

The Crafts 286

Chapter 286: The Pool, The Prisoner, And The Armoured

The race went on but at this point, no one believed that Lucas would win. The original Viper had already closed up the gap, leaving only ten metres between it and Lucas' build. In drift racing, a distance of ten metres could easily be covered within the blink of an eye if a slip-up occurs. At this point, no one believed that Lucas' shuttle could keep the gap closed for the rest of the race, which was some three laps.

Lucas however, remained calm. If the Destroyer's only selling point was that it utilised the Triquetra-shaped chamber, Lucas would not have pitted it against the Viper. It should be noted that he had already offered this design for an energy unit to the Black Star team. Although the parameters weren't the same as the Destroyer, the concept was. It would be foolish for Lucas to think that an idea that stood out a bit in the third league could compare with a close top ten shuttle in the second tier league.

A racing shuttle engine was a general title that referred to the collection of an energy unit, a transmission system and the core engine. For the L2.13o, the energy unit was a Macquess energy unit, which was capable of storing thirty percent more energy than standard units thanks to its increased energy density. The transmission system was a twin transmission system combining the Linear drive system with a Klent-ion Spinner. The core engine was an in-house build that considered the need for a rapid switching mechanism and a couple other features for boosted performance and speed.

On the other hand, the Destroyer has the Triquetra-shaped chamber as its energy unit. The transmission system utilised the Boyannës Principle. However, all of these were merely supporting components to the core engine. Just like with the L2.13o, the key component was the core engine. Here, Lucas had brought out his talent and crafted a unique engine that could possibly cause a strong in the hover vehicle vestige-smithing community.

"I've seen enough."

After the second lap was completed, Lucas turned around and left with Melissa.

The other vestige-smiths on the platform were confused and some began to snicker, thinking Lucas had given up. After all, at the start of the third lap, the two vehicles were now neck-at-neck with each other. However, considering the fact that Lucas' Viper originally had a fifty metres gap between it and the original Viper, it was clear that in the long run, he would be

losing. Many firmly believed that when it came to the core engine build, the L2.13o was now clearly the better party.

Lerman was also surprised by Lucas' actions, but unlike the others, he didn't think Lucas was given up. He might not know much about the other, but from their short interactions, Lerman believed Lucas wasn't one to simply quit. What's more, his expression was calm with no sign of disappointment or sadness; that was certainly not the expression someone convinced about their loss would give.

"Heh. Leaving so soon already?" Orvel didn't hesitate to take a strike at Lucas during this moment.

"Naturally. The race is already over." Lucas replied without turning back.

Thinking about the fact that his Viper was about to win, Orvel couldn't help but sneer at Lucas.

"It's a good thing you're aware of your limits. However, the race would still go on so you won't have any excuses. Just make sure not to run and prepare the contracts right away."

Lucas suddenly stopped before turning around to face Orvel. With a flabbergasted expression on his face, mixed with the same look one would give to a fool after they made a stupid statement, he proceeded to ask,

"Why would I run away?"

Orvel didn't say anything but gave a 'you know why' look with a heinous grin plastered on his face.

Lucas shook his head before walking away. In his opinion, he had seen enough. The race was already over. In fact, everyone else thought so. The difference, however, laid in who they believed was the winner.

After leaving the viewing platform, Lucas didn't exit the building but went to the ground floor. There was a cafeteria available for the team members although the second floor had a bit of a more luxurious experience for dining. Regardless of which it was, the meals were all by the chefs on the ground floor.

Lucas arrived here simply because Melissa was hungry as was he. Also, since he wouldn't be leaving just yet, the cafeteria was the perfect place to kill time.

"Order whatever you want." Lucas smiled and told Melissa.

"Really?"

"Yeah, no problem." Lucas nodded.

As the majority stakeholder of the team, getting free food was one of the perks he got. Although there was a limit to it, Lucas didn't mind spending his entire quota on Melissa.

While the two enjoyed their meal, someone walked over.

