

The Mafia 181

Chapter 181 Feeling

"Shit!" Rory felt something approaching his chest and immediately shifted his mana to his legs to try and deflect the repeated attack on his heart.

As he felt his heart pounding harder and his pupils constricting, he felt adrenaline rushing through his body, and in a split second, he thought of many possibilities.

'If I jump backward, the blade will hit my lower abdomen, and I'll be seriously injured... But if I jump to the right, I risk not getting far enough away and having my arm pierced.'

A human's arm had four points that, if hit, one could bleed to death!

As a diligent student who had learned about the more than 30 points where one could easily kill another with small cuts, Rory knew that damage to his left arm could be fatal.

On the other hand, damage to his right lung had less chance of complications for him!

'I'm going to jump to the left side. I'll suffer damage to my right lung, but the chances of serious complications will be small.'

He was thinking all this as he moved, and the blade launched to kill him came at him in a straight line.

One might wonder how Rory could think all this in less than three seconds. But this was not a unique ability of this young redhead nor of any other magician in the world.

Contrary to what one might think, in a stressful and life-threatening situation, one would think many things at once, and more importantly, one wouldn't think of words to form a sentence. What happened was that people in Rory's situation felt what could be simplified by a simple, direct thought.

But it was more a feeling than a thought!

By considering all the variables he could think of with his high understanding of his own body and his technical knowledge, Rory jumped to the left and managed to dodge the blow that would potentially kill him!

"Cough!"

Still, Rory felt the blade pass through his right chest, enter his body near his right nipple, and exit through his back.

Rory could have increased the properties of his skin and organs to withstand this attack. However, knowing it would be better for the blade to pass through him at a non-vital point, he left the way clear for the blade and used his mana to protect his vital organs and major arteries.

Even so, he felt a sharp pain in his chest as he fell backward and coughed up blood.

It was daylight, so as soon as Rory fell to the ground, bleeding from his back, chest, and mouth, several people in the area, mostly from the Mazzanti family, realized the attack that had just taken place.

"Shit!"

"Raise your guard!"

"Stay alert! Enemies nearby!"

Several of the men on Vicente's property stood up and pointed their guns in that direction while others ran to Rory's aid.

Amidst all this, a man on a nearby rooftop saw this, and an ugly expression formed on his face.

"Tsk!" He jumped up from where he was and saw his target lying on the ground, bleeding. "That wretch managed to survive an attack from me?" The level 3 Acolyte thought to himself, determined to finish off his vulnerable target on the ground.

'Let's see if you can dodge the next attack!' He maliciously laughed as he picked up another dagger and prepared to throw it closer.

As an assassin hired to kill people high up in the Mazzanti family, he couldn't hesitate in this situation where he had such a good chance of doing his job.

But as he moved, Rory drew the gun on his belt and looked in the direction he had seen the previous attack come from.

He couldn't aim at his enemy, but he saw him, and that was enough for him.

Bang!

Without hesitation, he fired in that direction, not using any of his mana.

"You missed!" The assassin laughed as he saw Rory's bullet pass by his left cheek and prepared to attack with all his might.

But at that moment...

Bang! Bang!

A burst of eight shots rang out from various points around the Mazzanti mansion, all of them charged with mana traveling toward that man.

The bullets were so fast that the assassin could not see what would happen. Before he even heard the sound of the shots, the man was hit in five different places, three of them vital.

Not all of Vicente's men were able to get the right aim on him, but upon receiving Rory's tip about where the enemy was, every available man on that side of the building fired in the direction of the moving target.

A second after the multiple shots, a body with multiple stab wounds fell about 40 meters from where Rory was lying.

"Shit!"

"Run! Run for your lives!"

Several lower-level citizens shouted in the surrounding area, shaking with fear as they felt, heard, and saw the power of the Mazzanti family's terrible weapons.

Even some men from the Scarlet Syndicate on the area's outskirts noticed the power of Vicente's upgraded weapons for the first time.

Previously, they had been busy confronting people from Defiant Tyranny during the chaotic night that had completely changed the situation in Millfall a few days ago. Therefore, this organization didn't know what the current power of Vicente's group's weapons was.

But this morning, two of the organization's guards, who were still there because of the previous agreement with Vicente, witnessed Rory ordering his men to destroy this murderer.

"Fuck! Are these weapons that good?" One of the two Scarlet Syndicate Acolytes exclaimed, disbelieving what he had just seen.

"Tsk! Shit! We've almost gained the blueprint of these little beauties!" The other Acolyte said, feeling terrible now that Vicente's group would no longer need their help to defend themselves against Defiant Tyranny.

Vicente had lived up to his earlier words, and within the time he had been under the protection of this organization, he had reached a level sufficient to protect his people on his own.

Of course, his group still had a lot of work to do. But with the end of the Defiant Tyranny, the previous agreement would no longer force Vicente to hand over the method of producing his weapons to the Scarlet Syndicate!

Seeing what they had lost, the man from the largest local criminal group couldn't help but regret the things that had happened recently.

Chapter 182 No Time to Breathe

"Quick, get me inside!" Rory yelled as some of his men appeared in front of the building. "Ignore that body. Let's get all our defenses up. There may be more assassins in the area."

As a few men pointed their weapons in different directions at the group outside the building, two of them quickly grabbed Rory and backed slowly into their building.

"Who would do that?" One of the men asked before the last of them entered the building and closed the door.

"I don't know. It could be anyone. It could be anything from the Scarlet Syndicate trying to get a new deal to force us to hand over our weapons to them or even the Symons family.

There are also local nobles who resent what our group has done, and soldiers too." He said as he tried to ignore the pain in his right chest, where he had already stopped the bleeding with his mana.

As much as Rory was not in immediate danger, he would need a doctor to take care of his wound and prevent it from becoming something that would leave him with a sequel.

That was the main purpose of doctors in Polaris Realm: to prevent complications. Few diseases in this world could affect people who could use mana and destroy invading cells, such as bacteria that would cause wounds to become inflamed.

On the other hand, potions and recovery pills were very helpful in regenerating exhausted or even injured tissues.

A doctor's job, then, was to manage the recovery of his patients so that their bodies returned to normal.

Doctors worked with alchemists to do this, using pills and potions. But only they could prevent a serious wound from healing the wrong way and creating a problem that could not be solved in the future.

Aware of this, he didn't take long to look in the direction of one of the men in the area and say. "Anyway, get me a doctor as soon as possible. I will change my plans for today and stay here until I'm fully recovered, and Vice replaces me."

