

The Ancient Genes

Volume 3:

Chapter 222 - A Question

‘Bang!’

The spear busted apart and Max retreated immediately. His face had turned dark.

‘You really got your àss handed over by a human kid.....such an embarrassment... He is even weaker than you.’ the old man spoke as he shook his head and picked up the guy.

‘T-This isn’t... over yet..’ Eida mumbled as he looked towards Max and slowly lost his consciousness. The old man looked at Max with an odd feeling but he couldn’t find anything wrong.

‘You guys have been lucky this time.....but it won’t last long...’ the old man said as his figure vanished.

Plop!

Max fell on his butt. Sweat had formed on his forehead. He could tell that the guy was definitely terrifying and could have killed him with a flick of his wrist.

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On the other side, the storm of demonic aura that had been raking havoc had vanished. The roof at the spot of the epicenter was smashed beyond recognition and half of it had been flattened.

Linda stood at the center of the destruction. She had transformed into her true form.

Lear felt a chill crawling up his spine as he looked at Linda. Lora could feel it too. Her expression was no better than Lear's.

Linda looked at Lear as she raised her finger and a black colored ball began to conjure around the tips of her fingers.

Lear felt something was wrong and immediately brought all the pieces of metal in front forming a barrier.

'Pew!'

But the ray of light which was released by the tip of Linda's finger made a hole in every single thing which came in its path and shot right through Lear's stomach.

Lear gritted his teeth in pain as he clutched his stomach. Blood began to leak out of the corner of his mouth.

'Are you ok?' Lora asked in concern. She couldn't believe how far Lear was going for a stranger. He had used the metal debris to block the attack instead of dodging because she was standing behind him.

Obviously, she had misunderstood Lear's intention again. The guy just had a habit of using this defense technique since he was very used to it. If he knew that it wasn't going to work, he would have jumped aside for a thousand and one percent.

‘I am fine...don’t let your guard down..’ Lear mumbled as took a piece of flat metal from the debris and stuck it to the wound on his stomach and stopped the bleeding for now.

‘Get ready! She is coming...’ Lear shouted and Lora reacted with an intense discharge. Lightning crackled and she released it all towards Linda.

Linda’s body blurred as she appeared from one spot to another dodging the attack while closing in at the same time.

Lear clenched his fist and the pieces of metal flew towards him like magnets.

‘Clang!’

‘Clang!’

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Within a second, Lear had developed a metal frame which looked like a beast. He wasn’t keen on using it since it consumed a lot of mana and drained him very quickly. But he didn’t seem to have any option now. He was sure that taking this demoness head on with his own body would probably get him killed in seconds.

Lear decided to take the initiative and strike. The beast frame moved and he pounced on Linda barring it’s fang on her.

Linda didn’t retreat and stood there deciding to take the beast head on. When Lear was close, she clenched her fist with razor sharp claws and threw it out.

‘Bang!’

Lear felt a strong tremor coursing through his entire being as Linda's fist collided with him head-on. The next instant, his eyes widened as he felt the true might of a demon and his own powerlessness.

The sight was one to behold, a single fist from Linda broke through the skull of the beast and blew away the beast frame back to the scraps of metals that it originally was, leaving behind Lear who was being held by his neck in Linda's hands.

'Crackle!'

Lora immediately attacked seeing Lear in trouble. She simultaneously formed two whips in both of her hands and slashed at Linda.

But nothing could help her overcome the difference in pure brute strength.

'Scram!'

Linda swung her hand like a blade flinging a crescent blade formed of demonic aura. The blade cut through Lora whips and the metal frame of the roof like a paper.

In the end, Lora had to retreat to save herself from getting axed into two halves.

'It's your turn now...' Linda looked towards Lear as he she raised her other hand with razor sharp claws and brought it closer to Lear's face.

Lear felt sweat sliding down his forehead. 'You sure we can't talk this out pretty lady.'

Linda ignored his rambling and brought her hands forward planning to drill them through Lear's head. But before she could do so, a hand with wrinkles grabbed her.

She immediately looked behind and saw that old man with white clothing from earlier standing behind her.

‘Leave him, young lady. This matter ends here. I am sure your elder will be here any second now.’

As soon as he was done speaking, the 11th elder appeared with Eida in one of his arms.

Linda’s eyes widened as she looked at her little brother’s state and rushed towards him.

‘Who did this to him? What happened?’ She asked in shock. She couldn’t believe the state he was in.

‘It’s only because of his arrogance that he lost....we are leaving for today.’ The 11th elder said as he grabbed Linda’s hand.

‘But, I am not done with him..’ Linda said as she looked towards Lear with a killing intent in her eyes.

‘Then it’s your fault for messing around....settle this someday else...’ the 11th elder said as he dragged Linda who was unwilling to leave.

Lear sighed in relief. He was saved. He felt tears filling his eyes. He must have done great deeds in his previous life.

Suddenly, the old man in white spoke, ‘Ask Valatrix whether it was worth it or not?’ The look on his face was calm. one couldn’t understand what he was thinking.

The 11th elder’s steps paused, but he continued to move after a second before finally disappearing in thin air.