

The Mafia 91

Chapter 91 Attracting Attention?

Four days later...

It was nightfall in Millfall, and it was raining moderately over the city.

The streets were virtually deserted, and smoke billowed from the many chimneys around the city, warming the homes of the locals from the chill that usually accompanied this time of year.

But while most of the people in town were in their homes resting or socializing with their families, in a building further away from the center of town, many people were having fun.

The lighting in this building was somewhat different, with warm colors that matched the red walls of the interior of this building.

A special scent surrounded the entire interior of this place while music played, helping to drown out the many conversations of the people in the area but also cheering up the many customers there.

Beautiful ladies in little dresses circulated around the area, all of them attractive and always with a smile on their faces.

If Rory saw this place, he would realize what was being sold there...

But while in some corridors of this building, 'characteristic' sounds came from the throats of men in 'dancing' women, there was a luxurious office on the top floor of this 4-story building.

There were five men, most of them very well dressed, in this office of about 200 square meters, which even had a bathtub, but it was not being used at the moment.

At one end of this superb office, the men sat around a large desk, where the bigger seat in the area had its back to a glass wall that overlooked much of the city.

"Boss, a group on the rise has been attracting local attention lately." A man standing next to the table said in a grave tone but without expressing much concern.

"A group attracting attention?" A tall, strong blond man asked, looking at the standing subordinate.

Meanwhile, the boss sitting in the largest chair narrowed his eyes and asked. "Why haven't I heard anything about them if they are attracting attention? Is this group, by any chance, operating outside of our territory?"

The subordinate explained to his leaders. "I expressed myself badly. Sorry. This group has attracted the attention of some merchants in the city area that no other group controls.

This group of mercenaries started offering their services to two taverns a few days ago. After only a few days of operation, they already protect 6 taverns and a store in the area.

It is growing rapidly and slowly becoming big enough to attract attention with its operation."

"Oh? A group on the rise? What are they doing?" A tanned, balding man asked as he sat across from the group leader.

"They protect the facilities. I have heard that some of the subordinates of our less important members have already been affected by this group. They are dealing with petty thieves and improving security in the area." The subordinate said, speaking calmly, for although he was there to inform, he didn't feel threatened.

As far as he knew, the group mainly consisted of Apprentices and relied heavily on strategies that wouldn't work for long or against any kind of competition. As far as he was concerned, this group would grow a bit and then stagnate.

However, as someone who worked for an important person who might be interested in this little group, he had to report on it.

It wasn't his job to decide if it was important!

"That sounds a bit like what we do, right?" A black-haired man asked, looking at his boss.

They acted a little differently, but they also provided protection. Protection from themselves!

Those who did not want their establishments to be threatened, looted, or robbed within the territory of this group had to pay a monthly fee. These businesses could operate normally, even at night, by paying this fee.

The members of this group would not take action against such places, and if someone did take action in their territory, they would have problems with them!

The boss of this criminal organization heard this and said. "Parker, keep an eye on this group. If they get to the point where they generate enough to cover the cost of a battalion, send someone to connect us with them immediately.

But if they turn out to be on the side of our enemies, do not hesitate to order the destruction of these amateurs.

"OK, boss!" The subordinate who brought the information said before leaving, determined to assign someone to watch over Vicente and Rory's group!

...

Meanwhile, at the estate where Nina and Eve lived, they were having a special dinner together with Vicente and Rory today.

After Vicente became Benson's new disciple, days passed, and Rory had finally advanced to the second level of the magical rank, Intermediate Apprentice!

As a vital member of this family, his advancement delighted everyone there, and tonight, they were celebrating together.

But that was not all they had to celebrate. Days after the previous situation with the Peters family, they began to feel the effects of their success.

Now, six taverns like Zander's were under their protection, and this morning, an extracts shop had begun to be protected by this group.

With the right subordinate, Vicente created another group in the local mercenary guild to justify his actions without exceeding the number of people in his group.

This was a corrupt society. Some laws hindered those who did not know or have the means to corrupt the right people. But with the courage to bribe and coins piling up in his hands, Vicente had used this to keep up appearances and bring his group "within" the law.

He now had 7 establishments under his protection, and another 3, a magic shop, a blacksmith shop, and an inn, all in his neighborhood, would join his operation in the next few days.

These 10 establishments were located within 3 blocks of the area where his group was based, his territory for the time being.

In this area, in addition to the men who guarded the establishments, men were strategically positioned around the main streets.

Gradually, the value of their territory increased, and the most recent agreements regarding these 3 new establishments even included higher monthly fees for Vicente's group.

Instead of 1 gold coin, these establishments would have to pay 3 gold coins per month!

This was not much, but it was enough to improve the group's savings. Not only that, but this small amount was important to increase the group's territory.

Depending on how one looked at the situation of this group, one could see Vicente's action as charging rent for an area that was not even his!

Once he was recognized as the "owner" of the area, he could raise the prices as he pleased!

As they ate with Eve and Nina, Rory and Vicente laughed heartily, pleased with what they had done so far, but much more to come.

Vice announced when everyone was silent for a few moments. "I'm sorry, Nina, I won't be able to have dinner with you tomorrow. Next night, we are going to meet Baron Irwin."

Chapter 92 At the Baron's Estate?

"Baron Irwin? Are you going to make a deal with another baron, brother?" Nina asked with interest.

She was very interested in the family business. Still, her brother had always been very mysterious when talking about such things with her.

However, as someone with various weaknesses and who might not have a promising future, she wanted to learn the family business and try to help her older brother somehow.

Nina had not walked properly since the incident years ago. At the time, a 3rd stage doctor had told Andrew worrying things about her future. After years, she and Vicente were slowly learning to deal with some of these problems in practice.

But Nina's ability to regenerate and adapt was higher than that doctor thought. After years, she had regained some of her mobility. Her motor skills had greatly improved, among many other improvements. Even her mana control had skyrocketed in those years!

The only thing that hadn't improved was her hearing.

But even with her various evolutions, Nina herself realized that she was magically very different from her peers and didn't have many expectations of getting a Magic Gem.

No one needed to tell her what the doctor had told Andrew years ago. She felt for herself and wanted to help her brother in other ways.

Unfortunately, Vice didn't want her involved in his affairs for some reason.

Vice replied to his sister, "Yes. I will see if there is a chance for us to do business."

"What is the relevance of doing business with this person, brother? Is there a problem with our other customers?" Nine pressed the issue, knowing that as crucial as it was to do business with

Barons, it was ideal for someone who already had a deal with half a dozen Barons to approach a Viscount.

"There's no problem, Nina. Don't worry, just keep studying and having fun." Vice smiled at her.