As the man that would send the request for a doctor left, an Acolyte asked. "What do we do now?"

"Be on alert. Get all our resting men off their breaks and position them around the strategic points of our building. We could be attacked again in the next few hours."

"Okay, deputy!"

...

After a hectic start to the day for his men on the Mazzanti estate, Vicente found out what had happened when he visited one of the taverns under his protection after dropping Nina off at the Academy.

When he heard what had happened, he was naturally concerned for his friend and angry at the enemies who wouldn't give his family a moment's peace.

But without knowing who was behind this morning's attack, he had little choice but to continue with his plans.

After leaving the tavern where he had learned of it, he made his way to the Association, where he would finally receive the resources he had ordered days ago.

With these metals, he could finish upgrading his men's weapons and return to his identity as Cesar!

...

When he had received more than 250 kilograms of metal bars and a lot of ore, Vicente was in the back of the Association, where carts usually passed by to pick up some of the heavier and bulkier items sold by this organization.

Spatial storage items were very useful and practical for many things, but they had limitations that made it impractical to transport many resources with them.

Such items were limited by volume, not mass. So, regardless of the mass of Vicente's items, what prevented him from transporting those resources in his storage item was the size of the various ores he had acquired.

With only one 2 cubic meter storage item, he couldn't even carry 25% of what he had just received.

That's why he stood there with his men, who worked directly for the Fuller family, and watched as the Association staff finished loading the boxes of ore and metal bars onto their wagons.

"That's all, young master Fuller." One of the workers said as he watched the last crate being placed on Vice's second wagon, jotting down a few things on a piece of paper on a clipboard.

When the man showed him the piece of paper, Vicente quickly checked what he had received and left a magical signature to indicate that he had received his orders.

"Okay. Thank you for your services."

"We at the Millfall Blacksmiths' Association thank you, haha. If you need more resources, don't hesitate to contact us. We'll give the young master priority over the first-level blacksmiths." The man said goodbye to Vicente, following the orders the council had already given to the rest of the staff at this post.

Vicente wasn't exactly one of the Association's chosen ones, but he was close, and he had privileges that put him ahead of many members of his rank.

So, this Association official wasn't trying to curry favor with Vicente or lure him into a new business with those words. He was following the orders of the post's management.

Vice was already aware of how different the treatment within such groups could be depending on one's qualities, so he didn't bother and quickly went to his home in the city center.

After extracting the metals from these minerals and reducing the volume of these resources, it would be time for him to return to his people on the Mazzanti estate on the eastern side of the city.

'Time to work.' Vicente thought to himself, knowing that he now had to upgrade his people's weapons, expand his mafia family's operations, and stabilize his local position before he could search for pentagrams.

...

While Vicente was thinking about the various things he had to do, the council met inside the Millfall Blacksmiths' Association.

To the surprise of some, for the first time in years, Benson King showed up to attend the meeting!

As Benson sat down in his chair around a large round table in a room on the top floor of the Association building, the three old men already seated nearby looked at him with different expressions on their faces.

While Henry, the leader there, looked at him with a neutral expression, a red-haired man with a goatee smiled and said. "Old King, how long has it been since you left your house? You're only here because of your new disciple, right?"

Benson wasn't bothered by the red-haired man's comment and said. "Yes. You want to talk about him, don't you? How could I ignore that?"

"We're going to talk about Vicente Fuller, but we're also going to talk about the tournament we're going to have very soon. Our top names are already preparing for the trip out of town." Henry said when he saw Benson's sharp eyes on him.

Henry didn't take Benson and his threats seriously only because many in the association knew that the two had several differences, being the two best local blacksmiths.

Benson hated this arrogant side of Henry and closed his eyes.

"Then let's talk about my pupil first. I have no interest in this silly tournament. None of the youngsters we currently have are worth watching." Benson said as he looked at the guy with the same white hair, beard, and mustache.

Chapter 183 Decisive Days?

At the end of the day, as far as Nova, Nina, Benson, and the Blacksmiths' Association, who knew Vice, were concerned, Vicente Fuller left Millfall for Saltstar City.

But that same afternoon, the Symons family, Shelby, Casey, and several others interested in Cesar noticed him walking back through the local streets!

After staging his departure from the city, Vicente put on his mask and metal armor and did not hesitate to return to Millfall under his second identity, with some of his masked men carrying boxes.

He didn't hide his movement this time, as he had done several times in the past few days. With his situation with the royal forces in this city resolved, Cesar Mazzanti no longer owed the Martial Court or the army anything that could make him hide!

He made his way through the eastern entrance of Millfall with three men, heading for his family's headquarters while people on the streets looked at him strangely.

Some respected the man, for in a matter of weeks, he had risen from anonymity to become one of the most talked about in the town.

Others feared him, seeing him as just another criminal on the rise, someone who would likely be Ryker's equivalent in no time. As such, not everyone looked upon him favorably and considered him just another piece of manure that made the town stink.

But while ordinary people watched Vicente move into his territory in the eastern part of the city, some assassins hired by the Symons family were already watching him from afar.

Vice was aware of this, as he could sense practically every living thing within a radius of up to 150 meters from him.

In that space, he could sense the presence of creatures weighing more than 30 kilograms and even determine their position without seeing them.

Through this mastery of his first skill, something he had sharpened while working as a blacksmith, Vicente could sense his enemies watching him.

'Two level 4 Acolytes. But they're not moving.' Vicente avoided looking in their direction, sensing that neither of them intended to attack him.

If none of them would attack him, he couldn't counterattack or shoot them down by prevention. He wouldn't have justification to do so and could be questioned by real soldiers.

But besides that, Vice would rather not have to deal with enemies right now.

As much as he was angry and wanted to see some heads roll, he understood that the best thing he could do now was to continue advancing toward level 1 and upgrade the rest of his group's weapons.

'If I continue at my current pace, I'll reach level 1 in no more than three days of training. That's also the time I need to upgrade all my people's weapons and start some expansionist actions.' He thought to himself, clenching his fists and holding back so as not to act against the men who were ready to attack him if he moved strangely.

But just as Vicente didn't want to fight right away, the assassins watching him didn't want to attack him with so many witnesses around and without knowing more about him.

Some of these men had already heard the rumors about the leader of the Mazzanti family and how mythical the man's powers were.

Even though they were level 4 Acolytes, these two couldn't help but respect Cesar's powers and were afraid to act against him without better preparation.

The two were merely observing Cesar's territory, waiting for some important man of the Mazzanti family to show himself in public, when suddenly they saw Cesar walking down the street as if it were no big deal.

