

The Mafia 111

Chapter 111 New Plans?

The next day...

After presenting to his group the problem they would have with the official forces, probably due to Defiant Tyranny, Vicente made plans to act against this local underworld group!

In their situation, they would not be able to mobilize local forces against Defiant Tyranny, as they were less influential, nor would they be able to protect themselves from these official actions that were clearly designed to harm them. Against corrupt people, only being stronger than everyone or capable of offering more abundant resources could make them change sides.

But Vicente's group was a far cry from the Defiant Tyranny.

The only alternative he and his men had was to use what they had, their own forces!

...

After a sleepless night, Vicente left his home early in the morning, dressed like a young businessman.

He had a severe look on his face as he walked through the central streets of Millfall, heading towards one of his first targets in his current plans.

He still planned to rob House Irwin, but Rory was slowly closing in on the servant Lena, so it would be days or weeks before he had to worry about such an enemy.

For now, Vice's priority was Defiant Tyranny.

'I already have the locations of that group and will soon have the numbers of that group.' As he walked toward his morning target, Vicente pondered the orders he had already given his men.

Some of his people were working to maintain his operations in his territory or even to ensure the safety of the groups transporting goods through the province. But some of his free men in Millfall were already on their way to investigate the group that concerned them most.

Aaron had said little about each local group that Vicente and Rory would have to worry about if they acted locally. He gave them a basic explanation and talked about their territories and who those two shouldn't be involved with.

But they had not heard from this man the numbers of the Defiant Tyranny or any other regional powers. All they knew was that the five main groups of Millfall could even influence Mages.

According to Aaron, they should not get negatively involved with any of these groups unless they could influence Mages.

But Vicente would not follow this advice!

On Earth, he had learned that if one wanted to climb the ladders of success, it was impossible to do so standing still and without taking risks and challenging the stones in one's path.

Could he influence Mages? Hell, no! But he dared to act and use his enemies to strengthen himself.

His group was determining the strength of the Defiant Tyranny and how well their ranks were guarded!

'When I have this information, I will strike a decisive blow against them!' Vicente narrowed his eyes, knowing that he had to act against this group before the one-month period the royal soldiers had told him was over.

After that, he would no longer be able to operate the way he was and would probably lose the support of the Scarlet Syndicate. Then, nothing would stand in the way of Defiant Tyranny against them.

Vicente pushed these thoughts aside as he stopped before the royal army post in Millfall.

He picked up the card Nova had given him the day before and looked at it, seeing her name and where he could find her. He held a hairpin in his other hand.

He wasn't there to defend himself against the previous accusations, let alone to provide proof of his innocence.

"Hello, can you tell me if Captain Bain is around?" Vicente asked with a smile as he arrived next to the guardhouse at the entrance of this army post.

The man inside the guardhouse looked at Vice, noticing the young man's unusual Magic Gem, something that would attract anyone's attention before any other visible information from a person.

Noticing that the young man was also well dressed, a muscular middle-aged man asked in a neutral tone.

"What do you want with the Captain, boy? She's here, but that's not enough for me to let you in."

In this world, people had their prejudices and could treat you entirely differently depending on your talents and the way you dressed, spoke, or even acted.

Some people were harsher or kinder in their manners, but it was common for people of very different social standing to treat those of the lower class very dryly.

Vicente had learned this in his childhood in Polaris Realm, and since then, he had benefited from dressing well and always speaking appropriately, with confidence, as if he had the world on his side.

He said. "I am a neighbor of Captain Bain. She asked me to bring her something."

"Oh? What is it? Give it to me, and I'll give it to her." The man smiled, imagining interacting with the most beautiful woman on this post.

But Vicente bitterly smiled. "That won't do. This is the Captain's personal belongings. I won't give it to someone I don't know."

"You!" This soldier felt like hitting this young man, but the low-ranking soldier backed down, not sensing Vicente's magic level and noting how confident this youth seemed.

"Fine, but I'll come with you." He said before calling for someone to watch his post.

Vicente would soon follow such a person to the Captain's office, where she usually did the bureaucratic part of her service.

In a way, the royal army of the Seidel Kingdom was like the police on Earth. Just as police officers had to keep track of some of their operations, soldiers had to do the same in this state of Polaris Realm.

Nova did this in one of her two shifts. She worked from midnight to noon, usually staying overnight at the army post to do internal work, sometimes training, while taking care of external matters in the morning.

It was early in the day, so Nova had not yet left this post to do her local activities, solve problems, or patrol the city.

But today, it was her responsibility to patrol the city's south side, and she was already getting ready to leave.

Just as Vicente and the soldier arrived in front of her office in the public area of this army post, she opened her door, preparing to leave.

"Captain..." The soldier immediately smelled the sweet scent coming from Nova's body and fell silent for a moment, appreciating the beauty of this blue-haired woman.

Vicente looked into her eyes but said nothing, staring at her in such a way that she willingly turned her attention to him.

"Sergeant Harris, who is this?"

Chapter 112 Important Information

Upon hearing Nova's sweet voice, Sergeant Harris immediately pulled himself together and said. "Captain, this man claims to be your neighbor and is here to deliver something to you."

"Oh? My neighbor?" Nova narrowed her eyes as she continued to watch Vicente's eyes.

Since she had become an adult, she had been confronted with all kinds of strategies of men who tried to approach her. But this was the first time one had lied on this level.

Nova could just say that Vicente had lied and kicked the person out. But seeing the unusual magical form on his face and the courage he had to face her even after lying, she couldn't help but be interested.

"So, 'my neighbor,' can you give me what I asked you for?" She said as she walked towards the exit of the post, causing Vicente and the soldier to follow her.

"By the way, you are dismissed, Sergeant Harris."

"But..."

The man stopped, watching the two walk on without looking back as Vicente picked up the hairpin he had stolen from Nova the previous afternoon.

After ordering his men to begin investigating Defiant Tyranny's numbers, Vicente had set his sights on this woman.

As a member of the force that threatened him, she was certainly someone of interest to him!

He had sent one of his men to follow her, and when he heard from his man that she had gone to a restaurant with friends the previous afternoon, he had robbed her when he had the chance.

"Where did you get that?" She looked over and saw the hairpin in the hand of this black-haired young man whom she thought she had lost the day before.

"I found it yesterday afternoon in the bathroom of a restaurant," Vicente said, already outside the army post.

When she heard that, she stopped and looked him straight in the face. "Is that so? Thank you. What's your name?"

"Vicente Fuller. But you can call me Vice." He stated, admiring the beauty of Nova's eyes.

Vicente had a mental experience beyond his years. But the hormones in his body were those of a young man in his prime. Being with this woman, he couldn't help but feel different.

Eve was a beauty like Nova, but besides not having the unusual quirks one would not find on Earth, Vice had met Eve at a different time in his life.

Seeing such a woman every day, he did not look at her with perverted thoughts and resisted her charms. But Nova's case was different. He couldn't help but look at her with interest.

People from the Polaris Realm would have their bodies fully formed and ready to reproduce after the Awakening as long as they had no unusual problems or diseases.

Vicente, for example, no longer had any signs in his appearance that said he was just a teenager a few months ago. To anyone who saw him, he was a fully formed adult, and the most someone like Nova could say was that he was quite young.

But without sensing Vicente's magic level, Nova had no way of knowing that he was a 14-year-old 'brat' and treated him like someone her own age.

