

Stay At home 461

Chapter 461 We Haven't Lost Yet

"He's so powerful!"

"What powerful wind magic!"

The audience was in an uproar. Everyone's eyes widened at the sight of Neil being hurled off the platform by that pillar of wind. There was such a massive disparity in stature between the two of them, but the result of their battle was very unexpected.

It seemed like the battle had only just begun, yet Neil had already been eliminated by an opponent who appeared to only be around 11 or 12 years old. If he were attending Chaos School, he would still be a part of the elementary section!

"That's true magic." Hank turned to the Chaos School students with a hint of ridicule on his face before joining the Magus Tower magic casters in their raucous cheers.

"The first victory goes to the Magus Tower. Neil Barkly has been eliminated. Let's begin the second battle. Team leaders, please select your contestants." Karpas turned to the Chaos School students with an encouraging expression.

"You're up next, Lyant." Claus cast a wary glance at George. He could also unleash an intermediate spell, but it would be very forced, and he couldn't do it with anywhere near the ease with which George had unleashed that spell. As such, he didn't know if he would be able to defeat George in battle.

"Alright." A tall and thin student emerged, and he walked toward the platform with an extremely wary expression.

George turned to Karpas, and informed, "I'll keep going."

"Second battle, begin!" Karpas announced with a nod.

This was a battle between two wind magic casters, and the disparity in power was quite apparent. George didn't even need to unleash his gale pillar before he was able to force eliminate Lyant with ease. In the end, a teacher from Chaos School had to step in to shield him from two wind blades. Otherwise, he would have been in a lot of danger.

"Second battle, Magus Tower wins."

"Third battle, Magus Tower wins."

"Seventh battle, Magus Tower wins."

Karpas' indifferent voice sounded once again, and an oppressive silence settled over the venue. Everyone looked up at the golden-haired young boy standing on the platform with indignation in their eyes, but also with a hint of awe and veneration.

In the seven matches, only the last student from Chaos School posed a small threat to George. Everyone else was eliminated by him with ease, and his overwhelming might struck everyone with a hint of despair.

“Thank you.” George nodded at Karpas as he got down from the platform. In the process, he looked at the Chaos School students below the stage, and shook his head with a bored expression.

“Well done, George. Leave the rest to me.” Hank patted George on the shoulder before getting onto the platform. A mocking sneer appeared on his face as he pointed to Claus, and said, “You’re the team leader, right? Beating you one by one would be too boring. I’ll give you a chance: split your remaining eight members into two groups, and I’ll fight you in groups of four. If you beat me, then you win the match, but if you lose, then the Magus Tower will probably never come back to your school. Fighting someone who can’t even pose a good challenge is too boring.”

“You!!” Claus stepped forward and glowered at Hank. He was being insulted in front of the entire school, but they had lost seven consecutive battles, so he didn’t know how to respond. The disparity in power between the two sides struck him with despair, and he had no choice but to turn to the teachers below the stage for help.

The other students of Chaos School were also furious. However, none of them could do anything, either. George had already beaten many of the best magic casters among their ranks, and it appeared that Hank was supposed to be even more powerful. They stood absolutely no chance here.

“That green-haired guy is going to fight four people at once?”

The students below the platform were all shocked and enraged upon hearing that. Not only was Hank insulting his opponents, he was even insulting the entire Chaos School. The most infuriating part was that no one could do anything about it.

“Abbott, I don’t think that’s allowed under the current rules.” Grinton turned to Abbott with a dark expression. They were mentally prepared for Chaos School to be defeated by the Magus Tower, but in the past few years, the matches had always been quite close. Even though Chaos School had lost in all of them, the losses they suffered weren’t too heavy.

However, in this edition, the rule of deciding match-ups through drawing lots had been abolished, thereby leading to a situation where the entire Chaos School team was in danger of being swept by two people. If they sent out four people and were still defeated by Hank, then the entire school’s reputation would be severely dented.

Many teachers in the front row had also turned to Abbott with dark expressions. The entire match had spiraled out of control, and only Principal Novan would be able to bring the situation back under control.

“I say we let the kids decide on their own. They’re currently in a negotiation phase, and no one is forcing anyone to do anything. If you don’t like it, then you’re free to stop them and enforce your own rules upon them. As long as those rules are fair, I have no objections.” Abbott turned to Grinton with a smile.

“Let the kids decide. Some experiences are more important than winning or losing.” Novan appraised the students on the platform with a calm smile as he said, “There’s no need to interfere excessively. Besides, we haven’t lost yet, have we?”

“Yes.” Grinton wanted to offer an objection, but he only nodded in the end.

The other teachers were a little surprised, but none of them said anything, either.

Abbott took a glance at Novan, and he also chose to remain silent. Novan was a spatial magic caster that was feared by many great magic casters in the Magus Tower, and Abbott couldn't figure out what he was thinking

Thus, Claus received no assistance from the teachers, and Karpas wasn't stepping in, either. He took a deep breath to calm himself down, and at the same time, his mind scrambled for a way to win this match. The honor of Chaos School hinged on the result of this match, and as the team leader, he couldn't afford to let his emotions get the better of him.

Claus looked at his teammates before turning to Hank with a nod as he said, "I accept your proposal, but we only have seven people left, so they'll be split up into a group of three and a group of four." "You only have 14 people in total?" Hank raised an eyebrow upon hearing that. Sure enough, there were only seven people left, and Krassu's disciple hadn't appeared yet. She was most likely too scared to turn up. With that in mind, the mocking sneer on his face widened as he asked, "I'm fine with that, but wouldn't it be too unfair to you guys?"

Chapter 462 Am I Too Late?

"Clemente, Constance, you two come with me." Claus ignored Hank's insults, and called out two names.

"Yes." Two young men stepped forward to join Claus as they walked onto the platform. Regardless of whether they won or lost the battle, it would not be a glamorous result for them.

The audience was completely silent as they looked on with nervous expressions. The three most powerful students of Chaos School were on the stage, but everyone was still feeling quite concerned.

"We have to win this battle." Claus clenched his fists with a determined expression.

The other two young men nodded in unison with grave looks on their faces.

In contrast, Hank was very relaxed, and was not intimidated in the slightest by his three opponents.

Looks like my disciple will have to clean up this mess for Novan, but where is she? Has she overslept? Why isn't she here yet? I'm absolutely starving as well. Krassu began to look around, and a nervous expression appeared on his face for the first time.

"Go, Chaos School!" Daphne clenched her little fists and cheered her side on despite her nervous expression.

Ignatsu shook his head with a wistful expression as he murmured to himself, "That's a wood magic caster with ultra powerful magic control. He can take care of all three opponents with no issues whatsoever."

"Let the eighth battle begin!" Karpas announced.

"Go!" Claus raised a hand and began to chant a spell. Three icy spikes each about a foot in length flew toward Hank in a straight line formation.

Clemente raised his hand to unleash a fireball, which split into three in mid-air before hurtling toward Hank from three different directions.

“Water particles hidden in the air, heed my call, grant me the power of the Water God...” Constance sat on the ground, and began to chant a spell. Water vapor began to converge around him; he appeared to be preparing a powerful spell.

“Is this a joke?” Hank chuckled at the sight of the oncoming ice spikes and fireballs, and he raised his hand nonchalantly in response. Green light shimmered in front of him, quickly forming a shield constructed from vines.

The three ice spikes and fireballs struck the shield in quick succession, upon which a green light erupted from the seemingly vulnerable shield. The ice spikes shattered and the fireballs exploded, but they weren’t even able to break so much as a single vine.

