

The Ancient Genes

Volume 4: Capital

Chapter 256 - Taking Sides

Max stared at the guy who was standing near the broken window. There was shattered glass lying all around him, he didn't seem to be fazed by any of the things which occurred a while ago, but instead, had an interested look on his face.

Max looked at the guy with a calm face. He could feel the superior look of the fellow but this time, it wasn't out of some trivial things like noble and commoner but something else.

How to say? This guy was confident....

The guy dusted off the pieces of glass on his clothes and pulled his coat in before taking a step as he spoke, 'You are interesting....'

Max continued to look at the guy who slowly walked towards the chair on the end of the table. The one which should be belonging to the Head of the Committee.

He turned his head and looked at Max before speaking with a smile, 'I approve your admission.'

The guy then sat down on the chair in front of everyone and no one stopped him. It was enough for Max to know who the person was. The nameless guy was the Head of the Disciplinary Committee.

Max really didn't know what kind of expression should he have on his face. He could only maintain a poker face and continued to look at the guy. The situation was really messed up.

‘I am Argus Kingsman, the Head of the Committee.’ The guy spoke as he looked at Max, ‘Stop giving me that look, it was just a test and you hit me so hard. It still hurts.’

Argus clutched his side as his face contorted.

Max on the other hand, didn’t react much. But he kept one thing in his mind very clearly ‘Kingsman’

‘Who told you to do that when you are so weak?’ Erina asked with a smile.

‘Isn’t that practically asking for death?’ Another guy chimed in on the conversation and everyone laughed.

Only Max didn’t. He didn’t believe the guy was hurt one bit. He couldn’t understand why people were thinking him to be weak. He for some reason, couldn’t believe it.

Max had a weird feeling as he looked at the guy. The mana fluctuations around him was weak. But Max’s senses were terrifying, he could feel that it was not the end. There was something more that the guy was hiding.

‘Is he really just good at hiding his mana or is there something more to it...’ Max thought as he looked at the guy.

‘Anyway, I assume no one has any problem with the new member here?’ Argus asked and looked around. When he was about to speak again, a guy raised his hand.

‘I don’t think he should be here..’

It was Victor.

Max looked at the guy and couldn’t help but smile for some reason.

‘Oh! And why is that?’ Argus asked with curiosity.

‘He is too aggressive. We need to calm down situations and not add oil to it. This person is not suitable for this job.’ Victor said with a calm look.

‘Well...well.I think you aren’t suitable for this job too.’ Max suddenly spoke when no one expected him to, ‘A person who acts on emotion and grudge, involves personal life with work, I will kick such person out to avoid any problem.’

‘What do you mean?’ Victor asked with a frown.

‘Isn’t it because of your cousin? I don’t know what she said to you, but I don’t think you should be bringing your personal feelings here...’ Max smiled, he didn’t know Victor personally. But from his source, if he were to describe him, it would be a good talented gentleman.

Laughable...

This was the kind of guy who lived a double face life, Max didn’t know whether this guy was doing this to show that he cared for his cousin or to show that he cared for the Academy in general. Maybe both...but if he was thinking, he could Max a stepping stone, then he was wrong here.

‘You don’t need to worry. We will be using him in the backup squad for the starters. I am sure this wouldn’t cause any problem.’ Argus spoke, with a smile.

Victor looked at him and didn’t speak, he had done what he was supposed to do. Just like Max had imagined, it was intentional.

....

Not far from the Academy....

Tvu lozuuol juzu ar hvfml, lhzufql daiiut ovu nifhu. Tvu laevo md gimmt qftu numniu nfrac frt diuu dmz ovu dufz md ovuaz iadu.

Lear looked at the guy standing in front of him. He was surrounded. There was no place for him to run to.

‘I know you aren’t going to answer, but still I will fulfill the formalities.’ Lear smiled and spoke once again, ‘Who are you?’

The man with the dagger didn’t seem to be keen on answering as his feet kicked the ground and he quickly came in with the dagger in front.

