

The Ancient Genes

Volume 3:

Chapter 218 - Final Battle(1)

‘Umn...Is the offer of becoming your subordinate still valid...‘

Linda’s face turned even dark at Lear’s words. Her eyes were inches away from breathing fire.

‘No..‘ She said in a cold tone.

Lear could only chuckle. What else could he probably do? With that old man behind her, there was no way for him to make it out in one piece.

Linda took a step forward and Lear immediately took on a defensive stance. His eyes became vigilant and the mana began to course through his body.

‘Whoosh!’

Linda kicked the roof and shot towards Lear. Even though she was moving against the wind, Lear still felt hard reacting to her movements. It seemed that she was serious this time.

Linda’s fist rammed towards Lear’s face bringing along the destructive black colored aura.

Lear could feel that his face might explode into a pulp if he didn’t react. He immediately moved and dodged the attack, but Linda didn’t plan to let him go this easily. She quickly rushed in not letting Lear create any distance and forcing him to engage in close-quarter combat.

‘Bang!’

Linda's fist collided with Lear's metal sand guard and Lear felt a sharp pain passing through his right hand.

'Not good!' Lear's eyes turned grim. He could feel that his shoulder bone was twisted in the wrong position. One more hit and it might dislocate.

Linda raised her hand and a huge black fist like that of a beast took shape.

Lear immediately brought his other hand in defense bringing along his metal sand guard.

'Bang!'

Lear felt a heavy pressure weighing down on him and his feet sank into the metal roof with a clanging noise.

Lear used his entire strength and pushed his feet below sending his strength to his upper torso as he began to push Linda back.

'Bang!'

Linda kicked Lear right into his stomach without any hint of mercy. She was really pissed.

Lear flew off a few meters and landed on the roof. His body skidded to the edge but Lear used his element and saved himself from falling off.

'Splash!'

Al lmmr fl Lufz mnurut val qmpov, gimmt zplvut mpo tware ovu quofi dzfqu zut.

Lear rubbed the blood off his mouth and raised his head to look at Linda who was slowly moving towards him.

'Truly leaving up to her reputation....she is strong...' Lear thought as he raised his sweatshirt feeling pain in his sides. When he looked at the spot, he found that the skin had turned dark.

'Torn muscle....internal bleeding...'

He gritted his teeth as he touched the spots. She really didn't show any mercy.

'Pull back your punches a bit....didn't you say liked me a few minutes ago...'
Lear spoke as he slowly climbed back onto his feet.

Linda's face twitched and lines appeared on her face.

'I...will kill you...'

Lear chuckled. Since he wasn't having any advantage in the fight, he might as well feel a bit good by teasing her.

Linda raised her hands and the black colored aura around her surged before flying towards Lear like spears.

'Sh*t!'

Lear ignored the pain and moved avoiding the attack he could and blocking the one's he couldn't. He broke the metal frames on the roof using them as guards. But it seemed that Lear had slowed down a bit. The battle had gone on for a while. Lear could feel the exhaustion and his mana was depleting as well.

When Lear blocked one of the incoming attacks, he realised that Linda had closed in on him using her attacks as a cover for herself. The same way that Lear had done earlier before punching her on the face. The only difference was that the huge sharp claws formed on her hand might be able to punch Lear's life away.

Lear knew he couldn't dodge it in time. The only other method was to block it and brace for impact hoping to make it out alive.

'Crackle!'

But before Linda's attack landed, lightning crackled and a whip formed of lightning wrapped around Lear's feet.

Lear suddenly felt his face close to the ground and Linda's attack missed Lear by the gap of an inch.

'Bang!'

Lear fell face first onto the roof as he lost his balance. When he raised his head, he saw Linda's feet coming down at him.

But before he was crushed under her feet, the person with the whip pulled him behind.

Lufz jfl tzfeeut fii ovu jfw gfhc jaov val dfhare zpggare mrom ovu zmmd. Wvur vu darfiw lommut, vu zfalut val vuft. Tvuzu jfl fr peiw immc mr val dfhu jvahv vft opzrut zut tpu om guare tzfeeut fii fzmprt.

'Are you fine?' A voice entered Lear's ear and he turned around to look at his savior.

'Y-You? Why are you here?' Lear couldn't help but ask as Lora's face greeted him.

'Why can't I be here, if you can?'

Lora had come up to the roof after hearing all the commotion. The roof in the cabins around had caved in at several places. She could tell that Lear wasn't having dance lessons for sure. She ordered her guard to go ahead as she checked what was going on the roof. The guard could only leave helplessly. After all, the Lord of Roxley House

had clearly said that he would rip them apart if his daughter was unhappy with them.

‘Return and wait...We can’t do anything. Just wait for the Association to react...’ Lear spoke in a serious voice. With a supreme on their side, the battles and the struggle were useless. It was not just a matter of motivation.

‘What about you?’ Lora asked as she looked towards Linda who was looking at them with menacing eyes.

Lear shook his head, that girl wasn’t going to leave him alive.

‘Leave...this is my battle...’ Lear spoke as slowly got back onto his feet.

Lora couldn’t help but feel admiration for Lear. It was evident to her that Lear had failed to recognise her and hence didn’t want her to be involved. He was willing to carry his duties like a true noble.

Lora continued to misunderstand Lear’s intention. The guy wasn’t acting like a noble. He was the least noble-like. He had acted because he had decided that this was what gave him maximum chances of survival. When he spoke about it being his battle. He meant that the battle with the demons was theirs for now, he didn’t want others to be involved. If Lear knew that she was from a noble house, he might have dragged her into the battle even if she didn’t want to. After all, this was a good way to make sure if the Roxley House had any connections with the Demons. After all, if they had, there was no way in hell that they would kill Lora.

‘Crackle!’

Lear looked at Lora beside her and saw that the electric whip had formed in her hand again.

‘It isn’t just your battle...its mine as well...’ Lora said in a serious tone. If Lear was fulfilling his duty like a true noble, was she any less noble than him ?

Linda glared at them and Lear and Lora were ready to take her on as well. Mana once again began to surge, this time it was dense as there were two mages now.

But before anyone could make a move, a voice sounded.

‘What are you doing there ? Let the kids have fun.’ An old man had suddenly appeared beside Linda in white clothing.

Before Linda could turn, the old man had disappeared and was already standing in front of the black-clothed man whom Linda called the 11th elder.

‘Why are you intimidating the kids ? Are you really that bored ?’ the old man in white cloths spoke with a smile.

‘I never thought of seeing the White Demon today....’ the 11th elder spoke with a mocking tone. He couldn’t believe that a human dared to call himself a demon.

‘Oh! Do you know me ?’ the old man in white asked with a surprised expression. ‘Why don’t we have a chat ? I have got a few questions as well...’

‘Well, I guess I can hear it. Whether you get your answers or not is still unknown.’ the 11th elder smiled.

‘I am coming back in a bit....get your job done....’ the 11th elder commanded as he looked at Linda before disappearing with a flash.

‘I won’t be interfering as well..you kids can have fun...just don’t die...or else you families would endlessly pester mine...‘ the old man in white chuckled before disappearing as well.