

The Mafia 331

Chapter 331 New Goal: Treasure Hunt

'Oh? What do you have in mind?' Vicente was interested in what Torne had to say.

The Cataclysm Order was an ancient force on the continent that had existed for most of the past 100,000 years, which practically guaranteed that it carried the true history of the continent with it.

Today, much of what existed was manipulated by the Congregation of Revelations. Vicente had this in mind even before he went to The Vile Altar.

Finding specific resources, using history to one's advantage, etc., could be very complicated for most people, as few knew what had actually happened in the past. Therefore, Vice didn't need to be convinced by Torne about the importance of hunting down the remnants of the Cataclysm Order.

'Master, during the last war that led to the end of our religion, many of our ranks and members were killed. I can't say what happened after those defeats, but the enemies certainly took or destroyed much of what we had.

However, I can tell you there are valuable things on altars like the one I was on before—for example, the formations in the place where you were recently.

But the post I was at when I died was brutally attacked, and practically everything of value to our enemies was taken. Yet, there are places all over the continent that my religion has kept secret, and even our forces didn't know about it back then!

Fortunately, I've reached a high enough position to know about many of the places my religion has kept secret in case some disaster strikes us hard. I can take you to them and help you use the ancient structures of The Vile Altar to strengthen your group and also to bring the Cataclysm Order back to the world!'

Torne had died in the war, but not only that, he had harbored a deep hatred for the Congregation of Revelations since his youth. Therefore, bringing back the Cataclysm Order was extremely important to him.

Considering the situation with Vicente's second magical form, he believed that he could combine his desire for revenge with his intention to help his master and achieve the best for both.

'With the master's special magical form, you will be the new Altar Master of the Cataclysm Order, and you will have all the magicians of the Dark Path under your command!' He said in an emotional tone, feeling his religion wasn't as dead as the Congregation of Revelations thought.

'Let's see what we can do about that in the future.' Vicente commented, without going into too much detail, as it was too early for that.

As for rebuilding the Cataclysm Order, he didn't have any plans at the moment, but he wasn't entirely against it either. Depending on how things turned out for him, he might follow that part of Torne's plans.

However, going after the Cataclysm Order's altars seemed like a great idea from the moment Torne started talking about it.

Most of the magicians with Dark Path elements had died at the hands of the Congregation of Revelations during the last war. Even though many centuries had passed since then, the new Dark Path magicians probably didn't know about those places, and even if they did, many of them probably weren't powerful enough to pose an absolute threat.

So this could be a hunt for the treasure left behind by that religion, or it could just be a collection of resources for Vicente.

Considering the risks and possible rewards, Vicente wanted to study the matter further and try out another Cataclysm Order post at least once before making a decision.

Torne didn't want to pressure Vicente, but he also didn't want to keep his master in the dark. 'There is an interesting place for us to visit in this state, master. When you become a relatively strong Mage, you can visit this place near the kingdom's capital.'

'Really? Why would there be such a place near the Seidel Kingdom?'

'The Seidel Kingdom isn't particularly powerful on the continent, although it's not weak. But it was in this state that the Cataclysm Moon Pendant was lost. That's why some of our investigators lived

here for several centuries, which justified the construction of the post we just left, as well as a secret location near the kingdom's capital.'

'So that's it.' Vicente smiled.

As far away as it was, the capital of the Seidel Kingdom had the same local rules, and it would be easier for him to get information about local powers and experts than if he were in another state.

Vicente felt it might be much easier for him to find the place Torne had mentioned without running into too many dangers because it was in his home state!

'Very good. We'll see in the future. For now, let's focus on getting back to Millfall, and I'll take care of my more pressing matters.' Vicente commented to Torne and turned his attention to what was within his reach in the short term.

So he continued flying towards Millfall, where he would arrive in the next few hours.

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But while Vice still had to complete his journey to Millfall, the situation in the city was tense!

While a battle of proportions rarely seen in Millfall raged around the Mazzanti estate, Mark's group and his helpers from The Faceless Ones were on the move.

After the medicinal scent of the 3rd-stage herb spread through the city, Mark's group discovered how the movements of Kohen and the army soldiers had fooled their bosses. However, since their local forces were no match for the main players acting against the Mazzanti family, they didn't overestimate their ability to engage in such a confrontation.

Aware they could no longer compete for the 3rd-stage herb, the group turned their attention to what they could do in this town!

Kidnap Jasmine Barber and get a reward from the Sacred Devotee Barber!

At that very moment, they left the battlefield where the members of the Mazzanti family were fighting, having just discovered that Jasmine wasn't there.

The Mazzanti family's main defenses had just been taken down, and everyone inside the building could be felt by those outside.

After realizing that Jasmine wasn't around, Mark and his temporary allies made their way to their second point of interest in the city.

"If Jasmine isn't with them, that means only one thing," Mark said with a strange look on his face. "She made some kind of deal with Cesar, and she's with that gray-haired bitch! Shit, they're probably on the side of the Mazzanti family!"

"That means they're planning your death, my friend." One of the level 5 Acolytes in the group commented to Mark.

"Tsk! Cesar really is unpredictable. But since they're not on his property or in the Awakening Temple, they can only be in that place!" Mark commented, eager to get his hands on these two.

Aside from the Mazzanti family and the Awakening Temple, Jasmine and Layla could only be in the place they had discovered this morning, which they had only been unable to get to because of the conflict that had broken out on the Mazzanti estate.

But with clues that Layla had passed that place, this was their chance to catch up with them!

Chapter 332 Attempted Murder

Meanwhile, at the Symons estate...

Marcus was currently confined to his room, where he had been placed under house arrest by his father.

But even confined to his home, the young master Symons knew everything happening in Millfall.

Not long after his father left with a group of family guards alongside Commander Hogan and army soldiers, servants from the estate informed Marcus that something strange was happening.

Moments after the attack on the Mazzanti family had begun, someone who had followed the Viscount's party to observe what was happening had already run back to the Symons estate.

Now, that person was standing in front of Marcus, talking about the confrontation that had just begun with the Mazzanti family.

"So that's what's going on..." Marcus laughed as he finished hearing from his servant about the fight over the herb.

He had matters to settle with Cesar and the Mazzanti family, so his father's move against those people today was good news for him!

Not only that but if his father obtained such an herb, the Viscount would be able to reach the middle level of the 3rd stage, which would greatly increase his strength and status in the kingdom.

It must be said that one's magic realm did not determine one's social position within the nobility of this society. In other words, the magic stage wasn't everything. One had to have influence, good contacts, a reputation, and much more to achieve a high position within the kingdom.