‘You aren’t even allowing me to waste a bit of time?’ Lear spoke with an ugly look on his face as he beckoned the garbage bin with his hands and it flew towards the incoming man.

At this moment, the other three moved as well. They weren’t planning to watch Lear.

‘Dammit! Come one by one if you dare!!’ Lear screamed but it didn’t seem that they were going to listen to him at all.

Lear could only grit his teeth as he pulled every piece of metal he could.

‘Clang!’

‘Clang!’

Waovar f qarpou, Lufz vft dmzqut f hazhpifz quofi lvauit. Hu tpe val duuo ar ovu ezmprt frt ommc mr ovu foofhc jaov fii vu emo.

‘Bang!’

He felt the skin on his hands tearing on the very first impact and his eyes widened. The second attack tore his skin and his hands began to bleed and the third attack and Lear flying away.

Lear crashed onto the pavement but didn't wait to groan in pain. He immediately pushed himself and rolled back and as soon as he did, an earth spike protruded out from the pavement beneath.

'Four High level mages... I can't even take one on in my current state' Lear thought as he felt a pain from his previous injuries.

When he raised his head again, the three guys were already rushing towards him and the fourth one seemed to be casting a spell on the back.

'Whoosh!' The man who was in front suddenly kicked his feet and a gust of wind formed beneath carrying him towards Lear at an extreme speed.

Lear could only raise his shield and attempt to block the attack.

'Clang!'

The sword collided with the shield and pieces of metal broke apart from the shield falling below and Lear's feet shook.

As the second attack was about to come in and the first man was retreating, Lear counter-attacked, 'Don't think you can just get away with it.'

Spikes suddenly protruded out of the shield and the next thing the man knew was several small pieces of metal flying towards him like bullets.

The man immediately brought his sword to defend but it still couldn't entirely protect him. The pieces of metal tore through the side of his cloak and left several cuts on his body.

Through the corner of his eyes, Lear managed to catch the sight of a token hanging on the man's waist.

It was a House crest and it read...Achilles..

Before Lear could react, the man with the dagger made a move, his dagger landed on the shield and the shield was deflected out of the way leaving Lear's body vulnerable.

Lear knew that he had messed up, he shouldn't have attacked.

The next thing Lear knew was a kick landing on his stomach which sent him flying into the cafe nearby, shattering the glass door.

Lear crashed into one of the tables spilling the food all over and slid towards the next table in line.

The entire cafe was immediately engulfed in silence, it seemed that the people still hadn't noticed what was going around.

Lear slowly got up onto his butt holding a guy's feet with his bloody hands. He then looked towards the entrance as the man with a dagger slowly walked towards him.

'I will pay you for the laundry if I survive,' Lear said as he noticed the blood on the guy's pants who was sitting on the table.

'I am taking him,' the man with the dagger said and no one dared to utter a word.

Lear looked at the guy as he extended his hands towards his collars. But before he could grab Lear, another hand came in and grabbed ahold of the man's wrist.

Lear raised his head and looked at the guy beside whose pants he had stained with blood.

The guy had a good build, not too thin and not too buffed up, he was wearing spectacles and it was only now that Lear noticed something. He was in their Academy Uniform.

'I don't know what he did, but I don't like what you are doing as well...' the guy said with a frown.

'You don't want to get yourself involved in other's business kid,' the man warned.

'Is it, I am not fond of people ganging up,' the guy said as he looked towards Lear with a smile, 'Is it fine if I take your side?'

'Be my guest,' Lear replied.

Suddenly, steam began to rise from the guy's body and the temperature in the surrounding began to increase.

The man with the dagger felt his hand being scorched and he immediately pulled back, with a grim look on his face. His hands were burned from that small amount of contact.

'Can get up?'

the guy asked and Lear replied with a nod before pushing himself back onto his feet.

'Let's do this then....' Lear said as he loosened his tie and the guy beside him took off his blazer and threw it on the table. An identity card slipped out of the blazer's pocket and Lear caught the guy's name on it.