

Seller 26

Chapter 26 Mark Goes To Song Mansion

Unknown to Mark, Lin Xue was very good at reading facial expressions. She instantly realized that it was a fake smile, contrary to the one that he had on his face when he was collecting the gold coins.

"hmpf, this guy is just the same as other store owners. Greedy about money..." her impression of Mark fallen from neutral to displeasure. At the same time, she was also a little bit taken aback by his attitude that doesn't have any fear for her identity.

She once again glanced at Allen who had a look of indifference as he stood on the side for all this while without moving an inch like a statue. "Something's wrong with this fellow. They look nothing alike and don't seem like relatives. Then, why did such a person working for this guy?"

Meanwhile, Song Yue asked when he will start selling the revolver, to which Mark replied by raising three fingers. "The first batch of Ten Revolvers will arrive in three days."

Song Yue once again took out her storage pouch, "then, can I purchase all of them in advance. You can deliver them along with the bullets. That's 200 gold coins, right?"

"All of them? Lady Song!" The handmaidens could no longer be silent as they were seeing their young miss was once again spending the money like crazy.

"Well, one for myself and one for this girl. I can give the remaining as gifts to my friends at the upcoming tea party." Song Yue shrugged her shoulders, implying that such an amount of gold isn't a big deal for her.

Lin Xue, on the other hand, now started to study Song Yue. Was she boasting in front of this guy?"

She started getting suspicious of whether this girl had fallen for this greedy store owner.

Putting the gold coins once again on the counter, she further said, "Owner Lu, basically, I'm promoting your store in our circle. So, when it gets popular, you should remember this favor and give priority to me whenever a new weapon comes, alright?"

Mark was completely dumbfounded, nodding his head up and down. He felt like he should have told her that twenty revolvers will be there.

Just like that, 400 gold coins of the transaction took place in one moment, although the system only considered 40 gold coins as a legitimate earning for the revolver and 100 bullets.

The remaining were treated as mark's own money like the one he earned by selling his properties. It reminded him that the cost will be cut when he delivers the goods as promised.

Three days later;

After having another restless sleep because of over-excitement, Mark woke up late in the afternoon and later came downstairs to see Allen was standing on the side as always.

The store was cleaned perfectly as always.

"Good morning, Big brother." Allen greeted him upon spotting him.

"Morning, Allen." Mark took his seat.

After informing not to open the store yet, Mark started to become busy in creation.

He looked at the inventory. "Okay, 762 left. 128 to go..."

*Ding! 9mm bullet has been created. Check your inventory.

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*Ding! 9 mm bullet has been created. Check your inventory.

Ignoring the continuous notifications, Mark relentlessly created bullets one after the other for the next hour.

Keeping an extra three hundred of them in his inventory, the remaining were transferred into five different wooden boxes. The ten revolvers loaded with six bullets each were neatly packed in ten more boxes, diminishing almost all the storage boxes in the store.

Thankfully, there was a furniture store within the same street where he could order them bulk in advance. Unlike the previous owner, Mark intended to use a special design engraved upon each of it to display its uniqueness.

Since he was going to visit a noble's mansion, Mark picked the best of his clothes made out of linen fabric for himself and Allen, which are of course barely decent in the eyes of these people of higher social status.

For one thing, Mark was actually thankful that this world didn't have any brands and the judgment of clothes only based on what type of fabric was used to make the clothing or how it looks rich or not.

The nobles and wealthy people wear clothes made from expensive silk, middle-class commoners wear clothes made of linen or wool. As for poor commoners, they could only afford cotton clothes.

Both of them set out to the district of Qidong, a residential neighborhood where many wealthy people of the city reside. Because of that, soldiers were also a bit active in the area. Some of them are even stationed at a few entrances so that outsiders cannot come and go as they wish.

Naturally, after staying in the city for the past couple of weeks, Mark knew that much.

So, he rented a decent carriage paying 30 silver coins for the whole day. Naturally, the services of coachman were also included in it.

Mark and Allen encountered them. However, because of the carriage, they were let through.

The horses continued to pull the carriage for half an hour before they finally stopped before a large gate where at least five guards are on standby.

As per the instruction given by Mark, the coachman gets down from the carriage and informed the guards, to which the captain of the guard asked them to step down from the carriage, thinking they were only nothing but commoners that are probably the employees of one of the big three weapon stores.

Mark expected that much. So, he didn't take it as offense and get down from the carriage, putting a smile on his face.

The soldiers were a little bit taken aback by his appearance. "This fellow is an employee of a weapon store?"

He's a soldier who fought various battles. So, naturally, his skin was tanned and his face was rough and filled with a couple of scars. So, naturally, he envies those with good appearances.

However, when he saw Mark, who looks like he didn't face any hardships, the soldier really wondered for a second whether he's a rich young master of a wealthy father.

However, as his eyes fell on Mark's ordinary clothes, the captain threw such thoughts away. An invisible blow hits his chest as Allen gets down from the carriage and stands behind Mark.

His feelings of envy turned into hostility and asked them in a harsh tone, "State your identities."

Mark replied calmly, "I'm Lu Zhen, owner of Genesis weapon store. Please go and inform Lady Yue that I came here to deliver the remaining weapons."

"Genesis?" The guards whispered to each other whether they heard of it.

"Never heard of it before." The captain frowned in response. "Anyway, since you aren't from those three weapon stores, we have to inspect the weapons to make sure you are saying the truth."

"No. Only the customer has the right to inspect the weapons of our store." Mark shook his head in response while maintaining his fake smile, "If you just go and inform Lady Song..."

The captain interrupted by pointing a sword at Mark. "Now, unless you prove your statement and let me make sure they are safe, I will not let you meet the princess. Now, do as I say or get lost..."

Allen suddenly stepped forward and caught the sword with his bare hands.

Mark's expression suddenly turned to cold, "Allen, I don't like that blade."

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