"So what do you want, Vicente? You could have given it to me in the restaurant, couldn't you? You must have seen me. Otherwise, you wouldn't know who it belonged to." She pressed him.

There was always the possibility that a soldier like her would attract more than love interests. This could be an enemy of the army.

But Vice smiled as he raised his hands. "I really saw you. But why should I have done that when you were surrounded by friends? I thought it best to have a chance to talk to you alone, Captain."

Nova could sense Vicente's interest in her, but he seemed a little different, unlike the other men she knew. He was sincere in his interest but didn't seem to act 'submissive' in front of her.

"And now? What do you want? You got what you wanted, didn't you?" She asked him.

"My goal was not to talk to you alone, Captain. What would I gain by talking to you in person? I know many would be happy just to see you acknowledge their existence, but I have no reason to be satisfied with that.

Forget your friends for one night, and let's get to know each other. We can have dinner at The Jazz Boar tonight."

Seeing how Vicente spoke as if there was no way she could refuse him, Nova grinned and showed him her perfect teeth.

"And why would I do that? Do I have to have dinner with you just because you gave me something back?" She asked with an interested tone.

"You can refuse if you want. But do you have better plans? I sincerely doubt it." Vicente stepped forward and approached Nova.

She looked at him, noticing his clothes, especially a bulge at his waist. "Do you carry a weapon, Vicente?"

"Always, Captain."

"Aren't you afraid that I will consider this movement a threat to my person?"

"Only if the Captain feels threatened by a stolen kiss."

She laughed at that and took a step back. "You're interesting."

She walked in front of Vicente in a good mood. "Actually, you can call me Nova. Don't take that as a yes, though. I'll consider giving you a chance to have dinner with me."

Vice smiled, two dimples forming on his cheeks. "I know where to find you. Here's my address." He flipped out a small business card with his address in the center of town.

"Do you think I'll come to you?"

"I can come to your house, but I don't know where you live, Nova."

She laughed and said nothing more.

Leaving Vicente behind on the sidewalk of the army post, she soon made her way to her morning work, thinking about this guy.

'What an interesting guy... Maybe a dinner with him wouldn't be so bad.' She thought. What worse could happen?

As she thought this, Vicente watched her from behind and saw how her hips swayed.

Vicente whistled in interest, but even as his masculine side screamed with desire, his rational side kept him in check as he thought about his plans.

'We will speak again soon, Nova Bain.' Seeing her disappear in front of him, he glanced at the barracks behind him, where several men were glaring at him.

Clenching his fists, Vicente made his way to his estate.

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In the blink of an eye, 3 days had passed since Vicente and Nova's relaxed meeting at the royal army post.

In those days, the two had only seen each other once, when Vicente 'accidentally' crossed her path while she was patrolling an area of Millfall. But nothing had happened except that they had exchanged a few words and flirted.

Meanwhile, Vicente had invited Nova to his house, this time using Nina's birthday to lure her away.

Nova was a virgin whom many local men wanted. She would not go to the house of a stranger she had only spoken to twice. But the birthday of a girl under 10 was different from a date when she had to worry about Vicente's intentions.

But once again, Nova had said nothing to Vicente.

His time was running out to deliver his defense, but Vicente didn't believe that defending himself would help him much, so he hadn't tried to contact Nova with his identity as Cesar.

But in those days, his men had gathered the information he needed about the Defiant Tyranny!

With the data on the number of those men and their strength, he and his group of Acolytes, Rory, and some Senior Apprentices were gathering now.

Six people were in a windowless room on the second floor of this family's operations headquarters.

Vicente sat beside one of his men, discussing the Defiant Tyranny group.

"Boss, our enemies had 4 battalions in addition to their headquarters before the attack on our post days ago. Now they have 3, which is composed of nearly 100 men, a little over half of them Apprentices and the rest Acolytes". A Senior Apprentice presented this information to Vicente while standing and looking at his leader.

Another man added. "But the headquarters of the Defiant Tyranny has 21 more men, all Acolytes. The strongest is the leader and his right and left hands. They are between levels 4 and 5.

The rest of the men in the headquarters are level 3 and 4 Acolytes. Few men from this force are part of the battalions.

They also have a network of local criminals whose number and strength we couldn't determine. But they are small bandits. I believe there are no powerful people among them to worry us.

Rory asked. "And how are their men distributed among their five posts?"

Defiant Tyranny had a total of five posts in Millfall. The headquarters was in a brothel, while the others were in their territory, where these battalions were based or from where their personnel ran the group's business.

"The average strength of the other posts was supposed to be slightly higher than that of the group that attacked us. But with the loss of that battalion, things might be a little different now. Maybe some of the men at the headquarters are acting to keep control of those posts, so it's hard to say. For sure, there are fewer people at those posts."

Hearing this, Vicente immediately decided what he was going to do. "We're going to raid the best-protected post in this group."

Chapter 113 Birthday?

"The best-protected post?" Rory narrowed his eyes, not understanding what his friend meant.

Vice explained. "We destroyed one of their groups. It's probably the weakest. But weakest or not, they will undoubtedly be missed by the enemy group. This means that the resources of the weakest outpost must have been transferred to other outposts by now.

We won't achieve much by raiding the weakest. Our chances are better against the better-protected one, which must have more valuable resources.

The riches of the Defiant Tyranny were certainly in the group's headquarters, where the strongest could protect them. However, the smaller outposts had to have something as they needed resources to maintain their operations and nurture their men.

In Vice's opinion, their enemies had sent the resources from the weaker outpost to the stronger one. So, this place should be the most valuable of the four outposts accessible to him and his men.

He could not risk entering the enemy's headquarters without being well prepared. He wanted to attack the one with the highest reward among the other outposts.

"A high reward naturally comes with a high risk." One of the more experienced men in the group remarked, causing Vicente to nod in agreement.

"When will we do this?" One of the three Acolytes asked.

Vicente replied and looked at him. "In 3 nights. Soon, the royal army will bring charges against us. It will be best if we act while everyone is observing this.

They think they can hurt us... Let's show these bastards who get screwed first!" He said in a more aggressive tone but still sitting in his chair with a neutral look on his face.

Rory understood what Vicente wanted and said. "Get ready by investigating this strongest enemy outpost." He said to the group there. "Three days is enough for us to gather information about this outpost and place some lookouts around the area."

With these words, the group would soon depart from there, each person going to solve different problems, but most of them focused on this problem of Defiant Tyranny.

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Two days later...

Vicente and Rory had taken the night off to celebrate Nina's 8th birthday.

While their men moved around Millfall for the sake of their plans, the two of them celebrated young Miss Fuller's birthday with friends.

At that moment, the hall and living room of the Fuller residence was decorated with various festive items, along with various snacks and dishes that were common to such celebrations.

At the same time, Nina was happily playing with her local friends.

Although she had only been in Millfall for a short time, Nina and Eve went out every day to parks, shops, etc. Thus, she had already met some other children of her age and made friends.

Kids really had an easy time interacting with strangers and making new friends!

But Nina had only invited 2 local friends and an old acquaintance from Martell Village to her birthday party. So, only 3 children were there to play with her while their guardians chatted and ate.

Some of Vicente's society partners were also there with gifts for the little black-haired girl running around with her friends.

"Vicente, your little sister will soon be a young lady. Save it for when that happens." The wife of one of the merchants said as she handed Vicente a box.

