

## Night Ranger Chapter 12 Masked Twin Blades -

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Pyroxene was the place where low level people entertained themselves in the evening.

Diapheis strictly managed every entrance to the bar, each having specially trained gangsters guarding them.

To enter, people had to leave their weapons, without exception. However, Acheron members would be in charge of protecting their lives.

This was quite fair.

Besides a few low level adventurers who didn't know life from death, the majority of the people would comply with these not too extreme rules, and as for the fools, their bodies would be seen the next day in the drain.

Don't provoke the local bully. This was a survival rule for adventurers.

However, Marvin had to make an exception tonight.

If people don't offend me, I don't offend them. This was Marvin's principle. The Acheron Gang dared try to assassinate him, so he was about to do a psychological retaliation.

Marvin was ready as soon as night fell, all his preparations done, twin daggers in hand, two more daggers hanging from his waist, along with a spare curved dagger. This was his weight limit, and any more would hamper his dexterity.

He wore a black mask on his face covering half his face. It wasn't because he wanted to hide himself, but from his experience, the unknown was more scary.

Today he would spread fear over the Acheron Gang's territory as much as he liked.

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The Pyroxene guards weren't a problem for him as he knew of similar bars, and they usually have a weakest spot.

The kitchen.

He had already asked around the slums, discovering that every day someone would transport fruits, vegetables, barrels of wine and other such things through the kitchen to a storeroom.

That was where the guard was the sloppiest.

At 7:30 in the evening, the cart transporting the provisions arrived right on schedule. Two guards immediately came forward and began to check the things on the cart.

At that time, Marvin used Stealth and smoothly rushed in.

The kitchen was filled with a fishy smell, and two chefs were fighting a silent battle with the side-dishes, not daring to look around too much.

From the corner came a low sobbing voice.

Marvin frowned.

There were two ordinary Acheron members in the middle of beating up a pitiful young girl!

The seemingly 5 or 6 year old little girl was very stubborn. Even facing the two adults beating her up she wouldn't beg for forgiveness or burst into tears, only a low and involuntary sobbing sound could be heard.

"Your mother already died! Remember to roll away for I, your father! Damn daughter of a whore, both are so stubborn."

The thin one cursed, "Actually daring to ask us for money! She would receive any customer, and now she finally died from getting sick. That whore just deserved it!"

"Swindler!" The little girl, whose hair was grabbed, angrily yelled, "She is worth a lot of money for you! She hasn't died yet! She just needs money so I can look for a priest to heal her! Gimme some money quickly!"

"Back to your mother!" The other man ruthlessly slapped the young girl's face.

The girl almost passed out from the slap. A huge swelling appeared on her face, blood showing on the corner of her eyes.

"Gimme my money!" Death didn't matter to the little girl clenching her teeth as she desperately shouted.

The two men glanced at each other, and the thin one clenched his fist and nodded.

Marvin knew they were going to kill her.

Shng!

A curved dagger was unsheathed. The two chefs were terrified, trembling and deathly pale.

“Take care of your own business!” The thin one sneered, “You didn’t see anything.”

One of the chefs, the young one, clenched his kitchen knife, his fingers going white. He gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with fear mixed with rage.

“Don’t be impulsive.” The older chef dragged him away, showing a hint of grief. “This is not something we can deal with.”

The thin man holding the curved dagger suddenly grabbed the little girl’s shoulder.

She lacked the strength to struggle, but she glared at him with a look that showed that she was ready to die.

This made him feel quite uncomfortable, as if a ghost was staring at an ordinary person.

“Little whore, die for me!” The thin one shouted.

A cold light flashed.

Blood spurted out, splashing onto the little girl’s face.

The thin man’s head fell to the ground with an astonished expression on it.

A figure suddenly appeared behind his body.

[Cutthroat has been used successfully!]

[Sneak Attack bonus... Damage x2]

[Target dead! 22 battle exp acquired.]

Marvin’s all-out attack, along with the Cutthroat and Stealth bonuses, surprisingly achieved a similar effect to the 3rd rank class [Outlaw of the Crimson Road]’s super-skill [Beheading]!

Marvin’s sudden appearance caught the thin man’s companion unprepared. He was about to draw his weapon to defend himself, but unfortunately, Marvin’s left hand back slashed accurately, splitting his head open.

Humans were the most vulnerable living beings. Even if they valued their lives, once dealt a deadly blow on one of their vitals, they would undoubtedly die.

The pitiful guy's brains immediately burst open and his body twitched and then went limp.

The two chefs were terrified.

And that young girl struggling to lift her head looked at Marvin.

Her eyes were bright with deep pupils and an uncommon red color.

"What's your name?" Marvin asked while ignoring the two chefs hiding under the table.

The young girl looked at Marvin wearing a mask and carrying twin daggers, not scared at all, and weakly replied, "Isabelle."

"A quite noble name," remarked Marvin.

"My father chose it for me," said Isabelle.

"Tell me, why didn't you beg for forgiveness or escape when they beat you up?"

The young girl clenched her teeth. "I only have this path."

Only this path. Otherwise her sickly mother would inevitably die. She had no other choice, and she would rather be beaten to death by a gang member than not try.