There were Sovereigns in this state who weren't even nobles. On the other hand, some Mages were Dukes in the Seidel Kingdom!

The Duke of Scott Province was a High-level Mage, while there were some Marquises and Counts within the kingdom at the Sovereign magic realm.

But even if the magic realm wasn't everything, it was certainly important if one wanted to increase one's position within the nobility.

For an heir like Marcus, there was nothing better than the increase in his father's influence that would come with a possible rise in class!

If this young man's father could become a Count before he died, Marcus would inherit a much better position. Not only that, but while his inheritance might get "fatter" as his father grew up, he could also benefit during his old man's lifetime with more resources and opportunities for advancement.

Even if his father didn't become a Count, an advancement could give him access to more resources and enable Marcus to do so when he was the one to take over the Symons family.

Thinking about it, Marcus couldn't help but smile.

"Very well. Keep an eye on the situation for me." He told his servant before closing his eyes and returning to his meditation.

"Yes, young master!"

When this servant left the training area of Marcus' residence, where the young man had been meditating in pursuit of his advancement, the young master Symons didn't keep his eyes closed for long.

Marcus opened his eyes when he felt a strange sensation similar to that of being watched.

"This bad feeling..." He drew his weapon as he stood up and looked around.

"As expected from the young genius of the Symons family. You noticed me even after all my measures of concealment." A voice distorted by mana reached Marcus' ears, and he realized someone was watching him.

"Bold! Do you think you can infiltrate the Symons family like that? Assassin, your head will be displayed at the city gate tonight!" Marcus threatened as he circulated his mana in his Magic Gem.

Unfortunately for Marcus, he hadn't inherited the power from his father but from his mother. Otherwise, no one at 2nd stage would ever be able to threaten him.

The man in the shadows of Marcus' training area knew this very well, which is why he dared to attack.

"We'll see whose head will show up where!" The voice said before the man moved towards Marcus' neck.

"Tsk! Level 5? Do your contractors despise me that much? You could have at least sent a Low-level Mage!" Marcus said as he sensed the enemy's level.

He was about to reach level 5, but with a talent well above average for the region, he was confident in fighting those with a level higher than his level!

The assassin saw Marcus move to defend himself. Still, he didn't change his plans, willing to try to eliminate his target while the strongest of the Symons family were busy with the Mazzanti family.

'That may be my last chance to eliminate him in the time I've been given!'

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Meanwhile, outside the Symons family building...

Two women dressed in black hoods that covered most of their bodies stood on a street corner near the mansion of the city's most important family.

The two women stood in the shadows of one of the less busy streets in this wealthy part of the city, looking toward that family.

"I hope he succeeds in his mission. If not, our last chance will be after the auction, on the eve of the wedding, my lady." One of the two commented to the woman with the better-developed body, whose baggy clothes couldn't completely hide her figure.

The other woman, slightly shorter than her companion, clenched her fists as she stared steadily at the Symons estate. "Hmm. I'd rather he died today, but it won't be a problem if he lives a little longer. With the Viscount's actions today, I doubt Vicente will let what happened go unanswered.

Now more than ever he will move against the Viscount after the auction in the next few days!" Shelby commented with a serious look, preferring Marcus to fall now but not so desperately wishing for the end of her 'dear' fiancé.

After discovering the situation surrounding the Mazzanti family, she didn't go there to help her ally's group. Instead, she had sent a message to an assassin she had previously hired to deal with Marcus.

Until now, that man had found it difficult to act because Marcus was almost always at the Symons estate.

Luckily, the 3rd-stage weed problem had opened up an opportunity for them today, so she and Molly were there now, waiting to see the outcome of their assassination attempt.

But today would not be the day for these two women to celebrate Marcus' demise. Within minutes of their assassin entering that property, the Symons family would be on alert, and the man would flee injured. At the same time, Marcus would appear outside his house in a rage, beginning a chase!

"Shit! Let's go back!" Shelby said to Molly before they immediately left the area.

Chapter 333 The Women's Plans

Moments later, in another part of Millfall, where the Mazzanti family conflict had not yet reverberated through the area...

In a small building in the western part of the city, there was a room on the second floor where two beautiful women sat around a small table, playing a strategy game.

As they did so, they both wore veils over their faces, hiding their magical fluctuations as well.

While the two of them were doing what little they could at that moment, when they needed to stay under the radar, men armed with rifles were in nearby buildings, from where they had a clear view of where the two of them were.

They were aware of this, but it didn't bother either of them. After all, as people with similar interests to Cesar, they knew that these men were there to help them protect themselves!

So Jasmine and Layla played while killing time, waiting for Cesar's return from The Vile Altar, but also for the end of the confrontation that was going on around the Mazzanti family at that moment.

They weren't aware of everything that was happening in Millfall today, and the place where they were hiding hadn't sensed the battle of the Mages that was taking place on the east side of the city. But they were aware of the battle for the herb. Cesar's men on the outskirts of town were already aware of it and had communicated with them via their communication devices.

So the two were curious about what would happen next but not as worried as others might have been.

"What happens after this day?" Layla asked, sipping a glass of wine.

Jasmine made her move in the game and commented. "The outcome of this battle does not matter to us. The person we care about is Cesar, and he's not in town. If he dies at The Vile Altar, we lose our obligation to him. If he wins, we are still bound to him, and our situation remains the same, regardless of the local outcome."

"But if his family were destroyed, wouldn't there be a chance for him to give up and change his strategies?" Layla asked her friend.

"Cesar is not that simple. A normal person might give up after a big defeat. But he's a damn stubborn man. If he falls, he'll do everything in his power to get up again. I'm sure of it. He won't stop until he dies or until he achieves his goals!" Jasmine said seriously.

She had talked to Vicente for days and had seen a little of the kind of person this young man was. Being confident in her assessment, she was sure Cesar would do the impossible to achieve his goals.

So whether his family was wiped out or not, it wouldn't change the point Cesar wanted to reach, and the situation for both of them would still be the same.

"If that's true, that's terrible. He's the worst kind of person to deal with." Layla sighed as she realized she had lost the game.

"That's true... But that doesn't mean we don't have ways to profit from him." She smiled at her friend. "Layla, you are a Sacred Devotee. You have a freedom of movement that I don't. If you travel with Cesar, you could win his affection." She looked at her friend's bust and saw the 'rich' measurements of this gray-haired woman.

Layla's eyes narrowed as she looked at her friend, not believing what she had just heard. "You're not suggesting that..."

"Yes, you should seduce Cesar. Think about it, Layla. With your freedom of movement, you can always go to the same places as him. Cesar won't always be in Millfall, and I will soon be transferred to a new temple. So you could be a constant in his life.

