

The Crafts 269

Chapter 269 : Narrow Clash

"Thank you for helping us." The middle-aged man glanced at Lucas.

Now that the battle was over, he finally had the time to study their 'saviour', but the latter wore a helmet that covered his face. Regardless of that, the man could sense a confident and calm vibe from the latter. This had been present even throughout the harrowing battle that cost him his arm.

"No problem." Lucas nodded.

He then turned his attention towards the drudnid that laid on the floor.

Using mental attacks to defeat the drudnids was not only a much easier way to do so, but it also preserved their bodies as much as possible. This was what Lucas wanted, even though he planned on disassembling them later on. But until then, he wanted to study the magi runes in their 'corpses'.

Since he wasn't the only one who took it on, the drudnid on the floor wasn't as intact as the previous ones Lucas had due to a couple of reasons.

First off, the drudnid was at the fourth level and much stronger, so it took a series of mental attacks to take it down. However, each attack needed contact to be made, but that wasn't easy as the drudnid went on alert after that first strike. Hence, Lucas had to be more aggressive just to make contact with the drudnid.

Also, Lucas wasn't the only one fighting the drudnid. The middle-aged man worked together with him, but because he didn't know much about the man, Lucas didn't tell him about his mental technique. As a result, every attack from the man was done with the intent of smashing the drudnid to pieces, which is the standard method of fighting one.

Although not all of the man's attacks made it through the drudnid's defence, some of them did, and they managed to damage it. Particularly one counter-attack the man made after sacrificing his right arm. The attack had caused a deep dent on the drudnid's right side, which would be the area where one's liver was located. The attack even left behind a small crack at the bottom of the dent, showing just how much power was in it.

Looking at the damage done to the drudnid, Lucas sighed inwardly but didn't think too much about it.

"I'll be taking the drudnid with me, if no one has a problem with it." Lucas suddenly said, finally declaring his intention.

The middle-aged man first froze before his brows wrinkled with a frown.

For Lucas, a drudnid's body had two major values: as an object of study and a source for resources. In truth, this was the same everywhere else. Even though researchers and vestige-smiths still hadn't parsed the magi runes completely, they were making great strides to doing so. As such, drudnids had an immense value as a research object.

At the same time, most drudnids were constructed using special metals and minerals, the majority of which had mysteriously gone extinct or fundamentally changed into something else. These metals were incredibly strong and powerful, which makes sense since they were used to create carriers for an artificial consciousness with battle capabilities. Even for the top names in the vestige-smith industry, they all wanted to get their hands on these materials. And as a result, compared to regular artefacts, drudnids sold for way much more.

What's more, this drudnid was a fourth level stellar practitioner and at the second sub-stage; the value of the materials used to create it was much more than the others in the market, which were all either second or third level.

Although the man and the young lady were from a reputable household, they could still use the drudnid for themselves rather than selling it for profit.

However, while he had this thought, the middle-aged man was of the mind to compensate Lucas for it. After all, it was only thanks to him that they not only survived, but also took it down.

"This..." The man hesitated.

"You can, please. After all, you helped us a lot and we owe you,." The lady smiled.

"But young mis-"

The young lady cut him off with a glare. The man understood this and took a step back.

In the end, it was just another block of metal.

Seeing the two agree to let him off, Lucas approached the drudnid and sent it into his inventory. From the perspective of the other two, the drudnid's body seemed to have vanished into thin air.

'A space vault?' The two of them wondered.

Only big shots and their descendants could play around with these, after all, in terms of pricing, they could even compare with Grade 4 vestige although one of the lowest quality.

"Can you tell me your name? When we get outside, I'll have someone properly send you a reward."

"Thanks, but no." Lucas refused.

On one hand, he wanted to keep his identity a secret. On the other hand, Lucas felt the young lady's background wasn't ordinary, so he wanted to have to do less and less with her; preferably nonexistent.

With the battle now over, Lucas decided it was time to leave the relics. Thanks to the metallic bodies he had, Lucas didn't need to worry about having no material to study magi runes. He could also disassemble them into their basic pieces and reforge those pieces into vestiges. No matter which it was, there would be profit to be made.

The middle-aged man had returned to get his colleague, who albeit heavily injured, was surprisingly not dead.

After a while, the trio left the area and Lucas did so as well. Since they were all going in the same direction, Lucas decided to tag along with them. They were also grateful since Lucas' presence would increase their security and overall power.

A couple of minutes went by, which eventually became two hours. The group had already gone past the mid point of the inner region by now, even though we're quite low.

Just as the mysterious trio were considering moving on their own, they glanced in a certain direction after hearing footsteps.

It turned out to be members of the rescue taskforce. They were now safe.