

The Crafts 94

Chapter 94: I'm Not Showing, So What?

The third day of the Silver Fig Trade Convention kicked off at the ninth hour of the day (9:00 am). Although there was no grand style commemoration or performance, that didn't diminish the interest or excitement of the crowd. Find exclusive stories on empire

The previous day was the start of the vestige duel fever and the clients had witnessed a lot of fascinating matches. There were many winners and losers the previous day, but regardless of the result, none of the participants closed down their stall.

The Silver Fig Trade Convention was the biggest event for vestige-smiths and vestige-smith businesses in Baylands City, so just leaving after the second day was a loss no business planned on taking.

Losing a vestige duel didn't mean that a stall would fail to attract clients during the convention; that was unless the losing side lost drastically and underperformed expected targets. And so far, only a few losers have underperformed so badly that the convention might as well be tagged over for them. As for the big companies and famous names in the industry, they still kept their stands.

However, none of them had exposed their masterpiece yet; the situation with the Gold Rain Factory was a rare one and the Factory couldn't really be classified as a large member of the industry.

With the start of the third day, expectations were high. Everyone was looking forward to the upcoming vestige duels and wondered if they would be a reputed company participating in one just like the previous day.

"Hmm? This stall is finally open?"

A freelancer who had attended the event as a client glanced at a stall by the side. He had been coming to the event for the past two days and followed a similar route each time. According to his memory, this stall, although set up, had been closed each time.

At that time, he presumed that it was run by a vestige-smith and the latter was probably ill or something, and so couldn't attend the convention.

'I guess he's back to good health.' The freelancer thought.

He then walked over to the stall to check it out. By its design, it was clear that this was run by an unknown vestige-smith, but to be able to participate in this convention was a testament to the person's skill. The freelancer decided to find out more, probably in hopes that he would stumble upon a good vestige-smith and be able to close a cheap deal.

"Welcome." Lucas greeted the man who stood in front of the stall.

The man glanced at Lucas with surprise. There were two reasons for this and each was equally astonishing. The first was that Lucas was a human. Why would a human be here? A suitable explanation could be that he operated the stall on behalf of the actual owner, so this calmed the man a bit. But the situation still made him stunned

It was because Lucas was relaxing by the side of the stall.

Between each stall was enough space for three people to work side by side. Just within that gap, Lucas had set up a retractable deckchair and laid on it calmly. He also wore a pair of sunglasses, a pair of floral-patterned khaki shorts and a t-shirt with flip-flops on his feet. Rather than a convention, it looked as if he had gone to the beach.

The freelancer couldn't help but be speechless at his appearance.

"Is there a problem?" Lucas asked.

Of course he was aware the man's surprise probably had to do with his outfit, but that was exactly what Lucas wanted. Acting out of the ordinary would always attract attention. Yes, this was all a strategy, and not because Lucas was too poor to afford proper clothing. Definitely not that.

As for where he got the outfit, the system had provided Lucas three sets of clothing as well as a couple other items and equipment in his welcome package. The entire outfit made up one set of clothing.

"Uhm, no. Nothing really. I just wanted to see your goods." The freelancer asked.

"Not showing." Lucas waved him off.

"..." The freelancer was once again dumbfounded.

"What do you mean, 'not showing'?"

"I mean not showing." Lucas straightforwardly replied.

"After being exposed to so much crap lately, you wouldn't be able to differentiate silver from stainless steel."

The freelancer was stunned. This was the first time a participant not only shooed him away, but humiliated him. Although he wasn't renowned, he still had a name to himself and as a third level stellar practitioner, not anyone could treat him so badly.

"Do you want a beating? Call your boss right now and if I don't receive a proper apology, I'll make sure to report you and have your stall torn down." The freelancer grimly stared at Lucas.

"Well, I'm the boss."

"Do you think I'm stupid?"

The freelancer got tired of talking and grabbed at Lucas.

Fights were banned during the convention, but considering that Lucas was a human and the owner of this stall was a low and almost unknown vestige-smith, teaching Lucas a small lesson shouldn't be a problem. At best, the freelancer would have to pay a small fine after that, but so what?

In exchange, Lucas' bones would be broken and he would know his place as an attendant and most importantly, a human.

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Lucas struck the palm of the man to the side and glared at him.

"How?"

The freelancer raised his eyebrows in surprise. He recovered almost immediately, and with cheeks burning in shame, he attacked once again, but this time more ferociously.

Lucas frowned and unlike before, he didn't go easy on him again. The Craftsman gloves appeared on his hand and he grabbed the freelancer's fist and responded with a punch to the latter's face.

Bam

The freelancer's face scrunched up after the punch, but before he could even recover, Lucas released a flurry of attacks on his face and body.

Bam *Bam*

Every punch was resounding, but it was executed with just the right force and form to ensure that the target wasn't hurled away yet.

After delivering fifteen blows to the man, Lucas landed a final hit and knocked him out.

"If I say, not showing, I mean, not showing." Lucas declared.

The system had already informed him that the stall was counted as an outlet of the Seven Sparks Forge for the duration of the convention; therefore, all abilities of the system could be used here as well. As such, he had no fear of attackers or troublemakers.

With the commotion caused by the fight, a lot of attention was drawn towards the area. The neighbouring stalls and guests who walked by all stared towards Lucas. In their eyes was not only shock due to seeing a human take down a freelancer, but there was also a bit of mirth.

"Dimwit. Doesn't he know the rules?"

"Haha. He's a human, what do you expect from such archaic species? Let's just watch how the show turns out."