

The Successful Business of a Slave Career Planner



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Synopsis

Career Consultant. It was a profession where they perform various consultations for a person in hope of getting a job.

Mitsuji Toshiki, a young man from modern Japan, had the skills and qualifications to be a career consultant. He was teleported to another world before he knew it and became an apprentice to a slave merchant.

Toshiki was determined to redo his life one more time when he realized that he was teleported to another world.

He had the skill to judge and see through a person's suitable character, as he skillfully rose in fame in this other world

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Volume 1 Chapter 1-3

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I was sitting on a train that was relatively less crowded, I have been waiting for 10 minutes already, for my business partner to arrive, that I decided to take a nap.

That was me, that was the beginning of Mitsuji Toshiki's reincarnation to a different world.

I was organizing the information in my head.

Was this a dream? I was first suspicious, but also there was no explanation that would make sense. The details was so realistic for it to be lucid dream.

I'm probably in a situation now where I have entered a different world. At least I know instantly that I'm not in Japan anymore.

It's because of the clothes.

Before I noticed it, the suit of good quality which I wore earlier became a light brown dirty robe. I can compare it to a beggar of a fantasy world, or possibly someone from a lower laborer class.

The watch that I wore earlier was gone of course. My cellphone was also gone. My business card case and my business bag was gone too.

Speaking of which, I had checked my body and noticed that I might have entered as a poor poor man of this world.

I had check my surroundings.

The place I am now was in a big tent.

The canopy was wide forming a cage, I had an image that it seemed like it was as big as a residential hut used by the desert nomads. The tent was large that can probably fit around 30 people in here.

Seemed like it had degraded as there were tears in the leather material in a few places. However, there was a slight opening in the entrance nearby for the

light to enter, although it was dim inside the tent, I was still able to check inside.

It was a strange world inside the tent.

First of all, there are a lots of naked people.

There are about 30 of them.

I could say that some of the people I saw had big physiques, some are malnourished, some had their body covered with fur, and some are extremely tall.

Human... No, I should say it's probably demons, or should it be sub-human? I'm not really sure the correct word to use, but they are clearly a being different from a homo-sapiens of the modern world.

The only thing common among them was that they don't have any clothing. You lose the dignity of a person if you are naked.

(What the hell is this?)

I can't fully grasp the situation.

For example, I can say that there was a werecat beastman in front of me who was malnourished and starving.

However, I don't understand why.

Why was there such a girl in front of me? Nude and currently starving. As if she was like....

(Isn't she a slave?)

I stepped back that instant I came to that conclusion.

At the same time, I heard a voice behind me.

"Oi! Toshiki! How long will it take you bastard!"

"Yes! umm."

Toshiki. How come he knows my name?

Though I was thinking about it, I was racking my brains on how i can speak to him without sounding unnatural.

"I'm sorry, I didn't properly understood it

"Huh? Can't you even sort out the slaves!?"

That was useless as the big man, who asked, suddenly smacked my face with

his fist.

I didn't understand the situation as it was all too sudden.

My nose was in pain as tears run down from my eyes.

I who had struck the back of my head so hard, thought that the big man was staring at me like I'm stupid.

Apparently, I who was named Toshiki, seems to be in a position to serve this big man.

Aside from the difference on the way he speaks, he was also dressed differently.

I was wearing a unkempt light brown robe, but he was wearing a robe that was heavily decorated.

It was certain that I was at the bottom in terms of the hierarchical position between me and the big man.

"Fucking cheeky face. Who told you to get away from me!"

This time I got a kick.

My thigh was relentlessly kicked.

I had no other choice but to lower myself and apologetically said "I'm, I'm sorry". Before long, he got tired and heard in a displeasing voice "That's good then".

"Don't think you can quit. Clean up after this, you move back now"

"..... I'm sorry"

I was apologizing as I keep my distance.

Although I didn't blow up in sudden anger earlier, I was now getting angry.

I was getting angry but I think I was no match for him.

Certainly I can't fight back. I will lose due to difference in power.

It was humiliating.

I sighed in my mind.

Even if I think about this, there was no getting away from it. I decided to distract myself by thinking other things.

(Sorting of the slaves huh?)

Well it's was not impossible for me to observe other people's forte.

That was my occupational experience from my previous world because I was a Career Consultant.

A career consultant was something like a business consultant. The work closely resembles counseling as I utilize various data such as appropriate qualifications, appropriate abilities, and psychological approach, to counsel one's aptitude and aspiration. I have technical qualifications as a career consultant by passing the national licensure exam.

So I think it will be possible for me to observe a person's suitability.

(This is going to be troublesome when it comes to the slaves of the other world. I don't know the structure of this world)

I gave up.

Although I had improve my skill in personal observation with much effort in my previous world, it was useless if I don't understand the structure of this world.

For example, assuming there was magic in this world. If I judge muscular people as "You're suitable in construction!", it was meaningless if all engineering construction of this world was done by magic.

It was necessary to acquire the general knowledge of this world early.

I wonder how would I sort out the slaves.

"Shit, You were hired as an apprentice because you're a kid with an appraisal skill. But you're not useful at all"

"I'm sorry"

"Why did Kubera-sama, the God of Wealth, gave this shithead a blessing? I ain't using my magic just so you could just waste it.[Status Open]"

God of Wealth Kubera.

It was possible that I heard those words somewhere.

God of Wealth Kubera, was certainly one of the gods of a certain game. One world had surfaced in my mind.

[Fantasy Tale]. It was a fantasy RPG that I got a little addicted, one that boasted worldwide sale as a mobile social game app.

I played it fairly enough that I know the general knowledge of the game world.

If this world was the same as [Fantasy Tale].

I felt that various pieces had made sense in my mind.

Demon Slaves, daughters of the beast tribe, incantation of [Status Open]. All of them matches the world of [Fantasy Tale].

Perhaps I was transported within [Fantasy Tale].
One aspiration had grown within me the moment I thought up of that hypothesis.

I want to achieve success in my life on this world.
And.

“This, This guy seems usable. This one.... Is useless. Alright, this other one”

While the big man was sorting out, I had secretly made up my mind.
I have to get rid of this big man first.
Of course I will have to use a gentle method to be free, however, i will have to use force if necessary.

I had learned it after all.
The name of this big man was Mark.
When the magic [Status Open] was used as a test, a display like this appeared.

Name : Mark Tracey
Age : 41 Years Old
Level : 10
HP : 36 MP : 7
Strength : 6
Agility : 8
Magic Power : 5
Endurance : 6
Special Skill : Negotiation Skill Lv. 2
Special Skill : Appraisal Lv. 2

Negotiation Skill Lv. 2 and Appraisal Skill Lv. 2 are treated under the designation of “Skills”. In short, that was the blessings granted by the gods, the Lv. part was a reference on the strength of the blessing.

For example, the skill Swordsmanship Lv. 1.

When comparing people with this skill and those who had not, those that have this skill can had their sword technique grow stronger more faster.

The higher the level, the bigger the effect of the blessing. For example, if it became Lv. 5, there would probably be no one on this continent that can match them.

These knowledge are from my memory during the time I was a gamer of [Fantasy

Tale].

As far as I remember in the game, the NPC can only reach Lv. 5 as the highest, even if enemies are included it should be only up to Lv. 7

It was possible for players on the other hand to grind all the way to Lv.10.

Generally, there isn't a way to verify if a skill exist or not in the game.

For example, what kind of skill does oneself possess? What kind of skill other people had? There was no way to check that.

However, I can see it. It was possible to analyze the skill of other people by activating the Appraisal Skill. This skill will let me able to see if a blessing exist on other people, I am able to identify the actual numerical values and composition. Advantage.

I was convinced that was it. And this can be useful.

(Well, I will have to keep silent about this around here)

On a certain day.

A customer came over to Mark's shop and purchased a battle slave. The customer was a member of the knights from the chilvaric kingdom of Vakharaistan, they were the so called elite.

The request from the knight was "I need to chose a slave that had a tough and fit physique". There was no particular skill specified.

Mark replied with "yeah, yeah" and brought three people.

Their status was about the same, there was no big numerical differences between them. However their skills was completely different from each other.

One person was an ordinary slave that doesn't have any skill.

Another person had a Swordsmanship Skill Lv. 2, befitting as a swordsman.

The last one had a Fire Magic Lv. 0, a valuable person with basic knowledge of magic.

Their value was clearly different. It was only appropriate that the 2 slaves that had been blessed with skills should naturally be twice as expensive compared to the slave that doesn't have any skills.

However, Mark set the price of all three of them to be the same. Because the statuses were the same that he had set the same price.

Mark, which had the appraisal skill, set the price the same for the 3 slaves. I was somewhat shocked.

I noticed it then, that perhaps Mark can only read the numerical status values.

As a test, I had asked Mark to do something.

I pointed out the cat-girl beast that I saw previously (she seems to be called Mina) and said “Excuse me sir, It seems the status display is blurry, can you read aloud the status of that slave?”

I received a glaring glance.

After Mark made a fool out of me, he said it to me.

“Hmph, Mina, HP 21, MP 6, Strength 8, Agility 9, Magic Power 2, Endurance 4. Don’t waste my time again”

I wanted to ask if there was anything else.

But I believed that perhaps Mark hasn’t seen any more data.

Because it was written on Mina’s status [Unique Blessing: Shrine Maiden of the Beastmen Tribe].

(If I can read the blessing skill by using my appraisal skill, Mark must be able to know what kind of skill she have or her blessing)

However, Mark didn’t noticed it. He didn’t see that Mina was a Shrine Maiden of the Beastmen tribe.

If Mark knew about it, I’m sure he would not have mistreated Mina. Because a Shrine Maiden of the Beastmen tribe was an important existence. I must hear it from Mark as a test. So I asked “How much is an excellent Shrine Maiden slave worth?”

“Huh, that is still too early for you. It’s worth more than the 30 slaves in here now, probably more than a 100 slaves”

Mark replied to me in a rude way while drinking alcohol, perhaps what he said was the truth.

“In other words, we would make a bunch of money if we found such a slave”

“Idiot, of course it carries such a very expensive price. Because the maintenance cost is also very high”

“Is that so?”

“You wouldn’t know. A high quality slave must be prepared on only the best quality tent, they have to be bathe everyday and must be groomed”

“Wow, that’s really hard” was my appropriate response as I thought about it.

If that was the case, putting Mina on the other luxury tent for high quality slaves

is a must.

Since Mark was stingy on the money, it just means that Mark didn't know that Mina was a Shrine Maiden.

There was no moral obligation to tell him.

I intend to fully utilize this information that Mark didn't know.

Shrine Maiden of the Beastmen tribe.

I felt inclined to hear about her blessing from her directly that I had secretly asked her about it afterwards.

Whether she was by any chance a Shrine Maiden or not.

Mina was surprised. She had a facial expression as if to say how did I know, but I didn't directly hear it from her.

Instead, I only heard her say "Who the hell are you?"

She seemed to be cautious somehow.

"I'm just a simple slave trader apprentice" is what I had told her for now.

"However, I don't quite get along with the store owner"

"Really?"

She never said anymore words.

Mina didn't speak carelessly. It was because of the carved slave seal, if she bares any ill-intent towards the master, she will suffer from the magic. Therefore she only said safe words.

However I already knew just from Mina's reactions.

It seemed that Mina, being a Shrine Maiden was the truth.

It was a very important information that I would like to keep a secret.

"Hey Mina"

"? What is it?"

Mark had started another work.

I saw it as a chance to talk to Mina.

Of course Mark must not know about it. If he knew about it, it will just give him a reason to beat the shit out of me.

So far, my reason was just to talk to her.

"Why were you captured?"

I just want to really hear her story.

Mina's status is not the kind that she should be caught easily.
Her numerical values doesn't really differ that much from an ordinary person.

Name: Mina Serianslope (Slave)
Age : 15 Years Old
Level : 6
HP : 21 MP : 6
Strength : 8
Agility : 9
Magic Power : 2
Endurance : 4
Unique Blessing: Shrine Maiden of the Beastmen tribe
Special Skill: Spearmanship Lv. 3
Special Skill: Dancing Lv. 2
Special Skill: Body Reinforcement Lv. 1

Having Spearmanship Lv. 3 will make her an excellent spear fighter compared to that of the common soldiers.

Because at Lv. 3, it will make her on par with a veteran adventurer. So how?

How did she got captured?
That question was bugging me.

“Why are you asking about that?”

And Mina responded with somewhat looking baffled.
There were signs that she was being cautious and I stopped thinking about it.

It was reasonable that Mina should not trust me
In fact she would even thought I was a suspicious person.
Why didn't this man told Mark that she herself was a Shrine Maiden?
Perhaps there was some evil scheme being planned.
Such signs would make someone cautious.
So looking it at Mina's point of view, it was reasonable to think so.
I thought this would take quite a while.
Shouldn't I build her trust over a long period of time to get the story out of her?
I should probably do it that way.

I must first make a plan and give great effort to receive Mina's trust.

If I want to gain her trust, I'll start with my attitude.
It won't have any strong foundation if I gain her trust through trickery. Gaining it

slowly over a long period of time will be more effective.

Therefore, I will have to be sincere towards Mina to gain her trust.

There was one thing however.

Even if I say attitude, it does not mean I can just talk her.

I need to be polite when I speak to her in the first place.

Even if I'm speaking with a slave, I should not use a rude commanding tone. If it was Mark, he will probably say "Hey! finish your meal quickly!" in a oppressive manner and whip them.

However, I will be different. "Please have some water, drink as much as you want" and give them some water. I will not be forceful nor will I be shouting at them. Since in the first place, I won't torment them needlessly in anyway.

It should not be just changing the way I talk to them.

How much I talk to them should also be changed.

I made sure to make some conversation with Mina secretly while Mark was not looking.

Conversation.

Conversation was the basic form of human communication.

Not just practical subjects like "Please have some water".

It should be real conversations.

"You know what, I had a dream today"

"Hey, did you know? There was a really great noble that came today"

And so on.

No matter how you look at it, the discussion was friendly. Or it was something like small talk to pass the time.

It was however my aim from the start.

Talking to her with such trifling subject matters, she just continued listening to it like it was nothing.

"Is that so master Toshiki"

"Yes, he was an extravagant and distinguished noble. It was probably the country's aristocratic tax collector"

By talking about trifling things this way, Mina was steadily showing her emotions.

She laughs when I say a joke.

She nods when I speak to her seriously.

When I'm being severely bullied again, she will come to me and ask "Are you OK?".

Her wariness had been greatly reduced compared to last time. Because Mina did not even show her emotions previously.

Besides, there was more. Mina would probably still listen even if my conversation with her was just trivial gossip.

I would be jumping to conclusions if I thought that it was possibly just courtesy.

If I put myself in Mina's shoes, I understood it immediately.

Even if my stories were trivial, it was still a valuable source of information.

For example, about the tax collector mentioned previously. Since the tax collector personally came to this shop, that means this might be a large store, that they had to check if the store pays the full tax. Or that perhaps this country's ethics was so low that someone, like a tax collector for the government, could easily overlook the slave trade. Such expectations were possible.

Of course as for me, I had already expected this much. Those kind of information goes through Mina. I do not particularly mind it. It doesn't have any negative effect on me. I didn't suffer any losses. So I didn't regret it.

It's fine even if I seem to be just someone useful, particularly for Mina. It was better that I was useful to her.

Because she will listen to my stories if I'm useful to her. That is to say, it was synonymous with giving me the chance to gain her trust indefinitely.

Honestly, I can easily gain the trust of a person if I exploit their weak spot.

It was a conversation technique I learned in the previous world. I just have to look very sincere with an honest attitude and make agreeable response as much as possible.

I act sincerely by leading them on.

In that context, Mina was easy since she was a young girl.

She probably had little experience with being suspicious towards a person. Although she prepared herself to be cautious, her wariness was somewhat lacking.

It took quite a while, but Mina was able to completely trust me.

(Great, credibility is at 70%. It seems I'm fairly trusted now)

I could see the credibility gauge in the status screen.

The credibility gauge was usually hidden behind the Name Bar. However, when I call up the display details, the credibility gauge emerges from the Name Bar. I believe that credibility is only up to 100%. If I'm not mistaken, 100% was the the maximum value in [Fantasy Tale].

If the credibility of the companion was at 70%, the companion unit will show the cooperation skill which is the mark that you have been trusted.

