

BIRTH OF THE CRAFTS-GOD

Chapter 4: Chapter 4 : Slave Traders

"A human, huh? And a young one at that. You look quite healthy and handsome. Hehe. I wonder how much you will go for in the slave market."

Three men blocked the exit of the alley as they stared at Lucas.

One of them scanned him with a creepy look on his face while the other two grinned mischievously.

Lucas frowned but didn't know what to do. He could sense that these men were quite strong; although they didn't seem to possess a mysterious energy like some of the humans he had sensed earlier, these fellows still gave off a dangerous vibe.

Also, Lucas had just gotten transmigrated into a new world and although it was with his body, there was no ounce of magic within him. Even his physical strength was average.

'Damn it.' Lucas cursed as his brain went into quick-thinking. He had just transmigrated into this world and hadn't even seen most of it. There was no way he would let it end just like this.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" Lucas smiled while he communicated with the system in his head.

'Hey system, don't tell me you want me to go out just like this? Isn't there usually some cheat-code or something?'

"Please check your inventory." The system sounded in his ears.

Meanwhile, the trio were stunned by Lucas as they suddenly began to laugh.

"Kid, you're really funny." The previous speaker laughed.

All three were at least middle-aged, so addressing Lucas as a kid wasn't entirely wrong from their perspective.

"Indeed, you can help us. Just come with us quietly." Another one of them spoke up with an evil smirk.

During this time, Lucas had summoned the system interface, which was only visible to him and found the inventory section almost immediately. Entering that section, he saw the welcome package, which was a red gift box with a purple coloured ribbon on top. Ignoring the trio before him, Lucas hurriedly opened the gift box and glanced inside it.

'I should have known better.' Lucas sighed inwardly.

A few items had appeared in his inventory after the bundle was opened, but none of them were practical enough to get away from the situation.

There were three sets of strange looking clothes, two sets of blacksmithing apron, a few loaves of bread, and twenty metal ingots of two different metals - ten each- weighing 1kg individually.

There were also a few blacksmithing tools, like an anvil, a pair of tongs, a hammer, a hand-held sander, two sets of heat resistant gloves, a box of ten chisels of different sizes and shapes, another box of punch sets, a grinder, and a swage. In summary, apart from the clothing and bread, which stood out, the remaining items were portable tools related to crafting and forging.

Even though he didn't get what he expected, Lucas wasn't too disappointed. While these may be work tools, in the right hands, they could also be used as weapons.

"What's taking you so long, kid?" The man with the evil smirk said this after noticing Lucas' silent reaction.

He moved his hand towards his back and withdrew an object that looked like a dagger. Having spent so much time studying metals and blacksmithing, Lucas could see that the metal used to make the dagger was uncommon and unlike any he had seen before. He could also feel a strange energy on the surface of the weapon, reminding him of special items from his very first life; magic weapons.

Although the dagger wasn't a magic weapon, it seemed to behave as one but was still a lot weaker.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I just had a little bit of stomachache just then." Lucas naively smiled before walking towards them.

The trio felt that they had successfully scared him; after all, the target was a human while they were hyumans. Although their stellar refining wasn't anything noteworthy, they were still strong enough to handle a human youth. It was better that things went smoothly like this than cause a commotion.

The city government might not seem to care much about humans considering how speciesism was a norm here, but that wasn't entirely the case. On the surface, humans still had their rights and were protected by the government; after all, they shared the same ancestry as hyumans and were the predecessors of hyumans.

So, even though slave trade was common, it had to be done under wraps. If Lucas were to cause a scene, the city patrol officers might step in.

"Good kid."

Seeing Lucas just a few steps away from them, less than three metres, the trio grinned as they felt they could already see their pay rolling in.

"What's going on here?"

Just as Lucas was prepared to summon a chisel and kill the men, a soft voice spoke out.

The trio abruptly turned to the exit, and even Lucas had his attention drawn. There, a stunning lady with black silky hair, a stern face, and an arrogant air around her stared at the four men with suspicion in her eyes. Dressed in a unique blue and black uniform with black trousers and a black boot, she exuded an air of indifference and a powerful aura.

One glance was enough for Lucas to tell that she was a woman in power.

As for the trio, they glanced at the special crest fixed on the woman's chest alongside the medallion hanging on her neck and frowned. The lady was a city patrol officer and not just an average one.

Although, based on her uniform, her rank of lieutenant wasn't something to be scared of, the medallion on her neck was an insignia of a certain organization within the Baylands City Patrol Corps; the Red Fangs.

Unlike the regular Patrol Corps members who functioned like the police, the Red Fangs were a special unit that dealt with high-risk cases. Sometimes, they even performed joint exercises with the Defense Corps.

"Oh nothing. We just found our buddy here, who was apparently lost, and came to help him with directions." The man who spoke up the first time hurriedly replied. From how he behaved, he seemed to be the leader of the group.

Although the crackdown on slavery wasn't part of the job of the Red Fang, they had worked with the regular Patrol Corps members on one operation. The trio didn't intend on drawing the attention of a Red Fang to them.

"Ain't I right, bro?" The man glanced at Lucas with a threatening smile.

Lucas stared at him for a moment before smiling back.

"Indeed. But I just remembered the road back, so I won't be following you guys any longer."

The trio frowned but didn't push their luck with the female cop here. They watched as Lucas left the alley while cursing their luck.

"Don't think I don't know who you guys are. Don't push it." The woman said as she stared at them.

"Alright officer. We will be off now." The leader chuckled and walked off with his crew.

Once he passed the officer, he scowled and tried to find Lucas, but the latter was long gone.