

The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL] #Chapter 13: A Scam? - Read The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL] Chapter 13: A Scam?

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While one person and one system celebrated the success of their store opening, some customers from the closest planets received their online purchases.

Dylan, an ex-military man turned livestreamer, was one of those customers. He bought a dozen to use for his live-stream content. With too many threats to the safety of the Empire, he had found it difficult to travel to find new content-worthy materials.

So, when he saw the new product listing, he hoped to discuss whether Star Mall's administrators had been lax with security.

How else would anyone explain the pricing of such products?

Unless they were fake, of course, so Dylan went in with the idea that he would be getting counterfeit apples.

His stream was set up in preparation for his order's estimated arrival time. He had to make sure they saw it without cuts so he could attest to his integrity.

"Good day, everyone! It's your host, Dylan. For today's live stream, I'd like to show you my most recent haul."

Dylan unboxed his earlier purchases. He usually showed off his new survival gear as a wilderness content creator. But before he could finish unboxing his other purchases, the drone carrying his most awaited order just arrived.

[What did Dylan buy that's got him so excited?]

[Maybe it's one of those high-end camping pods?]

"Ehem! This was just right on time. I recently found something interesting on Star Mall, so I ordered it. Now that it's here let us all check it out together."

As Dylan unwrapped the package, he tried explaining the story behind his order to the live audience, and sure enough, his viewers shared his opinion.

[Huh? That's a scam, right?]

[Who in their right mind would ever sell such rare fruits?]

[Star Mall authenticated it?]

[Oh no! Should we be wary of the Star Mall now?]

"Now, now, everyone. It's not really a secret that I was once a soldier in our army. However, because of spiritual core injuries, I was advised to retire. So I think I would be a great candidate to confirm the authenticity of this product."

Dylan tried to pacify his already agitated viewers, though if he was being honest, this was the reaction he expected them to have.

And he really couldn't forgive swindlers who attempted to deceive people by baiting them with their hopes and dreams.

So he vowed to unravel this conspiracy for himself and for others who may be deceived due to desperation.

Dylan described the apple's texture and feel before he bit into it.

It was red and perfectly ripe. It also smelled fresh and had a uniquely sweet yet crispy scent that he had never encountered before.

[Maybe they coated it with artificial scents?]

The live audience watched with bated breath as Dylan bit into the apple. They were actually making side-bets about how bad it was going to taste.

But what they didn't expect was to see Dylan suddenly bursting from his seat, like he had sat on something pointy.

His eyes were so wide as he looked down at the apple he just bit, and the audience started to wonder what was wrong with Dylan.

[???

[If you've been poisoned, just blink twice! We'll call for a rescue team.]

[So, how bad was it?]

Meanwhile, Dylan's mind was spinning like crazy. He didn't know who to call and what to do because it seemed like he was wrong.

Dylan forgot about the live stream as he raced to find a plate and a knife. Then, he proceeded to cut the fruit into smaller pieces.

[Dylan's gone nuts, it seems?]

[Hello, streamer?!]

Dylan ate each piece with reverence, relishing the taste he'd never had in his twenty-seven years of life.

Then he felt it.

His chest felt warmer as if energy was being pulled from his stomach. He wasn't sure why that was happening, but suddenly, a small hope blossomed in his heart.

What if?

So, Dylan tried to call upon his spiritual powers, something he hadn't done in three years.

If it didn't work, then he would immediately feel the pain in his chest. But the audience watched as Dylan lifted the plate from the table.

[!]

[Was he supposed to be able to do that?]

The viewers weren't exactly sure what they were seeing.

But they were left even more dumb-founded when Dylan ran off camera while the live stream was still ongoing, only for him to suddenly dart back to grab the remaining apples before disappearing again.

[???

[...]

That was because Dylan ran out to find his family, but really, anyone would do. He just needed to tell someone about this miracle.

He wasn't scammed.

Instead, it seems like he got cured.

As Dylan ran off, he kept thinking of ways to pay the seller more money as proof of his sincere apology.

But Dylan wasn't a unique case.

Back in Zenith-12, Deputy Officer Curtis shook as he saw the first batch of spiritual fruits.

Unlike Dylan, Curtis had a more mature understanding of such goods because he had seen them before. In fact, they were actively using them to keep the Marshal and the Prince's powers from going out of control.

But the apples he held had a much higher energy resonance than all those relics and fruits they had just used.

"Sir, i... is everything okay?" Asked the soldier who ordered the apples. He was heavily invested in Curtis' reaction because he was the one who decided to order in haste. He saw how fast the apples were sold and just clicked and prayed.

But if the products were really bad, he'd also be liable for it, so he wanted to ask about the verdict.

"Make sure to gather all of the shipments once they arrive. This is your highest priority."

Curtis carefully returned the apple back into the container before issuing instructions.

He wasn't confident about his decision, but whether or not they used it, he knew it was imperative to inform his superiors of this development.

"Hurry! We must get these to the Marshal and the Prince!"