The level was equivalent to real life close friend.

Therefore, Mina sees me now in a favorable light.

"? Toshiki?"

"Ah, no, it's nothing"

I wondered if Mina was doubting me at she stared at my appearance. She was looking at me with mystified look.

I changed the subject by saying "Speaking of which, it seems the you are laughing these days", so that she doesn't get suspicious.

"It might be so, it was fun to hear your stories master Toshiki"

"Really, I'm glad you say so"

It was her compliment.

It was only natural for men to be happy, even if he knew it was just a compliment.

So I "acted" like I was bashful while I glancingly observing Mina.

Mina's coat was getting better.

Normally the Werecat's coat were not maintained, but Mina was different.

Mina likes to maintain her coat.

So sometimes I maintain her coat for her.
For example, her back.
Although she can groom herself, the body structure of a Werecat makes it impossible for her to reach her back.
Therefore I'm the one grooming her back.
Mina was very pleased when I groomed her.
It was a woman's nature to love cleanliness.
Grooming the back probably felt really good.

And so just by grooming, Mina's appearance changed a little bit.
She was becoming a little bit lovelier.
At first Mina was like a dirty kitten, no, more like a dirty dust cloth.
However, as I patiently fixed her appearance, I noticed that she was becoming better.
The material was not bad in the first place.
Mina's features were exceedingly refreshing, and her eyes were big and charming.
Therefore, when you properly clean and groom her, she will become lovely.
It was a fact now, but I'm still surprised whenever I see her.
To think that she had changed this much that she had become so beautiful.

I seemed to have been fascinated by her unintentionally.
I was speechless for a long time and Mina asked in confusion "Again? What's wrong this time?"

"Well, I was just thinking of what to talk about today"
"Is that so? It's fun you know"

It was fun being next to Mina as I absentmindedly thought about what to talk about.

I have a reason why I, more or less, got fascinated by her.
Because in this tent for low-class slaves, Mina was nude.

"Come to think of it master Toshiki, I saw you mingling with the other slaves"
"That's right, It was interesting to hear their stories"

Mina pointed out that I was interacting with the other slaves.
It was just normal for me to interact with the rest of the 30 slaves.

Since I don't discriminate.

But really, Mina took most of my time but I still tried to interact with everyone as much as possible.

Why is that?

Because I just really want to hear their various stories.

For example, the slave that was a former adventurer.

I was able to hear stories from during the time of their adventuring days.

They told me a secret on how to kill a very large demon. How to distinguish edible wild grass from inedible ones.

Such knowledge in a wide variety of subjects was in some way, very important general knowledge to me.

Since I was a reincarnated person.

I'm absolutely ignorant to what was common sense in this world.

Even though I was playing [Fantasy Tale], I can't tell the difference between edible and inedible wild grasses.

That's why I need learn it from the people of this world.

I received some advice and got a lot information from them.

Thus I made some steady progress in my initial preparations.

Yes, initial preparations.

Preparations to be independent from the slave trader called Mark.

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A way to be independent from Mark.

I thought of various ways, but there was only the use of force as the possibility.

Why is it?

I will list the ways to become independent for the sake of explaining it.

The first one was the calmest method.

I will have to work my way to be a full-fledged slave trader by perseverance.

This was impossible.

Because Mark doesn't have any intention to let me become independent at all.

He only considers me as "Cheap labor" one way or another.

It would be disadvantageous for Mark to lose me as cheap labor.

“I will only recognize you if you work hard, since even I work hard myself.”

That was Mark bragging while drinking alcohol, there wasn't an ounce of credibility there.

Because when I activated my Appraisal Skill, Mark's statement was branded as a [Lie].

So Mark intends to keep me until I die.

I totally knew it just by the way he treats me everyday. I was made to work like a maid by taking care of the cleaning, making the meal of the slaves and disposing of the excrements.

In a way, I was the slave of the slaves.

Well, if it's just the work only, I might be able to endure it.

However, the violence was unbearable.

When Mark was not in a good mood, I was the one being beaten to release his stress.

It might be because a hierarchy was established.

That guy, he liked to act as if he was at the top of the hierarchy.

Drunk with violence, his eyes sometimes became bloodshot.

It was not hard to see that he was getting more aggressive.

Or maybe he is verifying something.

To verify that there was a difference of power, that even if I fight back I still can't win against him.

Timidity.

It was more vexing to have such timidity, He had this need to check everything.

Was it necessary to bully me each and every time?

His selfishness had gone too far.

His selfishness was terrible, but the difference in physique was troublesome.

My body had an appearance of a complete 15 year old boy, but Mark was a big man.

One time, I was beaten so hard that the pain and nausea hasn't subsided.

I still had stomach cramps followed by a shivering fit.

I vaguely remembered when I broke my bone in my previous life and suffered from nausea and chills as a result.

Acute pain ran through the pit of my stomach and because of the spasm of the diaphragm, it was hard to breath.

I had thought I would die. I was prepared for death.

But that shithead was just laughing.

I didn't want to die while being trampled upon.

He looked like he was giving me a warning, I abhor that kind of behaviour that tries to justify his conduct.

Furthermore, it was a problem that Mark won't tell me the necessary knowledge as a slave trader.

All those necessary procedures, such as signing a contract, was hiddenly performed inside a closed tent of the store owner.

He seemed to be afraid of me learning all of the knowledge.

It was often said that a monk before a gate will chant the sutra even before he learned it.

I may be able to learn if there was a small room I can use.

However this place was everything.

The vulgar smile of Mark came to my mind.

You probably like working until you die. Mark was unaware that I said those words.

It was revolting.

It was just unreliable to make an effort to steadily rise to the top.

There was no choice but to consider other methods.

The second method, I will have to change the contract without Mark knowing.

It was just recently that I knew the existence of the contract.

Because Mark concealed from me the knowledge of becoming a slave trader.

It was only by my own efforts that I was able to successfully obtain that information.

A contract was a pledge between the slave and Mark's agreement.

The slave contract will only be established if there was both the engraved seal from the slave seal engraver and a signature in the slave contract.

The special tattoo that was used as the engraved slave seal, was also used as the signature for the contract.

It will become a typical magic contract by doing that.

In doing so, the contract will connect the name of the slave master to the slave.

If the name recorded on the contract was wrong, then that contract was meaningless.

The effect of the contract was to tie the slave's soul together with the master under the right name.

In other words, Mark will lose the effect as the master when the name on the contract will be overwritten.

I will overwrite the name on the contract if possible.

I am betting my last glimmer of hope on this.

The contract was probably in the private tent of Mark.

I was given strict orders by Mark to not enter that tent.

It would only mean something really important was hidden in that tent.

Besides when a visitor comes.

Mark would say "This way please." and enter the tent.

A contract was important to a slave trader after their lives.

Therefore contract management becomes the most important thing to the slave trader.

Mark was very cautious.

Because he is the type of person to keep valuables close to him.

I was really certain that the contract was inside the tent based on his behavior.

(Now then, is it really essential to enter the tent? But.)

I thought about how to enter the tent without being found out.

(Status Open.)

I invoked it in my head.

Magic was usable even if I don't verbally chant it. That was basic knowledge in the game of [Fantasy Tale].

MP consumption efficiency will of course be higher if I verbally chant it.

But the Appraisal Skill consumes little MP to begin with.

So it was important that I was silent so that Mark will not find it out.

Name: Toshiki Mitsuji

Age: 15 Years Old

Level: 6

HP: 20 MP: 7

Strength: 5

Agility: 7

Magic Power: 4

Endurance: 6

Unique Blessing: Blessing of the God of Wealth

Unique Skill: Appraisal Option

Special Skill: Appraisal Lv. 10

There was an interesting unique skill there, Appraisal Option.

I haven't heard Appraisal Option as a skill name until now. I had never seen it in [Fantasy Tale].

I immediately understood Appraisal Option when I checked the Status Screen.

Unique Skill: Appraisal Option

Available option settings when using Appraisal Skill.

Display Name: ON

Display Age: ON

Display Lv: ON

Display Status Numerical Values: ON

Display Blessing/Skill: ON

Display Credibility: ON

Display Psychological Graph: ON

Advanced Search: ON

Other Personal Option: NONE

I see, it looked like a config screen.

It seems I can customize my Appraisal Skill by setting the options to either ON or OFF.

Now then, what can I do here now that I have fully grasped the potential of the Appraisal Skill?

Appraisal Skill was my only weapon.

This will split my future into two paths depending on how I use it.

I came up with the following plan to use this.

First, will the Appraisal Skill work in the dark?

It worked based on the results when I used it previously.

I will know where I am even if I can't see anything in the dark because of the Appraisal Popup.

Even if the inside of the tent was dim, at noon, or I can't see the tent anymore because it was already nighttime, I still know where the slaves are because of the Appraisal Popup.

In other words, I will be able to notice an enemy attack me during the night from afar with the help of the Appraisal Skill.

Without a doubt, it was so useful that I was thinking it may be possible for me to be an Adventurer.

Second, will I be able to know the origin and raw material of an item by appraising it?

It was also possible based on the results.

I used the robe which I'm wearing right now to test it.

When I used the Advanced Search of Appraisal Skill, it showed [Place of Origin: Eastern Kingdom, Oriental Area] and [Raw Material: Potato Hemp].

If I know the raw material and the origin of the material, I would be very profitable when doing trading or peddling.

Perhaps it was possible for me to be a merchant. I considered being one.

So, that was the only 2 scenarios I came up with.

I only thought up of a plan to use the advantage of the Appraisal Skill by being an Adventurer or a Merchant.

But both of them are my last resort.

I will consider those as my fall back plan if I can't get ahold of the contract.

The essential thing wasn't there.

It was important that I'm able to sense in the dark and able to inspect raw materials.

(I shall change everything tonight.)

I chuckled in my mind.

To be frank, this man called Mark was careless.

Though he should have made me into a slave but he didn't.

(No, it was probably because the blessing of the God of Wealth)

I thought about it and saw my own status [Unique Blessing: Blessing of the God of Wealth].

Unique Blessing: Blessing of the God of Wealth

Blessing of Kuvera, the God of Wealth. Born with the support of the Business Talent.

Negotiation Technique Growth +

Will not be affected by contracts with no agreement.

So.

Mark might have wanted to make me a slave but wasn't able to do it. Because I have a skill that can invalidate a contract without consent like a slave contract.

Therefore as a result, Mark wasn't able to control me as a slave. Making a slave doesn't rob someone of their free-will. In other words, Mark won't be able to stop me from defying him anyway.

(The plan is easy. I will confirm if he has fallen fast asleep tonight with the Appraisal Skill. Then I will steal the contract and the ink.)

That was it.

It was a very simple plan.

It was simple and it will definitely succeed if I do it carefully.

Evening.

In a world without light, the ground was barely illuminated by the light from the stars and the moon.

I was working as a night watch outside the slaves' tent.

A night watchman.

What does it mean? I am a guard during the night.

A slave merchant was a merchant too.

Their image says they had money or high-quality slaves, that they are often attacked by thieves.

When attacked by a thief, they will lose money, merchandise, or even worse,

their lives.

So slave merchants will always use muscular slaves as guardsmen looking out the perimeter.

To be able to fight back when attacked.

The lookout was laid out around the area, day and night.

A slave merchant was only human too. They had to take a rest during the night.

Humans are creatures that must get enough sleep.

So it was just reasonable for Mark to sleep at night.

Meanwhile the slaves and I, the apprentice merchant, are guarding the perimeter.

(Sloppy)

I was aware that my smile didn't stop.

At this rate, I was certain my night strategy will succeed.

Night Strategy.

It was the scenario I planned before.

First, I will watch Mark through the hole in the tent.

I will monitor the condition of Mark inside the tent as much as possible to know whether or not he was asleep.

If it's possible, I have to know Mark's equipment, the location of the weapon, and the location of the contract and the ink so I don't forget it.

Next, I have to prepare some sufficient tools to raid Mark.

The things I have with me now are the bucket to distribute water to the slaves, the dustpan to gather the excrements, and a brush to groom the horse hair.

Everything was tools of a servant.

Honestly, I don't have any tools that I can use for a surprise raid.

However, how about using the bonfire that we are using during night watch?

And the last one.

How can I kill Mark?

If it would be possible, it would be a one-sided attack if I'm able to take out Mark's vision. I want to bind his freedom of movement.

I thought up this current plan, get Mark drunk from drinking too much liquor, he

will lie down, then I will cover him with the robe that I wear to take out his vision temporarily. This attack method must be done in one go.

I thought about refining it a little bit more before implementing it.

So I refined the action plan according to those three stages.

When there was no particular problem in my scenario, I checked it over many times.

(My nerves won't calm down)

I decided to observe my surroundings to calm myself down.

Although you may call it a Tent based on the inscription, Mark and I were operating the open-air slave shop in the slum area of the desert.

Slum Area.

This was a place where scoundrels gather, or rather than that, it was more proper to say this was a place where poor people drift to.

The financially poor ones.

For example, a soldier who lost their arm. A mother with a child who lost her husband. An old man who went blind.

Those were the people that quietly rolled in, this was the peculiarity of this slum area.

They carry on their lives by begging, drawing water, or doing manual labor.

They can barely support themselves by bartering.

There are also people who sell stolen stuff that was taken from somewhere else.

In short, everyone living over that slum area had very few decent jobs to choose from.

So where on earth do they get their drinking water? It was at the oasis.

There was an oasis nearby, so they don't wander far away from it.

But an oasis was also a place where so-called high quality stalls are gathered, there was no place in there for the slum people to stay.

So it was necessary to carry water from the oasis and store it in a reservoir located here.

There are two reservoir, one for drinking and one for daily use.

It was the work of the poor slum people, or the slaves, to carry water to this

reservoir.

I sometimes also help. My body endured that kind of work. However, it was decent work for the slum people and the slaves. As for that, the salary of the slum people was bad.

If I ever describe the portrayal of slum area of the desert, it would be this way.

I surveyed the perimeter of the slave shop's tent that Mark and I operate. No one was looking. Especially the poor people of the slum, they won't look towards us. Somehow they had a very cold attitude towards the slaves because they don't want to become one themselves.

Their cold attitude will indirectly help me right now. I do not have to worry about any vigilant eyes that are lurking around.

I gently peeked into Mark's tent from the hole. Mark was asleep.

I continued to observe Mark's tent. As for his equipment, he had a robe generally made of a mixture of cotton and hemp. He was not wearing any special protective gear. However, there was a sword for self defense near him that can protect his body when the time comes.

He was sleeping while he plopped his body on a cushion, which I'm not sure if I should call it a sofa or some kind of zabuton. He was covered by several blankets on top of him. Penetrating that many blankets would be very hard to do.

There was a desk a little bit away from where he was sleeping. When I carefully observed everything on that desk, I saw the ink. I assume it was the same ink used to sign the contract. Because when I used my appraisal skill it showed **【Raw Material: Indigo Colorant】**, a familiar color that was used in the contracts.

Now that I found the ink, next was the contract. It should be somewhere on the desk, but I didn't see it. If I wasn't able to find it immediately, it would be hidden somewhere at least.

This should be enough for today.

I moved my face away from the tent at once.

I have found so much information just from looking into the tent. The image of attacking him had considerably become clearer.

I came back to my position near the night watch bonfire and acted like I was guarding once again.

I thought of a lot of stuff in my head.

It would be surprisingly easy to kill him if I raid him. The only problem was I don't know where the contracts are kept.

It's still too early. However, I will be freed from Mark soon.

I reconsidered my plan for the next step

"Then, is this character somewhat complete?"
"Yes, I think it's all right. However, you really learned quickly."

I looked at the ground. Many phonetic shapes written down there. Those are replaced with **【A】**, **【B】**, *etc.* on the pop-up display if I looked at it through the Appraisal Skill.

I was learning the alphabet. Knowing the alphabet was essential to live in this world.

Learning the alphabet wasn't difficult at all. While walking around the oasis district, I was observing and stealing glances at the words written on the contracts. I was able to stock up on character vocabulary with this method.

I was also taught by the slaves.

After checking it with Appraisal Skill, I wrote it down and reviewed my work.

Actually, it was thanks to the Appraisal Skill that my learning was steadily progressing.

I was able to instantly understand what this character or that character meant. It was due to it that I had reached a point where I was able to read and write simple characters.

