

The Crafts 267

Chapter 267: Why Are You Here?

The fourth level drudnid, after taking care of the red-skinned man, didn't hesitate to charge at the two survivors.

Being a fifth level stellar practitioner, the bodyguard—even when injured—should have been capable of outpacing the drudnid. However, he carried a young lady with him whose weight held him back. Normally, this wouldn't be much of a problem and the man would still be faster than the drudnid, but the problem was that he was injured.

At this rate, it would take only forty five seconds for the drudnid to get to him.

Realising this, the man gritted his teeth.

"Young miss, you're on your own. I'll try to hold it back."

Not waiting for her to respond, he tossed the young lady forward, but had wrapped her in stellar energy to cushion her fall. At the same time, the man turned behind him to face the approaching drudnid.

In his hand was a capsule similar to that of his colleague. This was the only way he could hold back the drudnid without dying.

The young lady crashed one hundred metres away, but thanks to the stellar energy that cushioned her fall, she remained unharmed. However, worry was in her eyes as she stared behind her.

"Uncle Marc." She yelled with a pained heart.

The two bodyguards had been assigned to her since she was twelve, and they took care of her like their own daughter. It has been eight years since then, so it was inevitable that she would treat them like family rather than disposable employees.

"Don't waste any time and run. Otherwise our sacrifices would be in vain." The man roared without turning his head back.

The young lady froze, but she knew he was right. If they were together, they would all die. However, there was a slight chance of survival if only one of them ran while the other stood behind.

Naturally, the second role couldn't go to the young lady as she was both weak and her identity was too important to be sacrificed. Hence, it was already set in stone for the man to be the one to do so; after all, it was his job to ensure her safety.

Tears filled her eyes as she tightened her fists but in the end stood up and turned her back to the man. If she successfully escaped, she could still avenge the two of them.

Just then, the sound of the drudnid became clear as it was within view.

Originally, it would have taken forty five seconds to catch-up, but that was on the condition that the man was still escaping. But since he had stopped, the time was even shorter.

"Run!"

The man shouted.

This time around, the young lady didn't retort and dashed away. She was a peak third level stellar practitioner, so she could run faster than an average hyuman. Even the top athletes on Earth couldn't match up to her in terms of acceleration or even top speed.

The man looked relieved as he could hear her departing footsteps, but he frowned in the next second because the drudnid was before him.

Interestingly enough, the drudnid didn't rush to attack him but glanced around, seemingly looking for someone. The man understood the meaning of this action and his face turned ugly.

Drudnids weren't the same as robots that operated based on a fixed intelligence or an algorithm. They were operated by a consciousness that was on the same level as an adult, but with the battle skills of an experienced veteran that had been through one hundred fights. If it weren't for the fact that their consciousness was damaged, the inner region would have been a death zone just like the core area.

Having faced off against a drudnid with a more complete consciousness back in the core area, who happened to be the cause for his and his teammate's injuries, the man knew the dangers of a drudnid with a more complete consciousness.

That aside, the reaction of the drudnid just now showed that it was different from the weaker ones they encountered. It probably had a fractured rate of less than 40%. This meant that at least sixty percent of the drudnid's consciousness was intact.

This would explain why it was able to hold off the man and his colleague at the same time. Their injuries made up for one factor, but the skill of the drudnid was another.

'The average Mental Frequency disruptor would not be able to take it down. I have to destroy it.' The man thought.

From its reaction, it was clear that the drudnid planned to exterminate all of them and wouldn't rest until then. In other words, the young lady was still in danger even if he held it back.

As for Mental Frequency disruptors, those were special devices made for facing against drudnids. However, the effectiveness of the devices depended on how much of the drudnid's consciousness was intact or fractured.

The man promptly roared and charged at the drudnid, deciding to hold it back first while looking for an opportunity to take it down.

Meanwhile, Lucas was still hidden in the dark and observing the situation.

He had originally planned to team up with the two men, but decided against it. While his trip had been somewhat smooth, Lucas never lowered his guard. He always remained cautious in his attempts, and this was further heightened since the target was at the fourth level.

Lucas decided it would be better to have the two men weaken it a bit and step in at an opportune time. However, he still had no plans on soloing the drudnid, so he would not let the man die either.

Bang

Right at that moment, the drudnid had spotted an opening in its duel against the man and landed a kick on him, sending the latter crashing into the wall of nearby a building.

"Cough, cough."

The man held his chest and coughed out blood, feeling an intense pain that wrecked his body. He could feel his body growing weak and even though he could still fight, the man knew that he was not the drudnid's match.

In the East Braftford relics, while the inside of the buildings were usually dark or with a dim coloured lighting, the outside was different. Even though the relics existed in the same world as the surrounding area, when one was outside of the building, they would see an ever-blue sky that never went dark. There was no sun, but mysteriously, the entire place would be lit.

It was said that some kind of magical shield covered the entirety of the relics. In the outside world, this shield prevented others from seeing the details of the relics or even sensing the situation. However, within the relics, it created a 'utopia'.

Staring at the blue sky above his head, the man hoped that the young lady had gone far away, otherwise his death would be meaningless.

This thought only lasted a second before he hurriedly stood back up and faced drudnid. If he delayed too long, it would leave him for the young lady.

"Hey, metal plate. Where do you think you're going?" The man roared at the drudnid.

The metallic creature that was about to depart, heard this and turned towards the man.

"That's right. This is between me and you. You didn't think I'll be done with after that did you? Even my grandma could hit harder than you." The man sneered.

If those words were said to a robot, it would have no reaction. However, a drudnid was a true consciousness. Although it was rigged for war, it still had the basic intelligence of an adult.

As expected, the vibe of the creature changed. Even though there was no facial feature on the drudnid apart from its eyes, the man could spot a hint of anger, derision and scorn.

In the very next second, the drudnid disappeared from its position as it charged at the man.

It moved so fast, but the man was still able to read its attack. However, that didn't mean he could dodge.

Forced to face the attack, the man brandished his vestige at the drudnid and clashed with it.

Clang

While he had successfully managed to block the attack, he had miscalculated the force and was destabilised by it. This created an opening which the drudnid, being a master of battles, saw and took hold of.

A flash burst out for a second, a result of the drudnid moving its metallic weapon rapidly. The strange bladed weapon came for the man and because he was knocked out of balance, he couldn't even stop it.

'I guess this is it.' The middle-aged man thought as he closed his eyes.

'She should be safe by now.'

The drudnid's weapon closed in and it looked as if by the next second, the man would become a corpse.

However, just as the man had thought it was all over, a sharp sound entered his ears and he felt a body crash into his.

Bam

It wasn't an illusion.

The man thought this as after coming in contact with the body of matter, he was flung away with it and crashed a few metres away.

Resisting the urge to groan in pain, the man glanced in front of him and was stunned to see someone he never expected.

"Young miss!"