

# The Ancient Genes

## Volume 3: Survival

### Chapter 161 - The Sly Thief

Max looked at the guy and could clearly feel the bloody aura which he was trying to hide. Of course, he could not avoid Max's senses.

'Shit! It's good.' Lear's eyes widened as he put the spoon into his mouth.

Max continued to calmly eat. He could clearly hear the people around him whisper.

This guy had a bad reputation. He would drink and fool around all day and had no talent unlike his two elder brothers was what the rumors said.

'Well everybody has got a problem to deal with, I guess. Especially, when you are part of the Noble Houses.'

Max's eyes turned chilly for a bit as the thought crossed his mind. At this point in time, Max had dug quite a bit about his family too.

'Bro! What's wrong with the look in your eyes?'

Max heard the voice and looked at Lear starting at him with an amused expression.

'Are you going to murder someone?' Lear asked in amusement. This guy really seemed carefree spewing out whatever came to his mind.

'Like you're the one to speak.' Max said with a slight smile.

Lear's action froze for a second and his eyes gave a fierce gleam before he laughed again.

'You really know how to joke...hahaha!!'

'Oh! Do I?' Max smiled as he gulped down his drink while Lear looked at him with interest.

'Anyways, you don't seem familiar to me. Where are you from?' Lear asked as he picked up his jar for a drink.

Max couldn't help but smile.

'Don't seem familiar my àss! As if he knows everyone in the city. He just wants to know who I am. It looks like my words from earlier triggered his interest. Well not bad for me. I too am interested in the Barnes House. It won't be much of a trouble to have a talk.'

'Hm...It seems the 3rd young lord really knows everyone in the city.' Max said with a smile.

'Well if you know me, you should know that I loiter around the city all day. Of course, I know everyone.' Lear replied with a smile too.

'Indeed, your reputation as a trash knows no bounds. You are the trashiest among all the trash.' Max replied.

'Sigh! I really don't feel good hearing that from you.'

'So are you going to reveal your identity? I am genuinely interested. I can even get away from my father's senses as long as I maintain a certain distance. But you...'

The look in Lear's eyes turned serious.

'Well, I am just a.....passerby.' Max replied with a smile. He didn't know if this guy would try to kill him or not just because he uncovered his facade. He wanted to keep a minimum relationship with him.

‘Tsk...Passerby....Well then just pass by and don’t create any trouble for me.’ Lear replied.

‘Hm....that was fast.’ Max thought inwardly.

‘Cutie....I am done. Bring the bill.’ Lear said to the waitress with a disgusting expression on his face.

The girl walked up to them with a forced smile on her face and began calculating.

‘3rd Lord, it’s 300 zen.’

Lufz npo val vfrtl arom ovu nmhcuo om ofcu mpo ovu qmruw gpo ovu ruko luhmrt, val uknzullamr hvfreat. Hu aqquafouiw hvuhcut fii val nmhcuol frt ovur guefr om ljufo.

‘Shit! Did I get my pocket picked?’

‘Ho-ho! What is this, a dine and dash?’ Max said with a smug face.

Lear looked at Max’s face and his lips twitched. He really wanted to punch this guy.

Obviously, he didn’t have any idea that the thief who picked his pocket was none other than Max himself. If he knew that, he wouldn’t have hesitated to bash that smirk off of Max’s face.

‘I feel sorry for this guy. But since the opportunity has presented itself, why should I let it go?’

Max looked at the waitress and Lear who was desperately trying to convince her. The girl looked scared but it wasn’t in her hand to decide anything. It was her job to collect payments.

At this moment, the owner came running.

‘Lucy, you dare to ask the 3rd Lord for money. It’s already our honour that he visited the shop. Do you believe that I won’t fire you?’

‘That went from 0 to 10 pretty fast.’

‘Don’t fire her.’ Lear said in shock.

‘But Sir...’

‘I will send someone to deliver the money,’ Lear said.

‘Enough already!! You don’t even let me have a meal quietly. Take it. I am paying for him too.’ Max’s voice reverberated in the hall.

Everyone looked at him in shock. Even if the 3rd young lord was a trash, did this guy have a death wish?

‘Just take it, he is my guest.’ Lear said with a smile he patted Max’s back and everyone finally understood but still looked at Max curiously who was capable enough to shout at the infamous trash of Ishtar.

The owner and the waitress left and Max finally spoke, ‘When did I become your guest?’

‘If I didn’t say that, I had to beat the crap out of you right now.’

‘Hm...you think you can do it?’ Max asked in curiosity.

‘Who knows? You wanna try?’ Lear smiled and Max could see his excitement behind his smile.

‘Nah..just give me my money and we are done then.’ Max replied calmly.

‘You! You still want it...’ Lear asked with a frown.

‘Of course! I am not a trash young lord of some Noble house with lots of money.’ Max said as with a smirk.

‘You really are one irritating guy. So what are you gonna do? I don’t have a penny.’ Lear said with a grin.

‘Hm...isn’t it simple. I will just follow you to your house.’ Max replied and the grin on Lear’s face slowly disappeared.

‘What a stingy guy? Anyway, I don’t like owing anyone. I will pay you with interest.’

....

‘You sure it’s this way?’ Max asked with a frown.

‘What do you know? I spent my days on the streets. This is a shortcut.’ Lear replied with a proud look.

‘But isn’t it too quiet for the daytime.’ Max asked with a forced smile and a helpless expression.

‘Damn, I am not going into alleys anymore!!’ Max screamed inside his mind.

Lear suddenly halted his straps and it seemed that he had sensed something.

‘Sigh! I have got you into trouble.’