On the other hand, you are beautiful and have many physical qualities that are hard to resist. I'm sure you can win his trust with a little time. From then on, we'll have him in our hands!" Jasmine said enthusiastically.

"But I..." Layla hesitated, not liking the idea of having to do as her friend suggested.

Jasmine moved over and took both of her friend's hands and squeezed them. "Layla, it's up to you. But if you become Cesar's woman, we can resolve our situation with him and gain many future benefits. Think about it calmly. It's not like you have to go to bed with him tomorrow anyway.

But don't take too long. I have a feeling that Cesar won't be in Millfall for more than two years. If you're not connected to him by the time he leaves town, our chances of controlling him will be nil."

"Sigh... I'll think about it." Layla closed her eyes and sighed, not liking the idea of having to deal with such a man.

She was a virgin! How could she so easily consider the idea of seducing a man and giving herself to him just for the sake of a plan that might not even work?

'What should I do? Jasmine is right, but Cesar could kill me or use me and give me nothing in return. Meanwhile, I'd lose the chance to marry a serious man one day... I'd still have to give myself to a bandit.' She clenched her fists in frustration.

But as she did so, she and her friend suddenly heard a gunshot ring out from their room.

Bang!

Opening her eyes and looking in the same direction as Jasmine, Layla felt several level 5 auras approaching them, especially one they knew well.

"Mark!" They shouted almost simultaneously, just before the only window and door of the small room they were in were shattered.

A moment later, three level 5 men appeared, two members of The Faceless Ones faction and the other, Mark.

"Mark!" Layla shouted as she looked at the man strangely, sensing that they weren't there for a rescue as this man had promised earlier. Instead of a friend trying to help them, this black-haired man now looked more like an enemy!

"Jasmine..." Mark ignored the grey-haired woman and looked at the pink-haired beauty, facing the woman he desired but feeling a particular disgust for her.

"I didn't expect you to get involved with bloody criminals, Mark!" Jasmine commented as she moved her mana through her Magic Gem.

"Tsk! Jasmine, isn't that hypocritical of you?" Mark asked as he revealed his magical form. "You started your relationship with someone like Cesar. Why can't I do the same?"

"I didn't choose this, but you clearly did!" She said seriously.

"Enough talk. Let's do what we came here to do while our men take care of those fools on the outskirts." Mark's friend said as he and his faction mate moved in on Jasmine at the same time.

Mark looked viciously at Layla, finally getting the chance to kill this woman.

"I always hated you, Layla!

Die!" He shouted as he attacked the woman, knowing that Jasmine would be no match for the two and that Layla was weaker than him.

Chapter 334 Kidnapping and Betrayal

"Shit!" Layla opened her eyes wide as she saw Mark viciously attacking her, using her weaknesses against her.

Layla's unique ability was super speed. Mark knew this very well and knew that her ability wouldn't work excellently in a confined space with little room to move.

That was why he had brought the fight inside the inn while the rest of his party dealt with the Mazzanti family soldiers on the outskirts.

At the same time, even though Jasmine wasn't a powerful fighter, his group wanted to take her down without hurting her, so the two of them were acting against her.

Without giving the pink-haired woman a chance, the two members of The Faceless Ones faction used a formation against Jasmine, giving her no time to react with powerful mental attacks.

Jasmine was a level 5 Acolyte, but her mental attacks could seriously injure people of her level or higher.

Of course, she would need time to attack, and in the meantime, she wouldn't be able to do much since she wasn't a very powerful warrior in battle.

In the face of these two men, who were in a hurry to act, she couldn't do much when she found herself surrounded by a special formation of the kind that sealed off the mana within a certain area.

"You'll regret this, you idiots!" She shouted, seeing that if she didn't use her family's influence, these people would take her in.

"Hehehe, we know who your father is, Miss Barber. There's no need for you to threaten us. We'll take you just for that." One of them said quietly as Mark and Layla struggled.

"That..." Jasmine frowned, sensing these people didn't want to rescue her. 'That idiot! Who's he with?' She looked at Mark and saw him beating Layla while the gray-haired woman couldn't use her powers in this small room.

Unfortunately for Jasmine, it was too late for her to do anything. Trapped in the enemy formation, she could only rely on Layla and the Mazzanti men outside the room.

'I hope one of you will rescue me before...' She was thinking as she felt a blow to the back of her head and saw everything in her eyes quickly darken.

As he knocked Jasmine unconscious, one of the men quickly picked up her body and left. "I'll leave the rest to you. See you later!"

Hearing that, the other man stepped back while looking at Mark and Layla.

"My friend, let me give you a hand." The man who stayed behind said as he joined Mark in the fight against Leyla, seeing that this Prior from the local temple accepted his help in dealing with the gray-haired woman.

"Damn you, Mark! You're going to die for this! The temple will hunt you down until you're nothing but a dead dog!" She screamed, feeling the wounds on her body grow as she couldn't find a way to escape.

Layla's special power wasn't the best offensive power. It could even be used very well in battle, but the current conditions were not at all favorable for her.

She did not have enough space to act, and her enemies had stronger offensive powers than hers. Since her defense wasn't her strong point, her situation was getting worse and worse.

Surrounded by two opponents, she saw her hopes dwindle as she felt alone, no longer hearing the Mazzanti family's gunfire nor sensing her friend nearby.

'Damn it! Is this how I'm going to fall?' She asked herself as she tasted blood in her mouth and was attacked by two enemies with superior strength.

As she received the last attack, she suddenly felt her legs weaken and fell to the ground, reaching a point of no return.

"Hahahaha, Layla, you don't know how long I've been planning this!" Mark laughed as he slowed his pace and approached the woman. "Ever since my Jasmine's father sent you to accompany her, I've wanted to kill you! If it weren't for you, Jasmine would already be mine!"

Layla looked at Mark with contempt but said nothing as she felt her many wounds.

There was nothing to say. It was just a shame that she had fallen for someone as low and petty as Mark. But that was life, and there was nothing she could do to change it.

She closed her eyes and showed them her neck, preferring a quick death to the humiliation of begging for mercy.

But just as she was expecting a fatal blow to her jugular, Layla felt nothing but heard a strange noise coming from those men.

"You..."

When she opened her eyes, she saw Mark's companion behind him, holding a sword as the weapon was driven through his body at the level of his heart.

Mark had a shocked look on his face as he felt unable to move, only strong enough to scream in surprise, not expecting to be stabbed in the back.