As long as it was just reading, I was able to manage more difficult content with the Appraisal Skill.

Even though I only started studying three months ago, I was able to roughly memorize all the characters.

Now I just had to learn more words through the power of repetition.

“However, Mina knows these characters, just like I thought.”

“No, it’s really not that exceptional.”

Mina was being bashful as she smiling sarcastically.

It was still true that I thought it was amazing.

Although this was just an opinion, I felt fairly certain that the literacy rate of this world was pretty low.

『Fantasy Tale』 was based on the Middle Ages, and if I remember right, the literacy rate during those times was around 20%.

In other words, Mina was part of that 20%.

She was an upper-class beastman after all.

It made me realize just how great the position of a Shrine Maiden actually was.

“There is no one else in this tent that knows these characters. You are definitely very knowledgeable, Mina.”

“I am honored to receive your praise.”

See? Normally someone wouldn’t respond with such a respectful phrase like “I am honored to receive your praise”.

Maybe it’s just me with my knowledge of modern society in Japan, but usually such speech is indicative of one’s upbringing.

I can’t imagine it’s not the same for this world.

I’ve been told that even if they wanted to learn more eloquent speech, people of low social status rarely got the chance.

That’s why there were so many people incapable of using such fancy speech.

Mina’s speech could be called a refined work of art.

Not only was her tone very clear but her use of honorific language, and even her ability to use humble language, was firmly disciplined.

A solid upbringing that couldn't possibly be fake.
My evaluation of Mina was thoroughly raised.

It wasn't a waste of time learning the alphabet.
I had to, in order to master writing all the words in the contracts.

It was possible to write the name on the contract if I used the Appraisal Skill (using Advance Search on my name, I will know what to write by checking the displayed phonetic notation), however, it was not possible to write down all the difficult phrases that might need to be added to the contract details if I didn't know the words or characters.

Even if I was able to depose Mark, it wouldn't work out if I couldn't even write the characters.

The business of a slave merchant only exists because of the contracts; if I couldn't write up the contracts myself, my business would get crushed immediately.

Therefore, it was best to oust Mark after I was proficient enough with the language to be able to handle the business on my own.

The plan to take over Mark's business was steadily progressing.
At this rate, it didn't seem like there'd be anything to worry about once I accomplished my goal.

Deep in my delusions, I smiled in anticipation for the days ahead.

"Hey kid, choose appropriate clothes. Don't you understand how important Mina is?"

One day Mark put me in charge of buying the clothes, hence the command.
Clothes.

It was very unusual to buy clothes for a slave.

Low-level slaves in the tent weren't given clothes in the first place.
Only the high-quality slaves are given clothing.

Appearance was a serious matter for the high-class slaves.
Clothes, makeup, perfume, and all accessories were props to raise the value of the merchandise.
Although I call them "props", it wasn't unusual for the price to double with such

simple additions.

It was often said that people were easily deceived by appearances. Even having the most exceptional slaves in a separate tent was all part of the ploy.

And by lavishly decorating the tent, it increased the value of the slave in one's mind.

That was the purpose purchasing clothes for slaves.

I understood its value.

Finally, Mina seemed to have all the qualities to be considered a high-class slave, just as I expected.

“Understood. And the funds?”

“You'll have to manage with just 1 gold coin.”

1 gold coin.

1 gold coin was worth 100 silver coins, and 1 silver coin was worth 100 copper coins.

I equated a copper coin to be worth 10¥, therefore 1 gold coin was about 100,000¥.

At least, that's what I felt it was worth.

Even so, the budget would be stretched thin if it also had to pay for all the accessories.

“So it's one gold for just the clothes, right?”

“Don't be ridiculous, that's for clothes and accessories. Are you trying to tell me you can't do it?”

I realized what he meant the minute I looked into Mark's eyes. From the start, this jerk wanted me to eat the additional costs myself.

“Now look, consider it a ‘learning experience’ as a merchant's apprentice, you should take notes of the ups and downs of market value.”

Mark looked me in the eyes and smiled spitefully.

He really meant it.

According to him, he was not amused to hear I was saving up some money.

I had actually managed to save 3 gold coins already.

It wasn't a small amount of money by any means. You could even buy a relatively cheap slave for that amount.

It was entirely possible with just those 3 gold coins, I could oppose Mark.. And Mark anticipated that.

This entire scheme was thought up just to make me use my money.

In fact, it was an order.

“Dickwad, don't ever think of defying me or else.”

Mark threatened me with a warning.

I wouldn't put it past him to torment me using a battle slave if I defied his orders. And after he'd had his fun, he would just take away all my money anyway, calling it “punishment”.

I had no right to question his orders.

“I understand.”

I bowed my head gently.

I was resolved to someday teach this asshole a lesson.

He should not have crossed that line.

He tried to arbitrarily take the money I had saved.

Was he completely oblivious to all the trouble I had to go through to save that much?

Absurd. That was the word that came to mind.

For now, I endured the bitter taste left in my mouth.

But I wouldn't stand for him making a fool of me.

I won't allow allow him to mock my efforts.

I do have one thing to say though.

Unlike the modern society I had been used to, here it was perfectly reasonable to kill someone over such disrespect.

Life was cheap.

And I would purchase Mark's cheap life with 3 gold coins.

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I went inside the warehouse tent and took out 3 gold coins.
Not only was it the warehouse, it also doubled as my living quarters.

Unlike Mark's tent, there was barely any space to sleep.
I went to sleep everyday curled up on the hard sand.
If I stretched the wrong way in my sleep, I would inevitably knock something over, like a broom, causing a small avalanche.
It was impossible to get a good night's sleep.

I looked at the three gold coins in my hand.
This was money I'd earned through blood, sweat, and tears.
Obviously, the coins hadn't come from Mark.
I made peanuts working for Mark. There's no way I'd be able to pry 3 gold coins from his grubby fingers, it was impossible.
No, the money had come from my own diligence in reaching out to rich-looking clients to have them purchase goods directly from me.

I knew of a market where they sold scraps and cheap crystals.
Using my appraisal skill, I could easily identify the higher quality goods and purchase them.
It was the most important skill a jeweler could have, and I was able to make a good profit selling to those with a discriminating eye.
A particularly good piece could earn me at least 1 silver coin.

Confiscating the money I worked so hard for was a dick move.
And then I remembered a place.

I'll use every last cent I have today.
I'll use it and arrange Mark's demise.

Enjoy it while you can Mark, your days are numbered.

(I thought as much, the market in the Oasis District is huge.)

I went to visit the Oasis District.
I couldn't find anything worthwhile in the slums, there just wasn't enough of a good selection.
I wasn't one to question where the goods came from, but this time was a little

different.

(It is not the clothes or accessories that I want right now.)

I slowly browsed the Oasis District market.

There was fruit that made me salivate, and I just wanted to reach out and take it.

Someday I also wanted to get that magic book being sold.

But today I had one specific thing I had to buy.

“Excuse me, I’d like this animal glue.”

I told the shopkeeper.

Animal glue, in other words, an adhesive.

It was made by boiling the skin, guts, bones, and nails of an animal then cooling the viscous liquid that came out of it.

And before using the adhesive, it needs to be boiled in water.

Using my appraisal skill, I chose the best glue from the lot.

The shopkeeper muttered “You have a good eye,” as he took out his merchant scale.

The shopkeeper weighed it, then held out it hand declaring, “3 silver coins.”

“Weigh it again, but turn it around this time. Just to make sure.”

“.....Tsk.”

You had to be careful in a shady place like this.

I was almost cheated until I thought the desk might be leaning to one side, or some trick to the merchant’s scale I wasn’t aware of.

I was glad I brought a battle slave with me instead of a weak porter.

Young as I was, I wouldn’t be able to fight back if the merchant tried to do something.

“.....2 silver and 4 copper coins it is.”

“.....That’s better.”

Although a kid like me saying ‘That’s better’ would probably incite a little rage.

It was hard to read the shopkeeper’s expression.

I endured and brushed it off with a poker face.

(I have to get a new bucket and broom after this.....)

The next purchase was an investment for my future business. I need to procure a bucket, broom, dustpan, tent hide, and other tools. It would cost around 10 silver coins in total.

(Also, I need to get a leather bag and make it into a blackjack.)

The blackjack would be made from a long and thin leather casing, then packed with sand.

It was a simple weapon.

I needed to have something for self-defence, right?

(Then I need to get several pieces of tile to protect my body by wrapping it around.)

The tiles would be my armor. I figured I could string them together by making a small hole in each, then use 2 to protect my sides, and 1 to protect the front of my torso.

(After this would be the real future investment.)

Soap, scissors, and small tools like razors.

Jam made from citrus rinds.

A wooden board to draw on, and ink made of soot to draw with.

It was a lot to have to buy right off the bat.

(I wonder if I can buy everything I need today?)

I knew I would find more things I needed as I looked around.

And the remaining budget is...just a little over 2 gold coins.

It should be just enough.

(Excellent, I think it's time for me to get real experience, right Mark?)

I saved the one thing I really wanted to buy for last.

Of course, it was something very important to study for my future.

I went inside an Oasis District slave shop.

The market price of the slave, the quality, and even the purchasing process were all different here.

(Slaves. This lady would probably decide herself which slave was best for me to buy.)

I returned her polite “Welcome” greeting with a nod. I needed to see just how different the slave shop in the Oasis District was from Mark’s.

“What can I do for you today?”

“I need to buy a cheap slave. The best one you have for around 2 gold coins.”

I checked the interior design of the shop. It actually wasn’t that bad. The furniture was moderately classy, and possessed a sense of security.

Compared to Mark’s store, although his was the best in the slum district, this shop was better decorated.

I expected as much from a shop in the Oasis District.

“.....A cheap slave?”

The shopkeeper shot me a glance for a moment to appraise me. However, that was exactly what I wanted.

Since I could also see the psychological graph I knew exactly what she was doing, however most people would be uncomfortable getting appraised.

The female shopkeeper was called Miroir, and she was the slave merchant.

“Yes, I’m actually in the same trade. I would like to buy suitable cheap people, slave with special characteristics will be fine too.”

“I see.”

She reacted when I said I was also on the same trade.

Indeed, Miroir seemed to doubt me.

No matter how you looked at it, I was just a 15 years old kid.

Although my clothes were fixed to fit in the Oasis District, she probably knew from the tanning on my skin that I was actually from Slums.

I wondered if she was observing me objectively.

Miroir was certainly thinking of how to answer me.

“What will you be using it for?”

“Just simple and trivial chores. But I don’t need them to do too much manual labor, so I don’t mind if it’s a woman or child.”

I thought I would lose this deal if she kept interrogating me.

However Miroir kept her poker face.

“I’m sorry, but can you show me the possible slaves?”

“.....Please wait for a moment, I’ll bring them here.”

“Thanks, although I’d prefer you take me towards the slave quarters. It would be more convenient.”

“.....I understand.”

I was sure I would learn a lot more if I entered the slave quarters myself. She may not have wanted me to see the slave quarters, or she might have had something to hide back there.

However as a shopkeeper, she still had an obligation to meet her customer’s demands.

When it came down to it, Miroir looked to to be a good business partner.

I thought about it as I followed Miroir to the slave quarters.

“This is the slave quarters. The slaves that you wanted to buy are over there in the training area.”

Miroir pointed towards the partitioned section.

I see, they divided the room into sections by putting up curtains.

The tent was more or less used for high-class slaves, but it was also divided to be shared with the low-class slaves. Unlike Mark’s tent, the low-class slaves are even separated by the category they fell into.

For example, the laborers were in that corner, while the housekeepers were in the other corner.

There weren’t any decorations here since it wasn’t a place meant to showcase the slaves to customers.

The slaves should also be dressed when being presented to potential customers. Though maybe not for the labor slaves, since it was better to show off their muscles.

I headed directly towards the back of the room.

There were a lot of child slaves in one section.

These were indeed the cheap slaves.

“These are them?”

“Yes, please check them at your convenience.”

Miroir said it while smiling.

A child slave was surely worth about 2 gold coins.

And why was that? Because they were purchased cheaply in the first place. There were times when a farmer or a nomad had a bad harvest and could no longer afford to raise their children.

In those hard times, they often sold their children to reduce the number of mouths to feed.

They lacked the strength needed to be a labor slave; they simply didn't have the physique or muscles to carry heavy loads.

And they couldn't do clerical work because they couldn't read or write; there was no chance for them to be educated.

That's why child slaves were typically so cheap.

Miroir's shop seems to have a program to raise and train these kinds of kids. Kids who had the right qualities were raised to be pleasure slaves or were trained for professional work.

Sometimes they stocked up on hopeless low class slaves to be sold as disposables, or maybe sell them cheaply to someone who was in the same trade like me.

It was very practical.

It wasn't a good idea to think about the ethics of the practice, it was simply an evaluation of Miroir's management practices.

(.....Status Open)

By using the Appraisal Skill, I was able to look at the attribute values and skill data.

Normally you would select a child that only had high stats.

Skills didn't matter at this point.

“These children are a good find, right? Including the procedural expenses, your total would be 2 gold coins. What do you say?”

“You're right, the stats are indeed high.”

I thought I was going to have to do some old-fashion negotiating, but it was actually settled rather smoothly.

And here I was thinking she was going to overcharge me by at least 50 silver coins because of my youth.

As it was, she seemed fine with just charging me the the market value of 2 gold coins.

“You sure seal the deal quickly, Miroir-san. You’re really helpful too.”

“It is a pleasure to serve you. So, will you be purchasing one from this group?”

“Ah, hold on, give me just a moment.”

It was too bad, but the one I sought was not among the cream of the crop. The one I really wanted was the little Harpy over there.

Name : Eris Harpya (Slave)

Age : 11 Years Old

Level : 2

HP : 13 MP : 4

Strength : 3

Agility : 5

Magic Power : 2

Endurance : 3

Inherent Blessing : Descendant of the Winged Beast King

Special Skill: Wind Magic Lv. 0

Special Skill: Singing Lv. 0

There was nothing special about her stats, but I immediately noticed her high potential when I saw her skills.

Inherent Blessing: Descendant of the Winged Beast King

A descendant of the King of the Winged Beast race.

Wind Magic Support +

Singing Support +

That was it.

The harpy had an aptitude for Wind magic.

No amount of money could buy this kind of blessing.

“This child seems best suited for what I have in mind.”

I looked at Miroir while I said it because I wanted to see her reaction.

“I see, this child then?”

“I have no problem with paying the 2 gold for her, but it’d be nice if you could also include some clothing.....”

“.....Let me see.”

Miroir was perplexed for a moment.

This little Harpy wouldn’t be overly extraordinary to Miroir if she could only see the stats.

(Is she aware of it?)

The only reason for her to hesitate was if she knew the little Harpy had skills. I kept my poker face so as not to show any sign of nervousness. I just waited for Miroir to answer.

But...

“I understand. 2 gold coins will seal the deal.”

Miroir bowed her head as she said so.

When I saw that, I was instantly relieved.

Surprisingly, Miroir was also the seal engraver.

I had already seen she had the skill Seal Engraving Lv. 3 when I used my Appraisal Skill, so there was no doubt she was the seal engraver.

She was both the slave merchant and the seal engraver.

She did everything herself.

As expected of a slave merchant in the Oasis District.

I absentmindedly thought Miroir to be an excellent shopkeeper.

“Then let’s move on to the procedure. Please sign here.”

“Understood.”

She gave me the contract and the ink.

The contract was a long one, and I saw phrases like “The former employs the latter as a slave, and all rights of enslavement will be obtained” and so on.

And the name field was blank.

The name “Eris Harpya” was written underneath the blank name field.

I understood that magical power was used in the ink.

When I carefully analyzed it using the Appraisal Skill, I could see a thin thread of mana connecting Eris to the contract.

Eris had been staring at me the whole time. The little harpy was quiet, but she seemed to know I would be her new master now.

I had seen this kind of behavior before, she was being cautious. I suddenly saw an image of Mina overlapping her.

“Your name, please.”

“Of course.”

I wrote my name the way I had practiced it. “Toshiki Mitsuji” I made sure the spelling was correct.

The engraved seal on Eris’ body shone as soon as I wrote down my name. At this point the slave seemed to feel some amount of pain for a moment. But Eris didn’t even let out a cry of agony.

“Can she not speak.....?”

I intended to keep it to myself but I murmured it unconsciously. Miroir confirmed my suspicions.

