

## Stay At home 1561

### Chapter 1561: Cephalosporin With Alcohol

Everyone was busying around in Kitchen One.

A 100-men banquet was not much of a deal to Mag, since he had more customers in his restaurant during dining hours.

Mag raised his eyebrow a little as he listened to Camilla's live reporting. His concern now was where Connie was. What was she trying to do after breaking away from the pack?

He would not be worried if she was with Rex. What he was worried about was that Rex was not in contact with her, and she might do something big suddenly during the conferring ceremony. That might cause the situation to go out of hand.

Other than Auster, there were eight other 10th-tier powerhouses from different tribes here today.

It was naturally unrealistic for Connie to assassinate Gary at such a time. Even Rex would not be able to do it.

Their failure last night meant that the plan to save Ferdinand had already failed unless there was a change in the situation.

Right now, what he had to do was to look for the source of the black fog as quickly as possible, get rid of it, and bring Connie safely out of the Twilight Forest.

"System, do you have cephalosporin?" Mag asked inside while he was preparing the insanely spicy gravy for the spicy grilled fish.

"According to the recipe, you do not need cephalosporin for spicy grilled fish," the system said sternly.

"Didn't you say that as the God of Cookery, one should have his own sense of judgment and decisiveness?" Mag pressed his lips together, and said, "Give me a serving of cephalosporin for 100 people. I'll pay 10 times the original price."

"Ding! The cephalosporin has been delivered! Note: while consuming the cephalosporin, do not take in alcohol! It would cost you your life!" the system said joyously.

"Alright," Mag replied as he split the capsule and scattered the powder on the grilled fish. An orc would not die from a little cephalosporin because of their body constitution.

\*\*\*

"Just having meat alone is so boring. Chief Gary, don't you have the best wine brewer in the entire Twilight Forest in your tribe? Where's the alcohol?" Billy asked Gary with a smile.

"Serve the alcohol!" a guard standing at the side ordered. A group of palace maids came over, daintily carrying vats of wine, and walked up to the orcs. They filled up a large ceramic bowl with the alcohol for each of the orcs, and the fragrance of the alcohol diffused in a moment.

Billy picked up the big bowl and took a sip. He said with satisfaction, "Great wine!"

With good food and good wine, this banquet made all the orcs very satisfied. They even forgot that they came today for Gary's conferring ceremony.

There were even those who were already tipsy after gulping a few large bowls of alcohol.

There were some who toasted to Gary from time to time, but Gary did not drink much. Even if the others were drunk, he couldn't be drunk. The conferring ceremony had yet to begin. If he got drunk, then the conferring ceremony would be ruined.

Auster did not eat much as well, and also only took a few sips of wine out of courtesy. He leaned back in his chair and watched Gary and the other fellows who looked like they hadn't eaten good food before. The corner of his lips curled up in a seemingly mocking smile.

"The fifth dish: spicy grilled fish!"

The grilled fishes at least a meter long were served on the dining tables. The moment the metal covers were lifted, the spiciness that assailed everyone made them close their eyes instinctively. However, their noses found joy in the pungent spiciness.

After the steam dispersed, everyone looked at the dish clearly, and could not help but hesitate a little.

The large fish that was served on the plate was something rare in the Twilight Forest, and just a look at the layer of chili spread on top of the fish made one's body start to heat up. The smell alone burned their throats. Could this really be eaten?

Chili was not a spice that could be found in the Twilight Forest. It was all brought over by merchants, and then sold at high prices to the nobles in the orc tribes.

Putting some chili in their food during the winter could bring them warmth and stimulation to their taste buds, and that was how chili slowly got in trend in recent years. Therefore, chili was not foreign to them.

However, they usually put very little chili in their food, in amounts smaller than the size of their nail, and that was already the limit for most orcs.

The amount of chili spread on the fish was probably the amount that an ordinary orc would take in in his entire life.

Therefore, all the passion for food and praises for the head chef suddenly stopped when this spicy grilled fish was served.

Everyone exchanged gazes all of a sudden, and no one dared to try the food first.

"Who uses chili like this? Is the chef a blockhead?" Auster said with a laugh. The pungent smell made his eyes hurt. It looked as though it could not be eaten.

Gary also frowned. However, he quickly smiled, and said, "The chef must have his reason for doing this. Didn't the previous few dishes please everyone?"

"There is nothing much to nitpick about other than the portions being too small," Billy said as he nodded in agreement. He picked up his chopsticks, and reached for the spicy grilled fish as he said, "Then let me

have a go at this spicy grilled fish, and see how spicy it actually is. If we talk about tolerance for spiciness, no orc will be able to beat me.”

His chopsticks dug into the slightly crispy fish skin, and picked up a piece of fish meat. Billy paused for a while. As a foodie, he still chose to dip the meat in the gravy before putting it into his mouth.

Clack...

Clack...

It was as though time had stopped. Billy had not taken his chopsticks out of his mouth. Everyone watched quietly as his face turned red instantly. Everything was eerily still and quiet.

*What is this feeling? Why did my taste buds lose their function suddenly? It's a little numbing... and there's a little pain? Could there be poison in this fish?!* Billy was completely frozen, but his mind was in complete chaos.

The pain only lasted for a moment, and after that came an explosion of numbing spiciness.

As a chief that loved spicy food, Billy would often have chili in his food every now and then. Therefore, spiciness was not a foreign taste to Billy.

However, the explosion of spiciness felt as though he had suddenly leaped from a small pond into a big ocean, with the huge waves crashing right into his face.

He felt as though a 10th-tier fire magic caster had stuffed a ball of flame into his mouth as his cavity and throat ignited instantly.

However, just when the spiciness reached his upper limit, and he was about to spit the meat out, the freshness of the fish crept into the limelight.

The crispy fish skin and tender meat were like a beauty that walked out from a lava bath, stepping on his burning throat and tongue to bring him an extraordinary experience.

“Roar...!”

After sitting quietly for five seconds, Billy suddenly leapt up, and let out an angry roar.

However, there was a twist at the end of the roar. It was filled with a joyful tone.

Billy picked up his bowl of wine, and took a large gulp with a face full of amazement, saying, “This spiciness is on another level! But the freshness of this grilled fish is one in a million! I feel as though only this level of spiciness is good enough for the freshness of this grilled fish!”

He did not have the time to go on further. Billy picked up another piece of fish with his chopsticks, and put it into his mouth. The moment he stopped, the spiciness and numbing sensation would be prolonged. As long as he did not stop eating, it was as though he could lie to his taste buds, and it would become an enjoyable sensation.

*Is it that good?* The orcs looked at Billy, who couldn't stop eating, and were still a little suspicious. However, some of them still picked up their chopsticks, and gave the fish a try.

There were fire-spitting, screeching, spinning on the spot, jumping around...

The different chiefs and nobles started their performance in the middle of the banquet.

### **Chapter 1562: Everything Might Be Different Once You're Awake**

"Is it that good?"

"Such exciting performances are hard to come by."

"Gasp! The chiefs of the various tribes were dancing around on the conferring ceremony all because of..."

The orcs sitting on the ordinary seats were all shocked by the scene. They would only be able to witness a scene like this once in 100 years, so they all could not help but tiptoe and crane their necks to watch the show.

*Is there a need for such a reaction by coupling his dish and my wine?* Hannah stroked her chin curiously as she stood amidst the crowd. *So which is better, his dish, or my wine?*

As the Goddess of Wine, she naturally would have her pride.

However, as she watched the nobles perform, she started to become curious about Mag.

Hannah had always thought that Mag was a very good spy since he was chosen by the organization to do such an important mission. However, he turned out to be a chef, and a very good one at that.

*When this is over, I must get him to cook up a good meal for me. If it's really that good, then, even if I don't really want to, I'll... hmph, he must really count his lucky stars...* Hannah stomped her feet shyly, and started blushing because of her thoughts.

\*\*\*

An orc with a straw hat rushed into a small alley outside the city. He looked at Durward, who lay crouching on the city wall, and said, "Lord Durward, there are people guarding every exit, and more than 10 of our men have already been caught. What should we do now?"

