

The Ancient Genes

Volume 4: Capital

Chapter 290 - Max Shows His Pride and Grace

Lear entered Lora's room following her lead.

'It's not bad...' He mumbled looking around. It was not the stereotypical pink colored room he was imagining in his head.

The room was beautifully decorated and everything was properly arranged. There was a large bed in the middle and a study desk with a shelf on the side.

The opposite side of the room had the dressing mirror and the wardrobe. It was Lora's personal beauty corner.

'I don't stay here much. I use my dorm in the Academy most of the time. After all, it's too tiring to travel so much...' Lora replied with a sigh.

Lear nodded before he suddenly asked, 'By the way, why didn't you tell me you were a Roxley?'

'Huh? I thought you knew by now.' Lora said in surprise.

'How would I know? Your name indeed sounded familiar but I didn't know your title. Not to mention, I hadn't seen any of your recent pictures.' Lear replied as he shrugged his shoulder.

'No, I didn't mean that. I thought Max knew all along about me? Didn't he tell you?' Lora asked in confusion. She felt that Max had known about her from all the interactions she had with him.

‘Ah! I see....he knew all along...’ Lear said with a smile.

‘That b*stard what is he upto...’ He cursed inwardly. He had a feeling that Max was up to something. That guy had been getting slier with each passing day.

‘What’s with him by the way?’ Lora suddenly asked. Now that she thought, she didn’t know anything about him. But the fact that he was so close to Lear must mean that he was someone with status as well.

Lora obviously wasn’t being discriminatory here. But that was the norm. No one would believe a poor commoner to be close friends with a rich noble.

‘He is a friend.’ Lear replied, he really didn’t know what to say. He knew about Max’s situation up to a certain extent.

He was of noble origin but not a noble. That was what Lear thought. If he remembered all the events in the past, Lear could say that Max wasn’t fond of the Nobles and Upper society particularly. And to a certain extent, he even had prejudice for most of the Nobles being a piece of sh*t. At least that was his perspective for a noble whom Max would meet for the first time.

‘Oh...’ Lora replied when she didn’t hear anything else. It seems that was it.

‘He is a good guy....but can be a pain sometimes.’ Lear further spoke. He would never be saying this to Max, the fellow already had wings to fly. If Lear praised him, he might put on airs and just fly out of this plane.

‘It seems you guys are good friends.’ Lora said with a smile.

‘Well, everyone has a few good friends. What about you?’ Lear asked with a smile. He wasn’t the one to talk by the way. Before he met Max, the fellow was practically living a fake life. Like in hell he had friends.

‘Y-Yeah...’ Lora replied with difficulty as the expression on her face changed.

‘What’s wrong? Did I say something wrong?’ Lear asked, observing her face.

‘No, you didn’t.’ Lora shook her head and spoke with a smile, ‘I just recalled something...’

Suddenly, the room was engulfed in a silence. Lora didn’t speak any further and Lear felt that he did something wrong to upset her.

When Lear was about to speak out, Lora best him to it, ‘I will go and bring something. Once my dad starts, it will take a lot of time. You can expect dinner to be late.’

Lear didn’t get a chance to say anything as Lora walked out of the room.

Lear sighed as he turned and began looking around in boredom. There was nothing else to do.

‘What’s with all this makeup? Does she even do that much or is it just for collection?’ Lear mumbled as he picked up one of the bottles which he had seen in his mom’s dressing table as well. But, when his eyes fell on its price, his body shook and the bottle fell from his hands rolling underneath the bed.

‘Are you serious mom? Damn I thought I was being a jerk pretending to waste all the money mom gave to me...but this...I should have asked for more...’

Lear thought in regret as he went on to his knees to pick the bottle from underneath the bed.

‘Hmnm?’

Lear’s eyes fell on a diary covered in dust. It was lying in the corner. It seemed it had been there for quite a while now. He reached out for the bottle before pulling the diary as well.

He thought that it might have been misplaced and ended up there somehow.

‘Go to your places...’ Lear mumbled as he aimed and threw both the bottle and the diary towards their designated places in the room.