Mark's friend laughed mischievously and said. "Mark, now that Jasmine is in our hands, you don't have to stay alive, hahaha."

"You bastard... I thought you were my friend!" Mark said, shaking but unable to do anything else.

"I was until you brought us such an opportunity!" The level 5 man spoke. "But now that we have a Sovereign's daughter in our hands, we can't leave any witnesses alive! So this is goodbye, my friend Mark."

"Son of a..."

Swoosh!

When he removed his sword from Mark's body, the man from The Faceless Ones faction wasn't slow. He decapitated the head of his old acquaintance from Ironcrest in one fell swoop.

As she watched Mark's head fall to the ground, Layla wasn't shocked because she had already imagined that this would happen sooner or later.

Jasmine's father was a hard man to disagree with. No one who knew who he was would act against his only daughter and leave witnesses.

Cesar had only done this out of ignorance. But the members of The Faceless Ones faction knew what they were doing.

'You deserve this, Mark.' She thought as she looked at the remaining man before her and saw the white mask covering his face. She was fully aware of her passive situation and didn't cling to vain hopes.

"Woman, in other situations, I would take you with me." The man said as he pursed his lips under his mask. "Unfortunately, I'll have to waste someone as 'appetizing' as you!"

He moved against Layla with those words, going for the gray-haired woman's head.

Chapter 335 The End of the Battle for the Weed (1)

"Aaaagh!"

As Mark's assassin was about to strike the beautiful Layla's neck, his expression suddenly changed as he opened his mouth and screamed in pain.

Everything was about to be decided, and it would be time for him to return to Ironcrest with his group. However, at the last moment, between the end of this situation and his escape, he felt a powerful headache, as if his nervous system had suddenly stopped working as it should.

The only thing he could feel was an acute headache, which immediately worsened as he fell to the ground without being able to sense his surroundings.

Seeing this unexpected situation, Layla frowned, watching the man fall for a moment, seeing the suffering in his features but no longer able to see his eyes.

Amid extreme agony, the man's eyes rolled back as foam formed in his mouth.

He was still exposing his painful situation by screaming in a very strange way as his body hit the ground. But on closer inspection, he was beginning to behave like an idiot, incapable of reason or speech, grunting incomprehensible things.

Layla looked around for the person responsible for all this and soon found him standing in the doorway of the room.

When she saw who this person was, she sighed in relief. "Hah... If you had taken one more second, I would have died, Mister Amnesia."

Casey looked at Layla and stopped using his ability, causing the third eye on his face to close and the threatening feeling emanating from him slowly fading.

He lived not far from the inn where Layla and Jasmine were staying. After the soldiers of the Mazzanti family had asked for his help to protect the two women, he had come here as fast as he could.

But the time it had taken him to reach this place had been longer than the enemy needed!

He had narrowly missed the two women of interest to Vicente's group!

"Where's Jasmine?" He asked when he couldn't find the pink-haired woman anywhere.

Layla stayed where she was and said. "They took her. You should go after them. They're probably leaving town right now."

"Shit!" Casey turned and left, knowing Jasmine's background and the problems the group he was now a part of could have if a third party took the woman.

Left alone, Layla sighed as she summoned a healing potion from her spatial ring.

'I hope he can do something... Otherwise, we're all in trouble!' She remembered Jasmine's father, who had sent her from the kingdom's capital to accompany his daughter to Scott Province.

Unfortunately, she was badly injured, and even with her recovery potion, it would take her dozens of minutes to go after the enemies.

Considering the enemies' power, they would be out of Millfall by the time she was ready to go after them!

Once they left the city, it would be tough for anyone to track them well enough to prevent them from reaching their destination.

Layla felt terrible and worried about her friend and what would happen to her.

"Sigh... Luckily, the bloody Mark is dead." She crawled to the side of the two bodies to collect their belongings.

Once she had done that, she would collect their bodies and leave the inn room to eliminate them.

As much as self-defense was allowed in the kingdom, she would be in a lot of trouble if she had to explain to anyone what had just happened.

That was especially true considering that someone from the same organization as her had fallen into that place. How could she leave evidence that would force her to explain to the local temple something that could reach Jasmine's father?

It would be foolish of her to act otherwise, so Layla would leave Millfall as soon as she was well enough to do so and head to the outskirts of town to dispose of the bodies.

As for Jasmine's kidnapping, she would try to look for enemy tracks along the way but would find nothing.

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While Layla dealt with her problems and Casey searched for enemy tracks, the situation around the Mazzanti estate had reached a turning point.

After several minutes of fighting, the outskirts of the Mazzanti mansion looked very different than it had earlier when a siege was in place to demand the 3rd-stage herb.

Now, the number of people around was much smaller, and even the bravest observers kept a certain distance, between 3 and 4 blocks away from the location.

At the same time, several bodies of Acolytes lay near the building, most of them with punctures in their bodies, but some with cuts and strange deformities on them.

The facade of the Mazzanti family building now showed not only signs of destruction, with cracks and broken walls here and there. Blood and dirt also stained the walls, glass windows were shattered, and several of the family's men lay dead here and there.

No one else was firing bullets in the area, as the ammunition in this house had run out a minute ago when the situation had finally reached its current point.

At the moment, only Rory, Bart, Liam's master, Benson, and the two enemy Mages were fighting on the outskirts of the estate.

Meanwhile, the few surviving Acolytes, 3 soldiers, and 2 guards from the Symons family had invaded the Mazzanti estate in search of what their group wanted.

Pow!

Suddenly, Rory was hit by an earthen hand and thrown against one of the walls of his estate, extremely sweaty and with several traces of his own blood on his clothes.

"Aaaagh!"

He screamed in pain as he felt his body being thrown backward, already practically exhausted, unable to continue.

Meanwhile, Bart was severely injured, with many broken bones and purple marks all over his body.

He was still fighting these two enemies, mixing his moves with Liam's master and Benson to entertain them.

Meanwhile, Benson was also reaching his limit. He was very tired and wounded after challenging Viscount Symons at the beginning of this fight. The situation of Liam's master was not so different.

However, as close as the Mazzanti party was to their limit, the situation for Viscount Symons and Commander Hogan was not as promising.

Both were close to exhaustion, having suffered greatly from their enemies' powers and the mana they had expended.

For the moment, they could no longer enter the Mazzanti estate, as they were in a situation where they could only wait for the return of their men, who had taken advantage of the situation to enter the place a few moments ago.

The Viscount was the less exhausted and wounded of the two, but his situation was on the brink.

Seeing Rory fall again, the Viscount sensed that the young man would not get up and shouted. "Surrender, Mazzanti family deputy. I'm willing to leave if you give up the herb!"