Durward turned his head to ask that orc, "How many of our men have managed to sneak in?"

"A little more than 50, including those who lay in ambush inside last night."

"That's too few." Durward frowned. Last night, they wreaked havoc in the inner city, and ended up caught in Gary's trap. Luckily, a group of mysterious people came to their rescue. Not only did they manage to escape unscathed, but even the orcs that were imprisoned because of the former chief were also released.

However, in order to escape arrest, most of them had fled from the inner city.

In the end, Gary managed to fix the city wall within a night, and even deployed more army to watch the gates.

Today was Gary's conferring ceremony and also the day Young Master Ferdinand would be executed.

If they didn't do something today, once Young Master Ferdinand was executed, it would be even harder to pull Gary down.

"We'll move in batches. Infiltrate the inner city at any cost. We must get more of our men into the inner city before the conferring ceremony starts," Durward said solemnly.

"Yes," the orc answered and left.

"Durward, you guys want to get in, right?" Just then, a deep voice sounded from the alley.

"Who is it!" Durward looked towards the alley. A glow was already starting to form at the tip of his magic caster's staff.

The young orc also pulled out his longsword nervously as he looked back at the alley.

"I'm Kernen, Jeremy's henchman." The orc walked out of the shadows slowly with his hands up.

"Stop there!" Durward shouted. He looked at Kernen warily, and said, "Take another step forward, and I will turn you into a pile of ashes! Speak, what did Jeremy send you over for?!"

"Don't misunderstand. I have no ill intentions, and Jeremy did not send me over," Kernen said, standing still as he looked at Durward.

"Jeremy has a few dogs, and you're the most famous one of them all. Do you think I will believe you?" Durward scoffed. He looked into the alley behind Kernen a little uneasily.

"If I was on his side, you would already be surrounded by the troops led by Darryl or Kurt and killed on the spot, your heads hanging on masts." Kurt put his hands down and looked at Durward. He lowered his voice, and said, "Maybe you're not aware of it yet, but your head is now worth 1,000,000 copper coins."

When Durward heard that, he frowned. He thought for a while before putting his magic caster's staff down. He looked intently at Kernen, and said, "What do you want?"

"I owe Chief Isaiah a favor. Back then, he saved my mother, who was picking herbs, from a tiger. Of course, that might be an insignificant event for the chief. A person as kind as him must have done a lot of similar deeds, but for my mother who came back with the herbs, and pulled me back from the verge of death, I owe him both my mother's life and my life. A person like him should not have died like that," Kernen said with sorrow.

"Cut all that hypocrisy. When the rebellion army broke through the city wall, you were standing right beside Jeremy. Have you ever thought of sparing the chief and his family?" Durward questioned angrily.

"I was unable to stand by the chief's side." Kernen's gaze became dimmer. However, he still looked into Durward's eyes, and said, "But I let Princess Connie off. I think she survived. Gary did not manage to find her."

"You were the one who let Connie off?!" Durward and the other orcs were overjoyed when they heard it.

“I didn’t have the ability to save the chief, and could only do a little to save Princess Connie. I still owe Chief Isaiah a lot,” Kernen said.

“So why are you here today?” Durward looked at Kernen with bewilderment.

“Today is the day of the conferring ceremony. Gary wants to execute Young Master Ferdinand in front of everyone, and therefore get rid of any possible chances of overthrowing him. If Young Master Ferdinand died, the chief would only be left with Princess Connie. Even the chief’s loyal guard might not be able to help her become the new chief. Therefore, tonight will be the last chance.” Kernen looked at Durward and took two steps forward. He lowered his voice, and said, “I’m in charge of guarding the southwestern gate today. These men I chose to bring with me are all my people. All of you, change into black armor, and when you see three torches lit at the southwestern gate, make use of the darkness of the night. I’ll let you all in.”

Durward was overjoyed when he heard that. He grabbed Kernen’s hand, and said, “If we succeed today, we will definitely thank you greatly when the young master regains control of the Falk Tribe.”

“That’s what I should do. It’s very dangerous after you get into the city. All of you must be very careful.” Kernen grabbed Durward’s hand back, and gave him a tight handshake before turning to leave quickly.

\*\*\*

“Don’t just drink. Come, have some ceph— fish.” Mag chuckled happily as he hosted the orcs from the alley near the door who came to collect the corpses. He put a freshly grilled fish in front of them and filled their wine cup.

“This wine... this fish... perfect... superb...” an orc with a scar stuttered as he hugged a wooden pillar at the side.

The orcs at the side drank another two bowls of wine and lay on the ground, drunk, with a foolish smile hanging on their faces.

“Alright, have a few more drinks. Everything might be different once you’re awake.” Mag put the vat of wine down, and walked out of the alley, smiling.

“Serve the last dish. It’s time for us to watch the show,” Mag said as he entered the kitchen and took his apron off.

### **Chapter 1563: They Left Very Peacefully**

“The venue was wafting with fragrance, and praises could be heard everywhere.

“This is the first time I’ve actually seen the nobles lose all their manners while eating, yet they can’t bear to put their chopsticks down,” a palace maid who was in charge of serving the dishes said a little agitatedly to Heyman.

Upon hearing that, Heyman could not help but gasp in awe. “Mr. Mag is Mr. Mag indeed. He really lives up to his name.”

His main worry about such occasions would be whether the guests at the main banquet tables would be satisfied with the dishes. After all, they were all distinguished guests from various tribes, so they might

have their own preferences and habits. Thus, even an experienced chef would not be able to satisfy everyone.

But Mag did it today. He used delicacies to break the habits and preferences of individuals, and turned this banquet into a festival.

“Are all the dishes served?” Heyman asked.

“He said that there was still one last dish. After that, we’re done,” that palace maid answered.

“Husband and wife lung slice...” Heyman’s smile slowly disappeared. He was not unfamiliar with Romeo and Juliet. They were a pair of kind nobles who loved exquisite food. They were also very kind to others. If the rebellion had not happened, they would not have ended up like that.

“Go on. Be careful. It’s the last dish, nothing must go wrong.” Heyman raised his hand to signal the palace maid to go off.

The palace maids brought the final dish out, and Heyman strolled over to Kitchen One slowly. Just as he was about to knock on the door, Mag pushed the door open and walked out.

“Supervisor Heyman, what a coincidence. I was about to look for you,” Mag said to Heyman.

“Oh? What is it, Mr. Mag?” Heyman asked with a smile.

Mag smiled, and said, “The dishes have all been served, and the chief’s conferring ceremony was such a rare occurrence, not to mention it’s the conferring ceremony of a big tribe like the Falk Tribe. I was thinking if I could bring my child and ladies to watch the ceremony.”

“Tonight’s banquet was very successful. The nobles from the other tribes were full of praises for your cooking. Since the dishes are all served, if you want to watch the ceremony, I can report to the higher-ups and bring you guys along,” Heyman said with a smile and a nod.

“Then I’ll have to trouble you, Supervisor Heyman,” Mag said gratefully, and appeared to be very excited.

Heyman glanced into the kitchen and hesitated as he started, “The husband and wife...”

“They left very peacefully,” Mag said with a smile.

“That’s great... That’s great...” Heyman looked at Mag with a complicated expression. He nodded and turned to leave.

“The couple has been moved successfully, and so were the fellows in the back alley,” Babla said softly as she appeared behind Mag.

Mag nodded slightly, and softly said, “Very good. Let’s get ready to watch the ceremony. If there’s a chance, we still have to give it a try.”

“Father, what was the powder that you put into the grilled fish just now?” Amy asked curiously as she walked beside Mag.

“It’s a kind of drug that would make our enemies a lot easier to handle,” Mag explained with a smile. In the end, he only added the cephalosporin to the fish for Gary’s table. Based on their strength as a 10th-tier, and their body constitution, the amount that he added would only help the alcohol in Hannah’s wine kick in so they would get drunk more easily.

Other than saving Ferdinand, Mag’s most important mission tonight would be to find the source of the black fog and get rid of it.

He had to ensure that he could be in control of the situation while carrying out his mission, so a good way to lower his enemies’ abilities would be to make them drunk.

