

The Crafts 270

Chapter 270: The Wailing Of The People

After being rescued by some members of the taskforce, Lucas, the young lady and her two protectors, were guided out of the relics to the outside. It turned out that the girl was from a powerful background, so the team they encountered had to abandon their task of searching for more survivors and lead them out safely.

When he got out, Lucas had tried to go to the Aura-breaking stele once more. With the incident, there was no line and it would be easy for him to approach the stele and study the inscriptions on it. However, the area was now blockaded by security agencies so Lucas couldn't get through.

He wasn't bummed by this as whether or not he studied the stele wouldn't affect Lucas' progress so much. The progress bar for the mission was at 74%; it had increased by 4% while he was within the relics and occasionally studying some of the inscriptions within the buildings. With the complete bodies of the drudnids, Lucas was confident that he could fill up the remaining 26%. His only intention of trying his luck out with the Aura-breaking stele was simply to get it over with right away.

Since that ended in failure, Lucas left the East Brafftford relics site and returned back to his store.

...

Three days went by quickly, but the entire saga of the Aura-breaking stele was yet to be completely over.

During the past three days, the taskforce had managed to rescue more and more people, relieving the minds of some of the public. However, many others were not found with some reported to be dead by the survivors.

Out of the maximum five hundred tourists that got teleported into the relics, only seventy four (74) survived. That's a survival rate of only 14.8%. Furthermore, a quick look at the survivors and one would notice that forty-eight (48) of them, which accounted for roughly 65%, were those tied to people of influence. For instance, the Mertens' group and some of their bodyguards.

The remaining twenty six individuals, who accounted for 35% of the survivors, were all ordinary people with no influence or relationship to someone of high standing whatsoever.

To the general public, this discrepancy was unsurprising after all, those of high influence had strong bodyguards with them and were also talented. Take for instance the group of William and the Mertens' siblings. Excluding the bodyguard who died, they had six others with them, three of whom were at the fifth level while the other three were at the fourth level. Also, Laura and William were at the fifth level, and even their guide, Duran, was also at the fifth level. The public didn't know much about the relics, so they felt it was understandable for this group of people to survive.

However, the higher-ups were different. They knew the reality of the relics and even though the descendants and relatives of powerful factions had strong lineups, the fact that known of them died was mind-boggling. What's more, the recounts of all these people were the same; they were mysteriously teleported to the inner regions either after stepping on a trap, entering a building or some other action.

The various testimonials that all had a common point raised eyebrows and it made those in-charge suspect some hidden manipulation. However, there was no evidence to support this, and the fact that some average people even experienced this made some suspect that maybe it had to do with one's luck.

Also, those average folks had left the relics with unique items or artefacts that even the higher-ups were attracted to. On the other hand, the group related to powerful factions —apart from a lucky five— came out empty-handed.

However, the fact that only 14.8% of the original tourists had survived was harrowing and many of the agencies related to this incident were surrounded by protesters or relatives of the victims.

"Where is my child? Where is my son?!"

A mother grabbed the uniform of an officer who stood guard at the entrance of the relics and bawled out her eyes.

"Honey, honey. Please come out! I'm begging you, please!"

A woman whose face had aged greatly stood in front of the entrance, with the security border standing in between her and the route, as she cried pitifully.

"My father. Please save my father. I'm begging you. He's the only family I have left. Please." A man knelt down and cried before the line of security agents who prevented the crowd from breaking in.

Such scenes were common just outside of the entrance of the relics, and it was even the same in the Trundel City Security Force office building inside of the city.

Tanner, who was the original commander of the taskforce, but relegated to deputy after the seventh level stellar practitioners joined the team, stood by the side and took in the sight with mixed feelings.

Since those who mattered survived and were brought out safely, the higher-ups of the city weren't too invested into the rescue operation again. The seventh level stellar practitioners were withdrawn and those from allied forces of the Preservative faction (the faction in support of the preservation of the relics) called back their men. The current taskforce became unable to go into the deeper regions of the relics again. Even the inner region was too risky for them while the core region—which happened to be where the majority of tourists were teleported into—became a death zone for them. They could not carry out rescue operations again which was why Tanner was out here.

"This isn't fair." A voice sounded behind Tanner.

"But it's our reality." Tanner sighed.

A man walked up and appeared beside Tanner. He was the speaker as well as Tanner's deputy in the team.

"Why can't the higher-ups do something? Aren't they supposed to be protecting the people?"

One could sense the thick frustration and agitation within the man's voice. It was almost like he was victim, but Tanner knew that wasn't the case. His deputy was just a man of the people in his heart; a protector of justice who saw everyone to be equal.

"Even the higher-ups is currently torn apart on how to deal with the relics. To them, the people who were unlucky are simply just that; unlucky. Who is to say they aren't even dead right now? If they are, wouldn't it be such a waste to send in a rescue squad?"

The man turned and stared at Tanner.

"Are you in support of them?"

Tanner shook his head.

"I'm not, but I can understand their thoughts. For the higher-ups, the struggle for power and resources are more important than some four hundred lives or so."

The deputy clenched his fist upon hearing that.

"Let's go." Tanner sighed and turned around to leave.

"Where to?" The deputy asked.

"Where to?" Tanner paused. "Apart from taking in the pitiful sight before us, there's nothing we can do here, so tell me why should we stay?"

The deputy froze, not knowing what to say at that moment.

"Let's go."