“He’s an intermediate magic caster, so we have to attack him with all our power!” Claus’ expression became extremely grave upon seeing that. A simple vine shield was enough for Hank to nullify all of their attacks with ease. Just as the information that they had previously gathered suggested, even the three of them didn’t have much of a chance against Hank.

“In my name, I summon a snowball spell!” Claus waved his black wand, and snow and ice began to materialize above Hank as if something was about to descend.

“Consecutive fireball spell!” Clement stabbed his wand forward, and five fireballs shot forth in a straight line.

“Let my summoned ocean wave deal the final blow!” Constance suddenly raised his voice, and also pointed his wand directly at Hank. A blue wave that was three meters tall and three meters wide appeared out of thin air, following closely behind the string of fireballs as they hurtled toward Hank.

“Snowball, descend!” Clement let loose a loud cry at the same time, and the snow and ice above Hank descended violently, forming a basketball-sized snowball that crashed down toward Hank like a meteorite.

“Those are two intermediate spells and another spell that’s at the pinnacle of elementary spells. Surely that’s enough to secure victory.” All of the Chaos School students looked on with wide eyes. With the combined powers of their school’s three most powerful magic casters, they stood a chance even against a 4th-tier magic caster.

The students below the stage all looked on with anticipation and anxiety in their eyes. The green-haired boy was far too obnoxious, and all of them wanted to see him beaten to a pulp.

Even the teachers were getting very nervous. This battle would decide the result of the match. If even these three couldn’t win, then the remaining four weaker members stood no chance.

“That’s more like it.” Hank was not fearful in the slightest at the sight of the three oncoming spells. Instead, his eyes lit up with a hint of excitement as he twirled his wand above his head. As a result, the green vine shield in front of him suddenly transformed into a ball that enveloped his entire body.

The fireballs exploded upon the ball, sending countless sparks flying through the air. Immediately afterward, the snowball descended, smashing a deep indentation into the wooden ball. This was followed by the massive wave, which almost flattened the wooden ball.

In the face of the three powerful spells, Hank's spell appeared to be hanging on by a thread as if it would crumble at any moment.

However, the fireballs exploded, the snowball shattered, and the wave was reduced to puddles on the ground, but the wooden ball still stood resolutely in the center of the platform. Hank was standing within the wooden ball, and he was completely unscathed. In fact, not even a single drop of water had made contact with his body.

Claus' trio panted heavily as they looked on, and all three of them were cast into despair. They couldn't even break through their opponent's defenses with their most powerful attacks, so the battle was as good as over.

"He's... completely unscathed!"

The students below the stage were all very disappointed to see that. They had pinned all their hopes on that combination attack, but it had amounted to nothing.

"If you're done, then it's my turn." Hank raised a hand to withdraw the wooden ball around him, and green light began to shimmer from his black wand. He pointed the wand at Claus and the others with a cold smile, and said, "Piss off!"

Green light flashed, and a series of black vines as thick as a human arm sprouted from the ground. Claus' trio were instantly bound before being thrown off the platform.

"Bam, bam, bam!"

The three of them landed in quick succession, and even though they didn't suffer any injuries, they were still knocked senseless momentarily.

"The Magus Tower wins the eighth battle." Karpas took a glance at Hank. This boy had a rotten personality, but Karpas had to admit that he was a rare prodigy far more powerful than anyone that Chaos School had to offer.

"We won!"

A burst of cheers erupted from the Magus Tower members. Even though they had already anticipated this result, they were still quite happy to see it eventuate.

Meanwhile, an oppressive silence had settled over the audience. They had even lost the three-on-one battle, and the Magus Tower had only sent out two people this entire time. The loss they had suffered was simply too severe, and many of the kids from the elementary section felt as if their dreams had been crushed.

"You're next. Let me end this match now." Hank looked at the remaining four Chaos School students with unadulterated disdain in his eyes.

The four students were a little fearful, but they looked at each other, and still walked onto the platform with their heads held high. Giving up without a fight was much more disgraceful than suffering a loss.

The four students consisted of two 3rd-tier magic casters and two 2nd-tier magic casters. They were all swatted off the platform by vines in less than 10 seconds, thereby capping off a landslide victory for the Magus Tower.

Hank turned to the deathly silent audience with a disdainful expression, and said, "Before coming here, I thought this would be an interesting match, but it looks like I expected too much. To be frank, all of you are trash."

Everyone looked up at Hank with enraged expressions as fury burned in their hearts. However, they had indeed been crushed in the match, so they couldn't offer any retort. As such, they could only bow their heads with gritted teeth and endure the humiliation.

The oppressive atmosphere was very stifling. Everyone was waiting for Karpas to announce the final result so they could leave this place as quickly as they could.

"Hehe." Hank shook his head in a condescending manner before making his way toward the Magus Tower members.

At that moment, a clear, crisp voice sounded from the entrance of the venue. "Huh? Am I too late?"

Chapter 463 You Can Challenge Me Now

The voice wasn't very loud, and was quite mellow, but it was still clearly audible amid the deathly silence.

"Who is it?"

Many people turned in its direction, only to discover a half-elf little girl in a set of black magician robes standing at the entrance.

The match was already over, and everyone was waiting for Vice Principal Karpas to announce the final result. It was going to be the shortest match in Chaos School's history, and also the most humiliating one, so what was this half-elf little girl doing here?

"It's Amy!" Daphne was overjoyed. Her dejected mood immediately lightened up at the sight of her friend.

"I've waited for you for so long!" Krassu rushed over to Mag and Amy, and stuck out his hand as he said, "Give me my breakfast!"

"Is that Master Krassu's disciple? I think she's supposed to be one of the Chaos School representatives, right? She's so young; does she really know magic?"

"Yeah, she looks like she's only about three or four years old. She probably can't even hold a wand properly; how is she going to be able to battle someone?"

Some of the teachers were discussing quietly among themselves. They didn't think that anyone could reverse this situation, not even Krassu's disciple.

On the stage, Hank also turned to look at Amy. He then glanced at the excited Krassu, and furrowed his brows as he asked, "Who're you?"

"I'm Amy, and I'm here to beat up bad people today. I came late because I overslept. You're the bad people, right?" Amy stepped forward and crossed her arms. She looked at the Magus Tower magic casters with a serious expression, and said, "I'm Amy, and I'm super fierce!"

"Pfft!

"Hahaha, she so cute! How can she be so adorable?"

"My heart is melting! I can't believe there could be such an adorable little elf!"

"Her legs are really short and stubby, but she's still so adorable! I don't even care if she can fight anymore."

The oppressive atmosphere was immediately alleviated. Everyone simply couldn't help but smile at the sight of Amy, who had her arms crossed and was putting on what she thought to be a fierce expression. However, no one believed that she was actually here to fight.

"Argh! She's so adorable! My heart can't take it!" Daphne's eyes widened like an obsessive fangirl's.

Amy has appeared after the entire school had just suffered extreme humiliation. If she can defeat that guy, then she'll definitely become the hero of Chaos School. Of course, there's almost no chance of that actually happening. Ignatsu was also getting a little excited.

The situation doesn't look very good here. Is the match over already? Mag quickly assessed the situation, only to find that all of the Magus Tower representatives were in high spirits, while all of the Chaos School students were very dejected. Some of them had even sustained injuries, and it was quite clear that they had all been defeated.

Mag had thought that the match had only begun not long ago, so he hadn't been in a hurry to get Amy to the school. Thankfully, they seemed to have arrived just in time.

Hank was going to hurl some insults at Amy, but he was too busy trying to repress his laughter. How could she be so adorable? She was so small and delicate, yet she was trying to put on a menacing expression; was she trying to make him die of laughter?