The black fog was the top priority for tonight, so he was willing to use any method or means.

“Cover Ugly Duckling with its black sack so others don’t see it.” Mag pulled out a black cloth bag and covered Ugly Duckling with it, only leaving half of its head out for it to breathe.

“Meow~?~” Ugly Duckling peeked its head out, and looked at Mag with bewilderment.

“Ugly Duckling, do as I taught you later, and I’ll prepare grilled fish specially for you without chili,” Mag said with a smile to Ugly Duckling.

↳(\*◦▽◦\*)

“Meow, meow, meow~” Ugly Duckling’s eyes shone like little stars.

Heyman arranged things very quickly, and in about 10 minutes, Mag and the rest were seated in a glossy black horse-drawn carriage bringing them to the venue.

Mag lifted a corner of the curtain to look out through the window. There weren’t many people on the streets, but there was an orc guard every 20 meters or so. The security was very tight.

On the way, they were even stopped three times for checks, but since Heyman applied for an all-access pass, they could go through very smoothly with almost no checks at all.

The horse-drawn carriage came to a halt.

“We’ve arrived.” The unnatural voice of the coachman came amidst the chaotic noises.

Mag and the rest alighted from the horse-drawn carriage, and arrived at the outer ring of the venue. The place was filled with people, and the dozens of torches lit the place up brightly.

The banquet was coming to an end, and the palace maids had started to clear the plates. This meant that the conferring ceremony was about to begin.

The coachman sternly said, “According to the regulations, all of you can only watch the ceremony from here. You’re not allowed to go anywhere. I will be watching all your movements here. If any of you violates the rules, I will—”

Bam!

With a swift move, the unfinished words, together with the coachman, were stuffed into the carriage.



Mag stopped the horse-drawn carriage at the side where most of the carriages were parked. He turned to the others, who were looking at him in shock, and said, "Let's go in front to take a look." Then, he walked ahead.

"Wow, I feel that Boss is getting cooler," Yabemiya told Elizabeth softly.

Elizabeth frowned slightly. She looked intently at Mag's back thoughtfully, and somehow found it very familiar, but she could not seem to put her finger on it. The masked man unknowingly surfaced in her mind.

Babla made a path through space distortion so that they could easily squeeze to the first row and take a good spot.

"Have you found her?" Mag said softly towards the walkie-talkie.

"I haven't found traces of Connie. I will continue to keep a lookout for her." Camilla's voice came over quickly.

"Be careful," Mag reminded her. He watched the figure in orange armor slowly make its way towards the elevated platform.

Needless to say, that had to be the main character of today's conferring ceremony, Gary the Kingslayer.

Looks aside, that orange armor was enough to put Mag to shame. It gave off an orangey vibe.

Of course, what Mag cared about most was whether he had the aura of the black fog on him.

Mag's current top suspect was Gary.

"He did have the aura of the black fog and evilness on him. However, it was way weaker compared to that on Borg and Alfred. It might be because the black fog is still quite small." Irina's voice came from the headset.

#### **Chapter 1564: All His Life, He Had Never Been A Letdown To Lord Flerken's Choice**

"Indeed." Mag squinted a little. His target is locked. Gary did have something to do with the black fog.

However, since that was the case, he would go all out with Gary today. The mission ended tonight, so he had to kill Gary before that and get rid of the black fog.

There were a lot of powerhouses present. At the main table in the center was an orc in golden armor. He should be the most powerful orc in the entire race, Auster. Compared to the other 10th-tier powerhouses at the same table, his aura was way greater.

Of the top 10 orc tribes, four of the chiefs came and three other tribes sent their representatives. They had very distinct characteristics that showed which tribes they were from.

Before he came, Mag read up on a lot of information about the orc tribes, so he had a certain level of understanding for each of the tribes.

The Falk Tribe was a little weaker compared to the Aug Tribe. However, the former chief, Isaiah, used his charisma and kind attitude towards the other tribes to garner a lot of support from the other tribes. Therefore, the Falk Tribe could be in a sort of equilibrium with the Aug Tribe.

After Isaiah passed away in the rebellion, this equilibrium was tipped.

Most of the tribes who sent representatives over supported the Falk Tribe and stood on their side previously. There were two other tribes who simply didn't send anyone over to attend the conferring ceremony. The chiefs of the two tribes were pretty close with Isaiah.

Auster and Gary had an ambiguous relationship. Mag could not possibly do anything during the conferring ceremony, so he could only wait for the ceremony to end and the audience to leave before finding a chance to take action.

Gary went up the elevated platform in the middle of the venue. The four torches blazing at each of the four corners of the elevated platform lit his orange armor up brightly.

"Thank you all for coming to the Falk Tribe Chief Conferring Ceremony!" the captain shouted at the top of his lungs below the stage. "Our new chief: Chief Gary! He will be crowned as king, witnessed by Flerken, and become the new chief of the Falk Tribe!"

There was a roar of applause and cheers.

Gary looked at the orcs who were cheering for him, and the corners of his lips slowly rose. He had been waiting for this moment long enough.

More than a century ago, he was downstage, looking at Isaiah standing up here while getting crowned as the people cheered and Flerken congratulated him, thus casting Gary far behind him.

From that moment on, he swore to himself that one day, he would take over Isaiah's place and stand up here openly to step all over those fellows who once mocked and ridiculed him, and to make everyone applaud and cheer for him.

Now, he finally did it.

Isaiah was dead. The ones who mocked him were all dead.

Gary opened his arms wide, and loudly said, "This is the choice of the mighty Flerken. He bestowed upon me great strength to carry the responsibility of leading the Falk Tribe onwards! I, Gary Bellock, shall inherit Lord Flerken's will and become the ruler of the Falk Tribe!"

He shone and glimmered under the bright lights.

The people of the Falk Tribe were all looking at him. There were ardent supporters and also those in deep sorrow.

"Hm? Father, look. That uncle is dressed in the same color as Ugly Duckling," Amy said, looking surprised as she pointed at Gary.

"Meow." Ugly Duckling let out a soft meow, and cast a disdainful glance at Gary.

“Yes.” Mag’s lips moved as he tried hard to suppress his laughter. He looked around, and saw the execution stage not far away.

There were dozens of gallows standing on the stage, and that looked rather creepy.

If nothing went wrong, Ferdinand, whom they had searched for in vain, would soon be brought up to the gallows, and would then be publicly executed, marking the start of Gary’s era.

“Isaiah is the Falk Tribe’s criminal. During his rule, he went against and insulted Lord Flerken, put the evil people in power, and harmed the ordinary people...” Gary started to list the 10 crimes that Isaiah committed during his reign. Each of the crimes was abhorrent, portraying Isaiah as an immoral and violent ruler.

The nobles sitting at the normal tables started agreeing loudly, as though the ruler that they were proud of just a few months ago suddenly killed their fathers.

In contrast, the ordinary orcs were rather quiet. Several of them lowered their heads in silence.

*This fellow really cannot be compared to Isaiah.* Auster looked at Gary, who was glowing, and scoffed. He leaned back in his chair in a relaxed manner. He was here today to watch a show, and hopefully he would not be disappointed.

Of the chiefs and representatives present, some of them were gloating, while some were silent.

“Lord Flerken chose me to end Isaiah’s reign to save our people from misery. There are still some who have yet to give up, and are attempting to reinstate the tyrant ruler’s reign by helping the tyrant ruler’s son become the new tyrant.” Gary pointed towards the gallows.

A secret passageway appeared on the ground in front of the execution stage. A frail young orc was brought out through the passageway with his hands tied together.

“It’s Young Master Ferdinand!”

The people from the Falk Tribe recognized the young orc very quickly, and could not help but exclaim in astonishment.

“He’s Ferdinand?” Mag looked at the frail young orc. He looked around 16 to 17 years old, and he had short, messy brown hair. He was so pale that there was almost no color to him, and had a pair of pinkish-white orc ears on his head, exactly like Connie’s. Indeed, he was just like Hannah described him—a meek bottom with weak kidneys.

