to waste my time on this entire thing?

'Whatever the case, if I can support her through the auction hall, I will have an easier time believing she's fine,' I thought.

The more time passed ever since I last saw her, the stranger I felt about the entire thing. Because instead of getting used to the loneliness, I was only missing her more and more.

And the more I thought about Mia and the hardships she could be in, the less willing I turned to entrust this damned sect with promoting her growth.

"Wait a second," the boss' eyes turned weird. A second later, her face relaxed. "Yeah, that should be possible," she said as she nodded her head.

"Great," I muttered in response, turning my eyes back to the road.

And there it was, the logistical center. The place where the sect openly stole from me. And the place that I was going to set right.

I pushed the door open.

My companion pulled her hoodie down as she stood behind me and waited.

'It's still quite early for the submission,' I thought, recalling the usual schedule. I then looked down at the counter, where the same Clerk continued to slack on the job.

Our eyes meet.

'I wonder what he thinks when he sees me walking down the place like that,' I thought, amused by the question.

The man's eyes turned shocked. Then his expression turned into utter disbelief. And then his lips formed a vicious smile.

'So he is too dumb to realize that something is wrong,' I noticed, shaking my head over how simple this matter would be.

"How can we help you today," the Clerk smiled, perfectly firm in his belief that he held an advantage in the situation.

"I came to submit my quota," I said, smashing down the box with the resources down on the desk.

At first, the Clerk didn't respond. He alternated his eyes between my face and the box before finally reaching to open it.

Then his smile deepened.

"Do you really expect it will be any different today?" he asked, his face breaking down in honest amusement. Yet, as he looked down at the content, he stared at the resources for a while...

And then his eyes darkened.

'So he has noticed,' I thought.