

## The Crafts 313

### Chapter 313: Two Fighters

Just as the fight between the two sides had gotten heated up, Lucas had arrived at the bottom of the tunnel and into the Mystic Silver lode cave.

After walking towards the location of the sound he heard earlier, Lucas spotted two individuals duelling it out. Based on the energy they gave off as well as his experience with other practitioners, Lucas was able to estimate that the two were third level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioners.

Considering they were facing off against each other, they were most likely from two different camps.

'As I thought.' Lucas sighed.

Earlier, he had seen the shuttles taken off with one side pursuing the other. However, Lucas guessed that not all their men were present in those shuttles. The value of the Heart of Silver was immense, so there was no way one side would just send all their forces in pursuit while another side would simply retreat just like that. It was most likely a diversion tactic, and he turned out to be right.

Nonetheless, being right didn't make things any easier on Lucas.

At the moment, he didn't know how many enemy forces were present in the cavern. His only source of information would be these two. But if Lucas wanted to succeed, he had to take them down quickly without giving them a chance to resist. Also, he would have to ensure that they had no secret method of communicating with each other.

While he thought of a plan, the two sides battled it out furiously with their lives on the line. There was no holding back as anyone who did so could possibly die without even knowing how. Their entire focus was also set on the battle as a lapse in concentration, even for a second, would result in the loss of one's life. As a result, they were unable to sense their environment, much less Lucas, who had taken off his Stellar Circuit Battle-Armour.

The purpose of doing so was to remain under the radar.

While the SCB's stealth mode was effective against technology and shuttle radar systems, it wasn't as effective against a hyuman's senses. After all, it was still powered by stellar energy and could absorb the stellar energy in the atmosphere — courtesy of the Vis Receptacle.

However, in his bare human form, Lucas was essentially "invisible".

All hyumans released a unique frequency wave that could be sensed by other hyumans when staring at the target. This allowed them to identify each other and differentiate between a hyuman and a human. Why it existed and how it came to be was unexplainable, although some suggested it was related to stellar energy and its effect on the mDNA, but it did indeed exist.

Lucas didn't know the limitations of a hyuman's ability to sense this wave or even the limits of sensing stellar energy because of this, but he theorised that it was possible to sense this wave even without looking at the target. He also believed that this ability increased their sensibility to stellar energy. So, Lucas preferred to move around in his human form. This way, Lucas became essentially "invisible" to such senses since he never gave off those unique waves, neither did he possess a hint of stellar energy.

As the battle got even more vicious, one of them was unable to keep up and finally revealed a flaw. His opponent saw this and didn't hesitate even one second to chop off his arm.

"Ahhh!"

The man who just lost an arm and yelled was a member of William's party.

Compared to Canza's team that was made of veterans who lived their lives in desolate beast domains where they could die at any second, William's men were all trained practitioners who had been enjoying the comfort of a peaceful life and a luxurious salary. Although they were quite powerful compared to the average stellar practitioners or even freelancers, Canza's men —and not just the unit he currently commanded— weren't average.

Before Canza took over, the original team of black clothed folks were six with Cassie leading them. But when Canza took over, he brought in some of his men. The man who sliced off his opponent's arm was one of them.

In a flurry, the one armed man brandished his saber at his opponent. Blue streaks darted out of the blade for his opponent. The latter reacted quickly, dodging most of them. However, probably as a consequence of the intense battle, he faltered at one point and received a glaring scar on his chest.

Now, both sides were severely injured and breathing heavily. But even then, the tables had turned and the one-armed man actually became the more likely figure to win, although it was still a long shot.

While he had lost his arm, but since it wasn't his dominant hand, he could go on fighting as long as he took care of the bleeding stump. The other side had a massive bleeding wound on his chest and it looked like he wouldn't be able to keep fighting for long. Otherwise, he would die due to blood loss.

In other words, the battle became a situation of who could last longer or who could end faster.

"It's over for you." The one-armed man smirked.

As he still had his dominant arm intact, the man was confident in being able to hold out even if his opponent fought like a rabid dog.

"Haha."

The man suddenly began laughing like a maniac. Blood spurted horrifically from his wound but he seemed not to care or even feel a thing.

"Over?"

The now insane man took off his belt. There were three compartments on the belt which seemed like detachable pockets.

Originally, it wasn't clear from the start, but after he clicked a button on the belt, a red light blinked on the pockets.

For some reason, a dreadful sensation covered both the one-armed man and Lucas who was watching from a far.

That wasn't a set of detachable pockets; those were miniature bombs.

"Now I wonder, who exactly is it over for?!"

The man mocked.