

The Crafts 138

Chapter 138: New Mission

"Toman, have you decided yet?"

On a table in the lobby of the building, Toman's Workshop, the old owner and another friend of his sat opposite the other with a board in between them. It was a game called Ruler's Chess. It was a more complicated version of the ancient human civilisation's chess. The game was filled with new rules and pieces, with the board now one column and row bigger.

There were so many complications added into the old chess, which made Ruler's Chess more difficult to play. However, it was a favourite pastime for vestige-smiths.

As an occupation that dealt not just with forging, but also calculations, vestige-smiths had to explore different methods to train their responses and mental processing speed. Ruler's Chess was one such method, and due to its challenging and competitive nature, it became a favourite hobby for most experienced vestige-smiths. This was even more so for those of the School of Analytical Reasoning.

Toman remained staring at the board in silence, not giving a response yet. It wasn't until he made his move that he let out a sigh. He then glanced towards his opponent, as well as his close friend.

"What other choice do I have? You don't really think I would give up my hard work and sweat to someone else, now?"

"Haha. As expected of you my friend." The man laughed.

He then moved a piece on the board before asking,

"But what about your family?"

"I'll have Kelvin find a job elsewhere. Since the company is already going to go bankrupt, there's no use having him hang around." Toman responded while making his move on the board.

"Have any company in mind?"

Toman shook his head.

"In that case, why don't you have him go work for that new company? The one in a deal with Novanio Tech. Their future seems quite bright." The man advised.

"The dealership? Are you insulting my heritage?" Toman frowned.

To some vestige-smiths, working under a vestige-smith dealer was insulting. Usually, those who worked for such companies were vestige-smiths with little future or technicians. The more experienced and ambitious ones would either start a workshop of their own, or work under a vestige-smith company; in summary, they targeted places where they could shine, and their innovative ideas were supported.

"No no. I never insinuated that." The man hurriedly explained himself with a chuckle.

"I'm talking about the store in a contract with them, Seven Sparks Forge."

Toman, who was about to make his move, froze for a while.

"The one with a mysterious vestige-smith and a human running it from the front?"

The Seven Sparks Forge was a rising store that gained its popularity from the Silver Fig Trade Convention. But it only made headlines and became a name known by many vestige-smiths after the conference by Novanio Tech. It had already been three days since then and every interested party already had all the information they could get about the store.

This wasn't difficult as not only was the Seven Sparks Forge recently formed, but it also didn't have any data protection.

"Yeah, that one. It's exactly cause it's currently run by a human that I think you should seriously consider it."

"Why?" Toman asked, confused.

"You're losing your edge, Toman." The man sighed.

"It's being run by a human, so that would mean many would refuse to work for him. However, the store has a bright future, especially with this recent deal with Novanio Tech. It's pretty much a unicorn [1] at this point. It would be best to hitch this ride just before it takes off; the earlier the better. Otherwise, you might regret it."

Toman frowned and began contemplating as he placed his piece on the board. His friend could see that his attention wasn't in the game, but he didn't care as he moved his own piece.

"Checkmate."

Toman finally turned his attention to the board and realised that he had lost, yet his mind wasn't there.

"Good game." Toman said.

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Lucas was currently in the store attending to customers. After the entire conference, his customerbase had once again increased.

The following day after the conference, many were interested in checking out the store that had invented the transforming vestige. Even if it was run by a human, they held back their disgust just to see the store.

The insane prices caught the customers' eyes first, but after one of them both the vestige and tried it out, they realised that it was worth the price. Just like the Blue Spear and Dark dagger albeit not as much, the vestiges in the store were stronger than the ones found elsewhere.

With such an attractive feature, the visitors turned customers and soon became regulars. Lucas, in turn, now had his hands full with work.

'I should really find an employee for this.' Lucas thought.

His intention wasn't really to find an assistant, but to borrow their stellar energy and boost his work speed.

[[Congratulations to the host for aiding five hundred customers. An achievement has been unlocked.

Congratulations on completing the hidden achievement: Rising-Star.

Reward: Five system coins]]

'Oh, there's an achievement for this? That reminds me. System, why haven't I gotten a mission in a while now?'

Lucas turned his attention away from the notification.

Five system coins were good, but what Lucas wanted was to know why he had yet to receive any mission in over a month now.

"Missions are given depending on the host's growth rate. Host should recall that the system is operating by a programme." The system's emotionless voice sounded in his head.

"Then what about you? If I recall correctly, you can give out missions limited to a certain quota. Use that instead." Lucas said. Find exclusive stories on empire

This time around, the system couldn't answer him.

[[Mission Overview: You have completed five hundred orders, while becoming a popular rising-star in the area, but that isn't enough. Your journey has only just begun. There is more to being the Crafts-God than being a professional at metal works.

Mission Description: Using the hide of a Jaburian desolate beast freshly acquired by the host, create an exquisite leather armour at Grade 4, within one month.

Reward: Bronze Card x1, Special Ability Card x1

Penalty: Possible death or system downgrade]]

"Speak of the devil." Lucas grinned.

"Excuse me?" The customer in front was confused.

Lucas glanced at him, then shook his head before turning to leave.

"Give me a second."

"So, what changed?" Lucas asked the system once he was in the work-station.

"There was no change. Host has fulfilled the condition for the next mission." The system responded.

Lucas didn't say anything else instead studying the details of the mission. He first noted the penalty, which came with an "or". After asking the system, Lucas knew that the reason for that was due to the possible choice that he would encounter.

If he refused to do the mission and a month went by, the system would downgrade a level and Lucas would lose all the abilities and rewards he got from the last level up. The same applied if he accepted the mission yet failed to complete it within a month. As for the possible death clause, it was due to the risk attached to hunting a Jaburian desolate beast.

Opening his communicator, Lucas began to look up all he could about a Jaburian desolate beast. Something about this mission reminded him of the one that had Lucas go to the Wastelands, so he wanted to confirm it.

Based on the search inquiry, a Jaburian desolate beast was a kind of desolate beast that looked like a jaguar, except it was two metres tall. The beast also had great strength, rivalling that of four polar bears. At the same time, it was incredibly fast; even a cheetah could only bite its dust. Luckily, it wasn't as fast as a Peregrine Falcon, otherwise Lucas would refuse the mission.

Facing something like that as he is, was no different from suicide.

Apart from its absurd strength and speed, the Jaburian also had a remarkable defence. Its hide was so tough that a regular Grade 2 vestige couldn't pierce through it. Even one's arm strength had to be astounding to be able to cause a significant amount of damage.

With all these factors considered, the overall strength of a Jaburian was definitely not ordinary. It was a fourth level Apertures Opening stage desolate beast.

"Oi, system, be honest with me. You want me dead, right?"

The fourth level of the Apertures Opening stage was the basic requirement for the rank of lieutenant in the Red Fangs. It was also the mid-range or average power level of the Autumn's Gate guild main members. The fourth level of the Apertures Opening stage was at the entry point to being an upper echelon of society in Baylands City. It was by no means weak, especially in a desolate beast.

An average fourth level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner could not take on a desolate beast of the same level solely relying on their own strength. They would need to aid of a vestige to be able to solo one, otherwise the chances of death was very high.

As such, it was not strange for Lucas to be questioning the system at this point.