Overwhelmed and intimidated by his courage, they both hesitated, feeling that it would be better to prepare more before attacking this person who had powers over metallic objects.

A sneak attack like the one the man who had tried to kill Rory this morning wouldn't work on Cesar!

"What are we going to do?" One of the two partner assassins asked his companion.

"This person is complicated. Even though he's an Apprentice, he can't be underestimated." The other level 4 Acolyte said. "His weapons are terrible, and from what we know, his magic talent is enormous.

I wouldn't be surprised if his Magic Gem is cyan!"

Gulp!

While these two followed Vicente's movements, he soon arrived at his headquarters, where his men were already waiting for him with the doors open.

"Welcome back, Don Mazzanti." One of the men waiting at the mansion's door said loudly, his chest puffing out.

"Hmm, take me to the deputy. I want to see him before we begin our work." Vicente said as he entered the place with his men.

Vicente's three companions quickly took the metal bars they were carrying in boxes to the training room of the house while one of the Acolytes took Vice to Rory.

As they walked there, Vicente said aloud to his men. "I want all of our group's weapons that have not yet been upgraded to the 1st-grade limit. I'll start working on them tonight."

...

While Vicente and his group were on their way, the Symons family had already received the news of Cesar's return.

"What? The bastard dares to come back like this?" Marcus shouted to his men when he heard that Cesar had returned as if he were just an ordinary citizen of this city returning from a trip.

Even though there were no soldiers after him, Cesar was still someone everyone knew was up to no good and involved in underworld affairs.

For him to walk quietly in was an affront to the powers that be who lived under the law of the realm, like the local noble families.

Marcus' advisor wasn't happy either, but he had something else in mind. "None of the assassins acted? What's going on? We hired a dozen assassins to go after the Mazzanti family! Why aren't these bastards acting?"

"The first group acted this morning. After that, there was an incident in one of the taverns protected by the Mazzanti family, where two of our hired assassins were shot, and one of Cesar's men fell.

As for Cesar, he's a monster. Maybe the other men are preparing to move against him later." One of the three men standing in front of the desk in the Viscount's office said this to the young man sitting in his father's chair and the middle-aged man next to him.

Marcus pounded the table in front of him and shouted. "Send our men to the bloody Mazzanti residence! These assassins cannot be trusted! Let's take care of Cesar personally."

The men in the room fell silent as Marcus' advisor looked at his young master.

"Young master, if we do that, we'll give Cesar's group an opening to act against ours." The man said. "Without the Martial Court or the army approving any action against the Mazzanti family, any action on our part will give that group the right to defend and counterattack."

The laws of the Seidel Kingdom were simple. If you were not in trouble with the tribunals, you could defend yourself and counterattack anyone who attacked you, for it was forbidden to attack an innocent citizen.

Chapter 184 Cesar's Great Interests?

In theory, Cesar couldn't attack the Symons family because that would be a violation that would get him into trouble with the kingdom. But if the Symons family moved against him first, everything would change.

But Marcus found it absurd that a Viscount's family would have to go out of its way to punish an enemy who wasn't even noble or had powerful backers.

"We will not attack him. I want to talk to the bastard and demand an explanation for what he did to me." Marcus said, smiling confidently. "I want to test the son of a bitch and maybe find one of his weaknesses! And he can't attack us either, or we'd have a justification to take action against him!"

Theoretically, the Symons family couldn't use what happened outside Millfall a few days ago to act within the law against Cesar.

After Nova's testimony that Cesar had only been defending himself and the main enemy of the royal force group that night had been beasts, Marcus couldn't use Cesar's previous persecution and attacks to justify acting inside Millfall.

Of course, he could act against Cesar as he wished outside the city, for the kingdom's laws applied only in the cities.

As much as one could seek justice for what happened outside the cities, that was something that came later, justice for something that had ALREADY happened.

Since there were no royal powers outside the cities, it was a no-man's land where the strongest decided what to do and how to act.

At best, one could seek justice after the "milk had been spilled," but that was all.

Since Cesar had all charges against him dropped, his defense against the groups that had previously attacked him was justified, and the Symons family had no legal basis to act against him.

Marcus wanted to provoke Cesar and see what he could get out of a meeting with the man who had almost killed him days before.

But his men were not at all comfortable with this. They really preferred to wait for the Patriarch's return before deciding what to do, feeling less secure in the absence of the Viscount, a Mage who could put an end to all this trouble in the blink of an eye.

But it wouldn't be easy to contradict the family heir in this situation.

The Viscount's most trusted man had died to the beasts of The Rocky Gorge a few days ago, and without him in the city, Marcus had no one to stop him.

In the Viscount's absence, he was the head of the family, and these men had to obey him!

"Is the young master sure?" His advisor asked.

"If he's not careful, this could give our assassins a chance to act," Marcus said, improving his grim expression of a few moments ago and feeling confident about his plan.

...

Hours later, night began to give way to day as a new day dawned in Millfall.

All the local powers were already aware of Cesar's return, but no one had moved.

Most of the local soldiers were busy with the Commander's orders to prepare for the threat of the 3rd-stage basilisk, while a good number of the nobles had already made deals with the Vice's group.

Apart from a few people who, like Nova, were curious about Cesar's return and his subsequent actions, only the Symons family and the Scarlet Syndicate were more interested in contacting him.

And right at dawn, the first of these groups knocked on the Mazzanti family's door!

Pa! Pa!

A level 4 man knocked on the front door of Vicente's mansion, and a second later, it opened.

Vicente's men could see people approaching from a distance this time, and when one of the men in armor with a red symbol knocked there, an Acolyte opened the door.

"Emissaries of the Scarlet Syndicate. To what do we owe this visit?" The level 1 Acolyte asked as he came face to face with the level 3 and 4 men.

These were high-ranking members of the Scarlet Syndicate faction! For them to knock on the door of Vicente's group, they probably had important things to discuss!

"We are looking for your leader. Where is he? We'd like to invite him to our headquarters tonight. Our leader would like to meet Senior Cesar Mazzanti."

"My Don is in the middle of his training. But don't worry, I'll give him the invitation as soon as he's finished." The Acolyte said while a mask hid the worried expression on his face.

Even though their group was improving, they still weren't strong enough to ignore the Scarlet Syndicate.

Defiant Tyranny had only fallen after their leaders were killed by the level 4 and 5 beasts and the 3rd-stage basilisk.

If that group hadn't lost its leadership and its pillars, Defiant Tyranny would still be around to thwart the Mazzanti family.

