

## Stay At home 711

### Chapter 711 Did She Tell You Her Name?

"It must be Father!"

Amy's eyes immediately lit up as she looked at Irina, and she quickly gathered her thoughts. If Mother can't come back from the moon, then Father will be very lonely. Should I try to get him a wife? I thought Teacher Luna was really good, but I think Father will like this beautiful big sister better. Father would definitely like such a beautiful big sister, right?

Irina's brows furrowed slightly as she cast her gaze toward the entrance of the room. She then stroked Amy's cheek with a serious expression as she said, "I'm going now, Xiao Mi. Don't tell anyone that you saw me here, and if anyone asks, you didn't beat up this bad guy, either."

"Alright." Amy nodded obediently, but for some reason, she felt reluctant to part with this beautiful big sister. As Irina was about to leave, Amy quietly asked, "What's your name, Big Sister?"

"I'm Irina. I'll come back to find you again." Irina smiled before stomping her delicate foot onto Brent's face one last time. Immediately thereafter, golden light flashed beneath her feet and a small teleportation formation appeared, transporting her away from this place.

Mag had heard the sound of Amy's voice, and he strode into the room, only to find Amy and Brent, the latter cowering in the corner of the room and entirely unrecognizable. He hurried over to Amy and wrapped her in his arms with a concerned expression as he asked, "Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?"

"Is that... Master Brent?!"

The magic caster who had accompanied Mag to the fifth floor, Roy, suddenly let loose a cry of surprise as he rushed over to the fatso in the corner. He wanted to help Brent to his feet, but the latter was completely curled up into a ball, and he didn't know where to lay his hands. He was momentarily at a loss for what to do as he turned to Amy with a wary expression, and asked, "Did you do this to Master Brent?"

Brent! Mag turned his attention to the fatso in the corner. He had been so severely disfigured that Mag didn't even recognize him at first.

He's a 10th-tier magic caster, and he's in home territory here in the Magus Tower; who would be powerful enough and have the courage to do this to him? What could've possibly happened here?

A string of questions surfaced in Mag's mind as he sifted through all of the powerful beings in Alex's memories. However, aside from Krassu, he couldn't think of anyone else who had the guts and the power to do something like this.

Mag also turned to Amy. Perhaps she had seen what had just happened.

"I saw that this door was open, and I thought it was the exit, so I came in. He was already like this when I got here, and I was just passing by," Amy replied with an innocent shrug.

Roy looked at Amy, then at Brent, and he quickly believed Amy's story. After all, Brent was a 10th-tier magic caster, and no matter how freakishly talented this little girl was, there was no way that she would be able to reduce Master Brent to such a miserable state. Master Krassu was probably the only one on the entire continent who would dare to hand Master Brent such a severe beating here in the Magus Tower.

However, Krassu was still on the first floor of the tower, so this clearly had nothing to do with him. Who was it that had snuck into the Magus Tower, then?

A shiver ran down Roy's spine. If someone really had infiltrated the Magus Tower, and then assaulted Master Brent in such a horrendous manner without anyone noticing, then the Magus Tower was no longer safe! He had to report this matter to President Richard right away!

"If you two have nothing to do with this, then please go back downstairs." Roy rose to his feet and indicated for Mag and Amy to leave. He then strode out the door himself to gather a couple of magic casters to carry Brent downstairs; he required immediate treatment.

"Heh, this Sandstorm Python was a bit more difficult to handle than I expected, but it still only took me two minutes to defeat it, so I broke my last record by about 10 seconds. As expected, I really am a genius!" Kola looked down at the fallen python before stepping through the exit as he said to himself, "That little brat is probably still stuck on the second floor. What was the point of this contest?"

White light flashed and Kola emerged outside with a triumphant smile on his face, anticipating all of the praise he was going to receive for setting a new record. However, the sight that greeted him had his smile completely stiffening on his face.

The little brat who he had thought would still be trapped on the second level had just walked out from the opposite room with her father.

Are my eyes playing tricks on me? Kola closed his eyes before reopening them, but Amy and Mag were still standing before him. However, on this occasion, Roy had also emerged from that room.

"H-h-how could this be?!" Kola's eyes widened with incredulity. Amy was also on the sixth floor, so did that mean that she had also successfully passed the fifth level? And she had done so faster than he had?

Impossible! There's no way anyone can be faster than me! Kola shook his head, and a thought suddenly occurred to him as he turned to Roy with a smile, and asked, "Brother Roy, you must've rescued that little girl from the fifth floor, right?"

"No, she passed the fifth level by herself, and it only took her 80 seconds." Roy looked at Kola as he said in a rushed voice, "Hurry up and go downstairs."

He then brushed past Kola and hurried away. The tower ascending match was completely insignificant compared to the alarming incident that had just taken place.

"80 seconds?!" Roy's words were like a hammer blow to the head, instantly shattering Kola's confidence and leaving him dizzy and disoriented.

He had broken his own tower ascending record on several occasions, and everyone was referring to him as the exceptional prodigy who would match the elven princess in the future.

He was an extremely proud person, but he had just been defeated by a four-year-old little girl in the area that was supposed to be his forte. This was too heavy a blow for him to handle.

“Did you just come out, Big Cabbage? I’ve been waiting for a long time. You have to keep working hard so I don’t have to wait as long next time,” Amy encouraged with a smile.

“I... I...” Kola stumbled back as he clasped his hand over his heart, feeling as if he had just been stabbed in the chest.

“Let’s go.” Mag made his way downstairs with Amy’s little hand in his.

After rounding the corner, Mag picked up Amy in his arms, and quietly asked, “Amy, what did you see in there?”

Roy had believed Amy’s story earlier, but Mag could sense that she was hiding something.

Amy looked around to verify that there was no one nearby before whispering in Mag’s ear, “Father, I saw a super beautiful elf beating up a baddie, and she invited me to join in. She really was a super beautiful big sister.”

“A beautiful elf?” Mag faltered slightly upon hearing this, and a thought suddenly occurred to her. Aside from Krassu, there was someone else in this world who was powerful enough to assault Brent in the Magus Tower without being noticed.

Mag suddenly felt his throat go dry, and his heart rate accelerated as he asked, “Did she tell you her name?”

### **Chapter 712 Not the Face!**

The answer was already very apparent to Mag, but he still wanted to hear Amy’s reply.

There was a very good chance that she had just met her mother for the first time, and two of them had just undertaken a mother-and-daughter bonding exercise by beating up Brent.

That was... a little too much for him to handle.

Mag had thought extensively about what the first meeting between Amy and Irina would be like. He had even considered getting the system to make a moon replica so Amy wouldn’t think that he had been lying to her.

Father really does seem interested! Amy blinked as she whispered into Mag’s ear, “She told me her name is Irina. She also told me to keep that a secret, so I’m only going to tell this to you.”

“So it really was her...” Mag was afflicted by a series of complex emotions. Even though the answer didn’t surprise him at all, it still dealt him a rather heavy blow.

From an emotional perspective, all of Alex’s memories and feelings toward Irina had been wiped away, so Irina was nothing more than a stranger to Mag.

Mag had transmigrated from a different world, and he was a completely different person compared to Alex, so he certainly had no intention of filling in for Alex as Irina’s lover. That simply wouldn’t be fair for either of them.

However, the undeniable fact was that she was Amy's mother, so they were connected whether he liked it or not.

As for his own personal feelings toward Irina, Mag would have to ascertain those after meeting her in person.

In his heart, he would have to recover his former power and gather sufficient allies before seeking out Irina, but who would've thought that she was also in Rodu, and that she would bump into Amy here?

