

BIRTH OF THE CRAFTS-GOD

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Dead Again

[[DISCLAIMER: NOTHING IN THIS WORK IS REAL OR RELATED TO ANYTHING REAL. THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION.

"How is the research going?"

A middle-aged man in military attire asked the scientist in white labcoat beside him as they both glanced at the sealed room ahead.

The scientist, a man in his 30s with lush black hair and a staggering appearance that would stun the hearts of women, frowned as he nudged his glasses.

"Giving life to an inanimate object isn't that easy, you know? Acting on the idea will inevitably be more difficult than in theory, general. This is essentially stepping on the path of a god. "

"But he has constantly done the impossible. It's not a stretch to call him a god." The general smiled as he stared at a particular figure in the room.

Around the duo were individuals of different military, political, and educational backgrounds and foundations. What they all had in common was that they were famous people of their various backgrounds—people who held sway over their occupations and were renowned for their influence and achievements. However, at this moment, all eyes were on the personnel inside the sealed room ahead.

A couple of metres away from the group was a sealed room with only one doorway that served as both an entry point and an exit point.

The five vertices of the room were barricaded by metal walls that were at least two metres thick. The sixth vertice, which also had the door, was, however, formed by a glass wall. Although the wall was glass and transparent, its thickness was at least equal to the length of an adult's forearm, and the material was a special metallic alloy that looked and acted like glass but was even more durable.

Within the room were contraptions of cutting-edge equipment from advanced-level engineering and scientific research. One could say that similar equipment only existed in top-secret military bases, and the number in the world could be counted on one's hand.

From the robotic assistants to the high-tech laser-targeting systems, or even the strange energy reactors further in, the miniature particle accelerators, and the energy compressors, everything could be described as limited edition.

Apart from the equipment, there were a few researchers—seven or so—coated in white level A hazmat suits. They were either working with the equipment and machines or taking records of the progress of the experiment. Coincidentally, this metallic glass alloy was also a product of this team, or, to be specific, the team head.

"It's starting." The suave scientist silently said.

"Beginning Alpha Testing of Particle 019, the Barrion Memory Alloy." An assistant in the experiment room announced.

A microphone was fitted into his suit, which broadcast his voice to the spectators on the other side.

"Begin." The general pressed a button on a remote in his hands.

A green bulb lights up in the experiment room, giving the crew the go-ahead.

History was about to be made—in technology, in consumer products, and in war.

. . .

48 hours later...

"Cheers to success and a new world with a new Rhodia."

"Cheers!"

In a luxurious event hall, a party featuring some of the most powerful men in the country just kicked off. Classical music played by a world-famous orchestra resounded in the hall while the guests could be found mingling with each other with a glass of champagne in hand.

"You're the man of the day who has made a remarkable achievement, and you're just staying here all by yourself."

A soft yet sweet voice sounded, catching the attention of a man who stood on the edge of the balcony, away from the crowd.

In a silver gown that properly accentuated her curves, a lady with black silky hair and a face capable of toppling a few cities, clearly at the peak of her beauty, walked over with a glass of champagne in each hand.

"It is but one of my multiple achievements. I don't really feel anything about it." The man replied as he twirled his glass filled with champagne.

"Tch. Annoying as always." The woman snorted, but there was a complex look of warmth and melancholy in her eyes as she stared at the man.

Lucas Saunters is currently 37 years old. The name might not seem special to an average man in most households, but to anyone in the science and even political communities, he was a reputed genius in chemistry and, most especially, material science. So much so that some even began to nickname him the 'father of metals'.

At a very young age, he had already begun to show signs of being a genius, but he truly stunned the world once he clocked 27 years old. His research, developments, and advancements in material science were unlike anything ever seen before.

Before the age of 33, Lucas had won three Renobel prizes in either physics or chemistry for his research, two of which were consecutive when he was 30 and 31 years old. He also held the record for being the youngest Renobel Prize winner in chemistry.

Lucas had developed a few new materials and elements that were unheard of, like the metallic glass alloy that was encased in the experiment room. Even the experiment that birthed the latest new material being celebrated in this banquet, the Barrion memory alloy, which could potentially win him a fourth Renobel prize, was a creation of his.

Despite all of that, the chief celebrant of the occasion was outside the party, giving off a lonely figure. It was simply his personality. Aside from his love for metals, Lucas rarely paid attention to anything or anyone else, not even her.

"You should really stop drinking too much. It wouldn't look good on your skin." Lucas commented, seeing the two glasses of champagne held by the beauty of the material science community, Rachel Grey.

"I dare you to say that again." Rachel retorted.

Lucas glanced at her and sighed, not saying a word further lest she throw a punch at him. In his mind, he thought that such a beauty being an alcoholic was weird behaviour, but he had seen much worse. At the same time, he wasn't one to judge.

Rachel approached Lucas in her tight-fitted silver-coloured dinner gown and downed one of the champagne glasses before tossing it away.

Lucas raised an eyebrow but didn't say a word.

"Are you really okay with them taking all the credit?" Rachel asked as she stared at Lucas.

"It is not something to be really bothered about. I've made my mark in the community and the world. Standing on the stage can get a little tiring, you know." Lucas replied.

Although he made it sound simple, Rachel knew that the truth was different. She was, after all, his number one rival, a member of his team from the last project, as well as his number one lover, albeit unrequited and unknown to Lucas.

