

The Crafts 106

Chapter 106: 14 Wins

"Overall winner. Brown shield." The overseer announced with shock.

"How, how come?" The young man was astonished.

Lucas calmly retrieved the shield from the robo-testers and dusted it a bit.

Brown shield was the name of the shield. There was no hidden meaning or anything; the shield was simply brown so Lucas decided to call it that.

Lucas ignored the commotion and walked to the next stall on his list. Similarly, he beat them after a few minutes. But he didn't stop there.

By the time Lucas arrived at the fourth stall, Lucas noticed that it looked a lot different from the one he had. In fact, the stalls in the mid tier region were all improved compared to his in the lower tier region. However, this particular one had a drastically different appearance. At this point, it was no longer a stall, but a small building.

"West Wing district, rank 15 store." Lucy said as she stared at the building which belonged to a vestige-smith company.

Above the mid tier region was the high tier region, but only the top ten companies and vestige-smiths in West Wing district had a shop there. A store with a rank of 15 was one quite close to the top ten. The ranks were determined from the previous year's rating.

Aquilo's Sword had taken the eighteenth place for Toman's Workshop, but compared to that, this store had seized fifteenth place last year, which meant that their masterpiece had qualified for the auction. They were definitely not a simple opponent.

However, compared to them, the vestige-smith who had mocked Lucas had achieved the thirteenth place last year, and was poised to earn a spot this year once again.

"A mere fifteenth spot. It would be good if they can make me work a bit." Lucas said as he approached the building.

At this point, the staff had noticed them coming thanks to the small crowd following behind the duo. They were a bit confused, but after one of them said something, they appeared stunned and a bit nervous. This was unavoidable. As a result of his consistent run of thirteen victories without a loss, Lucas had built some level of reputation already, especially amongst the participants.

Although ten of those wins were against those from the low tier region, the other three were against some names with a level of reputation, especially his first win here which was against the rank 18, Toman's Workshop.

While the low tier region had hundreds of participants, the mid tier region had a couple dozens. Nonetheless, being capable of appearing in the mid tier region was an achievement, but above all, being in the top 20 rank. Even if they were outside the top fifteen, the other five in the top 20 rank were characters capable of fighting for the slot, unlike those below them.

This was why the victory against Toman's Workshop, especially using a shield, was impressive.

One should recall that among the seven tests, there was a Sharpness test which favoured bladed weapons. Despite that, Lucas had managed to beat Aquilo's Sword using a shield. Although it was because the shield had detachable bladed teeth around its edge, winning was thought to be impossible, but he still achieved it.

"I'm here for a vestige duel." Lucas announced right as he stopped in front of the building. Just a few steps away was the entrance, which was without a door, but he didn't go any further.

"Should we accept?" One of the staff inside the building whispered to another.

"We don't really have a choice. He's not like the other challengers, so we can't ignore him." The manager of the stall sighed.

"Bring out the masterpiece."

At the moment, many had already begun to consider the brown shield Lucas had used to beat Toman's Workshop and the next series of participants as a masterpiece item. This was a vestige that

beat last year's eighteenth place masterpiece, so it was definitely strong enough to enter the top 15 of last year, and maybe even this year.

So, avoiding a challenge from Lucas was equivalent to damaging their reputation as avoiding a vestige duel against another masterpiece was a sign that one was lacking confidence in their own masterpiece. Even if the appraisers from the Silver Fig Consortium didn't look down on them, the public's opinion would be that their creation was weaker.

Since they would be facing Lucas, the only worthy opponent would be their masterpiece for the year's convention. Using last year's product was the same as asking for a loss, since Lucas already proved that this product was more than capable of entering the ratings of last year.

"Winning by his terms won't be enough, so we have to bring down his momentum entirely. Doing so with our masterpiece would not only raise its value, but also the reputation of our company. Our stocks could even rise a bit from this." The manager motivated his staff.

A box was soon brought out and the manager walked out alongside three other staff members.

"You should be aware of my usual terms, or do I need to repeat them?" Lucas asked.

"No need." The manager confidently smiled.

The usual terms were that if Lucas lost even one test out of the seven tests, it would be the same as admitting his loss. There was also the fifty federal coins bet as well. There was no way Lucas was letting that go as it was almost free money to him. From just the last three vestige duels alone, he had made one hundred and fifty federal coins "tax-free".

Making so much without the system's evil hands stretching towards his money felt a bit addicting.

"Let's begin." Lucas smiled.

15 minutes later, Lucas was spotted calmly departing the building's environment with the same iconic brown shield in hand. Meanwhile, the crowd was dumbfounded, even more so the manager of the store, who stared at the vestige he had brought out.

The vestige was a red saber that gave off a fiery glow and the energy around it was tumultuous. It was like a weapon of the god of flames, incarnated into a mortal form. Just mere staring at it for long would give one the illusion that their body was on fire.

If the person looking at it was below the fourth level of the Body Strengthening stage, they would feel dehydrated the longer they stared at it. However, it wasn't true dehydration, but simply the body responding as if it were indeed dehydrated.

Below the third level and looking at the saber for longer than three minutes could lead to death, as by then, the brain would truly believe that it was dehydrated and give out.

Despite such impressive abilities and strength, the results didn't end in the favour of the saber.

"Another win. The record continues." Someone in the crowd widened his eyes in utter disbelief.

No doubt, this saber could have been able to enter the top fifteen for the year; it had a very good shot at doing so. Despite that, it had lost to a nameless brown shield.

"A legendary masterpiece. It's probably on par with those from the top vestige-smiths in the Central Prefecture." An old man who looked knowledgeable said.

The Silver Fig Trade Convention was not only held in the West Wing district. It was an event for the entire Baylands City, but due to the massive size of the city, the event has to be split.

For five days, there would be a convention held simultaneously in all five districts of Baylands City, and the top fifteen rated vestiges from each district would be brought to the Central Prefecture district for the true Silver Fig Trade Convention on the sixth day, which was the auction.

Seventy five top class vestiges from all five districts in one place. Such an event was one every single vestige-smith in the city desired to attend.

West Wing district had the most vestige-smiths, but it didn't mean they had the best. That record was held by the Central Prefecture district, which was the home to not just the best vestige-smiths, but also the strongest freelancers, powerful families, and also headquartered top companies and conglomerates. The Central Prefecture was truly the best in all regards, and the centre of the city.

The top vestige-smiths there were steps ahead of this in the West Wing district, and the same was true for the companies based there.

"Old man, isn't that a bit overboard?" Someone asked.

Describing the brown shield as being on par with the masterpieces from the Central Prefecture was typically a compliment left only for creations of the top ten West Wing district vestige-smiths.

"Hah. What do you know? I've been to the auctions at the Central Prefecture before. I can tell you that that brown shield had what it takes to qualify." The old man snorted.

"Don't take that old man seriously. He's a drunk who says too much nonsense." Someone else interrupted while staring at the old man with disgust.

"Not to talk of the fact that the top vestiges from the Central Prefecture district are all Grade 4, even their Grade 3s are capable of seizing the top spot here. The Silver Fig Trade Convention being held in five different locations at once was to simply give everyone an equal opportunity to qualify for the auction.

Otherwise, the entire auction would be filled with vestiges from the Central Prefecture district. That's just how accomplished they are."