

BIRTH OF THE CRAFTS-GOD

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 : First Mission

Lucas was already long gone from the scene by the time the trio departed. This wasn't to say that he was scared of them but that Lucas felt it was unnecessary to draw the matter. Originally, he would have killed them if the female cop didn't show up but since she did, he decided not to. The reason was quite simple; Lucas had just arrived in this new world that he knew nothing about.

Rather than creating trouble out of nowhere, it was better to leave it behind until he completely understood this world.

One thing he had learnt was the intense speciesism but from the female cop's attitude, Lucas guessed that not everyone was like that. However, he couldn't be so sure that he would be treated fairly if he had killed those three and it was later found out.

Walking around the city, Lucas tried to keep a low profile considering he was 'special'. Luckily for him, it turned out not to be too difficult. Unless someone paid close enough attention, they wouldn't really notice his status as a human after all, hyumans and humans looked almost the same.

'First I need to gather information.' Lucas thought.

This would be difficult if he faced bigotry but Lucas already had an idea in mind.

'From the system's description, this seems to be a really developed society with interstellar travel capabilities. Developed societies on Earth tend to have a place with cheap services and large traffic.'

Recalling the pubs, open-air restaurants and cafes back on Earth, Lucas felt that was a good option. Although lack of currency was a problem, in places like this, he could simply take a seat and order anything while he tries to strike up a conversation with others.

As for how to find such a place, Lucas simply decided to ask around. One might wonder why he didn't use this method to get the information he needed. This was because no one would stand up for a long time and answer every one of his questions.

After experiencing one derisive look and three stares of disgust accompanied with disregard, Lucas finally got the directions he needed from someone, who albeit wasn't as discriminative as the others, still behaved awkward while talking to Lucas.

'Is the bias really that deep?' Lucas frowned.

Humans were innately a special existence on Earth, but despite being intellectually superior, they had certain negative qualities that were demeaning of their intelligence. Despite having evolved to a newer species entirely, it still seemed that such characteristics remained with them.

In a couple of minutes, Lucas finally appeared before an unimpressive two-storey building with a signboard that said Klein's Pub. By the standards of Earth, the building was quite impressive and would cost no less than a couple hundred thousand, but from the various buildings he had passed by so far, the pub was indeed unimpressive.

Nonetheless, Lucas wasn't here to admire the scenery but to obtain information, and from the ambience within the pub, he felt that this would suffice.

"Hey owner, send over a few bottles of jaur."

A boorish voice sounded just after Lucas stepped into the pub.

Klein's pub was a popular hangout location in Baylands city. While it couldn't compare with the four star restaurants or even the three star locations, it was impressive in its own way. With an assortment of affordable drinks and meals while still retaining good quality, an underground arena and a great location at the outskirts of the city, it was the place to be for any average human or alien.

Lucas could see the bustling atmosphere which had a mix of humans and winged anthropoids which he suspected to be either the Mara or Vara races. These fellows were on average 1.9 metres tall and they each had a hawkish appearance with pointed ears, feet with talons, and colorful wings. There were also some individuals who looked human but not, presumably of mixed blood.

Some had long ears and vertical eyes, others had four eyes instead of the usual two with a ferocious mouth and some even had horns on them.

One could say that the pub was a melting point of different races and species, and with its spacious interior, there was no problem having them all together.

Being in this place, Lucas felt somewhat comforted as he thought that even with his nature as a human, he shouldn't attract much attention.

He was wrong.

"A human?"

A light voice sounded in the midst of the noise,

Usually, no one would have bothered or even noticed, but the content of the speech was quite shocking to say the least. All of a sudden, the pub went quiet as everyone glanced at the speaker who happened to be staring at the entrance. Gazing in that, they found an individual who kept a composed face and studied him a bit just to realise that the speaker was indeed correct; that was a human.

"Oh my god, I haven't seen one of them in a while now." Someone remarked offhandedly.

Having so many individuals stare at him, Lucas felt uncomfortable, but still maintained a calm composure. In his first life as Yohan, he had met with more powerful individuals whose pressure -even just a one percent of it- was more daunting than the stares of the group here.

Even in his second life which was the one before this, Lucas had attended events with hundreds and thousands of individuals and gave a speech. He had even stood before a Rhodian council once which comprised of the president and vice president, the senate and all the other influential individuals in the nation without breaking down.

"Haven't you guys seen a human before? Let the young man off and focus on your conversations." A grumpy voice sounded from the door that blocked the kitchen.

Maybe it was thanks to the speaker, but after the first few seconds of staring, the group seemed to have gotten bored and returned to their prior actions almost as if they never looked his way. However, Lucas knew this was otherwise as he could still hear some whispering about him and glancing his way. Nonetheless, this was much better than being treated like a zoo attraction.

Ignoring all of this, Lucas walked to a table by the corner and sat. As the pub was almost at full capacity, there were no empty tables, but the one he chose only had two other individuals. However, Lucas had no problem with this as it would make things easier for him.

"You're a human huh? You've got guts showing in the city like this." One of the men who wore a pair of glasses and had brown hair studied Lucas.

"And why's that?" Lucas acted natural as he asked.

The four-eyed fellow smiled and didn't answer, instead taking a sip from the glass in his hand.

"Are you daft or something? Isn't it obvious? You'd get kidnapped and sold in the slave rings." The man who reeked of alcohol answered instead.

Hearing that, Lucas recalled his prior experience and realised that it was actually common here. Despite the laws and the existence of the patrol corps, people still kidnapped humans and traded them as slaves in broad daylight, otherwise this wouldn't be well known in the city.

"Seeing as you came here looking ignorant, I'm guessing this is your first time out huh? Which area are you from anyway? The Eastern Suburbs? The slums? Or is it from outside? Digress?

I heard the city is quite amazing for something built by humans and mixed bloods." The drunkard bombarded questions right after the other to Lucas.

The latter didn't reply right away but smiled mysteriously. How could he reply when he knew nothing of what the man spoke. But if Lucas simply displayed his lack of knowledge, it might make things more troublesome for him, hence the silence.

The drunkard felt his question was crossing the line so he kept quiet while enjoying the view outside.

Lucas however, had just decided to move with his plan. Staring at the two, he now struck up a conversation.

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At the end of the conversation, Lucas walked out of the pub with a much calmer expression. Although it was difficult, he had managed to do get some information from the strange duo thanks to his socialising skill.

Lucas opened his interface then glanced at a section of it; the Mission tab. After opening the section, he saw at the very top a line of words:

[[Mission Description: As a trainee on the path of the Craftsgod, you should have a base of operations. Find and own one within one week.

Overview: Own a building and build a store.

Rewards: An Adventurer's Manual

Penalty: Death.]]