“This child doesn’t speak very much. But she can talk if necessary. It’s nothing much to worry about.”

“.....Miroir-san, she wouldn’t happen to be defective merchandise, right?”

Miroir reply was short. “No way.”

” I verified that she can speak. Her voice was like an angel.”

“All right then, please introduce yourself, Eris.”

Just to make sure, I immediately gave my newly enslaved Eris an order. Eris began to talk slowly as she received the order.

“.....Yes. My name is Eris. I’m 11 years old. I’m a harpy.”

“I see.”

She indeed had a beautiful voice. I couldn’t see it being a problem in the future.

I once again bowed to Miroir.

“I had a great shopping experience. Thank you very much.”

“Not at all, thank you very much for your business.”

At first I thought she might have pushed a problem child on to me, but that didn't seem to be the case.

I was certain Miroir and I would have a good relationship from now on.

That's what I was thinking about as I left her shop.

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The Successful Business of a Slave Career Planner

Volume 1 Chapter 4-6

<http://moonbunnycafe.com/slave-career-planner/v1-c4-6/>

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A way to be independent from Mark.

I thought of various ways, but there was only the use of force as the possibility.

Why is it?

I will list the ways to become independent for the sake of explaining it.

The first one was the calmest method.

I will have to work my way to be a full-fledged slave trader by perseverance.

This was impossible.

Because Mark doesn't have any intention to let me become independent at all.

He only considers me as "Cheap labor" one way or another.

It would be disadvantageous for Mark to lose me as cheap labor.

"I will only recognize you if you work hard, since even I work hard myself."

That was Mark bragging while drinking alcohol, there wasn't an ounce of credibility there.

Because when I activated my Appraisal Skill, Mark's statement was branded as a [Lie].

So Mark intends to keep me until I die.

I totally knew it just by the way he treats me everyday. I was made to work like a maid by taking care of the cleaning, making the meal of the slaves and disposing of the excrements.

In a way, I was the slave of the slaves.

Well, if it just the work only, I might be able to endure it.

However, the violence was unbearable.

When Mark was not in a good mood, I was the one being beaten to release his stress.

It might be because a hierarchy was established.

That guy, he liked to act as if he was at the top of the hierarchy.

Drunk with violence, his eyes sometimes became bloodshot.

It was not hard to see that he was getting more aggressive.

Or maybe he is verifying something.

To verify that there was a difference of power, that even if I fight back I still can't win against him.

Timidity.

It was more vexing to have such timidity, He had this need to check everything.

Was it necessary to bully me each and every time?

His selfishness had gone too far.

His selfishness was terrible, but the difference in physique was troublesome.

My body had an appearance of a complete 15 year old boy, but Mark was a big man.

One time, I was beaten so hard that the pain and nausea hasn't subsided.

I still had stomach cramps followed by a shivering fit.

I vaguely remembered when I broke my bone in my previous life and suffered from nausea and chills as a result.

Acute pain ran through the pit of my stomach and because of the spasm of the diaphragm, it was hard to breath.

I had thought I would die. I was prepared for death.

But that shithead was just laughing.

I didn't want to die while being trampled upon.

He looked like he was giving me a warning, I abhor that kind of behaviour that tries to justify his conduct.

Furthermore, it was a problem that Mark won't tell me the necessary knowledge as a slave trader.

All those necessary procedures, such as signing a contract, was hiddenly performed inside a closed tent of the store owner.

He seemed to be afraid of me learning all of the knowledge.

It was often said that a monk before a gate will chant the sutra even before he learned it.

I may be able to learn if there was a small room I can use.

However this place was everything.

The vulgar smile of Mark came to my mind.

You probably like working until you die. Mark was unaware that I said those words.

It was revolting.

It was just unreliable to make an effort to steadily rise to the top. There was no choice but to consider other methods.

The second method, I will have to change the contract without Mark knowing.

It was just recently that I knew the existence of the contract. Because Mark concealed from me the knowledge of becoming a slave trader. It was only by my own efforts that I was able to successfully obtain that information.

A contract was a pledge between the slave and Mark's agreement.

The slave contract will only be established if there was both the engraved seal from the slave seal engraver and a signature in the slave contract. The special tattoo that was used as the engraved slave seal, was also used as the signature for the contract. It will become a typical magic contract by doing that.

In doing so, the contract will connect the name of the slave master to the slave.

If the name recorded on the contract was wrong, then that contract was meaningless.

The effect of the contract was to tie the slave's soul together with the master under the right name.

In other words, Mark will lose the effect as the master when the name on the contract will be overwritten.

I will overwrite the name on the contract if possible. I am betting my last glimmer of hope on this.

The contract was probably in the private tent of Mark. I was given strict orders by Mark to not enter that tent. It would only mean something really important was hidden in that tent.

Besides when a visitor comes. Mark would say "This way please." and enter the tent.

A contract was important to a slave trader after their lives. Therefore contract management becomes the most important thing to the slave trader.

Mark was very cautious. Because he is the type of person to keep valuables close to him. I was really certain that the contract was inside the tent based on his behavior.

(Now then, is it really essential to enter the tent? But.)

I thought about how to enter the tent without being found out.

(Status Open.)

I invoked it in my head. Magic was usable even if I don't verbally chant it. That was basic knowledge in the game of [Fantasy Tale].

MP consumption efficiency will of course be higher if I verbally chant it. But the Appraisal Skill consumes little MP to begin with. So it was important that I was silent so that Mark will not find it out.

Name: Toshiki Mitsuji

Age: 15 Years Old

Level: 6

HP: 20 MP: 7

Strength: 5

Agility: 7

Magic Power: 4

Endurance: 6

Unique Blessing: Blessing of the God of Wealth

Unique Skill: Appraisal Option

Special Skill: Appraisal Lv. 10

There was an interesting unique skill there, Appraisal Option.

I haven't heard Appraisal Option as a skill name until now. I had never seen it in [Fantasy Tale].

I immediately understood Appraisal Option when I checked the Status Screen.

Unique Skill: Appraisal Option

Available option settings when using Appraisal Skill.

Display Name: ON

Display Age: ON

Display Lv: ON

Display Status Numerical Values: ON

Display Blessing/Skill: ON

Display Credibility: ON

Display Psychological Graph: ON

Advanced Search: ON

Other Personal Option: NONE

I see, it looked like a config screen.

It seems I can customize my Appraisal Skill by setting the options to either ON or OFF.

Now then, what can I do here now that I have fully grasped the potential of the Appraisal Skill?

Appraisal Skill was my only weapon.

This will split my future into two paths depending on how I use it.

I came up with the following plan to use this.

First, will the Appraisal Skill work in the dark?

It worked based on the results when I used it previously.

I will know where I am even if I can't see anything in the dark because of the Appraisal Popup.

Even if the inside of the tent was dim, at noon, or I can't see the tent anymore because it was already nighttime, I still know where the slaves are because of the Appraisal Popup.

In other words, I will be able to notice an enemy attack me during the night from afar with the help of the Appraisal Skill.

Without a doubt, it was so useful that I was thinking it may be possible for me to be an Adventurer.

Second, will I be able to know the origin and raw material of an item by appraising it?

It was also possible based on the results.

I used the robe which I'm wearing right now to test it.

When I used the Advanced Search of Appraisal Skill, it showed [Place of Origin: Eastern Kingdom, Oriental Area] and [Raw Material: Potato Hemp].

If I know the raw material and the origin of the material, I would be very profitable when doing trading or peddling.

Perhaps it was possible for me to be a merchant. I considered being one.

So, that was the only 2 scenarios I came up with.

I only thought up of a plan to use the advantage of the Appraisal Skill by being an Adventurer or a Merchant.

But both of them are my last resort.

I will consider those as my fall back plan if I can't get ahold of the contract.

The essential thing wasn't there.

It was important that I'm able to sense in the dark and able to inspect raw materials.

(I shall change everything tonight.)

I chuckled in my mind.

To be frank, this man called Mark was careless.

Though he should have made me into a slave but he didn't.

(No, it was probably because the blessing of the God of Wealth)

I thought about it and saw my own status [Unique Blessing: Blessing of the God of Wealth].

Unique Blessing: Blessing of the God of Wealth

Blessing of Kuvera, the God of Wealth. Born with the support of the Business Talent.

Negotiation Technique Growth +

Will not be affected by contracts with no agreement.

So.

Mark might have wanted to make me a slave but wasn't able to do it.

Because I have a skill that can invalidate a contract without consent like a slave contract.

Therefore as a result, Mark wasn't able to control me as a slave.

Making a slave doesn't rob someone of their free-will.

In other words, Mark won't be able to stop me from defying him anyway.

(The plan is easy. I will confirm if he has fallen fast asleep tonight with the Appraisal Skill. Then I will steal the contract and the ink.)

That was it.

It was a very simple plan.

It was simple and it will definitely succeed if I do it carefully.

Evening.

In a world without light, the ground was barely illuminated by the light from the stars and the moon.

I was working as a night watch outside the slaves' tent.

A night watchman.

What does it mean? I am a guard during the night.

A slave merchant was a merchant too.

Their image says they had money or high-quality slaves, that they are often attacked by thieves.

When attacked by a thief, they will lose money, merchandise, or even worse, their lives.

So slave merchants will always use muscular slaves as guardsmen looking out the perimeter.

To be able to fight back when attacked.

The lookout was laid out around the area, day and night.

A slave merchant was only human too. They had to take a rest during the night.

Humans are creatures that must get enough sleep.

So it was just reasonable for Mark to sleep at night.

Meanwhile the slaves and I, the apprentice merchant, are guarding the perimeter.

(Sloppy)

I was aware that my smile didn't stop.

At this rate, I was certain my night strategy will succeed.

Night Strategy.

It was the scenario I planned before.

First, I will watch Mark through the hole in the tent. I will monitor the condition of Mark inside the tent as much as possible to know whether or not he was asleep.

If it's possible, I have to know Mark's equipment, the location of the weapon, and the location of the contract and the ink so I don't forget it.

Next, I have to prepare some sufficient tools to raid Mark. The things I have with me now are the bucket to distribute water to the slaves, the dustpan to gather the excrements, and a brush to groom the horse hair. Everything was tools of a servant.

Honestly, I don't have any tools that I can use for a surprise raid. However, how about using the bonfire that we are using during night watch?

And the last one. How can I kill Mark? If it would be possible, it would be a one-sided attack if I'm able to take out Mark's vision. I want to bind his freedom of movement. I thought up this current plan, get Mark drunk from drinking too much liquor, he will lie down, then I will cover him with the robe that I wear to take out his vision temporarily. This attack method must be done in one go. I thought about refining it a little bit more before implementing it.

So I refined the action plan according to those three stages. When there was no particular problem in my scenario, I checked it over many times.

(My nerves won't calm down)

I decided to observe my surroundings to calm myself down.

Although you may call it a Tent based on the inscription, Mark and I were operating the open-air slave shop in the slum area of the desert.

Slum Area.

This was a place where scoundrels gather, or rather than that, it was more proper to say this was a place where poor people drift to.

The financially poor ones. For example, a soldier who lost their arm. A mother with a child who lost her

husband. An old man who went blind.

Those were the people that quietly rolled in, this was the peculiarity of this slum area.

They carry on their lives by begging, drawing water, or doing manual labor. They can barely support themselves by bartering. There are also people who sell stolen stuff that was taken from somewhere else.

In short, everyone living over that slum area had very few decent jobs to choose from.

So where on earth do they get their drinking water? It was at the oasis. There was an oasis nearby, so they don't wander far away from it. But an oasis was also a place where so-called high quality stalls are gathered, there was no place in there for the slum people to stay.

So it was necessary to carry water from the oasis and store it in a reservoir located here.

There are two reservoir, one for drinking and one for daily use. It was the work of the poor slum people, or the slaves, to carry water to this reservoir.

I sometimes also help. My body endured that kind of work. However, it was decent work for the slum people and the slaves. As for that, the salary of the slum people was bad.

If I ever describe the portrayal of slum area of the desert, it would be this way.

I surveyed the perimeter of the slave shop's tent that Mark and I operate. No one was looking. Especially the poor people of the slum, they won't look towards us. Somehow they had a very cold attitude towards the slaves because they don't want to become one themselves.

Their cold attitude will indirectly help me right now. I do not have to worry about any vigilant eyes that are lurking around.

I gently peeked into Mark's tent from the hole. Mark was asleep.

I continued to observe Mark's tent.

As for his equipment, he had a robe generally made of a mixture of cotton and hemp. He was not wearing any special protective gear.

However, there was a sword for self defense near him that can protect his body when the time comes.

He was sleeping while he plopped his body on a cushion, which I'm not sure if I should call it a sofa or some kind of zabuton.

He was covered by several blankets on top of him.

Penetrating that many blankets would be very hard to do.

There was a desk a little bit away from where he was sleeping.

When I carefully observed everything on that desk, I saw the ink. I assume it was the same ink used to sign the contract.

Because when I used my appraisal skill it showed 【Raw Material: Indigo Colorant】, a familiar color that was used in the contracts.

Now that I found the ink, next was the contract.

It should be somewhere on the desk, but I didn't see it.

If I wasn't able to find it immediately, it would be hidden somewhere at least.

This should be enough for today.

I moved my face away from the tent at once.

I have found so much information just from looking into the tent.

The image of attacking him had considerably become clearer.

I came back to my position near the night watch bonfire and acted like I was guarding once again.

I thought of a lot of stuff in my head.

It would be surprisingly easy to kill him if I raid him.

The only problem was I don't know where the contracts are kept.

It's still too early.

However, I will be freed from Mark soon.

I reconsidered my plan for the next step

"Then, is this character somewhat complete?"

"Yes, I think it's all right. However, you really learned quickly."

I looked at the ground.
Many phonetic shapes written down there.
Those are replaced with 【A】,【B】, *etc.* on the pop-up display if I looked at it through the Appraisal Skill.

I was learning the alphabet.
Knowing the alphabet was essential to live in this world.

Learning the alphabet wasn't difficult at all.
While walking around the oasis district, I was observing and stealing glances at the words written on the contracts. I was able to stock up on character vocabulary with this method.

I was also taught by the slaves.
After checking it with Appraisal Skill, I wrote it down and reviewed my work.

Actually, it was thanks to the Appraisal Skill that my learning was steadily progressing.
I was able to instantly understand what this character or that character meant. It was due to it that I had reached a point where I was able to read and write simple characters.
As long as it was just reading, I was able to manage more difficult content with the Appraisal Skill.

Even though I only started studying three months ago, I was able to roughly memorize all the characters.
Now I just had to learn more words through the power of repetition.

“However, Mina knows these characters, just like I thought.”
“No, it's really not that exceptional.”

Mina was being bashful as she smiling sarcastically.

It was still true that I thought it was amazing.
Although this was just an opinion, I felt fairly certain that the literacy rate of this world was pretty low.

『Fantasy Tale』 was based on the Middle Ages, and if I remember right, the literacy rate during those times was around 20%.

In other words, Mina was part of that 20%.
She was an upper-class beastman after all.

It made me realize just how great the position of a Shrine Maiden actually was.

“There is no one else in this tent that knows these characters. You are definitely very knowledgeable, Mina.”

“I am honored to receive your praise.”

See? Normally someone wouldn't respond with such a respectful phrase like “I am honored to receive your praise”.

Maybe it's just me with my knowledge of modern society in Japan, but usually such speech is indicative of one's upbringing.

I can't imagine it's not the same for this world.

I've been told that even if they wanted to learn more eloquent speech, people of low social status rarely got the chance.

That's why there were so many people incapable of using such fancy speech.

Mina's speech could be called a refined work of art.

Not only was her tone very clear but her use of honorific language, and even her ability to use humble language, was firmly disciplined.

A solid upbringing that couldn't possibly be fake.

My evaluation of Mina was thoroughly raised.

It wasn't a waste of time learning the alphabet.

I had to, in order to master writing all the words in the contracts.

It was possible to write the name on the contract if I used the Appraisal Skill (using Advance Search on my name, I will know what to write by checking the displayed phonetic notation), however, it was not possible to write down all the difficult phrases that might need to be added to the contract details if I didn't know the words or characters.

Even if I was able to depose Mark, it wouldn't work out if I couldn't even write the characters.

The business of a slave merchant only exists because of the contracts; if I couldn't write up the contracts myself, my business would get crushed immediately.