"You say you're going to fight me, little brat?" Hank pinched himself on the leg to keep himself from bursting into laughter, and he appraised Amy with a stern expression.

"That's right, green fur monster, I'm here to beat you." Amy nodded earnestly before turning to Krassu with a hesitant expression as she asked, "Master Krassu, is he the bad guy?"

"That's right, Little Amy. All you have to do is beat all of them." Krassu nodded with a smile before turning to Mag as he said, "Please take a seat, Mr. Mag, I'm absolutely starving."

"Green... Green fur monster?" Hank glared at Amy. He detested other people making fun of his hair, and he couldn't stand the fact that a half-breed brat had given him such a terrible nickname. As expected, those half-breeds were all obnoxious uncultured creatures. No matter how much they looked like humans, they simply weren't the same.

“So you’re Master Krassu’s disciple. We came all the way from Rodu for you. Little brat, you can fight me if you’re not afraid of death. I’ll show you the power of the Magus Tower.” Hank pointed a finger at Amy with a look of disdain and mockery.

“If I were you, I’d retract that finger. Otherwise, you may not have a finger left to retract.” Krassu glared coldly at Hank.

Hank’s expression immediately changed, and he hurriedly withdrew his hand as he gulped nervously. In that instant, he felt as if he had seen killing intent

in Krassu’s eyes.

Stupid old fart, I’m going to teach your disciple a good lesson! Hank lowered his head, and gritted his teeth with a hateful expression.

So she’s Master Krassu’s disciple. She’s even younger than I imagined. Does she really know magic? Won’t I just be embarrassing myself by attacking her? George surveyed Amy with furrowed brows.

“Father, I’m going to go beat up the bad guys now. Please give me power!” Amy turned to look at Mag with an earnest expression.

“Make sure to be safe.” Mag smiled as he gently imprinted his right thumb against Amy’s forehead.

“I will!” Amy nodded before turning to Hank as she yelled, “Green fur monster, don’t you dare go running away! I’m coming to beat all of you up.”

Amy then began to walk onto the stage. Her legs were quite short, so she was walking quite slowly, but her footsteps were very firm and determined.

“Is she really going to fight? But she’s just a little four-year-old girl! Is she going to face off against the Magus Tower all on her own?” Everyone looked with incredulous expressions as Amy took the stage. However, neither her father nor her master were stopping her, and they were even encouraging her. What was going on here?

Amy climbed onto the stage with difficulty, and she wielded her little wand in her hand as she turned to the Magus Tower contestants before saying, “You can challenge me now.”

Chapter 464 Ice Fire Bomb!

Everyone fell silent upon hearing Amy’s words before erupting into raucous cheers.

They had been very depressed for the entire morning. From George dealing them seven consecutive defeats to Hank defeating the remaining seven in two separate battles, Chaos School hadn’t been able to pose a threat from beginning to finish. As such, the entire match had been quite a humiliating process for them.

However, this little girl had taken the stage as a Chaos School representative, and was telling the Magus Tower magic casters that they could challenge her. Her confidence and bravery immediately set the entire scene alight.

Even if she were just a little girl that was running her mouth, her confident display still managed to reinvigorate everyone. She embodied the unyielding spirit of Chaos School, one that would never give up even in the face of adversity!

“Team leader, is that our 15th team member?” someone asked.

“The principal told me yesterday that the final slot would be reserved for a special person, and Master Krassu’s disciple is the most special student in our school, so it has to be her.” Claus looked at Amy with mixed emotions in his eyes.

He didn’t have any confidence that Amy could actually win, but at the very least, she didn’t bring shame to Chaos School. She showed everyone the confidence and attitude that a magic caster should have.

In contrast, they had been comprehensively defeated before walking around with dejected expressions, setting a very bad example for the younger students in the school. For that, they were feeling quite embarrassed.

The other team members’ thoughts also mirrored his, and they stood straighter as a resolute light appeared in their eyes. Failure wasn’t disgraceful, but slouching around like defeated dogs certainly was.

Karpas turned to Amy and a benevolent smile appeared on his face. For Krassu and Urien to fight over her indicated that she had to be a brilliant prodigy. However, she had been studying magic for too short a time for her to have made any significant progress. Even so, her personality and confidence ensured that she was going to become a powerful magic caster in the future. After all, the most important factor in forging a powerful individual was their heart.

That’s Krassu’s disciple? She doesn’t look like anything special, so why is Krassu so confident in allowing her to battle? Abbott glanced at Amy before turning to Mag. Back when Hank pointed at the little girl just then, a different aura seemed to have emanated from his body for a split second, but he looked just like a normal person again now.

Mag sat down beside Krassu with a lunchbox on his lap, and said apologetically, “Sorry, Amy was in a bit of physical discomfort last night, so I let her sleep a little longer this morning. I didn’t we would almost miss the match.”

“That’s alright, Little Amy’s sleep is far more important than fighting these little brats.” Krassu waved his hand nonchalantly as he took the lunchbox from Mag. He opened the lunchbox with an indignant expression as he continued, “Speaking of which, you sure made me wait a long time, Mag. I’m a frail old man, and I almost starved to death because of you.”

“Is it a good idea to eat here?” Mag asked.

“Why not? It would be very inhumane to starve an old man to death.” Krassu didn’t hesitate in the slightest as he lifted the lid off the tofu pudding and braised chicken and rice.

The fragrant scent of soybean and braised chicken immediately began to waft through the air. The scent of shiitake mushrooms and chicken were particularly rich, and the smell spread very quickly, instantly attracting a lot of attention.

“That smells so good! What is it?”

Many people immediately began to search for the source of the aroma. It was simply irresistible, and they began to look around almost instinctively.

“Which little guy is eating food in the venue again?” Grinton turned around with a dark expression, displaying his might as the school coordinator as he prepared to send the culprit to the coordinator’s office.

“You got a problem?” Krassu put down his chopsticks and looked back at Grinton.

Grinton’s expression immediately stiffened upon seeing that, and he put on a smile as he said, “Please enjoy your meal.”

“I will.” Krassu nodded as he began to tuck in. The nearby teachers and students all looked on, trying to stop their drool from rolling down their chins.

Amy’s words swept up a massive commotion in the venue, and also irked all of the Magus Tower magic casters. This little four-year-old girl was arrogant enough to tell them to challenge her!

Even though she was Krassu and Urien’s disciple, she was simply far too young. Even the elven princess was only a 2nd-tier magic caster at her age, and she had been studying magic for far longer than Amy had by this age.

No matter how prodigiously talented Amy was, she had only been studying magic for just over a month, so it would be quite extraordinary if she had even become a 1st-tier magic caster. As such, anyone among them should be able to crush her with ease.

It was exactly because of this that no one was willing to challenge her. After all, she was only a little four-year-old girl, and even if they were to win the battle, it would be seen as bullying, so there would be no glory in such victory.

“George, I’ll leave her to you. Show her the power of our Magus Tower.” Hank turned to George before patting him on the shoulder.

“Alright.” George was a little reluctant, but he didn’t refuse. He slowly stepped onto the platform, and positioned himself about four meters away from Amy.

He had been assigned a mission prior to coming to Chaos City, and that was to bring down Krassu’s disciple. In fact, that objective was even more important than securing victory in the match against Chaos City, so he had to take advantage of this opportunity.

“George Goodyear.” George introduced himself to Amy.

“I’m Amy.” Amy also responded in kind. There was a hint of excitement shimmering on her little face as it was her first official battle with another magic caster.

“Let the 10th battle begin,” Karpas announced.

The venue gradually fell silent, and everyone stared intently at the two people on the stage. They didn’t think for a second that Amy would be able to defeat George, but they wanted to see just how far she could push him.

