

## Last System 33

### Chapter 33 - Fifteen Hundred

'What the hell is he doing here?' I thought, staring right in the eyes of the same elder that visited my training ground just a few hours ago.

And then I realized something.

This was the man who offered to get the recipe for the sauce from me. The man whom I refused to sell or give it.

And that elder just put a bit of a thousand gold coins for the recipe!

"A thousand gold coins for the lot forty-three!" the announced shouted from the bottom of her sizeable lungs. Distracted by her voice, I looked over, only to see the finishing motion of her badonkers.

"Thousand gold coins once," she shouted a moment later.

"Thousand gold coins twice!" she shouted again.

"Thousand and a hundred!" someone in the audience shouted, raising a hand with a number written on it.

"Twelve hundred!"

"One thousand five hundred!" the elder bid even higher, not giving anyone any chance.

I guess that's how much he valued the taste of my dish after trying it out.

"Fifteen hundred once," the announcer shouted, her face brimming with shock mixed with happiness.

From her expression alone, I could tell that she had her own share in all the sales. Otherwise, why would she be so happy to see the bids increase?

"Fifteen hundred twice!" she shouted while I started to feel uneasy.

How could I be calm if I were to take so much money from a man that was likely going to be my teacher?

As someone who would be given authority over me, how could I hope to ever learn anything from him? It would be already great if he didn't try to take this money from me or take revenge on me if he failed to extort that money in the first place!

"Fifteen hundred, sold!" the woman shouted, her eyes brimming with joy.

"Thank you for your purchase," I shouted over, bending my back in half as I bowed to the elder. Yet, glancing over, I found out with a surprise that he was actually smiling!

'Wait, why is he happy?' I asked myself, unable to understand this situation. 'Didn't I just take an insane amount from you?'

"You may now leave," the woman turned to me, gracing me with a lovely smile. It was so bright, mostly because she revealed the whites of her teeth, making the light of the torch in the hall reflect from her teeth directly to my eyes.

I wonder if she was aiming for it or if it was just an unlucky coincidence that prevented me from glancing over deep into her cleavage?

"Thank you for your service," I bowed back to the woman before turning around and leaving through the same door that I entered.

"Congratulations," the same receptionist that guided me before was there to greet me. "I just heard about the results. You truly made a killing!" he said, pulling out a strange, golden note from behind his back and passing it to me.

"What is this?" I asked, raising my eyes from the piece of paper to the man's face.

"This is your account number," the receptionist said, melting from the warmth of his own smile.

"It's unwise to move around with such a huge amount of money. That's why, whenever you will decide to take out any of that amount, you only need to show up here!"

I looked down again, this time, actually reading the content of the ticket.

'One, seven, seven, three,' I read out in my mind.

'They do not have that many customers, do they?' I thought, connecting the dots.

'No, I can't think like that,' I realized after staring at the ticket for a short moment. 'This number doesn't necessarily work in the way it would back on earth,' I thought, raising my eyes at the receptionist again.

"What will happen if someone would take this ticket from me?" I asked. "Would they get access to all my funds?"

"Fear not, young master," the man replied with a bright smile. "Once we will take your blood sample, no one but you will be able to access the account!" the man exclaimed before pointing with his hands towards yet another door. "Now, if you could kindly follow me," he requested.

The process of taking a blood sample was surprisingly simple. In a room as simple as it could get, the receptionist simply poked the tip of my finger with a small needle before locking it in a small box and writing a number on it.

"Whenever I will be working, you won't need any confirmation. But if you happen to visit while I'm out, you will have to undergo the standard verification procedure," the man announced before guiding me out.

"Now, if you would be so kind, it's time for you to give the recipe to its buyer," he said, leading me to yet another room.

Even though I had a pretty good spatial awareness, or so I liked to claim, at the current moment, I was quickly getting lost in the meandering corridors and doors of the auction hall. By the time I finally arrived at the transaction room, I had no clue whether I was still in the same world where I transmigrated!

"I didn't expect to see you again so quickly," the elder said the moment I entered the room.

He was sitting on a luxurious sofa, cushioned with some kind of monster pelts. Outside of another seat and a table between the two pieces of furniture, the room had no other furniture at all.

The only lighting in the room came from torches and some kind of strange lamps that I saw for the first time in my life.

Looking around, I expected to find some windows covered in shuts. But to my surprise, this room had no windows at all!

The door that I just went through appeared to be the only access point to this place.

"Neither did I, respectable elder," I replied, bowing down my head.

"Now, tell me," the elder smiled coldly, "didn't you say that you are not going to give this recipe up under no circumstances?"