He didn't spy on this person's gift and thanked her immediately.

Meanwhile, Rory was chatting with a local Baron, thanking him for the visit and the gift he had brought.

Vicente had a great relationship with at least 2 local Barons. One of them, the man who was there to congratulate Nina, was someone who had known this young man's father since before Lauren was born!

Barons were the closest nobles to commoners. Not only that, some of them were not heirs to their position but the first nobles of their lineage. Therefore, getting along with many of them was easier, and they did not display the natural arrogance of socially well-positioned people.

On the other hand, lower nobles depended more than anyone else on partnerships with relevant commoners.

Vicente was only a merchant, but in a few years, he had a number of contracts far exceeding what Andrew had achieved in decades of work.

To give you an idea of the difference in their numbers, Andrew had contracts with 4 Barons of the province before he died. But Vice currently had 7!

"Young Point, you have a great talent. I didn't expect you to awaken such a magnificent magical gem." That nobleman commented to the red-haired young man he had met months ago on one of Vicente and Rory's business trips before they moved to this city.

"Thank you for the compliment, Baron Oliver..." Rory continued talking to this man, one of the 8 barons who lived in Millfall.

Was it strange that there were 8 nobles with the same title in one town? Maybe it was on Earth, but in the Seidel Kingdom, things didn't work like in that blue world.

The cities were not part of the nobles' territories. They were royal domains. Therefore, in cities like Millfall, you could find several residences of nobles.

Each of these nobles had their territories, but they did not usually live in them. Generally, nobles would live in cities and maintain their businesses between their territory and such cities.

The Scott Province had 81 Barons but only 21 cities with more than 50 thousand inhabitants. Most of these nobles lived in a few of these cities, the ones closest to their territories.

While Rory was strengthening his group's ties with the Oliver family, the doorbell of the Fuller residence rang.

Eve heard it and left Vicente's side to answer it.

"Is anyone else missing?" She muttered to herself before opening the house's front door to a blue-haired woman.

Eve didn't recognize the woman, but she smiled graciously. "Are you?" She asked, imagining that there must be some mistake.

But the beautiful blonde with blue eyes similar to Nova's was surprised to see that this was no mistake.

Nova smiled at Eve and said. "Hello, my name is Nova. I'm here for young Nina's birthday. Vicente invited me."

"Oh?" Eve was surprised.

She had not expected this beauty to be invited by Vice!

"Who is this? Is it some plan of Vicente's? Or is he finally chasing after the opposite gender?" Eve wanted to smile.

She saw Vicente as a younger brother, even considering how responsible and intelligent he was. At the thought that this could be Vice's love interest, Eve couldn't help but feel happy for him.

"This way, Miss Nova." She led the way, gesturing with one hand in the direction of the sound of several people talking.

But Nova looked at Eve intently, wondering who this woman was.

Eve was a rare beauty with curves that would drive men crazy!

"And you? How are you to Vicente?" Nova asked.

"I'm Eve, young Nina's nanny."

Speaking in low voices, the two made their way into the hall where most of the guests for this celebration were.

Nova smiled, noticing that Vicente had not lied to lure her into his home. 'You really are unique... Inviting me to a birthday party was really great.' She looked at the children running around and smiled.

Nova loved children!

As much as she had no interest in having children at the moment, she wanted to have several when she reached a more stable position within the army.

Only for that reason, she had agreed to come to this place after much deliberation.

But as she smiled at the sight of the children there, almost everyone in the area looked in her direction, standing in silence for a moment to admire her beauty.

This was a city of many beautiful women. But Nova was definitely in the top ten of the most stunning women in all of Millfall!

Even Baron Oliver could not help but ignore young Rory to look at the blue beauty.

"Captain Bain, I did not expect to find you here." He said, smiling at her.

Nova took her eyes off the children and looked at the middle-aged man dressed in a gray suit and was surprised to see a nobleman there.

"Baron Oliver, I am the one who is surprised." She made a gesture of greeting to a superior.

Her superiors were members of the royal family and soldiers of higher rank than her in the royal army. But as a noble of the Seidel Kingdom, Baron Oliver deserved as much respect as a deputy would from police officers on Earth.

Vicente looked at Nova and winked when he saw that she had indeed come.

He approached and said. "Thank you for coming to Nina's birthday, Nova."

She looked at him and smiled with interest. But first of all, she said to the nobleman there. "Baron Oliver, I would like to see the birthday girl."

"But of course."

Nova then followed Vicente to Nina.

Chapter 114 1st Stage Blacksmith!

When Nina saw her brother calling her, she went to him with a smile on her face, a little tired.

She could barely keep up with her friends' running because of her mobility problems. She struggled to play with them and was twice as tired as any of them.

Still, she was happy and asked, breathing heavily. "What is it, big brother?"

"This is a friend, Nina. She's here to give you a present." Vice made hand signals to his sister, making Nova realize this little girl was deaf.

She immediately felt terrible but tried not to show it to Nina. The worst thing a person with a disability could expect when meeting a new person was a look of pity.

Then Nova smiled and leaned down until her face was at the same level as Nina's.

"Nina, you are a lovely girl. Please accept my gift." She said, not knowing sign language.

But Nina understood her and immediately took the gift from Nova's hands.

As a child, she loved presents, whether they were from strangers or acquaintances!

"Thank you, big sister!" She jumped for joy, receiving her present, and soon hugged Nova and went to see what it was.

"I didn't know your sister was deaf..." Nova commented, feeling sorry for Nina. "Would you mind telling me how that happened?"

Nina could talk, so she couldn't have been born that way!

"Hmm, we were involved in a battle of Sovereigns when we were younger. We barely survived." Vicente said, hiding the worst thing that had happened that day, the worst in his life.

Nova opened her mouth in shock, imagining how terrible it must have been to go through that at such a young age.

Even adults and magicians of her level would be frightened to see such experts demonstrating their skills... But Vicente and Nina had actually survived a battle between 4th-stage magicians!

"I'm sorry." She said, feeling bad.

Unfortunately, there was nothing she or even the more powerful ones in the kingdom could do about it. Experts did as they pleased in this world, and no one could control this kind of situation.

The cases of people like Vicente and Nina were not uncommon. The number of casualties due to clashes between high or even low-level magicians was not small!

Nova knew this was the case for 4th-stage experts, but it was also true for 1st-stage magicians.

'This is the cruel face of our world, Vice... I'm sorry that a sweet child like Nina had to see it so early.' Nova looked to where the young girl had run. 'Cases like yours are rare, but everyday groups like Cesar's harm people of all kinds.

As a member of the royal army and protector of order, I can't do anything for you, but I will try my best to change groups like the Defiant Tyranny, the Scarlet Syndicate, and Cesar's party!' She clenched her fists as she thought about it.

"Don't worry." Vicente smiled at her as he took one of Nova's hands. "Why don't I show you our house? It will be good for you not to get lost in the future."

Hearing Vicente's tone, Nova looked into his eyes and did not refuse his touch. Vice seemed to be flirting with her, but Nova understood it differently.

To her, he was demonstrating his strength by not letting his tragedies affect him, demonstrating what it took to protect and support Nina.

She unconsciously bit her lower lip and accepted that he was pulling her to show her this house.

She smiled and said. "Me getting lost in the future? You're too trusting. But let me see where little Nina lives. If you don't give her the best, I'll teach you a lesson!"

...

