

## The Crafts 80

### Chapter 80: The Board Of Trustees' Visit

After saving Wally, Lucas escorted him and Klein out of the area. As it turned out, Klein wasn't dead yet, but was close to being so. With second level Apertures Opening stage power for the next two hours, leaving the Bayena Plain while watching over two teens wasn't an issue for Lucas.

The Bayena Plain was mostly home to abominations and desolate beasts below the third level, and with his new vestige, even third level monsters might not be an issue to take on.

When he brought the duo to a safe location, which was very close to a temporary shelter set up by security forces and the academy, Lucas reminded Wally not to mention that he was there no matter the circumstance. He also made up a suitable fake story for Wally, before returning back to the store.

It was currently the next day; Lucas, just like seventy percent of the Baylands City population, was watching the news report on the Baylands City News Network. Although he was in Bayena Plain just the other day, Lucas didn't get to look around much, so he wasn't aware of the casualty rate or how deadly the event was.

'I should really stay in the store more often.' Lucas thought.

Having used his last Bronze grade card, Lucas was truly powerless. The new vestige might be powerful, but without having stellar energy, Lucas couldn't utilise its true power. Until the set was complete, activities far from the store would have to be postponed.

"System, when will you fix my condition?" Lucas asked as he recalled that the system stated it had a way for him to use stellar energy in the future.

"When the system reaches level 5, the host would be able to utilise stellar energy." The system responded.

"Level five? What level are you at now?"

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"After the host had opened the store, the system had stepped into the first level."

"How can I get you to level up faster?"

"Missions related to the system's growth would occasionally be released. Also, completing regular missions, whether created by the system or originally programmed for the host, would grant the system a random number of points which would aid the system's growth."

"Hold up, shouldn't it be the other way around? Shouldn't I be getting experience points or something?" Lucas froze. This wasn't what he read in those web novels.

"The host doesn't think you can simply get stronger by doing random missions, do you? Wouldn't that invalidate the efforts of others who have been working hard? Or those who have been born superiorly talented?"

Lucas was speechless at the system's retort. On one hand, it had a point, on the other hand, he never expected it to give such a response.

Sighing, Lucas gave up arguing and asked another question.

"How difficult would it be to get to level five? Is it close or far?"

"Well, five minus one is four, and four isn't really a big number."

Lucas was once again dumbfounded.

"If I didn't know any better, I'll genuinely think you're against me."

Lucas gave up the topic and focused back to reality. Although the system has joked around, which was something quite rare, it did answer his questions in a roundabout manner. Getting to level five wouldn't be so difficult and merely be a matter of time. However, how strong he would become in the future still largely depended on him.

The system's only role was to raise a Crafts-God, not a Battle God, so strength wasn't an important point of focus for it. It would provide him with materials, training manuals and even equipment to

improve his skill; the system might even help him with stellar refining. But as for battle techniques, skills and anything fight-related, Lucas would have to figure all that by himself.

Luckily, he was a transmigrated body and soul from a magical world.

\*Ding\*

Just then, the doorbell rung, signalling a guest in the store. Lucas, seated on the checkout counter, raised his head and stared towards the entrance.

Three humans had walked in. They all appeared different, with one of them having pale skin and black hair while another had a slightly yellow skintone and brown hair. The last man had medium-fair skin with purple hair. They scanned the area before walking towards him.

The dressing of all three was quite formal, and from the way they carried themselves, it was obvious that they were people of somewhat high standings.

"How can I help you?" Lucas glanced at them and asked.

"Are you Mr Lucas Saunters?" One of the three men, the one with the black hair and pale skin, asked.

"Yes." Lucas replied.

The man immediately smiled and introduced himself.

"Hello. I'm Mr. Gerald Veltmann, a manager at Norsegold Co. I'm also a board member for the Greendale Highschool Board of Trustees. These are fellow members of the board as well."

"Hi, I'm a Dean at that academy." The man with brown hair and yellow skin stretched out his hand.

Lucas shook the hand, and nodded, turning over to the last man who similarly did the same.

"I'm also a member of the board of trustees."

"I'm sure you're confused, but we're simply here to thank you for your aid yesterday." The Dean said.

"Aid?" Lucas froze.

Before he left, he had sternly informed Wally not to let anyone know of what happened as it might bring trouble for him. Lucas was confident that Wally would follow his orders to the last letter, so he was confused as to how they found out. The communication network was also down during the time, so it was technically impossible for him to have been noticed.

'Did they really find out?'

"Indeed. A student by the name Wally O'Connor had helped save a couple of students with a vestige from your store. From our findings, the success of his rescue operations was largely dependent on the vestige. Although it doesn't seem like much to you, we still needed to thank you for your efforts."

Lucas calmed down but was still quite surprised.

It seemed that Wally had participated in a rescue operation after he dropped him off at the temporary shelter. Lucas could guess that there weren't many security personnel on ground at that time, so they were forced to work alongside some student volunteers to rescue the other students.

From what the news had reported, the terrorists had used some sort of drug to stimulate a couple of the desolate beasts, strengthening them by a random percentage. In the case of the helokiel, it had experienced an increase in level after the drug treatment.

This had caused the students to be in dire straits, and any further hesitation on the part of the rescue team would have lead to more deaths. The mass wipeout of the rapid response teams made things more difficult for the academy's personnel. One hand, they needed to provide reinforcements to capture the perpetrators, and on another hand, they had to send in more men to rescue the students.

The surviving staff and freelancers were few and only at the first level, which wasn't enough to move alone in the Bayena Plain, even more so with the desolate beasts more aggressive than ever.

Forming squads with a mix of talented students and surviving staff members and freelancers was the best option at the time.

"That was nothing. It was simply a transaction." Lucas honestly replied.

It was indeed a transaction and one he hoped would turn into an advertisement. There were changes to the original procedure, but it seemed like the end result was the same.

"Oh please. We still have to offer our thanks for that." The dean smiled before handing a card to Lucas.

"It's a simple thank you from us at the board of trustees. Twenty federal coins." The dean smiled.

Lucas was pleasantly struck by this. Twenty might sound like a small number, but when the follow-up words were 'federal coins', it was anything but small.

Twenty federal coins were enough for one to order a table full of food in a fancy restaurant, four times. In a more practical usage, it was enough to feed an individual in lower districts (the other fifteen districts) for a month. Even in the West Wing district, it was the equivalent of five percent of the minimum salary.

Nonetheless, in a place like Baylands City, it was somewhat the equivalent of a tip for some of the more wealthy folks.