"Father? Father? Are you thinking about Big Sister Irina?" Amy waved her little hand in front of Mag's eyes.

Only then did he return to his senses. He asked, "Did you tell her your name? And did she say anything to you?"

"I told her my name was Xiao Mi, and Big Sister Irina said that she was going to come and find me again. I can introduce her to you next time." Amy's eyes were wide with excitement, and her expression was saying "praise me, Father!".

Looks like she's already suspecting some things. Mag's emotions were cast into even more turmoil. If it were possible, he would naturally want Amy and Irina to reunite as well. He wanted Amy to know who her mother was so she could receive the maternal love that she deserved.

However, the king's birthday was imminent, and representatives from all races had flocked to Rodu. Sean and Josh were also constantly lurking in the shadows, and there would be countless pairs of eyes focused on Irina's every move. If his cover were to be blown, he would most likely experience the same thing as three years ago.

On that occasion, even Alex was unable to protect Amy; how could Irina possibly defend him and Amy at the same time?

Mag didn't want to experience the same tragedy again, but he couldn't bear to see Amy and Irina brush shoulders without identifying each other.

The image of Amy murmuring for her mother in her sleep was still fresh in his mind, and he could only imagine what it felt like for Amy to have such a gaping hole in her life.

What should I do?

Mag felt as if he were being faced with an irresolvable predicament.

"You should be calling her auntie," Mag said to Amy. He couldn't allow her to call her mother big sister, as that would completely jumble the generational hierarchy.

"Father, big sisters won't like you if you call them old." Amy shook her head as if she were teaching Mag a valuable life lesson as she continued, "Big sisters have to be called big sisters. If you call them auntie, they won't like you."

Mag opened his mouth, but was at a loss for a reply. Who would've thought that she would be so good at reading women's hearts? However, if she didn't know that Irina was her mother, then why did it appear as if she was trying to hook him up with Irina?

Amy seemed to have seen the question in Mag's eyes, and she continued, "Father, the moon is so far away; wouldn't it be very difficult to rescue Mother from there? I feel like you'll be too lonely when I'm taking my lessons, so how about I find you a wife? That way, she can stay with you, and I'll replace her after my lessons so she can go home. I feel like Irina is really good for that job."

That's your mother you're talking about! rolled his eyes internally. He didn't know how to respond to Amy, who was trying to hook him up with none other than her own mother. He finally knew why she was being so enthusiastic now.

He found it quite amusing that Amy was talking about a wife like she was talking about a shift worker, but he was mostly very touched by her thoughtfulness. She was so worried that he would be lonely by himself that she was even willing to set aside her mother.

"What do you think, Father? My idea is super awesome, right?" Amy was looking at Mag with an expectant look as she said, "If we get a wife for you, she'll also be able to help you wash the clothes and prepare the ingredients. You won't have to work so hard then, Father."

"You think you've got it all figured out even though this is the first time you've met her?" Mag tapped Amy's forehead with a smile.

According to the information that he had gathered on Irina, Amy's plan was clearly unrealistic. The elven princess was not someone who would be content to wash clothes and prepare ingredients all day. Even if she were willing to do that, it simply wouldn't feel right to him.

Mag looked around before he said in a serious voice, "Amy, don't tell anyone about seeing Big Sister Irina here, ok?"

Amy looked at Mag with a serious expression and nodded as she replied, "Don't worry, Father, I definitely won't introduce her to anyone else. You have to work hard, though!"

"What is in that little head of yours?" Mag couldn't help but burst into laughter. He didn't speak any further about this subject as he carried Amy downstairs.

As things currently were, he could only think on his feet and adapt to the situation as it transpired. He also had to hope that Irina would be smart enough not to act rashly and blow his cover.

Mag carried Amy down to the first floor, and all of the magic casters parted to create a path for them. All of the magic casters were looking at Amy, some with resentment in their eyes, while others were quite excited as if they were witnessing a future legendary figure.

"Everyone, get out of the way!"

All of a sudden, Roy and two other magic casters stormed down the stairs, carrying Brent on a stretcher as he yelled, "President! Master Brent was attacked and has been severely injured!"

All of the magic casters erupted into an uproar as they looked at the disfigured Brent.

"What happened?" Richard was also quite stunned to hear this as he hurriedly made his way forward. The fact that Brent had been beaten to such a horrific extent in the Magus Tower was most definitely a direct act of provocation to their Magus Tower. What unsettled him even further was that he had been completely oblivious as the incident was taking place.

“Hart, treat his wounds,” Richard commanded with a dark expression.

A magic caster with a medium build stepped forward before unleashing healing magic. Blue light enveloped Brent’s body, and his bruised and battered face slowly began to recover toward a more normal pallor.

After throwing up a mouthful of blood, Brent slowly opened his eyes. The first thing that he caught sight of was Amy, and his eyes immediately widened. He threw his arms around his head reflexively, and howled, “Not the face!”

### **Chapter 713 I Didn’t! You’re Lying!**

“What happened to Elder Brent? Who did this to him?”

“It looks like he was bashed in the face by a chair! But with Elder Brent’s immense power, how could that have happened to him?”

“Could it be because he’s always sexually harassing the female magic casters in our Magus Tower, and someone took vengeance on him?”

“If that’s the case, then he deserves everything he got! If it were me, I’d also want to slam that sick pervert in the face with a chair!”

All of the magic casters were quite surprised by the sight of Brent’s miserable state, but there was an overwhelming current of gloating elation intermingled with that shock. All of the female magic casters present seemed to be of the opinion that justice had been served.

Krassu was also looking at Brent with an elated expression of approval as he murmured to himself, “He really did receive quite a thorough beating. I feel like my job has been done for me.”

Just as everyone was discussing spiritedly among themselves, Brent woke up, and his reflexive reaction toward Amy made everyone in the entire Magus Tower fall silent.

All of the magic casters turned to Amy with disbelief in their eyes. Brent was accusing Amy of being the one who had done this to him?

But he was a 10th-tier great magic caster!

No matter how prodigious Amy was, she was still only a 5th-tier magic caster. There was an insurmountable gap between the two of them.

Kola had just descended from the staircase in a dejected mood, and he was also rooted to the spot upon seeing this. If even Master Brent had been beaten to such a state by this little girl, then it was no wonder that he had lost to her!

“Little Amy, did you really do this to him?” Krassu turned to Amy with an inquisitive expression. His voice wasn’t critical in the slightest. Instead, it was filled with anticipation as if he wished for nothing more than for Amy to have been the one who had inflicted such horrific injuries on Brent.

Richard turned his gaze toward Amy with furrowed brows. There was only a handful of people who could assault Brent in the Magus Tower without being discovered, and this little half-elf girl clearly wasn't one of them. His voice cooled significantly as he commanded, "Brent, tell me what happened!"

Brent was still trembling uncontrollably with his eyes closed and his arms wrapped around his head. Only after seeing Richard and the magic casters around him did he realize that he was no longer in that dark room. He immediately heaved a long sigh of relief before slumping to the ground in a completely feeble manner as he replied, "That woman... That woman came to Rodu, and she..."

"That's enough!" A dangerous light flashed through Richard's eyes as he cut off Brent before turning to Amy. "What does this have to do with her?"

Brent seemed to have realized that he had said something he shouldn't have said, and he immediately shut his mouth. However, as he turned to look at Amy, the mental image of her raising a chair high into the air before bringing it down on his face resurfaced in his mind. His voice rose a few octaves, reaching a borderline screech as he cried, "That little brat hit me! She used a chair to hit me in the face!"

"I didn't! You're lying!" Amy shook her head with a pitiable expression as she denied, "I'm just a little elf who happened to be passing by. You must've been beaten silly if you think I hit you."