Therefore, it was best to oust Mark after I was proficient enough with the language to be able to handle the business on my own.

The plan to take over Mark's business was steadily progressing. At this rate, it didn't seem like there'd be anything to worry about once I accomplished my goal.

Deep in my delusions, I smiled in anticipation for the days ahead.

"Hey kid, choose appropriate clothes. Don't you understand how important Mina is?"

One day Mark put me in charge of buying the clothes, hence the command. Clothes.

It was very unusual to buy clothes for a slave.

Low-level slaves in the tent weren't given clothes in the first place. Only the high-quality slaves are given clothing.

Appearance was a serious matter for the high-class slaves. Clothes, makeup, perfume, and all accessories were props to raise the value of the merchandise. Although I call them "props", it wasn't unusual for the price to double with such simple additions.

It was often said that people were easily deceived by appearances. Even having the most exceptional slaves in a separate tent was all part of the ploy. And by lavishly decorating the tent, it increased the value of the slave in one's mind.

That was the purpose purchasing clothes for slaves. I understood its value. Finally, Mina seemed to have all the qualities to be considered a high-class slave, just as I expected.

"Understood. And the funds?"
"You'll have to manage with just 1 gold coin."

1 gold coin.
1 gold coin was worth 100 silver coins, and 1 silver coin was worth 100 copper coins.
I equated a copper coin to be worth 10¥, therefore 1 gold coin was about

100,000¥.

At least, that's what I felt it was worth.

Even so, the budget would be stretched thin if it also had to pay for all the accessories.

“So it's one gold for just the clothes, right?”

“Don't be ridiculous, that's for clothes and accessories. Are you trying to tell me you can't do it?”

I realized what he meant the minute I looked into Mark's eyes.

From the start, this jerk wanted me to eat the additional costs myself.

“Now look, consider it a ‘learning experience’ as a merchant's apprentice, you should take notes of the ups and downs of market value.”

Mark looked me in the eyes and smiled spitefully.

He really meant it.

According to him, he was not amused to hear I was saving up some money.

I had actually managed to save 3 gold coins already.

It wasn't a small amount of money by any means. You could even buy a relatively cheap slave for that amount.

It was entirely possible with just those 3 gold coins, I could oppose Mark..

And Mark anticipated that.

This entire scheme was thought up just to make me use my money.

In fact, it was an order.

“Dickwad, don't ever think of defying me or else.”

Mark threatened me with a warning.

I wouldn't put it past him to torment me using a battle slave if I defied his orders.

And after he'd had his fun, he would just take away all my money anyway, calling it “punishment”.

I had no right to question his orders.

“I understand.”

I bowed my head gently.

I was resolved to someday teach this asshole a lesson.

He should not have crossed that line.
He tried to arbitrarily take the money I had saved.
Was he completely oblivious to all the trouble I had to go through to save that much?

Absurd. That was the word that came to mind.
For now, I endured the bitter taste left in my mouth.
But I wouldn't stand for him making a fool of me.

I won't allow allow him to mock my efforts.

I do have one thing to say though.
Unlike the modern society I had been used to, here it was perfectly reasonable to kill someone over such disrespect.
Life was cheap.
And I would purchase Mark's cheap life with 3 gold coins.

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I went inside the warehouse tent and took out 3 gold coins.
Not only was it the warehouse, it also doubled as my living quarters.

Unlike Mark's tent, there was barely any space to sleep.
I went to sleep everyday curled up on the hard sand.
If I stretched the wrong way in my sleep, I would inevitably knock something over, like a broom, causing a small avalanche.
It was impossible to get a good night's sleep.

I looked at the three gold coins in my hand.
This was money I'd earned through blood, sweat, and tears.
Obviously, the coins hadn't come from Mark.
I made peanuts working for Mark. There's no way I'd be able to pry 3 gold coins from his grubby fingers, it was impossible.
No, the money had come from my own diligence in reaching out to rich-looking clients to have them purchase goods directly from me.

I knew of a market where they sold scraps and cheap crystals.
Using my appraisal skill, I could easily identify the higher quality goods and

purchase them.

It was the most important skill a jeweler could have, and I was able to make a good profit selling to those with a discriminating eye.

A particularly good piece could earn me at least 1 silver coin.

Confiscating the money I worked so hard for was a dick move.
And then I remembered a place.

I'll use every last cent I have today.
I'll use it and arrange Mark's demise.

Enjoy it while you can Mark, your days are numbered.

(I thought as much, the market in the Oasis District is huge.)

I went to visit the Oasis District.
I couldn't find anything worthwhile in the slums, there just wasn't enough of a good selection.
I wasn't one to question where the goods came from, but this time was a little different.

(It is not the clothes or accessories that I want right now.)

I slowly browsed the Oasis District market.
There was fruit that made me salivate, and I just wanted to reach out and take it.
Someday I also wanted to get that magic book being sold.
But today I had one specific thing I had to buy.

"Excuse me, I'd like this animal glue."

I told the shopkeeper.
Animal glue, in other words, an adhesive.
It was made by boiling the skin, guts, bones, and nails of an animal then cooling the viscous liquid that came out of it.
And before using the adhesive, it needs to be boiled in water.

Using my appraisal skill, I chose the best glue from the lot.
The shopkeeper muttered "You have a good eye," as he took out his merchant scale.
The shopkeeper weighed it, then held out it hand declaring, "3 silver coins."

“Weigh it again, but turn it around this time. Just to make sure.”

“.....Tsk.”

You had to be careful in a shady place like this.

I was almost cheated until I thought the desk might be leaning to one side, or some trick to the merchant’s scale I wasn’t aware of.

I was glad I brought a battle slave with me instead of a weak porter.

Young as I was, I wouldn’t be able to fight back if the merchant tried to do something.

“.....2 silver and 4 copper coins it is.”

“.....That’s better.”

Although a kid like me saying ‘That’s better’ would probably incite a little rage.

It was hard to read the shopkeeper’s expression.

I endured and brushed it off with a poker face.

(I have to get a new bucket and broom after this.....)

The next purchase was an investment for my future business.

I need to procure a bucket, broom, dustpan, tent hide, and other tools. It would cost around 10 silver coins in total.

(Also, I need to get a leather bag and make it into a blackjack.)

The blackjack would be made from a long and thin leather casing, then packed with sand.

It was a simple weapon.

I needed to have something for self-defence, right?

(Then I need to get several pieces of tile to protect my body by wrapping it around.)

The tiles would be my armor. I figured I could string them together by making a small hole in each, then use 2 to protect my sides, and 1 to protect the front of my torso.

(After this would be the real future investment.)

Soap, scissors, and small tools like razors.

Jam made from citrus rinds.

A wooden board to draw on, and ink made of soot to draw with.

It was a lot to have to buy right off the bat.

(I wonder if I can buy everything I need today?)

I knew I would find more things I needed as I looked around.

And the remaining budget is...just a little over 2 gold coins.

It should be just enough.

(Excellent, I think it's time for me to get real experience, right Mark?)

I saved the one thing I really wanted to buy for last.

Of course, it was something very important to study for my future.

I went inside an Oasis District slave shop.

The market price of the slave, the quality, and even the purchasing process were all different here.

(Slaves. This lady would probably decide herself which slave was best for me to buy.)

I returned her polite "Welcome" greeting with a nod.

I needed to see just how different the slave shop in the Oasis District was from Mark's.

"What can I do for you today?"

"I need to buy a cheap slave. The best one you have for around 2 gold coins."

I checked the interior design of the shop. It actually wasn't that bad.

The furniture was moderately classy, and possessed a sense of security.

Compared to Mark's store, although his was the best in the slum district, this shop was better decorated.

I expected as much from a shop in the Oasis District.

".....A cheap slave?"

The shopkeeper shot me a glance for a moment to appraise me.

However, that was exactly what I wanted.

Since I could also see the psychological graph I knew exactly what she was doing, however most people would be uncomfortable getting appraised.

The female shopkeeper was called Miroir, and she was the slave merchant.

“Yes, I’m actually in the same trade. I would like to buy suitable cheap people, slave with special characteristics will be fine too.”

“I see.”

She reacted when I said I was also on the same trade.

Indeed, Miroir seemed to doubt me.

No matter how you looked at it, I was just a 15 years old kid.

Although my clothes were fixed to fit in the Oasis District, she probably knew from the tanning on my skin that I was actually from Slums.

I wondered if she was observing me objectively.

Miroir was certainly thinking of how to answer me.

“What will you be using it for?”

“Just simple and trivial chores. But I don’t need them to do too much manual labor, so I don’t mind if it’s a woman or child.”

I thought I would lose this deal if she kept interrogating me.

However Miroir kept her poker face.

“I’m sorry, but can you show me the possible slaves?”

“.....Please wait for a moment, I’ll bring them here.”

“Thanks, although I’d prefer you take me towards the slave quarters. It would be more convenient.”

“.....I understand.”

I was sure I would learn a lot more if I entered the slave quarters myself.

She may not have wanted me to see the slave quarters, or she might have had something to hide back there.

However as a shopkeeper, she still had an obligation to meet her customer’s demands.

When it came down to it, Miroir looked to to be a good business partner.

I thought about it as I followed Miroir to the slave quarters.

“This is the slave quarters. The slaves that you wanted to buy are over there in the training area.”

Miroir pointed towards the partitioned section.
I see, they divided the room into sections by putting up curtains.

The tent was more or less used for high-class slaves, but it was also divided to be shared with the low-class slaves. Unlike Mark's tent, the low-class slaves are even separated by the category they fell into.
For example, the laborers were in that corner, while the housekeepers were in the other corner.

There weren't any decorations here since it wasn't a place meant to showcase the slaves to customers.
The slaves should also be dressed when being presented to potential customers. Though maybe not for the labor slaves, since it was better to show off their muscles.

I headed directly towards the back of the room.
There were a lot of child slaves in one section.
These were indeed the cheap slaves.

"These are them?"
"Yes, please check them at your convenience."

Miroir said it while smiling.

A child slave was surely worth about 2 gold coins.
And why was that? Because they were purchased cheaply in the first place.
There were times when a farmer or a nomad had a bad harvest and could no longer afford to raise their children.
In those hard times, they often sold their children to reduce the number of mouths to feed.

They lacked the strength needed to be a labor slave; they simply didn't have the physique or muscles to carry heavy loads.
And they couldn't do clerical work because they couldn't read or write; there was no chance for them to be educated.

That's why child slaves were typically so cheap.

Miroir's shop seems to have a program to raise and train these kinds of kids.
Kids who had the right qualities were raised to be pleasure slaves or were trained

for professional work.

Sometimes they stocked up on hopeless low class slaves to be sold as disposables, or maybe sell them cheaply to someone who was in the same trade like me.

It was very practical.

It wasn't a good idea to think about the ethics of the practice, it was simply an evaluation of Miroir's management practices.

(.....Status Open)

By using the Appraisal Skill, I was able to look at the attribute values and skill data.

Normally you would select a child that only had high stats.

Skills didn't matter at this point.

"These children are a good find, right? Including the procedural expenses, your total would be 2 gold coins. What do you say?"

"You're right, the stats are indeed high."

I thought I was going to have to do some old-fashion negotiating, but it was actually settled rather smoothly.

And here I was thinking she was going to overcharge me by at least 50 silver coins because of my youth.

As it was, she seemed fine with just charging me the the market value of 2 gold coins.

"You sure seal the deal quickly, Miroir-san. You're really helpful too."

"It is a pleasure to serve you. So, will you be purchasing one from this group?"

"Ah, hold on, give me just a moment."

It was too bad, but the one I sought was not among the cream of the crop. The one I really wanted was the little Harpy over there.

Name : Eris Harpya (Slave)

Age : 11 Years Old

Level : 2

HP : 13 MP : 4

Strength : 3

Agility : 5

Magic Power : 2

Endurance : 3

Inherent Blessing : Descendant of the Winged Beast King

Special Skill: Wind Magic Lv. 0

Special Skill: Singing Lv. 0

There was nothing special about her stats, but I immediately noticed her high potential when I saw her skills.

Inherent Blessing: Descendant of the Winged Beast King

A descendant of the King of the Winged Beast race.

Wind Magic Support +

Singing Support +

That was it.

The harpy had an aptitude for Wind magic.

No amount of money could buy this kind of blessing.

“This child seems best suited for what I have in mind.”

I looked at Miroir while I said it because I wanted to see her reaction.

“I see, this child then?”

“I have no problem with paying the 2 gold for her, but it’d be nice if you could also include some clothing.....”

“.....Let me see.”

Miroir was perplexed for a moment.

This little Harpy wouldn’t be overly extraordinary to Miroir if she could only see the stats.

(Is she aware of it?)

The only reason for her to hesitate was if she knew the little Harpy had skills. I kept my poker face so as not to show any sign of nervousness.

I just waited for Miroir to answer.

But...

“I understand. 2 gold coins will seal the deal.”

Miroir bowed her head as she said so.

When I saw that, I was instantly relieved.

Surprisingly, Miroir was also the seal engraver.
I had already seen she had the skill Seal Engraving Lv. 3 when I used my Appraisal Skill, so there was no doubt she was the seal engraver.

She was both the slave merchant and the seal engraver.
She did everything herself.
As expected of a slave merchant in the Oasis District.
I absentmindedly thought Miroir to be an excellent shopkeeper.

“Then let’s move on to the procedure. Please sign here.”
“Understood.”

She gave me the contract and the ink.
The contract was a long one, and I saw phrases like “The former employs the latter as a slave, and all rights of enslavement will be obtained” and so on.
And the name field was blank.

The name “Eris Harpya” was written underneath the blank name field.
I understood that magical power was used in the ink.
When I carefully analyzed it using the Appraisal Skill, I could see a thin thread of mana connecting Eris to the contract.

Eris had been staring at me the whole time.
The little harpy was quiet, but she seemed to know I would be her new master now.
I had seen this kind of behavior before, she was being cautious.
I suddenly saw an image of Mina overlapping her.

“Your name, please.”
“Of course.”

I wrote my name the way I had practiced it. “Toshiki Mitsuji”
I made sure the spelling was correct.

The engraved seal on Eris’ body shone as soon as I wrote down my name.
At this point the slave seemed to feel some amount of pain for a moment.
But Eris didn’t even let out a cry of agony.

“Can she not speak.....?”

I intended to keep it to myself but I murmured it unconsciously.

Miroir confirmed my suspicions.

“This child doesn’t speak very much. But she can talk if necessary. It’s nothing much to worry about.”

“.....Miroir-san, she wouldn’t happen to be defective merchandise, right?”

Miroir reply was short. “No way.”

” I verified that she can speak. Her voice was like an angel.”

“All right then, please introduce yourself, Eris.”

Just to make sure, I immediately gave my newly enslaved Eris an order. Eris began to talk slowly as she received the order.

“.....Yes. My name is Eris. I’m 11 years old. I’m a harpy.”

“I see.”

She indeed had a beautiful voice.

I couldn’t see it being a problem in the future.

I once again bowed to Miroir.

“I had a great shopping experience. Thank you very much.”

“Not at all, thank you very much for your business.”

At first I thought she might have pushed a problem child on to me, but that didn’t seem to be the case.

I was certain Miroir and I would have a good relationship from now on.

That’s what I was thinking about as I left her shop.

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The Successful Business of a Slave Career Planner

Volume 1 Chapter 7-8

<http://moonbunnycafe.com/slave-career-planner/v1-c7-8/>

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I went inside the warehouse tent and took out 3 gold coins. Not only was it the warehouse, it also doubled as my living quarters.

Unlike Mark's tent, there was barely any space to sleep. I went to sleep everyday curled up on the hard sand. If I stretched the wrong way in my sleep, I would inevitably knock something over, like a broom, causing a small avalanche. It was impossible to get a good night's sleep.

I looked at the three gold coins in my hand. This was money I'd earned through blood, sweat, and tears. Obviously, the coins hadn't come from Mark. I made peanuts working for Mark. There's no way I'd be able to pry 3 gold coins from his grubby fingers, it was impossible. No, the money had come from my own diligence in reaching out to rich-looking clients to have them purchase goods directly from me.

I knew of a market where they sold scraps and cheap crystals. Using my appraisal skill, I could easily identify the higher quality goods and purchase them. It was the most important skill a jeweler could have, and I was able to make a good profit selling to those with a discriminating eye. A particularly good piece could earn me at least 1 silver coin.

