

## The Crafts 287

### Chapter 287: Vienna's Guest

Bailin province was located north of Trundel City. However, heading eastward, one would arrive at Belfargos City, the centre of the Bernin continent and home to the Oklo Dynasty. Trundel City and Belfargos City were essentially neighbours.

Because of this, even though it was quite far from the capital of Trundel City, the Bailin province wasn't a desolate border province. Although it couldn't compare to Cas Lego province —the provincial capital of commerce— it still had a lot of scenic places.

In particular, there was a popular restaurant frequented by major powers in the province. Even the top merchants and businessmen could occasionally be spotted here, either taking a break from their stressful lives or holding an important business meeting. The restaurant was called 'Astero's Palace', and it was rumoured that the owner was connected to the Cardoso family.

The sixteen storey building, designed ostentatiously to look like a skyscraper, was furnished with top quality decor and finishings. This was especially so for the top five floors. Excluding the tenth, and eleventh, the opulent twelfth floor was an open area just like the other nine floors below. However, the four above it—thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth floors— were all closed out and consisted of private rooms, just like the tenth and eleventh. But the major difference between these four floors to the other two was the lavish interior.

The tiles of the top four floors were all Ilken products —unique tiles with a fancy design made with desolate beast blood, which created a unique attractive force for stellar energy in the atmosphere. Even the paints used inside of the building were all expensive items, and the pieces of furniture were not exempt.

Depending on one's VIP rank in the province as well as in society, they would be able to access the rooms in the higher floors. Even so, the sixteenth floor was reserved for only a few select groups of people. Below it was the fifteenth floor, which was also well acclaimed with few characters being able to get into it.

The fifteenth floor was partitioned into seven rooms, each the size of an extravagant suite in a five-star hotel, with a private kitchen and chef as well. In one of those rooms, a young lady sat on the table and set her sights to the view outside of the French window.

In today's society, her black pair of eyes and hair would have her mistaken for a human, but a unique natural frequency exuded from her body and could be sensed by humans. This meant that she was a human, but a rare one considering her appearance. Even so, it seemed like the black and black style didn't minimise her beauty in any way. The aura she passively exuded gave one the impression of a pristine yet dignified beauty.

A face moulded to utter perfection, a voluptuous body that was neither too lean nor too big, and the graceful mannerisms of a princess all in one; it was no understatement to say that she was a world-class beauty.

"Sister, it's been a while."

A man in his early 30s with grey metallic hair smiled as he walked over and took a seat on the table.

"I wonder what brings you here today."

Vienna stared at the man who couldn't exactly be called her brother, but due to circumstances, could wield that title.

"Don't be like this." The man said while still maintaining his smile.

"You should know that I care for you and truly consider you as my sister. Since when was checking up on my little sister a crime?"

"...fine." Vienna sighed and didn't say another word. Instead, she focused on the steak on her plate.

It was a sumptuous rib gotten from a Nightcrawler desolate beast. The Nightcrawlers looked like huge lizards and were a venomous nocturnal species. They were also good at digging and hiding in the shadows, which made them a difficult opponent for many freelancers to take on. What's more, an adult Nightcrawler was, at least, a fifth level Apertures Opening stage desolate beast; not many freelancers could solo them.

Despite the risks, the value of a Nightcrawler's corpse was enough to make many independent freelancers and teams lust after them. Whether it was the claws, the scales or even their eyeballs, a Nightcrawler's corpse held immense value. Also, as long as the venom was properly treated

and gotten rid of, the flesh of a Nightcrawler could be used to prepare magnificent dishes. Together with its stellar refinement level, the flesh of a Nightcrawler provided many benefits especially to a stellar practitioner. The stronger the Nightcrawler was, the tastier its flesh and the more benefits one could obtain from eating it.

However, due to the difficulty in hunting it as well as its rarity, Nightcrawler flesh was quite expensive and not many could afford it. Even Astero's Palace could only offer this meal on the menu for the thirteenth to sixteenth floors. However, the grade of the meat differed on each level, with the top floor naturally getting the best, a sixth level Nightcrawler.

Seeing her remain silent, the man, Damian, felt awkward and let out a cough.

Vienna paused and sent an inquiring glance at him.

"Father wants to see you. It's been a while since you showed up. He misses you." Damian said.

Vienna didn't reply immediately. She remained quiet as she sank into her thoughts for a while.

"When I'm done here, I'll visit there." Vienna responded.

"Why do you still have to keep such a distance between us? We're family." Damian said with a slightly anxious tone.

"I have no problems with...uncle. But you should know better than anyone else that I won't be returning back there." Vienna stared at Damian.

"So you decided to get yourself a boyfriend while staying here?"

"W, what?" Vienna widened her eyes in shock and confusion.

"The new guy you have by your side. You even gave him more than half of your stocks in your racing team. Back when I asked you for twenty percent, you snubbed me and left me on read. But you gave this new guy forty percent in a heartbeat. If he isn't your new man, then tell me, who is he?"

Damian gave her the look that seemed to say 'I've seen through it all'.

For a second, Vienna didn't know what to say so she hesitated with her response.

"Oh, don't tell me I actually nailed it?" Damian widened his eyes. This time around, it was his turn to be stupefied.

"You're being ridiculous. He saved me and my two uncles, so of course I have to thank him properly. Don't tell me you think forty percent of a racing team's stocks are worth more than our lives?" Vienna retorted.

"Well, you're right about that." Damon responded, but he still stared suspiciously at Vienna.

Irritated by this, the lady in black stood up from her seat.

"I'm done with my meal and I'll be leaving. If you have anything else to say, relay it through the comms. As for...home, I'll come take a look in a few weeks."

After saying those words, Vienna left the room.

Damian didn't chase after her or follow suit right away. Instead, he stared at the french window that stood on the side with a ruminating expression on his face.

"Shadow."

Damian's shadow wriggled a bit and a dark silhouette rose up from it. It was only half a metre tall and looked eerie at first glance, possessing no features whatsoever. It didn't even have an aura or a breath, making one wonder whether it was alive or not.

"Look into that kid for me. Dig out his entire background, history and even bloodline. It doesn't matter if he's from halfway across the planet or the neighbouring city. Find out everything you can about him and bring it to me."

The silhouette immediately sunk right back into Damian's shadow and the shadow became normal once again.

Thirty seconds later, Damian stood up from his seat and left the room as well.

On the table was still the half eaten Nightcrawler rib steak that was left behind by Vienna.