Compared to the screeching Brent, the adorkable Amy was clearly more convincing. Who would believe that such an adorable little girl would be capable of bashing people with chairs?

Furthermore, Brent was an elder of the Magus Tower, a 10th-tier magic caster, yet he was claiming that he had been beaten with a chair by a four-year-old little girl?

This was clearly slander!

All of the magic casters present were starting to get rather angry. The Magus Tower could accept losing to someone, but what they couldn't accept was being dishonored. Brent's actions were a complete disgrace to the Magus Tower.

"That's enough, Brent! I keep telling you to drink less, but you never listen! You must've drunk too much and hit your head." Richard's expression had also darkened significantly as he turned to Roy, and instructed, "Carry him back to his room."

"I..." Brent still wanted to say something, but a vicious glare from Richard had him swallowing his words. He glanced at the nearby Krassu, and a chill suddenly ran down his spine as he suddenly realized who this little half-elf girl was. Krassu's new disciple was none other than a little half-elf girl.

"But..." Roy still wanted to say something. In the dark room where he had discovered the unconscious Brent, he had discovered splinters and other pieces of broken chairs all over the place. That was not a scene that could be created just by Brent falling over and hitting his head after a drunken adventure. However, he also swallowed his words at the sight of Richard's thunderous expression, and he helped Brent to his feet with the help of two other magic casters before departing.

Amy turned to Mag and gave him a smug little smile.

Mag also smiled back at her as he patted her little head. She sure was a smart little girl; she had already learned how to use her advantages to convince others to believe her.

"I can't believe Master Brent was this type of person. Could it be that he's trying to slander that little girl just because she beat Hank?"

"I heard Hank even used forbidden magic during their battle, but was still defeated by her in the end. After that, he got what he deserved, and was disabled by Master Krassu. Could it be that Brent is trying to avenge him?"

"Like master, like disciple; they're both scum!"

All of the magic casters were discussing among themselves in quiet voices as they glared at Brent with disdain, and everyone's resentment toward Brent seemed to have erupted in that moment.

"Hold on."

Right at this moment, Krassu suddenly made his way over to Brent with a smile as the latter lay on a stretcher. Krassu examined his face, and clicked his tongue with wonder as he said, "There aren't many people in the world who could give such thorough beatings with just a chair; it's like a work of art! I was going to teach you a lesson as well, but there's no place for me to strike you, tsk, tsk."

Brent was trembling as he lay on the stretcher, and cold sweat was pouring down his face. He did his best to suppress his agony as he forced a smile onto his face, and said, "Master Krassu, I heard that you had come to visit our Magus Tower, and in my hurry to greet you, I accidentally fell down the stairs. Please forgive me for my tardiness, argh... That's hurts!"

"It hurts? Your skin is almost as thick as the walls of Rodu; how can a gentle pinch like this hurt?" Krassu wore a benevolent smile on his face with a large section of Brent's skin pinched between his fingers in a pincer-like grip as he slowly twisted his hand.

Brent's face had turned deathly pale, and he was on the brink of falling unconscious. However, he still forced a smile onto his face as he said in a trembling voice, "It... It doesn't hurt after all..."

"It doesn't hurt? Are you saying I'm old, and no longer have any strength left?" Krassu abruptly twisted Brent's skin in a sharp, vicious motion, twisting his swollen face into an unrecognizable state.

"Arrrgh!!!"

Brent's bloodcurdling howls erupted throughout the entire Magus Tower.

"That's enough, Krassu! This is the Magus Tower, not a place for you to do as you please!" Richard raised a hand to conjured up a blue hand of water, which grabbed toward Krassu.

"Piss off!" Krassu slapped the oncoming hand into oblivion before landing a vicious backhanded slap on Brent's face.

His bloodcurdling howls immediately came to an abrupt halt as he fell unconscious once again.

Krassu turned to Richard with a cold smile, and said, "Let's settle this with a battle. My disciple will crush yours!"

## **Chapter 714**

## **Come on Out, Fatty Fatty Ugly Duckling!**

Richard looked deep into Krassu's eyes, then turned to the depressed Kola, and said, "Kola, I command you to battle her. Defeat is not an option!"

"Really?!" Kola's eyes immediately lit up.

He was of the opinion that Krassu must've taught Amy some special tricks for her to ascend five levels of the tower in 80 seconds. In fact, he was sure that she had cheated somehow!

However, if they were going to have a fair duel, then he was confident that he would be able to attain victory and recover his lost honor.

Krassu also turned to Amy with a smile as he said, "Little Amy, you'll have to fight him in a short while. There's no need to hold back; hit him as hard as you can!"

"Alright!" Amy nodded eagerly before casting her gaze toward her surroundings as if she were looking for something.

Richard waved a hand through the air, and a large white circle with a radius of 10 meters appeared at the center of the first floor of the Magus Tower. A serious look appeared on his face as he announced, "This circle will be the venue for the battle. The loser will be the one who falls out of the white circle or no longer has the power to continue fighting or concedes the battle."

"Little brat, I'm going to show you what a true 5th-tier magic caster is made of!" Kola aimed a vicious glare at Amy before making his way into the circle as he loudly announced, "Magus Tower, Kola!"

"I found one!" Amy let go of Mag's hand as she skipped over to a table, and picked up a little chair. She then also skipped into the circle as she responded in kind. "Mamy Restaurant, Amy!"

"Mamy Restaurant? What's that? Is it really a restaurant, or is it some kind of mysterious organization?"

"Why is she carrying a chair into the circle? And it's a foldable chair as well. Is she planning to use that as a weapon?"

"Could it be... that she really did inflict those injuries onto Master Brent?"

All of the magic casters looked on with curiosity in her eyes.

That's a good way to advertise our restaurant. Mag nodded with approval. Amy really was the perfect mascot for Mamy Restaurant. Perhaps it would be a good idea to start thinking about advertising the establishment. After all, one restaurant alone was earning revenue at a rate that was still too slow, so expansion had to take place sooner or later.

However, as he looked at Amy holding a foldable chair as she sized up Kola, he couldn't help but be reminded of Sargerias. Could it be that she was really going to use that chair to fight Kola?

"Foldable chairs are very commonplace objects that are often underrated in battle. I'm very pleased that she's able to source weapons from her environment rather than dogmatically cling to her staff. As expected of my prized disciple." Krassu nodded with an expression of approval. He was clearly not concerned in the slightest that Amy wasn't using her staff.

Kola looked at the chair in Amy's hands with furrowed brows as he asked, "You're not going to use a wand?"

"Master tells me that as long as I have magic in my heart, anything can be used as a weapon, so why do I have to use a wand? I think this chair is quite good." Amy shrugged with a rather perplexed look.

"Insolent little brat!" A furious look appeared on Kola's face. This little brat was clearly not taking him seriously at all!

This Big Cabbage is so weird; why is he getting angry just because I'm using a chair? Amy was very confused as she looked at Kola. She then shook her head as she thought to herself, Whatever. I just learned some special chair-swinging techniques from Big Sister Irina earlier; I'll test them on his face.

Richard looked at the chair in Amy's hands, and his expression darkened even further. This little brat was intent on humiliating the Magus Tower, just as Krassu was. However, he wasn't concerned in the slightest, as he didn't believe that a four-year-old little brat would be able to beat Kola with just a chair even for a single second. As such, he loudly announced, "There's no need for either of you to hold back. If either of you fall into a dangerous situation, we'll step in immediately. However, the one that is forced to receive our protection will be deemed as the loser. Let the battle begin!"

