

The Crafts 84

Chapter 84: The Unexpected Guest

After dealing with a bunch of customers that were a mix of story-hungry reporters, curious freelancers and more, Lucas sighed with relief and plopped onto the seat beside the checkout counter.

Glancing at the mission progress on his interface that displayed forty three out of one hundred (43/100), Lucas felt a bit satisfied.

The mission was to receive one hundred customers before the month was over, however, there was no distinction between old and new customers. This made the task easier, but not by much. Lucas' old customers were few to start with, and it was not everyday one would want a basic or advanced repair. Most freelancers didn't maintain their equipment often unless it was damaged.

Apart from that, they were usually at the Wastelands base station, where there were other stores who could offer the same services, albeit not of equal quality.

As for buying equipment? The only thing the average freelancer could afford without skipping a heartbeat in the Seven Sparks Forge were the repair services. As for the vestiges on display, those cost at least fifty percent (50%) more than the other stores. Even if the quality was much higher, most would go for the cheaper option as they were still technically of the same grade.

This made it such that on average, Lucas would get from anywhere between 0-2 customers per day. Even if he got the max of two customers per day, in a thirty days time margin, Lucas would still fail to reach one hundred customers. So, he needed new customers.

Almost two weeks, or exactly twelve (12) days, had gone by since Lucas received the mission. There were still eighteen (18) days to go and having almost reached the halfway point, he couldn't help but be pleased.

The crowd that had visited his store managed to score some points for him. While the majority of those interested in his services opted for the repairs, three people actually bought vestiges from him, Grade 2 to be exact. This sent Lucas through the roof as his finances were slowly dwindling to a state of abject poverty.

Ever since the Seven Sparks Forge had opened, Lucas had only sold a vestige twice, and both times were to Harrison Reid, aka Harry. These three new sales were now added to the record.

One of them was a custom order for a vestige while the other two simply wanted the standard items on display.

The two standard orders were at three thousand and seven hundred (3700) federal coins, and three thousand, eight hundred and fifty (3850) federal coins respectively. As for the custom order, it was valued at five thousand and four hundred (5400) federal coins. A grand total of twelve thousand, nine hundred and fifty (12950) federal coins.

Even after the system's taxing, Lucas still had at least three thousand federal coins. He was pretty much a mini tycoon.

'I need to level up the system, fast.' Lucas thought after realising he had 'lost' nine thousand federal coins just like that.

Ding

The doorbell rang for the umpteenth time today. Lucas wearily glanced ahead to get a look at the figure. When he saw an old man standing by the entrance, Lucas froze.

"I thought you wouldn't be showing up anytime soon." Lucas smiled.

The old man was a familiar face a few weeks back. The day before the Seven Sparks Forge was opened, Lucas had gone around the neighbouring stores and when he encountered a problem in one of the stores, the old man had helped bail him out under the plea of a little girl.

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Lucas had then used a special bracelet he made, as a "thank you" gift to the little girl in an attempt to bridge the gap between them. Even after inviting them to his store's 'grand opening', they made no appearance ever since, so Lucas forgot about him. At least that was until now.

"I really didn't think I would be here either. But you ended up surprising me." The old man said without any expression.

Lucas remained silent after those words. He knew that the old man was someone immune to flattery or needless talks, so he would get straight to the point soon.

As expected, the old man continued,

"I heard about you and decided to come take a look. You don't need to worry as I'm not interested in your business."

Lucas was slightly surprised by that. This was the first person who came today, except the journalists and the freelancers, that wasn't interested in acquiring the store by some means. Apart from Gerald from Norsegold Co and his pals, there were a couple other agents and managers who came to the store to strike a business deal.

"Even if I was interested, you'd have to be worth investing in. And from what I know, there's nothing worth investing in here, at least not yet."

When Lucas heard this line, his lips twitched a bit. This was the second person to brutally assault him with word; the first being the omniscient system.

"Then what are you here for?" Lucas asked.

"To know whether you're worth investing in."

Lucas was confused. The man had just said he had no interest in the store, yet he came to gauge whether Lucas was worth his interest.

'What kind of crazy old man is this?'

But Lucas didn't say that out loud. Not only was he suspicious of the man's strength being at the sixth level or even higher, the old man deemed to be someone of status and wealth. There were more benefits to befriending him than offending the man, and even if Lucas didn't want to make friends with him, it was still best to keep their relationship not hostile.

"Take this."

The old man tossed an envelope to Lucas.

Lucas raised an eyebrow in surprise at this. In this world of advanced technology, papers were rarely used, much less something like an envelope.

Removing the wax seal, he took out the card that was wrapped inside and read it.

"As long as your performance is enough to get recommended, I'll consider working with you. I don't have any intentions of buying you out or anything like the others. But my offer will be something you simply can't resist." The old man said as he walked out of the store.