It was George's first time facing such a young opponent, and he was feeling a little awkward because of that. He furrowed his brows, and said, "You're younger than me, so I'll let you go first. Don't say that I bullied you. If you know any spells, then unleash them now or you won't get an opportunity to do so."

"You're older than me, so I'll give you a chance to unleash a spell as well. That will be your only chance to use your magic." Amy looked back at George with a serious expression.

"Arrogant little brat." Green light began to converge toward the wand in his hand as he prepared to defeat her using a single attack.

"I'm super serious." The short stick in Amy's hand transformed into a purple wand, which slowly hovered in front of her. She spread open her little hands, and a ball of red flames, as well as a blue ball of icy flames, emerged from her palms at the same time. They were then slowly combined to create an ice fire ball that was half blue and half red.

Amy held onto her wand, and cried, "Go, ice fire bomb!"

Chapter 465 One Attack

The ice fire ball had a long blue and red tail trailing behind it as it whistled toward George. Half of the air around twisted and warped from the scorching heat, while the other half was frozen solid, creating a marvelous spectacle.

"What powerful magic waves!" The Chaos School students' eyes widened in shock. The fireball magic and flames of extreme frost that Amy had summoned earlier were also quite shocking to them, and they were completely stunned by the fact that she was able to combine the two.

The fireball magic and flames of extreme frost were both the most basic of elementary spells, but after combining the two, the magic waves had already reached the level of an intermediate spell.

Furthermore, the ice fire ball looked as if it were going to explode at any moment, and everyone was struck by an urge to back away just from looking at it.

The fact that such a powerful spell was unleashed by a little four-year-old girl put everyone else to shame.

The spectators below the stage also looked on with wide eyes. They didn't harbor any high hopes at all, but Amy was already displaying power that completely exceeded their expectations. Perhaps a miracle really could take place?

Intermediate spell magic waves, and she unleashed that attack almost instantaneously. Looks like I'll have to reevaluate her. Hank looked at Amy with a dark expression. He didn't think that she posed a threat to him, but for her to be so powerful at just four years of age indicated her boundless potential.

The Magus Tower magic casters were all deep in thought, wondering if they would be able to stop that attack if they were in George's shoes.

"Not bad, but that's not going to be enough!" George looked at the oncoming ice fire ball with a calm expression. He took a couple of steps backward, and waved his wand through the air at the same time as he chanted the spell for his gale pillar.

"Boom!"

A pillar of wind descended from the sky, crashing down two meters in front of George, right in the path of the oncoming ice fire ball. The green wind blades lashed out like scimitars, and it was exactly this attack that had torn through Neil's rocky armor before throwing him off the platform.

The ice fire ball crashed directly into the gale pillar as everyone looked on with rapt focus. The pillar of wind tremored violently as if it had been struck by a meteorite, and it shifted about a meter toward George, but it still stopped in the end.

"I told you; you only get one chance to unleash a spell." A victorious smile appeared on George's face. It appeared that the ice fire ball wasn't anything special in the end.

"Ice fire bomb, explode!"

Amy gently twirled the wand in her hand.

"Bam!!!"

An explosive boom erupted from within the gale pillar, instantly tearing it to shreds as blue and red flames surged forth, sending powerful magic waves radiating in all directions.

"How could this be..." George's eyes widened as he looked at the mushroom cloud that was rising up before him. He was then swept into the air by a scorching heat wave and thrown violently off the platform.

The powerful magic waves continued onward, crashing into the dome of light and setting off vibrant fireworks as a result.

"Unbelievable!"

The entire venue fell into a stunned silence for a split second before everyone erupted into cheers.

Everyone stared at Amy with excitement and shock etched on their faces.

One attack!

Amy had used just a single attack to snap George's seven-match winning streak. Furthermore, it had been a crushing victory where George had been comprehensively beaten.

Her powerful combat prowess completely belied her adorable appearance, and if they hadn't seen her unleash that spell with their very own eyes, they would've found it impossible to believe that such an adorable little elf could defeat George with such ease.

What a powerful spell! Is she already a 4th-tier magic caster? Claus was also looking at Amy with an astonished expression. Even though he was outside the dome of light, he could still sense how powerful that spell was. If it were to explode in front of him, he knew that he would be completely defenseless before it.

The Chaos School students' mouths were all wide open in shock. Even the representatives that had been chosen to participate in this match had to admit that this little girl was more powerful than their team leader, Claus.

“How could this be... Impossible!” George’s clothes were in tatters, and his face was covered in soot as he sat at the edge of the platform. He raised his head with difficulty to look up at Amy, and was still struggling to come to terms with the fact that he had been defeated.

“I told you that you would only get one chance to use a spell. You’ve lost.” Amy looked at George with a serious expression.

“You!!” A burst of fury welled up in George’s heart. His humiliation and rage further compounded the injuries that he had sustained, and he blacked out on the spot.

“Amy is so powerful! That was so cool!” Daphne stood up with eyes that were practically glowing with excitement and admiration.

“How could she be this powerful? I feel a lot of pressure on my shoulders as her friend.” Ignatsu scratched his head with a conflicted expression.

Little Amy is so powerful. I didn’t think that her magic aptitude would be so good. To think that I tried to dissuade Mr. Mag from getting Amy to learn magic... Luna’s mouth was slightly agape as she looked at Amy in disbelief. She thought back to what she had said to Mag in the past, and a flush appeared on her cheeks in embarrassment.

She really is a prodigy. To think that she has such brilliant mastery over magic at such a young age. All of the records set by the elven princess are most likely going to be broken by her. Karpas was also looking at Amy with a stunned expression. Merging ice and fire required one to cultivate in both ice and fire magic, and they also had to achieve an extremely high level of mastery over both.

She’s improved significantly once again in just one night. As expected, Little Amy was born to be a magic caster. Krassu had put down his chopsticks, and was looking at Amy with a content smile.

Looks like Amy has grown more powerful again. Her rate of progression is placing a lot of pressure on me. Despite those thoughts, a proud smile still appeared on Mag’s face as she looked at Amy.

A four-year-old 4th-tier magic caster; not even the elven princess was anywhere near her level at her age! This must be why Krassu and Urien were able to set their century-long rivalry aside to instruct the same disciple. A prodigy of this caliber may not appear even in 1,000 years! Abbott looked at Amy with an astonished yet grave expression on his face.

“Chaos School wins the 10th battle!” Karpas announced.

George was carried away by two Magus Tower magic casters, while thunderous cheers erupted from the audience. No one could have predicted that this young magic caster would bring Chaos School’s first victory!

“Looks like I underestimated you, little brat. But isn’t your master supposed to be the most powerful melee magic caster on the continent? So why don’t you know any melee magic?” Hank walked onto the platform with a dark expression of mockery on his face.

Hank's entrance made the entire venue fall silent again. His easy victories against the seven Chaos School representatives had left a deep impression on everyone. He was clearly more powerful than George, so would Amy still be able to defeat him?

The Magus Tower magic casters were also a little concerned. They were confident in Hank's abilities, but Amy's spell from just then was simply too powerful. None of them would have been able to set up a convincing defense against that spell.

George and Hank had easily defeated 14 of the Chaos School representatives, and even though they were a little disgruntled that they wouldn't get a chance to shine, at the very least, they would be able to complete their mission.

However, an unfathomably powerful half-elf magic caster had suddenly appeared, injecting an unknown element into this match. If the Magus Tower were to lose this match because of a little four-year-old girl, they would all have to face the flaming wrath of their masters.

Hank was also in a rather foul mood. As the team leader of the Magus Tower, his objective was to obtain a perfect victory to humiliate Chaos School. However, his plan had been foiled by Amy.

