

The Crafts 274

Chapter 274: Vienna

The Bilac trade centre in Trundel City wasn't just a market for goods and resources, but it also had some nice recreational spots and restaurants; after all, it was common practice for store owners and employees to have a lunch break.

One of the more popular restaurants in the region was called The Grey Whale, and not just because the building looked like a whale. The Grey Whale served a ton of delicacies, but the restaurant's signature dish was a meal made using the flesh of a certain desolate beast from the sea. The desolate beast looked just like a whale, and was even nicknamed the Grey whale, but it was much more hideous and terrifying than a normal whale. Despite its looks though, its flesh tasted amazing and the skin could be used to make a unique whale oil that has an enticing fragrance.

Because of the fact that the entire body of the Grey whale was very valuable —whether it was the bones that could be used to make vestiges, the skin for oil or the flesh for meat— the desolate beast was very costly in the market. To be able to serve it as their signature dish, it was no understatement to say that the Grey Whale restaurant was a high-class dining spot within the Bilac trade centre.

Currently, Lucas, alongside Melissa, were seated in this restaurant opposite a group of three.

"You can order whatever you want." The young lady in front smiled at Lucas.

The young lady has a pair of black eyes and black hair, making her a unique one amongst the hyuman race that was filled with vibrant colours. However, that didn't make her any less beautiful.

With silky black hair almost reaching her waist, a pair of eyes that could have one lost staring at them and a smile that could topple down cities, and a luscious body that could simply be described as perfect, the lady would definitely be a killer model back on Earth. Even in this world, Lucas had yet to meet anyone prettier than her, although Laura Mertens was almost a close match.

Even as they sat within the restaurant, there was the occasional peeking from the other diners who couldn't help but want to look twice or even stare at her all day. If it weren't for the two

bodyguards standing behind her, some of the more bold men would have walked over to shoot their shot.

However, Lucas was an exception in that he didn't care.

What flavour of city-toppling beauty had he not seen before? At the peak of his past life, Lucas was a Grandmaster magic weapon-smith who many schools, kingdoms, empires and sects scurried over to have him forge for them a magic weapon. Even when he was still a Master, a certain royal kingdom that ruled five continents had tried to offer two of their finest princesses—who were prettier than the girl before him— alongside five major cities and a dukedom thrice the size of the entire Bernin city-state just for Lucas to make them a magic weapon.

Staring at the menu, Lucas glanced at Melissa whose eyes were stuck on the display screen.

"You heard her. Choose whatever you want." Lucas said.

Melissa glanced at him, seeking confirmation, and seeing Lucas nod, she rejoiced and began picking out various meals on the menu.

"This, uhm, this. And this, oh, oh, this too."

By the time Melissa was done, a full minute had gone by and she had ordered over thirty dishes.

The young lady was stunned by this and even her bodyguards were speechless, but they said nothing. As for Lucas, he wasn't surprised.

Recently, Melissa's appetite had increased, probably because of her rise in strength which was inconsistent, by hyuman logic, with her growth speed. As such, her body was in dire need of nutrients. Even though he fed her to satisfaction most of the time, Melissa would still crave for more. The situation was so bad that of Lucas' expenses, 60% was for feeding Melissa alone.

"Now, let's focus on why we're here, miss." Lucas stared at the young lady.

She wasn't a stranger to him, although they were just acquaintances. The young lady was exactly the woman he had 'saved' a few days back in the East Brafford relics.

Back then, Lucas was attracted to the area because of the sounds and he found a fourth level drudnid attacking a trio. Because he was lacking both resources as well as a reference material for mastering magi runes, Lucas decided to take down the drudnid. After a bit of sche-, planning, Lucas defeated the drudnid with the aid of one of her bodyguards, at the cost of an arm and the other bodyguard being knocked out unconscious.

A few minutes later, they had encountered a squad of the taskforce and were promptly evacuated from the relics. Lucas had thought that would be the last time they would meet, so he didn't think much about it and left the incident at the back of his mind.

However, the woman had actually tracked Lucas down and wanted to talk with him.

Only one of the two bodyguards at her side was a part of the duo from five days ago; the second one was recuperating and was replaced by someone else. Even though health care systems and procedures were much more advanced than before, allowing the man to recover his torn arm, there was still a need to take a break and recover mentally and psychologically from the incident. Plus he had worn himself out using the drug from then, and performing in a high intensity battle with heavy internal injuries. On the other hand, although his colleague took the same drug, he didn't suffer as many severe injuries as the one armed man did.

"You don't need to have your guard up or anything." The lady smiled. It felt almost like the spring breeze but Lucas didn't care.

"My name is Vienna. As for why I wanted to meet you, it's to offer my thanks for your help. If it wasn't for you, I and my uncles would have died. So, thank you." The young lady, Vienna, bowed her head.

The two bodyguards were surprised by this, and the one closer to her—who also survived the incident—stepped forward.

"Young miss, you shouldn't."

"No, I do. I owe him this." Vienna replied with her head still bent.

Lucas felt a little bit weird after this treatment. Not because he was overwhelmed by it, but because he knew the truth. Lucas never intended on saving the young lady and her crew. All he

wanted was the fourth level drudnid's body; it was simply a matter of related interests. If the trio had been facing a different kind of danger, Lucas would not have intervened.

Nonetheless, even though he knew the truth, Lucas wasn't foolish enough to say it. He simply decided to go with the flow.

"There's no need for this. The meal is already enough." Lucas said.

Vienna lifted her head up with a smile, seemingly glad that Lucas had accepted her expression.

"The meal is nothing serious; it's not worth using as a thanks for saving my life." Vienna waved nonchalantly. It was clear that she meant it, even though there was a large number of dishes ordered.

Lucas however, thought differently of her words.

The waiters had already arrived with the food, and the table was already filled up. What's more, there was a line of trolleys beside their table filled with the remaining dishes. A humble estimate would put the value of each dish on the table at about twenty federal coins, as they were all made from desolate beast meat and other special ingredients. The signature dish alone even cost up to fifty federal coins. With over thirty dishes, the entire dining experience would cost at least six hundred (600) federal coins. That's life-changing money for some, and also the price of a custom Grade 1 vestige.

Although a Grade 1 vestige wasn't exactly powerful, a customised one was still incredible and one costing about six hundred federal coins would be close to the peak of what a Grade 1 vestige can achieve.

"As a thank you gift, I decided to offer you something much better. Forgive me for taking so long, but it was mostly because I didn't know what to get."

"No problem. Just the fact you're being considerate is already generous of you." Lucas commented.

He actually meant it. Not many people would revisit the matter with their saviours, and some may want the incident entirely forgotten. On the other hand, the young lady had searched for him and even took him out for dinner as a means of relaying Lucas.

Vienna smiled at the compliment and there was a bit of redness on her cheeks.

Taking out a small blue gadget, which was a type of a mini independent stellar processor typically used for storing documents, she slid it across Lucas.

"To the matter of expressing my gratitude, how would you like to own a company? To be specific, a drift racing team."