

The Ancient Genes

Volume 3:

Chapter 209 - Hijack(4)

‘Don’t even dare to move or play smart. This is not a scene from a movie, remember it.’ The masked man with a sword on his waist said as he walked through the seats scanning everyone. Wherever his gaze went, people turned their face away avoiding any eye contact.

‘Some of you might be thinking that the Association or the Union will rescue you, well you are not wrong. They can rescue you all as long they do what they are asked to. So you can try all you want. If you have any connections, go ahead and use it.’

‘I give my words. No one will fire.....let these people contact anyone they want to....’ The man commanded.

‘Yes Sir!’ The people with firearms behind responded before withdrawing their aims.

The crowd looked a bit hesitant but finally, a man took out his phone. But there was no sign of network on it. Seeing that nothing happened to the person, others too began to take out their phones. But finding a network in the underground tunnels was as good as finding Atlantis.

But, there were 10 people in the cabin who were carrying a communicator. A device made from formations. It could transfer voice and that was all it could do. But the fact that it would work as long fed with mana was what made it expensive and popular.

The 10 people who had it, included Lear, Luna, and her four bodyguards. While the rest seemed to be people from different upper-class families. After all, Lear and Max were traveling in a VIP cabin and that too to capital. It wasn't odd if they ended up meeting a few more nobles.

The people began to contact their own families for help. Lora looked at Lear who sat there without doing anything.

'Aren't you going to call for help?' Lora asked. She didn't contact her family because she knew that her guards were already onto it.

Lear looked at her. He had to say he was indeed impressed by this girl's temperament. She was still calm in this situation.

'You don't need to worry. My help is already on the way...' Lear said with a smile.

How could he dare to contact his family? They were probably thinking that he was still asleep in his room. He was already scared at the thought of his father and grandfather finding that he ran away. Now, if he called and said that not only did he run away but

even managed to become a hostage and was at the point of getting killed. There could only be two things that could happen.

First, they just ignore him. Letting him die. Lear wasn't afraid of this happening. The second choice was what he was afraid of. Them coming to his rescue only to kill him with their own hands.

Lora looked at Lear. This guy was acting the opposite of how the rumors told him to be. Since she had come to Ishtar for the auction, she had gone through the information on the Barnes House and made herself updated. After all, it had been a long time since she last looked through the info of people from the other Noble Houses.

This was the same reason for which Lear couldn't recognize her. He might recognize her if Lora introduced herself, but she didn't.

Ao oval qmquro, f qullfeu lptturiw fnnufzut ar dzmro md Lufz.

«I am here....»

« Where ?» Lear asked with a frown.

«On the roof...»

«Are you crazy?! Do you even know what will happen if you fell at that speed, you are definitely not coming out with just a scratch, not to mention even if you survive the fall, you will die in the tunnels either from starvation or being run over by another express car...» Lear replied.

«I crmj !! I hfr luu ao!! Tval artuut f gft atuf.... Bpo ovur jvfo lvmpit I vfsu tmru? Jplo jficut ar dzmq ovu dzmro...euo lvmo? Oz om gu vuit fl f vmlofeu?»

Lear found it hard to reply.

«Anyway, don't come in right now. They are too far apart....» Lear replied.

«Let me know their exact positions. I can't differentiatethere are quite a few people with mana radiating from them...»

«There is 3 man with firearms in their hands standing right in front towards the hallway which leads to the next cabin ahead. Aside from that, there are two mages. One seems to be a close combatant with a sword while the other seems to be a long range spell caster. One with the sword is standing near your seats. The long ranged one is right beside me.....» Lear replied.

«Can you take that sword guy out?»

«I know what you are thinking.....but it isn't possible....even if I manage to get that guy. You can't take the long ranged one and three armed men yourself. Even though those three armed guys are not mages...I can still guarantee that they will definitely be able to shoot a few rounds before you get to them...and if you go for them first, that long-range Mage won't be just standing there watching you....»
Lear replied after much of a contemplation.