After a few hours, all the visitors to Nina's birthday party left, and she went to her room next to Eve's to look at some of the presents she had not yet opened.

Her classes at a local academy would start next week, so she had little time to enjoy some of these gifts in her spare time.

While Rory would continue his evening with someone he had recently visited, Vicente would have no such adventures for the time being.

Things were going well between him and Nova, but he would need more time to gain such a woman's trust.

Anyway, he felt it was only a matter of time before he had one contact inside the local royal army post, and before his daily meditation, he went to his training area in that residence.

Vicente finished reading the last few books that were missing to complete all the material he had received from Benson, and soon, he was with a wooden hammer in his hand, once again practicing his forging skills.

By channeling his mana into his movements, he accelerated the speed of his movements, the power of his blows, and also the accuracy with which he hit.

By better combining the way he moved the hammer with the appropriate amount of mana and basic knowledge of forging, he struck the hard-to-mold substance and slowly removed it from its square shape.

As he made the training object smaller and smaller, with fewer and fewer edges, Vicente felt as if something was pressing down on him with each blow.

When he made his last attack, completing 13 hours of training with the hammer, he suddenly felt as if something inside him had changed.

The pressure on him disappeared, and his training object stabilized, showing a perfect spherical shape.

A crack came from one of Vicente's hands. He looked at the wooden hammer and saw several cracks growing on it.

As this happened, a bit of smoke came out from inside the item, and a few words formed in front of him.

"This..."

'If you made it this far, congratulations, my disciple, you are now a 1st-stage blacksmith!'

Vicente read before he saw the smoke dissipate in front of him.

He looked down at his hands, ignoring the sweat dripping from his face and the natural fatigue after more than an hour of training with the now-broken hammer.

Standing in the middle of his training area, the black-haired, shirtless young man moved what little mana he had left before he was exhausted and activated his first skill.

The red pentagram appeared in front of one of his hands, and several of his surrounding metal objects instantly changed shape to form a revolver.

This time, Vicente made no mistake, and every part of this weapon was similar to the design behind it.

Taking this gun in his hands, Vicente used one of the bullets he had in the cannon of another gun he always carried with him and fired.

Bang!

Chapter 115 Master's Test?

Firing his new revolver, Vicente almost forgot his fatigue as he opened his eyes in interest to see his creation working perfectly.

Then he decided to test it again, this time using his mana, putting in the same amount that he and his men had already found to be the maximum of their weapons, which were assembled with components made by a blacksmith of the Martell Village.

Bang!

After loading his revolver with another bullet, he immediately squeezed the trigger and infused mana into the shot.

The shot became many times stronger than the previous one, easily destroying a part of the wall of this underground area of Vicente's house.

His weapon remained intact, so Vicente immediately decided to shoot again, this time using twice as much mana, the most he could do before he exhausted himself.

Bang!

Boom!

He managed to fire another bullet, but his gun exploded in his hand right after the shot!

Fortunately, Vicente's magnetic ability was already much stronger than the last time he had to deal with shots of this speed.

The moment one of the fragments of his gun went towards his left eye, Vicente's ability immediately showed itself and made that and other fragments stop before hitting him.

However, he was still injured by the gun fragments that hit his hand holding the revolver.

But looking at the spot where he had been hit, Vicente ignored the pain in his hand. He saw that even though he had used twice as much mana as in the previous shot, the damage of this last shot was about 3 times more than the previous one!

In numerical terms, if the first shot with mana did 100 of damage, the second shot did 300. The mana used in the first shot was 10, equivalent to the power of a Junior Apprentice. In contrast, the mana used in the second shot was 20, equivalent to the starting power of an Intermediate Apprentice.

Considering this, Vicente didn't even care about the pain in his hand, as he felt he could kill even a level 1 Acolyte with this shot, even if such a person defended themselves with all their might!

A smile formed on his face, and Vicente saw the path to power in his hands!

"This is fucking awesome!" He vibrated with excitement. 'If I can develop weapons that can withstand the full power of the Senior Apprentices, I believe I will be able to threaten the lives of even level 3 Acolytes, maybe even level 4!'

The higher the level, the greater the difference in mana density, elemental understanding, and the number of spells and skills. These things greatly changed one's combat proficiency, not to mention one's magical talent and form.

Even if he thought about what it would be like to use even more mana than he had just used, Vicente didn't expect to reach the end of the 2nd stage with his weapons.

But even if he achieved a little less than he thought possible, it would still be an important step forward for his group. He just needed better weapons to transform his team!

Vicente looked at the blood dripping from his hand and immediately used his skill to remove all the metals in it.

Such a wound was not small, and he could even see his bones. But he endured the pain and quickly bandaged his hand before leaving his house in the middle of the night.

...

"Master, I am here. I have finished reading the books you gave me." Vicente knocked on Benson's door minutes after leaving his house, eager to get more materials and advice from this blacksmith.

Benson was still working, and when he heard the voice of his newest student, he immediately looked out of one of the windows of his warehouse-like home.

When he saw the black-haired young man standing in front of his house, he pressed a button inside his clothing, and the metal dummy of his residence quickly went to Vice.

Upon entering his master's residence, Vicente rushed over to where his master in the art of forging was and soon saw this unique figure.

Seeing Vice, Benson looked at one of his student's hands and noticed the bloody stripes on that part of his body.

"What happened to your hand?"

"I injured it while testing something I created... Anyway, master, the most important thing is that I have completed the initial training. I believe I am already a 1st stage blacksmith!" Vicente said in an excited tone.

He did not want congratulations from this man but new books, and, who knows, advice.

However, Benson wasn't in a hurry. As he removed a 1st-grade recovery potion from his storage item, he said. "Recover from this first. You must have seen the message I left on the hammer, right? Don't be in such a hurry. You have reached the minimum level to be called a blacksmith.

You will only become a true 1st stage blacksmith when you pass the association test. Until then, you are just a beginner blacksmith, capable of making artifacts that are minimally useful for their purposes."

Vicente took the potion and felt it would help him, so he drank it immediately.

When he felt his right hand burning under the potion's effect, Vicente looked at Benson and said. "I am eager to learn more and reach a relevant level. What do I have to do?"

Benson was pleased to see that this young man was not like some who, after advancing, thought they had conquered the world and became negligent.

He said. "I will give you some new books to study later and more materials. As much as your skill makes it easy to manipulate matter, not everything can be done with metals, and there are things you need to understand first with the simple techniques of forging.

But before we go any further, I want to see what you can do, Vicente."

Benson walked over to an area of the large forge where various minerals were at hand.

"Before you go back to training on your own, I want you to use your skill to extract the metals from some of the minerals I have here and use them to make a 1st-grade artifact." He said as he sat down, facing the part of this large forge where his lower-level disciples usually trained their skills.

Benson judged that Vicente's ability would make him capable of extracting metals from minerals, giving him an advantage over blacksmiths from all over the continent, who usually had to spend hours extracting the metals they wanted from ores.

Vicente immediately made his way to that area, thinking he could do it, even though he had never thought of such a thing until that moment.

It was definitely easier to move pure metals than those in ores, where there were other types of non-metallic materials, often in the form of substances.

Vicente then looked at a stone the size of an adult human and activated his ability, quickly changing the expression on his face as he realized the difficulty of doing what Benson suggested.

Chapter 116 Important Training?

"Tough, huh?" Benson smiled, knowing that it wouldn't be so easy for Vicente to move the metal atoms of this mineral with his skill.