Chapter 336 The End of the Battle for the Weed (2)

Meanwhile, inside the Mazzanti family building...

After entering this building, Nova's group and the two Symons family guards had no trouble getting inside when the Mazzanti family members ran out of ammunition.

The family soldiers knew they could do nothing against the level 5 Acolytes and simply gave way, knowing they would only increase the family's losses if they tried to fight.

On the other hand, the five invaders weren't interested in increasing their forces' enmity with the Mazzanti family as much as possible. They were there for the 3rd-stage herb. When they entered this property, they made their way to the lowest level of the area, where the family's training room was located.

Just as they were about to invade the place where Liam had been meditating for the past few hours, the young alchemist reached the peak of the absorption of his new pentagram and finally came to the end of his meditation.

Seconds before the enemies entered where he was, Liam opened his eyes. He felt invigorated, noticing many changes in his being, physical improvements, mana improvements, etc.

Full of energy, he stood up and immediately transferred his power to his Magic Gem, determined to test his situation before the enemies attacked.

Red Lotus!

An utterly red lotus flower formed in front of him, condensing the powers of his first and second pentagrams in a single instant.

As he threw it towards the main door of the training room, Liam ran in the opposite direction, through the side exit.

At that moment, the five enemies arrived at the Mazzanti family's training room just as the lotus flower inside reached its peak concentration of red flames.

"Fuck!" One of the Symons family guards saw Liam running, but also the attack from a level 2 Acolyte, something that wouldn't be so threatening in other situations but was now.

These five had survived the many shots from the Mazzanti family soldiers and the remaining attacks from the Mages' battle. Even though they hadn't been actively fighting, they had used up much of their strength earlier and were now close to exhaustion.

The only advantage they had over Rory, for example, was that they weren't injured.

However, they had consumed about the same amount of mana as the young man. Seeing the red lotus blossom about to explode right in front of them, they all narrowed their eyes with a bit of anger and fear of the enemy's reaction.

'My body is a sword!' Nova immediately used her skills to raise her defenses, and in an instant, a sword aura appeared around her entire body.

As the others did similar things with their powers, the lotus flower reached its critical point and exploded.

Booooooooooom!

All five soldiers saw a massive glow in front of them before red flames covered almost the entire training ground.

Almost simultaneously, Liam escaped through the side exits of the area.

Some of the most exhausted and unprotected of these five felt the explosion throw their bodies backward. In contrast, others held their positions but expressed pain as they suffered from the high temperature of the enemy flames.

Liam had an extraordinary magical form that gave him a lot of attack power. He wasn't particularly good at fighting, but he could hurt even those stronger than him if he had enough time to prepare for a big attack.

Since his enemies were weaker than usual, his attack before he escaped managed to wound some of them, giving him time to escape!

'Tsk! Liam Young's Lotus Flame is really good!' Nova felt part of her hair burn, but she was one of the three people who felt the least from the enemy attack.

Unfortunately, she had to stand still until the worst of the flames had passed, long enough for her to lose sight of Liam.

...

Meanwhile, Liam had quickly run out of the Mazzanti family building, arriving just in time for the last moment of the clash of the strongest men there.

"Surrender, Mazzanti family representative. I'm willing to leave if you give up the herb!" Said Viscount Symons, rather tired but visibly the least worse off for the moment.

Upon hearing this and seeing the situation of the people in his group, Liam froze in one of the side exits of the estate he was in, fearing what would happen now.

A second after the Viscount's words, this man and all the others who had fought there looked at Liam, seeing the young source of the fragrance of the 3rd-stage herb.

His master didn't hesitate to move to his student's side when he saw him there.

"Hand over the 3rd-stage herb. We'll put an end to this as soon as you do it." Commander Hogan said as he pulled Rory and Benson out of his sight and did the same to Viscount Symons.

Liam's master then said just so his pupil could hear. "Do what they want. You've already absorbed the pentagram from the herb. Keeping its body will only bring you trouble.

It was its value. But it's only valuable if you're alive to enjoy it!" He said between his teeth as he looked at the two Mages.

Liam's master had only acted to allow his student to finish absorbing his second pentagram. Now that everything was over, he had no reason to continue challenging these two Mages!

He wanted the 3rd-stage herb, but his situation was the same as his disciple's. He didn't have the power to get it. He didn't have the strength and might die if he stood in the way of those two. In that case, the best thing to do was to give up!

"Liam, give it up. If not for yourself, then for your friends in the Mazzanti family."

He looked to the side where Rory and Bart were, both in pretty bad shape and not far from the point where they could die with one blow.

Liam saw Rory but also the basilisk. 'Vicente left to distract the enemies and may never return... I hope he comes back in one piece, but I have to consider that he might already be dead, and we're alone. If that's the case, I can't make the mistake of insulting an army Commander and a Viscount simultaneously.'

He then summoned the lifeless body of the 3rd-stage herb from his ring and threw it at the Viscount.

The two Mages looked at it, and their eyes lit up. This was all they wanted!

With that small herb, the two could get close to the Mid-level of the 3rd stage!

"Hahaha, kid, you made the right decision." The Viscount said as he looked at Christopher. "Today, we finish this fight here. We'll see what happens in the next few days."

"Hmm, let's go." Commander Hogan agreed, and in the blink of an eye, he was off beside the Viscount, eager for his share of the weed.

Just then, Nova arrived at the Mazzanti estate to witness the end of the whole incident.

Chapter 337 Back to Millfall

As she appeared at the entrance of the Mazzanti family with her sword in hand, Nova saw Viscount Symons with the 3rd-stage herb in his hands just before this man left next to Commander Hogan.

She lowered her weapon and stopped consuming her mana.

'It looks like it's all over...' She sighed as she watched the tempers calm down.

Meanwhile, two of the four people who had been standing next to her stopped behind her, realizing it was all over.

One was a soldier, and the other was a Symons family guard.

"It looks like it's all over... Well, time to collect the family's belongings." The soldier commented to the Symons family guard, looking at him with a clever smile.

"Hmm, in their situation, the rest of the city will soon be attacking them to take what they have. That is our chance to get something!" The other said as he turned sideways and looked around again.

Nova heard this and glared at the soldier who had suggested it. "Are you crazy? Our goal was only the 3rd-stage herb! We don't have permission to do what you suggested! Besides, have you forgotten who Cesar is?"

"Tsk! Captain, why be so strict? Cesar may be dead, and even if he isn't, after all we've done, what difference does it make if we take some of his things?" The soldier smiled before walking back into the building.