However, what shocked Mag the most was his pure black eyes. There was not a single white in those eyes that remained eerily black under the flaming torches.

“There’s an evil aura on him too. It is similarly very faint, but there’s something sinister about it, yet I can’t put my finger on it...” Irina’s voice sounded in Mag’s ear.

“How... is this possible?” Mag squinted. He looked at Ferdinand in bewilderment as the latter was brought up the execution stage step by step. He was Connie’s brother, the one she risked her life to save, and was even the eldest son of the former chief Isaiah. How could he have an evil aura?

Ferdinand's appearance caused quite a commotion. The nobles were still cursing as they concurred with Gary, while the ordinary orcs behind the fence started to surge forward.

"Young Master Ferdinand is such a kind person. He's kind and loyal, just like the former chief."

"Ya, what a pity. He should have become our new chief."

Some of the older orcs could not help but lament in pity.

The guards standing in front of the fence started to hit the orcs who were rushing forward with the batons in their hands. At the same time, they pulled out their swords and sabers to warn the crowd to back off.

Amidst the crowd, Durward raised the magic caster's staff in his hand slowly. There were many orcs who had squeezed their way to the front, and they also pulled out the weapons they'd hidden under their coats.

Gary looked at Ferdinand, who already had the rope put around his neck, with a scoff and said, "Ferdinand, you and Isaiah committed heinous crimes against the Falk Tribe. Today, you shall be hung to death on this execution stage to end the dark period of your family's reign. Do you have anything else to say?"

"If the 100 years that my father led the Falk Tribe through are considered a form of torture and harm, please let me offer my most sincere apologies right here on his behalf." Ferdinand looked at the orcs around, and said in a loud and sincere voice, "He died in the hands of his most trusted brother. The city gates were opened by rebels, and the palace was attacked by the rebellion army. In order to protect his dignity as chief and the glory of Flerken, he fought till the very last moment! All his life, he had never been a letdown to Lord Flerken's choice, to the people, and to his children, as a ruler and a father!"

The shouting nobles slowly grew silent. They started to look away, afraid to meet eyes with Ferdinand.

"Isaiah!"

"Isaiah!"

"Isaiah!!!"

Behind the fence, the orcs started shouting with fury as the crowd started pushing forward.

Gary's expression changed, and he quickly said, "Lies to deceive the people! E-execute him!"

### **Chapter 1565: I Didn't Have A Choice In The Past**

Not only did Ferdinand not beg for forgiveness, but he was also louder and more confident as he exposed Gary's lies and defamation.

The orcs who had been living in fear started to miss the peaceful times when Chief Isaiah was in reign. They looked at Ferdinand, and started to think if the Falk Tribe could go back to the past if Young Master Ferdinand became the new chief.

The expressions of the nobles who were sitting in the VIP area were also a little different. They knew very well what kind of chief Isaiah was to the Falk Tribe for the past century, and they did not have to bootlick a tyrant ruler every day out of fear back then.

The chiefs and representatives of the other tribes looked at Ferdinand with different expressions. Some of them felt sympathy, while others felt pity for this only son of Isaiah.

Billy looked at Ferdinand as he lamented, "What a pity. If there hadn't been a rebellion, he would have been the next Isaiah of the Falk Tribe. If he had a child, then they would be the ruler of the Twilight Forest." He could see Isaiah in him.

"Hehe... Interesting." Auster crossed his legs as he carried on watching the show.

*He looks like a bottom, but he talks like a top.* Mag was surprised by Ferdinand. From the corner of his eyes, he could see some of the orcs around him pulling out their weapons. It seemed like chaos would begin soon. He lowered his voice, and asked, "Have you found her?"

"Not yet," Camilla replied.

"She's not here?" Mag frowned. Camilla would not have missed Connie with her night vision ability, but why wouldn't she be here today at such an important moment?

"Young Master!" Durward teared up. He watched Ferdinand intently, as though he saw the former chief standing on the elevated platform saying his oath back then.

The young master's speech and behavior were in no way a shame to the former chief's reputation, and he also did not disappoint his supporters.

The orcs pulled out their weapons, and their eyes glimmered. They were willing to give their all, including their lives, for the future of the Falk Tribe.

Gary was a little taken aback by Ferdinand's words. The nephew who appeared to be bad with words suddenly coming up with a speech like this really caught him off guard.

Not only did Gary not enjoy the thrill of being victorious, Ferdinand's words even made the violence that he had been suppressing all this while break free.

"Execute him!" Gary ordered coldly as he spat the words syllable by syllable. *This fellow is just as hateful as his father.*

"Gary! You usurped the throne by killing the king, your brother. Lord Flerken would never choose someone like you to become the chief of the Falk Tribe!" Ferdinand continued loudly. "People, in the name of Lord Flerken, let's fight back! Let's kill the kingslayer! Let's bring the Falk Tribe back to where it belongs, under the glory of Lord Flerken!"

"Fight back?" Gary looked around at the people below the stage and outside. He smirked, and said, "I do want to see who dares to go against me."

Whoosh!

An arrow came flying over from the darkness, shooting the orc who was about to hang Ferdinand right between his brows, and pinning him to the gallow.

Orcs who were lying in ambush everywhere in the venue started dashing towards the guards as though a signal had been sounded, making their way towards the execution stage.

When Gary saw those orcs dashing in the crowd, he gave a stern order. "Kill them!"

Psst...

Just then, there was a sound of something tearing.

Gary lowered his head and looked at the dagger that pierced right through his abdomen. He then turned his head around, and watched in disbelief and shock as Basil lowered his hands and took two steps back. He swayed and fell to his knees as he put his hand over his chest. He looked at Basil with anger and indignation as he asked, "Wh-why?"

"Chief Gary!"

Everyone could not help but exclaim at the scene. They watched in disbelief as Basil successfully assassinated Gary, causing him to fall to the ground, and seriously injuring him.

Basil was Gary's best general, and also his trusted aide. How could he suddenly assassinate him at this moment?

The chiefs and representatives from the other tribes could not sit still anymore. At first, they thought they were just here to attend a conferring ceremony. They did not expect the situation to turn so chaotic. All of a sudden, they had no idea what to do.

"Hm? Counterstrike? A spy? A double agent?" Mag was completely baffled when he saw that scene.

After Ferdinand's life was no longer threatened, and Gary's top general turned around to injure him, the situation was totally reversed.

Mag was unable to foresee this situation based on the information the Gray Temple gave him. He also did not expect that Basil, the 10th-tier orc that Gary trusted, a fellow who looked so honest and loyal, would actually turn against him suddenly.

"Basil, what are you doing!?" Darryl and Kurt, who were both standing below the stage, shouted almost simultaneously while looking at Basil in shock.

"I am doing the right thing according to Lord Flerken's guidance!" Basil looked at Darryl and Kurt, and sincerely said to them, "I didn't have a choice in the past, but right now, I want to be a good person and choose a good chief for the tribe."

"Ferdinand!"

"Ferdinand!"

"Chief Ferdinand!!!"

The chants got louder, and the voices very quickly echoed around the entire venue and the entire inner city!

Everyone swarmed up to the execution stage and shouted Ferdinand's name. Even the nobles started to join in the chants.

"Darryl, Kurt, kill this betrayer and Ferdinand for me. In the future, the three of us will rule different parts of the Falk Tribe together!" Gary said to gritted teeth to Darryl and Kurt.

Darryl's and Kurt's expressions changed. They exchanged glances and could see the hesitation in each other's eyes. Gary's words were very enticing, no doubt, but now that the situation had gotten out of hand, even they might not be able to kill Basil and Ferdinand to regain control.

"To all the tribesmen who had been threatened or beguiled by Gary, if you can wake up and join me in punishing the kingslayer, the crimes that you've once committed can be pardoned. I guarantee that from today onwards, I will let bygones be bygones!" Ferdinand announced loudly on the execution stage after the chains and ropes on him were removed.

"Gary killed his brother to usurp the throne, beguiled and threatened us. His crimes are punishable by death. Darryl is willing to obey the command of Young Master Ferdinand!" Darryl was the first to kneel in front of Ferdinand.