He wanted her to have a quiet and carefree life. That's why he didn't talk about what he did with Rory and his men, let alone being willing to teach her his art.

One might think that it would be good for him to teach her. After all, something might happen to him, and she might need skills to earn coins and support herself without depending on others.

But the world was not that simple. Could a disabled and possibly not very promising girl run a business?

Even if she knew how to do business, would anyone allow her to run anything? A bold subordinate would definitely try to manipulate her or even steal her enterprise.

If he taught her something, it might put her in more danger when he could no longer help her!

That's why he preferred Nina to be ignorant!

Nina heard Vicente's answer and once again did not like being left out. But she didn't say anything. She respected her older brother too much to insist on a conversation he obviously didn't want to have.

'One day, I'll still be involved in the family business, brother! I won't let you suffer alone!'

...

The next day, Vicente and Rory left Nina and Eve at home and took the family carriage to Baron Irwin's estate.

Both were very well dressed, and Vicente was not wearing his metal armor as he did when acting on behalf of his side business.

Both young men had hats on their heads and at least three layers of cloth over much of their bodies, enough to make even ugly people look elegant.

Though handsome and physically fit young men, these clothes made them more attractive to young ladies.

When they arrived in front of Baron Irwin's gorgeous mansion in the noble area of the city, where most of the noble estates were located, they got out of their carriage, attracting the attention of several women in the area.

Like a private neighborhood of residences on Earth, the residences in this part of the city had no walls to protect the integrity of each property.

At most, one would find living fences that decorated rather than protected the place.

In the streets, rich people and nobles who lived in this affluent area walked on the sidewalks with their pets, children, or even alone.

Just like on Earth, there were dangers for nobles and wealthy people to have outdoor activities. But in this area, people of these classes could enjoy themselves without much worry.

As Vicente and Rory stepped out of the carriage to walk to the door of the Irwin residence, they attracted the attention of several ladies who were strolling through the area common to the residents of this neighborhood.

'What a unique Magic Gem...' A young red-haired girl, walking next to a four-legged feline creature, thought to herself as she looked at Vicente.

Seeing that he was heading for the Irwin estate, she pondered. 'Are the Irwins going to make a new ally? I suppose that's good news for them. Especially now that young master Irwin is missing...'

'Could it be that their luck has run out?' An orange-haired woman across the street thought about it as she looked at Rory, wondering where this guy came from.

People with good talents were usually associated with nobility. Most of them became nobles as they grew stronger or descended from nobles.

Imagining that the Irwin family was about to gain a new ally, the young blonde frowned and lamented the end of this arrogant young man's family's misfortune.

"Tsk! I hope you have died, Sean! A pervert like you deserves to die!" She clenched her fists, ignoring what her friend was saying in her ear.

"Shelby, are you looking at those guys? You shouldn't be doing that! You're engaged to young master Symons! I hear he's very jealous." The friend walking next to the young orange-haired woman? said, warning her friend.

"And that's why I can't look at other people? My goodness, Alice!" The blonde declared as she looked ahead, sighing inwardly.

"I hate these people! Damned arrogant nobles! They think they own people!"

Vicente and Rory didn't know what the people watching them in the area were thinking, and soon they were standing in front of the front door of their destination where a butler and a maid were standing on either side of the door.

"Mr. Fuller? Mr. Point? Are you here to see Baron Irwin?" The old man with a goatee asked while the servant looked curiously but silently at the symbol on Vicente's forehead.

"We are. Are we too early?" Vicente smiled as he greeted these people with respect.

He had learned from his Don on Earth that treating people like these well could sometimes lead to unimaginable things. Since then, he has always treated his subordinates well, no matter how small they were.

"Not at all. Please accompany us. The Baron is getting ready, but he shouldn't be long." The butler led the way into this grand residence, less grand than the Baron Vice had met in Saltstar City but still very magnificent.

Not all barons were alike!

As they entered, the maid promptly explained in a low voice some of the people and artifacts they saw on their way to the waiting room.

Chapter 93 Questioning?

"Do you see the young man with blond hair?" She asked in a low voice, trying to help them. "This is the Baron's first son and the heir of the Irwin family. You must pay attention to him if you want to have a long relationship with this family."

Hearing this, Rory looked with interest at the older brother of the fool who had threatened Vicente days ago.

Unlike that fellow, this person was a few levels stronger, and even though he was obviously very young, he was already a level 2 Acolyte!

The Baron's butler heard this woman's comment but said nothing.

It was not their duty to help people who came to this residence, but it was no problem for one of them to do something like that.

Vicente looked at the heir of the Irwin family and said nothing, continuing to listen to the woman who was helping them.

"Right in front of you, you can see the painting of Mrs. Irwin, where the cleaner is dusting the statue right in front of her." She pointed the painting further down the corridor they had just entered so that the two young men looked in the direction of the mother of the Baron's only three children.

The baron had several women. This society allowed for the formation of harems. Even so, marriage was a sacred institution, allowing only one man and one woman. Any other configuration was frowned upon by society and forbidden.

But even with several women, the only one who had borne his children had been his wife, who had died of an illness years before.

Conception in this magic world had its complications. It was not easy at all to give birth to magical futures!

If it were easy, the world would quickly become overcrowded with the most talented people's children, who would reproduce intensely throughout their lives, leading to the collapse of this world.

The number of resources was limited!

So even if you tried to have as many children as possible, sometimes you would not be able to have even one child, as was the case with the Baron's other women.

This woman continued explaining some basic things about this family to the two friends until they reached where Vicente and Rory would be waiting for the Baron.

As they left them there, the butler asked the servant dressed as a maid. "Why did you help these two?"

"Because they are two sweethearts, Elliot." She smiled at him. "Maybe they'll be grateful and return to this old woman in the future... I have my needs, too, you know."

The old man wasn't fooled by this comment and Lena's smile.

'You don't fool me, Lena...'

Servants like her did not have many options. Having good contacts sometimes allowed people like that to leave their situation to get something more in this society.

Not everyone would accept making deals and benefiting servants like them. Some were arrogant. Others were prejudiced against the origin of people like them. But Vicente and Rory didn't show such behavior. It seemed easier to approach them than those who usually visited this residence.

While the two looked at each other with different thoughts in mind, Vicente and Rory talked in low voices in the waiting room.

"Why did she help us?" Rory asked.

"When you're more open to dialogue, people are naturally more willing to talk to you," Vice muttered. "But she's probably trying to bait us. A servant like her could benefit greatly from contact with someone like you, my friend."

"Me?" Rory asked in surprise.

"Yes, you have a Green-grade talent, but it's still weak. This is a chance for an ordinary person like her to contact a future expert." Vicente saw the situation as it was and knew it was not because of him.

