

## The Crafts 50

### Chapter 50: Paying A Visit To The EVL

On the road of a certain street in the West Wing district, a black haired young man was strolling while taking in the sights around him. Despite not doing anything strange, there would be a few of the passerby glancing his way with a look of disgust or surprise on their face. However, he had no reaction to this.

After Lucas had made a deal with Harrison Reid, aka Harry, he wasn't expecting the latter to make the thirty percent deposit a few hours later. With this, as well as the previous vestige sale to Harry when the store was launched and his profit from past maintenance services, Lucas was able to raise enough money to cover back both the principal amount and interest of his loan.

A custom-made Grade 1 vestige costs at least five hundred (500) federal coins. Custom-made Grade 2 began at three thousand (3000) federal coins, depending on the materials used and the vestige-smith as there were better skilled vestige-smiths in the trade. As for Grade 3 vestiges, they began at ten thousand (10000) federal coins.

As for standard items, they were slightly cheaper than their custom-made counterparts.

The system, however, priced Lucas' custom-made products at almost 200% of the base market value while the standard products at fifty percent market price.

For instance, the Grade 3 vestige Harry requested was valued at seventeen thousand, two hundred and fifty (17250) federal coins. However, their deal was that Harry would only pay thirty percent but provide the materials; after all, one of the major reasons for vestiges costing so much was due to the materials used in making them.

Nonetheless, thirty percent (30%) of seventeen thousand, two hundred and fifty (17250) was five thousand, one hundred and seventy five (5175) federal coins. Together with his earnings from maintenance and leftover cash, it was enough for Lucas to clear his debt of five thousand seven hundred and fifty (5750) federal coins.

When he made the payment, Lucas was pained. Not because of 'losing' so much money, but that he had rejected the deal from the members of Black Lemon when he had opened his store. If he had sold the Grade 3 spear vestige to them, he would have made at least sixteen thousand federal coins from that; more than enough to clear his debt.

Regardless, this 'regret' didn't last long and even if time were to be taken back, Lucas would still have done the same after how they treated him.

Lucas was currently returning from the Vinis pawnshop and on his way to the Eretrean Vestige-smith League (EVL) building.

The trip to the Vinis pawnshop wasn't eventful. After making the payment, the Purple Iridium ingot was returned to him. Both sides acted formal with the transaction and Lucas didn't reveal any hint that he was aware they were behind his attempted kidnapping.

As for the other side, they only knew that their hitman went missing. Whether the hitman had met Lucas or not couldn't be confirmed by the group.

With both sides reining themselves in and acting natural, the transaction went smoothly.

As for why Lucas was on his way to the Eretrean Vestige-smith League, he was planning to get his official registration as a vestige-smith done.

When Lucas went to the Guild Centre building in the Wastelands base station, he was asked for a blacksmith badge after declaring himself as one, a decision he made because no one would believe that a human was a vestige-smith.

The query he received then made Lucas realise that there were associations in charge of overseeing various important occupations in the city. The blacksmiths had theirs, and the vestige-smiths did too.

After asking Juan about this during one of their discussions, Lucas found out that it was called the Eretrean Vestige-smith League, and it was in charge of aiding and protecting the common interest of all vestige-smiths on the planet.

It wasn't a strict organisation and membership wasn't compulsory for vestige-smiths, but it did have many perks. For instance, being a member would grant one a special badge which was an identity as well as a sort of confirmation that the owner is a vestige-smith. One could also gain access to connections and network with various vestige-smiths around the world.

However, what Lucas aimed for was the badge.

Lucas decided to pay a visit to the league, apply for membership and get a badge, because it would be helpful in the long run. For instance, advertising himself as a verified vestige-smith and a member of the league could help increase the value of vestiges and draw more customers to his store.

Having spent most of his money on repaying his debts, Lucas was almost broke so he couldn't pay for a ride to the EVL building. Luckily for him, the distance wasn't so far -in Lucas' terms- from the market zone, which was where the Seven Sparks Forge was located.

After a mix of walking and running for two hours, Lucas finally arrived. That's right. A journey of two hours was still 'not so far' for Lucas.

The Eretrian Vestige-smith League building was a two storey building that didn't have an exaggerated outward appearance, despite being the centre of vestige-smiths in the West Wing district. It was also quiet as there was no one making their way into the building. However, it was still somewhat unique.

Unlike most buildings, the two storey structure was painted black. It had a fence around it with only one gate that served as both an entrance and an exit. In front of the gate stood an individual facing the street but with closed eyes.

Lucas tried to get a feeling from the guard and realised that there was no sense of life from him. He derived two explanations right away: the first being that the guard was an expert who could rein in his aura entirely, and the second being that the guard was not a living being, but an android.

The latter option was the most likely as various corporations tend to hire androids to take positions in their companies. Unlike living beings, androids didn't need to eat or sleep, and could work 24/7, requiring no breaks at all or even a pay.

The only problem would be maintenance expenses, but even the lowest rank amongst current models could be active for three years without any problems, if no extreme damage was incurred. After that, maintenance would only need to be carried out once a year or even once in two years.

The bigger companies bought models which were not only stronger but also made with memory alloys, which were self-repairing metals. That way, even if the android was damaged in a fight, so long as the damage wasn't extreme, it could still self-heal.

Compared to hiring an expert which would cost a lot, an android -albeit weaker- was a more cheaper and suitable option to act as a gatekeeper.

Lucas approached the gate which automatically opened as he stepped through it. All this while, the android didn't open its eyelids, but Lucas had a strange sensation that made him realise he had already been scanned by the entity as soon as he walked by it.

It probably had no reaction to him as it had ascertained Lucas to be of no threat; most likely because he had no weapon on him and was also a human.

Ninety nine point ninety nine percent (99.99%) of humans couldn't go past the Body Strengthening stage. To an android with physical abilities on par with a peak Body Strengthening stage practitioner, and armed with hot weapon-type vestiges, such a character was of no threat.

Knowing this, Lucas silently cursed, but that was all that he could do. Who told him to be transmigrated as a human?

When he stepped into the building, Lucas experienced a slight shock. Compared to the exterior of the building, the interior was on a whole other level.

The interior of the EVL building had white and gold colours as the theme, and was decorated with art pieces hung on the walls, or plant pots set in appropriate locations.

'No, wait...' Lucas glanced at the furniture and decorations once more before taking in a cold breath.

The furniture and decorations weren't ordinary products but top of the class blacksmith goods. Different from vestiges, blacksmith products contained no stellar energy. The best of them might however, have a very negligible amount of stellar. Nonetheless, this 'flaw' didn't mean that a blacksmith product was crap.

The level of craftsmanship and skill one needed could only be gained either by being a godly genius or an experienced professional with years practicing the art under their belt.

From his experience as a grandmaster blacksmith in his last life, Lucas could see that the furniture and decorations in this building were made by a very experienced blacksmith. The quality was so

good that a few of them had a slight amount of stellar energy in them; just the size of a strand of hair, but this was still incredible.

'Based on skill alone, the person who made this could barely compare with a one star Exponent. He's just lacking the mystical energy requirement.' Lucas judged the creations with a look of appreciation on his face.

An Exponent was the title given to a blacksmith in his first life. The rankings then were: Apprentice, Novice, Exponent, Master, Grandmaster, with each rank having at least five subranks. The Exponent rank however had nine sub-ranks, one star to nine star, with nine stars being the highest.

After that short pause, Lucas walked over to the counter to be attended to.