Kurt quickly kneeled down as he loudly proclaimed, "Kurt is willing to obey too!"

"You... You two..." Gary was stupefied. He did not think that on the day of the conferring ceremony, there would be so much betrayal going on. He turned to Auster, and pleaded, "Chief Auster, please help me to rid my tribe of the betrayers. After this, I would definitely keep my promise!"

"This is the internal affairs of the Falk Tribe. I represent the Aug Tribe. It's not appropriate for me to intervene too much in case of unnecessary trouble. Please settle this yourself," Auster said with a smile.

### **Chapter 1566: Every One Of You... Has To Die**

Gary, the proud new chief who was just conferred, became a bad apple that nobody wanted to be associated with.

The sudden disparity made many people unable to react.

"So, whose conferring ceremony are we here to attend today?" Habeng asked softly.

Haga instead pointed at a few figures in the crowd, and asked, "See, is that Boss Mag and the Little Boss?"

"Seems like them." Habeng looked at where he was pointing, and nodded when he saw the familiar white double ponytails.

Mag narrowed his eyes when he looked at Auster and Ferdinand, who had a faint smile on the gallows.

The developments had indeed exceeded his expectations in many areas. Ferdinand's heroic speech had gained him the support of many ordinary orcs. Basil's lethal betrayal had seriously injured Gary before

he made that classic speech. Auster, who was supposed to support Gary, chose to watch the show at the side and not interfere at this time. This meant he was going to watch Gary fail completely.

Mag wasn't going to believe all these were pure coincidence.

It reeked of a conspiracy, and combining all the factors, they all converged onto Ferdinand.

This thin and weak youth was obviously in charge of the entire situation this whole time as he retaliated one step at a time and established his prestige and status. He was so scheming that he didn't resemble a youth. Mag even thought that there was some connection between him and Auster.

The kingslayer was utterly isolated, while the prince returned to save his people living in dire suffering, and became the new chief whom his people adored... This show seemed rather good.

"Wow. Seems like Connie's big brother is someone very formidable. He didn't even need us to subdue the bad guys." Yabemiya was amazed.

"Then, did Big Sister Connie receive the news in advance, and that's why she didn't come?" Amy asked curiously.

Mag also thought of a certain possibility when he heard that. If Connie met Ferdinand last night, and they had a conversation, it became completely plausible as to why she didn't appear in the team to kidnap the chief today.

However... Mag still felt that something wasn't quite right.

Where did the evil presence on Ferdinand come from?

If Gary died today, then the source of that black fog and the clues would all point to Ferdinand. He couldn't ignore that point.

Without his power, without his subordinates' loyalty, and without the powerful external assistance, Gary shakily stood up with his hand upon his chest as he looked at Ferdinand with a pathetic smile. He chuckled with self-deprecation. "Even Isaiah had perished in my hands. I didn't expect to suffer a defeat in your hands, little imp. I didn't expect you would have such shrewdness and maneuvers that even my most trusted subordinate has become your man."

Ferdinand calmly replied, "The Falk Tribe is loyal to Lord Flerken. They simply only obey the Lord's instructions. Gary, from the moment you disobeyed the Lord's will and instructions, you were already destined to lose."

"Flerken doesn't exist! There are no gods in this world! Evil and terror are coming to this world eventually, and nobody is able to stop all this!" Gary suddenly exclaimed agitatedly. His gaze swept over the crowd as he revealed an eerie smile. He reached back to grab that dagger that was lodged in his chest, and pulled it out. He then stabbed it hard into his heart with that weird smile on his face as he said, "Every one of you... has to die."

*Every one of you... has to die.*

This terrible mutter lingered on in everyone's ears for a long time before it finally went away.



Gary's body collapsed to the ground slowly, and blood unhurriedly spread out beneath his body. His eyes were still staring at the pitch-dark sky with an eerie smile, as if he was welcoming something.

Everyone was looking at Gary's body with fear on their faces. What was the meaning of the words that he said before he died? It made them fearful.

*Evil and terror are coming to this world eventually. Every one of you... has to die...* Mag looked at Gary's lifeless body, and was disappointed that he couldn't get more information about the black fog and the evil from him.

If he was the final boss, Mag still felt that something was missing.

Mag scanned through the mission column in his brain. The mission process for eradicating the black fog was still zero. This meant that Gary's death didn't bring any advancement for the black fog's mission!

In another word, he simply wasn't the source of the black fog!

Gary's death brought upon a shadow of terror on everyone, and plunged them into an eerie silence.

Ferdinand went up, and said with pain, "The Kingslayer is already dead, and this would console my father, Chief Isaiah, and many of our people who suffered and died in the rebellion!"

Darryl came up, and loudly exclaimed, "Gary shamelessly killed his chief and wreaked havoc on the tribe. We are all willing to serve Young Master Ferdinand as our chief!"

Kurt also rushed up, and loudly exclaimed, "We are all willing to serve Young Master Ferdinand as our chief!"

"Young Master Ferdinand is Chief Isaiah's only son, so he already is the heir apparent of the chief. We are all willing to serve you as our chief!" Basil said with a bow.

All the Falk Tribe's people knelt down, and loudly exclaimed, "We are all willing to serve you as our chief!"

All the orcs were looking at Ferdinand with glowing eyes, as if they had picked a wise leader for themselves. The ambiance was full of extreme excitement. Gary's era was snuffed out as soon as it began, and Ferdinand's era was about to begin.

"Old chief, I didn't let you down. Young Master will become the chief after you and continue to lead the Falk Tribe forward," Durward muttered as he wiped his tears off.

Auster got up, and lamented, "I didn't expect I would be witnessing a moment like this. Chief Isaiah and I could be considered as old friends. It warms my heart to see that his son could take over his position. Since everything is ready, why not confer Young Master Ferdinand right now."

"The evil presence on him is growing rapidly, as if it has just absorbed the fearful emotions from the people present." Irina's solemn voice appeared in Mag's ear.

*Growing stronger by absorbing the fearful emotions?* Mag was also looking at Ferdinand with a grave expression. Judging from this, he was the mission's actual target and the real master of the black fog.

"I am still young and not powerful enough. How could I be the chief of the Falk Tribe? Please elect another of my capable and powerful tribesmen as the chief to lead us so we won't let the tribe's awe and name down," Ferdinand humbly replied. His eyes met Auster's briefly, and both their lips curled at the same time.

"You are indeed not fit to be the chief. Otherwise, Father's, Mother's, and Grandmother's soul can never rest in peace." Right at that time, a cold voice sounded. A petite figure walked out from the crowd as she removed the black cloak she was wearing.

### **Chapter 1567: You Must Be Disappointed That I Didn't Die, Right?**

"Princess Connie!"

All the orcs couldn't help but exclaim when they saw the maiden in black.

Her petite figure, wavy hair, and pinkish-white animal ears were perky under the glow of the firelight. That adorable face was grave as she glared at Ferdinand.

Connie's sudden appearance had indeed shocked many orcs. After all, there were rumors since the very beginning that Princess Connie and Chief Isaiah had died together in the rebellion.

But she was now standing here alive, and saying all these unexpected words to Young Master Ferdinand.

One had to know that Young Master Ferdinand had just converted many of Gary's trusted subordinates and rebels, killed Gary, escaped from the gallows, and was about to be conferred as the new chief.

"Connie! You are still alive!" Ferdinand was also stunned to see Connie. He soon ecstatically said, "This is great. I was so afraid that I would be the only one left in this world. It's great that you are still alive."

That sincere smile and loving gaze showed the concern that an older brother had for a sister. It was so touching.

Yes. Princess Connie was the beloved daughter of the Falk Tribe, and was deeply favored by Chief Isaiah. Young Master Ferdinand also doted on her.

Perhaps what happened recently was a huge blow to her, so that was why she had changed.

*This lass...* Auster looked at Connie with narrowed eyes. There was a hint of suspicion and danger in them.

Meanwhile, the other chiefs and representatives all chose to keep quiet and watch the situation unfold.

"Seems like Connie has also discovered something." Mag pondered as he looked at the back of Connie, who was clenching her fists tightly. She only chose to hide in the crowd and appear now, so she had to have known that all this was going to happen.

