

## The Crafts 342

### Chapter 342: Speedrun 1

In the end, the driver valued his life more than the deal with Yovahn and gave way. Mason's racing shuttle blitzed past him with no intention of slowing down, scaring the middle-aged man. If he had hesitated any longer just then, Mason would have crashed into him.

'Crazy bastard.'

Mason was now in fourteenth place at the seventh infinity track of the seventh lap.

All he needed to do was to overtake the brown-bearded man in front and seize thirteenth place. But that wasn't enough yet. Even though he hadn't been informed about the bet, Mason wasn't satisfied with just the top fifteen. Having specially trained for what felt like half a week, Mason was aiming for the top ten.

"This kid..."

The brown-bearded man frowned once he realised who was behind him. This information was made known to him by his team who were communicating with him. Just like the Versoa team, other teams had an On-site unit, although they went by different names.

'I need to get rid of him.'

The deal Yovahn struck was with the driver and not his team. So, his crew were unaware that the man was targeting Mason. However, he wasn't bothered by this. Part of the man's deal with Yovahn was for the latter to help cover the incident up and offer him job security. This meant that if the man's team sacked him, Yovahn would hire him as a backup driver.

A backup driver for the Red Dogs team that was about to be promoted was definitely an amazing offer. This was even more so for the brown-bearded man whose greatest achievement was acting as a backup driver to a top ten team in the NUL prior to his current appointment.

'I just need to time it and crash into him.' The man thought as he monitored Mason's position on his radar.

The race was no longer on the man's mind. Instead, it was eliminating Mason.

Mason closed up the gap thanks to his superior experience, and a much powerful vehicle, grabbing the attention of some of the spectators in the arena. By the eighth infinity track, which marked the end of the seventh lap, Mason was right behind the brown-bearded man.

'Faster.'

Mason accelerated the Viper 3.0 as he wasn't satisfied with his current speed. There were five laps left before the end of the race, and in those five laps, Mason needed to overtake four drivers to get into the top ten; five to be in a much safer position. That meant that for every lap, at least, Mason needed to overtake a driver.

"Driver #18 of the Versoa team is going crazy on that shuttle. Look at him go, Mark!" The announcer exclaimed at the sight of Mason's driving.

Because of the narrow and windy track that constituted the Infinite Eight Circuit, most drivers flew at a 'low speed', which was around 200-290km/hr (124-180 mph) despite it being a sprint race. Only four drivers flew above that speed during this race and they were the leading four in front.

This was because those four were the most experienced and skilled drivers in the race. Also, their racing shuttles were on an entirely different level from the rest, with some having been touched on a bit by grandmaster vestige-smiths. Even though they weren't designed or made by these grandmasters, the vestige-smiths who did just that were guided by them; being either a distinguished disciple of a grandmaster, or a peak Tier 1 Master vestige-smith that had taken some notes from one.

However, the Versoa team didn't have such a figure in their development team, neither was their driver an experienced talent. Despite that, Mason was now one of the fastest in the race, shocking the crowd. His current speed was 315km/hr.

'Not enough.' Mason frowned as he toggled hurriedly with the controls.

"Mason, you're going too fast." The head of the On-site unit yelled through the communication channel.

However, Mason ignored him.

According to the agreement with Lucas, he wasn't supposed to talk about the training session. It was also very secretive such that only he and Lucas, excluding Melissa, knew the true nature of the training. Not even Vienna or Lerman, who had contributed to it, were aware of what really took place in the small store. Naturally, the On-site unit department head who wasn't close with Lucas knew nothing, so his reaction was understandable.

But that didn't mean that Mason would do just as he had said.

"I've got this under control." Mason replied as his racing shuttle broke past the 320km/hr mark. At his current speed, it would take only seven minutes to complete a lap.

By this point in time, Mason was now truly behind the brown-bearded man with the distance between the duo being less than a kilometre. Such a distance would take only 11 seconds for the Viper 3.0, to cover, but the brown-bearded man was moving at 260km/hr and would take 14 seconds to cover such a distance. In other words, Mason was three seconds faster.

\*Siew\*

Before he could even react, the Viper 3.0 blitzed past the brown-bearded man as he stared wide-eyed at the scene.

'What a crazy bastard.' The man thought.

But at the same time, he was somewhat relieved. For one, facing off against someone like that would be risky, especially if he tried crashing into Mason, who was moving at such a high speed. The collision would have been insane, and chances were, the man wouldn't survive it.

There was also the fact that since Mason was driving so 'recklessly' here, he might as well be prepared to meet his maker.

Entering the eight lap, Mason was now in thirteenth place, shocking the crowd.

"Yeah!"

"Go kid!"

Cheers resounded from the arena from both the fans of the sport and supporters of the Versoa team as they were impressed by Mason's manoeuvres.

Yovahn took all this in with an ugly look on his face. With the speed Mason was moving at, it was impossible for the others behind to catch up, unless he decided to slow down. But why would Mason do that even?

'Do I have to use him?' Yovahn thought with a frown.