The Symons family guard just grinned at Nova before doing the same, leaving her to watch them angrily at the entrance to this place.

"Wretches!" She clenched her fists but didn't stop them. 'I hope you don't regret this in the future!'

With that, she left the place without looking back and went to the army headquarters to report to her organization.

Nova felt terrible about everything that had happened that day. Still, she couldn't help but think that the situation at House Mazzanti was like those two men had thought. With no ammunition and their leading men exhausted, the family could be attacked at any moment by other local groups.

'I wonder what will happen from now on.' She asked herself, missing Vicente and wondering when she would see the only person who could really make her smile.

"Sigh... I hope to spend some time with Vicente. I'll be advancing to the 3rd stage soon. After that, I can be transferred to other army posts." She muttered to herself.

But from her point of view, that would never stop her from having a relationship with Vicente. As someone in love with him and willing to have a life with the young Fuller, living in different cities wouldn't stop her from having her relationship with him!

...

After the defeat of the Mazzanti family and the departure of the first groups that had participated in the battle for the weed, the profiteers reacted as expected.

Of the four men who had invaded the family with Nova, three had stayed behind to loot the Mazzanti estate. At the same time, the last had died from injuries sustained in Liam's earlier attack.

They had quickly searched the Mazzanti family and gathered what they could, failing to break into the family vault but managing to get their hands on some valuable items around the place or on the bodies of Vicente's soldiers.

They knew their enemies would use recovery potions if they had the chance, so they first stole their enemies' spatial rings to prevent that.

Thus, after only a few minutes, the two army soldiers and the only Symons family guard left behind left the estate with many items, including weapons, in their possession.

Left with no recovery potions and practically nothing, Rory was furious as he stood with the men who had survived this confrontation.

"Damn it!" He said in a low voice, standing next to his men and Bart, unable to do anything but accept the robbery of these men.

Meanwhile, Liam had already left at his master's side, promising to return as soon as Cesar did.

Only Benson had stayed behind with Vicente's men.

"Sigh... What a defeat. But young men, you should hide. If you stay here, you'll be attacked from all sides, and you'll probably never see your leader again." Benson commented in a despondent tone.

He had to take care of himself, so he couldn't help Vicente's people much.

But he gave them advice. "You have made a lot of enemies growing up here. And some of them are looking at you now and seeing an excellent opportunity to get revenge but also to get the Mazzanti family's wealth.

I don't know what has happened to your leader and his plans, but you should hide until he returns. Leave this estate and accept your defeat. If there's any chance of revenge, leave it for the future. Now is not the time to think about such things.

Anyway, good luck. I hope you can overcome this situation."

With that, Benson left without looking back, having already done more than he should have. Besides, he was worried about possible reprisals against him, so he had to take care of himself.

Rory stayed behind and thought about what the old man had just said and saw no problem with Liam and Benson leaving.

It was already part of Rory and Liam's plans to deliver the 3rd-stage herb to their enemies if it was necessary for them to survive the day. After that, they had planned for everyone to go their separate ways until at least Vicente returned.

In the short term, the family's enemies would try to target those who proved vulnerable. As someone who was supposed to protect the family's biggest investments in the crisis, Rory wouldn't allow Liam to stay by his side.

Confident that Vicente would return victorious, Rory had planned to ensure that as much of the family's strength as possible would be preserved after that day.

He and the other men of the family could be replaced. But the same couldn't be said for Casey, Liam, Lukas, and the other professionals in his group.

Then he ordered his men. "Let's go to the headquarters of the Scarlet Syndicate! There's nothing to justify staying here!"

"But what about the resources in the vault?" Someone asked.

"Leave them. If someone manages to steal them from us, we'll recover what's lost later. In any case, we must protect the most valuable thing we have right now. Our lives!" Rory said as he led the group away from the building.

Right now, what their enemies wanted most was the Mazzanti family's belongings. So they could flee from there to the headquarters of the Scarlet Syndicate.

They would have no trouble on their way as more and more people arrived at the Mazzanti estate.

...

Two hours would pass in the blink of an eye until someone flying on a sword appeared near the forest next to Millfall!

'Back at last!' Vice looked at his city with concern as he lowered his altitude to land nearby and made his way to his targets secretly.

It was time for him to kill Christopher Hogan!

Chapter 338 Damage Control (1)

Vicente sneaked into Millfall as soon as he arrived in the city. Using his concealment and sensing techniques, he used the less traveled paths to enter his city and soon made his way to the army headquarters.

He didn't need to hear from his family what had happened in his absence. Considering the number of Mages who had stayed behind, it was quite obvious that his family would have lost the battle for the weed if they had dared to go ahead with his plans.

But it didn't make sense that Rory hadn't used the herb. After all, the longer they had the herb, the greater the chance they would get into trouble, not only with the local powers but with the powers of nearby cities.

Using the herb in his absence would be dangerous, but keeping it with no guarantee of his survival could be even more so!

Therefore, Vicente had in mind that Rory had risked the herb and lost it in battle since there was really no way the Mazzanti family could deal with the Viscount and Commander Hogan at the same time.

In that case, those two men should have won the battle for the herb, already divided it, and then gone their separate ways.

For Vice, Christopher Hogan was probably meditating at that very moment!

Where was the best place for someone like him to meditate after securing a valuable resource?

The army headquarters, the safest place in town!

So Vicente was on his way to such a place right now, ignoring the chatter of the people on his way while only worrying about his damage control plans.

The worst problem he could have right now would be with the army, so eliminating the one in that force who knew about the situation at The Vile Altar was a must.

As for the third group of enemies he faced there, Vicente didn't have much information about them, so he couldn't do anything for the moment.

Arriving at the outskirts of the royal army headquarters in Millfall, Vicente was able to get a feel of the entire structure of this post from the outside of the barracks and identify alternative ways for him to get inside.

The army headquarters was very well protected and built. In addition to all the surroundings that were being observed, it had several defensive mechanisms around it and a building with few weak points.

But like any such building, this place also had an alternate exit.

'As much as there are defensive and offensive formations here, they are not activated casually.' Vicente thought to himself as he devised the best plan he could think of.

One couldn't use defensive formations all the time. Generally, some kind of initial action was needed to activate such devices.

For example, a powerful attack capable of destroying the barracks building could activate the defensive formations there from a distance. But a simple bird flying between the barracks and the surrounding area would not cause the same effect.

Vicente realized he would have problems breaking into this place through the alternative exit because to get there, he would have to use magic that could activate the barracks' defenses. He looked at one of the entrances and narrowed his eyes.