Not only had George lost, he had lost in a very humiliating manner. He was a 3rd-tier magic caster, but he had been "insta-killed" by a four-year-old half-elf. If news of this were to spread, then the Magus Tower's reputation would most likely take a severe hit.

As such, he had to win this battle to recover some dignity for the Magus Tower. Furthermore, one of his main objectives for this trip was to defeat Krassu's disciple. His master had told him prior to his departure that had to embarrass Krassu should an opportunity present itself. That was the most important thing that he had to do.

Conflict between a melee and a long-distance faction had also arisen in the Magus Tower before. However, due to Krassu distancing himself from the Magus Tower, and a lack of melee magic casters, the conflict between the two factions gradually died down.

However, his master, Brent, was an avid supporter of Richard, and he had always held a grudge against Krassu. As such, he really wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to thoroughly embarrass Krassu.

Amy had already displayed her magical abilities, and even if Hank were to defeat her, it wouldn't win him any honor or glory. Instead, he would only be known as a bully who had beaten a child a quarter of his age.

However, if he could make this a battle between melee and long-distance magic, then he could prove a point by defeating Amy. She was Krassu's only disciple, while he was representing the Magus Tower as Brent's disciple. As such, a victory for him could be declared as a victory for long-distance magic over melee magic.

As for the disparities between age and power level, that wasn't important. The only important thing was the end result of the battle.

People would only learn that the disciple of the number one melee magic caster on the continent had been defeated by Hank, who was Brent's disciple. His master would certainly be very pleased to hear this.

With that in mind, a sinister smile appeared on Hank's. He was like a wolf appraising a little lamb, thinking about how to best tear into her with his sharp fangs.

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"Melee magic? I'm super strong in melee magic as well," Amy responded with a serious expression. She then continued, "But do you really want me to use my big stick to knock you on the head? You might end up crying."

Another burst of cheers instantly erupted from below the stage. Amy's performance had filled everyone with excitement and adrenaline.

Everyone was wondering whether Amy would even accept Hank's challenge. Even if she were to turn him down, no one could blame her. After all, even Upperclassman Claus had been easily defeated by him, and it was already a brilliant feat that she was able to defeat George.

However, to everyone's surprise, Amy's reply was still as simple as ever. She still wore her usual adorkable expression, but she somehow appeared really badass at the same time.

"As expected of my disciple; she has the flair that I had in my younger days. Melee magic is the best. If anyone begs to differ, then knock them on the head until they're forced to concede." Krassu was chortling with glee.

Aside from with Urien, he hadn't argued with anyone about melee and long-distance magic for a long time. He was initially quite depressed at the notion that melee magic would once again fall into obscurity after he passed away, but Amy's emergence had given him new hope. At the very least, he would be able to pass down his melee magic to the most brilliant prodigy he had ever seen.

As for just how powerful melee magic was, that would be displayed in battle. The countless magic casters that he had defeated in his life could testify to its power, and all of Amy's future opponents would also learn this lesson.

Melee magic? Could it be that she has also mastered melee magic in such a short time? Abbott glanced at Krassu out of the corner of his eyes, and an ominous feeling welled up in his heart.

He harbored no animosity for Krassu. In fact, Krassu had been his idol when he first joined the Magus Tower. However, Great Elder Richard had since taken over the Magus Tower, and it was quite obvious what he wanted to achieve by sending this team of magic casters to Chaos City.

George's loss was already quite embarrassing for the Magus Tower. If Hank were to lose as well, then everything would be reduced to a pitiful joke. The Magus Tower team would be reduced to stepping stones for Krassu's disciple as she went on to achieve greater feats.

Everything is still under control. Even if she could unleash that attack again, Hank would be able to defend against it. Melee magic casters are at a complete disadvantage when facing long-distance magic casters of the same tier, and it's no simple task for her to close down the distance between herself and

Hank. Also, Hank's intermediate, binding vines, is a natural bane of all melee magic casters. A string of thoughts raced through Abbott's mind, and he quickly calmed down. He looked up at Amy on the platform and heaved an internal sigh. A supreme prodigy like her would surely stand at the pinnacle of the Norland Continent someday if she didn't die an early death.

"Little brat, I hope you're not going to be crying soon. I'm not going to hold back against you." Hank was furious as he glowered at Amy.

"Green fur monster, I hope you don't cry too loud. You're so ugly you'd be really scary if you cried. Try not to scare the little kids." Amy looked at Hank with a serious expression.

"Let the 11th battle commence!" Karpas announced.

The two teachers were standing quite close behind the two contestants. The female teacher behind Amy was only about two meters away from her, and it appeared that she was preparing to step in at any moment.

"Little brat, are you using that little stick as a melee magic caster?" Hank wasn't in a hurry to attack. Instead, he looked at the wand in Amy's hand with a mocking smile, and said, "Don't you have a staff? Is Master Krassu so poor that he can't even afford a staff for his disciple? What kind of melee magic caster are you supposed to be?"

"In my name, unseal this staff. Queen Amy's wand, transform!"

Amy put on a serious expression, and purple light flashed from the purple crystal on his wand, upon which a purple magic staff over two meters in length appeared in her hands.

A round purple crystal ball roughly the size of a human fist was nestled on the tip of the staff, and dazzling purple golden light emanated from within the crystal.

"Wind fire wheels, reveal!"

Two balls of fire suddenly appeared beneath Amy's feet as she wielded her staff in her little hands. She rose about 20 centimeters into the air, and the two balls of fire quickly revolved beneath her.

"Green fur monster, you mocked my master, so I'm angry now. I'm going to make you cry!" Amy looked at Hank with a serious expression, and she pointed her staff forward as her wind fire wheels sent her whizzing through the air!

Chapter 467 Take This!

"Her wand extended! It became a staff!"

"She can fly! And she's stepping on fire!"

The audience looked on with wide eyes as Amy hurtled toward Hank atop her wind fire wheels, wielding her massive staff as she did so.

Not many people had ever seen melee magic casters in action. In their eyes, magic casters should stand on the spot in a composed manner, gracefully waving their wands around to unleash spells. Even magic

casters who could summon armor only did so as a means of improving their defensive prowess so they could unleash their spells with even more poise and composure.

The Chaos School teachers gave some lessons about melee magic casters from time to time, but they were only general information lessons rather than ones instructing students how to use melee magic. That was because there was simply no teacher that could teach melee magic, so none of the students knew much about it.

As such, everyone was looking at Amy with amazement in their eyes. If magic casters wanted to move quickly, the simplest way was through teleportation magic. However, that was only spatial transference, and they couldn't actually fly. In contrast, Amy's ability to fly in the air using her fire wheels was very badass.

Below the stage, a student turned to a teacher, and said, "Teacher, I also want to learn that."

"Even I want to learn that." The teacher was also staring at Amy with astonishment.

Does this little brat really know melee magic? Hank's eyes narrowed as he looked at the oncoming Amy, but he still pointed his wand forward, and chanted, "Vines hidden beneath the earth, heed my call. Ensnare your enemies and plunge them into an eternal abyss!"

Green light began to shimmer from the ground around him, and black vines erupted like long squid tentacles, numbering eight. Each of the vines was over two meters long, and about as thick as a grown man's leg, and they created a net that came crashing down upon Amy. It appeared that he was trying to flatten Amy with a single attack.

The female teacher immediately shot forth and raised her wand as if she were going to step in.

However, Karpas raised a hand to prevent her from acting too far in advance.

Mag rose unconsciously to his feet and stared at the platform with a nervous expression.

