

# The Ancient Genes

## Volume 4: Capital

### Chapter 259 – Letting the guard down

‘This is it for today, we will be continuing it tomorrow...’ the instructor spoke as he picked his stuff and left the room.

‘Where are your manners? Aren’t you going to thank me?’ Max asked with a smile as he looked at Tyler.

Tyler looked at Max but didn’t say anything. He just got up on his feet and walked out of the class. Max laughed as he got up and followed behind.

The next class was a practical one. Max stood near the furnace with a hammer hanging from his waist.

Tyler couldn’t help but look at Max with a frown, ‘Are you following me on purpose?’

‘Why will I? I am a Blacksmith student as well...’ Max replied with a serious face.

After a few minutes, the instructor arrived and the class began.

With a single look, Max could tell who was good at it and who was not. The way one held a hammer and the way one swung it was enough to judge one’s familiarity with it.

Max looked towards his left and saw Tyler working as well. They were in the corner at the very end where the instructor most probably wouldn’t come.

'What is this guy doing? Did he really want to be a blacksmith or did he just come to fool around?' Max thought inwardly as he saw Tyler hitting the ore, it was just a 1★ ore and the guy was clearly hitting with way more power. There was no way for with ore to survive much longer. It would definitely break at one point or would end up becoming too brittle for any further use.

'Why did you come here? You clearly don't seem interested...!' Max suddenly spoke to him and Tyler stopped. He turned to look at Max and asked, 'How do you know I am not interested?'

'You clearly aren't interested....you have zero knowledge regarding blacksmithing...you don't even know a proper hammer technique....besides,' Max took a pause and suddenly turned to look at Tyler as he spoke, 'Those calluses on your hands...if you don't even know how to hammer an ore, I doubt they are from using the hammer. You must be training with some kind of weapon. You clearly are interested in battles and becoming a Mage most probably, I can't understand why you would choose this stream...'

Tyler's face didn't change and he still kept his calm at least on the front. But in truth, he was shocked and far from calm. It was the first time someone dared to talk to him as the blacksmith department didn't have any student who shared the same status as him. The mainline heirs of the Noble Houses mainly took the path of a mage after all. Hence it came as a shock to him when not only did a guy dare to talk to him but also revealed so many things about him on their first interaction.

'You have watched too many dramas...!' Tyler shook his head, 'I did train with a weapon and I am indeed new to

blacksmithing. So what? Path of a Mage? It is too easy, boring. I find blacksmithing interesting for now and someday if it becomes boring, I will leave it as well.'

Max smiled at Tyler's reply as he turned his head towards the girl who was gracefully swinging the hammer with utmost precision, 'Blacksmithing indeed is interesting....'

A chill flashed through Tyler's eye on Max' remark. Max could feel the cold gaze with a hint of murderous intent as well.

It seemed he had hit the bull's eye.

'Boom!'

Suddenly, an explosion was heard and Max immediately turned his head to see huge cloud of fire rising into the distance.

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A minute earlier....

On the other side, smoke continued to rise from several places on the street and chaos had descended.

There were still a few people trapped in the nearby area who couldn't get out in time.

Mfzc lommt gulatu Lufz fl difqul hmroarput om zalu dzmq val gmtw luooare ovu hmrhzuou mr gifxu.

Lear on the other hand, had formed his beats frame and stood waiting for the right moment to strike.

The other four men on the other side were clearly agitated. Time was ticking and help should be arriving by any moment now.

Without even waiting for another moment, the three men, one with a dagger and the other two with the sword moved while the fourth one who seemed to be an earth mage stood behind preparing a spell. He seemed to specialize in long-range attacks.

‘Let me do it....’ Mark spoke as he took a step forward and the flames from his body burst out forming a huge wave as it rushed forward.

The three men rushing forward, immediately came together and the next moment a gust of wind started to swirl around them.

Within a moment, it went from a small wind to a storm.

The wave of fire and the wind collided. The collision itself didn’t produce much noise but the next instant, the flames expanded destroying the structure which caused a huge noise as if an explosion had occurred.

Seeing the flames raging, the three men immediately halted their steps. The heat was getting unbearable but they had managed to stop the attack.

‘Whoosh!’