The Scarlet Syndicate was even more powerful than this recently destroyed group and was at its peak!

However, these two groups had two agreements, and for the time being, one side had no reason to distrust the other or even act against the other.

The strongest man in the group of emissaries didn't take it badly and said. "Very well. Our leader will wait for Senior Cesar. See you later."

With the departure of the people from the Scarlet Syndicate, the Acolyte returned to his estate and made his way to Rory.

Rory had heard everything. "They probably want to renegotiate the terms of our deal. Probably take a little more of what we generate from now on."

"What do we do then? Would it be better to ignore this invitation?"

"No. We'll be leaving soon to hunt pentagrams. We need stability before that, so we'll have to take a few steps back to be able to go much further in the future." Rory said as he prepared to leave, feeling much better after his treatment the night before.

"Don't get into trouble with these people. Vicente will take care of them when he's finished what he's doing..." He said as he walked to the secret exit of this post. "Anyway, it's time for me to go. See you in a few days, guys."

With that, Rory left to return to his plans, delayed by the previous day's attack, and to return to his identity as Vicente Fuller's business partner.

Meanwhile, Vicente was in the training room on the mansion's lower level, changing his group's weapons.

With 50 weapons to change, training to do, and responsibilities to deal with, he was focused in the dark about some individuals approaching him and his group.

Chapter 185 Face to face with Cesar?

Pa! Pa!

Two hours after the Scarlet Syndicate emissaries knocked on the door of the Mazzanti family to invite Cesar to dinner with their leader, the Symons family knocked on the door of this group of Vice's group.

While Marcus's carriage was stopped in front of this property, two of his servants stood at the front door of this residence while several people in the area watched them from other properties, rooftops, and nearby trees.

Between the assassins and the observers from the local powers, especially the Scarlet Syndicate, they all knew that Marcus Symons wanted Cesar's head, which was why this sudden visit was somewhat unexpected.

'What are they doing? Is young master Symons crazy?' A subordinate of one of Millfall's noble families, who was there to observe the situation of Cesar's group, wondered as he felt his heart beat faster.

The assassins hired by this family were no less interested and had tense expressions on their faces, wondering if this was a good sign for them.

Then, the door to Vicente's residence opened, and one of the group's masked Acolytes appeared.

"Right?" He asked as he looked at the two level 3 Acolytes, an old man dressed as a butler and a man in armor, a guard of the Symons family.

"Good morning. We're looking for Cesar. Our young master is out here and is interested in speaking with your leader. Please let him know. We're here to negotiate." Marcus' old advisor said, feeling a bit nervous.

But he was a good actor, and only he knew nervousness in his being.

"Wait here. I'll see what I can do." The soldier from the Mazzanti family closed the door and went back into the building, quickly making his way to Vicente in the basement.

"Boss, we've got problems. Young master Symons is at our door asking to see you." He said as he entered the training room of the building where he knew Vicente was resting at that very moment.

Upon hearing this, Vice took his eyes off the pile of 30 weapons he had to upgrade and looked at his subordinate.

He hadn't expected Marcus to show up on his doorstep like this!

'What is this guy trying to do? Is he trying to kill me? Or is he trying to take a step back to ease tensions with my group?'

Vicente was a man fully capable of changing his mind and taking a step back to avoid a destructive confrontation that wasn't worth it for his group. In Marcus' situation, he would try to make peace with the Mazzanti family to secure his position as heir and turn a rival into an ally.

But thinking about what he had heard from Casey, he realized that was unlikely.

Vicente looked at the Acolyte and said. "Okay. Prepare all our men for a possible invasion of the building or an attack on young master Symons' carriage.

But do not attack without an obvious sign of confrontation or my signal."

That man promptly rushed to prepare the men around the estate while Vice changed into a more appropriate outfit to meet the Viscount's heir.

When he was done, he went to the front of his house, knowing that Marcus wouldn't dare enter his property.

As he opened the front door of his residence, Vice saw Marcus' group in a carriage on the other side of the street, with half a dozen men surrounding a beautiful gold and silver carriage.

Vicente's appearance on his doorstep drew the attention of all the observers in the area. Still, he wasn't bothered by the several men hiding nearby.

He looked at Marcus and said aloud. "Young master Symons, it's good to see you again! How are you?"

Marcus looked out the window on the left side of his carriage, maintaining a neutral expression but very angry at this masked individual across the street.

"Senior Mazzanti, I'd like to talk to you in my carriage. Is it a problem for you to come to me?" He forced a smile as he asked.

Vice smiled under his mask and walked halfway down the street. "It is a problem. I won't make a point of the young master entering my property, so I hope you won't make a point of me getting into your carriage.

I guess meeting in the middle of the street is good enough, no?"

The assassins nearby saw Vicente practically alone in that place and felt a little uneasy, sensing that Marcus' goal was to create an opportunity for them.

"What are we going to do?" One of the men in the area asked his ally.

"Let's wait a little longer. If young master Symons abandons our services, there's no point in killing Cesar. But he might give us an opportunity, so be prepared." Said one of the strongest assassins in the area to the men nearby as he felt his hand itch to attack Vicente.

While the men of the Scarlet Syndicate watched the situation and waited to see what would happen, Marcus stepped out of his carriage with his men.

Standing only five meters from Cesar, a man he knew could kill him if he hesitated, Marcus tried to ignore his heart pounding and sweat forming on his back.

He got right to the point. "Senior Mazzanti, what is it you have against me? Why did you try to kill me that night?"

Hearing this, Vicente devilishly laughed, finding the young master's question funny. "I tried to kill you? Are you sure about that, young master? I only shot in the direction of my strongest enemies. You were not my target."

Marcus took this as a provocation and said. "That is not true! If I hadn't hidden in time, one of your bullets would have hit me and killed me!"

"Young master, it was a stray bullet. It wasn't meant for you. Besides, I would have done it differently if I wanted to deal with you." Vicente moved one of his hands, and a red pentagram appeared, making everyone in Marcus' group feel their armor tighten over their bodies.

Gulp!

The men jumped back as they felt it as if Cesar was trying to move against them.

But just as they prepared to defend themselves, Vicente stopped what he was doing, leaving them as they were before he acted.

"You see, I don't have to shoot you to threaten you, young master Symons. So, your fears are unfounded. I wasn't trying to kill you." Vicente said in a soft tone before becoming more serious.

"But things aren't that simple. The young master tried to kill me. May I ask why? I've never had any problems with you or your family."