"Calm down, this is nothing." In contrast, Krassu was very calm and collected as he ate a spoonful of tofu pudding

Everyone below the stage was also very nervous. After all, this was the attack that Hank had used to throw Claus and the others off the platform. Now, he was using it solely on Amy, and she was too close to the vines to evade them. Even if she wanted to unleash an ice fire ball, there simply wasn't enough time. Was this going to be the end?

"Amy, you have to win!" Daphne wrung her little hands tightly together with a nervous expression.

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"Will she be able to break free?" The Chaos School representatives on the stage were also very anxious. They had been bound by those peculiar vines before, so they knew just how fearsome those vines were. Aside from simple ensnarement, there were also some small sharp spikes on the vines that had a paralysis effect. Even now, they were all still feeling rather feeble.

“Even a 5th-tier magic caster wouldn’t be able to escape from my vines at such close quarters. You cocky little brat, I’m going to teach you a lesson today. In life, there are some people that you can’t afford to mess with.” Hank chuckled coldly as he abruptly clenched his right hand. The eight vines quickly converged, completely concealing Amy’s tiny figure beneath them. Soon, there was only a black bulbous vine structure left at the center of the platform.

“Is it over?”

Everyone’s hearts sank upon seeing that. Surely there was no way for Amy to escape from this.

In contrast, the Magus Tower magic casters were elated. Amy was very young, but she posed a potent threat to them. Now that her defeat was set in stone, the match was over.

Right at that moment, Amy’s voice sounded from within the mass of vines. “Green fur monster, your vines are just as annoying as you are.”

“Bam!”

A dull thump erupted, and a huge hole was blasted in the vines around Amy’s body. Plant fibers flew in all directions, and the vines recoiled as if they had been dealt a heavy blow.

Thus, Amy re-emerged with her staff in her hands. Purple light revolved around the crystal on the tip of her staff, and the wind fire wheels beneath her feet were still revolving at a high speed. She burst out from the broken cocoon of vines, and looked at Hank with a calm and collected expression.

“She’s so cool! My heart can’t take this! I’m about to pass out!” Daphne reached out toward Amy from below the stage before fainting in her chair.

“What a scary woman.” Ignatsu took a glance at Daphne before shaking his head as he scooted away from her a little.

“She escaped!”

Cries of surprise erupted below the stage. The entire audience was reignited by joy and excitement, and at the same time, everyone was stunned by Amy’s power.

“How could this be?!” Hank looked at the shredded vines on the ground with incredulity in his eyes, unable to come to terms with what he was seeing.

His intermediate spell had been smashed apart by her staff? She was just a four-year-old girl who had been studying magic for just over a month! If news of this were to reach the Magus Tower, then his title as a genius would undoubtedly be stripped away from him.

“Well done, little brat, you’ve successfully enraged me. I’m going to show you just how powerful a 4th-tier magic caster is!” Hank gritted his teeth as he raised his wand with his right hand. At the same time, he quickly chanted, “Wood element of nature, heed my call. Transform wood into arrows, and bring forth a torrential storm...”

“Crap! He’s going to use the intermediate spell, violent arrow storm! This is an intermediate spell that’s several times more powerful than his binding vines. If he succeeds in unleashing it, he’ll be able to

summon a downpour of countless wooden arrows to create an inescapable barrage!" A panicked expression appeared on Claus' face as he unconsciously stepped forward toward the platform.

"This is bad; that little girl won't be able to defend herself from that spell." The Chaos School teachers below the stage were also getting quite anxious again.

The audience had just been reinvigorated by Amy's brilliant escape, but they were getting nervous again. Amy had given them many surprises already, and they were all wondering what she would do against her opponent's spell.

He's chanting a spell while standing rooted to the spot against a melee magic caster? Mag scoffed internally as he shook his head.

"Take this!"

Amy instantly appeared in front of Hank before raising her staff up high.

"Crack!"

A muffled thump erupted as the purple staff slammed into Hank's face, causing it to instantly twist and warp as blood gushed out of his nose.

Chapter 468 Do You Concede?

Fury, panic, pain, indignation, grief... In a brief instant, five different expressions flashed through Hank's face. He then collapsed to the ground and howled with pain.

His chant was cut off halfway, so his spell had naturally been nullified. Hank could only feel an excruciating pain spearing through his nose, and his tears flowed uncontrollably from his eyes.

As for the battle? That was the last thing on his mind!

He had been taken out by a single strike!

The entire audience fell completely silent. Everyone looked at Amy, who was wielding a staff that was more than twice as tall as she was, and they all wore peculiar expressions.

They were thinking that Amy would unleash some kind of spell to combat her opponent, but no one had expected her to use such a brutish method.

However, it had to be said that everyone was feeling extremely satisfied. The green-haired brat had been insulting them all morning, and it was delightful seeing him fall to the ground as he sobbed and bled.

Has Hank lost? The Magus Tower magic casters were in a complete panic. George was still unconscious, and Hank had just been felled by a single staff strike. He was the most powerful one among them, and if he were to lose, then no one would stand a chance against Amy.

How could she master melee magic to such an extent in just a month? That requires extraordinary magic control and bodily coordination! Abbott stared at Amy with an incredulous look on his face. At his power

level, he could see a lot more than the average person, and as a result, he was able to appreciate Amy's skills to a greater extent. Amy's mastery of melee magic was simply incredible to him.

Even as a 7th-tier magic caster with great proficiency in magic control, he still wasn't confident that he could master melee magic to such a degree in just a month.

He had to admit that there were certain prodigies in the world who were somehow able to simply disregard age.

Looks like our plans to win the match and humiliate Krassu will both be foiled. The Magus Tower has become a stepping stone for her instead. Abbott looked at Amy with mixed emotions in his eyes. With her superb aptitude and The Lords of Fire and Ice as her masters, she was undoubtedly going to experience a meteoric rise, one that would perhaps be even more dramatic than that of the elven princess.

"So this is melee magic. It's like a knight who knows magic! That's so cool!"

"Teacher, Teacher, can we also learn this type of magic when we grow up? We also want to learn melee magic."

"Does that mean our Chaos School has won the match?"

"So she's our ace in the hole!"

There was only a brief silence before waves of cheers rang out across the venue. Some of the little kids were already eagerly asking to be taught melee magic by their teachers.

"Yes!" Grinton couldn't help but clench his fists with elation. He had thought that they were going to be dealt severe humiliation, but Amy's emergence had completely turned the tables. In fact, there was a good chance that their four-year-long losing streak would be snapped today.

Novan also wore a smile on his face as his gaze lingered on Amy's staff for a moment before he turned his attention to Hank, who was still lying on the ground.

"Green fur monster, I told you to cry more quietly! You're going to scare the little kids." Amy looked at Hank with a serious expression.

Hank struggled into a sitting position with a hand clasped over his nose, and he glowered at Amy with rage burning in his eyes. He was furious that his chant had been cut off by Amy. If he could've unleashed his violent arrow storm, then he would've definitely been able to secure victory. He would rather die than lose to a little half-elf brat!

"Magus Tower representative, do you concede?" Karpas asked.

"No!" Hank struggled to his feet as he summoned a barrier of green light in front of him. That barrier quickly transformed into a spherical wooden shield that encapsulated his entire body, and he began to chant the spell for his violent arrow storm once again.

"So you won't concede?" Amy's brows furrowed as she raised her staff once again.

"Rip."

The wooden shield that had been able to easily block the combined attacks from Claus' trio was torn apart like papier-mache. The purple staff came crashing down with unstoppable force, and instantly struck Hank in the face. This time, the blood shooting from his nose reached even further, and his howls rang out even louder.

"Do you concede?"

"I'll never concede!"

"Bam!"

"Do you concede?"

"I won't..."

"Bam!"