The bottle landed where it should have been but the diary didn’t. It hit the shelf before falling onto the floor with a picture sticking out half the way through it.

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‘Is this how you are going to do it?’ The guy with the axe asked with a frown. ‘Is this what you nobles take pride in?’

He was speaking while staring into the darkness as four lights at the four corners of the street conjoined to form a formation.

The guy began to feel the mana seeping out of his body. The formation was shutting his mana down.

‘You still don’t get it, do you? This is the difference between us. I don’t need to do anything to get you under my knees.’ The voice came as a figure finally emerged from the shadows.

The man was draped in a white suit and a red shirt while carrying a black cane along with him. That was what one would imagine when thinking about a noble. The guy was

practically screaming that I am a Noble. But, oddly there was a mask on his face which looked like a lion.

‘Tsk...Lion face! Pull that mask down...lions are prideful creature...but look at you... a p*ssy.’ The guy carrying the axe said with a smirk on his face.

Even Max who was above could feel the burn from that.

‘That gotta hurt...’ Max mumbled as he looked at the lion face who was already trembling in rage. ‘The guy is smart...’

Tvfo nuzlmr jfl ozware om gfao ovu qfr arom f daevo gudmzu val qfrf jfl omofiiw lvpo tmjr.

‘My pride is in the fact the reason that I don’t dare to dirty my hands on you. But fine, since you are so worked up, I will show you some grace and let you have the sole of my shoes.’ The lion face said and the next instant, he took a step and shot forward like a bullet.

‘He is fast...’ Max mumbled as he looked at the other guy wondering if he could react or not. This was interesting. By now, Max already had pretty much of an idea about what was going on.

The guy with the axe immediately swung his axe towards the incoming guy but as his axe went through, he found the man missing in front.

Before he could even turn to look, a kick landed on his face from above and he almost made a full turn and staggered a couple of steps but still somehow managed to maintain himself on his feet.

‘Aren’t you tough? You are still on your feet? It seems the name, Eren Juggernaut is not known for nothing...’ The lion

face said with a mocking tone as he looked at Eren's face which had turned bloody from his kick.

'B*stard...' Eren mumbled, he clearly felt the spike beneath the guy's shoe. What kind of sadist was he? Where these people really deserved to be called Nobles or Aristocrats?

The lion face smiled as he moved again. Eren raised his axe and used the flat surface to defend his kick. But without any mana, he had started to lose his strength. The force from the kick threw him to the ground and before he could get up, another kick landed on his stomach.

'How is it? Now you know the difference. We are born different. Don't try to get ahead of yourself when you just got lucky and had an affinity with an element.' The lion face said as he looked at Eren, 'Let me tell you a fact, the way you have behaved until now is enough for you to be not recruited into any organisation. You really do not know the power of nobles. You might have power but that will be useless if you get blacklisted by us, at most you can be a mercenary and sell your stuff in black market. Do you want that? If not, be a good commoner and keep your head low. You want a good life, right?'

'Tsk...you really dare to say that after all you did was beat a powerless guy. You really are the last person who deserves to be called a noble.' Eren said with a mocking tone.

'You have got a sharp tongue, let me take it with me today.' The lion face said with a laugh as he moved his hands toward Eren's mouth.

Eren frowned and tried to struggle but he couldn't do anything with a leg in his stomach which was pressing tighter with each passing second. Not to mention that he was totally

helpless facing the guy without mana who seemed to be still in full control of his mana.

When the hand was only an inch away from Eren's face, another hand suddenly came in grabbed it by the wrist.

'You are crossing the line. I thought you guys were just a bunch of bullies. But the nobles do not change, the children learn from the adults after all.'

As soon as the voice stopped a kick landed on the lion face nose and sent him flying through the air.

Max looked at Eren who was staring at him before turning towards the lion face who was writhing in pain with parts of his mask broken blood oozing out of his nose.

'Let me show you my pride and grace. I won't only let you have the sole of my shoe but the number on it as well...' Max said as he took a step forward.

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On the other side, Lora returned back to the room and saw Lear looking at her with a strange expression.

'What?' She asked.

'Nothing...' Lear shook his head as he held the diary behind his back and slowly put it under his blazer.