Blacksmiths had complex methods for extracting metals from minerals. But it was so complicated that, given the tribulation of the extraction, half of the item's production time was spent on this process alone.

Benson had expected that Vicente would find it difficult to perform this task, which seemed simple on the surface. After all, there was a big difference between manipulating a 'uniform' and dense metallic mass where there were billions of atoms.

In the Polaris Realm, there was no clear and simple concept of atoms as there was on Earth. But the people of this world, especially the blacksmiths and alchemists, understood that substances were composed of small parts similar to atoms.

The mana of these special items had specific natures. A mineral was related to metals, and a specific plant was related to wood or other elemental variations.

Even without knowing about atoms, Benson knew there was a complex composition behind a mineral, with different types of elemental natures combined, mana, and more.

To extract the metal from a mineral that one would need to create a weapon, one would have to use various processes to eliminate these additional properties. Since one would not usually have an affinity for everything that might be in a mineral, most magicians could not even consider using their powers alone for something like what Benson was asking Vice to do!

But he said to his student. "Vicente, I am sure that your skill will give you the ability to do this extraction, so I ask you to do it. But by extracting metals in this way, you can greatly increase your understanding and mastery of your skill. If you can do what I ask, this whole great world will eventually become a gigantic reserve for you and your creations!"

Benson was only thinking about the implications of Vicente's skills for the forge.

But the moment he heard his master speak, Vice realized that this would have a significant impact on his warrior skills!

'If I can do what he asks of me, one day, I will be able to control the metals in the bloodstream of my enemies!' Vicente thought as he tried harder to move his powers and extract the metal from this mineral.

The metal mass in one's blood was far less than the amount in this mineral. Not only that, metals did not remain free in living organisms but in the form of substances.

In a way, metals in the body were like those in minerals but in much smaller quantities and more difficult to handle.

Vicente did not delude himself that completing this difficult mission today would immediately give him the ability to control the metals in enemies' bodies. Only by improving his skills over a long period of time through such training could he achieve such proficiency!

Sweat dripped from his face and back as the ore in front of him shook under Vicente's powers.

After nearly half an hour of trying to extract the metals from the ore, it split in half, revealing a silver ball inside the piece of stone.

Noticing what Vicente had done, Benson smiled, seeing how clever his student was.

Instead of trying to control every metallic atom in the mineral, Vicente concentrated on separating those atoms from the non-metallic ones and bringing them together, thereby increasing the magnetic force inside the mineral.

By bringing the metallic atoms together, the dispersed magnetic force came together and increased many times over, making Vicente's job easier.

It had taken him half an hour, and he had spent almost all of his mana on this exercise. But he had removed a good part of the metallic atoms from the mineral, enough to produce something with his own hands.

"Very good. That's already faster than the mineral extraction process I use." Benson smiled as he looked at the small silver sphere, seeing his student's potential.

"Take this potion and then use what you have extracted to create a weapon of any kind. I want to see how good the weapon you create will be, Vicente." He said after tossing a restorative potion to the black-haired young man, who was currently drenched in sweat and breathing heavily.

Vicente immediately ingested the contents of the elixir, feeling a freshness in his body, and the environment's mana quickly entered him to replenish his reserves.

Noticing the potion's effect, Vicente couldn't help but notice that his mana was a bit denser.

'As expected. This must be high-level training. In just 30 minutes of hard work, my mana has already become 3% denser!'

Vicente waited for the potion to finish working on his body and then looked back at the metallic orb encrusted in the stone.

'If I'm in a hurry, I think I can use my elemental affinity with Earth to make my job easier. But doing it with just my first skill will be good practice.' He thought before activating his first Red Magic Pentagram again.

With that, he easily manipulated the metallic sphere, turning it into a liquid and letting it float in front of him.

Seeing how Vicente manipulated this metal and others that were already there to be worked on, Benson noticed that his student was being more careful.

Instead of forming his weapon in a matter of seconds as he usually did, Vicente slowly formed the necessary metal alloys, working to make them stable.

He then manipulated their shape, building a dagger piece by piece, following the sequence a blacksmith would normally follow to bring a dagger design to 'life.'

"Very good. You get the point. Your skill is outstanding. But they will always have defects if you don't build proper structures for your weapons with strong metal alloys.

Vicente, do you want to know the difference between your previous weapons and the one you are about to make? Those other weapons could only be used to hurt unsuspecting Senior Apprentices. But this one could even endanger the lives of Acolytes!

If an Acolyte handles this dagger, it could definitely injure someone at level 3."

Benson had no intention of encouraging his student to make powerful weapons for himself to use. As a blacksmith, he wanted to teach his student to make the best equipment for his customers.

But Vicente naturally considered the implications of his master's words from the perspective of combat and understood that he and his men would be stronger with better weapons.

Eventually, he finished the weapon, producing a 25-centimeter dagger with a silver blade and gold hilt.

Seeing his student's finished product, Benson stood up and appraised him.

"Well done, Vicente. This is a fine weapon and could be sold without embarrassment to either of us." Benson said as his eyes glowed and flames in his hands tested the properties of this item.

"This dagger is a 1st-grade item with 45% efficiency. In the hands of a Senior Apprentice, it could even wound Acolytes before requiring maintenance." He said, showing Vicente important properties that any magical equipment would have.

Chapter 117 Time to Counterattack!

After listening to Benson's speech, Vicente was not confused by his master's terms and analysis.

Each item produced by magicians would have efficiency, progress, or purity, in short, a characteristic that would show how good the item was for magicians of the same stage as the item's grade.

For example, purer pills meant that they were better concerning the impurities but also more effective for magicians near the peak of their stage. In the case of blacksmith-crafted items, efficiency concerned how well the item would defend or deal damage when worn.

Armor with 100% efficiency would be impenetrable to magicians of the same stage as the item's grade, using weapons of a similar grade with less than 100% efficiency.

This was also an important attribute to know how much maintenance you would have to worry about.

Any artifact used in battle, even those with 100% efficiency, would eventually require maintenance. But while an item with maximum efficiency might last dozens of battles before you had to take it to a blacksmith, an item with 10% efficiency might even lose its properties after a single battle.

But for Vicente, 45% was pretty good for the second item he had made using what he had learned from Benson's tips and study materials.

'When I reach 100% on my weapons, I believe the Senior Apprentices will be able to use all their power to fire bullets!' Vicente smiled as Benson finished analyzing the dagger.

"... Anyway, Vicente. I want to see you produce something with a hammer. Understand that using your skills makes everything easier for you. But your skill will develop even faster if you train with the hammer."

With that, Vicente would soon spend the next two hours working under Benson's observation, following his advice and getting tips.

In the end, he would produce a slightly less beautiful weapon with slightly less efficiency than the previous dagger. But Benson was pleased with his student's progress.

"Here is your new material," Benson said as he smiled in satisfaction. "Absorb the contents of these 20 books over the next few weeks. When you have time, train with this new equipment."

Vicente quickly gathered these study and training items before Benson gave him his last order of the night. "Don't forget to try to extract metals from ores whenever possible, like you did today.

Anyway, that's all for today. Come back when you are finished or if you have any questions. After you've mastered what's in these books, it will be time for you to visit the Association."

"OK, master."

After that, Vicente said goodbye to Benson and quickly went back to his house.

...