"It is not easy to approach someone with your talent level, even when they are weak. But you and I behave like approachable people, something rare and hard to see." He said, narrowing his eyes. "We can use her in our plans."

"How?" Rory asked.

"You can..."

As Vicente was about to say it, the door to this waiting room opened, and a somewhat chubby, very well-dressed man walked in next to a bodyguard.

Vicente looked at the bodyguard of this person, who had a Yellow-grade talent like his, and thought that this was another 'Sir' like the one he had met in Saltstar City.

'This person will be a problem for our operation.' He narrowed his eyes, thinking that he would probably be guarding the estate if this person weren't accompanying Baron Irwin.

'The Baron should be a level 5 Acolyte, so this man must be a level 7 or 8 Warrior.' Vice pondered as he stood up at the same time as Rory, making a gesture of greeting to the fat man.

"Baron Irwin, it's nice to meet you finally." The two young men said at the same time.

The Baron had already noticed these two young men's cultivation and magical talent, who surely had their local contacts to get this meeting today.

'One with Green talent, and both are already Intermediate Apprentices... Not bad. They look very young.' The Baron thought to himself.

He had been pressured to meet these two after another local Baron asked for an old favor. He had delayed this meeting as much as possible and let it happen when he had nothing important to do.

The Baron was concerned about the recent disappearance of his youngest son. But after days of investigation and no results, he could only let his men continue to work without his constant pressure to find the young man.

Having recently settled his affairs and put that investigation aside, he wanted to resolve his promise and receive these two.

"All right, young men, who are you, and what can you offer my family?" He got right to the point.

"This is Rory Point, and my name is Vicente Fuller. We are here to offer you some of our products, Baron Irwin. We have a wide variety of grains, cereals, and fruits, as well as competitive prices." Vice said with a smile on his face as he introduced himself.

"Fuller?" Hearing that surname, the Baron didn't pay much attention to the rest of what Vicente had said, remembering a detail from the investigation of his son's disappearance.

His eyes narrowed, and he asked. "Young Vicente, I heard that my third son visited the Fuller family estate in Martell Village before disappearing. Is this the same Fuller family you are from?"

Chapter 94 The Weight of Decisions?

"Yes. I met the young master when he visited my estate in the village some time ago." Vicente said in a determined tone. "That's how I became interested in doing business with Baron Irwin."

Baron Irwin was not a rash man, and being near the end of his life, he knew very well how to control himself in the face of important things.

He asked, still calm but much more interested than before. "What did you two talk about? Do you know where he went after that? My son disappeared after he was seen leaving your estate in Martell Village."

"He disappeared?" Vicente asked as he frowned and looked at the Baron and then at Rory.

Rory had learned acting skills from his mother and had accompanied Vicente in this performance for the Baron and his bodyguard.

"Did that happen?" The young redhead asked in a surprised tone. "We were talking business that day. He said he heard about us while passing near the village and was interested in our prices to do business for the Irwin family."

Vicente nodded and spoke. "We didn't want to stay long in the village because I was moving to Millfall with my little sister that day. So after he left, we didn't look for him anymore. We decided to come here after we settled in.

I didn't expect that he was actually missing... I am so sorry for you and your family, Baron. I know how hard it is not to know where a loved one is."

The Baron was almost moved to tears when he saw the sadness in Vicente's eyes as the dark-haired young man remembered Lauren.

Even the experienced warrior beside him believed Vicente and thought these two probably had nothing to do with their young master's disappearance.

Come to think of it, as talented as they were, they were pretty weak to threaten the third young master's group!

"So that was it... You two talked business." The Baron relaxed a bit, sighing at being unable to find out more from these two.

But from what he knew, the Fuller family seemed to have innovative trading methods, and their more advantageous prices for producers and consumers were indeed attractive enough for his son to go into business with them.

Even if that guy was arrogant, he was not stupid. He certainly knew how to deal with relevant people and when to make deals to benefit himself and his family.

As he thought about it, Baron Irwin believed the story of these two young men!

"Tell me what you talked about with my son. He is not here, but we can still do business." The Baron said before Rory and Vicente presented the deals they could make.

With the death of the merchant who had died at the hands of Baron Irwin's third son, some of that man's contracts would no longer be valid. The business and resources involved in those contracts could be reallocated to other deals.

Because of this, Vicente and Rory had many business options to present to this man, even though most of the resources they were dealing with were already committed.

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Two hours after arriving at the Irwin estate, Vicente and Rory finished their business talks with the Baron and signed an agreement for 10 tons of grain per year to be sold to the house.

After signing their magical agreements, Baron Irwin left them alone in the room, wishing to see them soon, as he was unable to escort them to the exit due to urgency.

Vicente and Rory had a full stomach after eating with the Baron, satisfied with the deal, but also with the opportunity to be alone in some of the rooms of this place, but also the parts of this house they still visited in their time there.

As they prepared to leave, Rory asked his friend, "So? Did you notice anything relevant?"

"Hmmm." Vicente nodded, smiling. "I think I got the essence... We can start adjusting some parts of our plans, but I need you to work on this piece."

Rory heard this and looked at the servant from earlier, who was approaching him and Vice along with the butler.

"How am I supposed to do that?" He asked.

But with the two so close, they put the matter aside for a moment and were led out of the estate while Lena talked to them.

"So you managed to make a deal with the Baron? Very good. Now I will be able to see handsome young men like you more often." She said in a humorous tone.

"Haha, you flatter us," Vicente commented as he patted Rory on the back. "But miss, be careful, or this friend of mine here will fall in love."

They laughed after a few more comments until the two were back in their carriage heading back to their estate.

"Why don't you try to do something with that woman?" Vicente asked, remembering Rory's question a few moments ago.

"What?" Rory opened her eyes wide, impressed by Vice's suggestion.

"She's pretty and has a mature body that would please any young man like us. And she'll obviously accept you after some investment." Vicente commented. "Use this to bring her closer to us and get the information we need from this property."

"Should we really involve her?" Rory hesitated.

"We should implicate someone. Without corrupting someone in the Irwin family group, we won't get the information we need." Vicente's words were dry.

"She's already made herself available, so why not? Rory, she's just a servant with nothing to lose. If we give her a chance to escape and reach a better position, she could benefit greatly."

"She could also die," Rory said.

He preferred not to involve innocent people in his affairs. Acting against the Irwin family would be a 'self-defense' measure for them. But using Lena would be complicated and could do a lot of damage to that woman's life.

Vicente knew that Rory was not as cold as he, who had seen a bit of everything in his two lives and said. "To work with us or not will be her choice, my friend. She is an adult. If she chooses to betray the Irwin family for what we offer, then that is her responsibility, not ours.

