

The Crafts 122

Chapter 122: Questioning The Decision

Having lived two lifetimes, witnessed the rise and fall of multiple empires and famous individuals, himself included, Lucas had subconsciously believed that nothing could shock him into cursing. That was until today.

"What the fuck?"

Staring at the displayed results, Lucas was left with his mouth wide open.

When he first glanced at the list and failed to spot his name in first place, it took Lucas only half a second to understand what had happened. An act of speciesism which he was already familiar with. However, even witnessing such unfair treatment, Lucas held back any complaints and kept scanning the list for his name.

What mattered to Lucas was passing the test so he could get registered under the EVL. As for his position in the test? That didn't matter. There was no reward for being recognised as first place by the EVL, and the system had already given Lucas his rewards for achieving first place. So, public recognition wasn't necessary.

However, Lucas was stunned to see that he was given the twenty third place; not because of its distance from first, but that he had been made to fail the exam. Beside his name on the display screen, there was an intimidating red word floating beside.

Failed.

This was the source of Lucas' anger; not the fact first place was taken from him or that he was given the twenty third place. But rather, for an exam he had performed undeniably so well in, Lucas was made to fail it.

"I can't accept this."

At the same time, some were rejoicing while many were disappointed. Only the top twenty had managed to pass the exam. This wasn't to say that there was a limit set, but coincidentally, only twenty people had performed just enough to pass.

"I got in." Havos rejoiced as he glanced at his name on the twelfth spot.

When he began looking for Lucas' name and saw it on the twenty third spot, he was astonished.

'He's amazing.' Havos thought.

He wasn't mocking him but was truly stunned. One should know that the top five spots after twentieth places all scored at least 70%. The score attached to Lucas' name was 77%, meaning he was just 3% away from the pass mark of 80%. He was infinitely close to the level of a vestige-smith. For a human being, this was something to be proud of.

Only the greatest human blacksmiths could cross that gap and succeed in making a Grade 1 vestige, and Lucas looked to be close to that level.

Without the blessing of using stellar energy, he had surpassed forty one of the other examinees, and was so close to making a real vestige. Compared to a hyuman vestige-smith, a human blacksmith who could make a Grade 1 vestige was even rarer and well respected. This was because for them to achieve such, their talent, hard work and efforts were more than ten times that of others.

'Maybe in a few more years with some practice, he would finally do it.' Havos thought as he glanced at Lucas. But then he seemed to spot an expression of anger and frustration on the latter's face.

'I guess he's unwilling, huh?' Havos thought as he patted Lucas' shoulder.

"Don't be so down. If it makes you feel any better, you're the best human blacksmith I've ever seen. You're really close to the mark as well. You know what, once I get in, I'll borrow a few books and materials to help you realise your goal." Havos said.

However, Lucas ignored him. Instead, he glanced at the robot who had been in charge of the examinees.

"Excuse me."

Lucas' voice broke the murmurs and sounds of celebration in the hall, drawing attention towards him.

"What is it?" The robotic man asked. It recognised Lucas as it held the information of the students in its memory.

"Are you sure these results are correct?" Lucas asked.

The entire hall suddenly went silent.

This was the first time in years since one had doubted the results of the exam. Even those from significant backgrounds did their best not to do so. For instance, despite coming to a draw with Vergil which affected his pride, Maximillus Oder didn't question the results and only settled with it.

Unlike other associations, companies and so on, The Eretrean Vestige-smith League wasn't a Baylands city-state existence. It was an association that wielded power all over the planet and was based in the Bernin continent, the home of the Oklo Dynasty who were rulers of the planet.

The EVL, despite claiming to be a guild designed to simply protect vestige-smiths, had quietly developed a significant influence and force. Even if they couldn't utilise this power as they wished, it became a dissident to any malicious thoughts. Many parties would rather not give them the opportunity to do so.

"What do you mean by that?" The robot asked.

"You should very well know what I mean, or better yet, where is the chief examiner?" Lucas stared at it.

The robot was confused as to why a candidate would challenge the authority, even more so a human being. He had failed and that was expected. However, his performance was much better than many others.

