

The Crafts 105

Chapter 105: Toman's Workshop

3pm.

"That's another victory. He extends his streak to ten with this."

"Whoever made these vestiges is talented. If they aren't a popular vestige-smith yet, then in a few years, they would be."

The crowd conversed as Lucas seized his tenth win. That's right, excluding the vestige duel against the freelancer, Lucas currently sat on ten wins now. What's more, they were consecutively without suffering any loss.

'Ten more to go.' Lucas thought.

As he was soon to round up the mission, Lucas decided to turn his eyes elsewhere. At this rate, he needed to challenge someone more difficult, so that his reward would be even better.

At this moment, the agent from Novanio Tech walked over.

"Aren't you tired of beating these people over and over? It's quite clear that you will find no competition amongst them."

Lucas glanced at her, understanding what her intentions were.

Among the group of agents that came over the previous day, not all of them made a deal with Lucas, and even those who did, didn't ask for much. Although the volume helped Lucas complete the mission, it equally displayed the degree of trust the agents had in him. They has yet to see anything extraordinary, as the dagger was simply just a Grade 2 vestige.

There were a few other vestige-smiths who could make something on par or even better.

For these agents who wanted to build a relationship with such type of vestige-smiths, they didn't invest much effort in talking to Lucas. However, there were a few of them who believed that the vestige-smith backing Lucas was worth the wait.

Today was the day most vestige-smiths and companies reveal their masterpiece, and they were expecting to see Lucas', but he didn't show any. Now some of them, like the lady, were getting a bit impatient.

"What I do is my own business. I think that should be obvious, right?" Lucas asked.

"True, but I'm guessing your master had you attend this event to help advertise his crafts. You would get a better effect facing off against more reputable vestige-smiths rather than what you're doing."

Lucas couldn't help but mentally agree that she was right, but he didn't say anything as she continued speaking.

"As it just so happens, a certain top twenty company had a few words to say about you."

Lucas was surprised by this as he asked, "About me? That's quite interesting."

"Well, it wasn't really complimentary so I don't think so. They also offered an open invitation to a duel. What's your opinion about that?"

"What's my opinion? Of course I have to take a look." Lucas smiled.

The news came just in time as he wanted to change his opponents. Without further delay, Lucas closed the stall and went towards the location of the mid tier region.

The mid tier region was an area in the public square designated for slightly renowned and somewhat popular industries for the Silver Fig Trade Convention. The Gold Rain Factory belonged in this category, albeit at the top ranks. Even if this area was left for mid rank companies, there would naturally still be a difference between them.

"Hmm, aren't you going there?" Lucy, the agent from Novanio Tech asked.

As she was still one of the few agents seriously interested in Lucas, she had been monitoring him from the start of the day.

"Do you think they'd be bothered with me, if I did? They can simply ignore my challenge and no one would think anything about it. For the moment, I need to build momentum." Lucas smiled as he walked towards the first stall.

A graphic signboard was hung in front, written on it 'Toman's Workshop'. Toman was a somewhat popular vestige-smith who operated a store on his own. Despite being a Tier 1 Elite vestige-smith, he refused to work for any company and decided to open a workshop and operate independently. He was skilled enough to make his name known and gain a few contracts from vestige dealers.

Lucas appeared in front of the stall with a shield in hand. He laid the shield in front of the store and announced.

"I'm challenging you to a vestige duel."

"Who are you?" A man in the stall asked. He was Toman's eldest son and manager of the stall in his father's absence.

"Who I am has no meaning, only my intentions." Lucas stated with a nonchalant expression.

"Heh. I don't know what makes you think that some rag-tag individual can challenge us, but leave. We're busy." The man pursued Lucas.

"Acting like a big business when you've been constantly rejected for three years now. Where's all this attitude coming from?" Lucas commented.

Toman's workshop had previously participated in the Silver Fig Trade Convention and this was their fifth attendance. However, for the past three years, they had failed to make a masterpiece worth being invited to the auction on the sixth day. This had been a thorn in their hearts as being invited for the auctions would raise their prestige.

