

The Crafts 291

Chapter 291: Saint

Deep inside the core region, where the pool surrounded by six obelisks was located, a silhouette calmly walked towards the pool. Unlike the area's previous visitor, who had a daunting aura that could take on a fifth level drudnid, the silhouette gave off no intimidating presence nor form. However, none of the drudnids on guard attacked the silhouette. It was as if they couldn't see the figure.

The dark silhouette continued until it reached the pool and stood quite close to it, a distance even closer than the armoured lady from before. There were only a few steps left to take and he would be within the pool.

"So many visitors recently. One might think there's a garage sale down here at this rate."

The deep resounding voice that came from beneath the pool sounded more again.

"Hmm? This scent, this feeling...you're different." The voice suddenly turned serious.

The newcomer lifted the hood of their cloak, revealing an ordinary face that was unforgettable to the citizens of Trundel City.

"It's been, a while, Monclev."

The young man who spoke was the culprit of the East Braftford relics' Aura-breaking stele incident. After the incident that took hundreds of lives, his image has been circulated to the public in an attempt to find him. But as it turns out, the young man was still with the relics where no food or water could be found.

The voice underneath the lake froze after hearing those words. It was as if it had heard a very shocking yet ridiculous discovery, like the fact that the Emperor was a lover of thighs.

"Heh." The voice scoffed.

Suddenly, the air around the pool changed.

"Who are you? Speak or I will kill you."

The already deep voice sounded deeper, and this time around, there was a hint of killing intent within it. It was insane that despite being sealed underneath the pool, the entity below sounded so confident about being able to handle the young man.

"It's been years and you're still the same, Monclev." The young man remained unbothered.

The pool went quiet as if the person underneath was surprised.

"It's you, isn't it?" The deep voice slowly said.

"Well, it seems your memory is still working just fine." The young man smirked.

"You're coming to see me after this long?"

The young man shook his head.

"You can't blame me. If I came earlier, I would have been found out already. You should know what I'm talking about."

The owner of the voice didn't argue as he knew the young man was right.

The armoured lady that came over the last time was a tenth level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner. This meant that she had already unlocked her superpower. It wasn't an elemental type or any of the sorts, but any illusion-type superpower that could allow her to read one's mind. She might have been able to enter his mind even without seeing his body. If Monclev had met with the young man, then the young man's identity would have been reversed and his plans unfolded.

Many believed that the East Braftford relics had yet to be completely explored, especially the core region, but this was a lie. To be exact, it wasn't necessarily a lie, but a truth that only applies to the general public. Just as the rumour had claimed, the top powers in Belfargos City had already explored deep into the relics. This was only natural after all, there was no way the Oklo

Dynasty would let a mysterious location, that could turn out to be a time-bomb, exist side-by-side with them without fully exploring it.

Even though they couldn't be said to have seen the entirety of the East Braftford relics, the Oklo Dynasty was aware of at least ninety percent (90%) of the structures and facilities within. This was ninety percent of the entire East Braftford relics, and not a single region.

Every ten years, the Oklo Dynasty would send in an exploration team to confirm the situation within the relics. Apart from that, every younger generation used the relics as a smelting ground. Their talents would be ranked based on how deep they went into the relics. The most talented of them could even go beyond the pool region. That record was achieved by the previous emperor of the dynasty when he was younger.

The most talented of this generation happened to be the armoured lady who came earlier and she was said to be the daughter of one of the emperor's trusted and strongest generals. Reaching the tenth level at only the age of twenty eight showed just how talented she was. Many had even said that she could potentially break the boundary of the Apertures Opening stage and step into the Guardian stage; the realm of a planetary ruler.

"Seeing as you're here, I'm guessing it's not to make your identity known to me." Monclev said.

Monclev knew who the young man was although his looks were off and not the same as back then. The young man was a calculative individual and it was thanks to his efforts that the Sunil civilisation was still able to exist in some form until this day. The Sunil civilisation revered three individuals as saints.

The first was their Divine Forefather who started the journey of evolution and led them to greatness, essentially the equivalent of the humans' Divine Protector. He founded the art of mental cultivation, giving the Sunil civilisation the ability to rise from a third class civilisation and race, to begin waging wars to improve their social standing and living conditions.

The second saint was the creator of the drudnids, who gave the Sunil civilisation the ability to resist against physical strong opponents. The Sunil civilisation was a mental civilisation and they naturally had weak bodies. This was relative to the other species living with them at the time. Regardless, due to this, they were good at ranged attacks but horrible at close range and could easily be taken down. It wasn't until one of their brethren created the drudnids that the Sunils were able to make up for this weakness of theirs and contest for the title of number one on Erete. As such, the creator of the drudnids was revered as a saint in the Sunil civilisation.

The third saint was the individual who modified the drudnids and the Sunil civilisation, giving them an opportunity to be able to exist even after three thousand years since that catastrophe. That man happened to be the person standing before the pool.

As one of the most revered individuals of the Sunil civilisation and a genius, there was no way his coming here was simply to say 'hi' and reveal his presence.

"By now, you should have realised the truth of that day; the event that ended us." The young man glanced at the pool.

Once again, the area went quiet, but he wasn't affected by it.

"I want to take back what belongs to us, and for that, I need the final resources of the civilisation." The young man said.

Monclev didn't say a word still, but he understood it.

When the Sunil civilisation's era drew to an end, they utilised the third saint's knowledge to preserve their civilisation. But preserving a few lives wasn't enough for them to make a comeback. So, they gathered a ton of resources and secured it in their doomsday facility. Even until now, those resources were still kept securely. The doomsday facility was what became the current East Brafftford relics. The Oklo Dynasty had only explored 90% of the relics, but of the remaining ten percent, half of it was the location of the hidden treasury.

Only one person could get in and out of the hidden treasury or let anyone do so, and that was Monclev. Not even the third saint had such authority, so he could only ask for Monclev's help.

"For revenge?" Monclev muttered.

"Look around you; do you think we can win?"

"Alone, no. But we have help." The young man's eyes glistened.

"Wh-"

The young man interrupted him.

"I can't say much, but just trust me. All I have ever done and will ever do is for our civilisation to prosper and survive."