

Last System 88

Chapter 88 - Fifty Thousand

After such a long time of getting both my hopes and my junior up, it was no wonder when we made the best use of the room... for quite a long time.

Any position that we could think off was enacted. Any kink, any play, any form of pleasuring each other, everything was a fair game.

By the time we were finished, the room was in a state of complete disarray. Various pieces of clothing and lingerie alike were scattered all over the place. The toys that we found surprisingly fun and interesting to use littered the floor.

"I think we went a little bit too far," I muttered, running my hand up and down Mia's sweaty back.

Thinking about it, it was quite an interesting change. Back when I was still a bachelor, I often found it strange how people wouldn't mind getting all down and dirty with all the fluids involved in making love. Yet, when I actually got to participate in the act, it was as if a certain switch in my mind flipped, causing me to no longer care about this aspect.

"You think so?" Mia mumbled by my side, holding her delicate fingers around my jewels and gently massaging them as if in an attempt to induce the production of the small, white Arthurs of the future. "Because I could very well keep going," she added, sending a thrill down my spine when she whispered those words directly into my ear.

'To think that my life in a cultivation world would boil down to the happiness of being with a woman,' I thought, only to bite on my own lips. 'Not some random woman, but a woman I actually care about,' I corrected myself, unwilling to make such a mistake even if in my mind only.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I can keep going anymore," I apologized, leaning my head to the side and prompting Mia's chin up a bit, all for the sake of placing a gentle kiss on her delicious lips.

Just like I thought before, I didn't care for how she gave me a head thrice in the recent past. She alike didn't care about all the juices that I slurped right from her pussy. Right now, all that we cared about was the taste of each other's lips and the feeling of connection that came with the mingle.

"It's okay," Mia graced me with an affectionate smile once we finally parted lips. "I was just joking," she whispered, moving her fingers from my balls to my shaft and running them up towards my lesser head.

Just this small motion alone was enough to force my junior to act like a vampire, sucking the blood out of my own system.

Thankfully, instead of jerking me off so that I would stand at attention again, Mia moved her hand even further up, only to end up placing it on my chest.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself a whole lot," I said, caressing the side of the girl's face. While I could see, feel the effects of the soap with how tender her skin became, I actually couldn't care less.

This kind of small difference was something that I left for whores and their clients to care about.

"I did, don't worry," Mia giggled lightly, her hand patting my chest. "You performed well, my manly you," she added, her chuckle revealing the whites of her teeth. Then, before I could react, she moved her head up, only to end up biting on to my hand.

"Huh?" I muttered, surprised by Mia's unexpected action. While play-biting was something that we had already done over the course of the last few hours, didn't we agree to take it easy for the moment?

"I'm just leaving a mark," the girl purred when she finally raised her teeth from my skin. I looked down, only to notice a curved row of white marks, perfectly where her teeth gnashed my skin all the way to the bone.

"Let's leave it at that," I commented, shaking my head. Yet, as great as it was to just laze around with Mia cuddled to my side, there were still some things that I had to see through.

After freeing myself from Mia's sticky clinginess, I stood up and threw a random bathrobe that one of the servants cleverly provided the room with beforehand. Given how sticky I was with all kinds of juices, I was really opposed to wearing up my special robe.

Once I was all set and done, I kneeled where Mia rested, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead before finally leaving the room.

"How can we be of service, young master?" a row of girls instantly appeared, as if growing up from the ground itself. Whether this was some kind of skill that all the girls of this place were required to learn or a clever usage of some hidden passageways, I didn't manage to see them coming before they were already standing and bowing their heads before me.

"Once my woman rests a little, I want you to help her clean herself up," I ordered. Even if Madam would tax me some coin for this kind of request, I couldn't care less.

With the soap recipe on the table, I could easily slip into the bottom layer of the richest folks in the entire damned city!

"Right away, young master," the girls quickly scurried away. After all the time I spent in this place, they were already perfectly aware that there was no use trying to charm me.

And the second Mia walked into the premises, they no longer had any hopes of breaking my determination.

"Young master?" only a single girl remained, ready to help me with anything left for me to do in the place.

"Lead me to the Madam," I ordered before assuming a thoughtful look on my face.

Believe it or not, interacting with girls was still something that could make me troubled. My introverted character didn't change at all, even after sleeping with Mia, a bunch. Sure, I was comfortable around Mia... but this was one specific case, not a rule that could be applied to all the girls around.

"Right away," the girl nodded her head before turning around and leading the way.

A few moments later, I sat down in a comfortable chair opposite to the owner of the entire place.

"Had your fun?" Madam asked with a small smirk.

"That's not part of the business I came here to discuss," I countered. I was willing and happy to cooperate with this woman, but there were some borders I wasn't comfortable with her crossing. If I didn't set the limits of what I considered a topic that I wished to discuss with her now, it would be problematic to do it in the future.

"I understand," Madam replied, her face tensing up as she turned serious.

It appeared that her earlier question was only an attempt at diffusing the inevitably tense situation. After all, we were going to talk about quite hefty sums!

"Here is my offer, then," Madam said, tapping her fingers against a small desk that separated us.

"Right now, we would like you to stop crafting any more lingerie," she announced, raising her eyes at my face.

'Is she trying to sound out my reaction?' I guessed, keeping my face as still as I could. Since we were negotiating right now, I couldn't let this woman read me like an open book.

And I could actually guess what the reason behind her request was. For every pair of panties or bras that I made, she could gift it to one of the girls. It worked well as a gift or a reward, given how comfortable and high class it was. But for the sake of trading it...

The brothel wouldn't be able to make that much money out of it. As every set that came from my hands had its base price already set, there was a very limited margin that the Madam could make by selling it out after use.

"Right now, operating with the pieces made in-house is more profitable for us. But that doesn't mean I don't want you to keep cooperating with us," Madam not only explained her reasons, catching me by surprise but also was quick to introduce a new form of cooperation. "Rather than crafting the lingerie, I would like you to focus on creating more of those soaps," she informed.

I couldn't help but laugh out in response.

"I'm sorry, but it seems that you are misunderstanding something, Madam," I said, openly chuckling. "For me, be it lingerie or soaps, it is only a side project, a secondary hustle," I said. "I know I'm not wearing my robes like now, but cultivation remains my main focus!"

Normally, this would be something so obvious that mentioning it could be taken as an insult to the partner's intelligence. But this situation wasn't normal.

After all, selling a recipe for something that was bound to turn this entire place into chaos was as far from normal and usual as one could get!

"I understand," Madam smiled, even though her previous assumptions about the deal broke apart.

"Would you be willing to sell the recipe for those soaps then?" she asked, her smile widening.

That was it. The moment I was waiting for.

If I were to propose this solution, it's the price would start on the lower end. After all, if that was the kind of deal that I wanted, then it would be my side that would have to make concessions on the price!

But since it was the brothel that made the offer, I was free to ramp up the price as much as I wanted!

"What kind of prize... are we talking about?" I replied with a smile, doing my very best to weave in some hints of hesitation into my expression.

Just as if I was trying my best to actually hide it.

"How does fifty thousand gold sound?"

At this point, I could finally reveal the smile that was brimming right from the depths of my soul.

"It looks like you've got yourself a deal!"