Confiscating the money I worked so hard for was a dick move. And then I remembered a place.

I'll use every last cent I have today.
I'll use it and arrange Mark's demise.

Enjoy it while you can Mark, your days are numbered.

(I thought as much, the market in the Oasis District is huge.)

I went to visit the Oasis District.

I couldn't find anything worthwhile in the slums, there just wasn't enough of a good selection.

I wasn't one to question where the goods came from, but this time was a little different.

(It is not the clothes or accessories that I want right now.)

I slowly browsed the Oasis District market.

There was fruit that made me salivate, and I just wanted to reach out and take it. Someday I also wanted to get that magic book being sold.

But today I had one specific thing I had to buy.

"Excuse me, I'd like this animal glue."

I told the shopkeeper.

Animal glue, in other words, an adhesive.

It was made by boiling the skin, guts, bones, and nails of an animal then cooling the viscous liquid that came out of it.

And before using the adhesive, it needs to be boiled in water.

Using my appraisal skill, I chose the best glue from the lot.

The shopkeeper muttered "You have a good eye," as he took out his merchant scale.

The shopkeeper weighed it, then held out it hand declaring, "3 silver coins."

"Weigh it again, but turn it around this time. Just to make sure."

".....Tsk."

You had to be careful in a shady place like this.

I was almost cheated until I thought the desk might be leaning to one side, or some trick to the merchant's scale I wasn't aware of.

I was glad I brought a battle slave with me instead of a weak porter.

Young as I was, I wouldn't be able to fight back if the merchant tried to do something.

".....2 silver and 4 copper coins it is."

".....That's better."

Although a kid like me saying 'That's better' would probably incite a little rage. It was hard to read the shopkeeper's expression. I endured and brushed it off with a poker face.

(I have to get a new bucket and broom after this.....)

The next purchase was an investment for my future business. I need to procure a bucket, broom, dustpan, tent hide, and other tools. It would cost around 10 silver coins in total.

(Also, I need to get a leather bag and make it into a blackjack.)

The blackjack would be made from a long and thin leather casing, then packed with sand.

It was a simple weapon.

I needed to have something for self-defence, right?

(Then I need to get several pieces of tile to protect my body by wrapping it around.)

The tiles would be my armor. I figured I could string them together by making a small hole in each, then use 2 to protect my sides, and 1 to protect the front of my torso.

(After this would be the real future investment.)

Soap, scissors, and small tools like razors.
Jam made from citrus rinds.
A wooden board to draw on, and ink made of soot to draw with.

It was a lot to have to buy right off the bat.

(I wonder if I can buy everything I need today?)

I knew I would find more things I needed as I looked around. And the remaining budget is...just a little over 2 gold coins. It should be just enough.

(Excellent, I think it's time for me to get real experience, right Mark?)

I saved the one thing I really wanted to buy for last. Of course, it was something very important to study for my future.

I went inside an Oasis District slave shop.
The market price of the slave, the quality, and even the purchasing process were all different here.

(Slaves. This lady would probably decide herself which slave was best for me to buy.)

I returned her polite “Welcome” greeting with a nod.
I needed to see just how different the slave shop in the Oasis District was from Mark’s.

“What can I do for you today?”
“I need to buy a cheap slave. The best one you have for around 2 gold coins.”

I checked the interior design of the shop. It actually wasn’t that bad.
The furniture was moderately classy, and possessed a sense of security.

Compared to Mark’s store, although his was the best in the slum district, this shop was better decorated.

I expected as much from a shop in the Oasis District.

“.....A cheap slave?”

The shopkeeper shot me a glance for a moment to appraise me.
However, that was exactly what I wanted.
Since I could also see the psychological graph I knew exactly what she was doing, however most people would be uncomfortable getting appraised.

The female shopkeeper was called Miroir, and she was the slave merchant.

“Yes, I’m actually in the same trade. I would like to buy suitable cheap people, slave with special characteristics will be fine too.”

“I see.”

She reacted when I said I was also on the same trade.

Indeed, Miroir seemed to doubt me.
No matter how you looked at it, I was just a 15 years old kid.
Although my clothes were fixed to fit in the Oasis District, she probably knew from the tanning on my skin that I was actually from Slums.
I wondered if she was observing me objectively.

Miroir was certainly thinking of how to answer me.

“What will you be using it for?”

“Just simple and trivial chores. But I don’t need them to do too much manual labor, so I don’t mind if it’s a woman or child.”

I thought I would lose this deal if she kept interrogating me. However Miroir kept her poker face.

“I’m sorry, but can you show me the possible slaves?”

“.....Please wait for a moment, I’ll bring them here.”

“Thanks, although I’d prefer you take me towards the slave quarters. It would be more convenient.”

“.....I understand.”

I was sure I would learn a lot more if I entered the slave quarters myself. She may not have wanted me to see the slave quarters, or she might have had something to hide back there.

However as a shopkeeper, she still had an obligation to meet her customer’s demands.

When it came down to it, Miroir looked to to be a good business partner.

I thought about it as I followed Miroir to the slave quarters.

“This is the slave quarters. The slaves that you wanted to buy are over there in the training area.”

Miroir pointed towards the partitioned section.

I see, they divided the room into sections by putting up curtains.

The tent was more or less used for high-class slaves, but it was also divided to be shared with the low-class slaves. Unlike Mark’s tent, the low-class slaves are even separated by the category they fell into.

For example, the laborers were in that corner, while the housekeepers were in the other corner.

There weren’t any decorations here since it wasn’t a place meant to showcase the slaves to customers.

The slaves should also be dressed when being presented to potential customers. Though maybe not for the labor slaves, since it was better to show off their

muscles.

I headed directly towards the back of the room.
There were a lot of child slaves in one section.
These were indeed the cheap slaves.

“These are them?”

“Yes, please check them at your convenience.”

Miroir said it while smiling.

A child slave was surely worth about 2 gold coins.
And why was that? Because they were purchased cheaply in the first place.
There were times when a farmer or a nomad had a bad harvest and could no longer afford to raise their children.
In those hard times, they often sold their children to reduce the number of mouths to feed.

They lacked the strength needed to be a labor slave; they simply didn't have the physique or muscles to carry heavy loads.
And they couldn't do clerical work because they couldn't read or write; there was no chance for them to be educated.

That's why child slaves were typically so cheap.

Miroir's shop seems to have a program to raise and train these kinds of kids.
Kids who had the right qualities were raised to be pleasure slaves or were trained for professional work.

Sometimes they stocked up on hopeless low class slaves to be sold as disposables, or maybe sell them cheaply to someone who was in the same trade like me.

It was very practical.
It wasn't a good idea to think about the ethics of the practice, it was simply an evaluation of Miroir's management practices.

(.....Status Open)

By using the Appraisal Skill, I was able to look at the attribute values and skill data.

Normally you would select a child that only had high stats.

Skills didn't matter at this point.

"These children are a good find, right? Including the procedural expenses, your total would be 2 gold coins. What do you say?"

"You're right, the stats are indeed high."

I thought I was going to have to do some old-fashion negotiating, but it was actually settled rather smoothly.

And here I was thinking she was going to overcharge me by at least 50 silver coins because of my youth.

As it was, she seemed fine with just charging me the the market value of 2 gold coins.

"You sure seal the deal quickly, Miroir-san. You're really helpful too."

"It is a pleasure to serve you. So, will you be purchasing one from this group?"

"Ah, hold on, give me just a moment."

It was too bad, but the one I sought was not among the cream of the crop. The one I really wanted was the little Harpy over there.

Name : Eris Harpya (Slave)

Age : 11 Years Old

Level : 2

HP : 13 MP : 4

Strength : 3

Agility : 5

Magic Power : 2

Endurance : 3

Inherent Blessing : Descendant of the Winged Beast King

Special Skill: Wind Magic Lv. 0

Special Skill: Singing Lv. 0

There was nothing special about her stats, but I immediately noticed her high potential when I saw her skills.

Inherent Blessing: Descendant of the Winged Beast King

A descendant of the King of the Winged Beast race.

Wind Magic Support +

Singing Support +

That was it.

The harpy had an aptitude for Wind magic.

No amount of money could buy this kind of blessing.

“This child seems best suited for what I have in mind.”

I looked at Miroir while I said it because I wanted to see her reaction.

“I see, this child then?”

“I have no problem with paying the 2 gold for her, but it’d be nice if you could also include some clothing.....”

“.....Let me see.”

Miroir was perplexed for a moment.

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The Successful Business of a Slave Career Planner

Volume 1 Chapter 9-10

<http://moonbunnycafe.com/slave-career-planner/v1-c9-10/>

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I came home to another beating.
It was always like that.

“Augh, damn it.”

I spat out a curse.
At least it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be; I wasn't beaten half to death this time.
I acted like I was in enormous amounts of pain, crying, begging for my life, and faked fainting in agony.
I threw away my pride and resorted to acting.
Just thinking about getting beaten so much, I acted like there was no tomorrow.
As a result, I only wound up with a nosebleed and a dirty robe.
It seemed he didn't want me dead anyway.
However, even if I *did* die, I think that asshole would just laugh it off.
My hatred continued to grow.
I avoided death, but my body was battered and bruised.

“But I'm glad he didn't find out.”

I thought about my future plan as I massaged my aching body.
Let's go back in time a bit, to when I'd just arrived back at Mark's tent.
I gave Eris an order, “Scout ahead and tell me if you see a big man”.
I didn't want him to start looking into why I bought so many unrelated things.
Eris came back from scouting and reported that “I didn't see a big man”.
And Mark certainly wasn't there when I looked at the tent from some distance away earlier.

I snuck into the warehouse tent from a side opening and hid all the stuff I had purchased in the Oasis District, then stowed Eris in the low-class slave tent. I

ordered her, telling her “You must enter that tent, Eris”.

I then went back to Mark and reported, “I just got back.”

“Unfortunately there weren’t any good clothes to choose from today. I think it’d be best to wait until the day of the flea market, so I’m returning this 1 gold coin.”

That’s what I told him.

And what did he do?

“Huh!? What if a customer comes while you’re still at the flea market, you shit-for-brains? If I miss a sudden business deal because you wasted your time dressing up Mina, what are you gonna do about it?”

I got hit by his fist and his words at the same time.

I know, I’m just a convenient punching bag to him.

——What are you gonna do about it?

I’ve heard that magical phrase countless times in my earlier life.

It even dredged up some bitter memories.

But I won’t let him look down on me for much longer.

I’ll only be satisfied when I’ve achieved my vengeance.

It was my turn for night watch duty.

I had been eagerly awaiting this day to execute my plan.

(The animal glue really stinks.)

It was a small amber-colored mass of hardened powder.

If I place it in water and boil it, it will become an adhesive.

So now, I’m boiling the animal glue to do just that.

The animal glue came from extracting low purity gelatin from the skin and bones of animals.

It was for that reason that it had a smell of an animal when boiled, or rather the smell of of an animal’s rotting carcass.

The slave nearby moved away because of the intense smell.

That was fine.

I ordered the slave saying, “I’m sorry, but will you watch the fire? Whatever

happens, don't leave this place".

Thus, the battle slave will not move away from the fire pit anymore.

(Great, the first part of the plan was set in place.)

What to do with this animal glue?

First, I boil it and drain the water so that only the highly viscous adhesive solution remains.

Then, soak a piece of cloth in the adhesive solution.

Finally, cover Mark's face with the adhesive soaked cloth.

And suffocate him.

(After covering him, I have to act quickly.)

After covering him, I have to make sure he can't sit upright and peel it off. Therefore, I have to use the blackjack and mercilessly beat him. I think I should also splash the hot animal glue, which is about 80°C, on his crotch.

(I assume Mark will fight back along the way, but that's not a problem.)

I checked the tile which was wrapped around my body. This will protect my vital points such as my sides and my solar plexus. Even if Mark went on a rampage, I don't think he'll be able to cut me down.

(Now it's only a matter of timing.)

As I was thinking, I saw the slave that was watching the fire. He was still following my command and shouldn't be able to leave from that spot.

"Excuse me, do you have a minute?."

"What is it?"

I began to talk to the slave by asking one question.

"Did you hear a noise coming from Mark's tent?"

"Really?"

"I will check the situation for a moment. Meanwhile, don't ever take your eyes off from the fire."

"Huh, Yes, I understand."

The slave nodded obediently.

I don't think there would be more problems.

(..... —I must settle this in an instant.)

I peeped into Mark's tent from the hole.

Mark seems to be deep asleep now.

I can see it from the psychology graph. The consciousness level was considerably low, he was in a state called non-REM sleep.

In other words, he was in a state where he can't wake up quickly.

I grasped the blackjack and the bucket of animal glue once more in my hand. I could see that my hands were trembling.

(Calm down, I can see someone in the dark. They won't see me since it's dark so everything should be alright.)

I entered Mark's tent while trying to convince myself that it was ok. The interior was bigger than the warehouse as expected.

I was worried that he would wake up from the smell of the animal glue in my hands if I approached.

But Mark was sleeping soundly.

I looked around the area and confirmed there aren't any traps.

(..... Wait, there's a trip wire alarm.)

Trip wire alarm.

It was a primitive trap that will sound off a clanking sound if I pulled the wire.

It was totally invisible in the dark.

I would have certainly tripped it if it wasn't for the Appraisal Skill.

Mark seems to really have thought about someone entering unannounced.

While thinking that was regrettable, I snuck up beside Mark.

It was good that his sleeping face was exposed.

Now, I will cover his face with the cloth.

(It's time.)

I pushed away the weapon Mark uses for self-defense.

Even if he rampage, he won't be able to fight back since he doesn't have a

weapon.

I could see Mark drawing a big breath.

I placed the bucket I had in my hand on the ground, and soaked the cloth I almost dropped the cloth instinctively because it was hot, but I endured it.

After Mark exhaled that big breath.

(NOW!)

I covered his face before he could draw another breath.

I jumped up and sat on top of his face.

“!!”

It was only after I sat down on his face that Mark noticed something was wrong.

I immediately went after his crotch with the hot animal glue.

“—mmhhp!!”

Suddenly, his body immediately curled like a shrimp and was writhing in pain. I moved his pliable body as he was about to faint in an unpleasant way.

I then hammered his crotch with the blackjack.

Mark curled his body again to protect his crotch while you could hear “mhmp! mhmp!” leaking out.

He repeatedly hit me with both of his hands but he couldn't breathe and he seemed to be in a lot of pain.

I was not daunted at all.

The tiles were protecting my body.

“—hmp!!”

Now, he changed tactics and used his nails to claw his way through. Even if I don't do anything, he will only scratch at my clothes as if he was trying to peel them off.

I mustered all my strength in pinning him down as this was the crucial moment.

I whacked his solar plexus with the blackjack.

Since I was aware that he might kick me, I whacked his crotch again.

Eventually, Mark really attempted to kick me as his foot struggled. I defended all his kicks with the blackjack. A sandbag was a convenient tool to use for defense.

Finally, he was almost about to die. Mark grabbed my clothes with surprising strength. He grabbed me so tightly as if he wants to bring me down to hell together with him.

But at the next moment. Mark scratched my face and I seemed to hear something from him. I almost screamed from the pain. Somehow, there was a small gash on my face.

I pretended to be tough by gritting my teeth as I stall for time. It worked effectively. My vision was blurred by my tears.

Mark wasn't moving anymore. He left me scratch marks. They said old people are clever. I'm thinking nonsense now.

I was petrified for a while due to the lingering feeling and couldn't move at all. I appraised everything in the room and found the contracts. I got it after opening the drawer with the key that Mark was carrying.

All of the contracts had the name Mark Tracey written on it. I scratched off the names with Indigoid Ink and wrote Toshiki Mitsuji on it.

Every time I wrote my name, a sense of fulfillment enters my mind. The feeling of accomplishment that I was finally able to take everything away from Mark. I can actually feel it with each contract.

(This is pleasure from someone else's misfortune.)

My face was warped with sadistic joy.

I was overwhelmed with emotions when I thought about how I was treated up till now.

No, I will say it in a clear and direct way.

I killed you.

I felt disappointed than guilty.

But every time I overwrote a contract, that feeling slowly changed into joy.

When everything was overwritten.

I removed the accessories that seemed usable from Mark's corpse and I intend to throw away the other dirty stuff.

