

The Crafts 86

Chapter 86: The Silver Fig Trade Convention

"Finally, the Red Fangs have teamed up with the City Patrol Corps to crack down on many underground organisations after the terrorist incident. If I'm correct, the city lord is very likely pissed and wants to win back the favour of the people. The next elections would be in two years time, so such a drastic event like this could affect his votes then. That's all."

Underneath the Vinis pawnshop two storey building, there was a basement as wide as an entire floor. In the hall in the basement, a silhouette briefed a shadow on the current happenings in the city. The silhouette knelt in front while the shadow could clearly be seen seated in a throne.

"So the city's underground is in chaos now? Interesting." A cold voice sounded from the direction of the throne.

The terrorist attack which had led to the deaths of many academy staff and freelancers, as well as a multitude of desolate beasts going berserk and slaughtering the students, had caused a lot of trouble for the city. It had also affected not just the academy, but the people's faith in the City Lord.

If it were a simple beast wave, then the blame would have been on the academy alone for not making proper preparations and arrangements. However, there were terrorists involved. The people began to feel that part of the blame should be assigned to the city-state government for being unable to monitor the area and prevent terrorists from sneaking in.

On the rare shuttle the students used, it took them forty minutes from the academy in the West Wing district to the Bayena Plain. With a light rail train, it would have been much faster. The whole point was that with a vehicle, the distance wasn't much to get to West Wing district. At such a 'close' distance, terrorists had been spotted and they had carried out a massacre.

It was only natural that the people wouldn't feel safe again, and so they called out the City Lord for this.

To regain the people's trust, the City Lord government has ordered for harsh measures to be carried out to anyone suspected to be in relations with the terrorists.

"Ramirez shouldn't be doing so well now, right?" A cold voice sounded from in front of the man.

"Yes. On suspicions of his involvement with the terrorists, his gang has been the most affected. Ramirez is currently on the run and the security personnel have yet to find him." The man responded. Stay updated via empire

Ramirez had taken advantage of the terrorist attack, which had forced the Red Fangs to drop their guard, to attack Lucas back then. The Red Fangs had a hunch that Ramirez knew the assault would take place as his ordered attack on Lucas was too coincidental.

With the go-ahead from the City Lord to operate harshly on any suspicious avenues, the Red Fangs had immediately raided Ramirez's hideout and taken down most of his gang members. Even with his strength, Ramirez couldn't do much against a government body like the Red Fangs, and was forced into hiding.

"That kid, Lucas, seems to have an impressive halo. Not only was he able to mysteriously survive all the assassination attempts on his head, he also had the Autumn's Gate guild as well as the Red Fangs protect him. I hear his vestige store is also doing well, and the prices are much more bloated than the competition's. It would be nice if we could have him under our control.

For now, withdraw our underground arms until the coast is clear." The speaker with the voice stated.

"Understood." The man nodded.

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Four days had gone by since the old man's visit to the Seven Sparks Forge. The atmosphere in West Wing district had calmed down considerably when compared to the time of the terrorist attack. Hyumankin has advanced much, and with a wide network like the KSSI, which allowed one to browse the ongoing situations in the entire solar system, there was so much information for one to consume.

The inevitable result was that situations like the terrorist attack, could be forgotten after a few days. But this was only in a broad sense. When the election period arrives, it would be dug out, which was why the City Lord had put so much effort into clearing the incident.

With the incident briefly forgotten, the city has recovered a part of its energy considerably. However, today, it was a bit more festive than usual, particularly the public square.

At the centre of West Wing district was a clear expanse devoid of any towering skyscrapers or fixed abode. It was the public square, and a place set out for hosting large scale events in the district, second to the auditorium. The public square was currently filled with stalls and temporary buildings erected to act as stores.

There was a mammoth crowd of humans swarming the area, and on each stall were displayed some items; vestiges to be exact. Whether it be swords, spears, guns, laser canons or even armour, one could find them all here. This was a strange situation as such a sight was usually only common in the market zone, but today, the public square had all the attention instead.

That was because today was the start of the annual Silver Fig Trade Convention.

The Silver Fig Trade Convention was a special trade fair organised by an alliance of merchant groups and companies known as the Silver Fig Consortium. These parties ran top companies related to the freelancer role in Baylands city-state.

They held a share of either the vestige market, danger zone logistics, sare shuttle business, desolate beasts market, materials industry or some other market/industry. They were like the Nestler and Kreft Heinzer of Baylands city-state's freelancer industry. In summary, they were the industry movers and the market controllers of the freelancer industry.

The Silver Fig Trade Convention was a trade fair organised by the consortium as a pro-bono service, and it took place for five days in all five districts at the same time.

The public squares of each district would be rented out for the duration of the convention by the consortium, and store owners, vestige-smiths and other businesses could only open a stall or a temporary shop and display their goods.

Usually, no items were sold during the fair and it was more of an exhibition show than a market. However, freelancers, guilds and mercenary teams could check out the various vestiges that catch their attention and place orders for the items.

The whole point of the convention was to offer free advertisements for other small or medium-sized businesses, and have them display their prized works to the public. As for why these businesses would do such a thing, this was because appraisers of the Silver Fig Consortium would secretly move around the public squares of the five districts during these five days.

They would create a list of items and vestiges they found captivating and with magnificent potential. The creators or owners of these items would then be invited by the consortium to present their products for a high class auction typically held on the sixth day, the day after the convention.

Apart from that, if a member of the consortium finds the product to be worth investing in, they could initiate a trade deal with the producers. The businesses were protected from harassment regarding any affairs that took place during the convention.

This meant that even if a deal crashed or was rejected for one reason or the other, the small or medium-sized business would not need to fear retaliation from the consortium member.

It was this rule that ensured that these businesses could display their magnum opus with nothing to fear. Thanks to the hype of the convention and the large spectators and high-profile guests it attracted, it became the perfect advertising spot for new releases and the likes.

From this, one could see the value of the Silver Fig Trade Convention for small to medium-sized businesses in the freelancer industry. Even some bigwigs who weren't part of the Silver Fig Consortium would still participate in it, as the event was equally advantageous to them.

Although the Silver Fig Trade Convention was free for participants, becoming a participant wasn't easy. One would have to either be formally recommended by a consortium member or have submitted a bid statement for a spot prior to the convention.

The bid statement didn't cost much money from an enterprise's point of view -only ten federal coins- but it would take a period of examination and evaluation by the consortium staff before one was approved through this method. Usually, this would take between one month to three months. This made the procedure very time-consuming, and one would have to begin way before the event itself.

Lucas was new, and he only came into this world barely over a month ago. There was no way he would have been able to participate as it was too late to submit a bid statement. However, inside the envelope the old man handed to Lucas was a recommendation letter from a consortium member, so Lucas would be participating this year.