

The Crafts 54

Chapter 54 : Lucas In Trouble...?

A couple of minutes later—less than twenty minutes or so—the patrol corps had arrived and locked down the scene. The deceased had already been taken to a hospital earlier, along with some of the civilians who were involved in a stampede that broke out while escaping.

Among the patrol corps members who were there, two individuals stood out from the rest. The two were both men, but one was younger than the other and had brown hair, while the older one had red hair. With a slightly different uniform from the others, their uniqueness didn't just lie in this, but in the aura they exuded. Even the other members of the patrol corps kept their distance from them.

They were members of the famed Red Fangs; an arm of the Baylands City Patrol Corps that handled special missions. They were highly trained and very professional in their work, but most of all, they were all very strong and dangerous. Due to this, the Red Fangs only handled high-profile cases involving a lot of risk, and they occasionally participated in joint missions with the Defense Corps.

Founded over a hundred years ago, they even participated in the last disastrous desolate beast tide eighty years ago. Although, the members who did so were either dead, retired, or held very high positions in military or paramilitary organizations, the current members should still not be underestimated.

"A murder in the city, and what's more, with a gun. It seems like these underground gangs are getting quite ballsy." The brown-haired officer looked at the scene and smiled.

"Indeed. It looks like we might have to carry out a purge sooner or later. I'll bring this up to the lieutenant when we get back." the red-haired man said.

"No need." A female voice sounded from above.

The two, as well as the other corp officers present, glanced above and saw a hovercar silently descending. Hanging by the door was a stern looking lady who was also a beauty rivalling the midnight moon. She wore a unique black and blue uniform coupled with black trousers and a black boot; the standard uniform of a Baylands City Patrol officer.

However, the medallion on her neck signified her identity; a member of the Red Fangs. What's more, the red-gold patch marked on her collar and shoulders indicated her rank of lieutenant.

It wouldn't take a genius to know that she was the person the red-haired man mentioned.

The lady jumped from the hover car, ignoring the potential risk of a ten metres fall, and landed safely on the ground close to the duo.

"Lieutenant, ma'am." The two members of the Red Fang saluted.

She nodded at them in response and asked, "What's the report?"

"At exactly 14:13pm, an attack occurred in the vicinity, leaving one dead and twelve injured due to the chaos caused by it. The victim is a female hyuman, about 20 years of age. Identification measures have currently been carried out on the deceased, and we found out she worked as a salesgirl in a store but recently got fired.

Also from a family of four." The red-haired man projected a document as he spoke.

"That's not what I want to hear." The woman commented.

The red-haired man paused, then switched the document before continuing,

"We examined the security footage of the crime scene and found out that the deceased was a victim of circumstances. It turns out that she was never the target of the assailant, but someone who was just unlucky. As for the target, he is a human."

"A human?" The woman was surprised.

Humans were quite rare with the majority of them living in districts outside of Baylands City; in other words, residing in the other fifteen districts. The only city where they could be found in large numbers was Digress City, but that was on an entirely different continent.

"Yes. We followed up from there and performed facial recognition on the target. We then ran a database check and found out the information of the target."

As the red-haired man spoke, an image of Lucas as well as his details appeared in the projection.

'It's definitely him, alright.' The woman thought as she looked at the picture.

When she heard the target was a 'human', Lucas crossed her mind and she once had an encounter with him a few weeks back. However, that was a brief one but a bad experience for Lucas, so she thought that he would have left the city right away. Who would have thought that not only did he remain behind, but he was now a target for an assassination.

"Lucas Yohan Saunters, age twenty three. Born on the eighth of July. 179cm tall, with black hair and brown eyes. His mDNA exact value is unknown but from the spiritual feedback sensed by the onlookers and his ID, it's too low to be classified as hyuman, hence he is human. He runs a store in the blue area of the market zone and it's said to be a vestige store.

He's apparently carried out a few transactions in the store already, one with a famed freelancer, Harrison Reid, a deal with the Autumn's Gate guild and even a clash with the Black Lemon squad. We are trying to find more information on him as we don't anymore, except that he recently made an ID about four weeks ago. I'm guessing he's most likely an immigrant, but not from the surrounding districts."

"In other words, he isn't an indigene of Baylands city-state. Not much information is known about him because of this." The brown-haired man added.

"I always knew that stupid bill for open registration would cause such problems." The woman snorted.

A couple of months ago, the Minister of Human Resources for the Baylands city-state had pushed for a bill to make registration easy and open to everyone, in a bid to increase the overall population of the city-state as the city-state's population was projected to be declining.

The bill made it such that immigrants could easily get an identification and citizenship to be able to work in the city-state. However, it sacrificed the stringent measures which were originally in place to prevent spies and criminals from sneaking into the city.

It wasn't like the indigenes of Baylands city-state were against the bill—it wouldn't have been passed if that were so—but rather, the security personnel had an issue with it because it affected that tracking and background-checking ability.

"Please, lieutenant ma'am, we are in public. It would do us all well if you kept the comments about the ministry to private conversations." The red-haired man sighed.

The woman glanced at him briefly while releasing some of her pressure.

"I apologize, ma'am." The man hurriedly bowed.

"Hmph. Continue."

'Handling the boss is always such a hassle.' The man couldn't help but complain inwardly, but he didn't show any signs of doing so.

"We are currently trying to find out who would want him dead and why, but with little information about him, we can't be so sure just yet. However, we do have suspects in mind; a pawnshop and the underground human traffickers."

"What about the assassin?" She asked.

This time around, the brown-haired man spoke up,

"The assassin is an unknown small rat from the underground, so it would take some time for us to find something on him."

"In that case, let's go find the other one." The woman turned around and walked towards the already parked hovercar.