"I didn't expect she could change her appearance and hide so well. I thought it was an old lady." Camilla's resigned voice came through the headset.

"The little one has even fooled me too. Her talent is indeed very good," Rex muttered to himself with consolation in the distant crowd. However, he was beginning to look at Ferdinand with a doubtful gaze. He sensed a familiar presence in him that unsettled him, but he couldn't recall what it was.

“Ferdinand, do you not feel ashamed when you utter those words?” Connie looked at Ferdinand and pursed her lips. “You must be disappointed that I didn’t die, right?”

The square was in complete silence.

Everyone that was standing in between Connie and Ferdinand backed off. All the orcs were looking at Connie and Ferdinand restlessly. They didn’t understand why the ambiance between the siblings, who met after such an ordeal, was so weird.

The smile on Ferdinand’s face froze gradually. However, he quickly changed to a heartache-filled expression as he told Connie, “It’s all my fault. I didn’t protect you. If Father and they knew, they wouldn’t forgive me. Don’t worry, Connie. From today on, big brother will protect you, and no one will be able to hurt you again.”

All the orcs heaved a breath of relief. Young Master Ferdinand was indeed a very gentle and responsible man. He treated his sister so gently and kindly, so he would definitely treat his people like Chief Isaiah.

“Stop pretending to be kind. I have read all about it in Grandma’s diary.” Connie took out a thick parchment book and a bloody strip of cloth from a cloth bag at her waist. She lifted them high over her head as she pointed a fair finger at Ferdinand with reddened eyes, and said, “You are no longer my big brother, Ferdinand. You have been bewitched by the devil and given your soul to the terrible and evil presence! It’s you who had bewitched Gary and made him rebel and kill everyone in the palace! It’s you who had bewitched Basil and made him kill Gary! All this is your conspiracy!

“You used Gary’s hands to kill Father and Grandma who had seen through your conspiracy. You killed my mother and everyone who knew you! You must be disappointed that I didn’t die, right?”

“Ferdinand, you’re not fit to be the chief of the Falk Tribe! You will cause the Falk Tribe to be bewitched by the devil just like the Urba Tribe years ago. It will descend into a crazy cannibalism and eventually destroy everything!

“I cannot... I absolutely cannot watch you destroy everything that Father had spent his life defending!”

The scene was in complete silence. The orcs looked at the parchment book and the bloody cloth that Connie was holding high above her head with shocked and confused expressions. Was everything that Princess Connie said real?

“The Urba Tribe...” The chief of the Blue Sky Tribe, Billy, suddenly stood up and stared at Connie in disbelief. He had a close friend who was one of the Urba Tribe’s 10th-tier powerhouses then.

Billy even rushed to the Urba Tribe personally on that day. He would still have flashbacks about the immensely horrific scene now. He couldn’t imagine what could’ve happened on that day to cause such a horrific scene.

He almost didn’t see a complete corpse. The terrible wounds looked as if they were torn apart by some wild beasts. No one in the entire tribe was left alive.

What was even more terrifying was the facial expressions on those corpses. They all had a scary twisted smile on their faces. There was no fear... they were laughing instead!

This incident shocked the orc species. The scary crime scene even triggered a huge panic. Later, news got out that it was the Hairless Monk who massacred the Urba Tribe for revenge. Much evidence was dug out, and this incident was eventually concluded.

However, as a person who had been to the crime scene and saw those bodies personally, Billy always had serious reservations about this conclusion. A lot of doubts still couldn't be explained even after the Hairless Monk was captured.

However, right now, Connie was saying that the Urba Tribe wasn't massacred by the Hairless Monk. The horrible cannibalism happened because the tribe was bewitched by the evil god and devil. Those bitten marks, scattered limbs, and scary expressions were caused by them.

Billy's gaze landed on Gary's body on the platform. Yes. They were glaring like that with a weird smile.

Billy felt as if his heart was suddenly grasped by someone, and his breathing began to hasten. If all this was real... Did that mean that the devil really existed!?

"Debbie..." Rex saw the diary that Connie was holding above her head. He suddenly clenched his fists as he realized why the presence around Ferdinand felt familiar. The memory that he had deliberately buried suddenly surged up. On that terrible night, the thick black fog in the sky over the Urba Tribe had this presence which made people go crazy.

*So, that was it.* Mag's train of thoughts became instantly clear too. He couldn't help feeling sorry for Connie when he looked upon her petite back. This entire day and night that they lost contact had to have been extremely tormenting for her.

"It seems like you have been frightened out of your mind." Ferdinand's expression didn't show any hint of guilt because of Connie's accusation. Instead, he ordered the orc next to him with heartache and self-rapprochement, "Bring Connie away first. Take good care of her. I will bring the best doctor to treat her later."

### **Chapter 1568: This Batch Of Orcs Is Even Worse Than The Batch Of Orcs Then**

With a simple explanation of being terrified, Ferdinand had classified Connie's behavior as throwing a tantrum after she had been overly scared.

The orcs pondered after hearing that. Compared to polite and perfectly calm Ferdinand, Princess Connie's words were indeed alarming and illogical. Furthermore, using the Urba Tribe as a comparison was even incomprehensible.

"This..."

The orcs from the all tribes who had seen the scene at the Urba Tribe themselves revealed thoughtful expressions. They would never forget that scene for the rest of their lives. It indeed didn't look like the scene of a normal massacre. Even a massacre wouldn't be so terrifying.

"Father said before that the Urba Tribe couldn't have been massacred by the Hairless Monk alone. Perhaps it is indeed as that little maiden said, they were bewitched by the devil?" Habeng asked softly with surprise.

“We cannot decide. Let’s ask Father after we get back.” Haga suddenly took out a photostone, and recorded Gary’s body on the platform for a moment before focusing on Ferdinand.

*Did this chap really make a deal with the devil? The thing that he wanted to give me, could it be...* Auster also narrowed his eyes at Ferdinand, and sunk deep in thought.

“Allow me to escort Princess Connie back to the palace for her rest.” Kurt immediately walked toward Connie as he was desperate to prove his allegiance to his new chief.

The crowd around them took a few steps back instinctively, as if they were trying to keep their distance from Connie.

Connie unfurled the bloody letter in her hands, and looked at Ferdinand furiously. “Ferdinand, are you feeling guilty? This is the bloody letter that I have found in Grandma’s room. She wanted me to stay away from you and the tribe. She had already foreseen the future of the Falk Tribe. She knew I couldn’t stop all this, so she wanted me to escape from here and from you.”

The blood had already turned brown, but from that messy handwriting, they could see how fearful the person was when she had written that bloody letter. If this really came from Madam Debbie, what would that imply?

“Princess Connie, let me bring you back to your chamber to rest. You must be exhausted.” Kurt walked to Connie smilingly, and extended his hand toward her.

“Take back your filthy hand, bastard!” An angry roar thundered.

Kurt paled instantly, and put his arms across his body instinctively.

A giant shoe appeared right in front of his face. It stomped on the hand blocking in front of his face, and kicked his face.

Kurt’s face distorted instantly, and he was stomped into the ground with a fearful expression.

Bam!

Gravel flew around, and a giant crater appeared in the ground. Kurt’s two legs were stuck high in the air as they twitched unnaturally.

A tall and strapping orc with short hair appeared in front of Connie. He was stepping on Kurt’s head with one foot with a fearsome facial expression.

“What?!”

All of the orcs were staring at Kurt who was stomped into the ground with shock. Lord Kurt was the 10th-tier powerhouse of the Falk Tribe, and yet he was stomped into the ground so easily. What was that fellow?!

“The Hairless Monk!” Darryl exclaimed as he stared at the orc who suddenly appeared.

They just had an altercation yesterday, so of course he could recognize who he was. With fear and fury, he said to Rex, “You came to Young Master Ferdinand last night, and now the young master is already here. Why are you still hurting Kurt then?”

“Hairless Monk!”

All the orcs broke into a commotion upon hearing that. The orcs who were standing close to them immediately backed dozens of meters away from them as they stared at that short-haired orc who had his foot on Kurt.