Lucas Saunters. When a member of the science community thinks of the name, they imagine a world-class genius like Einstein or Newton. However, when those in the political and even military sectors recall his name, they think of a walking weapon.

Apart from some practical day-to-day creations, most of Lucas' discoveries had the potential to be disastrous, an equivalence almost rivalling WMDs (weapons of mass destruction). About seventy percent of Lucas' new discoveries were all capable of being turned into weapons, which attracted the attention of the military and also a ton of money being invested in his team and research.

Of course, this also attracted the envy and ire of some in the community, but Lucas never bothered about them. All he had in his eyes was his lab and research.

The side effect of being a walking knowledge bank of weapons was having the attention of the whole world on him. If it weren't for Rhodia being a top 5 world power, Lucas would have already been kidnapped by a foreign power and put under house arrest in a research facility.

But even then, Lucas had still either received countless invites or suffered multiple assassination attempts in the last six years.

Not many knew this, but as someone close to him and who had been paying so much attention to him, Rachel was aware of the burden Lucas carried.

"I understand. Rachel sighed as she sipped on the last glass of champagne.

The two remained quiet for a while, staring at the moon high up in the sky.

'It's been 37 years now. Are you guys doing okay?' Lucas got lost in his thoughts, staring at the moon. Those around him only knew him as Lucas Saunters, but only he knew that this was just his second shot at life.

"Lucas," Rachel suddenly broke the silence.

"Hmm?" Lucas turned towards her.

A stunning face that could steal the show and attention, even in a crowded place, stared at him. Even at the age of 32, there was no sign of aging on her, and she looked to be at the peak of her beauty: mature and regal like an empress, yet exquisite like a fairy. However, there was a complex mixture of emotions in the eyes of this incomparable beauty.

"What's wrong?" Lucas asked.

Just as the words left his mouth, Rachel leaned close and kissed him abruptly.

Being so close to each other, Lucas could smell the perfume on her, but his thoughts were distracted from that. He could feel her soft lips clinging to his and moisturizing them with the touch of her tongue.

What felt like an eternity but was in reality a mere two seconds brought the kiss to an end.

"...Rachel." Lucas felt confused.

Rumor had it that a young minister had once shown interest in Rachel, promising her a life filled with luxury and relaxation, but she had rejected him. And now that beauty had just locked lips with his.

"Don't say anything." Rachel stopped him with a smile on her face.

"Consider it my month's wages."

Saying that, Rachel suddenly took off, leaving behind a stunned Lucas.

"Was I just taken advantage of?" Lucas whispered.

Luckily, Rachel wasn't close by, or she would have buried him with her fists.

Feeling complicated about what took place as well as how to respond to Rachel's emotions, Lucas sighed once again and kept on drinking.

The dinner party went on, but Rachel was nowhere to be found. Lucas guessed that she felt too embarrassed and left early.

"It's about time we depart." A man in a black suit whispered to Lucas.

This was one of his personal bodyguards, an assigned agent from the state's secret security service, the Federal Interior Security Agency, or FISS for short.

Lucas nodded and left with him.

Outside, a limo guarded by two other suited men who were also FISS agents was parked waiting for him. Even then, the driver was one too. A sedan was parked ahead of the limo, and within it were two more agents. From this lineup, one could see how much the nation of Rhodia valued Lucas; after all, a single FISS agent was equivalent to five highly trained military agents.

Six FISS agents were the same as 30 military guards. Only the president had more FISS agents than Lucas, while the vice president was on par.

Apart from the FISS agents, Lucas usually had a security convoy made up of some men from the military with him. However, as this was a celebratory ball

involving multiple influential and powerful guests, there was no need for a military escort. Overall, such an event would be peaceful, and no one would have enough guts to make a move there.

After Lucas got into the limo, the agent who escorted him sat shotgun, while the other two, who stood by the side of the vehicle, sat in the backseat of the sedan.

A few minutes after the group had left the venue, an estate appeared up ahead. It was a safe haven made by the Rhodia government to house and protect important personnel who could be compared to national treasures.

"We are almost home, Mr. Lucas." The bodyguard, who sat in the passenger seat of the limo, said:.

Lucas nodded and didn't say a word. The celebratory dinner party had been eventful but ended in a complex manner for Lucas. For the first time ever, his thoughts were currently filled with a woman and not metal. There was no doubt that Rachel's actions today had shaken him.

'I guess I'll just sleep over it and deal with the issue tomorrow.' Lucas thought.

As the convoy approached the estate, they slowed down before the gate for the usual security check and clearance. Just as the sedan in front of them got cleared, something abruptly took place.

Boom.

"An explosion!"

The guards at the gate yelled. Some of them exited a building that stood by the gate and ran to the scene.

"Fire! Call the fire department and the bomb squad. Get a team here!" One of them, who seemed to be in charge, ordered with a shout.

"Whose car was that? Who was inside?" The captain asked one of the men who regularly handled vehicle clearance and security checks. As it was late in the night and he was inside the building, he failed to identify the vehicle.

"That, that..." The young man was stunned.

"Answer me!" The captain roared.

"That was a Hondian 43LMS. Only one person has that car apart from the president and vice president." The young man didn't give a direct answer but he believed this would be enough.

As expected, when the captain heard those words, he froze in shock.

"We are dead."