But not only that, but by being part of an enemy force of ours, she will be harmed in one way or another by our plans. This could be her chance to save herself from a 'sinking ship' before anyone else and still get valuable resources to continue her journey elsewhere".

Rory closed his eyes and said nothing, knowing that it was a fact that they would harm this family if their plans worked out.

"All right, I will try my best. But what if she doesn't accept?" Rory asked.

"I'll let you decide what to do if that happens. I know you comprehend how important it would be." Vicente said nothing more, knowing that his friend had to be determined to do some things for himself. Rory could not always be convinced by him at times like this! He had to make up his own mind!

"Anyway, we'll work on it in the next few weeks. In the meantime, I have to finish my studies at the forge and deal with the Peters. They're starting to show us their claws." Vice voiced, looking out of his carriage with a determined look.

Chapter 95 Scarlet Syndicate

The Peters family had been watching Vicente's group more and more closely, to the point where they had begun to harass the young man.

Since they were playing with fire, Vice wouldn't stand by any longer!

"What are you going to do to this family?" Rory asked.

"I'm going to visit them," Vicente said as he looked out of his carriage toward where the Peters estate was, on the side of town where he and his group worked.

After those short words, the two stood in silence, thinking about what they had to do to develop their plans, when suddenly, one of their men knocked on the carriage window and got their attention.

"Bosses, we have a problem."

Rory put aside his thoughts about what to do with Lena and asked. "What is it?"

The Junior Apprentice said in a determined tone. "Three people from the Scarlet Syndicate are at our headquarters right now, bosses. They said they want to talk to you."

"Scarlet Syndicate?" Rory and Vicente opened their eyes in surprise.

The Scarlet Syndicate was one of two criminal groups in the local underworld!

Along with Defiant Tyranny, they controlled much of Millfall's operations and had great influence among the local nobility.

"What are these people after?" Rory looked at Vicente doubtfully.

"They may have realized the potential of adding new territories to their powers..." Vicente muttered.

The groups that dominated Millfall were not present in all areas of this city. Why is that? Why not dominate the whole territory? Why leave room for small individuals like Vice and Rory and various other smaller criminals and mercenaries to act on their own?

It was simple. These groups did not have enough people to take care of the whole city!

Unlike on Earth, where a person could do 'n' different things to make a living in times of need, the same did not work in Polaris Realm.

A doctor could hardly earn coins by working as a blacksmith or a warrior. So, there was an invisible limit to the size of such groups.

In a relatively stagnant town like Millfall, where old groups had long dominated the area, growing or increasing the number of people working in each group was complicated.

And even if such groups could grow at times, it was not so easy to dominate other areas. After all, the growth of one of these groups could harm the others. In this case, even as they grew in membership, these groups had to be very careful about targeting new operations and areas.

It would be difficult to grow their operations without getting them into trouble that might not be worth the "prize" they could gain from that growth.

But what if one of these groups used an emerging group to expand its influence and territory?

Vicente said. "I am not sure. It could be that they want trouble because we are weak. But we have to be ready to negotiate with them."

"Are you willing to join one of these groups?" Rory narrowed his eyes.

"I don't want to because we'd immediately have everyone else as our enemy, even though we've never done anything against any of them. But maybe we don't have enough to keep our position neutral." Vice replied, thinking about how his day would end.

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Minutes later, Vicente and Rory were at their group's headquarters, masks already over their faces, in a business room on the second floor of the building.

There, the three men of the Scarlet Syndicate were seated around a business table, with the two young men sitting side by side.

One of the men looked like the leader of this group of visitors, dressed very nicely, just like Rory and Vicente, with an attractive Yellow Magic Gem in an unusual shape on his forehead.

The other two seemed to be just henchmen, both with ugly expressions on their faces, as if they were trying to scare these young men.

But as level 2 and 3 Acolytes, they didn't even need to express anything to scare!

They were too powerful for these young people!

"So, Scarlet Syndicate emissaries, what do you want from this visit? I must confess that I did not expect to receive such notable people in my building tonight." Vicente said in a strange tone of voice, manipulated by his mana.

"Why do you wear these masks when you are in your own headquarters?" One of the two men asked, looking specifically at Vicente, who had several metallic objects around his body.

Vicente smiled under his mask as he saw that these people would not let him simply control the pace of this conversation.

'Aren't you going to answer my questions? Never mind, ask what you want.' He thought, ignoring the clear arrogance of the group in front of him.

"I'm sorry about that. But we don't want people outside the group to know our identities. Our families don't need to be involved because we're willing to work on dangerous things," Vicente declared.

"Do you think a mask will protect your family? If we wanted to, we could easily find out who you are, boy." One of the two brutes said in a confident but also malicious tone.

He was clearly telling Vicente and Rory that his group could beat them both whenever they wanted.

'Are you threatening us?' Rory thought silently.

The strongest guy there smiled and said. "Chase, Aidan, keep quiet for a moment. Let's not waste our time on something so simple.

If those young men here want their privacy, so be it."

Looking at Vicente's mask, this person said. "Very well, I am here to offer you the opportunity to join our group. Our leader has heard about you and believes that your operation can expand greatly with the right adjustments. We will take you into our syndicate for only 50% of your earnings.

So? What do you think?"

"50%?" Vicente asked in a sarcastic tone. "That's it? The Scarlet Syndicate is really generous!"

Vicente was not against joining a group if he was pressured. As much as it would cost him to pay for such a thing, sometimes, you had to take one step back to take two steps forward.

He couldn't take on these groups now but needed to expand his business and attract attention.

If he joined one of these groups, at least he wouldn't have that one as an enemy. But if he stayed alone, he would be under pressure from all sides in this city!

But knowing how to accept certain temporary "defeats" did not mean that Vice would accept a deal as bad as the one these people were offering.

50% of the profits was just too much for him!

"Can I have some time to think about this? Joining the Scarlet Syndicate would bring opportunities and challenges. I want to analyze it for a few days before I decide." Vicente responded to this offer.

"Think about it?" The man there to negotiate with him looked at him coldly, understanding what Vicente really meant. 'What you really want to say is that you will see what other groups offer you to choose the best deal...'

"Of course, you can think about it. But the offer I'm giving you today will expire tomorrow night. After that, the deal won't be as advantageous for you." He got up and prepared to leave.

As he walked to the room's exit, the man looked back at Vicente and Rory. "But be careful who you talk to in the meantime. It would be dangerous to seek out our enemies."

Chapter 96 Beginning of Training

With the departure of this group, only Vicente and Rory remained in the room.

"That was clearly a threat," Rory commented to his friend.