Kola was holding a bluish-silver wand in his hand as he looked at Amy with a cold smile. "Remember my name, little brat: my name is Kola!"

A contemplative look appeared on Amy's face before she shook her head, and replied, "I prefer Big Cabbage..."

"You!!" Kola's expression became even more enraged.

"Are we starting? I'm going to attack now." Amy looked at Kola as she slowly raised her chair.

"Even though Kola was comprehensively defeated in the tower ascending competition, I think he has a good chance of winning in a practical battle like this."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that. Melee magic casters are invincible in short-range battles. That circle is not very big at all, so I think Amy has a better chance of winning."

"A chair versus a wand; that sure is a rare match-up."

All of the magic casters were looking on with expectant expressions. No one had been able to witness the tower ascending trials, so they didn't know just how powerful Amy was. As such, this battle was something that they were very much looking forward to watching.

"Come! I'll only need to cast one spell to defeat you." Kola looked at Amy with a disdainful expression before adopting a pose he thought to be quite cool, aiming his wand at Amy in a slanted manner.

As soon as he had adopted that pose, a chair took over his entire field of vision before landing on his face with unavoidable speed and unerring accuracy.

Three magic shields were erected in quick succession, but all of them were shattered by the seemingly ordinary wooden chair.

“No!!!”

The chair crashed into Kola’s face amid a cry of horror.

“Thump!”

A crisp crack erupted as wooden splinters flew in all directions. Kola was also sent flying like a cannonball, and only stopped after sliding along the ground for quite a distance. By then, the left half of his face had already swelled up significantly.

“This...”

All of the magic casters who were looking forward to a spectacular battle were flabbergasted. As soon as the battle had begun, what appeared to be two balls of fire had suddenly materialized beneath Amy’s feet. She then instantly appeared before Kola and sent him flying with her chair.

“I’m starting to believe what Elder Brent said earlier...” A magic caster gulped. With her speed and power, even a 7th-tier magic caster would most likely be wounded if they were caught off guard.

The magic caster beside him nodded in agreement.

“Is Kola going to lose just like that?”

All of the magic casters harbored complex emotions as they looked at Kola, who was lying at the edge of the white circle. If news were to spread of the fact that he had been defeated by a single attack from a little four-year-old girl, the Magus Tower’s reputation would be swept to the ground.

Kola himself was also completely dumbstruck. The searing pain shooting through the left side of his face assured him that this was not a dream, but he felt as if he were living in a nightmare. It was completely inexplicable to him that he had just been swatted flying with a chair to the face by a little girl.

“Kola, are you just going to keep lying there?!” Richard let loose an enraged roar.

Kola shuddered as he rose to his feet; he was feeling rather uneasy as he looked at Richard’s cold expression. He then turned his attention to Amy, and wasted no time with words as he immediately began to chant a spell. A massive blue python quickly took shape in front of him before pouncing toward Amy with its huge mouth completely agape.

“Come on out, Fatty Fatty Ugly Duckling!” Amy pointed toward the python in an unhurried manner.

## **Chapter 715 Did I Hit Him Too Hard?**

When the massive python had appeared, most of the magic casters had thought that this would be a massive turning point in the battle. After all, the python that Kola had manifested was enough to put his 5tj-tier power on full display.

And then, a massive orange ball fell from the sky, crushing the massive python and knocking out Kola beneath its massive backside.

The outcome of the match had been decided.

Everyone had fallen completely silent as they looked at the gargantuan ball of an orange, as well as the unconscious Kola beneath it, who was frothing at the mouth.

“Holy f\*ck...”

Only expletives could express the feelings that the magic casters present were currently experiencing.

“Meow!!!”

Ugly Duckling was being held in Mag’s arms, and it stared at the massive orange ball with wide eyes, then down at its own round belly, and it made a conscious effort to suck in its stomach as much as it could.

“This is how manifestation magic should be used...” Mag was also in awe. At the same time, he was very glad that Amy hadn’t manifested a massive version of him.

After a prolonged silence, all of the magic casters erupted into an uproar. Everyone was discussing the efficacy of such an attack. This was a disposable spell, and if it were to miss its target, then it would be completely useless. However, if it struck its target, then the magic and body of a 5th-tier magic caster would clearly be no match for such a simple yet effective strike.

Krassu turned to Richard with a wide smile on his face. “Richard, your disciple has already lost the power to battle. In this case, the victory belongs to Amy, right? So how about you hand over my Fire Spirit Lotus and Flame Spirit Crystal?”

Richard’s face darkened to an alarming extent as he flipped his hand over to produce the Fire Spirit Lotus and the Flame Spirit Crystal. He tossed the two items to Krassu as he sneered, “Hmph, all she does is play little dirty tricks! There’s no future for her!”

Krassu accepted the two items, and his smile grew even wider. After stowing the items away, he smiled, and replied, “Regardless of whether she has a future or not, the fact of the matter is that she can crush all of your Magus Tower’s so-called prodigies with ease. Also, I really must thank you for these two fire-type treasures.”

Richard was enraged beyond belief as he glowered at Krassu. “Krassu, you spent several decades of your life at our Magus Tower; are you really so intent on making the Magus Tower your enemy?”

“I don’t care how long I spent in this place; all I know is that it’s no longer the place that I envisioned it to be.” Krassu turned to all of the magic casters present with a menacing smile as he said, “Also, I have a habit; if anyone takes something I own and ruins it, I’d destroy it and make another one.”

The entire Magus Tower immediately fell silent, and all of the magic casters present wore complex expressions.

Richard opened his mouth, but repressed the urge to say anything in the end.

Amy made her way over to Mag, and squeezed Ugly Duckling’s cheek with a serious expression as she said, “Do you see that, Ugly Duckling? If you keep eating like you’re doing now, you’re going to become like this. If that happens, I can only throw you around to squash baddies.”

“Meow~”

The mental image of itself being thrown around as a ball surfaced in Ugly Duckling's mind, and it shuddered as it shook its head with a pitiable expression.

"Let's go, Little Amy, Boss Mag." Krassu turned toward them before giving Amy a thumbs-up. A benevolent smile appeared on his face as he praised, "Well done, Amy."

Krassu and the others departed from the Magus Tower. A weary look appeared on Richard's face as he raised a hand, and said, "There's nothing more to see here."

A blue rope of water gently picked up Kola from the ground, following which both he and Kola disappeared from the hall on the first floor of the tower.

"As expected of Master Krassu; he really is the Lord of Fire. But from the sounds of it, he seems to be threatening to destroy our Magus Tower again!"

"If no mishaps occur, that little half-elf girl is most likely going to be crushing all of the magic casters of the younger generation."

"It feels like everyone else is still learning to crawl, yet she can already sprint!"

All of the magic casters dispersed, but they were still quietly discussing the events that had just taken place. Even though it had only been a battle between two 5th-tier magic casters, it was quite possible that the outcome of this battle was going to dictate the future of the magic world for at least the next several decades, if not the next few centuries.

...

Brent had only just woken up after being slapped unconscious by Krassu. He turned over in his bed, only to discover Richard standing by his bedside, upon which he hurriedly got up into a sitting position.

"What happened?" Richard asked with furrowed brows.

"Master Richard..." Brent gave Richard a recount of the incident that had taken place earlier. After a brief hesitation, he decided to gloss over the part where Amy had smacked him with her chairs. As a great magic caster, it would be far too embarrassing for him if news were to spread that he had been physically assaulted by a little four-year-old half-elf girl.

Richard's brows furrowed even deeper as he said, "I didn't think that the elven race would send Irina this time. Looks like she's already aware of the fact that our Magus Tower is connected to that incident from three years ago."