Chapter 186 Assassination Attempt?

Feeling somewhat threatened, Marcus almost regretted coming to this place.

But he managed his fear and answered Cesar's question. "Did I try to kill you? Senior Mazzanti is mistaken. I didn't know that the royal forces were after you because of a collusion with the leaders of the Defiant Tyranny.

I was manipulated by corrupt people and joined the hunt against you. But my group was only after your capture.

As the Senior said, we had no reason to fight each other."

"Oh?" Vicente opened his mouth. "So, what are you doing here today? I guess you didn't just come to understand what happened that day, did you?"

Marcus laughed subtly and said. "Senior Mazzanti really is brilliant. Actually, I came here for more than that. I came to clarify the previous situation and to resolve what we have between us with dialogue and perhaps an agreement for the future.

Missions must be completed. Goals must be achieved. But changes can be made along the way for the greater good."

Upon hearing this last part, Vicente found it a bit strange but thought it meant that Marcus might be ready to back down.

"Was I wrong?" Vicente asked himself.

But while he was questioning himself and paying attention to Marcus, one of the men observing the area moved before five other individuals did the same, just in different ways.

Vicente paid attention to his surroundings, and when he felt the organs of some individuals in his area of influence filling with mana, he realized that the assassins were attacking him.

Swoosh!

Two blades, one made of wood and the other of stone, sliced through the air towards Vicente's vital points.

'Non-metallic blades? These people prepared to act against me.' Vicente showed everyone his red Magic Pentagram as he moved from his position and jumped backward, trying to dodge the artifacts he couldn't manipulate.

Seeing this, Marcus opened his eyes wide, not knowing how his assassins would deal with Cesar but impressed by the speed of his target's reaction.

'That fast? He moved practically at the same time as my assassins!' Marcus exclaimed in his mind, trying to look surprised by this attack.

Only his assassins and his men knew the code he had used to order this attack. But even so, Vicente had dodged the assassins' first attack as if he had already known about it.

It was a testament to his awesome skills, and even Marcus' guards couldn't help but be impressed.

As the Symons family group saw how much deeper Cesar's powers were than they had imagined, blades of earth formed below where Vicente had stopped as he dodged the two blades that had missed his body.

A red Magic Pentagram appeared under his body, and several blades of earth formed and shot out of the ground towards his body.

Vicente noticed this ability of one of his enemies. He frowned as he saw that he had fallen into his opponent's trap.

He manipulated the metals in his armor, creating three shields with 100% efficiency in a single second, positioned between his vital parts that those blades could hit.

As he was very close to the enemy's attacks, the blades formed by the ground soon hit those shields and Vice's body, leaving several wounds around his legs and arms.

He let out a sound of pain as his teeth pressed, feeling that he had escaped the worst, but he still suffered several cuts.

But while he was in pain, his shields torn in half by those blades, four assassins appeared at the edge of the street, all charging at him.

"Shit! They're going after Cesar!" One of the Scarlet Syndicate's observers saw this and felt the need to act.

But just then, a burst of gunfire erupted from inside the Mazzanti mansion, men with upgraded weapons unloading their rifles and shotguns on the assassins around Vicente.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Shit! Enemy attack!" One of the men from Marcus' group ran with his young master to his carriage.

As much as they were behind this attack, there was no way they could control the situation!

With Cesar's people acting against the assassins in the area, they had to ensure their young master didn't get hurt.

Amid the gunfire from Vicente's men, the men approaching him were wounded by the amount of bullets hitting them and had no choice but to retreat before they even had a chance to hit their target.

"Shit! These bastards' weapons are better than we thought!"

"Shouldn't they weaken after a few rounds?" A level 4 Acolyte asked aloud, feeling that the information they had gathered about this group's strength was wrong.

The bullets fired by Vicente's men did not diminish in power after the first shots, as they had heard!

The leader of these men felt a wound in his arm caused by one of these weapons and saw that it wouldn't be so easy to take action against Cesar.

With so many supporters, Cesar and his people would take out several of them before he fell!

Vicente took advantage of the turning point in this surprise attack to act against these enemies, using all the metal at his disposal around him to make it difficult for these people to escape.

"Since you've come, leave your bodies behind!" He shouted as he gestured with one hand and the red pentagram in front of him glowed brighter, and various metallic objects flew into the surrounding area like the blades of a shredder.

At the same time, all those men had some metal objects on their bodies and felt those things being drawn towards Vicente, making it difficult for them to escape.

"Shit! Can this bastard attract 2nd-grade items?" One of the assassins felt some of his defensive items preventing him from escaping as it was attracted to Vicente, making him feel as if someone had lassoed him and was pulling him in the opposite direction he wanted to go.

Normally, the abilities of a 1st-stage magician would only affect 1st-grade items at most. Therefore, everyone was surprised to see their 2nd-grade items pulled towards Vicente.

'I can't manipulate these 2nd-grade items to damage your bodies, but I can attract and repel them at will!' Vicente thought as he used one of his hands to pull those bodies towards him while the other held a pistol.

At that moment, Vicente looked at the strongest enemy in the area, the one who had hurt him a few moments ago, and didn't hesitate to shoot him in the head.

Bang!

Chapter 187 Resolution

Bang!

That opponent, who was struggling to get up, didn't even hear Vicente's shot in his direction when he saw the flash of the gun in the masked man's left hand, and then something hit his right eye.

"Aaaaaaaagh!"

He screamed in agony as he felt a sharp pain in his eye, not enough to kill him, but enough to temporarily blind him and distract him.

Vicente's men took advantage of this and another opportunity he'd created, all firing in the direction of the enemies' heads while the only two who hadn't gotten any closer to Vice fled.

"Shit!"

Marcus saw this from his carriage and realized that he wouldn't be able to kill Cesar with this action.

Thinking quickly about the problem that could intensify his enmity with Cesar, he ordered one of his men.

"Go kill one of the assassins!"

"What?" The man exclaimed in surprise, not expecting to hear such an order.

"Kill one of them. That will stop this attack! The Mazzanti family won't be able to blame us!" Marcus said, making his idiot men understand what they had to do.

Cesar was their enemy, but he didn't need to know that they were related to these assassins, nor that they wanted to kill him.

If they didn't move now, they would look suspicious. But if they helped eliminate these assassins, they could turn the situation around and make it more pleasant to do business with the Mazzanti family.

'I don't like it, but only by getting closer to this bastard can I eliminate him!' Marcus thought to himself, a few steps ahead of his men.

