

The Crafts 148

Chapter 148: Valiant Men

Just as Lucas was about to carry out his escape plan, the system interface popped up in front of him with a few words written on it.

Dear hOst, Negligence of your duTy would nOt be Ignored or Tolerated.

The words didn't seem to carry any meaning and seemed impromptu, but Lucas noticed that some letters were of a darker shade than the others [1]. Taking out the unique letters, Lucas managed to spell out a sentence.

Dontdoit, which would roughly translate to 'don't do it'.

This sentence, which was more like a warning, caught Lucas offguard. It wasn't like this was the first time the system had ever warned him about something, but this was the first time it did so through a secret text.

Usually, whenever the system had anything to say, it would inform Lucas through their mental connection. This time around however, it didn't do such, but had instead called up the interface with some words written on it, then darkened specific letters to pass on a message.

The cautious nature of this system gave Lucas a bit of chill as it implied a certain fact; there was someone, or even something, that the all-powerful system was afraid of. But what could it be?

Despite being curious, Lucas knew now wasn't the time for questions. He killed his idea of leaving, and didn't even bother to respond to the system while acting as if he never even noticed the interface. Rather, Lucas glanced at the display screen that hung at the centre of the bay area. It was currently streaming the situation below, and through it, Lucas could monitor how the battle was going.

He behaved so naturally that one would find it difficult to notice anything suspicious.

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Below the sare, there was a blue transparent barrier with a group of people hurdled inside of it. Some of them were treating their wounds while the others were recuperating.

Outside of the barrier was another group that had formed a circle around the barrier. They defended it and aggressively attacked the desolate beasts that came close.

Despite being outnumbered three to one, the group fought valiantly with their lives on the line. Blood splattered on the floor, a mixture of theirs and the desolate beasts. Limbs of different shapes and sizes alongside body parts and corpses were sprawled all around the floor, be they monsters or hyumans.

The battlefield was a ferocious ground with no space or time for remorse. Taking a second to mourn a fallen comrade could cost one their lives, so even as they witnessed their friends, loved ones or even brothers fall lifeless to the ground, the soldiers gritted their teeth and fought harder. They fought not just for themselves, but for the people that were kept safe behind the barrier.

To many, the Alleva district was a world of corruption and crime. It wasn't a rare thing to spot an office-holder accepting bribes from a gang leader. As such, the authorities who were in charge of security had to pretend they saw nothing. As long as things didn't go overboard, they didn't have a choice than to do so. But this did not mean that everyone in the system was corrupt.

There were still people who sought to do the right thing, those who fought for justice and those who preached good.

The Alleva district military, the Grey Zone Defence Force, was an organisation of individuals trained to prioritise the safety of the district and its people. While they didn't have a say in how things ran, leaving some dissatisfied with the situation in the district, when push comes to shove they would lay down their lives for the safety of the people.

The desolate beasts tide was a first for many, but thanks to their previous joint exercises with the Baylands City Defence Force, they had some experience facing off against desolate beasts. It was all thanks to those experiences that the team was able to hold on for over an hour against a desolate beasts assault that numbered four times theirs at the start.

"Holler, any news yet?" One of the men inside of the barrier asked the man behind him without turning around.

The man behind held a complicated equipment that was linked to a backpack hanging behind him. It was the emergency relay system and was provided to every company each time they went out on missions.

In a scenario where the communication capabilities of a communicator was not responding or functioning as it should, the emergency relay system would be used to send signals to the nearest station or unit.

An emergency relay system could reach up to four hundred (400) kilometres. Although this sounded small compared to what communicators and mobile phones on Earth could do, one should understand that emergency relay systems could function even after an EMP bomb, a signal distorter or similar equipment was in effect. In such situations, a mobile phone or a communicator was as good as useless.

"A strange signal is interfering, limiting the range of the emergency relay system. Although I managed to send out a message, the signal is also interfering with the reception function so I don't know whether it would reach anyone. We can only have hope and hold out for as long as possible." Holler sighed.

The man who asked the question didn't say anything, simply staring ahead with his hands tightened on his sword.

The military typically used hot-weapon-type vestiges, but as they had been fighting for so long, their ammunition was out. They could only fire the vestiges using their stellar energy, but that was wasteful. Hence, the team had immediately switched to their cold-weapon-type vestiges.

"If the heavens so wish that we die today, let it be. But the ones we rescued can't just go out like this." The man said.

"Get ready. We'll have to storm out and create a path for them to run. If we are to die, at least, even if just one of them, let them be saved."

The atmosphere turned solemn, but there was no sign of fear, regret or anxiety on the soldiers' faces. They were all prepared to die, but just as their captain had said, they couldn't die without ensuring at least one of the civilians survived.

Just as they were about to make their last ditch effort, Holler's face lit up.

"Captain, I just received a signal!"

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"A signal? Where?" The captain was shocked, but hurried to ask the important details.

Holler began tracking down its source, but it only took three seconds for him to become stupefied.

"Holler, what's the matter? Where's the signal?" The captain, confused, asked his lieutenant.

"Above us. They're, they're already here."