

The Crafts 58

Chapter 58: Interrogation

Inside an interrogation room with only one table and two chairs, Lucas and Nafir, the deputy from the Red Fangs, were both seated on the opposite sides.

"Lucas Yohan Saunters. Age, 23. DOB, 8th of July. You run a vestige store in the blue area of the market zone." Nafir read out loud from a projected screen.

"Those are merely your basic details, and not much is even known. Other details regarding you include your actions of severely injuring three humans, but their involvement in human trafficking and attempted kidnapping led to this case being buried under the tag of self-defence. You had a clash with the Black Lemon Squad just when you opened up shop.

You were also under the surveillance of a first level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner. At exactly 00:02 a few weeks back, he had invaded your store with the possible intention of murdering you or kidnapping you. However, based on security footage, he never left the building, but you were alright."

Lucas was surprised by the information in the hands of the Red Fangs. Many of these were things he had carried out secretly in the past and the assault on him in his store was one he was surprised they found out.

But along with the surprise was a slight trace of anger in Lucas' heart. Since they knew that someone had assaulted him in his store, why didn't they help him? Why didn't the Patrol Corps investigate the matter?.

Seemingly, sensing Lucas' emotions, Nafir spoke up,

"To be honest, your file is really interesting. It was buried amongst the masses, but this incident brought it to limelight. We were lacking information on you since your identification papers are just recent, so we had to review all footage from your arrival until now."

"I thought I'll be interrogated regarding the attempted murder, but nothing of the sort has taken place since we arrived here." Lucas said as he turned his eyes away from the projection and faced Nafir.

"Don't underestimate the Patrol Corps. Whether you say something or not, we will be able to find out who was behind the assassination attempt. However, we want to use this opportunity to find out more about you. Lucas Saunters, who are you really?" Nafir studied him.

"Humans are well known to be unable to utilise stellar energy as efficiently as we humans. This makes them terrible vestige-smiths from the start. Even though the state of Digress has found a way to improve their strength, thereby defying the previous opinions, they are still unable to manufacture vestiges.

Digress city-state had solved the problem of quantity, making it possible for them to possess stellar energy and advance in their refinement. But the issue of quality still remains, hence why they can't refine vestiges.

"Despite this, you've somehow achieved something that a city-state couldn't. In fact, it's no understatement to say that you've done something an entire civilisation has failed to do. What's more, you did it without even reaching the Apertures Opening stage.

"So I ask, who are you really? Where are you from?"

Lucas was somewhat surprised by this, as most refused to believe he was a human vestige-smith; even Harry seemed to believe that there was a reclusive vestige-smith backing him. However, after recalling the past couple of minutes, he felt it was natural. The information garnering capability of the Red Fangs was clearly not something he could compare with that on Earth.

"I'm just as you've found out. A human who's also a genius." Lucas replied calmly, as if stating a fact.

Nafir stared at him for a few seconds as if scanning him. However, Lucas' heard the system's voice in his head just then.

"Detecting a mental invasion on the host. As this is the first time, the system would consume one of the host's exoneration slots to exterminate the threat.

"Threat detected and analysed.

"Determining an appropriate response sequence in relation to the host's current situation. Found.

"Carrying out response sequence.

"Successful.

"Threat extinguished."

Lucas was dumbfounded by the series of announcements, but he didn't show it on his face. At the same time, his body turned cold as he became aware how much he had underestimated these people.

"System, what was he trying to do and what response sequence did you carry out?" Lucas communicated mentally.

"The invader's technique is one used to pry into a target's memory and scour through it. However, the user is clearly unskilled and merely intended to use it to determine whether the host was lying or not. Since it would not show any signs of usage, the target's mental guard wouldn't be raised and they would fail to spot anything. Luckily for the barely capable host, the system is active 24/7.

The response sequence was simply a false response created and fed to the user's technique."

Lucas ignored the sarcastic jab by the system and couldn't help but be startled that such a technique existed. Ever since he had been in this world, Lucas had yet to encounter someone with a special power as it was said that only at the tenth level of the Apertures Opening stage would one have a chance at gaining an innate power. It looked like he had to be more cautious nowadays.

Apart from the shock, he was also impressed by the system's ability and rapid response. Lucas couldn't help but wonder what exactly the system was and who made it.

Nafir's eyes flickered a bit, holding a variety of emotions within them which disappeared almost right away as he changed the topic.

"Know this face?"

An image of a man with a brawny appearance and a rough beard was projected.

Lucas shook his head.

"His name is Ramirez. One of the most powerful figures in the underground community of West Wing districts. We have reasons to believe that the assassin was sent by him. Do you know why perhaps?"

"I did receive a threat from some guy about the building I bought. It was from an individual that owed some money to someone named Ramirez. The loan was supposed to use the land as collateral, but there was no information about this from the city government office." Lucas responded.

Dragging the police in this matter would force Ramirez to consider his actions more carefully before he made a move. At least this would give Lucas enough time to complete his preparations.

"Alright. Please write out a report concerning this as well as some of your thoughts on the matter." Nafir said. It was clear that he had put behind the previous topic and was now focusing on the incident.

"Regarding your murder of the assassin, it would still have to be mentioned to the appropriate departments. Chances at that you might get dragged to court for it, and if your luck is bad, the judge might be anti-human. The good thing is that even in the worst case scenario, your sentencing would only be limited to a fine, as the matter could be defined under self-defence and retaliation.

Once you're done with the report, you can leave." Nafir added before he left the room.

Lucas thought deeply about those words. It seemed like the Red Fangs already knew that there were people who hated or looked down on humans, but they could do nothing about it; maybe they didn't bother themselves about it. It was quite sad.

Humans, in some way, could be called the ancestors of the hyumankin. There would have been no hyumans without humans. Despite this obvious fact, the successors looked down on their predecessors and tried to make life difficult for them.

Even for the hyumans who weren't speciesist, they closed an eye to the matter, sharing somewhat similar sentiments that humans were weaker and shouldn't be cared about as much.

'I guess this is just a part of the cycle of natural selection.' Lucas sighed.

The evolution of the human race to create hyumankin was all in a bid to survive the intergalactic era. Not only could the hyumankin refine and store stellar energy in their bodies, but they could also survive in more extreme habitats, whether they be higher or lower temperature regions, or radioactive regions. In comparison, humans were indeed too weak and not fit for intergalactic exploration.

All that the hyumankin had achieved today would have been impossible if they were still humans.

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On the other side, after Nafir left the room, he went up to the female lieutenant who stood in another room, watching a display screen that showed the previous room. Apart from her, there was also Barry, the brown-haired man who came with them.

"My technique didn't find a strange reading on him. Everything he said was the truth." Nafir said.

"Makes sense. If he was a spy, there would be no reason for him to stand out like this." said the lieutenant, Lily.

"But it's still strange. Is he truly a genius?"

"I can't say for sure, but he should be. That's unless he found a way to bypass my skill." Nafir answered.

Barry shook his head. "That should be impossible. No one knows that you've unlocked a hint of your superpower so early. Most would have to wait until the tenth level and exceptions are very rare. Exceptions like yourself, who tap into a bit of their innate power at the third level, are even rarer. Also, superpowers are already rare much less mental superpowers.

Apart from myself, the boss and the director, no one should know about the details, so it's impossible to be prepared for it."

"The ancient humans never thought that in the future, their kind would dominate the galaxy, but here we are. Nothing is impossible." Lily suddenly interrupted.

"Once he's done, send him back, but keep an eye on him. Don't make it clear though; he seems to be aware of any surveillance on him. I have a feeling he will bring us more surprises in the future, but whether they would be good or not, I don't know."