Arrogant as he was, Marcus was no fool. He might get carried away regarding his women or ego, but he was no dummy. He knew the basics of power relations and the importance of appearances!

With that in mind, he couldn't help but take a step back and prepare to change his strategies.

While he was thinking about this from his carriage, one of the level 4 Acolytes in his group did what he was supposed to do and attacked the strongest enemy in the area.

By using his special abilities, this man made the observers in the area, and Vicente's staff look at him strangely.

But when he attacked the strongest assassin from behind, who was vulnerable to him, everyone realized what the Symons family was doing.

"You!" The assassin felt something rip through his chest, but he couldn't cry out in the horror of being betrayed by his employer.

"Bloody assassin, die!" The Symons man shouted, pulling his sword from the enemy's body and striking again, this time at his neck.

Vicente's men stopped shooting at the man and turned their attention to the three remaining individuals while the Symons man beheaded the assassin.

In an instant, the body of the first assassin fell to the ground, headless, before Vicente used metal blades to deliver fatal blows to the other three.

Trapped by his skills and bruised by the bullets that had struck them, these Acolytes soon became vulnerable to him.

As he slashed at them with his blades, they offered no resistance. They lost their lives as they were impaled by metal blades or sliced open.

Blood splattered all around, and several properties in the area were stained with the blood and organs of those bodies.

The civilians who watched from a distance trembled and felt their legs weaken. Meanwhile, royal soldiers were already rushing to the spot, alert to the attack that had been unleashed tens of seconds ago.

It had all happened fast. In less than a minute, Vicente was facing Marcus, talking to him, and then the street they were on was littered with four dead bodies, blood, and bullet holes here and there.

Even one of the horses in Marcus' carriage had been hit by a lost bullet or a bullet that had ricocheted off of some powerful object in the area.

Amid this, some of Vicente's men held their positions inside the building while a group of three level 1 Acolytes left the building and went to their leader's side.

Vicente took his eyes off the bodies in the area and tried to ignore the pain in his body as he looked at the Symons man who had helped him.

"Thank young master Symons for me." He said, imagining that Marcus would leave after this whole situation.

'I am not sure if that guy provoked this situation, but that action was definitely to try to make peace with me.' He looked at the level 4 Acolyte retreating to the Symons family carriage.

'I don't know what to do with this family right now. My situation isn't good enough for me to get into trouble with a Mage's family.' He thought. 'I'll dance to the music for now. I'll decide what to do with this family after I add my second pentagram.'

It was the least he could do. Without even that, any decision regarding the Viscount's family would be hasty.

Vicente looked at his men and said. "Come on, boys, collect the belongings of these assassins. They attacked us, so we're entitled to their possessions."

...

After the previous situation, Vicente and Marcus' groups split up, with the Mazzanti family explaining what happened to the soldiers who had come to their post after the previous attack.

Marcus had a lot to think about, so he left the situation as it was for the time being, while Cesar didn't come to him either after thanking him for his help earlier.

After collecting the resources of those assassins and recovering from his injuries, Vicente left his estate to take care of some expansionist matters for his group before the dinner he would have with the leader of the Scarlet Syndicate that evening.

Meanwhile, time began to pass as morning gave way to afternoon, and soon, the end of the day approached.

While the Mazzanti family group was dealing with this morning's incident and trying to get on with their other business, Rory had 'returned' to town to work on behalf of the Fuller family!

After meeting with Lena, the Irwin family's maid, he left for his meeting with Lukas and the associates of this young man Vicente wanted to get close to.

As he made his way to the Millfall Blacksmiths' Association building, Rory tried not to stress about the attack the day before and this morning.

His thoughts were on things he and his people could change, not on what had already happened.

'With the information I've gathered so far, we'll be able to take action against the Irwin family whenever we want.' He thought to himself, eager to attack the first noble family of their journey.

A Baron's family was completely different from a secondary outpost of a criminal group supported by nobles!

With that in mind, Rory was eager to return to the Mazzanti family and finish organizing the Irwin family raid.

'With this family's resources, we'll be able to raise the strength of a few more of our men!'

Chapter 188 Important Encounters?

Seeing the young blond man he had met weeks ago waving at him, Rory immediately put aside his thoughts of how to strengthen his group and went over to the young blacksmith.

"Have you advanced a level? Have you become an Acolyte?" Rory said as he noticed a difference in the sensation he felt from Lukas' body now compared to what he had felt when he first met this guy.

Lukas had advanced this afternoon and finally reached the 2nd magical stage. He was delighted with himself, and when he heard the redhead in front of him, he smiled and said. "Fortunately, I could break through the barrier between the 1st and 2nd stages earlier."

"Congratulations on that. With your talent, it won't be long before you become a 2nd-stage blacksmith." Rory commented, genuinely happy for Lukas, much to Vicente's credit, of course.

"Thank you... But you're not far away from advancing, either. I'm more impressed by your progress than by mine. You've only recently awakened your powers and are already close to becoming an Acolyte." Lukas was sincere because even people with Green talents often stayed in the first stage for a year or two.

But that was because most didn't have the resources Rory and Vicente had in their first weeks after awakening. Most had to build their positions from scratch because everyone had their own interests, and not every family would have enough for everyone.

Lukas was part of a financially well-established family. However, several people in his family needed a lot of resources, and he didn't have a similar ability to justify a significant investment in his house. So he had to fight on his own to make it this far.

However, he was still favored because he had a good master and some support within the Association. Most people had none of that and usually only managed to advance in the first months or years after awakening through ordinary meditation.

Rory laughed at Lukas' comment before changing the subject. "Anyway, where's that meeting you told Vice about?"

Lukas looked down the street and motioned for Rory to follow him. "It's at the house of one of my contacts. It's almost time for the meeting, so let's go there."

"Hmmm."

As they walked along the sidewalks of downtown Millfall, Lukas asked. "By the way, did Vicente leave the city? How's your family business?"

"Fine. Vice went to Saltstar City, as he told you. If he's successful, we'll have some extra resources to strengthen the family." Rory said, creating a facade to justify the speed of growth the Fuller family would soon have.

Previously, their resources had come primarily from the food resale business that Andrew had left to his son. But as the Mazzanti family's operations developed, more resources would come from this group's underworld operations.

Robbery, fees charged to merchants who wanted to be part of their territory, and more would create opportunities for advancement for the known members of the Fuller family.

Upon hearing that, Lukas became interested, seeing that if things went well for such a family, they would soon have more resources at their disposal.