Wvur ovuw juzu iuflo uknuhoare, f daepzu md f guflo uquzeit dzmq ovu difql. Tvuaz uwul jaturut fl ovuw lfj ovu zut guflo jvahv jfl easare mdd fr arourlu vao nmprhu mr ovuq.

‘Move!’ One of the men shouted.

But the man who was standing in the front didn’t seem to have enough time. The beast’s claws landed on his chest and he flew behind like a cannon as his clothes combusted in flames.

‘Careful!!’ One of the guys shouted.

The beast frame had turned red from the intense heat created by the wind and the flames. Lear gritted his teeth as he felt his skin burning. Even though he was inside with several layers of metal and was using his mana barrier, it was still burning and painful.

‘Attack from a distance...’ One of the guys said as he swung his sword into an arc and released a wind blade.

But before it could reach Lear, a ball of fire came from behind and hit it leading to the formation of another smaller cloud of fire.

‘Don’t forget me...’ Mark spoke as he emerged from the flames behind.

‘Kill them at the cost of your life!!’ The man with a dagger roared as he began to walk before breaking into a sprint. His roar seemed to have rejuvenated the spirit of his companions and they rushed in ignoring each and every attack.

The two men with a sword went towards Mark while the man with the dagger darted towards Lear.

A gust of wind revolved around the man’s arm as his dagger came towards the beast’s head.

Lear didn’t avoid the attack and opened the mouth of the beast baring his sharp metal canines.

But the man still didn’t slow down. Without any hint of hesitation he straight plunged his hand into the beast’s mouth. The inside of the beast was the weakest and closest part of the whole frame to Lear.

Lear felt the impact and the sharp gust of wind broke through the internal parts of the frame leaving a deep cut on his chest.

But luckily, the man's hands weren't large enough or else the dagger might have pierced through Lear's chest.

The beast frame trembled a bit and blood began to leak through it, but the next instant, it suddenly turned its head and tore the man's limb from his shoulder drawing out the shower of blood.

The man immediately took a couple of steps back falling down to his knees as blood began to flow out of his mouth like a never ending stream.

As Lear was about to finish him, he suddenly felt a strong grip on him and he noticed that the guy whom he had sent flying earlier with his claws had crawled up to him and had stuck to his legs with all his might.

'Do it, now!!!'

His scream immediately made a frown on Lear's face.

'Shnk!'

Tvu ruko arlofro, f vpeu lnacu md ufzov nzmozptut dzmq ovu ezmprt frt nauzhut ovzmpsev ovu qattiu dmz ovu dzfqu zfalare ao f hmpniu md duuo fgmsu ovu ezmprt.

As blood trickled through the frames down to the earth spike, a smile formed on the guy's face.

'Clang!'

Suddenly, the pieces of metal which had been holding onto each other began to fall one by one.

And as they did, the smile on the man's face beneath vanished as well.

When the last piece fell to the ground the spike was empty, there was no sign of the dead body on the spike.

‘Shnk!’

Suddenly, the man felt a sharp pain in his abdomen and he looked below only to realise that a shard of metal had pierced into his body.

‘Clang!’

Suddenly a person rose from beneath the heap of metal on the ground, ‘You shouldn’t have screamed...’

There was a larger wound on Lear’s arm, almost half of his flesh was missing which was most likely from the spike.

As the man slowly fell with a thud on the ground, Lear looked at the guy with a missing arm.

He slowly walked towards the guy, pieces of metal began to stick to his hand forming a mechanical arm.

‘Flare!’

Flame erupted from behind as two guys were sent flying away with their bodies badly burnt, Lear looked at Mark behind as he walked towards him. There were a few deep cuts on his body and he looked a bit pale.

‘It seems they are here...’ Mark said and Lear noticed the presence of mages as well.

But the moment of relaxation was uncalled for...

The guy who had been on his knees immediately kicked his feet as a gust of wind formed beneath.

Lear immediately moved but a second of relaxation caused him to be slow. His fist didn’t have 100% contact with the man but it still managed to disrupt his steps and he crashed into a nearby building which was most likely a restaurant.

The screams of people inside made a frown appear on Lear's face...

Lear immediately rushed behind, but as he entered the place, he saw the man holding a lady in her late 20s or early 30s with his dagger on her throat.

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