

274 Expedition [1]

"You are eating noodles? What kind of meat is in there?" Brian asked, pushing slightly towards Jake's seat to peek at the bowl of noodles Jake was eating. 1

On the inside of Brian's house, just a normal day for them, Brian returned from casual training, and what greeted him when he came back was Jake eating noodles from a somewhat expensive restaurant. And by the looks of it, it came from a reputable restaurant owned by a well-known family.

"Where did you buy it?"

"Hm?" Slurp! "I didn't buy it. It was given to me by a kind old lady. I was just passing by a restaurant, and when she saw me, she said she knew me. But she just called me by some other name, "Kulas." She offered me noodles, and I just accepted it."

"What?" Brian paused with the face of a person who couldn't believe what he just heard. "You exploited the misunderstanding."

"Hm...? It was not harmful. I just accepted grace. Do you want to taste it?"

Brian only stared at him and shook his head. "No, I lost my interest."

"Brian, someone is here! A messenger from the principal's hall." Jake called out, making Brian rush out of his room to the living room.

"What is it?"

"Third Young Master, I am here to deliver a message from the board and also the Big Boss. This is the final decision they have made, and the task they wanted you to complete."

Brian received a scroll. He looked at it blankly as it was just basic and nothing more was eye-catching about it. And just as the messenger left, he opened the scroll with Jake by his side.

"What is that?" Jake asked.

"The task that the board wanted me to complete."

He nodded, then prepared a seat for Brian as he read the contents while walking back to the living room. He then sat on the seat that Jake had prepared and then released a sigh after his eyebrows furrowed.

Brian seemed frustrated, but Jake was curious about it, asking about the content of the scroll.

"The board wanted me to go with the expedition they prepared to raid a monster den near a city."

"Expedition? That is easy. But why do you look so frustrated? Why? Is there something wrong with it?"

"Not really." Brian shook his head and leaned on the backrest of the seat. "I must join Brother Alfred's expedition group and the reason why I am frustrated is that it requires me to report to him as my superior."

"And what is wrong with that?" Jake just paused and stared at him as he couldn't understand where Brian was pulling the frustration.

"Just... just... just..." Then he sighed. "Never mind."

Brian went back to his room, stomping his legs without looking back. He also left the scroll, which gave the answers to Jake's curiosity.

Jake couldn't help but tilt his head. He took it and read all the contents written on it. His eyes flickered; an idea appeared in his head while he returned the scroll to where he got it.

He smiled and peered into Brian's room from the living room.

"What a kid you are, Brian. It is nothing."

What Jake read on the scroll was the instruction, and what Brian said was all about it. He just didn't like being under Alfred, as what was stated there was that Alfred was the leader of the



expedition group, and anything that Alfred ordered, he must listen to it.

It was an absurd task for the qualification of being a company leader, but, not minding it much, Jake just scoffed.

'Do they want Brian to experience what a leader does? For me, it is what it is. But, maybe there is a different reason behind it. I just don't know.'

The expedition mission would start a month after, and it just gave Brian more time to prepare for it. However, not sulking much from what he read, he prepared to see the unaffiliated "assets" of White Lead that he wanted to make his subordinates.

'There's nothing good that will happen if I slack off.'

"Hey! Come over here!"

Baam!

A gigantic, muscular man wearing a few sheets of armor made of scrap jumped on one slightly skinny person over a table. And just as he landed on him, the tables nearby surrendered, as well as the person he jumped on to.

He was laughing, as were other people inside the pub. Their liquor on the table spilled onto the

skinny person. And as the man stood, he was still laughing, with a look of mockery.

"Just how weak can you go, Popo? Can't you at least endure that jump from me?"

"Not anymore... Big Brother Lilin. Please, I can't handle it anymore." It was a weak voice coming from the skinny person.

The gigantic man named Lilin just shook his head and turned his back on him.

"What a pity. You are a disappointment."

It was crazy. Who in the right world could survive that jump? With his huge body, trampling over a skinny person like him, it was a miracle that he was able to survive that, even though he was weak at some point since some of his bones broke.

It wouldn't be able to kill someone; it wasn't the only meaning of surviving. What was meant by surviving was to be able to endure it and stand up after it. But what they expected was about to fail, giving them disappointment.

Just as Lilin sat back in his seat, while others were still laughing at the skinny person, the salon doors of the pub opened, with another person entering whom they were familiar with.

A young man, wearing a luxurious outfit,

confidently walked towards the crowd that had become silent, then went straight to Lillin, who was just staring at him with a deadly gaze. He raised his eyebrows and questioned the presence of the young man.

"Who are you?"

"What's with your tone? Is that the way you speak to your master?"

"..."

His eyebrows furrowed. Lillin stayed in his seat, silently staring at the young man while his subordinates and comrades showed dissatisfaction with him.

"Hey! What did you just say? You dared to insult our Big Brother?"

"No, I am not insulting any of you or your Big Brother. I am simply saying the truth. He is my subordinate, so he should not be disrespectful to me."

"What the fuck are you talking about? Don't you know him? He can break your bones with just his fingers touching your ribs."

"..."

"Ah... I see... You must have come here knowing who he is. Who are you? How do you have that much confidence when you already know him?"

"..." The young man only stared at Lilin, who gave him the same response. They just stared at each other.

"Hey! I am talking to you!"

Baam!

The young man's hands hit the man's face who was shouting at him. He was thrown to the back, hitting the walls just after the young man hit him.

Everyone's eyes widened, then turned into hostility as they acted to launch an attack on the young man, but Lilin raised his hand, stopping them just after that gesture. He sighed, then stood up, looking down on the young man who was smaller than he.

"Rising Rookie... The Third Young Master of White Lead. What's the business that you came here by yourself? "

Just as Lilin mentioned the nickname Brian had gained, everyone became silent and stared at Brian, who still had his confidence.

"Are you perhaps here to recruit me? Us?"

Brian nodded.

"You are being a fool. No one had succeeded in recruiting us."



"Yes, I know. You have such a persistent aura. I know that. But, do you think I came here just to take you under me? You also misunderstood me."

Lilin's eyebrows rose again. He scoffed for the next second, then looked at his subordinates.

"Hey... I will be leaving this brat to you. Be sure to play with him very well."

Lilin turned his back to Brian and walked to the end of the pub. The man at the counter hid under it, and when Lilin saw it, he just smirked and hopped on the counter to make it his seat. He then watched Brian be surrounded by 20 of his subordinates.

"You made a wrong move, brat. Our Big Brother is not a pushover."

"Yeah... yeah... Let's get over with it." Brian muttered, then shot his eyes at everyone who was preparing for their attack to be launched.

Baam!

Brian jumped, using a chair as his foothold, and landed on a man. With his fist covered with Qi, he was able to knock him out. Then, he turned his body to face another person. He lifted his right foot, kicking him straight in the neck.

Brian then dashed to the side, lowering his body to pass through the group of men and sending

them with a hit from his elbow. A cracking sound was uttered.

"Did I just break your ribs?" He jokingly asked, then scoffed afterward.

He jumped once more, with a kick flying at a random man again.

"How are you guys so arrogant while being so weak?"

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