"What happened?"

At that time, the two guards that were checking the cart of goods rushed into the kitchen, shocked. They had noticed a bloody smell.

Marvin quickly turned, silently walking through the shelves.

The two guards only noticed the young girl in the corner and the two corpses. They were extremely startled. From their blind spot, Marvin stepped out and did a high leap, both weapons in his hands hacking down in harmony.

With this powerful dash, the two guards didn't even have time to draw their weapons before their skulls were cracked open.

This was the terrifying Two-Weapon Fighting! The left and right hands were in perfect sync, able to multitask and attack two targets at the same time.

The bloody smell in the kitchen was even stronger now. The problem wasn't too big for the time being, as the people in the Bar would only think that it was due to butchering.

Looking at this frightening bloody scene, Isabelle took a step forward and asked in a low voice, "You are the Acheron Gang's enemy, right?"

"I'll kill them tonight," Marvin answered.

He didn't ignore her for being a little girl. Her stubbornness had won his respect.

"Do you need a guide?" The little girl walked over to him while staggering, and with bright eyes she said, "I know everyone in the Acheron Gang and their sinister deals."

"I know their boss is hiding in the cellar behind the courtyard. I know the way."

Marvin laughed and rubbed Isabelle's head. "You are quite brave."

After saying that, he gave her a dagger.

"Hold on to it, Isabelle. We have a common enemy tonight."

The young girl with the dagger in hand felt like a totally different person. She took a deep breath and asked, "Where do we start? Assassination?"

"No." Marvin kicked the kitchen door, calmly walking through the entrance with his twin daggers. "We kill them from the front."

...

As long as he was advancing in the Bar, Marvin didn't intend to conceal himself.

Even if he was quite good at that in the past, he was currently a Ranger, not a Thief.

His current skills were clearly much more suited for direct confrontations than in his past life. His footsteps, blade skills and experience cleanly wiped out all these gangsters that didn't know anything past watching a few streets. He was level 3 now, so all these gangsters were just giving a flat 10 exp each, such a joke.

Just a pack of mobs.

When Marvin kicked the kitchen door, a sharp gangster immediately took out a machete and came attacking.

Gang Swordsman – Level 3 – HP 78!

Unfortunately, they were wearing plain cotton clothing, with none of them wearing armor. Human HP without armor was close to nothing. Especially in front of Marvin, this super-expert good at dealing deadly attacks.

Clang! The two blades met, and Marvin's strength was slightly lower than that of his counterpart.

However, with a slight nudge of his wrist, his curved dagger slid down along the machete blade, and abruptly, with a strange reversal, the blade conveniently sliced at the gangster's wrist.

"Ah!"

The shriek attracted everyone's attention.

The whole bar suddenly became noisy and everyone stood up!

Someone was looking for trouble! And it seemed that he was not the kind to easily surrender.

The guests retreated one after the other to the side, excitedly looking at this scene. The Acheron Gang had just risen to power, so there would certainly be some people looking at them in an unfavorable way.

They wondered which gang rose up to the task.

But when they saw that the intruders were only a masked swordsman and a young girl who had taken a beating, their excitement turned to disappointment.

"Turned out to be a reckless adventurer."

"Looks like a dual wielding Ranger. Seems a bit skillful, but he is alone... Is he looking to die?"

"Yeah, this will be lively soon enough."

This was Acheron's territory after all. They had home advantage and more than 20 decent members. There were two small teams with real classes among them, Diapheis' trusted members.

In their eyes, this low-level adventurer was screwed.

While people were talking, Marvin had already ended that member's life.

The little girl cleverly looked for an opportunity to squeeze herself into a crack; she didn't want to be a nuisance to Marvin.

"Kill him!" A dull voice said.

Six similarly dressed adventurers came from the crowd and surrounded Marvin. Two Thieves, three Swordsmen and one unknown, probably a rogue.

Marvin took a quick glance at them, not needing Inspect to get that information.

To anyone, six enemies would seem somewhat thorny, especially when surrounded.

“This guy is screwed!” Someone in the audience taking joy in the situation said.

Three Swordsmen roared and rushed over.

Marvin coldly sneered and suddenly dashed to the bar counter before jumping!

He leapt onto the beams.

18 points of dexterity let him achieve quite a lot of things that would be impossible for a normal person.

‘Unfortunately I don’t have Anti-Gravity Steps, or I wouldn’t have to go through so much trouble.’

Marvin got an idea, and with exceptionally nimble footsteps, he quickly jumped over a few beams before kicking one of the pillars.

He arrived behind one of the Gang Swordsmen in a flash.

Using the force of his dash downward, he flipped his curved daggers in the form of scissors!

Everyone was shocked, and the Gang Swordsman instinctively raised his machete in an attempt to ward off the blow.

Clang! The machete broke, and there was a bone deep wound on the left side of the Swordsman’s neck.

“Ah!” Screaming noises were heard throughout the bar. Marvin expressionlessly cut him again, sending him to heaven.

“Damn!” The five men nearly went mad.

They instantly rushed toward him.

Marvin kicked a table, smashing it onto two Gang Swordsmen.

With lightning steps, he rushed toward one of the Thieves.