"Well, if our relationships improve, we'll be able to benefit from each other's good results," Lukas said. "Some of my friends have good talents but need support."

"Hmm, and our family needs good friends with talents. We have several fronts that could use the services of your allies, Lukas."

"Don't worry, you'll have a chance to make some good contacts tonight." The blonde smiled before they entered a well-kept house in the center of town.

Entering the house, they passed some servants until they came to an entrance hall with many tasteful decorations in a very well-lit environment.

Seeing six young people standing or sitting there talking about various subjects, Lukas caught their attention by greeting everyone and saying loudly. "My friends, this is the representative of the person I told you about the other day..."

He continued as Rory looked at the four men and two women of Lukas' age standing there, each having different and special types of Magic Gems.

Considering the aura each of them radiated, but also the outfits they wore, Rory wasn't confused as to the specializations of each of them.

There were two alchemists, a doctor, an enchanter, and two engineers, as well as Lukas, a blacksmith.

All these young people had promising talents, with green or yellow gems, most of them at level 1 Acolyte. However, one of them was still a Senior Apprentice, while the most advanced was at level 2.

Seeing young people who followed the most important specializations in the magical world, Rory realized how valuable the contact between Vicente and Lukas had been.

'If we can get at least two of them for our group, we'll benefit greatly!' Rory thought as he smiled at these people, waiting for the moment to introduce himself.

If he could get an Alchemist and an Engineer for his group, the Fuller/Mazzanti family would be strengthened considerably.

While an alchemist could produce essential consumables for the group, an engineer could create countless complex devices that could be used for simple or even difficult tasks.

Having an enchanter would also be very good, as someone like that could significantly enhance the properties of items created by blacksmiths and engineers!

"Hello, my name is Rory Point..."

...

While Rory was meeting Lukas' allies and friends, Vicente arrived at the headquarters of the Scarlet Syndicate faction in a carriage belonging to the Mazzanti family.

He had been invited to meet the leader of that faction, and as a member of the Scarlet Syndicate, he couldn't refuse.

Upon arriving, Vice immediately met some men who were waiting for him, and after greeting him with respect, they quickly led the way to where Brody Wright was already waiting for him.

Brody Wright, level 5, was one of the strongest warriors in the city, respected even among the few Mages.

In the magical world, not everything can be understood by one's level alone. Since magic forms differed greatly in the type of power each magician possessed, some naturally had a much higher fighting ability than others.

Normally, one would not be compared to people of another class. Warriors, whether they were magicians or generals or both, were those who possessed raw powers useful in combat and could typically only be compared to each other. However, some comparisons outside the same class served to indicate one's social position in a given area.

Brody Wright was a level 5 Acolyte but the third strongest in Millfall, weaker only than Viscount Symons and Commander Christopher Hogan.

Although there were nearly 20 Mages in the city, he was among the strongest and most respected. Aware of this, Vicente didn't dare to be disrespectful when he met such a man!

"Senior Wright, I'm glad to finally meet you."

Chapter 189 Dinner with the Head of the Scarlet Syndicate

When Brody heard Vicente speak and saw him bow to him, he immediately took a liking to this rising young man who obviously knew how to behave in the presence of a superior.

"Young Cesar, you're so polite. Don't bother acting like that in front of me. Just treat me like an ordinary man." The red-haired, middle-aged-looking man said as he smiled at the masked man in front of him and motioned for him to sit down.

Vicente ignored the people around him, men guarding the appetizers and waitresses ready to serve food and drinks, and took a seat on the other side of the table where Brody was sitting.

It wasn't a large table, and the distance between Vicente and Brody was only three feet, close enough for the black-haired young man to feel slightly pressured.

Brody's words and manner were friendly, but his level 5 aura wasn't restrained, and Vicente naturally felt as if he were standing in front of a powerful predator, capable of killing him if it wanted to.

Ignoring the unusual yellow gem on this man's forehead, he asked, but without being impertinent or showing that he didn't want to be there. "Senior Wright, what do you want from me? I'm at your disposal to answer your questions."

Seeing Vicente pick up a glass of water and act relatively relaxed, Brody didn't take kindly to his haste in asking such a question.

"You're like me, straight to the point. Well, that's not bad. But let's talk while we eat." He said as he clapped his hands, and immediately, the well-dressed, smiling waitresses in the area began to bring their plates.

"But first, I must thank you for your recent actions. Without you, Defiant Tyranny would still be a problem." He said with a smile on his face as he poured wine for himself and Vicente.

"It wasn't planned. I just had to act and get lucky in the end. I almost died that day, Senior." Vicente said before thanking him for the wine and tasting it, manipulating his mask to show only his mouth.

"Good wine." He said after smelling and tasting some of the dark red liquid.

"Hmm, this is my winery's best production. I'm glad you like it." Brody commented, not bothered because Vice was keeping his identity a secret even from him.

As the waitresses placed the plates in front of him and Vice, they both paid attention to the meal being served, with lots of greens and carbohydrates but plenty of animal protein.

Meanwhile, they exchanged a few causal comments about their situation, about the food, nothing too relevant.

Then they both began to eat, and Brody said. "So, young Cesar, what do you want? Before I tell you what I want from you, I want to know more about you."

Vicente stopped tasting the delicious food this man was serving him and looked into Brody's eyes, remembering his dinner with the real Cesar Mazzanti on Earth.

'Today, I'm here to be tested. If I behave well and don't raise any red flags, I'll have the 'privilege' of continuing to serve this man... If not, I'll be killed.' He reasoned calmly.

An ordinary person would be nervous in such a situation. But having gone through something similar on Earth and having learned a lot from the real Cesar Mazzanti, Vicente was quite calm.

He then answered. "What I want is power, resources. I want to become stronger and be able to live the way I want. But I don't have a specific goal."

"Oh? Don't you want revenge? Why did you come to Millfall? You weren't from around here." Brody asked with interest, not knowing that Cesar was Vicente Fuller but that the Mazzanti family's leader was not from Millfall.

"I have no reason for revenge. I was raised without parents or family. In fact, my only companions are my comrades in the Mazzanti family. As for why Millfall, it's because there was space here." He replied, acting so calm and direct that Brody couldn't help but believe it.

Vicente was hiding the truth about his real purpose. After all, there was nothing more dangerous than a determined man!

Cesar Mazzanti had taught him never to get involved or even take a chance with someone who was willing to do anything to get something. People like that were hazardous, and if you couldn't avoid them, you had to eliminate them to avoid problems.

On the other hand, people with common goals of greatness, such as those searching for wealth or individual power, were easier to control...