The next morning, Vicente said goodbye to Nina when she woke up and headed back to his headquarters.

Arriving there, where his men were already nervously waiting for him, Vicente was soon gathered with his principal men.

"I have good news. Last night, I managed to produce the first weapon with my skills." He said with a smile, making all the worried faces in the room change, considering what they had planned for this day.

"What? Are you serious?" Rory asked in surprise.

That was pretty fast!

There were young people Vicente's age who understood forging even more than he. But they were youths who had studied their craft for years, not days like this black-haired chap.

That's why everyone was shocked!

Vice smiled even more. "Yes. From today, we will not buy any more weapons. I will make everything we need from now on. Then we will have to concentrate on buying metals and ores.

But that's not the only good news. Soon, I will be able to improve the quality of our weapons!"

Unlike ordinary blacksmiths, Vicente was able to modify already finished items. In a way, he could recycle his weapons, something blacksmiths could not normally do because, once produced, these items took on characteristics that were difficult to separate.

If one recycled an artifact, much of its structure would usually be lost.

But Vicente was confident he could overcome this and recycle these items to create even more powerful weapons!

"Right now, I can't do much, but I believe that in three weeks at the most, I will have refined my skills to the point where our Senior Apprentices can use their weapons at full power without the risk of destroying them."

"That's fantastic!"

"We can change many of our current problems with better weapons."

"Yes, this will be our path to glory!"

The level 1 Acolytes there commented with satisfaction.

Vice then ordered. "Therefore, I want you to use the resources that come from the Peters family to buy minerals from now on. Gather what you can from these minerals."

The men watched as Vicente quickly wrote down the names of the minerals and metals he wanted on a piece of paper.

Feeling more energized by their leader's news, the group soon began to discuss the topic of the day in a less tense mood, the action against one of Defiant Tyranny's most heavily guarded outposts!

"Prepare yourselves. Tonight, we're going to attack the bastards who are trying to frame us!" Vicente became more serious, eager to deal a heavy blow to these enemies.

"Boss, everyone is ready. We have followed your orders and prepared everything for the invasion and escape. You just have to give the order, and we'll start the plan!" One of the Acolytes said with clenched fists, eager for revenge.

"Very well, by nightfall, we will make Defiant Tyranny reconsider their actions!" Vicente said firmly.

...

As dusk fell, Millfall had another night like any other, with people working, residents retiring to their homes, or going to their nightly meeting places.

The brothels were especially busy at this time of day, and the effects of alcohol were more apparent in these establishments and others.

In one such brothel, the men were celebrating their recent actions, feeling that some of their problems would soon be solved.

"Boss, what will we do with them in the meantime?" A subordinate of the leader of the Defiant Tyranny asked his leader, referring to 'Cesar's' group.

"Order the subordinates of our men to increase the frequency of incursions in Cesar's damned territory. Let's weaken his operations while he doesn't lose his right to operate in that area."

One of the high-ranking men there agreed with his leader. "With this, the Scarlet Syndicate may withdraw from the agreement with Cesar before the end of the month. After that, we can crush these people!"

With that, the men there smiled and celebrated the start of Vicente's case in the Martial Court.

They wanted to crush this young man who thought he could act against them. But the leader of this group wanted to do it for himself, so he had to fend off Vicente's defenders before he could act.

'Soon... Soon, I'll rip your head off, you bastard!' The level 5 Acolyte laughed as he inhaled the smoke from a cigar.

Little did he know that at that very moment, 2 of his 4 posts surrounding his territory were under attack!

Chapter 118 Simultaneous Attacks!

While the Defiant Tyranny leader's group celebrated in their headquarters, smoking, drinking, and playing with women, two of their outposts were being attacked!

In the territory of this local criminal faction, two of the farthest outposts were suffering from Vicente's plans.

...

At the second strongest of the four Defiant Tyranny outposts, a dozen of Vicente's men were standing in front of what looked like an abandoned building.

Several flames could be seen around the perimeter, while fallen walls and bloodied bodies, some mutilated, lay nearby.

Shrieks of pain and the smell of burning flesh reached the people nearby while several auras rose inside the post.

From one hour to the next, several bombs exploded inside and outside the post before several gunshots rang out from all sides of the building.

One minute, the place was quiet, and everything seemed normal. The next minute, everything changed, and everyone in that place was shocked and suffering from internal and external attacks!

Meanwhile, Vicente's men were preparing to retreat!

"How much longer do we have to stay here, boss?" One of the men shooting at the Acolytes in that place asked, feeling nervous.

The danger of attacking this place was not small. But for Vicente to succeed, they had to stay there for at least a few moments!

"One minute. We need to attack this place for one minute. After that, we will retreat!" The Acolyte in charge of the group said, also quite tense but aware that they had to hold out for this short, but to them, seemingly infinite period.

Luckily, two nights ago, Vicente had managed to sneak into two enemy posts and place detonators inside them!

At that moment, while those men were shooting to make life difficult for some of the battalion's members, some of their strongest enemies were focused on finding the enemy inside, worried that someone would take their resources!

...

At the second post being attacked by Vicente's group...

While Rory commanded his men next to a level 1 Acolyte to continue the attack on this outpost, inside the building under attack, a level 3 Acolyte was frantically making his way to the vault of his outpost.

Most of his party's resources were not there. But there were the supplies, coins, equipment, and even resources that were distributed monthly within this outpost.

Knowing how important these resources were to his battalion, the man whom the leader of Defiant Tyranny had assigned to protect this place after the loss of the 4th Battalion desperately made his way to the vault.

As he broke into a cold sweat and tried to ignore the gunfire outside this place, this man held a communication device and shouted for help.

"Damn it! We are under attack! Send help immediately! Someone has attacked our post, and several of our men are dead or wounded!" He yelled, calling for help from the other battalions and even his group's headquarters.

"What? But how is that possible? The 2nd Battalion is under attack right now!" A voice came from the other end of the line, shocking the man.

"Shit! They are acting together to split our forces!" He immediately 'understood' the problem and mentally cursed those behind the attack.

...

But while the men of the Defiant Tyranny thought that Vicente's goal was to divide their numbers into two posts, this young man had already infiltrated the most protected post after the group's headquarters!

Vicente wanted to infiltrate this place from the beginning, and the other two posts under attack now were mere distractions from the real target of his group.

Defiant Tyranny's headquarters would never be unprotected for him to act against. Still, the situation of this post was a bit different. Even though it was the best protected of the four, with two locations under attack, several of the men from this location were already moving towards those two locations.

Vicente had already entered this place before his men started to act. When he noticed the nervousness of the men in this place, with groups leaving, he saw his moment to act!

Vicente quickly made his way through the 4-story building to the vault, located in the middle of the building, between the 2nd and 3rd floors.

Using the movement skills he had developed since learning to manipulate mana, he managed to go unnoticed by the few men who remained to protect the location.

In less than a minute after he started moving, he was already less than 50 meters from the vault!

But even so close to his goal, Vicente could not complete his mission there without first taking out one of the men of this site!

Arriving at a critical point of this invasion, he noticed a man standing in front of the entrance to the vault, a place from which Vicente could not deviate to reach the vault door.

Realizing the problem, Vice did not hesitate long, knowing that his people would only keep their attacks between 1 and 2 minutes. After that, considering the distances between this organization's outposts and its members' power, he should have less than 1.5 minutes to complete his robbery and escape.