Brent was a little panicked as he said, "President, what should we do now? Irina is too powerful; there's no one in our Magus Tower who can match her in battle aside from you. If she attempts another sneak attack like she did today, she could easily kill anyone in our Magus Tower!"

In contrast, Richard wasn't concerned in the slightest as he coldly said, "She didn't kill you, which means she's still not sure who exactly participated in that assassination three years ago. Besides, this is Rodu, not the Wind Forest; she can't just kill someone from our Magus Tower on a whim. If she really does try to hunt down members of our Magus Tower, we have every right to kill her here in Rodu, and the elven race won't be able to do anything to us."

Brent's eyes immediately lit up upon hearing this.

Richard continued, "Send someone to inform His Highness, the second prince, about what Irina did in Rodu today. His Highness will have a way to deal with her."

"Alright." Brent hurriedly nodded before clambering out of bed and stumbling outside in a rather unsteady manner.

Your Highness, the assassination three years ago was orchestrated by you, so you have to take care of this matter. Our Magus Tower isn't going to suffer the consequences of your actions. Richard disappeared from the room.

...

A horse-drawn carriage departed from the Magus Tower, weaving through the streets as it headed toward the northern region of the city, which was where all of the renowned restaurants of Rodu were gathered.

"Master, my chair swing just then was super awesome, right?" Amy turned to Krassu with a joyful expression.

"I couldn't have done it better myself, Little Amy." Krassu nodded with a content expression.

"Tsk, but I didn't learn that attack from Master," Amy said with a shake of her head.

"You didn't learn it from me? Then whom did you learn it from?" Krassu raised his eyebrows upon hearing this. Could it be that Urien was teaching Amy melee magic?

"Bam!"

Right at this moment, a muffled thump erupted, and the horse-drawn carriage came to an abrupt halt.

"Did I hit him too hard?"

A slightly apologetic voice rang out from outside the carriage.

### **Chapter 716 Please Board the Carriage, Princess**

It seemed as if the horse-drawn carriage had crashed into something before stopping cold in its tracks. Mag immediately wound his arms around Amy as a wary look appeared on his face. It sounded as if the coach driver had already been knocked out, so it appeared that they were under attack.

"Hmm? I know that voice." Krassu's brows furrowed slightly.

Mag had thrown both arms around Amy, releasing Ugly Duckling in the process. As such, it was thrown off the seat by the momentum of the crash, and was flung out of the carriage.

"It's Big Sister Irina!"

As soon as Amy heard that voice, an elated look appeared on her face as she threw aside the curtain on the carriage.

"Irina?" Mag turned his attention toward the front of the carriage.

An elf in a white dress was standing in front of the horse-drawn carriage, holding the trembling Ugly Duckling in her hands. Ugly Duckling had already curled up into a ball from fear; she was holding in front of her face, inspecting it with a pair of curious eyes.

The light of the warm autumn sun shone down on her as if it were draping a golden veil over her body.

Her long silver hair was casually draped over her shoulders, and as her luscious locks were picked up by the autumn wind, she appeared as if she were a celestial maiden who had descended from the heavens.

The golden crescent moon insignia also gave her a sense of holiness and mystique.

She was like the first budding seedling emerging from the snow during the transition from winter to spring, and the sight of her made Mag's heart shudder slightly.

Is this what love feels like? Mag raised his eyebrows. Alex's memories of Irina didn't return to him, nor did they affect him in any way. As far as he was concerned, this was the first time that this beautiful elf had entered his world.

Her arrival was like a gentle spring breeze blowing through his heart.

"It's so fat that it looks like a ball! It should be really delicious if I were to cook it, right?" Irina stared at Ugly Duckling with a contemplative expression.

Amy hurriedly shook her head with a serious expression as she said, "No, you can't cook it yet, Big Sister Irina! Ugly Duckling is going to grow up to become a white swan in the future, and I heard from Father that roast goose is super delicious!"

Irina examined Ugly Duckling with a skeptical expression, and asked, "Really? This ball can grow up to become a white swan? And you're saying that roast goose is really delicious?"

"It is! Father told me that the little girl who was selling matchsticks forgot to go home for food because she was too busy looking at roast goose, and she ended up dying from hunger outside the roast goose restaurant, so roast goose has to be really, really delicious," Amy confirmed with a nod.

Irina also nodded with a contemplative look, and said, "I see. Let's keep it for a while, then."

"Alright." Amy accepted Ugly Duckling from Irina and held it in her arms.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling cried out in a pitiable manner, wondering what it had done to deserve this.

Mag buried his face into his palm upon seeing this. There was no doubt that Irina was Amy's mother; they had the exact same reflex arc.

"So it really is you, Little Irina. I knew that voice sounded really familiar." Krassu wore a meaningful smile on his face as he asked, "You bumped into that fat bastard, Brent, at the Magus Tower earlier, didn't you?"

"I sure did, Old Man Whitebeard. Long time no see." Irina nodded at Krassu as she cupped her fist, and said, "This is my first day at Rodu, so I thought I'd bash him to cheer myself up."

"I also find bashing him very satisfying. I slapped him really hard this morning, and I suddenly felt completely reinvigorated." Krassu nodded before a confused look appeared on his face, and he asked, "Come to think of it, how do you know Little Amy?"

"Little Amy..." Irina's eyes lit up. Her name was Amy, her pet name as Xiao Mi, and she had silver hair as well as blue eyes. Was this really all just a coincidence?

"Er..." Mag looked at Irina as he scrambled for a way to place her, but was unable to think of anything.

Amy was constantly yearning for her mother, and it didn't take much to guess how much Irina missed Amy. He simply couldn't bear to have them brush shoulders with one another without realizing who the other person was.

Irina turned her attention toward Mag, and her bright blue eyes sparkled as she attempted to find traces of Alex in this man.

She discovered that Mag was quite handsome in his own right, but his appearance was completely different compared to Alex. There was also no hint of Alex in his eyes.

The eyes were the window to one's soul, so one's eyes could never lie.

The only similarities they shared was their height, but Alex was more well-built.

Is he Alex or not? Could it be that he's completely altered his appearance to hide himself? Countless questions flashed through Irina's mind at once, and she shifted her gaze away from Mag with difficulty as she turned to Krassu and feigned a nonchalant expression. "I met Amy as I was beating up that fat bastard, Brent, and she helped out as well."

Amy nodded with a joyful expression, and said, "I sure did! You see now, Master Krassu? I learned to swing a chair from Big Sister Irina, not you."

Amy then looked at the coach driver slumped onto the ground, then at the wooden shards strewn over the place, and she asked, "Big Sister Irina, did you hit the coach driver with a chair as well?"

"Er... I didn't think that he would be so weak." Irina glanced down at the coach driver and stuck out her tongue in an apologetic manner.

"We're going to the Renhe Food Street, but we don't have a coach driver now. What do we do?" A concerned look appeared on Amy's face.

Irina's eyes lit up as she heard this. "You're going to the Renhe Food Street? I also want to go there! We just need someone to drive our carriage now."

And then, everyone turned to Mag in unison.

Irina looked at Mag, and she recalled the scenes when she and Alex had first met. A stern expression appeared on her face, and she commanded, "I'm the elven princess, Irina. I command you to be my coach driver and take us to the Renhe Food Street."

I want to refuse this order, but why do I also feel happy about it? Mag was struck by a sense of mixed emotions, and that order also seemed to be strangely familiar to him. Could it be that he was a masochist who enjoyed being slave-driven?

No! That can't be! I can't be a masochist! I have to at least be a submissive husband instead! Wait... Mag shook his head to rid himself of that strange train of thought as he spread his hands open in a resigned manner. "I'm a chef, not a coach driver."

