

The Crafts 314

Chapter 314: Interrogation

'This is bad.'

Lucas frowned seeing as one of the men had pulled out a set of explosives.

It was obvious that since he saw no chance of winning, he decided to die with his enemy. The explosives weren't so powerful and would require the man to be in close proximity with his target. This meant that Lucas, who hid away, was safe. However, this would affect his plans of getting information from the two of them.

The current situation of the two men made them easy targets for Lucas. Even though there might be other battles ongoing elsewhere, there was no assurance that Lucas would end up with such a perfect opportunity on his lap.

"Are you crazy?!" The one-armed man cried out.

He was already exhausted and the best he could do was to hold back his opponent. But if it was trying to outrun the latter and escape, that would be difficult. After all, the injured man had two options: chase after him or maintain a certain distance, then with the right timing, toss the belt at the latter.

In summary, it would be pretty difficult for the one-armed man to escape this situation.

"You're right; I am indeed crazy." The adversary grinned before charging towards the one-armed.

"Fuck this." The one-armed cursed before turning around to escape.

However, he couldn't get far away even though his pursuer was severely injured. His legs were exhausted and all he had going for him was his adrenaline.

On the other hand, the pursuer was only critically injured on his chest and his stamina wasn't as exhausted, although the blood loss made his endurance dip massively. The most important thing however, was that he had lost all concerns about living past this.

While one side ran for his life, the other chased without care for his. Both ran with a single desire in mind, but surprisingly, the injured man was able to close the gap instead.

'Damn it!'

The one-armed man mentally cursed before turning around and flung his saber at his enemy.

Because the man was chasing without care, he failed to expect his opponent to retaliate in such a fashion and got stabbed by the blade. That happened to become his tipping point and his footsteps faltered. He had not much energy left and would be dead in a few seconds.

Realising that he had no time left, as the explosives were set for five seconds, he tossed the belt at the one-armed man with what was left of his strength.

"See you in hell!"

The man utilised the last of his energy to grin savagely at his opponent.

Boom

Boom

Boom

Three intermittent explosions sounded off as a blast of both flames and hot air erupted from the centre of the explosion. An area of fifteen metres got caught in the blast and this included the injured man who failed to escape in time, as well as the one-armed man.

Seeing this, Lucas frowned as he presumed that his plan was a failure. However, just as he prepared to leave in search of another target, he suddenly froze on the spot and waited.

It took a few seconds until the site of the explosion cooled off and the scene became visible.

The injured man was no more, with only a charred corpse resembling charcoal, left behind on the scene. As for the one-armed man, he was left laying on the ground looking dead, but was surprisingly still alive.

Faint traces of stellar energy exuded from his body alongside smoke and the scent of roasted human flesh and skin.

Lucas was astonished by his survival and wondered how it had happened. But after sensing the leftover stellar energy as well as taking a look at the man's only arm, he understood what had happened.

There was a contraption attached to the arm of the one-armed man which looked damaged and dysfunctional. Lucas guessed it was some kind of defensive vestige that could deploy a shield. The man most likely hid it and kept it as a trump card. If he had shown it earlier, his opponent would have considered the vestige when plotting his final attack. However, as the one-armed man had hid it until the last moment, he was able to save his life with it, although barely.

'Damn that bastard. What kind of idiot would pull such a stunt?' The man cursed inwardly as he tried to feel his limbs.

There was almost no energy left in his body to the point that even a seven year old could walk over and stab him, and there was nothing he could do about it. His injuries had also gotten severe but on the plus side, the heat from the explosion, together with his efforts, helped close up his bleeding stump.

'I just need to rest for a bit; recover my energy, then take care of my injuries. After that, I'll retreat to the surface.'

The man planned out his moves.

Just then, he heard the sound of footsteps coming close. It took only a second before his heart sunk.

For someone to have arrived so soon, it was most likely that the newcomer had been watching everything from the start. If the newcomer was on his side, they would have helped earlier. If the newcomer was on the enemy's side, he would have also attacked him earlier. The only logical explanation was that the newcomer belonged to neither side and was a third-party.

'Fuck it. What the hell are those guys on the surface doing? Shouldn't they be monitoring the region and inform us of any foreign party?' The man yelled internally, but said nothing on the outside.

It wasn't that he couldn't speak, but that he was too tired to do so. At the same time, he decided to fake his death. Even though the shield had kept him alive, his body was still greatly charred, with at least half of his body now black, including his face. As long as he controlled his breathing and heart beat properly, it should be possible to fool the other side. After all, he had not moved yet, so it was difficult to ascertain his life and death from the current circumstances.

Just as soon as the man closed his eyes and remained still, he heard a voice close by.

"Don't even plan on playing dead. I have a few questions for you and if you answer, you can go on smoothly. But if you don't, you'll be wishing that the explosion took your life."