

## The Crafts 318

### Chapter 318: The Strange Needle

"Come at me, haha."

A psychotic laugh pervaded the area as a "small" silhouette charged at the ten metres tall giant.

The charging figure was none other than Canza, who had now devolved into his deranged self. His fight with William left him unsatisfied as the latter has always interrupted his flow and retreated whenever possible. As such, this left Canza wanting for a more intense and blood-boiling battle, which he decided to seek from the Satcthalle.

Accompanying him just a few steps behind was Cassie, who was to provide backup. Slightly behind her was William and his bodyguard, who has also joined to offer their strength.

As the Satcthalle was a peak seventh level desolate beast, only these four were capable of taking a few blows from it and retaliating; and this was because of the vestiges in their possession. If they didn't have those, surviving would be an impossible challenge.

Canza in particular, surprisingly had a high quality Grade 3 armour type vestige. It was a nano-tech battle-suit that could be worn at any time. No surprise that Canza had held it back during his fight against William. Even William had held back from using his Grade 4 vestige as well.

Seeing the approaching group, the eyes of the Satcthalle seemed to display a hint of mockery as it raised one of its clawed hoofs and swung it at the group.

An immense force erupted from the limb as a powerful airwave struck the four. Accompanying the airwave was a hint of stellar energy mixed in between, giving it a more deadly characteristic that could even end a fifth level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner if they weren't careful.

"Shit!"

William cursed as he raised his arm, calling forth a shield from his sword. As the deputy city lord's only son, it was only natural for him to be armed with defensive measures.

Cassie and the bodyguard also deployed their defensive tactics while Canza relied entirely on his battle-suit.

This one attack from the Satcthalle was enough to force the group back and dampen their momentum. Even though they weren't injured, it was clear that just a single casual attack from the Satcthalle was more than enough to keep them at bay.

There was no reason for this other than a very obvious; the difference in strength was too great. The Satcthalle is a peak seventh level desolate beast while the strongest of the four was only a peak fifth level stellar practitioner. Even when armed with Grade 3 vestiges, they had no chance of beating the Satcthalle. After all, Grade 3 vestiges only translated to a peak power of the second class, or in other words, from the fourth level to the sixth level of the Apertures Opening stage.

However, the truth was that nobody was interested in beating the Satcthalle. They simply wanted to hold it back, just long enough for the Aión source to mature.

Picking himself up from the ground, William glanced at the countdown displayed on his wrist.

There was still thirteen minutes to go. Once the timer was up, it would become a free-for-all where every both sides would ignore the threat of the desolate beast in a bid to seize the Aión source. But until then, they both had to work together to keep it at bay. Otherwise, chances were that it could grow in patient and simple devour the Aión source as it was.

"Such a troublesome creature." William grimaced as he stared at the desolate beast.

The Satcthalle was in no worry to execute a follow-up attack. At its level, it already possessed a bit of intellect, enough to rival a four year old at least. It knew that the team of four could not pose a threat to it, so it was interested in playing with them a bit.

Just like the four, the Satcthalle was also waiting for the Aión source to mature.

The importance of having the Aión source mature couldn't be underestimated. To put this in an analogy, it was like the difference between a ripe and an unripe fruit, like an orange for instance. Whether it was in terms of edibility, taste, or nutrients, a ripe orange was better than an unripe orange.

In a similar way, a complete Aión source gave more benefits than an incomplete one; so much so that the two couldn't even be mentioned in the same breath. This was why despite the dangerous situation, neither William nor Canza were willing to retreat with an incomplete Aión source.

"We can't win if we keep holding back." William said as he stared suspiciously at Canza.

After the attack from the Satcthalle, Canza didn't seem to have given up or call into despair. Instead, a crazy grin hung on his mouth.

"Haha. I don't need you to tell me." Canza laughed.

William's eyes had a mysterious light in them as he took in Canza's behaviour.

Truthfully, apart from resisting the Satcthalle, there was another option. It was to retreat and wait out somewhere until there were two minutes left for the Aión source to mature. However, there was a risk involved here. It was that the Satcthalle would seize an advantageous position and prevent them from reaching the Aión source.

Currently, the group seized the advantageous position. The Aión source was behind them and only a few metres away. For fifth level stellar practitioners, this distance wasn't noteworthy and without any barrier, it would be easy for them to retrieve it. However, if they retreated now, the one who would be in their current position would be the Satcthalle. No one wanted that to happen.

At this moment, Canza pulled out another vestige he has kept hidden. It was a seven inch needle (17.78cm) made entirely out of a mysterious blue metal. Just an inch before the tip, there was an opening carved out on the needle, making it look no different from a sewing machine needle, except longer and bigger.

Within the carved opening was a concentration of red energy that gave off a murderous and unrestrained vibe. Even the Satcthalle took notice of this weapon upon its appearance. The creature seemed to take it seriously as its eyes narrowed at the sight of the needle.

This was because the energy contained in the needle seemed to approach it in terms of quality. This meant that this was a vestige with power at the seventh level; in other words, a Grade 4 vestige.

"Young master, what do we do?" The bodyguard asked Lucas.

No one expected for Canza to have a Grade 4 vestige in his possession. The existence of this vestige seemed to redefine the power balance as it was shown earlier that Canza already has two Grade 3 vestiges. Although both he and William now had the same number of vestiges, Canza had faced off against him relying only on a single Grade 3 vestige while William needed two to hold out.

It was obvious what would happen if both sides fought with their all.

"Cooperate for now. We can use this chance to understand his true power. I don't believe he has another trump card left." William replied as he shifted his gaze from the Satchalle to Canza's needle.

Even though the Belfargos city-state has a lot of vestige-smiths, Grade 4 vestiges weren't cabbages on roadside stalls. With Canza having pulled this out, there was a significant chance that he has nothing else held back. All William now had to do was to understand the ability of the vestige and form a strategy to counter it.

"You guys should help as well!" Cassie yelled at them as she saw the duo sitting still while Canza charged at the Satchalle.

"Sure." William smiled as the ambience around him changed to become gloomy.

" 'Heaven seeks not the soul of the man who stands proud before it, but the pleas of the ones who crawl'."

He was going to activate his superpower.