The notoriety of the Hairless Monk had only increased in the past 100 years. He was still the number one bad guy of the Twilight Forest, an existence who could stop the children crying with his name alone.

When the entire Urba Tribe was annihilated then, the crime scene was extremely terrifying, and the culprit was this fellow right in front of them.

However, wasn't he already captured and locked up in the Bastie Prison in Chaos City? Why was he appearing here? And why was he attacking Kurt?

Auster also stood up immediately, and yelled, “Rex! I didn't expect you would dare to appear in the Twilight Forest again!”

All the chiefs also stood up, and looked at Rex warily with nervous expressions.

“I am her master, so tell me, why am I stepping on him?” Rex turned his gaze to Ferdinand, and solemnly said, “Debbie was right. The evil presence on you is no different from the black fog that was consolidating in the sky above the Urba Tribe that day. It came from the devil, and it was going to welcome the arrival of the devil. It would bring a devastating catastrophe to the tribe. The Urba Tribe is your example. Connie came back to save you, but you have already sold your soul to the devil. You killed your father to ascend to the throne! You forced Debbie to her death! A fellow like you should be executed!”

*Was that really the devil who was exercising his evil influence?* Billy looked at Rex. He had always wanted to kill Rex for the past 100 years to avenge his good friend, but now he couldn't help wondering if it had been correct to pin the crime on Rex.

Ferdinand looked at Rex, and a hint of panic flashed through his eyes. He took two steps back instinctively, but he soon stopped himself and regained his composure. With a pained expression, he said, “Connie, why are you taking someone who is a sinner to be your master? No wonder you would say those words earlier. I don't blame you. You must have been brainwashed by the Hairless Monk.

“If the devil really exists in this world, he must be the most terrifying one. Otherwise, he wouldn't have annihilated the Urba Tribe. He even split open the stomach of a newborn child!”

“Yes! How dare a devil accuse the young master?!”

“Princess Connie actually addressed the Hairless Monk as her master! This is an insult to the tribe!”

The orcs from the Falk Tribe began to chime in with acknowledgement. They were looking at Rex with a hateful and fearful gaze. They were also looking at Connie with a disgusted gaze.

Almost everyone was taking Ferdinand's side. The doubtful voice had almost completely disappeared.

“All the chiefs and powerhouses present here, I, Ferdinand, on behalf of the Falk Tribe, humbly ask all of you to subdue this evil Hairless Monk and prevent a disaster for the Falk Tribe after our power was

severely impaired. We don't want a repeat of the Urba Tribe's tragedy. We, the Falk Tribe, will always remember your kindness!" Ferdinand loudly declared to all the chiefs and representatives with a sincere look.

All the chiefs had a hesitant expression upon hearing that.

This matter had nothing to do with them. However, since Rex the Hairless Monk had appeared, the entire orc species could no longer stay out of it.

Compared to the speech that Rex made to exonerate himself, Ferdinand's request and explanation were obviously much more convincing.

"We, the Tadala Tribe, will support the Falk Tribe!"

"We, the Dino Tribe, will support the Falk Tribe!"

"We, the Nam Tribe, will support the Falk Tribe!"

The powerhouses from all the tribes began to come forward, and loudly declared their support.

Ferdinand curled his lips slightly. Even if the Hairless Monk was very powerful, could he really take on 10 of them?

However, Ferdinand still maintained a righteous expression, as if he was willing to sacrifice himself for his tribe anytime.

"Master... Why don't they believe us?" Connie asked as she looked at Rex's strong back. Tears already flowed down her reddened eyes uncontrollably.

"This is the reason why I wasn't willing to explain back then. So many years have passed, and this batch of orcs is even worse than the batch of orcs then." Rex smiled. There was a hint of resignation in his smile.

### **Chapter 1569: Holy Light, Let Evil Have Nowhere To Hide!**

"Back off, Connie. The orc species is going to exterminate the Hairless Monk today to avenge the Urba Tribe's souls who died tragically in the past!" Ferdinand said, pointing at Rex.

The orcs who had stepped out earlier had already taken out their weapons. The Falk Tribe's powerhouses were also looking at Rex angrily. Everyone seemed to be taking Ferdinand's side.

"These baddies are bullying Big Sister Connie together. I want to send them flying to the sky!" Amy angrily said as she began to take out her fire lotus bombs.

"Prepare for action. The first objective is to bring Connie away safely. The second objective is to capture Ferdinand," Mag gravely said as he pressed on the longsword that he hid under his robes.

What happened today had been too dramatic, and completely went beyond all the plans he had previously made. However, things were getting clearer now, there had to be a connection between Ferdinand and the black fog. If he wanted to eradicate the black fog, a fight with him was inevitable.

However, Ferdinand had used his powerful empathic skills, and successfully made the majority of the people join the ranks of exterminating the devil by using the prejudice and fear the orcs had for Rex.

“You are saying that the Hairless Monk represents evil and all he said are lies. Then, what about me?” Right at this time, a sarcastic voice appeared above the square. A champagne light flashed and Irina appeared, hovering in midair above the square.

“Irina!” someone exclaimed as everybody stared at Irina who was wearing a white dress, shrouded in champagne light.

Irina’s legends had never stopped during this whole time, regardless whether it was battling a few powerhouses with Alex in Rodu, slaughtering the spatial demon patriarch, founding the Night Elves, killing Borg, or bringing the elven slaves out of the Wind Forest in a shocking manner.

However, what was she doing in the Falk Tribe? What was the meaning of her words?

Ferdinand was also looking at Irina with shock, but he soon said, “Princess Irina, the Falk Tribe has always been friendly with the Wind Forest. May I know what is the purpose of your trip here today?”

All the orcs from the different tribes halted and looked at Irina too.

This woman was the one woman that nobody could trifle with in this world; even the Wind Forest was split up by her. Don’t even mention that Alex, who could kill the spatial demon patriarch with one strike, was standing behind her.

“I came to eradicate evil. The God of Light and God of Life have bestowed upon me power and responsibility that allows me to identify and cleanse all evil presence.” Irina looked at Ferdinand with a holy expression, and coldly said, “I have discovered evil on your body. That is a power and presence that doesn’t belong to this world. I suspect you have made a deal with the devil and sold your soul.”

“H-how is that possible?!”

“She is spouting nonsense, right?! How could Young Master Ferdinand have sold his soul to the devil?!”

“But... Irina represents the God of Light and the God of Life. She must be very sensitive to evil. What she could see may really exist.”

The square broke out into commotion. Compared to Rex, who was believed to be a scary evil presence, Irina’s words were more believable and difficult to refute straight away.

Undeniably, when Alex and Irina were traveling on the continent, they had left behind many legends of upholding virtue and condemning evil, and were deemed the embodiment of justice.

Her sudden appearance in the Falk Tribe and accusation of Ferdinand selling his soul to the devil was really befuddling to the Falk Tribe’s orcs.

“Princess Irina, please mind your words. Although my power is negligible, and the Falk Tribe has waned after going through many catastrophes, I am still the son of Isaiah and the young master of the Falk Tribe!” Ferdinand said to Irina righteously. “I will never agree to your unreasonable accusations and pushing the blame onto me like this! The Falk Tribe and the orc species will never agree, either!”



“The Falk Tribe is going through a catastrophe today. I have already lost my most important loved ones. The tribe has already lost their best chief! The pride of the Falk Tribe will not be trampled on by your people again!”

The Falk Tribe’s orcs got agitated immediately, and shouted and yelled in support of Ferdinand.

The other tribes’ orcs were also looking at Irina judgmentally. Her appearance was too much of a coincidence.

It was still explainable if she said Gary had sold his soul to the devil. How could the victim, Ferdinand, be the devil?

“Your glib tongue is not going to change anything.” Irina looked at Ferdinand as she raised the magic caster’s staff in her hands. The golden light began to converge as she smiled. “We simply need a beam of Holy Light to find out whether you have sold your soul to the devil. All evil has nowhere to hide in front of the Holy Light.”

