

## The Crafts 123

### Chapter 123: Rejected

"Hey, you guys should take it easy."

At this point, some others stepped into the matter and tried to calm both sides.

There were those who were disgusted at Lucas for his actions, but having seen how he beat down the young man, not caring that he was a disciple of Master Bolks, they decided not to intervene. In their opinion, Lucas was done for. Only those who didn't want to see the situation spiral out of control had stepped forward. One of them was surprisingly Vergil Mertens.

"Oi, oi, that's enough." Vergil glanced at the young man who was itching for a fight.

"Get out of my way." The young man glared.

"You started it by cursing at him out of nowhere. From the start, his act of questioning the results has nothing to do with you, yet you interfered. You've received your punishment and that's enough. Go sit down and cry elsewhere." Vergil waved him off.

"Don't shit with me you, fucking bastard!" The young man roared.

Vergil froze at those words. In the next second, his aura changed from that of a dandy who played with women and spent money without regard, to an experienced freelancer who had cold blood running through his veins.

"Hey, say that again."

The young man jolted and held back his tongue.

Unlike him, Vergil was already in the second level, and he was a descendant of a powerful family. The Mertens family didn't deal in vestige-smithing like the rest of them, but was into the beast industry. To succeed in this industry, one didn't just buy and sell beast parts; they also had to hunt. As such, the Mertens had their own freelancer organisation.

It was said that their family members -especially direct descendants- would be sent to work there at least for a year to garner experience, just as certain countries would have their youths participate in a compulsory military service. This was usually at the age of 17.

Vergil was eighteen years old this year, which meant that he had already participated in his compulsory service. Whether it be strength or battle experience, the young man definitely couldn't compare to him.

"Tch. This isn't over." The young man snorted before walking away.

Just as things began to cool down, a couple of footsteps were heard. The eight individuals from the viewing room who held real power, unlike the younglings participating in the exam, had finally appeared.

"Looks like I was right. There seems to have been a clash." The red haired man, who was nicknamed Red Beard, smiled as he took a look around.

All eight of them had significant stellar energy power levels. Even the weakest of them was at the fifth level of the Apertures Opening stage, while the strongest were closing in on the seventh level. For experts of their calibre, they could sense the commotion from a distance, but didn't rush to interfere. Instead, they felt that such fights were necessary to help foster their juniors.

Competition breeds growth, and what better way to create rivalry than a fight or an argument?

Giselle, Red Beard, Maximillus' older brother, the white haired man who had noticed Lucas and four others smiled as they scanned the area. However in the next second, they froze.

From the looks of things, none of the reputable individuals were involved except for the young man who was Master Bolks' disciple and Vergil Mertens. From the way the crowd arranged themselves, those two seemed to be the centre of attention. No, not the centre, rather they were close to it.

Reading the room more carefully, their attention was drawn towards a black haired young man who had a calm appearance on his face. As they studied him, their spiritual senses went off. This usually happened when the target of focus was one who lacked enough mDNA to create a synergy, and was defined as a human.

Hyumankin differed from human beings in more than just physical differences like a different eye or hair colour. There was also a spiritual difference. It couldn't be explained with words, but hyumans could resonate with one another at a mere glance. They could feel that the other was one of them.

It was theorized that this was an effect of the mDNA reaching a significant concentration in one's body. In other words, hyumans with an mDNA concentration of less than this value, which happened to be 10%, could not generate this resonance with a hyuman with a higher concentration. This was why hyumans with an mDNA concentration of 10% or less were typically not considered as hyumans but humans.

"A human? Interesting." Giselle licked her lips.

"What could have happened with a human at the centre of it all?" One of the eight muttered.

At the same time, the man in the lab coat arrived from a different entrance.

"Who is the little brat causing a scene?"

When the man arrived, he glanced at Lucas. He already knew who the 'troublesome' fellow was.

"What's the problem?" Red Beard man suddenly asked.

The man in white lab coats glanced at the group and understood that they seemed interested in the matter. Albeit irritated by this, he kept his composure.

"Someone's questioning the results despite not being aware of his own limitations."

Once they heard this, the group finally understood the situation. The human probably failed the exam but refused to accept the results.

"Haha." Red Beard laughed.

"Kid, do you think you're a miracle worker? Stop raising a fuss and go whine about things at home."

Compared to Lucas' physical age which was twenty three years old, Red Beard was in his early 30s, so addressing Lucas as a kid wasn't wrong.

"He might have a point though." The older of the Oder brothers suddenly said.

"Hmm?"

"Let's ignore his for a second and even look elsewhere. It's very weird for an exam to end in a tie. When was the last time such has happened? In fact, has it ever happened before? We've had previous generations of geniuses appear at once, but never has it ended in a tie. Why today then?"

Of course, this is just my mere speculation."

When phrased like that, those words began to shake some. Indeed. The scoring system of the exams were so precise and rigid that it was almost impossible for two individuals to get the exact same scores at the end. It might be possible to do so for the theoretical exam, but the practical exam's grading sequence made it impossible for such to happen.

What's more, Maximillus had taken the lead in the theory, so saying that he had lost out in the practical to tie with Vergil was scarcely credible. This would mean that Vergil's vestige-smithing skill was much better than his, but this was an outlandish thing to say out loud. One was from a family of merchants while the other from a generational line of vestige-smiths.

When looked from this perspective, the exam would show signs of possible meddling.

'What the heck is wrong with you guys? I admit there's meddling, but it is in your favour.' The man cursed silently.

It was absurd to think that the people he wanted to help save their faces were now accusing him of manipulation.

"This can easily be solved by showing you the scoring sequence, and their performance in the virtual world and in the theoretical exam." The man said.

Seeing how confident he looked, the doubts lessened as the group decided to forget about it.

"No worries. I was just merely considering things from his point of view. I have never doubted the league's judgement." The older of the Oders said with a faint smile on his face.

Lucas couldn't stomach watching these people play intellectual games as it had nothing to do with him, so he interrupted them.

"Chief examiner, I would like to see the scoring sequence for my exam. Since you can offer to present it to those who aren't related to the exam, there should be no problem for an examinee to go through it."

The man froze, and the eight individuals who had arrived were similarly stunned. Even the other examinees were surprised at Lucas' guts. The statement might have seemed simple, but it put the man in a tight spot. Unless he wanted to pass on the idea that the EVL has something to hide or was unfair in its conduct, he would have to let Lucas view the grading scheme.

However, if Lucas did so, he would see that there were signs of meddling in the results, and that would affect the man's reputation greatly as well as the integrity of the test. Past examinees and even the present ones could sue, and the reparations would be costly.

"Normally, I wouldn't mind, but for your case, there's no need. It's merely a waste of time and energy, so leave now while I'm still being nice." The man not only flat out denied but also pursued Lucas away.