"Yes, but what can we do?" Vicente didn't like the feeling of being threatened, but there was nothing he could do about it. Being small, he could only pretend he wasn't threatened and walk in the line.

"Let's see what happens in the next few days. If no other local groups come to us, we'll have no choice but to proceed with this terrible deal." Vicente pressed his hands against the arm of his chair, kneading them.

"But that would be terrible."

"We have no choice. Better to have a fraction of our profits than to face a single high-ranking Acolyte of the Scarlet Syndicate." Vicente was reasonable. "But this is only temporary, my friend. Do they want to force us to be their partner? Let's make them regret it!"

Rory agreed, feeling that they had to act against estates like Baron Irwin's more than ever.

A possible deal with one of the local ruling groups would affect their public operations in their 'territory.' Their criminal activities were not known to anyone other than their respective members.

That is, the results of robberies like the one against the Peters family would still only benefit them!

Vicente and his Fuller family still had their business activities, which had nothing to do with the security services they offered. So even if this were a humiliating deal, it would only reduce a fraction of their group's profits.

Vicente got up and headed for the exit.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm a little irritated. I'm going to see the Peters family." Vice said, leaving Rory behind, shaking his head negatively.

But soon, Rory would be on his way to the training room of this facility, where he would continue trying to improve his magic level.

Meanwhile, Vicente went to the place he had invaded days ago.

...

Arriving in front of the Peters' estate, Vicente didn't hesitate and rang the bell, causing one of the guards to jump when he realized who was there.

"Shit! It's that bastard!" Said the person as he already ran to Jax's door, yelling. "Boss, the masked guy is here!"

After those words were uttered, Jax and his younger brother appeared at the entrance of that residence, both of them already with horrible countenances on their faces.

Brody also appeared, full of hatred for the people who had humiliated him earlier.

"You piece of shit. What are you doing here?" Brody was the first to shout at the sight of the masked man.

Vicente didn't say anything right away. He only made the bars between the street and the house bend, opening the way for him.

By raising his cultivation level, Vicente could now manipulate many more metals than before and even deal with items made by 2nd-stage professionals.

He was still studying the material Benson gave him to study, so he still didn't have a good enough understanding of forging to produce better items than before. But stronger, even without the necessary understanding, he could create more dangerous items.

Jax saw this and remembered the last time he had seen this man act and naturally became concerned.

"Shut up, Brody! Get back in the house!" He shouted at his nephew before slapping the blue-haired young man away.

"What are you doing here? I thought our relationship was over!" Jax's younger brother wondered aloud, feeling a little scared of Vicente.

They had recently investigated this young man, but minimally talented magicians could hide their cultivation if they wanted to.

Some people did not do this as they were proud of their magic cultivation. But hiding their magical power was elemental.

Of course, if the difference in level between magicians nearby were significant, it wouldn't work well.

That was not the case between Vicente and the Peters family men who were watching him!

Seeing this young man in front of them today, the two Peters brothers sensed Vicente's Intermediate Apprentice aura and were naturally worried.

'If this bastard could hurt us before...' The level 1 Acolyte thought, looking cautiously at the masked young man who had stopped just 20 meters from him and his brother.

Vicente then said. "I will give you 2 hours to withdraw all your men watching my group. Otherwise, we will have problems."

Jax felt Vicente's level, but he was not as calm as his brother and could not help but feel compelled to fight this person.

'Before you surprised me, you bastard! But now you're alone on my property.' He thought as he clenched his fists.

"Brat, you're asking for too much!" Jax finally didn't hold back and shouted in displeasure at Vicente. "I will not accept any more demands from you!"

"Brother!"

"Shut up!" Jax screamed at his younger brother, who had always been more cowardly than him. "If we accept this, who's to say he won't be blackmailing us soon?"

Vicente ignored Jax's comment and closed his eyes for a moment. "Is that so? Then we have a problem."

He waved a hand forward, and a Red Pentagram appeared, larger than the last time the brothers had seen it.

Metallic objects on their bodies changed shape and pressed against their bodies, following Vicente's orders as they hurt them without giving them a chance to act.

"Aaaaagh!"

A piece of the bar shattered by Vicente floated behind him, quickly turning into hundreds of small fragments.

Rain of Blades!

Vicente moved toward the two brothers, directing all those small fragments at them.

"Shit!" Jax's younger brother yelled as he circled his mana and activated his own defensive spell.

His brother did the same, trying to ignore the cuts around his body while a bronze glow rose over his skin.

Earth Armor!

'Oh? Earth elemental affinity?' Vice narrowed his eyes. 'This will be good training for me!'

Then, as his small blades flew at the two brothers trying to protect themselves with their spells, Vicente made a few seals and focused on his Earth element.

Quicksand!

He touched the ground and infused his mana into it, surprising the two brothers, who didn't know that their opponent could use the same element as them.

But by the time they noticed Vicente's movement, it was too late, and the two were already with half their shins into the soil, feeling the difficulty of getting out of their positions.

Suddenly, Vicente smiled under his mask as he remembered something he had seen on Earth and clenched his fists.

Then the two brothers screamed again, feeling the quicksand press down on their feet as if to crush them.

"Aaaaaaagh!"

Chapter 97 Trouble on the Way?

Pressing his feet into the two, remembering the movement of an anime character from his childhood, Vicente did not falter.

Facing two enemies in agony, he kept moving to weaken them, knowing that one right blow would not bring him victory.

He moved some metallic objects around and changed their electronic configuration, using a spell based on his affinity for Lightning to create a powerful attack.

Blue lightning suddenly formed in the air, cutting its way erratically toward the two brothers.

"Damn it!"

"Shit!"

'What is that?' Jax wondered, feeling that he could not dodge the blow that had even made him tremble.

Unlike the metallic objects flying around him and colliding with his defenses, this attack was hard to deal with, even if he knew Vicente's powers!

But he didn't have much time to think when he and his brother were electrocuted until smoke came out of their bodies!

He and his brother stopped momentarily, screaming in pain, and the armor over their bodies cracked along with the scorched soil on the ground.

Both found themselves free of the pressure on their feet, but feeling Vicente's blow, neither took advantage of their "freedom" to attack the young man.

Vicente finally ran at them, using the mixture of martial arts he had brought from Earth and what he had learned at the Academy of Stars.

Sliding across the ground, he moved his body. He kicked Jax in the balls, taking advantage of this person's moment of distraction to hit his weakest point.

Jumping into the air immediately after, Vicente used one of the metals there to kick on before turning with his leg already spinning in the air toward Jax's younger brother's face.

Pow!