«When did I say it was only two of us..»

«Who else is there ? Is Mr. Stark there with you ?» Lear asked as his face lit up.

«No..»

The reply immediately made all of the light on his face fade away.

«Ask that girl for help....»

«Are you serious right now ?» Lear replied.

«Don't underestimate her.....you might taste dust if you let your guard down in front of her..... and do you have any other better plan ?»

«I have but the risk is greater than the one you are talking about....»
Lear replied.

«Then it is done....just ask her to help...you yourself said that I couldn't handle it all alone....if she can just hold that long-ranged mage for 3 seconds, I will already be there to help her.....»

«Fine....When I make a move, do it then...» Lear replied.

He then turned his face to look at Lora.

‘What? Is there something on my face?’ Lora asked.

‘Can you handle that guy for 3 seconds...’ Lear whispered as he pointed towards the guy standing a seat ahead.

Lora followed his eyes and a frown emerged on her beautiful face.

‘What are you planning to do?’ Lora asked.

‘Trying to survive....I am too good to die here...’ Lear said seriously. Even though it might sound like a joke to lighten the mood, Lear was dead serious.

Lora flinched at his reply.

‘Yes or no?’ Lear asked again.

‘Yes....but I am not doing it.... it’s too risky...’ Lora replied with a frown.

‘Do you think I was asking for your opinion? Since you can do it, move into action when that guy descends.... If you don’t, a few people will definitely die. And in the worst situation, those guys might even set the bomb offSo think carefully...’ Lear said with a smile as he suddenly got up from his seat.

Lora could only keep looking at him with wide eyes as Lear began to slowly walk towards the close combatant mage. Everyone’s shifted on Lear who seemed to have a death wish as he calmly walked towards the guy.

The long-ranged Mage looked at him but didn’t do anything. The man with a sword smiled as he spoke, ‘We have a hero here.....Good! It was getting too boring...’

He then gestured to the armed man behind Lear.

The guy nodded and pointed his rifle at Lear.

‘Aren’t you afraid? ’These’ bullets will hurt....‘ The man with the sword said with a smile.

‘I am not afraid of these bullets...‘ Lear replied with a smile.

Lora’s face turned ugly she couldn’t understand how this was trying to survive. Lear was doing anything but working towards his survival.

‘Do it!’ The man commanded and gunshots rang.

‘Bang!’

‘Bang!’

Some people screamed in fear while some looked away. Lear’s body fell with a thud. His back drenched in blood.

The man with a sword came forward and stooped below Lear’s body as he spoke with a laugh, ‘ I thought bullets didn’t work on you...‘

Lear’s hand slowly moved towards the man as if he was trying to grab the guy with him to hell.

‘Oh! You are still alive....’ The man looked in surprise as he ignored Lear’s hands. How much strength would a dying person have? what could he possibly do?

On the other side, Lora saw that Lear was still moving. She felt relief for some reason. She looked at him struggling and frowned what to do? Should she get involved to help him or leave it be.....

The man with a sword grabbed Lear’s hair and lifted his face above and asked, ‘What now?’

Lear looked at the man in his face. His eyes had turned grim.

‘You b*stard, How dare you touch my hairs? I am gonna so f*cking kill you today....’ Lear spoke each word clearly and calmly. He was truly pissed. His hair was one of the things which he cherished the most. It was equivalent to his Dragon’s reverse scale.

‘Shatter!’

The sound attracted the man’s attention and he noticed there was a broken transmitter in Lear’s hand.

‘Y-You...’ the man said in anger as he realise that the transmitter was his own.

The man raised his fist in an attempt to punch Lear. But Lear was faster than him. He grabbed the man's fist and tightened his grasp onto it. The man's eyes widened in surprise as he felt his bones cracking.

'I told you 'these' bullets won't work on me...' Lear said as the bullets ejected from his body.

'Clang!'

Everything happened too fast. People hadn't even realized what had happened when the ceiling of the express car suddenly caved in and a guy fell down with a dagger in his hand, appearing like a death god.