

# The Ancient Genes

## Volume 3: Survival

### Chapter 164 – Barnes House

The guy's eyes widened in surprise, 'You! You are that psychic kid?!'

'You finally remembered...' Max muttered while kicking the guy.

Even though Max wasn't a psychic, the guy seemed to have some misunderstanding which Max didn't feel necessary to clear.

'Let's get started. First, Let's start with the current situation. Who sent you here?' Max asked but the guy didn't answer. His face looked pale but still he refused to speak.

'Tsk...' Max clicked his tongue in dissatisfaction.

'I can get answers out of him.' Lear spoke. Even though he had his own thoughts about the perpetrators who sent the assassins, he wanted to hear it from the guy himself.

'You can?' Max asked in surprise. He was sure that guys like him won't speak easily even if it meant being killed.

'Of course! I can. What have you taken me for? Just bring this guy along.' Lear said with a snort.

Max kicked the guy with a bit of strength and knocked him out before grabbing him by his waist to carry around.

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The trio finally reached a huge gate. It was obviously the entrance to the Barnes Family's House.

The guard immediately came forward to stop the suspicious looking person.

‘Wait!’

Max looked at the two guards in awe. They were High Level Mages. Even though he had seen them in trials, he couldn’t sense their true power level and the rumors were too erratic to believe.

‘What the hell are you doing blocking my path? You wanna die!’ Lear’s voice made the guards flinch and they realize that the person on Max’s back seemed familiar.

‘3rd Young Lord?!’ The guard said in shock.

‘What the hell are you shouting for? Let me pass already.’ Lear shouted with an irritated look on his face.

‘Yes... but...this..’ The guard said looking towards Max and the other guy in his hand.

‘These are my guests.’ Lear said.

At this moment, the guard seemed to have noticed the blood on Lear’s clothes.

‘B-Blood?’

‘Ah! It’s the injury from before. My friend here and Master Lear had a drinking game at the bar. While on our way back, he tripped on the stairs.’ Max was quick to reply.

‘Y-You f\*cking trash!! How many questions do you have? Just open the Goddamn gate!!’

Before the guard could ask another question, Lear’s rageful voice was heard.

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They finally managed to enter the gate and Max looked at the area. He had never been into this place even in the trial. After all, it was not a place meant for sightseeing.

‘You really have got a lot of money...’ Max said with a sigh as he looked at the area which was no different than the size of his academy.

‘If there is something I don’t lack, it’s gotta be money.’ Lear replied with an obvious look as he pointed in the direction of the mansion where they were supposed to go.

‘Anyway, how did you know that I wanted to hide the fact of àssassination.?’ Lear asked in curiosity.

‘It was obvious that you wanted to avoid the commotion.’

‘So you were there all along. Why didn’t you help from the beginning? Besides, give the defense artifact back. If I knew you were so strong, I wouldn’t have given it to you in the first place.’ Lear grumbled with a scowl on his face.

‘Piss off! Why should I put so much effort to help a stranger?’ Max retorted.

‘You really want me to piss here?’ Lear said with a grin and Max’s face darkened.

‘You! Get off my back’ Max shook his body while Lear refused to let him go and stuck to Max like glue.

The group finally reached the Lear’s mansion after struggling all the way.

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The sky had turned dark and Max laid down on the sofa after taking a nice bath. He was thinking about how to search this huge area. It was going to be troublesome.

Lear entered the room while grumbling, 'That bastard fainted, still refusing to speak!!'

He walked to the sofa and took the opposite seat to Max before slamming his hand on the table leaving behind a few coins.

'Money?' Max gave a confused look.

'Weren't you here for money?' Lear stared at Max.

'Oh! Yeah!' Max laughed as he picked up the money.

'Tsk...Stop acting..just spit it out already. What's your true purpose?' Lear asked calmly.

'What do you mean?' Max smiled.

'You know what I mean. Honestly, I was just curious about what you were planning but you turned out much stronger than I expected to be. I really can't handle you.' Lear said.

'Then why did you bring me along? Aren't you afraid? I am much stronger than you.' Max laughed.

'Well, you saved me. You don't look like a bad guy and I am not that easy to kill, especially here.' Lear replied.

'I didn't think you were so naive.' Max shook his head.

There were still many ways for him to kill. He still had the poison sac of the Water cobra and his wings to escape.

‘Shut up...I trust my instincts. Besides, the main reason I didn’t send you back from the gate and brought you here is that you seem to have an idea about these people.’ Lear said with a hint of seriousness.

‘I can guess your situation. It’s mostly related to succession. You have two older brothers, right? So, who wants to kill you?’ Max asked calmly.

‘Shut up! Just tell me who these people are? I will find the person who wants to kill me too.’ Lear replied.

‘And then...kill him even if it’s your brother?’ Max asked.

Lear didn’t respond and glared at Max before finally speaking, ‘You really are good at irritating people.’

‘You don’t want to kill the person who wants to kill you?’ Max asked in surprise.

‘My eldest brother is the one in the position to succeed. I still refuse to believe he can do something like this.’ Lear said with a sigh.

‘What about your second brother?’ Max asked.

‘My second brother is actually not my own brother. He is from my uncle who had passed away while protecting my father while my aunt had passed at his birth already. It was then that my father decided to adopt him. No matter what you say, he can’t inherit the family. He isn’t being targeted too. There is no hope for him. Even if me and my brothers die, my grandpa would make by mom and dad do over time to have another heir.’

‘In that case, the only one who wants to kill you is your eldest brother. I mean you are his only competition’ Max said with a hint of seriousness.

‘It might be the people who are supporting him.’ Lear said.

‘That can be true too. They might be afraid that you are still waiting for a chance and if you were to suddenly turn the tables and inherit the family, the one to face disaster would be the people supporting your brother openly. Tsk.. it’s troublesome... damn I hate politics...’ Max shook his head.

‘You are smarter than I thought and you even know how things work in the families.’ Lear stared at Max expecting him to answer the subtle question.

‘Nah...I am just born with a smart brain. Anyway, I am just curious. Why do you keep avoiding the possibility that your brother might be behind it?’

‘When people say that blood is thicker than water, it isn’t just for show. I can’t even imagine how my brother would face my mom after killing me.’ Lear said with a laugh as Max went silent.

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