

The Crafts 124

Chapter 124: Chased Out

"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.

"He's right, young man. It's about time to call this a day." Giselle said.

Lucas was incensed, but he was trying to think of what to do. He couldn't prove them wrong by making a vestige on the scene as that would then raise suspicions of him being a spy from Digress.

Although all thirteen city-states of Eretre were under the rule of the Oklo Dynasty, they were semi-autonomous states and were free to compete against each other. Naturally, apart from the thirteenth state, Oklo, the other eleven city-states had pushed Digress city-state to the side.

The reason for this was a mix of bias birth out of their contempt for humans, alien species and mixed races, especially those who didn't appeal to the standard aesthetics. At the same time, it was due to a certain suspicion of theirs.

Most of the terrorist groups in the galaxy were usually one of the three or even a combination of two or more. The Digress city-state, which acted as a safe-house for these three groups, goes without saying became a suspect of harbouring terrorists. If it weren't for the protection of a certain faction in the Oklo Dynasty, they might have been invaded by the other eleven city-states.

Being associated with such a force would no doubt bring bad public opinion to Lucas, even if he was a legal citizen and not a spy. However, there was no information on his registration documents that indicated that Lucas was from Digress city-state, so he would most likely be treated as a spy if some sort of connection surfaced up.

In this case, that connection would be his vestige-smithing techniques.

One might wonder why Lucas participated in this exam if a human who could vestige-smith can be suspected to be related to Digress city-state, the reason was simple: not all humans were suspects. Although it was supposedly impossible for human beings to be vestige-smiths, human blacksmiths with enough experience and skill could create a Grade 1 vestige. However, this was their limit.

Coincidentally, the requirement to pass the exam was just that. So, as long as Lucas passed it, he wouldn't be suspected of having a mysterious technique with relation to Digress city-state, and would just be taken as a genius blacksmith who had reached the limit of his potential.

'It looks like I won't be getting registered.' Lucas thought. 'Or so I would say. If a regular blacksmith can do it, why can't I?'

Lucas stared at the man without moving an inch.

"You said I failed and the others ahead of me passed, am I right?"

"Excluding the twenty first and twenty second places, you are right." The chief examiner said while being slightly confused by Lucas' actions. However for some reason, he became anxious.

"That means as long as I can beat any one of them in a vestige duel, that proves you wrong, right?"

The crowd was speechless at the question. A vestige duel was a traditional rite of challenge used to determine the better of two or more vestige-smiths in a face-off. Due to the traditional meaning attached to it, the result of a vestige duel was held as the 'truth'.

If Lucas wanted to prove the chief examiner wrong, what better way to do that than using the 'truth'?

"It seems you didn't understand me before. I will no longer tolerate your childish acts. Leave now." The man said.

The virtual world surveillance system had failed to identify how Lucas had done it, but there was no doubt that the vestige he made was a Median Orange class reading. If he pulled it off here, the exam results would be laced with suspicion, and the man would have his dignity and reputation affected negatively. There was no way he would let that happen.

"Security, please escort the young man out."

A robot on the side received the command and walked towards Lucas.

No one spoke on Lucas' behalf although some of them were interested in seeing what he wanted to do. Offending the EVL for a human was not worth it.

Seeing the robot beside him, Lucas frowned for second and stared at the chief examiner. In the end, he left the building calmly. It was clear that the chief examiner had purposely set him up and trying to force his way would cost Lucas more than he would gain.

Lucas wasn't like those webnovel main characters who would make a stupid decision for the sake of their pride and then be on the run for years; it wasn't worth it.

Ten years isn't too late for a gentleman's revenge.

This was one of Lucas' motto in his past life and it would be coming into effect again in this life.

Outside the building, Lucas was the only one there. A congratulations ceremony was usually organised for the successful examinees, and it was open even for the candidates who failed to spectate. The majority of them would all be gathered there at this moment, so Lucas was the only one out.

"So this is how society in this world feels like? Logic doesn't have a place in the system when it's against prejudice and disdain. I'm really pissed right now."

"A suggestion to the host would be to find a stress releasing mechanism or exercise." The system's voice sounded.

It was quite rare to find the system being so considerate.

"Hmm, I think I know just how to do that. But first, I need to lose a little weight." Lucas said as he departed from the building.

In a cafe opposite the EVL building, two men sat quietly and with a cup of coffee opposite the other.

"He's left the building." One of them said.

"Check out what happened in there. I'll follow him." The other man said.

"Alright."

The two then calmly stood up, left the bill for the drinks on the table and exited the building.