“Irina, this is us orcs’ matter. Aren’t you being a busybody here?” Auster came over with a sinister expression, and said to Irina, “Who are you to decide about our orc species’ matters? You have already made the Wind Forest a mess, so are you trying to make the Twilight Forest a mess now too?!”

“It wouldn’t just be you orcs’ matter alone if he has sold his soul to the devil. This is a matter that threatens the survival of the entire Norland Continent, so why can’t I be involved?” Irina replied to Auster coldly.

“Today’s matter isn’t up to you. The Falk Tribe has already had many catastrophes, and we won’t allow you to cause trouble and hurt the innocents! I, Auster, and the Aug Tribe will not allow this!” Auster said forcefully with a dark face.

“You still talk as much nonsense now as you did then.” Rex disappeared from where he was standing. Accompanied by a sonic boom, a giant fist as big as a sandbag had already appeared in front of Auster.

Auster’s reaction was also very fast. He punched toward Rex’s fist at the same time as he rapidly backed off.

Bam!

A dull thud sounded, and a powerful force formed an energy ripple as it exploded in midair. The people around it were blown away, and the ground sank 50 cm deep right away.

Auster was forced dozens of meters back. His legs left deep trenches on the ground before he could stop himself.

And Rex already appeared in front of him again.

The sonic booms continued. Their figures had already become two faint shadows. Everyone could only hear the dull thuds when the fists landed on their bodies.

The sudden battle between Rex and Auster made the sounds of opposition disappear immediately. Irina’s magic caster’s staff already had the golden Holy Light lit up.

Finally, panic appeared on Ferdinand's face as he ordered, "Irina is trying to kill me and subvert the Falk Tribe. Stop her!"

"Protect Young Master Ferdinand!" Darryl shouted. He swung his magic caster's staff, and ice barriers appeared above Ferdinand's head.

Meanwhile, Basil dashed toward Irina with his iron rod.

"Holy Light, let evil have nowhere to hide!" Irina chanted loudly as she pointed her staff at Ferdinand. A bright beam of golden Holy Light pierced through the ice barriers, and landed on Ferdinand, who had a terrified expression.

### **Chapter 1570: The God Of Light Will Cleanse His Soul And Body Completely!**

The dazzling Holy Light descended from the sky, pierced through the barriers of ice, and landed on Ferdinand.

Everyone's gazes followed the Holy Light instinctively.

This was the world's holiest light; even the orcs had to admit that.

Light magic casters were extremely rare, and those who could master the Holy Light Technique were even rarer. They all had the God of Light's favor.

That god that was the sworn enemy of evil in the legends represented justice and light.

The Holy Light represented brightness. It could cleanse a person's soul and remove evil. It wasn't very aggressive toward normal people, but to evil, it was like a sharp sword.

The majority of the Falk Tribe's orcs still trusted Ferdinand. Since the Holy Light had already descended, it could naturally prove his innocence. Then, Irina had to apologize for what she did.

Connie stared at Ferdinand with reddened eyes as she tightly clenched her fists. Her body was trembling too.

Mag threw a glance at Irina, who was hovering in midair. He placed Amy in Elizabeth's care, and then left with the excuse of finding an evacuation route.

Rex and Auster, who were locked in a battle, punched at each other before taking dozens of steps back together at the time. They stopped fighting with tacit understanding, and looked at Ferdinand together.

The pure golden Holy Light that gave out dazzling beams landed on Ferdinand.

"No!"

Ferdinand's expression twisted instantly. The hidden black fog could no longer hide. It slithered out from his body like black snakes, and twisted into scary faces in the Holy Light before it disintegrated.

"Chi chi ga ga..." Devilish screams emerged from those shattered ghost faces, and shocked the people to their core.

"Wh-what are those?! How could the Holy Light have made these come out?!"

“Why are such terrifying things found on Young Master Ferdinand?!”

“Oh my heavens! Did Young Master Ferdinand really trade his soul to the devil?!”

The orcs surrounding Ferdinand backed away from him in a panic as they watched Ferdinand, who grimaced in the Holy Light, with shock.

In the pure Holy Light, Ferdinand’s crazy twisted expression terrified people, and the ghost faces that the weird black fog consolidated into even made people associate them with the scary devil.

Everyone suddenly realized what Irina said could be true. The Holy Light was already enough to prove all this.

“How could that happen?!” All the chiefs and representatives were also shocked to see that.

The devil only existed in the legends, but what they were seeing now couldn’t be refuted.

If the devil was proved to have really existed, and had exchanged its soul with Ferdinand and bewitched Gary to kill his king, then what Connie said earlier about the Urba Tribe’s mishap could have indeed been caused by the devil, and the whole tribe ended cannibalizing one another?

“Princess Irina is right. The black fog on him is indeed suspicious. It reeks of the scent of evil, and it is similar to Gary’s behavior earlier.” Billy pointed his finger at Basil who was dashing forward. Countless vines rapidly grew out from the ground, formed a wall in the blink of an eye, and blocked his way.

Basil attempted to dash over, but was bound by the vines that suddenly entwined him.

Ferdinand looked up gradually. There was a rim of red light around his completely black eyes. He laughed as he said to Irina, “Y-you cannot kill me... I am the God of Darkness, and I am all around you...”

“You are simply a remnant thought that is hiding in the body of a coward. Do you really believe you are the evil god?” Irina pursed her lips with disdain. She lifted her magic caster’s staff up again, and chanted, “God of Light, please bestow your power upon me, and with the power of holy light, cleanse this world of all evil and darkness!”

Another brighter and bigger beam of Holy Light crashed down.

“Ah!!!”

Ferdinand tilted his head back and let out a shrill scream. The black fog melted away quickly in the Holy Light. Much of it disappeared even before it could form ghost faces.

Ferdinand’s face became paler and paler. It even felt like it was going to become transparent.

The red rim at the exterior of the eyes slowly retreated, and his eyes turned black again. His eyes met Connie’s as he weakly said, “Connie, I’ve never thought of killing you. Never did... P-please help me...”

“But you’ve killed everyone that I treasure, including you.” Connie sobbed with reddened eyes.

“If there is an afterlife...”

“Please let her off then,” Amy chimed in loudly.

“Pfft...” Ferdinand spat out a mouthful of black blood, and his expression descended into chaos and madness again.

“Was the old chief’s death and that rebellion really planned by Ferdinand?”

“It’s so scary! The old chief was so nice to him, and even groomed him to be the next chief. Why did he do that?!”

Watching the scene, all the orcs could already basically judge the situation now. The connection between Ferdinand and the devil had been proven with Ferdinand thrashing around on the ground in the holy light.

Ferdinand suddenly opened his eyes, and stared at Connie with black eyes as he hysterically said, “I am going to kill you! You’re the bastard of that b\*tch! You all killed my mother... It’s you all who caused me to have never met her... All of you deserve to die! When did he ever use his mercy on my mother? I am going to kill all of you to console her soul! She said she had a horrible death...”

“Your mother died during childbirth. She insisted on saving you, and entrusted you to my mother. She begged her to treat you like her own son. You should know very well how Mother had treated you all these years. If she had really caused your mother’s death, why would she have treated you so well? She even treated you better than me,” Connie said to Ferdinand as she hugged the diary tightly. “All these things were recorded in Grandma’s diary, but you had believed the devil’s bewitchment, and killed all your loved ones.”

“No. It wasn’t like that... It wasn’t like that...” Ferdinand grasped his hair and yelled in pain. He fell to his knees, and let out an angry howl at the sky.

Irina was watching this coldly. Suddenly, she cocked an eyebrow in hesitation. She kept her magic caster’s staff and pointed at Ferdinand as she shouted, “Ferdinand’s soul is already completely corroded by the devil. He has become the devil’s most loyal servant. To prevent him from harming this world again, the God of Light will cleanse his soul and body completely!”

As soon as she said that, the holy light on Ferdinand suddenly burst out. The glaring light made it impossible for anyone to see anything within the holy light.

Approximately three seconds later, the holy light slowly dissipated.

And there was only a piece of tattered clothing left in the center of the stage, which was the one that Ferdinand was wearing.