

The Crafts 294

Chapter 294: Retaliation

In the thirty-sixth floor of the residential building, which belonged to Orvel, Jovä —head of the Material manufacturing department—, Poch —the head of the Simulation and Testing department— and Orvel —head of the Design and Energy department, were all gathered.

Before them was a communicator they stared at with intense gazes. They were waiting for the outcome of the board meeting as that would decide whether they went on with their plans or not.

Beep

"A message." Poch said, while Orvel moved to check it out.

"What did he say?" Jovä asked.

The "he" was their informant in the meeting and the one to relay the resolutions of the event.

"...They agreed." Orvel scowled as he gripped the communicator tightly, crushing it into pieces.

"I guess we're going with the plan." Jovä sighed.

They began to spread the news before they walked out of the flat and headed outside the building.

Lucas was currently in a good mood as he had finally succeeded with the longtime plan he had in mind.

Truth be told, from the start, the topic was never under contention. Vienna had long promised to help Lucas with getting the sponsorship rights after she knew about it. This was her way of paying Lucas back for saving her and her bodyguards' lives back at the East Braftford relics. The stocks were just a means to achieve it, but seeing as Lucas was facing some trouble, she decided to give him a hand and override the decision using her authority. In the end, Guilla and his faction's struggles were meaningless.

"Congratulations, Mr Lucas." The old man, Mr Jermiane, walked over and smiled.

Despite being over the age of seventy, Mr Jermaine's looks could easily have him mistaken for a man in his forties.

"I couldn't have done it without your help." Lucas offered some pleasant words in return.

He would normally not do this, but being in a good mood, Lucas operated slightly different from usual.

"Oh please. I didn't do much. If anyone is worthy of your thanks, it's Miss Vienna. Do well to thank her a lot later on." Mr Jermiane smiled.

For some reason, Lucas felt the smile to be strange and maybe even a bit, dirty.

"I will." After a bit of hesitation, Lucas nodded and walked away.

"Aiya, Guilla doesn't know anything. In the end, love triumphs all." Mr Jermiane muttered with a smile.

Just as the crowd, consisting of the stakeholders, their assistants and bodyguards, came out from the administrative building, they were met with a different crowd in front of them. At the head of this new group were two familiar faces, Jovä and Poch.

"What's going on here?" Helnord, who stood a step behind Vienna, frowned and walked over.

"Nothing much really. We just want to know the result of the meeting. Rumour has it that we might be getting a vestige-smith sponsor." Poch briefly glanced at Lucas before turning to Helnord.

Although it was a brief glance, no one here was ordinary. Excluding Lucas, the weakest was a third level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner. They had taken note of that small action of his.

This made Helnord's expression worsen and he was almost at the point of lashing out.

"Is there a problem with that?" Guilla inserted himself into the conversation.

"Good day, Mr Guilla." Poch greeted with a polite expression, displaying a clear difference in treatment between him and Helnord.

Helnord noticed this, but didn't say a word. Meanwhile, Poch continued.

"There's indeed a problem. Many of us vestige-smiths working under the team have done so because of the absence of an official vestige-smith sponsor. This allowed us to not only display the fullest of our capabilities, but get rewarded for that in turn. Our efforts were clearly recognised by the public and attributed to each and everyone of us here. This allowed us to be able to earn a bit of income from third-party commissions.

"As strange as it might sound, there's nothing wrong with this as many other vestige-smiths in different teams do the same. Also, this isn't against our contract to receive third-party commissions.

"But the presence of an official vestige-smith sponsor threatens this for us. Our commissions would experience a significant decline and in the worst case scenario, we won't even get any. Many of us have families to feed and lives to leave, and while our salaries do contribute a significant part to that, so does our third-party commissions. If we lose out on those, our lives would be affected, and some of us might find it difficult to last with the various financial burdens on us.

"I sincerely hope that the board does reconsider their decision, if not for us, but at least for the families dependent on us." Poch bowed.

He had worded his request eloquently, which was a drastic difference from his usual hard-headed self around Orvel and Jovä.

Listening to Poch's statement, Helnord frowned.

Originally, the matter was simply the vestige-smiths being greedy for third-party commissions and not wanting to lose out on any. However, Poch had made it seem as if they depended on those commissions to feed their families.

What bullcrap.

Vestige-smith was one of the wealthiest professions in the world. Although it was very costly to practice, the profits were immense. Even without those commissions derived from being associated with the Versoa team, these vestige-smiths could still earn a significant amount on their own.

Also, their salaries were incredible. While it wasn't absurd, it was still a lot more than other career options. This was necessary to keep hold of these vestige-smiths and prevent the team's design secrets from being leaked. So, even without those commissions, these vestige-smiths would still be able to maintain a somewhat lavish lifestyle.

Poch was simply twisting facts to create a false impression.

However, that was effective. While Helnord could raise the point that their salaries were significant, it won't erase the fact that the commissions did consist of a significant portion of their income. After all, the Versoa team never had a vestige-smith sponsor, so every development in their performances was attributed to the team's staff entirely. If there was an official vestige-smith sponsor, many would assume that the sponsor had a hand in designing the racing shuttle, which was true in most situations.

'Now, what will you do?' Orvel, who hid behind, smirked at the scene.