

Last System 30

Chapter 30 - Firesale

Just like I expected, my primitive stall quickly drew a huge amount of attention. I couldn't tell whether it was caused by my robes signaling that I'm a disciple of the local sect, the novelty of the dish, or the delicious smell of fries that instantly kicked out of the cauldron.

But it didn't matter.

Rather than trying to figure out the reason for my stall's initial success, I focused on making the most of it!

"Excuse me, young man. What's the price for a single serving?" a random passerby asked.

"For a single serving of standalone fires, it's just measly five coppers," I said as my smile widened.

"On the other hand, if you wish to partake in the full meal along with the secret sauce of my lineage, the prize will be a single silver coin!"

The prices were something I figured out long ago.

With the cost of all the ingredients and tools reaching two silver coins, the pricing of my fries was... quite unreasonable. In this world where capitalism has likely yet to develop, this kind of mark on the pricing would be likely unheard of.

But that was only the beginning.

"A full meal, you say?" the potential customer asked before suddenly laughing out and pulling out a silver coin. "Here, consider it a gesture of goodwill!" he said, perfectly aware of the massive attention focused on his back.

Given how he was the first to approach my stall, he would go down in history as the one who would decide whether the meal was good or not. And for the man, investing just a single silver coin in an opportunity to gain such fame?

This could be only called a big win-win scenario for both of us!

With the first-order set, I quickly scooped out a huge portion of fries out of the cauldron only to splatter them generously with a serving of ketchup. Then, using one of the few wooden plates I had on me, I passed the meal to the customer.

"I hope you will enjoy it, sir," I said before winking at the man and adding, "as you are my first customer today, the plate is included in the price!"

A few people in the crowd laughed out at the prospect of putting a price on the plate. The very essence of all the stalls in the city lay in the ability to order a quick meal and just walk away with it. With that in mind, forcing people to pay for the piece of wood as if it was some kind of decorative plate?

That alone was another novelty that my stall introduced.

"How is it?"

"Is it good?"

Several people asked for the man's opinion even before he could put the first fry into his mouth.

And then, he did it. Grabbing the fry directly with his fingers, just like the elder back in the garden, the man scooped up a bit of the sauce before putting it in his mouth.

For a moment, his face turned still as he munched on the treat. And then, it started to undergo rapid change, from amusement, through amazement all the way to awe.

He then reached for another fry, unable to be bothered to answer anyone's questions. And soon, he practically shoved his face into the wooden plate, acting as if it was his first meal after years of starving!

'That was unexpected,' I thought, put slightly off by the man's behavior.

"I want one serving as well!" Someone shouted, making his way towards the stall through the crowd that continued to get denser and denser with each passing second.

"Fries alone, or would you like ketchup as well?" I calmly asked, preparing myself for what was about to come.

"The full course!" the man shouted, only to shake his head. "No, I want tw...-three meals at once!"

"On it!"

Soon, the movement around my stall turned into a mess. Before long, some guards tagged along, alerted by the commotion, ready to disperse any signs of unrest.

Thankfully, it didn't end poorly for me, although I likely only had my disciple robes to thank for that.

Before long, all the ingredients that I brought with me ran out. And this was the moment when those guards quickly proved to be quite useful, killing off the massive wave of unrest that started as soon as I announced the fact.

'That was some nice profit,' I thought, staring down at a small pile of silver coins resting in my palm. But there was still something that I had to do.

"Is there anyone interested in buying off this cauldron along with the oil and salt I have left?" I shouted towards the crowd. "Only a single golden coin for the golden opportunity to keep selling the fries! For the buyer, I will tell what those fires are made from!" I added.

This was a loose bet. I personally doubted that anyone would buy a simple cauldron, a bit of oil, and some salt for an entire gold coin, something that cost me around one and half of a silver coin!

"Me!" A customer instantly raised his hand, only to be thwarted by some lucky man that stood closer to me. "Here!" the man didn't wait for even a second, pulling not one, not two, but three entire golden coins! "That's how much I will pay!" he shouted, shoving the money into my palm.

"Sure," I replied with a smile, hiding the surprise and excitement that mixed in my soul. I then leaned over the man's ear before whispering, "to make those fries, just take some potatoes and cut them into the desired shape. Once they are fried in the boiling oil, add some salt, and you are set!"

I hid the money while watching how an expression of shock appeared on the man's face. He then looked at me as if I was some kind of clown and asked, "what about the recipe for the red sauce?"

"That's," I replied, hiding the money and stepping towards the guards, "something that I'm going to auction off in the auction house right now!"