

The Crafts 306

Chapter 306: Canza

Staring at the live broadcast of the hidden cave by the Trojan War Fox sare shuttle, William immediately gave a command to his men. "Send some men down there and flush out those bastards. As for the others, scan the region for the exact location of the Aión source." Whenever the world source of a planet conglomerates at a certain point to form a physical structure, such an element would be termed as an Aión source or Aión, for short. Unlike Lucas, who —thanks to the system— was able to identify the forming element as the Heart of Silver, the others — whether they were the mysterious figures or William's party— didn't know exactly what it was. However, they had a general understanding of the element. The Trojan War Fox lowered with a side door open. Four men stepped out the door and immediately made their way into the cave. Based on the energy signatures of all, it was clear that they were all experienced fighters and stellar practitioners. In total, William had arrived at the Millennium Mountains with a team of twenty five stellar practitioners, including himself, split into the three shuttles. Apart from the Trojan War Fox that had only seven men on board from the start, the other two each loaded nine men. With a team of twenty five stellar practitioners, of which the weakest was a third level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner, William was confident in seizing control of the mineral vein and taking the Aión source for himself. . . . Elsewhere, the mysterious group made their way over in their sare shuttle, which was much larger than William's crew. Although it was shaped like a van, in terms of size, it was twice the length of a fuel truck [1], but with a much broader width, around seven metres. This made it easily accommodate the eleven men and one woman on board without a problem. There were even five rooms located inside, excluding the open area, control and engine rooms. The leader of the group had left the control area for his personal room as the journey wasn't a short one. In terms of proximity, 92B-Delta lode was much closer to Blue Springs City than it was to Trundel City. There was also the fact that William's fleet was made of sare shuttles with impressive speed. This was why they were able to reach the area in thirty minutes while the mysterious group were still en route. "News from Sentinel, sir." The woman in black tactical suit reported to the leader of the crew. "They've been attacked and forced into Area B." "That little brat." The man grimaced before smashing his fist into the table in front of him. The furniture was smashed into pieces with the remnant energy of the strike hitting the hull of the ship before letting out a low thud. "How many minutes away are we?" The man asked as he stared at the woman. Looking into his eyes, she could feel a cold aura wrap around her body making her shiver in fear. Rather than a man, it felt like it was a monster that sat in front of her. And this was despite the fact that she was a fifth level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner. Even in Trundel City, skilled freelancers at her level weren't cabbages, but even she felt that the man could kill her within a second. This realisation made the women hurriedly reply after that moment of hesitation. "T-twenty minutes. We can't go any faster as the engines have been on full throttle all this while." The man's complexion didn't get better with that revelation. He tapped on his wristband stuck on his left wrist. A projection with a countdown immediately popped from it. There were still two and a half hours to go. While it didn't seem like much time was left, it was enough for a lot of various situations to take place, with one was already happening. If they couldn't take down William and his team within two hours, the situation would get worse. No one knew what exactly would happen once the Aión

source had matured, but written documents stated that a phenomenon would take over the skies. The coverage of the phenomenon heavily depended on the quality of the Aión source. In other words, the better and more powerful it was, the larger the area the phenomenon covered and even the quality of the phenomenon would experience a change. As all they had to work with were recorded documents recovered from extinct species on other planets, there was no saying what exactly the phenomenon would be. Also, no one in the galaxy had experienced such; maybe someone had, but they kept the information to themselves, leaving others in the dark.

"Get us there in ten minutes." The man said as he turned off the display. "...sorry?" The woman widened her eyes in both shock and confusion as she stared speechlessly at the man. She had just stated that the shuttle was moving at full speed and there was nothing else they could do. Despite that, the man had ordered for the E.T.A. (Estimated Time of Arrival) to be cut down in half.

"Any problem?" The man said coldly as his 'dead' eyes looked at her. "None." Biting her lips, the woman shook her head before exiting the room. She felt that the longer she stayed there, the greater the chances that she might get on his nerves. If that happened, she would have to pay with her life. 'Why did the higher-ups send such an individual to lead us?' Previously, the job of searching for the world source was left to her and her team; a group consisting of only six individuals which she led. However, when the Aión was discovered, more individuals were moved into the original team and as it got bigger, she was unable to lead them due to lacking the prerequisite authority and rank. As such, the higher-ups sent in a new captain to lead the group; the terrifying man known as Canza. The woman didn't know much about him as this was their first time working together. But according to the rumours in the Pioneer and freelancer society, Canza was a ruthless figure who would do anything to ensure the completion of his mission. He was merciless to his teammates, but even more so to himself, otherwise no one would work with him. He also had a record of 98% success rate, and that 2% only accounted for one mission which ended with Canza as the only survivor. However, this had happened right when Canza was still starting out as a freelancer. Aside from that stain in his record, Canza was a perfect freelancer. But this was when looking at numbers. From what those who worked alongside him had said, Canza was a very cold individual with a calculative sense on a regular basis. But once he donned his armour and stepped into the battlefield, Canza would transform into a bloodthirsty maniac with more than a screw loose in his head. His fighting style was so barbaric and vicious that sometimes, he would fail to differentiate between friends and foes, leading to his teammates being injured by friendly fire. This made very few people want to work with him even with his high perfect record. If it wasn't because the pay was massive, she wouldn't have signed up for this mission. 'Whatever. After this mission, I'll apply to leave this planet, or at least, this continent. I don't want to work with that fellow ever again.'

While the woman left with this in her mind, Canza had set up a video call with someone in the room. "What's the problem, Canza?" The speaker was a dark shadow whose features could not be made out. But their horrific and raspy voice which sounded like that of a demon straight out of hell, was enough to let anyone know that the speaker couldn't be messed with. "The young vice lord of Blue Springs City seems to be on our trail. He eliminated our watchman, Nigel, then went on to attack our base at the 92B-Delta lode site." Canza said. While he spoke, his head was bowed low, not wanting to even exchange looks with the projection before him. "Blue Springs City's young vice city lord, you say? That little twerp, William. Hmph." The shadow snorted. Despite being a digital projection, a heavy ambience occupied the room with the projection at the centre of it all. The furniture in the room began to vibrate almost as if it was the prelude to an intense earthquake. But then, the bizarre event abruptly stopped. "Continue with the mission. Ensure

that you get the Aión source at the end of this. It doesn't matter whether you're the first, second, or third to get a hold of it, as long as you retrieve it whole. Otherwise, forget about living to see the next sunrise." Canza immediately shivered at those words. Who would have thought that the ruthless and savage beast of a man who could face a hoard of desolate beasts and smile, would shiver in fear? "You're free to sacrifice everyone on board this vessel if that is the cost it would take you to complete this mission. They are all pawns, and as pawns, it is their honour to be of use to us. Also, it would help cut off some loose ends for us." Canza's eyes flashed with a light of understanding before he nodded. "Understood."