

The Ancient Genes

Volume 3:

Chapter 223 – The First Meeting

‘Bang!’

The door to the pilot’s cockpit was flung away and a person stood at the entrance with his right foot raised above the ground in air.

‘So, you are the person who has been taking our people down?’ The man sitting on the pilot’s seat spoke. He was draped in a black cloak and its hood came down all the way to his nose covering his face as well. There was a tattoo of a skull on the man’s neck.

As soon as Stark saw the tattoo, his eyes gleamed with a strange light. He seemed to have identified it.

‘Did you people forget your position? It seems we have gone easy on you....’ Stark spoke with a calm tone.

The man looked at Stark. He had identified the man and knew that they had hit a block here. He had even lost contact with the 11th Master and both of the Young Lord and Lordess.

He couldn’t activate the explosives without their command.

Stark scanned the room and found what he was looking for.

There was a device on the panel right below the windshield which looked like a remote to the bombs

‘It seems that you people have luck on your side today...but I wonder how long it will last...the clock has begun ticking....we demons will reclaim this land back again..’

The man said as the demonic aura busted out of his body and he transformed into a foreign being with sharp teeth and inhumane body like that of a beast.

Stark looked at him and a hammer suddenly appeared in his hands. He didn't know why the guy didn't move towards the remote, but it turned out in his favor. He didn't need to worry about it.

The man pounced at Star and Stark responded by closing in on him as well. The hammer in his hand displayed an exquisite hammer technique.

'Whoosh!'

Within a moment, the exchange had occurred and a silence prevailed. Stark slowly turned around so did the man who had transformed.

There wasn't any scratch on either of the two people's bodies.

'Drip!'

Suddenly, blood began to leak out from the mouth of the man with demonic aura. It was followed by his nose, ears, eyesevery orifice in his body had begun to bleed. Depressions began to form on the man's body which looked like marks from being struck by a hammer.

'Thud!'

The man fell on the ground losing his consciousness forming a pool of blood around.

Hammers were not just capable of refining ore, Stark had definitely proved that today.

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On the other side....

‘Are you fine kid?’ the old man asked as he looked at Lear lying on the roof with sweat and blood all over.

‘I don’t recognise you, but thank you, sir. You saved us.’ Lear said as he got up onto his feet. Now that the battle was over, he could feel the tiredness washing over.

‘Well, you guys fought for yourself. You don’t need to thank me. It’s good being young.’ the old man spoke with a smile.

At this moment, an announcement rang throughout the express car.

‘Uhhmn...Everyone, there is no need to worry. The express car is back in control. The controller of the bombs had been seized and the timer had been stopped.’

As soon as the announcement was made, cheers erupted throughout the cabins and people began to cry and scream in joy.

‘Let’s get back inside....my old bones will freeze in this wind.’ The old man said in a joking manner.

Lear nodded as he sent a message to Max.

«Lear: Are you still alive?»

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On the other side, Max laid down with his back against the metal frame of the express car. He was really feeling tired and there was no need to speak about the pain.

He laid there without moving allowing his regenerative property to work to its fullest. He had used Vital arts but the blood was still leaking out of his wounds. The wounds were too big. He had to get it treated or allow them to regenerate.

Seeing Lear's message popping up, Max couldn't help but smile as he replied.

«Yes, I am.»

He had heard the announcement earlier. Finally, everything was settled.

‘Clang!’

The noise made Max turn his head. He realised that it was his spirit snake breaking its way through all the mess.

‘What is this guy doing here?’ Max frowned and when he was about to get some information from the guy, he saw that a lady was following behind it with a child in her arms.

Wvur ovu iftw lfj ovu vfid tuft lofou jvahv Mfk jfl ar, vuz uwul jaturut frt lvu zplvut omjfztl vaq.

‘Oh my goodness...what happened to you.’ Her eyes glistened as water began to fill in them.

Max looked at the spirit snake and it returned back to him.

Max immediately came to know what had happened. When the announcement rang, the lady had got out of the washroom. The spirit snake had no choice but to follow her.

The lady seemed to have asked the spirit snake to lead her to Max. The snake was obviously intelligent and hence led her to Max.

Max saw the lady freaking out as tears began to flow down her cheeks. He couldn't help but smile feeling a tinge of warmth. He seemed to have forgotten this feeling.

What was it? Motherly love? He didn't remember, but it felt good...

‘Why are you smiling? Look at you...we need to get you to the doctor...’ the lady said in concern. Worry was written all over her face. She didn’t know that Max had an ability called life force which perfectly complimented his regeneration ability allowing him to survive even this situation.

‘I am fine, Mam. This is just superficial wounds.’ Max flailed his arms showing that he was alright even though it hurt actually, ‘See...’

The lady’s expression didn’t change much. She was not fully convinced. She tore her scarf and wrapped it around the huge hole in Max’s shoulders before helping him to move onto a seat nearby.

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A while later, Max heard footsteps and he turned his head around to see twice running towards him followed by his master behind.

Stark has met with Lear and had taken Twice along to find Max.

The lady was frightened at the sudden appearance of a beast but when she saw it hickinĝ Max and acting playfully, she calmed down.

‘Thanks for taking care of him...’ Stark spoke as he noticed a scarf tied around Max’s shoulder.

‘N-No not at all....this kind boy has been the one who saved my life and mine child’s as well...’ the lady replied with a grateful look on her face.

The lady seemed a bit familiar to Stark but he didn’t pay much attention as he turned to look at Max who looked like a guy who could die at any given moment.

‘What do I say to you?’ Stark spoke as rage began to fill his eyes, ‘Don’t you care about your life?!’

Max smiled at him enjoying the feeling of being cared for.

How could Stark's anger continue seeing that? Besides, he was already injured.

'I am fine, Master. This much is no big deal,' Max said as he slowly got up on his feet. He was used to it, this was every second day thing for him back in trial.

Stark looked at him and shook his head as he created an earth golem from thin air.

'Carry him!' Stark commanded the earth golem and it picked up Max.

'Let's move...this cabin is pretty much wrecked. It's not a good idea to stay here.' Stark spoke and the lady beside nodded as well and the group began to move.

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'Ouch! Ouch!'

Lear laid back on the seat as a staff member treated his wounds.

Lora stood beside with bandages on as well. She didn't face any deep injuries while Lear had one in his stomach.

The old man in white was in the cabin as well. He sat on one of the seats with his eyes closed.

His eyes suddenly opened as he looked towards the entrance of the room.

The door opened and a person walked in. His body was covered in wounds and he looked like a person who was touching death. But his legs were still standing strong and there was a calm look on his face.

It was Max.

Suddenly the old man's gaze met with Max and time seemed to have stopped.