"So you're unwilling to drive this coach for me?" Irina looked into Mag's eyes.

"Of course he is! Father is really good at driving coaches! Hurry up and get on, Big Sister Irina!" Before Mag had a chance to say anything, Amy had already replied in his stead. She then nudged Mag's arm with her little elbow and whispered into his ear, "Father, the big sister isn't going to like you if you refuse her."

"..."

Mag turned to Amy and opened his mouth, but he was at a complete loss for a response.

He made his way out of the carriage with a resigned expression, and said, "Please board the carriage, Princess."

## **Chapter 717 I'm Mag, and Now I'm Starting to Panic**

So it really is you, Alex.

Irina cast a meaningful glance at Mag before boarding the horse-drawn carriage and taking a seat beside Amy.

She had heard the same answer 10 years ago, and 10 years since then, he had given her the same answer.

It had to be him.

Mag carried the unconscious coach driver onto the horse-drawn carriage before turning to Irina as he said, "You should administer some treatment for him. Can you heal his injuries but leave him unconscious? We have to take him back with us when we go back."

"So you want him half dead? Sure." Irina nodded as she pointed a finger toward the coach driver's head. A spot of green light emerged from her fingertip before disappearing into the coach driver's glabella.

"That's... an interesting way to put it." Mag was a little speechless upon hearing Irina's response. However, Irina was doing as he requested, so he didn't say anything further about this matter. He kicked aside the wood splinters strewn all over the ground, and then asked a passerby for directions to the Renhe Food Street before slowly driving the horse-drawn carriage onward in an awkward and unrehearsed manner.

Mag was a decent horse-rider, but this was his first time driving a horse-drawn carriage. However, even though the carriage was trundling along at a rather slow rate, it was still moving nonetheless.

Even though he was sitting outside the carriage, Mag's attention was almost entirely focused on what was going on within the carriage. He still wasn't sure if Irina had managed to identify him and Amy.

All of Alex's memories of Irina had been wiped away, so he didn't even know what kind of personality Irina had.

However, from his observations, he could conclude thus far that she was very brave, possessed an inexplicable reflex arc, had violent tendencies, and was rather haughty.

"Big Sister Irina, you said that you were going to come find me again, but I thought it would be a long time later; I didn't think you'd come to find me so quickly." Amy sat beside Irina with a beaming smile on her face. She then cast a glance outside the carriage and lowered her voice as she whispered, "I also told Father about you, and he's super excited to see you. I only told Father and no one else about you, though."

"Really? He doesn't appear all that excited to see me," Irina questioned in a voice that was just loud enough to be heard by Mag.

A resigned smile appeared on his face. It appeared that Amy was trying to act as matchmaker for her parents.

"It's true! Father's just a little slow, but he definitely really likes you, and he's really good to women as well." Amy nodded in confirmation.

"Which women has he been good to?" Irina asked in an amused voice.

A chill suddenly ran down Mag's spine; he was petrified, fearing that Amy would blurt out something she shouldn't. He was suddenly struck by the feeling that Irina was a slightly terrifying woman.

"No one, really." Amy shook her head in response.

"Good." Only then did Irina slowly unclench her fists.

"Phew." Mag couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. Thank heavens Amy knew what she should and shouldn't say.

After a slight pause, Anna continued, "It's only Teacher Luna, Big Sister Miya, Big Sister Aisha, Big Sister Gloria, Big Sister Vivian, Big Sister Anna... He's only good to those people."

"Sounds like a lot of beautiful big sisters." Irina's tone suddenly took a rather dangerous turn, and it felt as if the air temperature inside the carriage had plummeted significantly.

"Luna is Amy's teacher, Miya and Aisha are waitresses at my restaurant, Young Mistress Gloria and Young Mistress Vivian are customers of my restaurant, and Anna is a five-year-old<sup>[1]</sup> little elf that we rescued in the past..." Mag didn't know why he was explaining these things, but he had a feeling that he would be in mortal danger if he refrained from elaborating on this matter.

As a man, he felt that this wasn't a sign that he was scared of his wife; it was simply a gesture of respect toward women.

He was a man who respected female rights.

Yes, that was it.

“I see.”

Irina nodded indifferently, and the air temperature within the carriage seemed to have warmed up slightly again.

However, right at this moment, Krassu suddenly interjected, “I heard that Young Mistress Gloria danced with Boss Mag during that banquet, didn’t she? I’m not sure that she’s just a customer of his restaurant.”

Mag was suddenly struck by the urge to throw himself off the carriage...

“Looks like Boss Mag really is popular with women,” Irina mused with a menacing smile.

Amy was completely oblivious to the killing intent radiating from Irina’s body as a bewildered look appeared on her face. “How did you know, Big Sister Irina? There are a lot of big sisters lining up outside the restaurant every day, talking about how they want to become Father’s wife and bear his children.”

“Giddy up!”

As he sensed the plummeting air temperature behind him, Mag frantically swung his whip through the air.

I’m Mag, and now I’m starting to panic.

Irina withdrew her gaze from the curtain of the carriage before turning to the adorable little Amy. She felt as if her heart were about to melt at the mere sight of this beautiful little girl.

This was the daughter whom she had been thinking about day and night. She was so small when she’d first been born, and she was a little ugly as well, so Irina had almost dropped her in her horror. However, it had only been a few years, and she already became this adorable.

Three years had passed since she had last seen her daughter, and she had thought that she and Mag were already dead. Who would’ve thought that she would get an opportunity to sit beside her daughter again like this?

How should I get closer to her? Irina looked at Amy as she pondered to herself. Little kids were extremely foreign to her, and she didn’t know how to interact with Amy. She reached out toward Amy in an awkward manner before withdrawing her hand again. She then decided to employ a more direct approach, and commanded, “Xiao Mi, get in my arms.”

Was that too harsh? Should I have been more gentle? Did I scare her? As soon as those words escaped from Irina’s lips, she was thrown into a blind panic. As she looked at Amy and waited for her response, she felt as if she had never been so nervous in her life.

“Really?” Amy’s eyes lit up with elation and disbelief as she looked at Irina. She was struggling to believe her ears; such a beautiful big sister was asking to hug her?

“Do you not want to?” Irina opened her arms and tried to speak in a more gentle tone, yet it still sounded like an order.

“Of course I do!” Amy immediately nodded vehemently. She looked at Irina’s open arms and hesitated momentarily before carefully approaching Irina, then rested her cheek against Irina’s chest.

So soft, so warm, so comfortable! Amy closed her eyes as she hugged Irina with her little arms. There was a comforting fragrance emanating from Irina’s body. It was a rather floral scent, but it was more captivating than the fragrance of any flower. Amy felt as if she could fall asleep in an instant in Irina’s arms.

Mother’s embrace must be just as warm as this... Amy thought to herself as a content smile appeared on her face.

Xiao Mi, my daughter, I’ve finally found you.

Irina gently hugged Amy to her chest, basking in the warmth emanating from her body. She felt as if there were some kind of profound indescribable connection between them, linking them together. With Amy in her arms, she felt calmer and more content than ever before, just as if she were holding the entire world in her arms. It was an extraordinary feeling.

“Thump!”

Right at this moment, something crashing heavily into the horse-drawn carriage, and the entire carriage was almost flung into the air.

### **Chapter 718 Are You Crazy?! That’s the Elven Princess!**

Two wheels of the horse-drawn carriage left the ground[1], and the entire carriage skidded toward a nearby wall on a horizontal path. The two horses drawing the carriage neighed in distress from the impact of the collision.