Vicente's right foot hit the level 1 Acolyte's face, causing his face to turn clockwise as blood spurted from his mouth, and one of his teeth flew out.

The Acolyte's eyes rolled back, and he was unconscious before he even hit the ground!

Back on the ground, Vicente took a deep breath, feeling sweat dripping down his cuts and face, visibly exhausted from using so many of his skills.

But he still had enough to land another blow on Jax, stapling the man's body to the ground with his metals as he kicked him hard in the chest.

Jax shuddered in pain as blood dripped not only from his facial orifices but also stained his clothing from the many cuts Vice had inflicted in this confrontation.

He was not yet unconscious, but the blue-haired young man's uncle, this young master who was watching this confrontation from behind a door, still had enough energy to glare hatefully at his enemy.

Unfortunately for him, one's magical form greatly determined a warrior's fighting ability.

As a Junior Apprentice, Vice could not defeat him. At best, this young Fuller could surprise Jax and make things difficult for him. But after becoming an Intermediate Apprentice with a magical form and talents superior to this man's, Vice was already stronger than him!

Embittered by this humiliating defeat, Jax waited for Vicente's final blow.

But when he saw the two brothers lying on the ground, Vicente wiped his sweat and stopped before Jax, looking the level 2 Acolyte in the eyes. "I didn't want to blackmail you today, but since you gave me the idea, we'll do it from now on. I want 20% of your profits starting next week. If I don't get my share on the right day, we'll have bigger problems than today, Jax." Vicente said before kicking this level 2 Acolyte in the face and walking away.

Some men around the property were shocked by what happened and looked from the corners of the building to where Jax and his brother were.

None of them dared to stand up to Vicente, remembering that days ago, this young man had coldly killed all of their group's Apprentices around his building.

Gulp!

'Damn it! With whom I get involved?' Brody fell on his ass, fearing the worst not only for his family but most of all for himself.

...

As Vicente returned to his house to meditate and enjoy his evening 'workout,' someone dressed all in black ran through the city's shadows.

Such a person, dressed in black and hooded, used the shadows to his advantage and quickly made his way to a building not far from the center of Millfall.

Arriving at this location and passing through the area's traps, this man found no trouble on his way and soon found himself in a doorway of this building where some men were standing.

"We have trouble." He said, attracting the interest of three of the four men standing there, looking in different directions.

"What is it? Has your target made any strange movements?" One of the three looking at this man asked, while the fourth continued to watch toward the street.

"Not exactly. But people from the Scarlet Syndicate just visited the headquarters of that mercenary group." The man dressed in black said.

"Oh?"

"Do you think they made a deal with the Scarlet Syndicate?"

"If they did, they would become the enemies of everyone else in the city. The damned Scarlet Syndicate is already in a very delicate position with the rest of the city."

"Hmm, after acquiring the legacy of the Enchanted Creed, no one will allow them to make a new breakthrough!"

The newly arrived man then answered the previous question. "I am not sure. But the men from the Scarlet Syndicate seemed grumpy about leaving the estate. Perhaps there is no agreement between them yet."

"If that's the case, keep watching them." The fourth man there finally opened his mouth. "If they get into a disagreement with the Scarlet Syndicate, it will be better for us.

Otherwise, let the underworld deal with this problem. Defiant Tyranny will definitely move even if we do nothing now."

"OK!"

...

While this group was thinking about the troubled future of Vicente and his people, another man in black was deciding something important in front of the Fuller family estate.

After listening to the report of the observer he had been sent to replace, the newly arrived man frowned in front of the estate where Rory was training. "If this is true, we have to act." He said to the person who was about to leave.

"Since you are at the end of your shift, go to one of our battalions and gather some men. We will attack this place immediately. Since they have received contact from the Scarlet Syndicate, there is no need for them to continue to exist!" This person said, following his leader's orders.

"I will do it immediately!"

Chapter 98 Progress at the Forge

Later that same night...

After returning to his home, Vicente meditated for a while, recovering the mana he had spent earlier and even developing the density of his powers a bit!

The magical world was amazing. Having a Magic Gem changed everything about one's progress in the face of magic!

One could become stronger by slowly absorbing mana from nature and evolve their affinities by slowly 'pushing' energy into their bodies and inflating their souls.

This was a standard process that many used every day to become stronger. But there was a better way to become stronger. By training or even pushing yourself to the limit!

A blacksmith could do this by exhausting themselves by making a tool and a doctor by treating a patient. On the other hand, a warrior could exhaust themselves by training or fighting. Regardless of the method one uses to exhaust oneself, one could achieve a special state by exhausting all or most of oneself.

This state greatly facilitated meditation and the absorption of free mana in nature!

To give you an idea of the difference, meditating when one is not exhausted is analogous to a person using a hose in an arid area to draw liquid from underground and replenish it. Meditating after exhaustion was like having a huge water reservoir above you.

In the latter case, the "liquid" would naturally enter your body and not only quickly restore your depleted mana but also provide you with small improvements!

Vicente had felt this again in practice tonight. By the time he finished meditating after the fight with the Acolytes early on, he was already a little stronger.

When he finished meditating, happy with the slight improvement in his mana, Vicente immediately turned his attention to studying the forge.

He had already read half of the books Benson had given him and understood dozens of minerals and the basic theories behind the shape and structure of artifacts.

To learn how to make armor with good defensive properties or a weapon capable of inflicting significant damage without harming itself, one could not simply mimic the shape of those artifacts made by other smiths.

As on Earth, one had to understand the logic behind it, the principles that made something strong. Just as an engineer would have to learn some things to construct a building that would not easily collapse, a blacksmith would have to learn similar things.

The more Vicente read the books, the more he realized the similarities between the chemistry and physics of his world and what the people of Polaris Realm had developed.

In Polaris Realm, people did not have such a deep understanding of reality as they did on Earth. That is, on Earth, even children knew that bodies were made up of systems, which were made up of organs, which were made up of tissues, which were made up of cells, and so on, down to the subdivisions of atoms.

Things were more straightforward in this world, but the idea of being made up of different kinds of tiny particles existed.

In the forge, this was developed by discussing what kind of item went with what, the best shapes, and the logic behind them.

You would not find a mathematical equation that explains these things in this world. Still, intuitively, the answers and justifications in the books led to the same destination that calculations would take.

Realizing this and using what he had learned about physics and chemistry on Earth, Vicente quickly began to understand how to make good equipment.

After reading another book after his meditation, he went to get the forging tools Benson had given him and decided to practice.

He picked up a wooden hammer and began to pound it against a gelatinous substance, something normally used by blacksmiths learning to manipulate the hammer.

Vuup!

Vicente moved his hammer and struck the gelatinous substance, making it tremble as waves passed through his body.