I decided I need someone to help me.

So I called a battle slave and ordered him by saying, "Throw it away on the junk mountain in the slums".

The battle slave was surprised.

But his expression shown he realized everything immediately and carried out Mark's corpse outside.

Surprisingly without trouble, Mark's room became mine.

"I am your new master, Toshiki Mitsuji. I ask that you serve me well."

The next morning.

I gathered all the slaves in one place and declared that in front of everyone.

Everybody was puzzled.

It was only natural when the master changed suddenly in one day.

But I didn't mind it. I calmly behaved like I was their master from the beginning.

"From now on, I plan to be a new kind of slave merchant. It will be based on *personnel development* through career consulting."

I said it while looking at each one of them.

"Each of you have your own specialty. There are things you like to do, there are thing you may want to do."

I looked at the female high-class slaves.

They looked at me with dubious expression.

Because they don't have that much intelligence, I wonder if they surmised the intent of the speech.

“But in reality, there is still much work other than that to be done.”

I looked at the low-class slaves.

They were also at a loss during my speech.

My story will be suspicious and they will doubt it if I give preferential treatment to the high-class slaves.

Everything seems to go along fine.

“Even though there are things you want to do, but what you are doing right now is different. Ladies and gentlemen, you have suffered from this gap.”

I then shook my head and said “However”.

“I intend to fill that only gap. In other words, I intend to let you do things that you are good at.”

I will let them do what they specialize in.

There were some expressions that seemed like they got hit out of nowhere by that speech.

I pointed a finger at them.

“Yes, your specialties. Each of you have an ability.”

I took a long pause after I said it.

“Now that I have a new life in this world, I want to leave a legacy.”

I muttered alone.

The influence of the speech was big.

As most of the slaves who had dead eyes were startled and their eyes were now wide open.

I want to leave my legacy in this world.

I want you to hear once more the desire that I must've been forgotten so long ago.

“Work hard on your specialty, I won't stop you. In fact, I'm all for it.”

I quickly looked around after I said it.

“I promise you that I will sell you ladies and gentlemen on the biggest stage I can make that is suitable for you.”

That’s it.

After the speech, the slaves didn’t move for a while.

They seemed to be taken aback.

Or it seemed they were deeply impressed by something.

(Did I succeed? Did they get really impressed? This is going well.)

Using the Appraisal Skill, I looked at the psychological graph.

When I saw the changes in the psychology graph. there was no person who had any unpleasant sentiments towards my speech.

In other words, it was a big success.

(Great! I used a common speech template from the other world I came from, but no one seems to have any issues with it.)

I had a sarcastic smile in my mind.

Impressed by my speech, I was a little embarrassed with their chant of “Toshiki! Toshiki!”.

No, that shouldn’t be, since it shook my heart, I should stand proud. This was the best.

I gave out an instruction “All right, return to your tents”.

Finally, the slaves who noticed that they themselves were already standing proudly, returned to their tents in haste.

I was gloating in my mind when I saw such situation, I was able to buy their motivation that no amount of money can buy.

(It’s been 4 months since I lived in obscurity.)

I think back to the 4 months that I was abused by Mark.

I prepared my plan step by step on overtaking his business.

That is to say, every time he told me to “Go and stock up on low-class slave”, I made sure I buy a slave that have skills.

The result of the effort I made? 10 of the 30 low-class slave in the tent had high quality skills.

I steadily increased it during these 4 months.

I was now planning the future outlook.

There will be so much fun to be had.

For instance, I was thinking of a plan now that would be the most efficient.

(Plan number 1, Slaves that had magic aptitude will be trained and sold off.)

I will make the slaves that had magic aptitude learn magic.

This was one of the strategies that I've always wanted to implement.

The reason was very simple, there was a high demand for magicians.

I heard that in order to use magic, considerable training is needed even if they follow the instructions of a good teacher.

In short, being magicians are special occupations that can make someone rich.

Thus, magicians automatically became the elite profession.

How much is the price for that kind of slave?

You may think it will be about 100 times more than an ordinary slave.

So if an ordinary slave is about 5 gold coins, magician slaves will be 500 gold coins.

(Therefore I must absolutely prepare a person who will be teaching magic.)

However, that was the biggest obstacle.

Where can I find a person who can teach magic?

I cannot carry out this plan if I can't solve this problem.

Unfortunately, the plan will be shelved for now until the time comes.

(Then what plan can I use at this stage? And what would be the most efficient strategy to.....?)

What feasible plan was there that was also efficient?

When I was doing the budget in my mind, I thought of something while balancing the budget.

(Plan number 2, Battle Slaves. Their upbringing and specialization.)

A Battle Slave.

A Slave with high physical stats, or those who excel on their technique in sword skills or spear skills

I plan to make money using battle slaves.

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 Name: Ethalia Lamia (Slave) Age: 38 Years Old
Level: 13

 HP: 21 MP: 8

 Strength: 5

 Agility: 6

 Magic Power: 9

 Endurance: 3

 Unique Skill: Eye of Fear Lv. 1

 Special Skill: Sexual Skills Lv. 4

 Special Skill: Water Magic Lv. 0

Hetty (Ethalia) was a half human half demon race.

A child between a Lamia and a human. Part of her body was covered in scales, you could say that her lower half was completely a Lamia. Her Lamia blood seems to be really dense.

Then when I thought and asked Hetty where are her human parts,” ... Would you like to see it?” was what she said to me.

Because I didn’t think she would reply that way, I honestly apologized to her.

“But, I don’t really know a lot about etiquette.”

“That’s a lie, I’m pretty sure Hetty was reasonably famous as a high-class prostitute in the Oasis district.”

Hetty said, “Oh if that’s the case then I should not have become a slave” while smiling, as the Appraisal Skill saw through the lie.

She was a high-class prostitute from the Oasis district.

She must have considerably had a hard time during her childhood partly

because she was a half-demon.

However, Hetty became discreetly popular as an excellent prostitute after a lot of efforts.

She was a beauty with good personality too, it's impossible for her not to be a popular high-class prostitute.

In addition, she had an unusual bloodline that became her asset.

Half human and Half Lamia. So what in the world was that beauty? How the heck was she different from an ordinary person?

She succeeded in attracting people's interest by taking advantage of such inquisitive rumors.

Which reminds me that the nobilities of this world were good people, there are even times where they keep non-sentient demons as a pet out of curiosity. It was the so-called novelty. Her asset was the appealing novelty.

"Ah, I went too far."

I did not miss the moment that her face was gloomy for an instant.

I went too far. Hetty became a slave because she incurred someone's wrath.

If it wasn't for that, she won't have been a slave.

But I don't know who was that person that was displeased.

"Ah, don't worry too much about it because I was only teasing you."

"... You're such a bad man."

Her seductive voice seems like she was flattering me, but Hetty confronted me with eyes that were completely scrutinizing me.

"Come on, you're also a bad woman."

As I was saying so, I looked away from her to the slaves that were doing spear training in front of the shop.

“Now then, as for the next reform.”

“There is still more to do?”

Cleaning and ventilating the tent and training performance in front of the store, in addition to that, is there a need of something new? Of course, it was necessary for something new, I think.

I answered “Of course” to Hetty as I opened the drawer in the desk.

Client Log Book.

I will have to organize this from now on.

“Have you ever seen a Client Log Book?”

“Oh, slaves doesn’t have the right to read it. Because there is a possibility to leak information.”

“You’re right, you guys are going to be employed by someone sooner or later. Therefore you mustn’t make contact with this kind of information.”

I flipped the Client Log Book.

The information listed here are the name, address, who was handed over, how much was the transaction, and so on was written in there.

Honestly, the amount of information written down will be helpful, but it seems Mark did not organize it.

(First of all, I should write a letter to them.)

The first thing I should do was to write a change of ownership letter.

I should notify them that Toshiki Mitsuji had taken over as the new shop owner from Mark Tracey, and that the name of the store had changed too.

I will send this to all the people that was written in the Client Log Book.

This will maintain the clientele. They are the life-blood of any business.

Statistics tells that only 7% of the freshly acquired customers will become a repeat customer.

In other words, retention rate will be bad if the only strategy was to gather new customers.

If I were to speak of what to do, then I would figure out something to make them a repeat customer.

Sending a letter this way for example. With that alone “This slave trader does not forget a customer,” and the impression will improve.

Furthermore, I will write down “Accessories and Clothing are included with every purchase” as a special service. This will make them come back again and I think this will become an opportunity

Are you going to write a letter? Even though master was the person who had thought up an idea of the slaves doing spear training performance that was already interesting, you will also write a neat welcome letter too. You’re surprisingly diligent I see.”

“Well, There is an interesting basis for this. An obligatory message such as this is just a social etiquette as a member of society.”

I remember the time when I worked as an HR career consultant when I was still in Japan.

As for the business of career consulting, it was a newly developed field that was rather difficult. Mostly business connections, it was now personal connections between businesses.

In particular, since I worked for a career consulting company that specialized in advertisements, I desperately worked hard to make connections in the advertising industry.

It was there that I learned the importance of sending a follow-up letter.

For example “I can introduce you to applicants who wants to change jobs” and make the appointment too; getting in touch with them by asking “How was the performance of **** that I introduced to you?” as an aftercare; and never

forget the change of management letter by writing “My name is Toshiki Mitsuji who had took over the work from **** who was the former person in charge.”

Career Consultants work quite closely with the business.

Businesses value the work of connecting people, even as something trifling as proper greetings. It will be important to wait and see how this goes.

After all the other party will likely do a business deal if they are comfortable with the person they are dealing with.

Now, after all that been said and done, I will have to send the change of management letter and checking up on the performance of the slaves that was referred to them as the aftercare service.

(The nobles of this other world particularly tends to respect greetings.)

This is just my personal opinion, but I don't think I'm wrong.

The proof was that the consistent greetings of the employees in large companies in the Oasis district, that shows high dignity.

The nobles respect honor.

Therefore, writing this letter has a meaning.

Because writing the letter will give the impression that the slave trader will be a merchant that respects honor.

“Oh, the characters you wrote are beautiful. However your expression is a bit of a concern.”

“Is that so, Hetty. I want to ask you for proofreading the expressions. You are able to do it because you're a high-class prostitute.”

Hetty was smiling softly, however, her eyes retains the look of somewhat being inquisitive.

Is my letter really that interesting?

When I casually saw Hetty's credibility, it rose a bit from 25% to 28%.

(It's still a long way to go, her credibility is low.)

While thinking about that, I handed the letter to Hetty and "asked".

"...But, I'm just a prostitute you know? My only ability is to sell pleasure to men."

"It doesn't matter. Light of intellect dwells in your eyes. There is no nobility and commonalty in jobs, it's the state of your soul that has it."

I held on Hetty's hands as I faced her right in the eye.

"There is dignity in your heart. That's why I'm asking you."

Whether my words reached her or not, Hetty was just keeping silent.

Judging from the psychological graph, she was a bit happy and perplexed at the same time.

(Well, Hetty may not say yes on my order, but she is not forced to do it.)

While I'm thinking this was nonsense, "If you don't like to proofread, you don't need to do it" as I stood up and left the tent.

(From now on, I want a slave that will be the Customer Service instead of me. Because the customers will be kept waiting if I went to do some business in the Oasis district.)

Hetty suddenly popped into my mind.

She would be my first candidate for Customer Service

Soft demeanor and beautiful to look at. Her speech (certainly) will be polite towards the customers.

Furthermore, she can read and write the characters.

(I want her be in charge of Customer Service as soon as possible. If I do so, the customers will surely have a good impression for this shop.)

I was walking while thinking about that.

The valuable high-class slaves will be a wasted talent if not used as an asset.

“Ah, Master Toshiki.”

It was none other than Mina who found me absent mindedly thinking outside the tent.

It seems that the spear training was over some time ago.

“Oh, Mina. Thanks for the good work.”

“No, not at all Master Toshiki. I am fortunate to be helpful.”

The sunlight outside was too bright and hot also.

Mina had been swinging the spear during all that time that she became sweaty and dirty from all the cloud of sand dust.

She should definitely get herself cleaned.

“Get into the tent and wipe your body. Here, have some water and drink it.”

“Thank you very much.”

Mina deeply bowed her head, she was not showing any signs that she was tired from all of that spear practice she did a while ago.

I think that’s really admirable.

“What if, I wipe your body? Like I did a long time ago.”

“Eh!? Uhm, well...”

I intended it as a light joke, but Mina was perplexed and blushed a little bit. I felt like being tactless now as I peeked at the psychology graph of Mina.

She was so easy to understand or I should say, how cute.

“I am really sorry for being a bother to Master Toshiki, but just the thought of it, I feel really happy.”

“I would rather like to clean off the dirt in you, how about it? You don’t like it?”

Not liking it, after hearing that Mina’s eyes moved all around to avoid my gaze and increasingly becoming embarrassed.

Her fingers were fidgety as she was holding the spear, she looked like unable to decide.

“...Umm, because I’m graciously ashamed if people will see us, will Master Toshiki wipe my body in the tent if possible...?”

Mina asked in a sheepish voice.

Looking at the situation, I immediately replied, “Of course, it’s OK.”

Mina’s cheek blushed really red.

“Master, Though I easily proofread the letter.....”

“Ah.”

I forgot that Hetty was in the tent.

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The Successful Business of a Slave Career Planner

Volume 2 Chapter 4-6

<http://joeglens.com/slave-career-planner/v2-c4-6/>

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“... Am I in your way?”

“... I don't really mind.”

Hetty and Mina were both subtly embarrassed by the mood as I was feeling awkward.

I don't know what to say, mood must be important to such sensual like situation.

Until a while ago, Mina and I had a good atmosphere, but it seemed that cold water was thrown to that feeling.

However, Hetty didn't do anything bad.

Rather, I must thank Hetty because she proofread my letter while I was away from my desk.

“Master, it might be presumptuous of me to say this, but I think it's better if I write the letters on your behalf. If it's me I can write the characters a little more neatly. Would you let me do it?”

I see, that might be good.

As I thought about it and turned back to Mina next me, she looked puzzled for an instant and murmured “Speech.”

“Ms. Hetty. It is expected for you to exist as a slave to Master Toshiki. Therefore, you shouldn't speak so formally towards Master Toshiki.”

“Oh my, Master, if you would please grant me this desire to continue using formal speech. If you please, Master?”

Hetty's smile was similar to teasing.

I noticed that she was enjoying the situation.

"Ah, I won't force the issue of using formal language. As long as you don't tell the other slaves to do so, I have no problems leaving things as they are."

"Oh my, you have a big heart, Master."

Hetty was smiling, it seems that attitude was irritating Mina.

She murmured, "Master Toshiki is too soft", in a low voice.

"With that situation, the other slaves might get excited."

True, Mina was a very serious servant.

I understand what she feels. But I think it's good to maintain the way as it is.

Personally, I think that if I get used to being spoken too formally, there would be a possibility that I would get arrogant.

So I don't want to force them to speak a formal language.

Also, I'm not that soft.

"I'm not soft. Because I will be giving Hetty some work."

That was to say, giving work was easy. I said "Here, the log book", and gave Hetty the client log book.

It seems Hetty didn't realized my intention, and asked me "What will I do with it?"

"The client log book. You should be familiar with the customers listed there."

"... In other words."

"What kind of a person was the customer? Are they polite or impatient? I want you to write down every detail that you remember."

I saw Hetty stopped smiling, and I thought *Ah, she can actually show an*

unpleasant face like that.

“.....”

“Well then, go sit there, Mina.”

And with that, Hetty left to work.

That means that there are only 2 people left in the shopkeeper's tent.

It seemed that Mina noticed that fact, and she began to feel somewhat uncomfortable.

“Uhm, Master Toshiki. Was it ok to ask Ms. Hetty to do that kind of work?”

“Hmm, ah, It's alright if it's Hetty.”

I would probably need to start a conversation with her because she hasn't calmed down yet. As for her, her eyes were not steady since a while ago.

“Hetty is a high-class slave, actually, she was made to help some work for Mark.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, she is used to serving customers, so I think that there are only a few things I can teach her.”

I soaked a cloth in the bucket with water while replying.

I was now wiping Mina's body. I was only doing that, however, I'm getting a little conscious.

It was strange if I think about it.

Just a few days ago I was always doing this thing to her, but the moment our relationship became that of a master and slave, it became an awkward situation.