'To think he wouldn't be satisfied.' The robot thought.

It wasn't aware of what had happened in the examiners' room as the chief examiner had wanted to keep things under the wraps and limit the number of entities aware of the truth.

"Candidate, please refrain from any false accusations or outbursts, otherwise you'd be mete with punishment."

"I would like to speak to the chief examiner or whoever is in charge." Lucas didn't give up.

"Shut your mouth, you insolent worm." A young man coldly said.

Being frustrated with scoring behind the dandy known as Vergil, and the Oder family's Maximillus, the young man was further annoyed with Lucas speaking out of place. If someone such as him had settled with the results, who was the latter to speak out?

Lucas glanced at the young man who spoke. He looked handsome and had brown hair. But his eyes were clearly cold and filled with arrogance and disdain. Lucas recalled him as Havos had once introduced the individual to him before. The young man was the disciple of a certain Master Bolks had taken second place in the exam; only behind Maximillus and Vergil, and was of the same age grade as they were.

Master Bolks was a famous Tier 1 Master vestige-smith in Baylands City's Central Prefecture district. In the just concluded Silver Fig Trade Convention, the Oder family's Prestige Star Ltd had taken second place whereas Master Bolks had clinched the fourth position. This irritated his disciple and the latter swore to regain their atelier's honour in this exam.

However, he had failed to do so which made him more irate than usual.

Luca only took a quick glance at the young man before ignoring him and facing the robot once again.

Argue with a spoiled brat? What value would that bring him?

"As I was saying, I would like to speak with the head examiner."

"You...!" The young man raised his hand and pointed furious at Lucas.

The robot was beginning to find Lucas annoying, but as this was the first time it had encountered someone who questioned the decisions, it didn't know what to do. In the end, it sent a message to the chief examiner, the man in a lab coat.

"You bastard, self-obsessed ingrate. Who do you think you are to ignore me when I'm speaking?" The young man roared as he began to make his way towards Lucas.

"You're a dirty human. You should be glad you managed to clinch the twenty third spot on the list, yet you bring it question? That's right. It's probably even a mistake. How can an existence as useless as yourself even be that spectacular? Yet, rather than celebrating a mistake in your favour, you bring it to question.

Who do you even think you are?"

By the time the young man had concluded his rant, he was face to face with Lucas.

At this point, Lucas had enough.

Pa

A resounding sound echoed as the young man had his face staring at the floor in stupor. The other examinees who were witnessing the situation were stunned silly and Havos was almost about to convulse at the sight.

Lucas had slapped the young man.

"A word more and it won't just be a slap." Lucas coldly said.

Ignoring the fact that the young man was just eighteen years of age, which was five years younger than Lucas' current body, his strength wasn't much to speak of and was only at the peak of the first level of the Apertures Opening stage. Not everyone could be like Laura Mertens who was at the third level when she was eighteen.

For someone who could barely be called an adult and was still at the first level, Lucas didn't see any reason to hold back. His background? And so what? As long as Lucas didn't kill or maim him,

nothing would happen to him. One should know that Lucas was currently under the surveillance of the Red Fangs.

The Red Fangs, despite being under the same power, were different from the City Patrol Corps that have to consider backgrounds and the likes. Harming someone under their protection or surveillance without any justification or right would bring trouble to the assailant even if they were from a significant background.

The robotic male took all of this into attention, but didn't do anything to stop it. Why? Because there was no reason to do so. The fight between examinees and the next generation of future leaders had nothing to do with it.

"You-" The young man roared and lifted his head but what greeted him was a punch to the face.

He tried to dodge it but the fist was like a snake, moving deftly and appearing in his line of motion.

Bam

Compared to the slap, the punch carried more force and sent the young man back a few steps, almost falling to the floor if he hadn't regained his balance at the last moment.

At this point, everyone was dumbfounded by Lucas' guts. Even Havos stared at him from head to toe, wondering if this was the young man who replied "okay" nonchalantly each time he asked how he did in the exam.

'B-bad ass.'