Then, he moved away from the headquarters and quickly changed into Arthur Hogan's clothes. He smeared his face with some kind of oil and then rubbed ashes into such a body area, also using a blade to make shallow cuts here and there.

By also cutting off his clothes and creating a crumpled suit of armor around his body, he disguised himself as Arthur Hogan and planned to enter the army headquarters through the front door!

'I'm not much different from that guy. If I disguise my aura, I can fool some of the soldiers at this post.' He made his way to the main entrance of the barracks, where only three soldiers were standing guard at the moment.

Vicente knew which soldiers worked in Millfall, i.e., those who did not know Arthur. So, seeing that the three soldiers at the entrance were men who lived in Millfall, he walked briskly toward the inside of the building.

"We have problems. I need to speak to my brother urgently." He said, raising his voice to make it sound like Arthur's.

Magicians in Polaris Realm could imitate other people's voices more easily than people on Earth could do the same. Some were better at it than others, of course, but it wouldn't be impossible to fool someone unprepared.

Vicente would have trouble doing this to one of Arthur's soldiers, who were waiting for their leader to leave for Saltstar City. But his chances weren't too bad against one of Christopher's subordinates.

"Commander Arthur Hogan!" The three soldiers at the entrance immediately took up military positions at the sight of Vicente.

"Commandant Hogan is meditating in his training room." One of the three said while the third of them found it strange that Arthur was hiding his magical realm and not standing next to Alex and Peter.

"Commander, where are Commanders Regan and Asper? What happened to them? You're hiding your aura. Did something serious happen?" The third, a level 4 Acolyte, asked when he saw Vicente stop just inside the facility.

Vicente felt he was already inside the area protected by the defensive formations and turned to look at the man.

"They're dead. An enemy killed them."

The three became more serious when they heard this, two less suspicious, while the man who had asked had his skepticism.

He didn't know Arthur, but hiding one's aura was a bizarre attitude!

As the third one was about to step back, he and the other two suddenly felt something extraordinary.

Since they were all at the same level as Vicente, they didn't stand a chance against him. When this young man used some of his powers, the three felt their bodies stop obeying them, while Vice killed them by moving the metallic components inside their bodies out of their cells.

This simple movement, invisible to the naked eye, was enough to kill all three!

Sensing that no one was watching, Vicente quickly positioned the bodies of the three in the surrounding area, placing hats on their heads to hide them somewhat from his eyes.

Using his metals to hold them in their previous positions, Vicente walked away from this entrance, leaving the three bodies as they had been a moment ago.

Meanwhile, no defenses had been activated since soldiers constantly trained inside the headquarters, and defenses would not be activated by powers activated inside the protected area.

Vicente soon followed the path he already knew because of the information about this place he had gotten from the soldiers in the past.

He soon reached the entrance to Commander Hogan's training room without difficulty!

Chapter 339 Damage Control (2)

Arriving at the entrance to the training room of the commander of this army post, Vicente silently used his skills to take out the guards on the outside of the room.

After killing three more, this time level 5 Acolytes, he arrived at the entrance to the room where Christopher was meditating alone.

Christopher had ingested a portion of the 3rd-stage herb. He had since been absorbing the nutrients, mana, and elements compatible with him from that resource through his meditation.

From what Vice sensed when he entered that place, the local commander was half a step away from making a breakthrough and becoming a Mid-level Mage!

Fortunately for Vicente, Christopher would still need about 30 minutes to finish his meditation, more than enough time for this young man to act!

'You bastard! You stole something that was supposed to benefit my family!' Vicente clenched his fists, but he didn't blame Rory and Bart.

Considering the difficult circumstances the family must have faced, giving up was their only alternative.

Yet, Vicente regretted the loss of this important resource that could help his family so much in the near future.

He then grabbed a few daggers with him and prepared to attack Commander Hogan brutally.

Christopher had a special aura of the Earth element surrounding his body now, similar to the aura of flames that Kohen had displayed during his visit to the Mazzanti family.

That was a defense that would work well against opposing forces of a lower offensive level than the user's combat skills. However, young Fuller was the strongest between Vicente and Christopher at the moment!

When he activated his powers and revealed his yellow pentagram, he immediately gave speed to the daggers floating in the air, causing them to cut through the space between him and the target with great speed.

The red pentagram glowed beneath Vicente's feet as he thrust one of his hands forward, using more than half of his strength to push the metal components in Commander Hogan's body.

Christopher's surroundings changed when Vice made these almost simultaneous movements, with earth barriers appearing above him as this man sensed something was wrong.

Being interrupted in the middle of a meditation was terrible in many ways. Christopher couldn't just open his eyes and "pause" what he was doing. He was in the middle of absorbing a resource very rich in mana and elements. If he stopped what he was doing, he would not only miss a great opportunity, but he would also risk getting badly hurt!

He could destabilize his entire magical foundation if he "accidentally" absorbed elements that weren't part of his powers!

The extent to which he could be harmed could vary greatly depending on different conditions. But it was a certainty that anyone in his place would, at the very least, become weaker after such a situation and their chances for future progress would be diminished!

After his meditation was interrupted by an unexpected enemy, Christopher had to find a way to defend himself from the enemy and protect himself from the herb in his body.

The slightest carelessness could corrupt his magical foundation, making him permanently weaker and even causing his death!

Then, a terrible expression appeared on his face as he felt blades approaching him while his outermost defenses were attacked by something.

'Who dares?' He asked himself as he felt elements that didn't belong to his magical foundation entering his body.

Feeling this, he turned pale and tried to remove these elements or even stop what was happening. But as he tried to move in that direction, he suddenly felt an abnormal difficulty in moving his muscles and mana.

'What is it?' He felt Vicente's first skill working on his body as his defenses collapsed against the daggers thrown by Vice.

Commander Hogan was even more defenseless against Vicente in this disadvantageous situation than the young man's last three enemies at The Vile Altar.

After only 30 seconds of action, Vicente saw the earthen barriers protecting Christopher completely collapse while his opponent's exhausted and pale body became visible to him.

Very disturbed by the infiltration of incompatible elements into his body, Christopher completely lost his concentration and the rational capacity necessary to overcome the two challenges Vicente had forced him to face.

Losing control of his defenses and having his magical foundation corrupted by the herb in his stomach, he didn't last long. Soon, the first of the blades cut into his body, making him completely lose control of himself.

'Stop hitting him, master!' Torne shouted as he felt something inside Christopher's body. 'His magical base is deviating. That is a magic deviation! He'll die even if the master doesn't move anymore!'

'Oh?

The magic deviation was nothing more than the name given to the process that occurred when a magician lost control of their meditation, and their foundation was corrupted by elements opposite to their own.