“Uhm, Master Toshiki. If it’s all right you, I am perfectly capable of wiping myself.”

“No, you don’t need to make a fuss about it.”

I was suddenly worried about what I say.

I uttered *you don’t need to make a fuss about it*. That expression was strange. It was a good idea, it was an expression that ignores the likelihood that I dislike Mina.

Under normal circumstances, I would have replied “Is that so? Well then, why don’t you wipe by yourself?”

That is, If I don’t use the result of the Appraisal Skill.

However, looking at the results of the credibility numbers and mental chart, I chose to do it this way.

Actually, to tell the truth, I don’t dislike Mina.

“... Well then, thank you very much.”

She kept glancing over here and looked like she was waiting for something.

Looking at Mina’s current appearance, I thought that I should wipe her body carefully.

“Come to think of it, Mina.”

“What is it?”

While wiping her body, I started a rambling conversation with her.

“Mina is the shrine maiden of the beastkins right?”

With a twitch, Mina’s body stiffened momentarily.

For some reason, I was not able to read her expression.

It was a nostalgic expression, it was an expression when she heard “So you’re Shrine Maiden, huh?” when I first met her.

“... That is.”

Somehow I could sympathize with her current frame of mind as she stumbles her words.

Carefully choosing her words, It seems she was trying to change the topic.

“... Yes. You are right.”

However, she unexpectedly confirmed it.

“Shrine maiden of the beastkins, what kind of job is that?”

“... I foretell fortunes and cast curses.”

She doesn’t seem to play dumb or told a lie.

I don’t know whether she had a change of mind, but she was going to talk because she doesn’t to run away from that fact anymore.

“Fortune telling and casting curses?”

“Yes. Each and every beastkin tribe has a Shrine maiden, it was our job to foretell the future of our own tribe.”

She said so and explained it trivially.

Shrine maidens seem to have two main jobs, divination and casting curses.

Divination was easy, they divine the future of their tribe by listening to the oracle of the God.

For example, In Mina’s tribe, by dancing using the spear, the God will descend upon her body.

That’s the reason why she excels in spearmanship and dancing.

While thinking of such, I urged her to continue her story.

“Well then, what about casting a curse.”

Curse.

Hearing about it will shake you up.

“... We of the beastkins, we live as people of the grassland as various tribes gather together as one in the prairie. However, the hearts of the tribes are not always united.”

She started narrating.

For a long time, the people of the grassland passed on their technique to curse enemies of their tribes.

This kind of magic was a deterrence.

If someone attacks their tribe, they will curse all of them for generations, it was easy to understand that was deterrence.

“We partially believed in this curse. Some people say it is not true, and even though it is not true it is our implicit rule that we must believe on it.”

So, it didn't matter if the curse was the real deal.

Because it was unspoken agreement, it would still function as a deterrent.

The way she narrated was fraught with sounds that feel like it came from somewhere else.

“...Can I hear it once more?”

“About what?”

I somewhat expect how Mina will react.

However, I decided that I really need to hear it.

“The reason why Mina became a slave.”

“.....”

“Was it because the Therianthrope tribe was attacked by other tribes?”

My question was dodged by vaguely answering “... What do you think?”
I thought it was just fine responding like that.

I had steadily acted upon the reforms that I had set.

Hygiene improvements of the slaves, advertising performing spear training, sending greeting letters to the clients.

It was not that large of a scale, it was not sufficiently sensational, and I don't expect that it will be effective in the long run. It was just simple actions.

However, it is still essential.

I believe that my actions will bear fruit someday.

Simple actions don't necessarily mean it will bear fruit.

I believe that it will bear fruit simply because those are standard practices.

Standard practices.

Hygiene improvement of the slave, it's standard practice to improve the working conditions.

Advertising by performing spear training, it's standard advertising practice to instill impression by creating a buzz continuously.

Sending greeting letters to clients in the log book, it's standard practice to maintain customer relationship.

For some reason, nobody here understood the theory of standard practices.

However, I have probably understood these standard practices from experience. In fact, I was in a position to fully experience management.

Perhaps it's intuition. I cannot explain the reason but I have a hunch that I am probably correct.

Isn't it already a fact that it would be effective?

While thinking so, I fixed my eyes towards the Chief Sentry, Howard, who was in front of me.

The Chief Sentry, Howard, told me he wants to borrow enough battle slave for a short term.

He told me, that it was necessary to crush a nest of Giant Desert Isopods soon.

“We seemed to have discovered a nest of Giant Desert Isopods near the trading road. In this situation, all trading had ceased.”

“Is that so?”

Howard was telling me all about it with a serious expression, the Oasis district was in a crisis.

The Oasis district, as we know, was a town where trade was flourishing.

Generally speaking, it was a hotspot where people incessantly comes from all directions, from the north, south, east, and west.

However, there was a cloud hanging over the prosperity because a nest of Giant Desert Isopod had appeared.

It was only natural from the perspective of traders, if they are attacked, their merchandise will be spoiled. So they will hesitate in visiting the Oasis district.

Just because the nest had appeared only on the western route, it doesn't mean northern and southern route was safe.

It was said that visitors coming into the Oasis district will decrease significantly from now on.

“And so...”

“Ah, therefore I had negotiated with the adventurer’s guild and will form a subjugation party.”

Was that just my imagination that Howard had a disappointed expression? Perhaps the preparation for the subjugation party won’t be enough.

Thinking out aloud “Not enough manpower?”, his appearance showed that it was exactly how I thought when he heard it.

“That’s right, we don’t have enough manpower.”

Howard had a look that he was deeply regretting.

As far as I could see from his expression, it was almost telling me to lend as much manpower I can give.

I thought that the Giant Desert Isopod are monsters that can be easily subjugated. I asked Mina and Hetty to confirm, but the answer I got was “They are not weak, but they are not strong too.” What kind of answer was that?

“We of the sentinel division know to some extent the method to subjugate it. Douse them with flammable liquid and set them on fire, then attack when they are weakened.”

“I see.”

“However, if there are young isopods inside the Giant Desert Isopods, a multitude of them will come out immediately and it will become a picture of hell.”

“Umm, that is...”

The nest must not be set on fire then.

That’s what I thought but Howard rebuked me by saying “Well, even if a

massive amount of young isopods comes out, they don't have the ability to cause any casualties. As long as there are a lot of adventurers, we can finish them however we want."

"When the number of adventurers is not enough, then it becomes a problem. Attacking a young isopod will just cause it to run away, thus, it is difficult. Even though it doesn't have the ability to kill us, it will devour our livestock."

"Oh, I see."

"Therefore, I want to get as much help as possible. ... I ask of you, please lend me your slaves."

I have now understood Howard's story.

The point was because there were not enough hands to kill the Isopods, it is expected there would be secondary damage from the young isopods. So it means they need more manpower.

"However Sir Howard, I cannot just simply help."

"Of course, I have prepared reparations. ... Just don't expect a large sum of money."

It seems this was the cause why Howard had disappointed look.

The rewards were probably limited by budgetary problems.

I felt like the reward was too little for this kind of work.

"I don't care if the reward is small. However, can I request some other things in return?"

"What is it? I do not mind if I can arrange it within my abilities."

I don't know whether he can arrange it, but talk was cheap.

I tried to demand something that I wanted for some time.

"I think I want management rights in the Oasis district."

"That..."

Management rights in the Oasis district.

The former shopkeeper, Mark, wasn't able to obtain it. I think that would be considerably attractive.

It was a status symbol to be able to manage in Oasis district.

If it was the usual route, one had to prove they had managed for a long time or expect a stable profit and pay large amount of money to the authorities, then they can get into the Oasis district.

The important thing for them was to never allow a shop that will immediately go bankrupt in the Oasis district.

Instead of just becoming a status symbol because my shop appeared on the Oasis district once.

My shop will reap profits from my long time knowledge, that will become its brand.

It's only human nature to think that travelers and foreign merchant groups visiting here through the trade routes will use shops that had status. All the more if it was a noble.

That was why the system makes the shop in the Oasis district very profitable.

"... It will depend on the negotiation."

"If you can't arrange it, make it a tax exemption certificate for at least a year."

Tax exemption certificate, It's simply a certificate to be exempted from tax from the feudal lord.

Presently the tax rate of the feudal lord was at 20%, that tax is too high for this place, that's why I want to reduce it by all means.

"... If it's tax exemption certificate, it will be possible."

Howard was careful with his words.

I see, it seems that Howard had done this kind of negotiations for several

times now. There may not be enough monetary rewards for forming a subjugation party from the feudal lord, therefore they gather manpower by giving different rewards such as tax exemption certificates. He'd gotten used to smoothly deal with these things that he was keeping an eye out for it.

Indeed, he seems to be more grateful I'm willing to accept tax exemption certificate.

There was definitely a reaction seeing that much from his mental chart. Should I try to negotiate more?

"Let's agree with the tax exemption certificate, but there is a condition."

"Condition?"

Howard's body stiffened for a while.

"First, our slaves are merchandise. If you damage or let them die, it will be your responsibility to buy them."

"... That is."

"This is my main rule. Since they are slaves, you may not care about them, that's what I think if we don't discuss about it."

Howard's speech faltered.

Perhaps he thought that I may possibly just accept the losses if it was just a few slaves.

I pressured him more.

"Next, you will be responsible for the necessary expenses for the meals, equipment, and such for the slaves. We will only prepare the manpower."

"That would be troublesome."

"It is not our problem."

Meals and equipment, these must be covered by the other party.

Concerning such expenses, if I don't confirm it beforehand, I will be in trouble. I have bitterly experienced giving in to the things as they are like these small

details.

I am a weak person towards merchants that have position in society. Therefore when I make a contract, I can protect myself by clearly stipulating it, up to the minute details. I must protect myself.

“Honestly, we are not troubled if people stops coming to the Oasis district because Giant Desert Isopods appeared on the trade route. Rather people becoming slaves will increase because poor people will increase, and that is a business opportunity for us.”

“...”

“Because we are going out of our way to cooperate with you, it’s presumptuous of you to demand that we shoulder the cost of the equipment, please bear that in mind.”

I said so towards Howard.

Watching how he would react, Howard immediately looked at me directly.

“Besides, there are other minute details, please sign the contract that I will draw up if you agree to the conditions.”

“... Don’t be absurd.”

“But I’m not being unreasonable. Tax exemption certificate is rather cheap, and it’s only natural for me to ask you not to request anything unreasonable from my slaves..... If you think I’m being unreasonable, then you can decide that you won’t use us.”

To be frank, I thought that it was okay if I drop the negotiations.

But demanding the ridiculous will just needlessly worsen his impression to me.

It was just a class of common sense.

However, while looking at the trend of his mental chart.

“... I will consult with the Finance Secretary.”

As a result, Howard mentioned that I should look forward to it.

“... I wonder if it was a failure”

My first impression was that it failed when Howard left the shop saying “Then I will take my leave.”

Using the Appraisal Skill, I watched Hetty and Howard’s Mental Chart movements and just when I was really confident that I have almost made it, I got a faint impression that I have said too much, and that was the result of the negotiations.

In my opinion, I thought that what I said wasn’t that bad, but when I looked back at Hetty, “You were too aggressive” was her comment.

“You looked like a very competent merchant from the Oasis district.”

“Was that a compliment?”

Hetty’s remark could mean I demanded without knowing my place, or it could also mean the negotiation was successful.

Something like an indicator of the Mental Chart shows it was the latter meaning, but I replied “Oh well, I wonder about that”, an expression that could imply an answer to both situations, since I might have went too far.

“But, I think you were so cool.”

“Thank you.”

When I saw it, Hetty’s reliability went up to 30%.

Her evaluation of me had increased.

In other words, the negotiations a while ago was probably a good performance for someone like Hetty.

“I would be looked down upon if I accept a cheap contract, therefore it’s not

worth it unless I do this much.”

Even though I said that, I wasn't sure of myself.

Will be I able to say that it was okay just by looking at the other party's expression?

At the end, I reflected on myself.

However, seems like the results for the spear training is already showing up. The original intent for it and not the advertisement.

I realized that while looking at the tent for the low-class slaves.

They had accumulated experience points on their spearmanship skill as the effects of everyday training.

It looks like the Demonkins are going to level up soon, and when they do their Spearmanship skills will be at level 2.

As expected, learning from a powerful person that had Spearmanship Lv. 3, their progress was quick since they had been taught the peculiarities of the style.

The growth of the low-class slaves, as compared to Mina who was the leader, was bigger than her.

That was because Mina spent less time training herself as she was teaching other people. But, if I give another reason, it was that she doesn't have someone capable to teach her. There was no one capable person to point out any off shifts or kink in her form.

I really wanted to increase Mina's Spearmanship skill though.

Still, is it being too greedy?

However, I really thought that there should be a chance for it.

Now then, I should train them in parallel with spear training, how about this one?

I have thought so and looked at the methods to train in swordsmanship.

As for the mentor of swordsmanship, I hired a man who was a former adventurer, Kane. His swordsmanship was at Lv. 2.

I intend to have the slaves that doesn't have any aptitude in swordsmanship skills to train.

They will train at the same time as when all members of Mina's spear training does.

There shouldn't be any difference in the amount of training time.

However, the improvement rate will be clearly different.

Mina's Spearmanship Lv.3 compared to Kane's Swordsmanship Lv.2, it's clear who is a better instructor...

Mina's teaching was better in developing Skill experience.

Perhaps, Mina will probably be just better at teaching, it might be slightly interesting thing to find out.

If by chance Mina was instructed by a more skillful person in the past, she may be using the teaching experience for the current spear training.

In this case, Mina was trained with theory by a good mentor, while Kane's foundation on swordsmanship was polished to Lv. 2 by self-learning.

If that was so, Mina should be better as an instructor.

And one more thing, even for someone without any skill aptitude, they can still acquire and learn the skill.

For the time being, there would be difference in gaining of skill experience, so I would only look at low-class slaves that had acquired Swordsmanship Skill Lv. 0.

Apparently, Skills aren't absolutely innate, it seems you can acquire them.

In a sense this would be a great discovery, that would mean to suggest that I might be able to learn a new skill.

The skill that I really want is the negotiation technique. But the bottleneck is that there isn't a slave that can teach me the negotiation technique.

If skill aptitude was not a condition, and gaining a skill was dependent on training, then there was a chance.

From my current position, if I make full use of the slaves, I may be able to acquire Spearmanship, Swordsmanship, and if I like, even Sexual Skills.

For the time being, it can't be helped that there was no slave with the negotiation skills that I really want.

It would be fun to aim for an otherworld cheat skill.

Of course, I still have to assume my main occupation as a career consultant.

As I was thinking that it was inevitable, both the training for spearmanship and swordsmanship had ended.

“So, you want to learn spearmanship from me huh.”

Was it my imagination that Mina seemed to be happy?

It was amusing looking at the Werecat's trait of wagging their tails as a response.

“Well, if I had to say it clearly, I want to watch Mina train the spear in front of me, I only want to imitate it.”

“Well, I will surely train you properly!”

I felt apologetic towards her enthusiasm, but I have no plans of learning spearmanship.

I only thought of using my Appraisal Skill to appraise the spear style.

It was a success during the day when Mina was training the slaves.

It was a success because when I used the Appraisal Skill on the style that the slaves were practicing, an information popped up and it showed “Plow Style”.

Applying this further, I want to see if I could use my Appraisal Skill and learn anything about the high-speed spear dance training Mina currently does.

“... So that’s it.”

When I explained it to Mina, she somehow felt sad.

I felt like I did something a little bad to her.

However, I want to quickly know what was her spear style.

“Well then, here I go.”

Will she be too conscious if I look starting now? Mina was fidgeting and can’t seem to calm down that she did the introduction twice.

But her state completely changed when she began her performance.

Her performance was intense like a raging fire.

She swung the spear like a bo staff, took a step back and thrust for the second strike.

She then hit the ground with the spear handle, and using the tension of the spear, she did a sweep together with the rotation of the spear.

And thus I assumed she struck the foot, the body and the throat of the

imagined enemy. Three consecutive high speed attack.

When I saw it, I was just lost for any words to say.
Was this the real Mina?

I realized that I was completely enamored
I knew why I just realized it because I saw what I needed to see just now.
The pop-up information floating for quite a while showed that it was the
“Flame Dance”.

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