Mag turned to the rhinoceros-drawn carriage beside them. He had one hand tightly gripping the reins of the horses while his other hand had grabbed onto the carriage’s curtain, ready to fling it aside at a moment’s notice. If the carriage were to crash into the wall, then Amy could get hurt, and that was something that he couldn’t allow to happen.

Right at this moment, a burst of gentle golden light appeared on the side of the horse-drawn carriage. The entire carriage decelerated dramatically as a result before gently sliding along the wall and down onto the ground.

A humanoid figure rolled out of the horse-drawn carriage, plummeting straight to the ground.

Mag looked at the unconscious coach driver on the ground, and he realized that they now had an excuse to offer to Josh about why the coach driver was unconscious. Hopefully, the coach driver would be suffering from memory loss, unable to recall that he had actually been knocked out by a chair.

However, Mag’s heart was still filled with rage. The framework on the side of the carriage had almost been snapped in half from the force of the impact, and one corner of the carriage had been shattered. If that film of golden light hadn’t appeared to buffer the impact of the carriage crashing into the wall, it was quite likely that the entire horse-drawn carriage would’ve been in pieces by now.

They were in Rodu, and this rhinoceros-drawn carriage was traveling at such a high speed on a road that was not very wide; these circumstances were already enough for the owner of the carriage to be charged with attempted murder.

Mag turned to the rhinoceros-drawn carriage, and discovered a massive black rhino that was two meters tall and over three meters in length. The rhinoceros was clad in black armor, and it was glowering at Mag with its large eyes, looking as if it were about to attack at any moment.

However, Mag's attention was drawn to the crest emblazoned on the rhinoceros-drawn carriage. It was the crest of the first prince's manor.

Rhinoceros-drawn carriages were quite rare in Rodu to begin with, particularly those that were drawn by Black Berserker Rhinos as this one. These rhinos were 4th-tier magic beasts commonly used by the Roth Empire's army to draw the military's battle carriages. They were extremely violent and short-tempered, and they would often injure people unless they were controlled by skilled beast-tamers.

However, the first prince really liked to use these Black Berserker Rhinos to draw his manor's carriages, and accidents rarely ever happened.

Sean! A mental image of the first prince appeared in Mag's mind. After crashing into their horse-drawn carriage, the middle-aged coach driver wasn't alarmed in the slightest. This was a horse-drawn carriage from the second prince's manor, and everyone in Rodu recognized the crest emblazoned on the carriage. As such, the driver had surely intentionally crashed into their carriage, and Sean was clearly the one behind all this.

Behind the rhinoceros-drawn carriage, there were a dozen or so armored knights, all of whom were sitting on horseback with cold expressions. None of them had any hint of remorse or apology in their eyes.

The "accident" had taken place at a T-intersection close to the Renhe Food Street, and the massive collision had attracted the attention of many of the passersby on the streets. All of them looked at the crests on the two carriages as they began to discuss quietly among themselves.

"Isn't that a Black Berserker Rhinoceros carriage from the first prince's manor? The horse-drawn carriage it crashed into isn't from the second prince's manor, is it?"

"I think it is! The first prince crashed into the second prince's carriage, and even the coach driver was knocked out! This is massive news!"

"The king's birthday is coming up tomorrow; these two princes won't get into a fight before that, will they?"

The horse-drawn carriage shuddered violently as Amy raised her head from Irina's chest with a confused look. "Huh? Did we crash into something?"

You bastards! How dare you disrupt my bonding time with Amy! Irina wore a frosty expression on her face. She was basking in the warmth of her daughter that she had been sorely missing for four years, only to be disrupted in such an infuriating manner.

A general in a suit of black armor emerged from within the rhinoceros-drawn carriage. He made his way over to the horse-drawn carriage and apologized with not even the slightest hint of apology in his eyes. "My apologies, this Black Berserker Rhino suddenly went on a rampage and crashed into your carriage. Was anyone hurt during the crash?"

"That's not how you should be apologizing!" A cold voice sounded from within the horse-drawn carriage in response. The curtain fluttered open, and a humanoid figure had appeared in front of the rhinoceros-drawn carriage, holding a chair in her hands.

"She's so beautiful!"

The elf that had suddenly appeared in front of the rhinoceros made all of the passersby's eyes light up.

She had long flowing silver hair, and was like a celestial maiden who had descended from the heavens. Everyone found themselves completely unable to look away, and at the same time, they were quite curious why she had suddenly appeared here.

In contrast, the knights behind the rhinoceros-drawn carriage were very alarmed by her astonishing speed. She had suddenly appeared in front of the Black Berserker Rhinoceros, and they didn't even see how she had gotten there.

"Thump!"

A loud thud erupted as the chair in her hand exploded into countless shards of wood.

The intimidating Black Berserker Rhinoceros that was glowering at Mag a moment ago was forced to its knees after receiving an almighty blow to the head. Its horn, which was even harder than most metals, had been completely flattened by the chair, and as it fell to its knees before Irina, it was already dead. Its massive body tipped over to the side before crashing to the ground, almost causing the carriage that it was drawing to tip over along with it.

All of the bystanders gulped involuntarily upon seeing this.

Irina seemed incredibly frail in the face of that Black Berserker Rhino, but she had taught everyone a vivid lesson on why they shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

Even though the Black Berserker Rhino was only a 4th-tier magic beast, its defensive prowess was renowned as comparable to a 5th-tier magic beast's. It would be difficult even for a 5th-tier knight to slay it with a proper weapon, let alone a wooden chair.

"If you can't keep your stupid beast in check, then I'll discipline it for you." Irina looked at the knights behind the carriage with a cold expression as she threatened, "Don't go releasing things that you can't tame. Otherwise, I'll kill all of them!"

"How dare you!!" A knight drew his longsword as he prepared to rush forward and capture this insolent elf.

"Are you crazy?! That's the elven princess!" One of his comrades hurriedly grabbed him by the collar, almost wrenching him off his horse in the process.

“The... The elven princess?!” the knight exclaimed in a trembling voice, and he fell straight off his horse in fear.

There was once a list of people who were not to be messed with circulating throughout the Roth Empire’s army, and Princess Irina stood at the top of that list. This legendary princess was once Alex’s companion, and had always been regarded as the frontrunner to become Alex’s wife.

Of course, that wasn’t the reason why she was not to be messed with. Instead, the reason for this was that everyone who had gotten on her wrong side had suffered terrible fates. In fact, the Black Berserker Rhino was fortunate to have died such a quick and painless death.

All of the knights were rooted to the spot with wary expressions on their faces, and the general who had just offered an “apology” also wore an uneasy look on his face. Who would’ve thought that the elven princess would just so happen to be sitting in this carriage from the second prince’s manor?

The entire scene descended into a deathly silence.

All of a sudden, Amy broke this silence as she clapped her little hands together with a reverent expression on her little face. “Wow! Big Sister Irina is so cool!”

At this moment, the curtain on the rhinoceros-drawn carriage was swept aside, and a tall and broad man emerged from within. He turned to Irina, and said, “You’re completely right, Princess Irina. If you encounter any more of my rampant pets in the future, please do me the favor of killing them on the spot.”

### **Chapter 719 You’re Not the King Ye**

The man who had just emerged from the carriage was clad in a golden armor that shimmered under the sun. His angular features appeared to have been carved from stone, and one of his hands was resting on the hilt of his sword. His entire body was exuding a sense of power and prestige, and he was looking at Irina with a calm expression, seemingly in agreement with her criticism.

It really is him. Mag’s eyes narrowed slightly, but he quickly schooled his expression. This was the first prince Mag had once referred to as his comrade, yet he was also one of the masterminds behind the assassination three years ago.

