

The Crafts 73

Chapter 73: Will you be my brother?

Later on, Yohan would occasionally come to steal bread from the stall, but the young boy would try to beat him, losing in the end. Although their clash was quite intense, Yohan felt it was more like a game of tag. Even the young boy slowly began to treat it as a contest, hoping to one day finally beat Yohan.

In the end, a friendship blossomed between these two, with the young boy occasionally sneaking out some other baked goods for Yohan.

Days passed by and turned into weeks, until two months had gone by. These two months were special to Yohan because the young boy's father had found out about him and took pity on him, sharing some of his produce with the young Yohan in exchange for his help. At that time, Yohan had worked as a part-timer for the man after he upgraded his stall to a rented shop, making deliveries for the store.

The young boy had also enrolled into a magic school after he was discovered to have potential for magic.

One day, Yohan was passing by a certain street and saw the young boy getting bullied by others. Incensed, he ran and stood up for the boy. Even though the opponents knew some basic spells, the mana-less Yohan fought against the other bullies and chased them away at the cost of a few injuries.

When asked why he did so, Yohan didn't have an answer, but to not appear soft, he replied "Only I can bully you."

After that he asked the boy what had happened. It turned out that the young boy had the lowest category of potential for magic and was being bullied by others in school for that. However, he hid the truth from his father and even Yohan, until then. The young boy cried that day, making it the second time Yohan had seen him in tears. At the same time, Yohan found out more about him.

The young boy was born with a certain disorder and that may or may not have affected his magic potential, but it affected his physique nonetheless. Even though the young boy was born physically weak, his father still wanted him to live a better life than he did, so he enrolled his son into a magic academy with all his savings. However, the young boy could barely make much progress. Enjoy new tales from empire

While others made progress with a single stroke of effort, he would have to make three times or even four times the effort to result in the same progress. But with the state of his body, it was even more difficult to do such. One could imagine how much despair he felt. On his shoulders were his father's dream for him to have a better life, and the young boy's wish to not disappoint his father.

But with the weakness of his flesh, it was next to impossible to defy reality.

Despite all that, he still worked hard. Yohan could even remember the times he saw the boy late at night, carrying out exercise routines, jogging round the street, and attempting to lift any heavy object he could find. It all made sense then. Yohan felt pity for the boy, but that was all he could do as he too was young.

However, everything changed one day. Yohan had gone out to deliver some baked goods and when he came back to the store, it was wrecked. The father and son were murdered in broad daylight.

From the chatter of the spectators at the scene, a mage had visited the store and wanted to buy some bread. When presented with the pastry, he was irritated by the taste and caused a ruckus. When he wanted to take down the building, the baker tried to stop him and in anger, the mage killed the man.

The baker's son was in so much anguish, pain and anger that he attacked the mage, leading to his death as well.

To the spectators, such a situation wasn't uncommon. That was just how harsh their world was. But to the young Yohan, the world became a cold place; a very cold and heartless place.

Even until now, Lucas could still hear the voice of his young friend from his life as Yohan.

"When I grow up, I want to become a strong mage. I want to make dad proud and build a brand new bakery for him. I'll help him hire staff so he won't have to work as late as he does. He would have some free time to spend with us."

"They said my potential for magic is too weak. I'm such a disappointment. How can I help dad? How can I make him proud like this?"

"I need to work harder. Even if it takes ten times the effort, I need to do it."

"Hey, Yohan. Dad made some pie for us. Come, let's eat together."

"Yohan. Sometimes, I wish you were my brother. Will you be my brother, Yohan?"

Recalling memories from then, Lucas' eyes unwittingly became wet, but his anger to the system still existed.

Wally reminded him of his young friend in his past life. They both had their family give their all for them to have a better life. They both were born with the worst potential possible. But even at that, they both struggled and gave their all to be better. They both wanted to be better, not just for themselves, but for their family as well.

Despite being so young, they were both mature mentally, held back so much pain and hurt behind their smile, just so they could hope for a brighter future.

One was dead, while the other might soon be as well. However, Lucas had no intention of letting that happen; he wouldn't, even if it meant losing an arm or a leg.

"System, get me to Wally's location or you can forget about having a host."

"That can't be done." The system refuted.

"The life of the hyuman known as Wally will in no way relate nor affect the host's progress towards becoming the Crafts-God. As such, the system sees no reason to intervene."

Lucas' aura flared up and his anger was through the roof. If the system were a physical entity, there was no doubt that he would be strangling it to death right now.

"Speak." Lucas calmed down and said.

If he tried to make it on his own, it might be too late. But the system would definitely have some method to teleport him there. This method was what Lucas was targeting.

"The system cannot assist the host. Unless..." The system's voice trailed off.

"Unless what?" Lucas narrowed his eyes as he felt the system was scheming at the moment.

"Access denied." The system returned to its monotonous mode of speaking.

"I don't get you. You can help me but don't want to tell me how?" Lucas became infuriated as he slammed his fist on the table.

After a moment of silence, the system's voice sounded again.

"...the host can make a trade off."

"A trade-off? What's that?"

"Access denied."

Lucas frowned as he felt there was something weird going on here. The system presented him with an opportunity, but it came at a cost which he couldn't know anything about. No matter what anyone told him, this was filled with too much conspiracy. Who was to say that the system didn't predict or arrange this? Despite such thoughts, there was nothing that Lucas could do about it without any proof.

After hesitating for a bit, Lucas finally stood up.

"I accept. Just get me over to where Wally is right now."

It took two minutes before Lucas finally got a response from the system.

"A teleportation portal has been established to the target's location. The warp point is located in the restroom."

"The restroom?" Lucas was surprised, but then froze.

"Where exactly?"

"The toilet." The system replied.

"Fuck you."

Lucas couldn't resist cursing even if he was Buddha. After all, he was being forced to enter the toilet in order to be teleported over to the Bayena plan. Lucas could almost see a floating figure above his head.

-1,000,000 aura.

"Is there no other way to go about this?" Lucas asked, clearly reluctant to enter the toilet.

"Host is free to reject." The system blandly responded.

"Tch. Fine. Isn't it just to enter the toilet?"

Lucas snorted before entering the work-station. He packed up some special items and new products, storing them all in his inventory before departing for the toil-, the teleportation station.

"If there ever comes a day you become a physical entity, dread that day, system." Lucas cursed before using the whimsical whirlpool.