

The Crafts 264

Chapter 264: Plot

The East Braftford relics was a unique environment that was protected by a strange energy. It was impossible to see the majority of details of the relics from above, but within the relics, the sky was as clear as it could be anywhere else.

Deep inside the East Braftford relics, within a building in a section of the core area, a young man in ordinary clothing stood unarmed surrounded by two imposing drudnids. Looking closer at the young man's face, one would discover that he was actually the cause of this incident, the man who generated a reaction from the Aura-breaking stele.

Although the typical drudnid reached a height of two metres, the two drudnids that surrounded the young man were at least five metres tall. Furthermore, their body wasn't the usual grey metallic colour that all the other drudnids had. Instead, they were coloured green with their eyes glistening with a crimson glow rather than the usual green flash. The purple 'veins' were still present on these drudnids, but they looked a bit more rigid and life-like, rather than simple inscriptions.

Apart from these changes, the two drudnids looked the same like the others, with ten tentacles on each arm and a mouthless face.

Although their appearances were an eye-catching feature of the two drudnids, another most noticeable difference between these drudnids and the ones the others faced was their strength. The two drudnids both exuded an aura which surpassed that of a fourth level stellar practitioner. In other words, they were the same as a fifth level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner.

But if one were to consider their battle quotient, then the two drudnids could even contend with an average sixth level stellar practitioner, or so one would think. However, these drudnids had a much clearer and intact artificial consciousness, so they could even contend with some of the stronger sixth level stellar practitioners, albeit not with those at the peak.

Facing such monstrosities, any of the tourists teleported in here would be shivering in their boots or relinquishing themselves to death. Yet strangely, the young man remained calm. What was even stranger was the fact that the drudnids didn't attack him, but seemed to be protecting him, which was inconceivable.

Clack *Clack*

Calm and steady footsteps sounded from behind, slowly approaching the young man and the drudnids.

"You're finally here." The young man spoke without turning his back.

"I took a little bit of a detour." The new arrival said with a calm voice.

The speaker's voice was strange as it sounded like a woman's and a man's at the same time, yet neither. It was a mysterious voice that truly defined the word 'genderless'.

"Hope you don't mind." The newcomer added.

Even though he was facing the mysterious young man protected by two drudnids on par with sixth level stellar practitioners, it was obvious that the newcomer wasn't even a bit scared nor worried.

The young man finally turned around and glanced at the newcomer. Despite the fact that the latter wore a black cloak with a hood covering their face, the young man could 'see' that the latter was truly unafraid. However, he wasn't surprised by this.

"I believe you wouldn't do anything contrary to our plans, so there's no reason for me to be worried." The young man responded.

"Forget about me for a moment. How is progress on your own side?"

The cloaked figure asked while glancing at the drudnids by the young man's side.

The young man shifted his attention from the cloaked figure as he answered.

"Almost. I'm still some distance away from the control area and haven't extended my senses toward it, but it shouldn't be a problem to do so within the next 2-3 hours."

The cloaked figure showed no reaction to those words, or maybe he did, but with the cloak covering him, it was impossible to discern that.

"In that case, do as we agreed; lay low for a while until needed." The cloaked figure said.

"Must I?"

"You can do otherwise, but I can't say for certain whether you'd be alive or not after."

The young man abruptly glared at the cloaked figure as he felt irritated by those words.

However, the cloaked figure was unbothered and continued,

"Even if you somehow make it to the nearest city with your legion, you won't be able to get your revenge. Choose wisely."

The young man frowned as he knew that the cloaked figure's statement was true. He began to sound frustrated.

"Then I should just let them go?"

"You can, but it's not necessary. They appeared here already. The agreed survival rate should be less than 5%, so logically, it won't matter if you wipe out 90% of them. You can go wild with these fellas."

The young man visibly relaxed after those words.

"But let me know whatever you decide on. The government is already on to us and their taskforce has already begun to move. Apart from that, we need to quell public dissent, so leave behind some survivors and give them a few free stuff."

"Letting them survive is already merciful and you want me to do a giveaway for those vermins?" The young man sneered.

"You don't really have a choice." The cloaked figure opened their arms out. Their arms were fair and soft making it difficult for one to identify whether those arms belonged to a man or a woman.

"As it stands now, the public is in support of destroying the relics; whether or not there are survivors doesn't really matter. However, if you have these survivors leave with some fancy goods, I can have my men in the council work on pushing down the complaints and convincing the top figures of the city. As long as the higher-ups see there's a lot to gain, they would do their best to ensure the relics remain intact.

"Don't think you can take them on. Even if you somehow defeat Trundel City with your newfound power, there's still the surrounding cities. Beyond that, there's Belfargos City and the Oklo Dynasty; choose wisely."

The young man didn't say a word, seemingly considering the advice of the cloaked figure.

"I'll be leaving now. When it's time, I'll have someone contact you." The cloaked figure turned around and left.

It looked like the figure was convinced that the young man would take his advice.

After two minutes, another figure appeared from a dark spot in the room, but this time around, it was actually another drudnid.

Different from the two drudnids beside the young man, this one was merely two metres tall — the average height of drudnids. However, it didn't have the same grey coloured 'skin' or green eyes. In fact, the new drudnid looked more 'hyuman' with a pale skin colour and a regular mouth. Its arms were also normal.

As for its eyes, they were slits, different from the rectangular cutouts on other drudnids. Inside these slits were true eyes. Although they weren't made of flesh and blood, the appearance of the pair of eyes looked just like a normal hyuman although with different iris, pupil and sclera[1] colours; red, grey and black respectively.

"They're a dangerous." The drudnid spoke.

This was shocking because although drudnids could speak —despite not having a mouth— this drudnid spoke in the hyuman tongue and there were no inconsistencies with its speech. It was clear that this drudnid retained a majority of its consciousness, at least 90%.

"Indeed, but we need their help if we hope to get our revenge." The young man said.

"Even when they're threatening us?" The drudnid stared at the young man.

The cloaked figure's words might have looked like a piece of advice but it was laced with a threat. When the figure mentioned about having its men in the government council help quell public dissent and convince the other higher-ups, it might have sounded like the figure was being helpful, but that was a hidden threat. The cloaked figure was implying that they could influence Trundel City's government.

A few freelancers and pioneers could not take down the East Brafftford relics, but the same couldn't be said about the entirety of Trundel City's forces.

Piecing these two information together, even someone with half a brain would understand the underlying meaning of the cloaked figure's words.

"This is simply an exchange of resources and labour. It's natural that they don't trust us, just as we don't trust them either." The young man nonchalantly replied.

"As for the threat, heh. Even their ancestors couldn't find out our full capabilities. Those words are simply the yelling of a kindergartener." The young man sneered.

"What next?" The 'living' drudnid asked.

"We need to awaken the others, remain low and recover our strength."

"And the rats?"

"We'll clear away the majority of them and toss a few treasures to the survivors. Aim specifically for those without a significant background as it would be easy for the government to take over the items and appraise its value. Let out those from larger households as well; it will be too troublesome if they die here." The young man gave out orders calmly as if he was used to this.

Staring into the deeper part of the relics, the young man said,

"We can't have any mistakes occur now. We've only just recovered after a few millennia; we can't compete against the current rulers. But with their help, we should. Even then, we still have to be careful and make our own preparations."

Having said that, the young man began to walk into the depths of the relics with the two five metres tall drudnids walking alongside him like bodyguards.