When this happens, one could suffer minor injuries to one's soul, be temporarily weakened, permanently lose some or all of one's powers, and even die. It all depended on the type of meditation, the location, the magician's personal characteristics, and so on.

In Christopher's case, he was meditating while absorbing the medicinal power of a 3rd-stage herb that could previously be considered stronger than himself!

By losing control of the absorption of a portion of such an herb, he had suffered far more than a person who failed to meditate without the use of external resources!

With Vicente's little help in preventing Christopher from properly protecting himself, this soldier was much more affected, and more elements alien to his being entered his soul!

'Master, hold back. There will be suspicions about the way he died because of the men you killed on your way here, but it won't be so easy to identify his killer from that.' Torne said to Vicente.

Because Christopher's situation seemed irreversible, Vicente stopped his daggers from flying around the man. Keeping his weapons with him, he left the place, leaving the army headquarters faster than he had entered.

As he made his way through the central streets of Millfall, Vicente decided not to follow Viscount Symons. No matter how much the man had taken from him, something Vicente had heard on his way to army headquarters, the Viscount was much more complicated to deal with than Commander Hogan.

He decided to return to his group, find out what had happened in his absence, and begin to rebuild things on the ground.

Vicente went to the headquarters of the Scarlet Syndicate, where he had heard that the men of the Mazzanti family had gone into hiding after today's confrontation.

Chapter 340 Rebel Thoughts

At the Scarlet Syndicate headquarters...

At the moment, Rory's group was recovering from the confrontation earlier.

Of those who hadn't died in the fight, only a few had actually been injured. Except for Rory and Bart, most men were exhausted when they arrived at this place hours ago.

Only those two and a few other men had suffered physical wounds in the previous battle and would need more time to recover.

But even though most of the Mazzanti family who had survived the previous confrontation, about 70% of the men Vice had left in the city, were still meditating together in the Scarlet Syndicate's training room.

While this was happening, the men of the Scarlet Syndicate were somewhat unsure of their current situation.

Some were doing what they were supposed to be doing. They were at the Mazzanti family's disposal to help out or carry out orders. But some of the men didn't know if that was what they were supposed to be doing.

Their contracts said they were supposed to do this, but if Cesar was dead, then their contracts were invalid.

There was no way for a person with a contract with another person to know if that person was alive, just from the contract. Therefore, some of the men in the leadership of the Scarlet Syndicate were in doubt as to whether or not they would be punished if they acted a little differently than they should.

At that moment, a group of level 4 Acolytes from that faction were meeting and discussing it!

"Why isn't Cesar here? Why did the Mazzanti family go through all this in his absence?" One of the three strongest men in the Scarlet Syndicate asked his two companions in a low voice, looking them in the eye as they stood in a beautiful living area.

One of the three, a bald man, replied. "I don't know. He must have other problems to solve. The guy's a monster."

But then the second individual, a young blond-looking man, laughed and said. "They risked dying in Cesar's absence because they weren't sure their leader would return. He's probably taking a risk with something troublesome that has a high chance of killing him.

To take advantage of their leader's influence, these men accepted the risks to strengthen themselves a little more while no one knew that Cesar might not return.

If they had waited any longer, the local powers would have started asking questions and looking at them more dangerously. The same goes for us." He said, looking sharply at them.

"That's what I thought." The first to bring up the subject smiled, agreeing wholeheartedly with his old faction partner's analysis. "The risk they took was too great. It would only be worth doing this in Cesar's absence if there were really a very high chance that he wouldn't return."

"Even if that's true, what do we do with it?" The man in the middle asked.

Looking at the bald man, the middle-aged-looking man with brown hair suggested. "We should pressure the Mazzanti family while the 3rd-stage basilisk is still injured. Once it recovers, we'll be in the hands of the Mazzanti family, even if Cesar doesn't return."

"But what if Cesar is alive?" The bald man asked, feeling his head sweat as they talked about something delicate. "I don't want to be punished for getting involved in something like this."

"So what do you want, Colt? Are you going to stay here and wait for them to recover and miss your only chance to be free again?" That man asked in a harsher tone.

"What difference does it make? Even without Cesar, the representative of the Mazzanti family can easily defeat us. It's better to risk being led by them indefinitely than to risk rebelling to be punished for our agreement with Cesar." The bald man stood up, not liking the great risks of his two old faction mates' plans.

"Tsk! You're a coward. That's why Chief Brody never allowed you to lead us." The older man commented in a harsh tone as he stood up next to the young blonde.

"Good luck with your plans, Jaxon and Paul. But I'd rather not risk it." Colt said as he waved a hand at them without looking back.

"What are we going to do?" Paul asked.

"We'll deal with this damned coward later. Right now, we should..." Jaxon was about to speak when he suddenly heard a strange noise coming from the side of the window.

Looking in the same direction as Jaxon, Paul saw a masked person hovering outside the building through the large glass window on that floor.

That was the third floor, so seeing someone outside the building without any cables supporting him was strange and a strong indication of this person's identity.

Gulp!

"Boss!" They both shouted simultaneously, dropping to their knees as they felt shivers run down their spines.

Vicente climbed in through the window and looked at them, happy to be a suspicious person.

Vicente had learned on Earth to remain silent when he arrived in any place. It was always good to try to observe people's behavior when they didn't know they were being watched.

He had escaped trouble several times on Earth because he had heard things that made him understand how problematic some people were.

When he first observed what was going on in this place, before going in to see the outcome of that day's incident, he overheard a conversation about traitors.

Magic Arrangements didn't take away people's free will. They merely imposed severe punishments on those who broke the rules of their agreements. But people were completely free to think about breaking their contracts and even to do so.

After hearing what these men had just talked about, Vicente now had two problems to solve.

"Your previous conversation was fascinating. Please continue." He said as he slowly approached the two men. "Go ahead, continue your conversation. Don't bother with me. I won't disturb you."

Gulp!

"Boss, I don't know what you..." The old man was about to say when he suddenly felt a weight on his being and noticed that his body was shaking even though he could barely feel it.

'Level 4? Has he already reached that level? How?' The young blonde also felt something change in his being, something awful, but he also noticed Vicente's new level.

"You don't know, do you?" Vicente stopped before them, no longer using his powers to suppress them. "It doesn't matter if you take back the words you said earlier. Your treacherous intention is enough for me. But I won't kill you. I will show the entire faction and family how vermin are treated here. Today, you will help me set an example."

Vicente then made them float in the air with the metal objects they were carrying before he went to where most of the men from the Mazzanti family and the Scarlet Syndicate were.