

The Crafts 190

Chapter 190: Harassment

Lucas spent the rest of the early hours of the morning, figuring out the entirety of the conspiracy to the best he could. There was a saying, know your enemy better than yourself. Since the opponent was hidden in the dark, all Lucas could do at the moment was to try and guess what their plans could be and who they were.

After three hours of deep reflection, Lucas had a rough idea of the complot and felt that he could predict the future situations.

'Since they've isolated me, their next step would be to contact me.' Lucas thought as he stood up from the chair.

Since the target aimed for the technology he had, or to be specific, the vestige-smith backing Lucas, they would do everything in their power to force the character out. By the time that no one steps out, the mastermind would approach Lucas instead. There was also the possibility that they wouldn't even wait so long before doing so.

The reason was because there existed the possibility that the vestige-smith behind Lucas was a Tier 1 Master. Offending such a character was a very dumb move as not only were they strong, but they were also few and had a ton of connections. If the city pushed such a character too much, the other side might retaliate vehemently. It might even turn from a false accusation to the vestige-smith truly supplying the terrorists with vestiges on the condition that they destroy the mastermind. As such, this entire conspiracy might not last beyond a month.

However, Lucas knew the truth, which was that there was no vestige-smith backing him. He was the one who had made those vestiges, but no one else knew this fact. Actually, Lucas had told the store's first customers during the early days, but none of them believed him, and even if he repeated the same now, no one would still believe him.

This was natural after all, the SS vestiges were as powerful as Grade 4 vestiges without actually being at that rank. The level and expertise needed to achieve this was something far out of the reach of a human.

With nothing else to do, Lucas opened the store and went into the work-station to begin his day.

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Time passed by and even after two hours from the usual opening time, there was no customer in the store. This was strange, after all, the Seven Sparks Forge was the hottest vestige-smith store in the city, despite its secluded location. Everyone knew the opening time of the store, and within the first two to three hours, there would have been at least twenty customers already. But today, there was none.

While Lucas didn't say anything about this, Kelvin—who ran the store—began to feel anxious. He knew that the reason for the lack of customers was definitely related to the news from earlier.

Just as he was wondering whether to go outside and understand the situation better, the door opened.

"Welcome." Kelvin reflexively said with a bit of relief as he turned towards the entrance.

However, he was shocked once his eyes glimpsed at the door's direction.

A group of men who appeared to be together walked into the store with heavy countenances. Like the average hyuman, they had different hair colour, but the vibe they gave off was cold and aggressive. Some of them even held objects in their hands as they walked into the store.

Kelvin narrowed his eyes as he stared at the five young men. He was beginning to have a bad feeling about the group.

"Where's the owner?" One of them, who had white hair and stood at the front, said with a cold look on his face.

From his position amongst the five and their body language, it was clear that he was the leader of the group.

"What do you want?" Kelvin asked, choosing not to answer him.

He wanted to figure out their goal as well as their intentions, before deciding on how to react. It was quite clear to him that their intention wasn't as simple as coming to request a vestige.

"Don't ask us stupid questions, and bring out your owner!"

One of the men who stood beside their leader roared. His violent behaviour suited him perfectly as he sported red hair with a pair of red eyes.

'Troublesome.' Kelvin frowned while scrutinising them once more.

Being an entry Tier 1 Elite vestige-smith, Kelvin was at the fourth level of the Apertures Opening stage. This might sound low, but a fourth level stellar practitioner was already an elite of society in everyday life.

With his strength, Kelvin was able to see a lot more than the average hyuman could. He discovered that the group of five men were all low levelled practitioners. They couldn't even be called freelancers as the strongest of them was barely at the peak of the first level. It was most likely that they were average individuals.

However, this confused Kelvin. The Seven Sparks Forge was a store that catered to freelancers and similar occupations, and not the average hyuman. As such, a question remained stuck in his head; why were they here?

"I'm sorry, but you can't meet with the boss. He's busy and since you have no business here, please leave. Otherwise, I would have to press charges for obstructing the business and invasion of private property."

"Don't shit with me now! Call that human scum out here, now!" The violent member of the group shouted.

Kelvin's face immediately turned dark. He finally understood what they were here for; this group was here to cause trouble and not for business purposes.

Despite knowing this however, Kelvin had to remain professional even when addressing them, as they were weaker than him.

"Kindly refrain from such cursing and leave the store this very moment, otherwise I would have to use force." Kelvin uttered a warning to the group.

"Go ahead you, bastard." Another one of the five said who had brown hair.

"I can't believe you call yourself a hyuman, yet you work your ass off for a terrorist scum like a mutt." cursed the fourth member of the group.

"This is your last chance." Kelvin's gaze turned cold.

"Come on. Attack us, slave scum. I bet all you're good at is kissing human ass. You're a disgrace to the hyumankin." The brown-haired young man said.

The red-haired fellow with violent tendencies behaved even more outrageous as he spat at Kelvin.

He then sneered as he spoke up,

"Heh. Garbage such as you should go kill yourself."