"Do you concede?"

"H. 11

"Bam!"

"Waah... I... I haven't even said anything yet..."

"Bam!"

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Amy looked at the bruised and battered Hank with an apologetic expression, and said, "Sorry, I got used to hitting you. You should concede this time, right?"

Hank was kneeling on the ground about three meters away, and he was glaring at Amy with resentment seething in his eyes. His body was trembling, and tears were flowing uncontrollably down his face.

This was the first time in his life that he had ever suffered such humiliation.

However, he knew that no matter what he did, he wouldn't be able to summon his violent arrow storm before the staff hit him in the face again. He was plunged into despair with that realization.

Am I going to concede? Am I going to concede to a filthy half-breed like her? Hank clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as his chest rose and fell violently. No, he couldn't do it. He would rather die than concede to a half-breed.

"Magus Tower representative, do you concede?" Karpas asked again. The result of this battle was quite apparent. Engaging a melee magic caster in close-quarters combat was a nightmare for all long-range magic casters. That was common knowledge in the magic world.

During this battle, everyone had witnessed the rise of a scintillating young melee magic caster. Both Amy's melee and long-range magic had reached a 4th-tier caliber.

A four-year-old dual 4th-tier magic caster had never been seen before, and she was surely going to become famous across the entire continent in the near future.

“Looks like you’re crying too much to be able to speak. Don’t cry anymore; I won’t hit you again.” Amy looked at Hank with a sympathetic expression. She dispelled the wind fire wheels beneath her feet, and descended back onto the ground as she prepared to shrink her staff.

“Die, little brat!” Right at that moment, a sinister expression appeared on Hank’s face as he pulled out a silver bead before hurling it at Amy. A loud thunderclap erupted, and a spherical orb of lightning hurtled toward Amy, almost quicker than the eye could follow.

“Look out!” The teacher standing near Amy immediately stepped forward and tried to formulate a magic shield, but the lightning orb was simply far too fast.

“Bastard!” Below the stage, Krassu tossed aside his lunchbox, and disappeared from his seat in the blink of an eye.

“Fireball!” Amy looked at the oncoming lightning orb, and instinctively unleashed a fireball spell. Purple golden light immediately erupted from the oracle stone on the tip of her staff, and a ball of purple golden light shot forth to meet the lightning orb.

Chapter 469 I Haven’t Accepted That Verdict

“Crap!” Abbott’s expression changed drastically upon seeing that, and he immediately leaped onto the stage. Novan was still sitting in his seat. He raised his right hand toward the platform, but he hesitated at the sight of the purple golden light erupting from Amy’s staff.

“Amy!” Mag also abruptly rose to his feet and charged toward the stage. He didn’t think that Hank would play such a dirty trick; he was using a sealed forbidden spell, and that lightning orb was at least a 7th-tier spell, so there was no way that Amy would be able to defend herself against it.

The silver lightning orb left a dazzling trajectory in its wake as it hurtled toward Amy. At the same time, the purple golden fireball shot forth from her staff, flying directly toward the oncoming lightning orb.

Everyone below the stage was perched on the edges of their seats. Hank had unleashed a sneak attack, and he seemed to have used some sort of banned item. If no one could step in in time to save Amy, then the consequences could be catastrophic.

As for the fireball magic that Amy had unleashed as an instinctive response, its purple golden flames were also very dazzling, but no one expected it to be able to counter the lightning orb.

“Boom!”

The purple golden fireball struck the lightning orb in mid-air and exploded violently.

The anticipated scenario where the lightning orb destroyed the purple golden fireball didn’t eventuate. Instead, the two clashed and both exploded in a split second. The terrifying power imbued within the purple golden fireball had kept the lightning orb at

bay!

Electricity and fire erupted, sending fearsome heatwaves and shock waves sweeping through the air, causing purple golden flames and silver lightning to radiate in all directions.

The two teachers on the stage immediately unleashed magic shields and hurtled back in retreat. An explosion of such devastating force presented a lethal threat even to them.

Krassu crashed down from the sky, landing right in front of Amy as he summoned a wall of fire. The flames and heatwaves sweeping toward Amy struck the wall of fire, but the wall didn't even tremor in the slightest.

"Get back!" Abbott also leaped onto the stage, and grabbed the dumbfounded Hank by the collar before dragging him back in retreat. At the same time, he waved his wand and eight walls of ice materialized in front of them.

The hurriedly prepared ice walls were very brittle, and they stood no chance against the oncoming heatwaves. All eight walls were shattered in the blink of an eye before the heatwaves struck Hank, instantly burning away his green hair and eyebrows. Miniature bolts of lightning then followed, causing his body to spasm violently.

"Crackle!"

The remnant heatwaves and electric currents swept into the dome of light around the platform, and it was as if countless fireworks were erupting at once, threatening to destroy the dome of light.

"Phew." Abbott dragged Hank out from the dome of light, and threw him onto the ground. His forehead was lined with cold sweat, and he looked down at his hand, only to discover that his fingertips had been charred black

How... How was she able to block the lightning ball spell that Master gave me? Hank lay sprawled on the ground as he stared at Amy with incredulity in his eyes. In that split second, he had been gripped by a sense of impending doom. That tiny little fireball that she had unleashed was no less powerful than the 7th-tier lightning ball spell his master had given him.

Smoke was still rising from his body, which was completely numb. His gaze fell on Krassu, who had just dispelled his wall of fire, and his heart immediately sank.

This bastard should be killed! Mag heaved a sigh of relief at the sight of Amy, who was completely unscathed with Krassu standing in front of her. He then turned his attention to Hank with cold killing intent shimmering in his eyes.

"She blocked it!"

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A burst of cheers instantly erupted from below the stage. Even though Krassu was the one who had shielded her from the aftermath of that explosion, the fact of the matter was that the fireball she had unleashed was comparable in power to Hank's lightning orb. That was simply extraordinary!

Those were 7th-tier magic waves! Is she already a 7th-tier magic caster? All of the Chaos School teachers looked at Amy with incredulity in their eyes.

One of the teachers couldn't help but exclaim, "A four-year-old 7th-tier magic caster? She's not just a prodigy anymore; she's a freak!"

Another elderly teacher shook his head, and said, "No, no, it's her staff. If I'm not mistaken, then that purple crystal ball on the tip of her staff is most likely the legendary oracle stone. When unleashing that fireball spell, she might have triggered its 10 times enhancement effect, or perhaps an even higher level of enhancement."

"The oracle stone!" Everyone was stunned again upon hearing that. It was one of the most legendary items in the magic world, but no one was going to doubt that elderly teacher's judgment. After all, Principal Derek was a 10th-tier great magic caster, so his expertise was not to be doubted.

"If she really did trigger such a powerful enhancement effect, then that's also a testament to her aptitude. Even the oracle stone has acknowledged her as a worthy owner. Krassu and Urien really have struck gold this time." Derek sighed with an envious look in his eyes.

"Phew, my heart almost leaped out of my mouth there. Thank heavens Amy is so powerful; otherwise, that sneak attack could have really hurt her." Daphne patted her chest as she glowered at Hank.

"What a shameless bastard. Not only did he unleash a sneak attack, he used a sealed forbidden spell. He has to be severely punished." Ignatsu was also quite enraged.

"Magus Tower representative, Hank, has broken the rules by using a sealed forbidden spell to attack Chaos School representative Amy. Thus, Chaos School wins the match, and Hank will receive a lifetime ban from competing in future matches." Karpas turned to the Magus Tower magic casters with a frosty look on his face.

"We accept this punishment." Abbott nodded with a grave expression. He looked at the greatly enraged Krassu, and his mood became even grimmer.