"Why did you leave?"

Lerman stared at Lucas.

After Lucas had left, Lerman had remained for a while on the viewing platform for the third lap, but he couldn't understand why Lucas had left. On the contrary, things seemed to go as the rest all expected and the original Viper had already closed down the entire gap and began to pull away from the carbon copy.

Watching that happen, Lerman became confused.

Did Lucas truly leave because he knew he had lost?

Even though he didn't want to believe it, that seemed likely to be the reason why. But for some other reason, he decided to find Lucas and question him instead.

"What do you mean? The race is already over." Lucas calmly.

"You're losing." Lerman frowned.

Lucas was stunned, not by Lerman's words, but by the meaning behind them.

"Oh, you want me to win?" Lucas felt surprised.

He had thought that everyone in the Versoa team was in support of Orvel, after all, the Viper was a joint effort of them all whereas Lucas was challenging. It would be strange for someone on the Versoa team to abandon their pride and joy for a human they knew almost nothing about.

Yet, that seemed to be exactly what was playing out.

"I don't know, to be honest. But I would like to see Orvel lose." Lerman replied.

Lucas raised an eyebrow, but he calmed down afterwards. He could now understand the situation in the Versoa team. Despite being a team, it seemed like there were factions without them as well. But then again, this was understandable.

Lerman was about to reach the Tier 1 Master vestige-smith rank and he would be competing with Orvel for the team's resources. However, Orvel was a greedy and arrogant fellow. It would be very difficult for Lerman to thrive in the team unless Orvel was taken down.

"So tell me, why did you leave?"

...

While the race went on, in the depths of the East Braftford relics —specifically the core region — a figure fully clad in armour walked around calmly without an ounce of fear, anxiety or caution. It was almost like the armoured figure was taking a stroll through the park and not in the most dangerous region close to Trundel City. Even though the individual wore armour, they weren't a drudnid by a hyuman stellar practitioner. They didn't have a single ounce of aura or life energy exuding from their body, but they were clearly alive considering they could move smoothly.

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A drudnid at the fifth level appeared in front of the silhouette. But without the figure even making a move, the drudnid collapsed into three pieces. At the edges of each piece was a clean cut, showing that the drudnid had actually been sliced apart. However, there was no sign of action from the individual.

This mysterious figure continued walking through the relics until they got to a strange location. It was a somewhat large pool surrounded by six tall obelisks. The obelisks acted like a border around the pool, but that wasn't all. From the top, center and bottom of each obelisk, three chains darted out into the pool and each chain was drawn taut.

The individual in armour stopped a few metres away from the pool and simply stared at it.

"Explain yourself."

The individual spoke.

Based on the tone of their voice, the armoured figure was surprisingly a woman.

The pool began to boil following which a deep resounding voice sounded from it.

"Since when do I owe you an explanation? If it were your father, I'd consider it. But you, you're one hundred years too early to be this cocky."

The woman in armour didn't say a word, simply lifting her right hand up to form a sword. She then swung her hand downwards like a vertical slash. A turbid flash of energy burst from her hand and dived into the pool.

Logically, this energy blade should have been able to cut through the liquid in the pool and expose the ground underneath. However, it went through the liquid without spilling a single drop. The energy blade seemed to have struck something underneath as the pool began to boil once again before turning still.

"Hmph." The woman snorted as she glanced at the pool and the chains. However, no response came out from the water body.

It was only after a few more seconds that a mocking voice sounded.

"Heh. Little lady, go back. Like I said before, unless it's your father, I have nothing to explain to you."

As she was wearing a helmet, it was impossible to know how the woman felt at this moment, but she didn't let the prisoner's words affect her.

"For the tickle, I'll make one point clear. I was not involved." The voice under the pool said.

"Then who is?" The lady pushed a question back to the mysterious entity beneath the pool.

"Hehe. Dark days are coming I tell you. Dark days." The prisoner roared with a maniacal voice.