

Last System 23

Chapter 23 - I Want You To Hit Me!

"If you are going to insist," the man said as his lips formed a small smile. He then shook the cloth of his robes to the back before approaching the campsite part of the clearing.

"Mia, serve the elder his meal," I ordered, trying my best not to show what kind of relationship I had with the girl.

In my eyes, this could be a routine control of the training disciples. But there was a huge chance that this visit was inspired by the very young master that set his eyes on Mia.

I could only hope the girl would understand the reasons behind the sudden shift in my attitude towards her.

"Yes, master." Mia complied with my order, getting down on her knees and scooping the fries out of the cauldron.

'That was supposed to be her meal,' I thought, tightening my hands into fists. Being the relatively poor foodie that I was, I knew the pains of having one's meal snatched right from under one's nose.

And that was what I had no other choice but to do to Mia, even when she was tired and hungry from finishing four long hours of her training!

Mia herself didn't show any signs of being bothered by the situation. Once the wooden plate was filled with all the fries, she added a massive scoop of the tomato sauce.

"Respectable elder, here is your food," she said, passing the plate to the man on her extended hands as she bowed.

'I'm sorry,' I thought, noticing how even in this situation, Mia could help but steal a hungry glance at the food.

"Hum," the man himself didn't bother to reply to the girl, acknowledging her service with a half-articulated sound.

The elder didn't bother to use the pseudo-fork that laid on the side of the plate. Instead, he picked up the piping-hot fry between his fingers, paying no mind to how oily it was. Once dipping it in the sauce, he put it in his mouth...

For a moment, nothing happened. The elder simply munched on the food, squinting his eyes as if he focused on some important matter. He then opened his eyes and took a long look at Mia's lowered head before moving his eyes towards me.

"Are you willing to sell me the recipe for this meal?" the elder finally asked, putting the place back on Mia's extended hands.

'Aaaaah....' I breathed out an internal sigh of relief. If he was asking for the recipe, then the fries had to be to his taste!

"Respectable elder, the fries are made just how you see them," I said, pointing my hand at the nearby cauldron. "It's only a matter of cutting potatoes to the desired shape and frying them in boiling oil," I explained.

"And the sauce?" The elder asked, putting a small smile on his lips as he leaned his head over his shoulder.

"Elder, I regret to inform that I'm not in the right to give its recipe away," I said, openly biting on my lips and averting my eyes.

Right now, I had to make a decision. Give the recipe up and potentially curry favor with a person of importance in the sect, or just don't do it.

If I knew who this man was, the choice would be simple. Being able to have favor with a damned elder was bound to help me out in the long run... That is unless that man was somehow sent here to stir trouble under the orders of that damned young master!

In the former case, I would stand to gain nothing over losing the easiest way to make money in this world by giving the recipe away!

"I understand," the man kept his smile, proving that he wasn't going to act unreasonably. "How about this, would you be willing to part with a portion of this sauce instead?" The elder proposed, angling his head to the side once again.

"It would be a pleasure for me to be of such service," I replied without a moment of hesitation. Then, just by sending a single glance towards Mia, I prompted her to pick up one of the two remaining pails filled with the ketchup.

"Respectable elder," Mia said, bowing once again as she kneeled right beside where she put the plate with the remaining fries aside. This time, it was the pail of ketchup resting on her extended hands.

"Thank you," the man replied, gently nodding his head to the girl before repeating the gesture towards me.

"Respectable elder..." I started, only to hide my face away in a faked shyness.

"Speak your mind,"

"Was the food not to your liking?" I asked, showing how I bit my lips out of the false anxiety.

In the end, this man only ate a single fry. If he liked the dish, wouldn't he consume the entire plate worth of it? Even if those fries were not as great as I remember them from the earth, they didn't fall far from the standard either!

"I wouldn't be so rude as to deprive this young girl of her meal," the man replied, the corners of his lips moving a little higher than usual. "You don't need to worry about this," he waved his hand, dismissing the matter altogether.

"Elder," I said, lowering my head in the newfound and true respect I felt towards the man.

To be able to notice the subtle hues of what was going on just like that... It meant that the man was either a truly kind and observative person...

Or someone looking for a simple way to manipulate me into believing in his kindness. For now, I have yet to make a decision to determine which of the possibilities I was in.

"Also, I wouldn't be as rude to export your belongings without paying you back," the man suddenly said.. He then took a few steps away only to turn around, lock his hands behind his back, and smile.

"I want you to hit me with all your might!"