

Last System 75

Chapter 75 - Whats Your Deal?

"That's..." the company girls hesitated. Glancing down at the young guide locked between my thighs, I could see how reluctance mixed with excitement in her eyes.

She clearly didn't trust me or anything that I came up with. But on the other side, what kind of girl would blatantly refuse a cute novelty like undies that this world has never seen?

What kind of girl, especially in this line of work, wouldn't be interested in something that could further augment her charms?

I raised my eyes on the Madam of the place. Ultimately, it was her decision, and everyone, both girls and me included, was aware of it.

"Just do whatever you want," the woman said, looking away as she waved her hand.

'Stop pretending,' I thought, noticing the sparks in her eyes. It was clear that she was just as interested in my wares as I was, and likely even more than the girls themselves. Even though she wouldn't be the ones wearing the undies to the clients, as the owner of this business, she had to be aware of the impact this lingerie could cause.

For the next few moments, I got to enjoy quite a show. Despite all the excitement, there was no chaos. The girls simply lined up and started to put the undergarments on one by one.

This was the sight that only the lucky chads and normies on earth could experience, to watch the girl try out the underwear. Even for them, seeing a single girl do it would be the standard.

And right now, I could pleasure my eyes with the sight of an entire flock of youthful, fresh girls, all excited over pulling the panties up and taking on the bras!

Whenever I thought that every last piece of cloth, now tightly pressing against their sweet spots, came from under my hands, I couldn't help but feel even further wave of excitement course through my mind.

The room quickly filled with cute squeals, excited shrieks, and satisfied giggles. Looking at the excited faces of the girls who tested their new looks against the mirrors, tried all kinds of poses, and judged the comfort of my wares, I knew that I had hit the jackpot.

Even if the Madam herself would decide against the plan I came to here with, those girls would surely find their own way of contacting me!

"Young man, I assume that the business you spoke about to the guide..." the Madam finally spoke out.

"It's exactly what you think," I replied, nodding my head with a smile.

The momentary excitement caused by the overabundance of sexy bodies was now gone, replaced by the happiness of a craftsman whose work was truly appreciated.

"I'm willing to sell you those at a low price. What's more, I'm willing to pass you the rights to craft those, as long as you sell them raw to anyone," I added, already setting the ground for the additional benefits that only a place like this could introduce.

The Madam looked me in the eyes for a while, a small smile creeping up on her lips.

"From how you emphasized 'raw,' what would be the fully completed product? What kind of lingerie would we be allowed to sell?" she asked, quickly proving that she wasn't the overseer of this business for nothing.

In my eyes, rather than being an old, retired whore, she was just a crafty businesswoman capable of making the most of what life offered her.

"All men are beasts; we are all perverts," I replied with a smile, crossing my arms behind my head. "Even as we speak, I'm already imagining my lover putting those on, only for me to tear them off her later," I added, not holding anything back.

But this sentence held more than just a single message.

"I understand," the old woman squinted her eyes. "From now on, no girl will touch you without your initiative. I'm sorry for the small test earlier," she added, lowering her head.

"Madam!" the guide from before was the first to notice the exchange. She rushed to the side of the bed, falling down on her knees and striking the floor with her forehead. "Young Master, it was my fault. I was so flattered by your attention that..."

"Silence, child," the woman raised her hand, rolling her eyes in dissatisfaction. She then turned her face back towards me. "Please, pay no mind to this unruly child.

"No offense taken." I nodded my head to calm both the girls down. Given the place I was in, I could understand a certain degree of actions like that.

"Anyway, that lover of yours..." the Madam mentioned, squinting her eyes once again. "I assume she is the reason why you didn't even bat an eye at the charms of my girls, isn't she?" she asked, a small smile creeping up on her lips.

"That's right," I nodded my head. "But let's not stray too far from the topic. Regarding your question, I don't think you would believe me just how much some men will be willing to pay for... used pieces," I explained with a small chuckle.

In a sense, this kind of fetish was something that developed only in modern times. But I was pretty certain that it had something to do with the fact that this kind of cute lingerie only appeared in said times, replacing the unappealing underskirts and wraps.

As such, in my personal opinion, all it would take for the trend to explode was some skillful teasing from those girls...

And the men of this town would find themselves in the clutches of a massive fetish!

"That seems... reasonable," the Madam smiled. But her face quickly turned back to a serious expression on which her eyes froze.

'And back to the business we go,' I thought, noticing the change.

"Before we make any sort of deal, what's your point?" she asked, crossing her arms on her chest.

Hearing the question, all the girls in the room froze only to prickle their ears. At this point, there was no hiding just how massive an impression my products made on them. And depending on my answer right now, they would either see the doors to this new world of comfort and sexiness open or definitively close right before their eyes!

"What you really want to know is why I'm here," I said, a smirk surfacing on my lips. "So let me answer as honestly as I can without revealing too much. I'm just a nobody. On the other hand, you are behind one of the most respected places in the town," I pointed out, shrugging my arms.

"Cut the chase; I have no need for flattery," the Madam ordered with an icy-cold voice.

I rolled my eyes. What was the point of all this coldness? Who said that conducting business had to be a serious matter? Wasn't this place the best example of a work that could be enjoyable?

"As you can guess from my robes, I'm a disciple at the Skyladder sect," I said, mentioning what was obvious. Yet, by openly admitting it, I was proving my sincerity.

Even if only a small degree of it.

"It would be a pain if the elders were to find me out as the creator of such... immoral clothes. If they did, I would surely be barred from the profits of this trade as well," I said, shaking my shoulders.

"What's more, there is hardly anyone better than You, Madam, to spread this product to other women, not only the girls that are under your care," I explained.

Even if most women would scorn the idea of working at a red-light district, once their husbands and boyfriends would enter a new world of panty-fetish, they would surely be willing to go for the extra mile to not be left behind in the dust!

And once the trend would gain some momentum, what was a better place than a brothel to promote this kind of hygienic underclothing?

"To sum it up, you want us to make those... panties you called them? Make them popular, something that I no doubt will happen," the Madam said. "All the while, concealing your involvement in the entire business, am I right?" she asked.

"Those are exactly the things that I care for the most," I confirmed Madam's guess, nodding my head with satisfaction.

It was nice to work with someone who had actual brains in their head instead of a cesspool of schemes and infighting.

Who would've thought that I would find a respectable person in the brothel sooner than I could do so in the sect?

"Okay then, what's your deal?"