

Last System 80

Chapter 80 - Another Way To Make Money

"Just how should I make more money?" I muttered to myself while walking through the greenery-filled streets of the sect.

The initial drive that people had to bully me was already gone. Even though I could feel some people staring at my back and I could hear their whispers, the intensity of the targetting was now far smaller.

That was the reason why I didn't bother walking towards the town when all I wanted from my stroll was to clear my thoughts a little.

'No matter what I try, it shouldn't reveal my ties to the brothel,' I thought, making sure to mark that point deeply into my soul.

Since I was now looking for a way to earn enough to cover the tracks of the origin of my robes, I had to be able to let others track this source of income. That's why, if it was made in any way or form connected to my brothel business, I would only risk exposing that side hustle to the others.

"Maybe I should go for another food?" I thought, considering my options.

While I didn't track the progress of Vaner's investment, I saw a lot of stalls with fries while I walked through the city last time.

But this situation only begged the question - if I came up with another idea for fast food, would it be a success as well?

Or maybe it would be a bane for the fries, cutting right into its market?

'But there is another problem,' I quickly realized, the image of my status appearing in my mind.

If I wanted to make money out of food, I would have to cook it first. And once the people would realize the difference between the cook coming from under my hands and the same food made by someone else, wouldn't that expose my cook's job?

Just like with the problem of robes that Mia pointed out, this could lead to some pretty unfavorable if not straight dangerous developments!

"Damn, all this thinking is really cutting into my cultivation time," I muttered, tightening my fists.

Right now, Mia was training hard to make the best use of the time that we had. The only reason why I could afford to aimlessly stroll through the sect was the fact that I was done with sewing for the foreseeable future.

Outside of the robes, I had an entire set of boxing gloves, pants, panties, and several other pieces of clothing. With only three to four pairs of lingerie I crafted each day for the brothel, I finally found some spare time for myself.

'I guess I'm just not used to wasting time,' I realized, stunned by this simple truth.

Ever since I appeared in this world, I was struggling to squeeze every last bit of every passing second.

At first, it was all in order to keep Mia and me safe from Jenne's schemes. Later on, I was desperate to grow my strength to stand on equal grounds with others who would like to scheme against me.

But right now?

What was my drive to grow stronger right now?

'Didn't Vaner already say it?' I said to myself as I found a small bench hidden between the massive hedge sprawling all over the bottom layer of the sect. Taking a seat, I released a deep sigh and raised my eyes to the sky. 'The second I reveal that I'm about to enter the core establishment stage, no sect would think about refusing me.'

For a few more moments, I simply sat on the bench, allowing the calm winds to caress my face.

It was a strange feeling to just sit and do nothing. But maybe this was exactly what I needed for my brain to start working on its full throttle again.

'Isn't soap the simplest thing I could make?' I suddenly realized.

Soap. Something that everyone would use in the modern world, yet something that was extremely easy to procure.

Even though I was no chemist nor did I have any interest in this field of science, making soap was one of the first experiments I did back in school.

Yet, for how simple it could be to make soap... I already knew it wouldn't sell well in this world.

Not because the skyladder sect was full of dirty pavement who cared not for the hygiene. The truth was the opposite of that.

The soap wouldn't sell well because locals already found a substitute for it.

Back when I enjoyed my first bath with Mia, I couldn't help but notice certain oil right within the reach of one's arm. And just like I assumed back then, it was some kind of specific that made washing one's skin easy.

With the floral scent of the specific, I could guess that it was made from some kind of herbs and flowers, even if I had no idea what its real recipe was.

'But does that mean that making soap-like products would be a bad idea in general?' I suddenly asked myself.

If I could make soap with ease, wouldn't that mean that I could obtain and level another job? And with that job in effect, what would happen if I tried to make some other, more specific product?

'In terms of what could sell...' I thought, allowing my thoughts to roam free once again.

A bird chirped in the distance to the tune of the wind. The leaves danced in the air as if they were fanning my face. A couple of long-haired female disciples walked on a nearby path, laughing and talking between each other.

One of them ran her hand through her long hair.

'Isn't it pretty obvious?'

A smile crept up on my lips.

There was one thing that women of any world would always pay with gold for. One thing that held value greater than anything else; cultivation included.

One thing that led to the birth of gold-diggers.

It was a beauty. Only beauty could easily force entire flocks of girls to give up on all their money without even a second of thought!

'Can't I just make some shampoos for the hair of beautification cremes for the skin?' I asked myself, my eyes widening up when I figured out the potential ramifications of this idea.

I didn't want to expose my deal with the brothel because it involved something of a morally dubious nature. But what if I used this connection to spread out... beautification products?

Even though I couldn't come up with a proper recipe right away, wasn't all of them ultimately offshoots of soap?

In a cultivation world like the one I was in, there had to be a shitload of various herbs that I could mix with soap to add some desirable properties to it, couldn't I?

The moment I figured out what I should invest my time and money in, I didn't dare to waste even a single more second of my time.

A short walk to the city later, my pouch thinned out by a few gold coins. In exchange, I held an average-sized bag on my back, filled with both animal and vegetable fats, various healing herbs, and a bunch of dry wood.

Outside of the oil, the thing that cost me the most were the aromatic flowers, something that I actually didn't expect to find in the market.

But between making a great soap and a great but fragrant soap... the decision was pretty simple.

With everything that I needed safely secured in the bag, I turned around to get back to the sect.

"Hey, handsome!" someone shouted. Given my reputation, one that likely spilled over to the town's rumors, I didn't bother to even look around. "Hey, I'm talking to you!"

Hearing how persistent the other party was, I released a deep sigh and turned around.

'I really don't have time for your bullshit right now,' I thought, looking up at the owner of the voice.

My eyes widened a little, not from the surprise, but in order to allow the entire body of the voice's owner to enter my brain.

'How is that possible?' I thought, almost failing to stop my body from shivering.

What I saw before my eyes was a monstrosity that even on earth would easily make all the way up to the national news. Just like in the jokes, her body reached the perfect form... At least, in terms of what a mathematician would consider a perfect shape.

"Do... Do we know each other?" the monstrosity asked, taking a step forward.

As if I suddenly moved over to a cheap comic, the entire world around me appeared to shake a little. This kind of event was something I always categorized as literary or artistic fiction... But for some reason, seeing the fat monstrosity before me, I was inclined to believe that her steps could cause the planet to tremor.

"I'm sorry, but I'm sure I wouldn't forget meeting anyone of that siz... that looks," I fixed my words, just in time to stop an insult against the body-positive movement from escaping my lips.

Even though this wasn't the earth, the fear of being canceled was still strong in my bones.

"Come with me, handsome," the monstrosity smiled, making the flaps of fat that only pretended to be its mouth wiggle. Just this small effort made her entire three foreheads ooze a tsunami of sweat.

"I don't think I will take you up on your offer," I replied, taking a few steps back.

If I was excited to start my attempts at making soaps before, now I was simply eager to get away from this blob of a human.

"You see, that wasn't a question, sweetie," the female monster said, her eyes suddenly flashing with color.

For a second, I felt a wave of energy washing off my face... Only for this strange attack to disappear the second my robe fluttered a little.

I squinted my eyes, recognizing what just happened as an outright attack.

"Nor was you becoming so fat that this word lost its normal meaning, but you did it anyway," I replied, turning around and walking away.

Left behind, the female simply stood in place, incapable of believing that someone dared to call her size out in her face. Her three foreheads started to sweat even harder than before as her eyes darkened in a fury.

'Earlier, it was just business,' she thought, looking at Arthur's back as he hurried away from her reach. 'Now, you made it fucking personal!'