Vicente took his gun, which he had produced before coming here, and pointed it at that person's head.

Bang!

As he used all his strength to fire the bullet, Vicente did his best to create a silencer in front of his revolver, but with or without a big firing sound, he would cause a disturbance.

The moment his bullet passed through the silencer, its structure, and the gun exploded in Vicente's hands.

Boom!

Luckily for him, the bullet withstood the chaotic force on itself and mercilessly hit the forehead of the level 3 Acolyte!

When the man with a Yellow Magic Gem like Vice's sensed an enemy moving against him, it was too late. With no time to dodge or defend himself, he relied on his body characteristics to withstand this attack.

"Aagh!"

He was about to scream when he felt his skin being sliced and his skull cracking at the height of Vicente's shot. But suddenly, a blade sliced the air, entered his mouth, and cut through his throat!

Vicente knew he couldn't get his timing wrong against this enemy and used everything he had to bring him down.

The man couldn't scream for more than a second as he felt something pierce his throat and several metal objects pinning his wrists and heels.

'Shit, who is that?' He wondered, but as Vicente acted, a metal plate covered the man's eyes before a bluish beam electrocuted him.

Vicente did not know if his opponent had died or just fainted. He simply walked down the corridor before him after seeing that falling body, quickly arriving in front of a large vault, very different from the one belonging to the Peters family he had broken into days before.

Knowing his time was passing, Vicente used his burglary skills to move the mechanisms of that door.

Even though it was a magical item, it only took him 24 seconds to solve the combination to unlock the door, and then he turned the handle.

Once inside the vault, Vicente quickly found many bags of coins, some magic cultivation resources on shelves, papers, and books, but also artifacts such as weapons and armor.

He took what he thought was most relevant to the enemy group, what would cause the most damage to the Defiant Tyranny, and put it all into large bags.

Of the items which would stay in there, Vice left nothing whole!

Apart from what he took for himself, he destroyed everything he was not interested in with his skills or spells, tearing up the contracts of this place.

But he had chosen some of those books to take with him, as they were things that might contain important information for him and his group.

When he was done, with only 30 seconds left to leave this place, Vicente didn't hesitate to make his way back.

On his way out of the area, he noticed that level 3 man's body and thought he could survive the last few attacks if nothing else was done.

Controlling the metals around his body, Vicente kidnapped such a person and made him float beside him as he made his way to the place he had used to enter this post.

Vicente could already hear the sounds of the people from this post going to the vault he had just broken into so he wouldn't leave a living witness behind!

This man was the only one who could testify against him and cause legal problems for Vicente. Besides him, the Defiant Tyranny would only have suspicions, not enough to move the Martial Court!

With that in mind, he left the place and quickly fled back to his headquarters, finding no trouble on his way, given the instability of that post in the face of the simultaneous attack.

While Vicente was moving, his men were doing the same in that part of the city, using the escape routes they had developed to flee safely.

Chapter 119 Robbery of the Year

As Vicente and his men fled, the Defiant Tyranny headquarters was buzzing with frightened messages from three of the group's four outposts and from men following some of the enemy tracks.

"Reinforcements! Send reinforcements! The Third Battalion is in tatters! Our armory has been destroyed. All our defenses are down!" A worried voice came over one of the communicators in a room in the building that housed the group's brothel.

But other communicators sounded at the same time.

"Senior Lane is badly injured! Send medics to the Second Battalion immediately! We're practically on our own here, damn it!"

"This is Fraser! Send more men to my group. We're chasing a dozen enemies, but there are only three of us!"

"This is the First Battalion. We've been stolen! I repeat, we have been stolen! Our post vault is open, and Senior Spencer is missing!!!"

"This is a trap! Send men to Fourth Battalion immediately. We could be the next!"

The Defiant Tyranny men in the command center of this group turned red with rage as they listened to these messages, hearing worried, frightened, gasping voices, some even hearing the sound of flames and gunfire.

Everything seemed to be going well for this group earlier, but suddenly, they were being attacked from all sides!

"Fuck it! Who is acting against us? Scarlet Syndicate?" A level 4 Acolyte who heard these announcements shouted while turning red like a tomato.

Everyone broke into a cold sweat, not knowing what to do or where to send their men.

Several of their men were already moving to the two posts under attack. But less than 2 minutes after the first call for help, all four posts were now sending out distress signals!

They did not know what to do in this situation nor how to respond to the enemy who had provoked them that night!

In such a situation, this man had only one alternative...

"Call the leaders. We need them to intervene immediately!"

With this order, someone in the communication room pressed a button-like device, and an alarm sounded throughout their headquarters.

...

As Defiant Tyranny began to reveal its most important cards, the other groups that dominated Millfall were already aware of the attacks against this local criminal organization.

They were all shocked that someone would dare to act against this group, for who else but them would have the power to act against Defiant Tyranny?

Surely, weak people or groups could revolt and cause trouble for the strong powers. But who in this situation would have the courage to challenge a powerful tyrant who would surely seek revenge? Much of the reality of this society stemmed from the masses' fear of magicians or powerful groups.

Most people valued their lives and would not risk the significant dangers of not only losing their lives but even being enslaved.

Amid these attacks that night, even the Viscount's group was closely monitoring the local situation, trying to understand the cause of it all.

The Scarlet Syndicate, in particular, was already raising their defenses at their posts, aware of the risk they were taking at the moment with a possible Defiant Tyranny attack against them or even another local power taking advantage of the chaos to start something bigger.

As the largest local criminal group, they would definitely be considered suspicious!

...

At the headquarters of the Scarlet Syndicate...

The leader of this group, a level 5 Acolyte, was almost as angry as the leader of Defiant Tyranny.

As wonderful as it was to see their enemies in despair, what this group wanted most right now was peace to absorb some of their recent accomplishments.

Escalating local tensions was not in this group's plans, and when they discovered the moves of their greatest rival to try to stabilize themselves on this night of attacks, the core of this other party was terrified.

"Who could be behind this?"

"I don't know. Anyone. Even the Viscount could be behind this attack."

"Impossible! The Viscount is a Mage and controls Millfall. Even we pay him. If he were to act against Defiant Tyranny, he would cause trouble and loss for himself!" One of the level 4 men there said, sensing this was not the case.

The Viscount was the leading noble of Millfall. His position not only gave him rights to bigger and better lands, but it also allowed him to have more men at his disposal without breaking the royal rule of not raising armies.

He was one of the strongest in the city and had one of the largest groups of high-ranking Acolytes.

But he could not use all of his power to gain wealth. As a noble, he could not collect taxes from the citizens of such cities. Only royalty had that right.

But taxes were, if not the best, one of the best ways to make coins in this world!

If he could not collect royal taxes, he could collect taxes from criminal groups that maintained a certain level of local insecurity to force merchants and residents to pay security fees to these groups.

The Viscount earned a lot of coins by being an 'associate,' or rather, a conniver, of these two groups, so it really didn't make sense for him to go against one of them.

"Maybe this is a thing of the new group." One of the younger ones in that group of Scarlet Syndicate leaders said something ridiculous, but which no one there could deny.

The leader of this group made an ugly face and said. "Send someone to those people right away. I want to know if it was them!"

...

At the royal army post in Millfall...

The Commander of this post looked out of his window and saw places in his city engulfed in flames.

Having just heard what had happened to the group he had recently done his last favor for, he stood with his eyes closed while his man waited for his position.

