

## The Crafts 95

### Chapter 95: The Bigger The Better

"There is no such thing as bad publicity."

These were the exact words spoken to Lucas by a friend of his on Earth. This friend was a graduate of the esteemed Pavard Business School and he had a degree in marketing as well.

Back then, Lucas had just graduated from college and was seeking sponsorships for his research on materials. However, as a fresh graduate and an unknown individual in the science community, getting grants for his research was no doubt extremely difficult.

Lucas had to compete with prestigious academies and famous names in the community, and even if he was a genius, he lacked the experience and connections of these parties.

In order to achieve his goal, Lucas had once asked his friend for advice. This friend of his gave a suggestion that was somewhat ridiculous, but also valid. He told Lucas that the best way to achieve his goal was to gain publicity and the method didn't matter, whether good or bad.

As long as one carried out an action that gained enough media coverage, the higher-ups would be the ones to decide whether it was worth punishing or rewarding. Even the scientists of a certain formerly powerful nation were absorbed into the forces of a superpower on the winning side, despite their hands in the sinful crimes committed by their warlord.

So, the main point of worry wasn't what action to take, but whether Lucas had something worth offering. As long as he did, then all Lucas had to do was gain as much publicity as possible by carrying out an insane stunt. The bigger the act, the wider the publicity.

Back then, to be rewarded a grant, Lucas rented a boat and sailed to an unoccupied island. Once there, he set off a nuclear explosion, sinking the island while filming the entire process.

What Lucas had to offer was a new material he had discovered, or to be specific, artificially created. It was radioactive in nature and had the potential to rival hydrogen when used to create a bomb. Lucas had controlled the amount and made proper calculations to ensure that the bomb would damage the island, but he had slightly underestimated its power as it caused the little island to sink.

When the video came online, it attracted a ton of attention as some had testified to hearing a loud explosion and seeing a mushroom cloud on the day of the explosion. The secret service of Rhodia had even caught on to it from their satellites, and within two days, Lucas was arrested.

He was eventually released and given whatever amount he wanted in grants to continue his research, proving his friend's point.

Now in a new world with new intelligent species, Lucas decided to once again employ the same tactics. He wasn't going to set off an explosion, as that would obviously be more disadvantageous than advantageous to him, but Lucas still intended on causing a commotion.

That's right. From the very start, Lucas had intended on goading the freelancer to attack him. Lucas was aware that fights were banned during the convention, and together with his identity as a human, it would surely attract a lot of attention.

The security personnel for the convention arrived and they surrounded Lucas' stall. At this time, the freelancer was still knocked out, but they managed to get him back to his feet while one of them interrogated Lucas.

"What is the matter here?"

The captain of the security team asked.

"Nothing if you ask me." Lucas shrugged.

"What do you mean 'nothing'? A fight broke out and someone was knocked out. From the report, you're the known cause of this incident. Is that what nothing sounds like to you?" The captain frowned.

"oh. If you're talking about that, it was merely me handling a troublemaker." Lucas calmly replied. But at the same time, he studied the captain and couldn't help but have a thought.

"A troublemaker?" The captain asked.

Pointing at the freelancer who just awoke, Lucas said,

"That's right. That stranger over there. He came over to my stall to cause trouble for no apparent reason."

The freelancer flushed and screamed,

"Liar. I just asked to see your vestiges, but you denied me and even knocked me out. This is a convention; since when was glancing at a vestige a crime? Please treat this matter sincerely."

The latter part was said to the captain of the security team, a third level stellar practitioner just like the freelancer.

The freelancer knew that if he was found guilty, the usual punishment would be a ban or suspension from the current and future Silver Fig Trade Conventions. For any freelancer who intended to further their career, this was quite devastating.

The security captain then turned to Lucas.

"What do you have to say for yourself?"

Lucas glanced at the freelancer, but wasn't surprised. Read the latest on empire

It might seem like Lucas had attacked a random person, but the opposite was true. From the man's reaction to Lucas' words back then, it was clear that he looked down on humans and people he considered lesser. A normal response at that time would have been to ignore Lucas and walk away, or if one was still interested, question him on the criteria to see a vestige.

But the freelancer's mode of response was to launch an attack right away.

For someone so violent, Lucas saw no reason to be nice to him.

'I guess I'll play with you a bit.'

"My stall operates a special rule. Due to the nature of the vestiges, not just anyone can be allowed to take a look at them. The man over there didn't qualify, hence why I didn't show it to him. As for his claims of attacking him, I only acted in self defence after he assaulted me."

"That's enough fraudulent accusations. What do you take me for?" The freelancer argued back.

"One more word and I don't mind showing the clip to the security." Lucas glared at him.

"What, what clip?" The freelancer stuttered as his eyes held a trace of suspicion in them.

"The stalls aren't fitted with security devices as no one expects any individual or party to cause trouble during the convention; offending the Silver Fig Consortium over a minor argument is clearly a stupid action. The lack of security might have emboldened you to act, however, I have a habit of making sure my surroundings are filmed as a result of my special identity." Lucas smiled.

The freelancer finally froze as his blood turned cold. He could now understand what Lucas meant.

When he attacked Lucas, the freelancer was aware that there were no security cameras around. He also knew that even if the security team were to arrive, most of the bystanders would side with him as eighty percent of hyumans in the city were anti-social and critical about humans.

Even if there was one good Samaritan amongst them, it wouldn't matter; the victim was a human so even the security team wouldn't take it seriously.

However, he never expected that not only would Lucas be capable of retaliation, but he had also filmed the entire act.

Also, Lucas' statement that somewhat offhandedly mentioned not offending the Silver Fig Consortium was actually a slight way to pressure not just the freelancer, but also the security captain. It was a clever use of words that would force the security captain to handle the matter properly.

Humans might be looked down upon, but if a situation where a hyuman was in the wrong first was brought out to the open with hard evidence, even the security team couldn't act like hypocrites. After all, the city-state's law covered both hyumans and humans, and the Silver Fig Consortium was an alliance of businesses operating under this law.

"Let the matter go." The security captain suddenly said.

"He was in the wrong and you've punished him for that. I think we can end this here."

It was clear that the security captain wanted to end things here, and not mete out the full punishment or even carry out a proper investigation.

Lucas turned to him, at first with displeasure, but then quelled his rage.

'It seems like I've forgotten the true nature of reality.' Lucas thought.

Having associated with a few friendly individuals in this while, Lucas had actually forgotten his 'place' in the city. He was a human, and in Baylands City, that was no different from being a second class citizen; in some cases, it could be even worse.

"Sure."

The freelancer sighed with relief, but before he could walk away, Lucas' voice sounded.

"But that depends on something."

"What?" The security captain frowned.

He had thought that Lucas would be smart enough to figure out his intention and act accordingly, but it seemed like he was wrong. Either that, or Lucas just wanted to make things more difficult. Regardless of which, he had already aggravated the situation and irritated the man.

"The usual way matters are settled; a vestige duel."