

The Crafts 337

Chapter 337: An Unfair Gamble

"Tell me, are you interested in a bit of fun or do you plan on hiding behind a woman?" Yovahn glanced at Lucas with a provocative smile on his face.

"What's the bet?" Lucas stared at the latter in the eye and asked.

While it might seem like he had agreed, that was only on the condition that the bet was rational. If it was some impossibility such as betting on Mason and the Viper to take first place, Lucas would back out right away.

Yovahn knew this as well, but he already had things planned. With Lucas biting the bullet, he felt even more confident with his plot.

"It's quite simple actually. I heard you guys were at eleventh place on the main table before the abrupt drop to thirteenth, right? How about we bet on your comeback during today's race?"

Lucas didn't have a problem with this as it was pretty much doable. All they'd have to do was to take eleventh in today's race and not the table[1] which was possible.

"But to make it more interesting, let's take it up a notch. How about the top ten?" Yovahn smiled.

The top ten position was a spot the Versoa team had always dreamed of this season. Even during Orvel's reign, they had only ended a race in the top ten spots once; the rest were all at eleventh and twelfth place. Thanks to bonus points entries, they had managed to solidify their position on the table at eleventh place.

In other words, it was practically impossible —according to existing knowledge— for the current Versoa team to seize a spot in the top ten positions. This was even more so since three departments including a leading vestige-smith had been sacked, their original driver had quit and a new hire who was still adjusting, was at the helm of the vehicle.

No one believed it was possible, even Yovahn. In fact, he only mentioned this to humiliate Lucas and didn't expect the latter to accept. Once Lucas took a step back, he would then state the real bet.

"Sure." Lucas nodded, stunning both Yovahn and Vienna.

Vienna knew Yovahn's personality quite well and didn't believe the stated condition was the real bet. She was expecting Lucas to reject it, even though it might feel a bit humiliating to submit. However, once the real condition was stated, Vienna believed they had a shot at winning. Never in a hundred years did she think Lucas was so confident as to accept right away.

"What are the stakes?" Lucas asked once he saw how dumbfounded Yovahn was.

In Lucas' mind, the race would soon start. He wanted to wrap this all up before then, otherwise, Yovahn might realise something.

Yovahn didn't reply right away but snuck a glance at Vienna instead. Seeing her equally shocked face which didn't appear to be fake, he quickly reached a conclusion; this new majority stakeholder was dumb ass.

"If I win, you handover your shares to me." Yovahn grinned as he imagined a future without Lucas around.

"Are you sure about this?" Vienna couldn't help but glance at Lucas. However, the latter simply nodded.

"Alright. In that case, if I win, you give me the headline sponsor spot for your team." Lucas said.

"Not possible." Yovahn frowned at the request.

Although the odds of Lucas winning the bet was almost zero, it was only almost. Yovahn wasn't stupid. There was definitely something that made Lucas confident, even if it was a pointless confidence. In that case, it was better to practice a bit more caution.

Another reason why Yovahn didn't agree was because he couldn't. The Red Dogs team, together with its parent company, Red Dogs Ltd, was founded by Yovahn's father. Even after the man retired from the seat of power and handed the company over to his son, he still held some influence. The Ivana Group was also the official sponsor of the team. So, when Lucas asked for those rights, it was practically impossible for Yovahn to agree to it.

"My shares for an official sponsorship, yet you feel it's unfair. That doesn't sound right." Lucas shook his head.

The balance of the stakes were clearly skewed in Yovahn's favour.

Yovahn thought for a moment before bringing up a new proposal.

"How about this? Rather than handing me those shares, I want you to quit your role and leave the region; vanish from Belfargos territory."

Although he would be losing out on the Versoa Team Co's shares, Yovahn wasn't bothered by this. To him, having Lucas leave Vienna's life was more important than the shares of a team ranked below his.

Vienna stared at Lucas, hesitating on whether she should interrupt or not. But in the end, she seemed to sigh internally and give up.

Lucas raised an eyebrow, surprised by the stakes Yovahn raised but he wasn't bothered either. Instead, his focus was on what he could gain from Yovahn.

Truthfully, Lucas valued the sponsorship spot above all else, but since that wasn't possible, he had to shift his attention elsewhere. If there was anything else Lucas wanted most, the answer was pretty obvious.

"Sure. In that case, if I win, I want five kilogrammes of Reanimated Gantiel Dust." Lucas stared at Yovahn.

Reanimated Gantiel Dust was a unique kind of metal gotten from outer space. It was similar to meteoric iron but tougher and more durable. Truthfully, it was simply a unique kind of metallic dust particles in space, known as Gantiel Dust. The particles are then gathered, heated and compressed under the right conditions, to form what is then known as Reanimated Gantiel Dust (RGD).

Due to its difficulty in formation, RGD was quite rare and so, very expensive. What's more, one needed some level of influence to get it. At the very least, they needed a high rank and had to be

registered by the EVL; Lucas had none of those, but that didn't mean Yovahn was the same. Even if Yovahn didn't meet those requirements, he would have someone working for him who did. As for the cost, it should be affordable for him, although it would take a pinch out of his wallet; a painful one though.

Yovahn wasn't a vestige-smith but he was prepping to be the heir to his father's company. So, he had learnt a lot about various materials, metals and desolate beasts, all of which the Ivana Group dealt with. But even then, the Reanimated Gantiel Dust was still foreign to his knowledge. This couldn't be helped after all, the material wasn't commonly used and was pretty expensive. It was also difficult to use and craft vestiges, with only large energy companies making use of it and some starship manufacturing companies.

Noticing the confusion, Lucas turned away from Yovahn while saying,

"You can look it up if you don't know what it is."

Yovahn's facial expression twitched as he felt humiliated by Lucas' statement.

"No need. Just five kilogrammes, right? You have a deal." Yovahn growled.

He was already confident that Lucas would lose; even Vienna didn't seem confident in Lucas' victory. Despite that, he had demonstrated caution by taking a step back when Lucas asked for the sponsorship slot. If he did the same again, it would harm Yovahn's pride as well as his image, after all, this was a bet that Lucas only had a less than five percent shot at winning.

"Good." Lucas calmly nodded.

Soon afterwards, a steward from the league appeared and helped the two finalise the bet.

One of the main reasons the unofficial drift racing leagues were called unofficial was because of the betting system which was banned in official races. The history of the unofficial drift racing leagues was simply because the previous generation wanted to bet on drift races. As such, the tradition of bets being allowed in the races still existed; even teams could bet on themselves so long as it obeyed some rules, such as not betting on themselves to lose.

Each league was run by an individual or group, and the betting channels in the league was also under their control. The steward was an employee of the Nadire Underground League charged with handling bets for the VIPs.

After the bet was recorded, the two transferred some amount of money to the NUL's account as a sort of management fee to oversee the bet. Once that was done, the bet was now official.

"I wish you good luck." Yovahn sarcastically said.

"Thanks." Lucas nonchalantly replied.