Seeing this, Vicente frowned.

The purpose of this ten-hour training was for him to use only the wooden hammer and his mana to change the shape of this gelatinous substance, turning this large cube into a small sphere.

Seeing that his first move had no effect, Vice felt how difficult this task would be in practice.

'I have to put more of myself into this training,' He thought, directing even more mana than the previous blow and unconsciously improving his stance for the next impact.

Vuup!

Once again, he struck the gelatinous object, but this time, he noticed a small deformation where he had hit it.

"Oh?" He opened his mouth, seeing that he could put even more mana there without risking destroying such a thing.

Vicente knew that his amount of mana was not normal for his level. As he had learned in the Academy of Stars, higher talents and special magic forms did not only tell about the speed of progress, energy efficiency, and type of power. Depending on the talent and magic form, the same magic level could have completely different limits.

That was why he was so strong, and that was why he had naturally been more cautious when he started his evening training with the wooden hammer.

However, when he saw that the item Benson had given him was tough, he immediately began to use it with all his might. In another dozen or so moves, he managed to change the cubic shape of the item slightly.

...

Three hours later, after arriving at his home after the battle with the two Acolytes, Vicente finished his training and took a shower before eating something to go to sleep.

Nina slept peacefully in her room, while Eve had just eaten something and gone to rest a bit since this was the only time of the day she was free of responsibilities these days.

Nina would return to the academy soon, and Eve's schedule would improve a bit. But for now, her life was taking care of Nina when Vice wasn't around, so she didn't have time to train or meditate.

Vicente looked in the direction of his sister's room and went to give her a kiss before going to sleep.

However, after kissing Nina's forehead and reaching his room, Vicente felt something vibrate on his right wrist as he leaned back against the bed and closed his eyes.

He immediately opened his eyes, expressing the anger that anyone would have at being disturbed while lying down to rest.

But knowing that his men would never use this device without a good reason, Vicente was soon on alert, getting up and preparing to run to his headquarters.

"Shit! Who is it this time?" He unconsciously manipulated his metals to form a slightly different armor than the one he wore before.

Chapter 99 Enemy Attack

When Vicente got up to save his group, he made a slightly different armor than before.

As he ran, previously non-existent structures appeared on the metal frame of this armor, with new patterns here and there.

Vicente detected some changes and noted the difference because of the training he had just done.

'It feels more solid now... Hmm, perfect. Even without me focusing on it, my powers have naturally developed something of a higher quality.' He thought as he already had his face covered and ran over the rooftops of this part of the city.

The improvements to the structure of his armor were not critical enough for him to be recognized as a genius for designing it. But it was a significant improvement for him, and if Benson saw him now, he would be pleased.

Any small improvement would make a big difference to someone at Vicente's level!

Vicente kept this in mind, becoming more motivated to continue his progress before the forge. But as he moved and felt some disturbing sensations, he couldn't keep thoughts about the forge in his mind.

As he walked dozens of blocks away from his organization's headquarters, Vice could already see a different glow in that part of Millfall and smoke rising into the sky.

Millfall had a relatively large area for a city of 60,000 citizens. With an area of almost 400 square kilometers, the city's center was a few minutes away from the outskirts.

Vicente's territory was in one of the outer areas of the city. Yet, even from afar, he could see that something was happening.

The chill of the late evening and some strange sounds that one would hardly hear at dusk reached him and made him frown.

'Shit! I have to hurry!' He thought as he sensed his group was in danger.

Suddenly, he controlled some of the metal in his body, forming a large but very thin blade.

He jumped onto it and flew!

As he did so, he felt strange for a moment, for he had never flown, let alone been familiar with carrying his own body. But manipulating this blade followed the same principles as manipulating the metal artifacts he usually used to attack enemies.

Instead of using enemies, he used the points in front of him to make the blade fly while supporting the weight of his own body.

Under pressure, he found a new way to use his powers!

By stopping running and starting to fly on the blade, Vicente increased his speed by 50% after his first test, moving faster towards his property while flying near the rooftops of that part of the city.

Just in case, he didn't increase his altitude too much, afraid of attracting too much attention or falling from a great height.

Magical or not, his body was still that of a mortal.

...

Ten minutes after leaving his house, Vicente finally reached his headquarters!

Standing only a block from where Rory and the rest of his people were supposed to be, Vicente found a small battlefield around such a site.

Nearly every window, door, and balcony on his property had been shattered. At the same time, holes of various shapes and sizes were ripped through the front of the building.

Gunfire was coming from inside, from fewer positions than expected in an attack like this.

In front of the building, a group of 15 magicians was scattered around, launching attacks or protecting themselves while waiting for the rest of the group to take over the place.

The front door of this headquarters was destroyed, so Vice immediately thought that his headquarters had been invaded, and it was only a matter of time before these enemies took over the place.

'Shit! Who are these people?' He noticed several dead Apprentices and even level 1 Acolytes on the outskirts of his place, probably those who had died in the initial moment of attack by his armed men.

But as expected, the Acolytes, prepared to defend themselves against firearms, were not in danger from Vicente's weapons!

Vice clenched his fists as he saw the group of level 1 and 2 Acolytes standing in the area, who were waiting for the men inside to take over the survivors.

But not only Vicente's enemies had perished. From what he could sense, at least 6 of his men had died in the area, and several others were wounded.

The attacks of these enemies had not only damaged this property but had also created fragments that surely hurt many people.

'Fucking bastards! I will kill you all!'

With such a thought, he flew down and quickly appeared behind the group of enemies who were watching the area with smiles.

Touching the ground with his feet without drawing attention, Vice immediately expanded his senses to the maximum.

His Red Magic Pentagram glowed as it circled near his dominant hand, allowing Vicente to feel all the metals in the area, including the armor and weapons of some of those men.

There was no need for him to ask who these people were. He would not waste his time with useless questions and would simply use these enemies' own items against them.

"Aaaaaaagh!"

A level 1 Acolyte felt his armor tighten around his body and screamed as cracks ripped through his chest.

Half of the men outside the mansion felt similar things, some more than others, as Vicente's ability to simultaneously affect all of them with the same intensity was still limited.

"What's that?" A level 2 Acolyte screamed as he felt the gauntlet of his right hand clenched.

Gulp!

Swooish!

But as the stronger or less affected in the area turned to see who acted against them, some weaker men attacked their allies from behind!

"You..." A level 2 Acolyte felt the blood rise in his throat and looked back to see a level 1 ally holding the sword that had suddenly pierced him in the back.

"Boss..." The other man said without understanding as the piece of armor on his right arm forced his arm into that position.

Boom!

