

The Ancient Genes

Volume 3:

Chapter 211 - Volunteering

‘Clang!’

The man continuously attacked with his sword while Lear wrapped the metal sand along his arms and kept defending waiting for an opening to strike.

The opportunity finally came. The man had been attacking recklessly since he knew that there weren't any chances of his getting out. The least he could do was kill Lear. But this led to him over exerting his limit. The man was a High level Mage who had just formed his true spell. He was weaker than Lear to begin with, and with him continuously using his true spell which he had only formed, it didn't take him long before his spell became unstable.

The man flinched and took a step back in defense while trying to reinforce his spell.

But Lear didn't plan to let him do so. The metal sand attached to Lear's hand forming a beast claw and the next moment, he was already onto the man.

The man raised his sword to block the incoming attack.

A smirk appeared on Lear's face and the beast claw which was about to collide with the sword suddenly disintegrated. The sand split apart and bypassed the blade of the sword before pierced through the man's body.

‘Clang!’

The sword fell from his hand as the man fell on the ground with a thud. There was a hole in his stomach and upper part of the chest.

Lear had left him alive on purpose to see if they could get something out of him.

‘Clap!’

‘Clap!’

Lear suddenly turned to look at Max who was clapping. The guy seemed to be wiping his tears for some reason. His eyes were red.

Sptturiw, Lmzf jvm jfl gulatu Mfk guefr om hifn omm. Tvu uknzullamr mr vuz dfhu jfl hmqniahfout jvahv Lufz duio taddahpio om prtuzlofrt.

But, Lear could feel it, something was wrong.

Suddenly, everyone began to clap.

...

The cabin was finally secured. Max closed the opening in the ceiling as well as the passage on the sides.

The soundproofing of the cabin was so strong that the noise from the battle didn't seem to have reached the other cabins.

Well it wasn't surprising. It was a VIP cabin after all.

The two mages were being held captive. The one whom Lear fought was still passed out. His injuries were serious. The long ranged mage had just woken up and was being interrogated by Lora's guards.

Lear stared at Max as he asked, ‘What was that for?’

‘I was just happy to see you finally taking your first step towards a new start...’ Max replied with a smile.

‘I don’t want to trust you for some reason...’ Lear replied with a frown.

‘Too bad....its my genuine concern.’ Max casually waved off as he began to walk towards the mage who was being questioned.

‘Like the hell it is...’ Lear grumbled as he followed behind.

‘And yeah....that girl...I told her that I am your childhood friend. So don’t get caught...’ Max suddenly spoke.

‘Huh ? Why did you need to say that?’ Lear asked in confusion.

‘How was I supposed to know the young lord of Barnes family then...’ Max said calmly.

‘You even told her my identity...’ Lear frowned even more.

Max’s steps paused and turned around to look at Lear.

‘She already knew who you are! Wait! Don’t tell me this dude still doesn’t know about Lora’s identity... Yeah...it must be. No wonder, he didn’t run away.’

‘Yes, I told her...’ Max replied before he resumed his steps.

‘Let him be...it must be fate...’ Max thought.

Lora looked at Max and Lear as they came towards them.

‘Did he open his mouth?’ Max asked as he looked at the scared man.

‘He says that he was hired by some group of people to do the job. Nothing else...’ One of Lora’s guards replied.

Max looked at the scared long ranged mage and asked, 'Who were those people?'

'I-I don't know...'

'Tsk...kill him...' Max said as he backed off.

The people around look at him with wide eyes. How old was this guy and yet he was so casual when it came to killing?

'How do you want him dead?' Lear pulled his sleeves as he walked ahead.

'No...wait.. I am telling the truth...I don't know...I really don't know....Yeah!! There was a tattoo of a skull on their necks...nothing else....they had totally covered themselves from head to toe....I don't know anything else....please...don't kill me....'

Lear suddenly paused as he looked at the message in front. This was an act that they had managed to pull off using the chat system and it indeed worked.

Lear looked at Max. He had never heard of this group with tattoos. Was it possible that the tattoo was just a coincidence?

Max kept frowning. He had heard rumors of these people, but he wasn't sure. The group of people were as secretive as the Ancient Families.

'What do we do now?' Suddenly a man asked. He was a mage as well and seemed to be from one of the wealthy upper-class families.

Suddenly a silence enveloped in the surroundings.

'I say we protect this cabin until help arrives....' Suddenly one of the men spoke.

‘I agree as well...’ Another one followed and one by one everyone started to agree with the decision.

‘What if the Association and the Union decide to abandon us?’

The words immediately choke everyone and they turned their heads to look at the fellow who said those words.

Even Max couldn’t help but sigh.

‘What an idiot? Isn’t the Association and the Union there only hope now....who was daring enough to snatch their hopes...’

‘Wait...isn’t this voice familiar?’ Max thought as he looked at the person.

It was Lear.

‘Damn! This insensitive guy...’

Everyone glared at Lear as he stood there with a carefree look on his face.

‘I think we should split...’ Max spoke before anyone pounced on Lear.

‘Split?’

‘Yes...a few of us stay here to protect this cabin....a safe location....while a few of us can volunteer to get the control back or to find the hidden bombs...’ Max replied.

No one spoke....

‘Obviously, it’s your individual decision...’ Max spoke again.

‘I will Volunteer...’ Lear raised his hand.

Lora looked at Lear and then spoke, ‘I will volunteer as well...’

‘My lady...this is not safe...we can protect you here until help arrives. This is the best option...’ the head guard spoke trying to persuade Lora.

But how could Lora back down? Lear who had the same status as her was traveling so fearlessly without any guards and was even willing to volunteer himself for that dangerous work. Where did that leave her? She thought about everything that Max had told her about Lear and she felt even more embarrassed about just sitting there and doing nothing.

‘Shut up!’

‘You are supposed to be following my order.’

‘Two of you will remain here. That’s an order. As for the other two, it’s your wish.’ Lora said.

The guards could only sigh. How could they leave Lora alone? It was obvious they would be volunteering as well.