Like the real Cesar Mazzanti, Brody Wright thought much the same and liked what he heard from the young Apprentice before him.

'This is good. If I show you the way to gold, you'll follow whatever I want, even if your interests contradict mine.' The red-haired man smiled in a way that hid his true intentions.

"Indeed, the city's eastern side was free for all to use. You were right to take advantage of the opportunity. Not every city like ours has room for newcomers like you." He complimented him and went back to eating.

"So I suppose you'll be expanding your operations now, right? With the end of the Defiant Tyranny, many shopkeepers are looking for support."

Vicente agreed as he ate. "Yes, but that's up to the faction command. I don't want to interfere where I shouldn't."

Brody said. "Don't worry. While I am indeed interested in some of the businesses left behind by Defiant Tyranny, I don't have the manpower to take over everything they left behind.

However, you and your group could be useful to me by providing the protection service they offered in their territory."

"Oh? Then I'll do it." Vicente said, following the man's lead even though he personally disliked this person and planned future actions against him.

As the little one there, Vice knew he had to swallow his pride and do bitter things for the sake of his future.

Since he could not go against this man, he could only act as a subordinate in order to have a chance to live and become stronger, just like a gangster would have to do on Earth.

"All right, since we understand each other, I'd like to make a new deal with you, young Cesar." Brody finally got to the point of this meeting.

'As expected...' Vicente thought to himself. 'He actually wants to renegotiate the agreements he had with my group.'

"To give you more room to maneuver and to protect you from the local nobles, I need a little more than you've been giving me. How about we keep the percentage of the profits that go to me, but you give me the blueprint for one of your firearms?" He smiled, showing what he wanted from Vicente.

Chapter 190 Negotiation ?

When Vicente heard the horrible 'proposal' that Brody Wright had for him, he couldn't help but make an awful face under his mask.

He wouldn't bother to give more of his profits to this faction for the stability he and his family needed to go in search of magic pentagrams. But his weapons were the most valuable thing he had besides his own powers.

Giving them to another group would be remarkably dangerous.

But how could he refuse? The man in front of him could kill him with a wave of his finger!

Vicente could kill level 3 Acolytes with ordinary talents inferior to his own, as was the case with most of his opponents so far. By the same logic, he could fight with some balance, perhaps even advantage, against level 4 Acolytes, but without the chance to kill them. However, before advancing to level 1, he knew he would have no chance of withstanding a single move from a level 5 Acolyte, even if that person had low talent.

But the man in front of Vicente was a born warrior and had a Yellow talent that was by no means negligible.

Vicente didn't need to fight or challenge Brody to know he would die if this faction leader wanted him to!

'Damn it, so you're not going to give up!' He held back his anger at Brody, sensing that this man had not forgotten the 'loss' he had recently suffered.

The deal Vice had recently made with the Scarlet Syndicate had been crucial for him and his group to continue to operate while strengthening themselves to reach their current level. Without that deal, they would probably all be dead by now.

But that deal had only been possible because Vice's weapons were at stake, which was the only thing he and his people could use to lure the Scarlet Syndicate group. But he had known from the beginning that he would get enough to stop Defiant Tyranny, and he had never been willing to hand over his weapons to such a faction.

Brody had probably realized that already, but he wasn't willing to let Vice control the situation as he pleased.

As the strongest and the one with the biggest hand in the matter, Brody was the one who would control the pace of things!

He realized that Vice was very upset about his demand and laughed inside.

'Do you think I'm going to let you use me like this without doing anything? Kid, you may be smart, but you still haven't achieved what it takes to fool me so masterfully.

Consider this your punishment for playing with someone you shouldn't have.'

But despite his thoughts, Brody wasn't angry with Vice, for as much as such a boy had acted for his own good, the result of his actions had been very beneficial to the Scarlet Syndicate.

Vicente saw the serene look on Brody's face and realized that he would have to take a few steps back. 'I'm going to have to gamble.'

"We can do what Senior Wright says. But I'd like to ask for some time. These weapons are my greatest creations. I don't want them to fall into the hands of non-aligned forces.

I'd like to train some of your men to make this weapon for your group and have them know exactly how to make the model you'll have without risking others having access to it."

To make Vicente's weapons, one would only need blacksmiths and people to assemble the parts of these weapons. It was something that anyone with the materials and blueprints could do.

However, Vicente had created a method to make it difficult for others to learn how to make similar weapons by taking them apart and reverse engineering them.

If he had to give one of his models to this faction, he wanted to make sure that the Scarlet Syndicate wouldn't be the ones to start a gun revolution in this world by letting one of their models fall into the hands of people who could understand how these weapons worked and replicate them.

Not only that but if he could get this man to agree to have some of his men trained by Vicente first, this young man could buy some time before the Scarlet Syndicate had weapons like his group's.

"I also want the ammunition for this model to be produced exclusively by my group. To prevent any of our enemies from getting their hands on one of your weapons and using it against us, I want to be the sole supplier of the ammunition."

Without ammunition, guns were like useless toys. Even if someone got their hands on one of these weapons, not only would they not be able to learn how to develop weapons because of Vicente's mechanism, they wouldn't be able to use them freely because they would have a limited number of bullets.

Hearing this young man's words, Brody was surprised to see that Vice knew how to swallow his defeats and do what he had to do.

Vice's first request didn't seem strange to him, but he didn't agree with the second. "What makes you think that your group will be able to keep these ammunition safe when you don't even trust my group to keep possessing them? I don't see how you, being the only one capable of making these bullets, will change anything about this kind of danger."

Vicente heard this and immediately responded, not with words, but with his own powers.

He showed Brody his red pentagram and used some of the utensils on the table between them to form several bullets of different sizes and designs.

"Because I don't have a lot of prepared ammunition on my property. Since I make them with my skill, I don't have to make a big stockpile like blacksmiths would if they had to make them. Whenever you need ammunition, I can produce the amount you need on delivery without having to store it."

Seeing those bullets and hearing that, Brody couldn't deny Vicente's power's versatility and that it made him more efficient at protecting that ammunition.

A blacksmith could never make one or two bullets. They would have to maximize the efficiency of their work and would certainly produce a much larger quantity in a longer time than Vice would need.

Understanding this, Brody saw that Vicente wasn't just trying to trick him into having a monopoly on these items for some silly reason.

"I see..."

...

While the two were negotiating how to make a deal on a gun model, Marcus Symons was receiving information about his men's investigation of Vicente Fuller in another part of the city!

"Well? What did you find out?"