

The Ancient Genes

Volume 4: Capital

Chapter 257 - Scapegoat

Disciplinary Committee, Meeting Room

‘Is he strong? If you are using him as backup, I assume he will be in fights a lot.’ Suddenly, one of the guys in the room spoke.

‘I am sure he can, look at all the muscle he got...’ Argus said with a smile as he looked at Max.

‘How strong can a student from Arcane possibly be?’ Victor suddenly muttered, the disdain on his face was clear. ‘Isn’t it better to let him handle the paperwork here...’

‘I am stronger than people who only know how to talk and act arrogantly while riding on their family’s coattail,’ Max said with a smile as he looked at Victor.

There was a blatant disregard, Max was slapping him right on the face. This was what people called not leaving even an inch of his face.

How could people not see the specks flying around. Everyone expected it to be because of the event that transpired in the cafeteria the other day.

Victor glared at Max as a chill flashed past his eyes. Max had hit the place where it hurt the most. Victor hated when people ignored his hard work and associated his success to the family.

He had earned it all on his own. He had done everything he could for the family but didn't receive anything in return. That's the reason he betrayed them. At least that was what Victor thought.

'No one is here riding on their family's coattails, everyone has worked hard...and just because someone is from Arcane doesn't make them less qualified. Let's not get personal here...' Argus intervened to calm down the situation.

'I am just stating the fact, not being personal.' Victor replied as he looked at Max, 'We all know how strong the students of Arcane are, even the cream of their crop is around an early level of the Mid Tier category. Not to mention we are talking about a Blacksmith student here.'

Everyone's face immediately turned awkward. It was true. They had seen the recording and information of previous years All Academy competition. It would be a miracle year for Arcane if a student managed to reach High level Category by the end of the first year. That was from the Mage department they were talking here, forget about the Blacksmith one.

'How about we let him spar with one of us? That should be enough to show his capability.' Norek suddenly spoke giving an idea out.

'Sounds good to me...' the guy beside him nodded and everyone else found it good too.

'Good then...you can choose anyone to spar, except for me...' Argus said and the people in the room couldn't help but smile a bit.

Max looked at the Argus and he was indeed planning to pick him up, but now that he had said that he was the exception,

Max couldn't do anything. He turned his head and scanned the people around.

Hu jfl arouzulout ar Ezarf ovu qmlo, lvu jfl lozmre frt fdouz jvfo Lufz vft lfat, val arouzulo jfl artuut nayput.

Max raised his hand and spoke with a calm look, 'You...'

His hand was pointing towards Victor, even though he was interested in fighting with Erina, he would spare it for some other day, right now, he just wanted to kick this guy's *ss.

The people looked at Max with a complicated look, to be honest, even though Victor was not the strongest of them, he was still strong.

And after what had just happened, there was very less chance of a spar to happen in between them. It would more likely be a death battle.

'Sure, I am very eager to help out...just don't blame when you get hurt. Even though it is a spar, injuries occur.' Victor said as he looked at Max with a smile.

'Don't worry, I share the same thought.' Max replied with a smile.

'Shall we go then...?' Victor said as got up from his seat.

When Max was about to get up, Argus spoke, 'Max is injured right now, it wouldn't be fair to him. If you are going to do it, do it with fairness...besides, no one is a fool here.' Argus paused as he looked at Victor, 'Spar? I don't think it will be limited to that. We will schedule the match a week from now. You can fight it all out. After that, I don't want any of this personal rivalry between you guys.'

He then turned his head to look towards Max, 'You can join today and take rest for the week. If you can't fulfill our expectations, you will be doing the paperwork in the committee.'

Argus spoke without a stop and no one dared to interrupt him. Even Max seemed to have a certain force for a second which seemed to be making him bow in front of Argus, but with his ability, there was now way for that to happen.

'Let's call it an end then.' Argus said as he looked at everyone, they had already discussed what was needed to be and some of the morning classes should be beginning soon as well.

One by one, everyone left the room, Max slowed down a bit and let them go ahead as he matched his pace with Argus.

'Don't you have morning classes?' Argus asked with a smile.

'I have a bit of time, I should be able to make it at this pace...'
Max replied as he looked at Argus. 'I am curious but is that 'Kingsman' in your name...'

Argus looked at Max and nodded, 'Yes, the Headmaster of Orca is my grandfather and the one of Arcane Academy is my Third Uncle.'

'That old man...did he deliberately send me here to keep me under his observation...'
Max thought.

On the other hand, Argus looked at Max with interest too, 'What did Grandpa mean? How could this guy possibly help me?'

Argus was still confused at his grandpa's words.

'Observe him, you might find a hint...'

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On the other side....

Lear stood alongside another guy who was about an inch taller than him.

When the guy threw his blazer on the table, an id card fell out of the pocket of the blazer and Lear managed to get the guy's name.

Mark Zatch...

Lear felt that the name seemed a bit familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had heard it.

Suddenly, steam began to rise from Mark's body as he took a step forward, the temperature in the surroundings began to rise as well and people could feel the heat.

Lear shook his head trying to figure the guy out, he did not have time to be thinking about it.

'Let's get out of this place...' Lear said as he moved and Mark nodded as well. The cafe was filled with people and was definitely not an ideal place to fight.

But the men in cloak didn't seem to have the same thought. It was better for them to fight it here if the opposite party were hesitating to go all out.

The man with a dagger moved in and closed in onto Mark while the guy with the sword went towards Lear.

A deep orange flame began to burn in Mark's hand but he seemed to be hesitating with the crowd of people behind.

'Aim there...' Lear shouted as mana around him surged and the next moment, he raised his hand.

With the motion of his hand being lifted upwards, the floor beneath cracked and a huge metal pipe broke out of the floor.

Mark didn't hesitate and the flames in his burned brighter as he punched with all his might.

‘Bang!’

The impact immediately broke the pipe and a huge cloud of vapor and steam rose from the pipe as the water surged like a tide into the cafe.

The place was in utter chaos. The visibility was gone and the ability to move was hindered by the continuous flow of water in the cafe.

‘Let's go...’ Lear said as he raised his hand the utensil, the forks and the knives in the cafe followed his call.

Waov f lareiu jfsu md val vftr, vu gzmcu ovzmpcv ovu rufzulo eifll nfru frt tmsu mpo arom ovu lozuuo frt Mfzc dmiimjut guvart.

‘Let's run...’ Lear said as he immediately got onto his feet and dashed. Even with Mark, there was now way for them to take on four of them.

As soon as they moved, the remaining glass panes of the cafe shattered as four figures flew out and chased after them.

‘What did you do to them?’ Mark said with a shout as he followed behind Lear.

‘I helped them.’ Lear replied as he looked at Mark. He had seen the Achilles House crest on the guy's waist if he was not wrong.

‘What!’ Mark gave him a strange look.

Lear shook his head, who would believe that he was getting killed for being a good person and helping others.

Now that he thought about it, wasn't he being Max's scapegoat now.

'Damn it!! I will haunt that guy if I die today..'