After what Hank had done, the important thing was no longer whether they won the match or not. Instead, he had to think about how he was going to stop Krassu from killing everyone from the Magus Tower.

In the eyes of the younger magic casters of the Magus Tower, Krass was a benevolent magic teacher of few words. However, he was far from some kind-hearted old man. The Magus Tower had been reconstructed three times in history. The official statement they released each time was that the Magus Tower was undergoing upgrades, and each rebuild really did make the tower grander and more illustrious.

However, everyone from the Magus Tower knew that on two of those occasions, the reconstruction was an act of necessity as someone had razed it to the ground. That person was none other than Krassu. He was a man who even dared to destroy the Magus Tower in his fits of rage, and he posed a big headache even to the entire empire.

Now that Hank had dared to unleash a sneak attack against his disciple, Abbott didn't know what was going to happen next.

“You accept? I haven’t accepted that verdict yet.” Krassu stepped forward with a cold smile on his face.

Chapter 470 Kill Their Entire Family

Everyone fell silent upon hearing that. Krassu’s ability to ward off that heatwave so convincingly had completely stunned everyone. After witnessing that, they had been alerted to the fact that this seemingly frail old man was nowhere near as vulnerable as he seemed.

The young magic casters from the Magus Tower all wore fearful expressions. From the devastating fireball that Amy had unleashed and the power that Krassu had displayed, all of them knew that they wouldn’t be a match for either of them.

Abbott turned to Krassu with a nervous and wary expression. The worst possible scenario had eventuated. He took a glance at the panicked Hank, and hesitated momentarily before working up the courage to step forward with a serious expression.

“Master Krassu, Hank is indeed at fault in this matter. He used a sealed forbidden spell during his battle. Our Magus Tower concedes our defeat. I will report this matter to the elders of Magus Tower, and they will surely hand down a stern punishment to Hank. Regardless of whether it’s in a match like this or a duel between magic casters, his actions were very disgraceful.”

“You’re trying to threaten me with the Magus Tower?” Krassu’s footsteps didn’t falter in the slightest as he continued to stride forward with a disdainful look on his face.

“I wouldn’t dare to do that. You were the one who founded the Magus Tower, and spent several decades developing it into a force to be reckoned with. Everyone in the Magus Tower has nothing but respect for you.” Abbott lowered his head as he didn’t dare to look into Krassu’s eyes, but he didn’t back down, either.

He couldn’t back down. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to face the elders, and would be banished from the Magus Tower.

Even though Krassu was still an honorary elder of the Magus Tower, the unresolvable conflict he had with the current panel of elders was common knowledge to almost everyone in the Magus Tower. Few people dared to show dissent back when he was still at the Magus Tower, but if he really were to permanently reside in Chaos City, then his influence in the Magus Tower would inevitably wane over time.

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Krassu stopped in front of Abbott, and asked, “Do you remember the three rules I set when founding the Magus Tower?”

Abbott was momentarily silent before replying, “Magic casters must be honest, kind, and have justice in their hearts. Anyone lacking those qualities must be banished from the Magus Tower.”

"I'm Brent's disciple, you can't banish me! You don't have the right to do that...!" Hank immediately flew into a panic, and he shook his head vigorously as he tried to struggle to his feet.

"If I were still at the Magus Tower, I'd banish that fat bastard, Brent, as well. Even Richard doesn't dare to speak like that to me; who do you think you are?" Krassu pursed his lips as he looked at Hank.

Hank's entire body had been gripped by fear, but he still gritted his teeth, and said, "You're not a Magus Tower elder anymore, so you don't have the right to banish me. You've already been banished by the panel of elders from the Magus Tower; I'm going to tell my master--"

"Hank, shush!" Abbott yelled. Even Brent wouldn't dare to say such things to Krassu. This bastard was trying to get everyone killed!

Abbott turned to Krassu with an earnest expression, and said, "Master Krassu, I'll definitely be reporting this to the panel of elders, and recommend that they banish Hank from the Magus Tower. I'm ashamed to be part of the same organization with someone like him, and the Magus Tower definitely won't spare him, so I hope..."

"I'm not here to clean up the Magus Tower's mess today as the Magus Tower has nothing to do with me from this day forth. I'm also ashamed to be part of such a pitiful organization." Krassu shook his head before turning to Hank with a cold smile as he said, "I'm only here to uphold justice for my disciple. I've always said this: young people must be taught their lesson from a young age. Otherwise, they'll have to learn it the hard way when they grow up."

"It's his honor to be disciplined by Master Krassu in person." Abbott hesitated a while longer before finally stepping aside, revealing Hank to Krassu.

The Magus Tower magic casters all looked on with pursed lips, and none of them dared to say anything.

"You can't do anything to me! I'm Brent's disciple! I'm a member of the Magus Tower, and you're no longer part of the Magus Tower. If you dare to touch me, you'll have to face the wrath of the Magus Tower!" Hank was in a completely frenzied state of panic as he looked at the approaching Krassu. He fell to his knees, and crawled backward as he turned to Abbott with a beseeching look. "Save me, Master Abbott! You have to save me!"

"You must take responsibility for your actions both as a man and as a magic caster. I cannot help you here." Abbott shook his head with a cold expression. As a magic caster, he found Hank's actions to be utterly despicable.

Furthermore, Krassu had already made up his mind, and there was no point in trying to dissuade him. Even mentioning the Magus Tower couldn't deter him, so no one would be able to stop Krassu today.

"Principal, should we step in? There are so many children watching." Grinton cast a concerned glance toward Novan.

"I've always been a fan of the rules that Krassu had set for the Magus Tower. Those rules harbored the clean and decisive spirit of the knights, as well as the discipline and freedom that should belong to a magic caster. In my opinion, they should be the universal rules of the magic world. Unfortunately, Richard changed those rules over and over again, completely ruining them in the process. When justice is discarded, a magic caster is no longer worthy being called a magic caster." Novan looked at Krassu

with a reminiscent smile as he said, "This is a very valuable lesson. I want the children of our school to see this and realize how important it is to be a good person before you try to achieve anything else. Even as a prodigy, he still has to uphold justice and abide by the rules. Isn't that what our Chaos City and Chaos School have been preaching all along?"

Grinton nodded with a thoughtful expression. He turned to the children below the stage, and didn't say anything further.

A component should be added to the magic caster trials that test one's nature, Mag thought to himself. He was simply relieved that Amy was unscathed. As for what Krassu was going to do, he could roughly guess his intentions.

"Don't kill me... I won't do it ever again. I was only acting according to my master's orders; he told me to teach her a lesson and embarrass you. I couldn't beat her, so I didn't know what to do; that's why I used that sneak attack... Please don't kill me! I'm a prodigy; I'm only 16 years old, and I could become a great magic caster in the future..." Hank's face was deathly pale, and he was rambling almost incoherently in his panic. He suddenly realized that the old man his master had denounced was not someone he could mess with.

"I won't kill you, but you don't deserve to possess magic." Krassu stepped forward abruptly. Hank wanted to evade in his horror, but his body was suddenly immobilized. Krassu laid his hand on Hank's head, and a red light flashed, immediately after which Hank collapsed to the ground with nothing but despair in his eyes.

His mind realm had been destroyed, so he would never be able to cultivate in magic again.

"Tell Brent to come to Chaos City and explain this matter to me within 10 days. If I don't see him in 10 days, I'll go to Rodu and take care of him along with the entire Magus Tower." Krassu withdrew his hand, and turned to Abbott with a serious expression as he said, "You can try to plot against me, but if anyone dares to touch Amy, I'll kill their entire family. If you don't think I'm enough of a threat, then throw Urien into the mix as well."