But having failed to achieve this for three years in a row, especially when they had done so in their first attendance, now roughly placed them with those beneath.

The young man became incensed at the comment, as this was something that pained him. He was soon to take over the workshop and it was a dream of his to break this 'curse', and with this year's event being his first time in charge, he hoped to do just that.

"Hehe. Fine. You want to be humiliated? Then let's go."

Lucas smiled. He didn't just come to the mid tier region with no plan in mind.

Previously, Lucas had asked Lucy for help; to be specific, he asked for information on some of the notable vestige-smiths and companies in the area, irrespective of their ranking. Toman's workshop was one such popular one, but it had recently been going downhill.

"I don't intend on making it difficult for you, so I will go easy on you." Lucas suddenly said.

The young man was confused about what he meant by going easy, but before he could even question that, Lucas continued.

"All six tests, excluding the Power test. If you manage to beat me in just one, it's your win."

"!!!"

The young man was immediately livid at the statement and the spectators who gathered upon hearing a vestige duel were stunned silly.

This was the first time someone had suggested such a format, and it said a lot about their confidence. However, the opponent was Toman's Workshop, and even if they hadn't been invited for the auction yet, they were still pretty good at making vestiges. Looking down on them like this was something only the best vestige-smiths in Baylands City might be capable of doing.

Not even the top vestige-smiths in the top ten companies could disregard them this much, when the contest is with vestiges of the same grade.

"Are you crazy?" The young man growled.

"What do you-"

Lucas interrupted, "You've accepted so don't waste so much time talking. I've already taken out my vestige. Where's yours?"

The young man tightened his fist and was incredibly pissed, but he began to chuckle furiously.

"Sure."

"Oh, I forgot. Fifty federal coins. Winner takes all." Lucas slapped his head.

At this point, the young man was just a bit away from losing it at lunging at Lucas but he forcefully held back his anger. Gambles weren't new in vestige duels, so there was nothing wrong about it. Also, Toman's Workshop might have been going downhill, but it wasn't to the point where they couldn't afford fifty federal coins for a vestige duel.

Soon after, the young man returned with a box. Stellar aura suffused from the box despite it being closed, signifying the quality of the vestige. It was clear that even though he saw Lucas as a fool, the young man didn't underestimate him.

When the box was opened, a cold-weapon vestige was revealed. It was a blue sword that appeared to be made of glass, but that was actually a special type of metal that was pretty rare. Inscriptions decorated the blade of the sword and the hilt was carved with runic marks. The aura of the sword was cold, like a killer assassin.

Mere glancing at the sword would make one filled with chills and a longer look for those below the third level of the Body Strengthening stage would hurt their eyes.

"This is the masterpiece from last year, Aquilo's Sword."

One of the bystanders who was familiar with Toman's Workshop said.

"If they're using the masterpiece from last year to compete, does it mean they have something new this year?" Someone couldn't help but ask.

"They should. After all, it's been a dream of theirs to get back into the auction."

With the reveal of the sword, more and more people were attracted by the commotion. This was the only vestige duel currently ongoing in the region, so it was unavoidable that it would garner some attention.

The young man glanced around felt sullen. A win was pointless and could be termed as bullying since Lucas was unknown. But a loss would greatly affect their reputation, although he didn't believe that he could lose.

Aquilo's Sword was a very powerful Grade 3 vestige, so much so that it was close to the ranks of a Grade 4. However, the auction had limited slots for each district, and the West Wing district only had fifteen slots. Aquilo's Sword had lost out as it only managed to take the eighteenth position - three spots away from invitation.

This time around, they had worked on a new creation, but that didn't make Aquilo's Sword any less valuable. The vestige was still a weapon many freelancers desired. Unfortunately, the materials used to make it were very costly and the effort was tedious, so it couldn't be mass produced.

The old man, Toman, has rather kept it in his collection, as a reminder of how close they were and why they should work harder.