"Commander, what do we do? Defiant Tyranny has been attacked, and many groups are afraid of a widespread confrontation spreading throughout the city." A level 5 Acolyte, the Commander's most trusted man, asked worriedly.

The Mage then ordered. "Put our men on the streets. Call everyone back from their rest. I want them to investigate this incident and make their presence felt in the city's most important places. We cannot leave the population vulnerable at this time!"

"Should we help the Defiant Tyranny?" This man asked.

"Stay neutral for now."

...

While Millfall was alerted of Defiant Tyranny's movements, Vicente finally arrived at his estate.

Not only had he managed to throw off any possible opponents by following his tracks, but several others of his group, like Rory and the Acolytes, had done the same, arriving there almost simultaneously.

"So?" Rory asked, breaking into a cold sweat.

He was still full of adrenaline, and his heart was pounding in his chest, making him feel nervous. But since they had already done everything they had planned, all that remained was for him to know the results.

When Vicente heard this and finished killing the man he had kidnapped, he turned to see Rory and his men arriving at the main hall of their headquarters.

After making sure the level 3 Acolyte was dead, he said with a smile. "I think we have pulled off the heist of the year! My friends, I have collected the equivalent of over 100 gold coins in coins alone!"

Hearing this, the men, sweating coldly, their black clothes soiled with dirt and burnt here and there, laughed with satisfaction. It was always very gratifying to hear the results of a successful robbery!

Yes, successful. They didn't know what would happen in the next few hours, but for now, they had attacked, robbed, and escaped from their enemies and had the stolen resources in hand!

Rory sighed and asked. "What about that person? What exactly happened?"

Vicente looked at the body and said. "He saw me, so I had to kidnap him. Luckily, I was able to surprise him with the maximum potential of one of my new weapons."

This man was very vulnerable after being severely wounded by the bullet and the dagger that pierced his throat.

A magician was not an all-powerful being. They had a lot of power, depending on their level, but it depended greatly on how they used their mana in their skills, spells, and bodies.

If you did not use your mana for anything, your body would naturally become vulnerable!

Of course, this was proportional to the level of the magician. Even so, that level 3 Acolyte had been severely injured earlier. When Vicente arrived at this place, he had only struggled a little to pierce that man's heart with a sword.

With this death and his group having escaped their pursuers, no one could bring them to the Martial Court for a theft that could not be linked to them!

But that was not the end of their troubles!

Vicente knew this, and seeing his group less tense from their success, he distributed some of the items he had collected.

Among these items were 3 magic stones, essential support items for magicians!

Chapter 120 Magic Stones?

Magic stones... What were they, and what were they good for?

Magic Stones had several different uses for magicians. The first and simplest of them was a mana reserve accessible to any type of mage.

In normal situations, one's mana was limited to one's level. No matter how dense one's magical powers were, sooner or later, they could be used up to the point where the magician would reach a state of magical depletion. When this happened, the magician would temporarily lose the ability to use their mana for spells and abilities in order to keep the body alive. In this situation, one would be forced to use some sort of regeneration potion or meditate to recover.

However, a blacksmith crafting a weapon, an alchemist preparing pills, or a warrior fighting could use mana from alternate items to compensate for the energy expended during their action.

Magic stones could be used as "batteries" for such moments, and since their mana was neutral regarding elements, any type of magician could use them as a backup.

Depending on the level of the magic stone, one could even fight for days or use their magic production skills with the support of one of these special resources.

But magic stones could be used in many ways!

If you were willing to lose your magic stone forever, you could use its mana to bless your cultivation and increase the speed of your progress.

If one used the magic stone as a "battery," one would not endanger the magic stone by spending the mana from it. These were items that naturally absorbed free mana in nature. When a magician used up their mana, the owner only needed to keep it for a while until it was restored.

However, by using magic stones in cultivation, one would destroy the essence of these precious items and lose them forever in exchange for progress.

Vicente knew how valuable these stones were and did not want to destroy them all in pursuing advancement. He said. "We will keep one of them for the future of the group. We will use it as a mana supply for our men in times of need. The other two I want to use to increase our strength."

Rory agreed they needed items that would increase their men's strength more than 'batteries.' Keeping the 'batteries' would certainly be wiser if they were strong enough to defend themselves. But that was not the case.

Meanwhile, Vicente quickly distributed the 1st and 2nd-grade resources he now had among his men.

He gave his Acolytes two 2nd-grade armors, and each of those 2nd-stage men a 2nd-grade weapon. As for his 1st-stage magicians, Vicente couldn't help them much with artifacts. Most of the artifacts in the place he had raided were 1st-grade ones, but they were not in this vault but in another room in that post.

However, he got enough pills and potions for 10 of his 1st-stage men and one of his Acolytes.

"Absorb the essence of these resources," Vicente ordered the group of Intermediate and Senior Apprentices.

He looked at the two Acolytes who had received nothing and said. "Stand by to take care of any problems. Only interrupt our meditation if Defiant Tyranny shows up here with level 3 Acolytes."

"Yes, boss!"

As they prepared themselves to absorb the mana from the magic stones, Vicente said next to Rory. "Keep our coins and these other items I collected in our vault. They will be important to us when we get through this night."

...

Soon Vicente was sitting in a lotus position in his training area, where not only he but also Rory, 9 other Apprentices, and an Acolyte were at different places.

Each of them had their eyes closed while they meditated, but Rory and Vicente were the ones who had the most impressive effects on their surroundings.

As they meditated, crystals that looked like gems floated above their legs, at the level of their chests.

In front of Rory, a greenish crystal glowed brightly as the mana leaked out of its ends and headed toward the redheaded young man's navel.

The same happened to Vicente while the bluish crystal in front of him glowed.

Magic stones were not all the same. There were stones with different colors. Their color did not determine the richness of mana in their structure but rather the place where they were formed.

In any case, these items did not look like ordinary rocks or stones but like crystals.

Historically, however, they had become known as stones, as magic stones were nothing more than the crystal found within some types of stones in Polaris Realm.

The name had stuck since the time when magicians didn't even understand what these items were for, and now Vicente was absorbing the powers of one of these unique items from this world.

He felt the difference between improving the mana density in his body with pills or potions and doing it with magic stones.

Magic Stones were truly fantastic! The mana in them was even purer than the free mana in the atmosphere!

At the same time, it was mana that was neutral to the elements, unlike the free mana found in nature, which generally required a lot of care to absorb.

This mana easily entered his body and was integrated into his essence without difficulty, leaving no negative residue behind.

'Magic stones are amazing!' Vice thought as he felt a good sensation throughout his body and noticed that his mana was quickly approaching the peak of his level.

If he had 70% progress within the Intermediate Apprentice level, he now had reached 85% in just a few minutes with such a magic stone!

'Too bad they are so rare and hard to find.' Vicente lamented.

Considering how magnificent these stones were, it was only natural that they were rare and valuable.

It was tough for 1st-stage people like them to obtain one; only nobles and the wealthiest people in the province could regularly access such a resource.

But like any other magical resource, how much one used it depended on one's aptitude, not just how good the resource was.

As Vice absorbed the mana from the crystal before him, the item quickly darkened while the yellow glow on the young man's forehead grew more intense.

Unlike Rory, Vicente had already absorbed half of what his magic stone had to offer in just a few minutes!

In the midst of this, there was a noise in the mansion that frightened several of Vicente's men.