Suddenly, an explosion erupted, and reddish brains splattered across the area, covering several of those men with the remains of that person.

"You attacked me for no reason. Time for all of you to die!" Vicente said, the blood of his enemies dripping down his mask as he appeared next to one of the three level 2 Acolytes there.

Vicente jumped into the air, and an axe-shaped weapon formed in his hands. Then, he brought it down with full force on the enemy.

"Damn it!" The person screamed but couldn't move as he felt something grab his feet.

He tried to raise his hands in front of his body, but he couldn't, feeling something preventing that part of himself from moving as well.

All that remained between him and this strange enemy was the armor on his chest.

Unfortunately for him, that armor simply melted over his chest, giving way to the fearsome blade of the axe as it rapidly approached him.

Cold sweat dripped down the man's back as his body turned as white as a sheet of paper.

"Aaaaaaaaagh!"

Vicente struck the man's left chest hard, making a sound of crushing flesh as the bones of his victim's left rib broke.

By raising his forging abilities earlier, Vice had raised the quality of not only his armor but all the artifacts he could create.

Vicente was already strong enough to fight against low-level Acolytes of ordinary magical talent and forms. But by adding better weapons, he could do a mortal wound with this move!

As strong as magicians were, the most important thing about them was not the strength or endurance of their bodies but their magical skills and spells!

In the face of a deadly attack, nothing could save that man, even with the level difference between the parties!

Chapter 100 Fight ?

Pulling his weapon out of the level 2 Acolyte's chest, Vicente didn't hesitate to move a hand to the wound.

As his opponent screamed in terror, unable to control his own body, Vicente grabbed his heart and ripped it from his chest!

As young Fuller crushed this organ with his bare hands, not only did the men standing around suddenly tremble in fear, but three more of the men crushed by their own armor would explode under pressure on them.

Blood and flesh splattered across the street again, causing the powerful level 1 and 2 Acolytes to tremble while holding their weapons.

"Damn it! Kill this person, or everyone here will die!" The strongest of them said as he ordered his men.

Vicente heard this and felt one of the men less affected by his abilities shoot an arrow at him. He laughed as he jumped back.

"A metal arrow? How funny." He muttered, opening his right palm and waiting for the weapon to hit him.

Just as it was about to, instead of piercing Vicente's hand, the arrow melted and formed a liquid on his right palm. A few instants later, under the terrified eyes of those people, the arrow formed again, this time traveling in the direction it had come from.

"Bring it back!" Vicente shouted, sending the thing so much faster than it had been shot at him.

The arrow changed its path slightly, and a moment later, it passed through the archer's head.

He didn't even scream when he was hit, falling backward to his death with a terrible expression.

"Monster! Die!"

A glowing fist surrounded by small sparks appeared from Vicente's back after a man jumped towards him.

Seeing this level 2 Acolyte trying to hit him, Vice concentrated his defenses on his back, knowing he could not easily dodge this blow.

Pow!

Just as the fist was about to hit him, a sharp surface appeared on his defenses as he skillfully controlled various metal objects around him to form sharp artifacts and fire them at the remaining enemies in the area.

Vicente had no interest in shocking these people as he killed them. While he protected himself from the strongest one still standing, he attacked the others with his simplest blow.

Swooish!

Several blades flew through the air in strange trajectories, heading for the vital points of the men who had suffered less from Vicente's abilities until now.

As he was hit, three more enemies fell to the ground, impaled by knives of the same shape.

His opponent's hand was pierced by the sharp point that appeared before the impact, while much of the defensive structure on Vicente's back was destroyed, crumpled by the blow.

Due to his recent evolution in front of the forge, much of the attack was absorbed by his armor before reaching his body.

Vicente was strong and could even kill ordinary level 2 Acolytes. But that didn't mean he was invincible or that the movements of these people couldn't hurt him. When he felt the weight of the enemy's fist, he felt his bones crack, and an intense pain came from the point of impact.

Vicente gritted his teeth and did not utter a single sound of pain. He simply used the enemy's blow to strike at the moment of the attacker's weakest guard.

The moment of collision!

When someone attacked, they would naturally lower their attention as well as their defenses to inflict as much damage as possible on their target.

In this situation, Vicente used one of his spells to trap the person in his position.

The man felt discomfort in his fist, but before he could be bothered by that, he suddenly felt something climbing up his feet.

"Huh? Earth?" He exclaimed as he opened his eyes and looked down.

Then, as his armor pressed down on his abdomen, the only place where he had metallic items on his body, this level 2 man felt a terrifying pressure on his already earth-covered legs.

"Aaaaagh!"

Vicente used the enemy's pain to turn around, form a sword in his hands, and attack horizontally.

A gash opened at the man's Adam's apple, and blood spurted out, staining Vicente's armor even more.

"Damn, you! Our Defiant Tyranny will not forgive you, you worm! After today, you're dead!" The last standing level 2 Acolyte shouted as he saw another of his battalion mates brutally murdered by Vicente.

"Defiant Tyranny?" Vicente looked toward the man acting against him, two gigantic fists, blue as jelly, bearing down on him.

Vicente manipulated his target's armor with a severed neck. He used this person as a shield, preventing those fists from hitting him.

The man's fists were mighty, and when they touched the body of his dying ally, they deformed him in an instant, crushing him mercilessly.

Seizing the opportunity, Vicente shifted position and ran into the last three level 1 opponents still standing.

He had already used 70% of his mana, and he would be in trouble if he didn't eliminate these people quickly!

No longer manipulating his ability from his first Magic Pentagram, he used the sword in his hand to attack the standing people.

With his martial arts skills and speed, he quickly sliced through the first of those men, amputating his arms in one move with the sword.

As the level 2 Acolyte watched, exhausted and seeing his companion's body crushed by his fists, he turned even redder with rage.

But the blood of his companions covering much of his body disguised the hatred he felt at the moment.

Trying to ignore the superficial wounds caused by Vicente's previous blows to his group, he tried once again to activate his primary skill.

However, as he forced his mana into his Magic Gem, he suddenly felt pain behind his eyes, and his facial muscles tightened.

His Yellow Magic Gem faded, and blood dripped from his eyes.

"Shit!" He muttered as he felt exhaustion and weakness spreading through his body.

By attacking Vicente a moment ago, he had put almost everything into that move!

Having missed, he now had less mana than he needed to activate his weakest skill!

Vicente already knew this would happen and laughed under his mask, ignoring the pain in his back and his growing fatigue to finish off the last person in his path.

He slid across the ground, Vice surprised his last opponent and slashed his legs.

"Aaaaaaaaagh!"

As more screams erupted from outside the mansion, a man dressed as the enemy suddenly appeared at the door of the Fuller family's home.