Everyone had thought that Alex and the first prince were close friend and comrades, so he would definitely stand with the first prince against the second prince in the battle for the throne.

However, that was all in the past. As Sean rose up the ranks and began to tear through his own facade, revealing the swelling ambitions within his heart, the two of them diverged onto different paths.

“It’s the first prince!”

All of the passersby bowed toward Sean as a gesture of respect.

Ever since Alex had passed away, Sean had won many accolades during battles that had taken place on the border, and he gradually replaced Alex as the guardian deity of the Roth Empire.

In the past, his reputation in the heart of the general public was far inferior compared to Josh's. However, he had won over the hearts of many people during the past two or three years, and his reputation was now at least comparable with Josh's.

He was undoubtedly one of the beneficiaries of Alex's death.

Sean nodded to acknowledge the passersby. Even though he was exuding a rather intimidating aura, he didn't seem all that cold nor distant.

Looks like he's doing everything he can to inherit the throne; he's even learning to win over the general public like a wily old politician, Mag scoffed internally. He couldn't be bothered to participate in the battle for the throne. Politics was far too complicated; cooking was much more fun.

However, he disliked both of the candidates who were in line to inherit the throne as it wouldn't be good news for him regardless of which one became the king. As such, he was feeling quite conflicted.

Furthermore, it was quite bothersome for Mag that Irina had rushed out and killed this Black Berserker Rhino in such a spectacular fashion. He had thought that she would keep a low profile and attempt to be more inconspicuous, but it now appeared that the word "inconspicuous" didn't even exist in her dictionary.

Their family of three had just reunited, and they were on the same horse-drawn carriage. It would be far too optimistic to hope that Sean wouldn't suspect anything after seeing this.

Irina looked at Sean with a smile as she said, "I always prefer to beat the rampant pet along with the owner. Like owner, like pet; anyone who would release such an unruly creature has to be an uncouth ruffian themselves. I hope you can discipline your pets from now on. Otherwise, I won't be holding back next time."

"I'll be sure to keep all of my pets on a tight leash after I return to my manor." Sean's expression remained calm as he turned to Mag with a smile, and said, "It's quite a surprise to me that Princess Irina had already arrived in Rodu and is sitting on a horse-drawn carriage from the second prince's manor. Who might this be? Are you a guest of Princess Irina's?"

Sean's eyes narrowed slightly as he examined Mag. He had just received news the day before that Josh had found a chef by the name of Mag, and was preparing to get this chef to cook for the king during this birthday banquet. Furthermore, this chef had a half-elf daughter who was around three to four years old.

Furthermore, the latest news from the Cheetahs informed him that Bertley, who had followed Louis to Chaos City, had disappeared due to reasons that were unknown thus far.

This string of events was far too suspicious to be a coincidence, which was why he had intentionally instructed the coach driver to crash into this carriage. He was hoping that this Mag would be sitting on the carriage so he would be able to see him in person. However, much to his surprise, Irina was also sitting on the same carriage.

He was a chef by the name of Mag who had a little half-elf daughter, and was traveling with Irina on the same horse-drawn carriage only a day after he had arrived in Rodu.

Was this all a coincidence?

Surely it was too much of a coincidence.

Sean didn't believe for a single second that so many coincidences would befall a single person.

Mag's heart sank slightly as he took in Sean's expression. He had only just passed Josh's test, yet Sean had popped up to administer another stern examination. It would be very difficult to erase Sean's suspicions toward him now.

Right at this moment, Krassu emerged from the carriage and looked up at Sean with a smile as he asked, "Do I count as a guest as well, Sean?"

"Krassu!" Sean's pupils contracted drastically upon seeing this. He was already quite stunned to find Irina on this carriage, and his surprise had been compounded even further by the emergence of Krassu.

However, Sean quickly recomposed himself as he smiled, and replied, "Greetings, Master Krassu. You're naturally a guest as well, and quite an esteemed one at that. I heard that you had settled permanently in Chaos City; it's quite a surprise to see you here in Rodu."

"Who's this Master Krassu? Why is even the first prince being so respectful to him?"

"You don't even know who Master Krassu is? And you call yourself a citizen of the Roth Empire?"

"You should be ashamed of yourself! 50 years ago, Master Krassu was just as renowned as Master Alex was. Back then, even giant dragons had to adopt their human forms before entering through the city gates of Rodu. Otherwise, it was quite possible that they would be swatted down from the sky by a vicious staff to the head!"

"Even the current Magus Tower was founded by Master Krassu. Without him, the holy land for all magic casters wouldn't even exist!"

All of the bystanders began to discuss spiritedly among themselves. Many of them wore excited expressions as they recounted Krassu's legendary feats, and they looked as if they wanted nothing better than to express their awe and admiration for Krassu in person.

Krassu pursed his lips, and said, "I'm not a tree; I can go wherever I please. You're not the king yet, but you're already preparing to dictate terms on where I can and can't go?"

Sean's expression became even more cautious. Krassu held an extremely special status in the Roth Empire, one that was not inferior to that of Alex in his prime. The fact that he had left Rodu and cut all ties with the Magus Tower was undoubtedly fantastic news for Sean as it meant that Josh had lost an extremely powerful ally.

However, he had just emerged from Josh's horse-drawn carriage, and he was clearly quite displeased. If he were to side with Josh again, that would spell disaster for Sean.

With that in mind, Sean hurriedly offered a smile as he replied, "I wouldn't dare to dream of it, Master Krassu. You can go wherever you like on the Norland Continent."

Krassu looked at Sean with a smile as he said, "In that case, it shouldn't be an issue to you that I'm taking my prized disciple out for some food and having a chat for old times' sake with Little Irina, right? Why are you trying to ram me to death with this big magic beast?"

Sean glanced at Mag and Amy before hurriedly shaking his head as he said, "This is all a misunderstanding, Master Krassu. I'll be sure to hand down a severe punishment to this coach driver when I get back to my manor. I'll come to visit you in person with a formal apology on another day, but I have important matters to attend to today, so I'll be taking my leave now."

## **Chapter 720**

### **Are You Two Having a Staring Contest**

Sean fled the scene in a panicked manner, and Mag carried the unconscious coach driver back onto the carriage before continuing to drive the barely functioning horse-drawn carriage toward the food street.

Looks like I've already aroused Sean's suspicions. I'll have to prove to him tomorrow on the king's birthday banquet that I'm not Alex, Mag thought to himself with a heavy heart.

Sean wasn't as rough around the edges as his appearance suggested. If he had suspicions toward Mag, then he would continue to keep an eye on him. The assassin that had been following Louis verified the notion that he had never given up on his search for Alex, and he wanted Alex dead just as much as Josh did.

If Alex wasn't dead, then all of his efforts for the past three years would go to waste. All of the respect and admiration he received from the public would be transferred back to Alex. There could only be one war god, and it had to be the most powerful person in the entire empire.

"Big Sister Irina, you're so cool! You beat up such a big beast so easily!" Amy looked up at Irina with admiration in her eyes.

Irina was thoroughly enjoying the admiration that she was receiving from Amy. It was a unique experience to be admired by one's own daughter. A smug expression appeared on her face as she waved a nonchalant hand, and said, "It was nothing; don't mention it."

Krassu chuckled as he stroked his beard. "You don't have to admire her, Little Amy. Little Irina learned melee magic from me for a while. She's not officially a disciple of mine, but you can call her your senior apprentice sister if you like. It's just that she didn't manage to learn any of my truly powerful magic. Once you grow up, you're going to be even more powerful than she is."

"I knew you were hiding things from me, Old Man Whitebeard! You told me that you'd taught me everything you knew, but I knew you had more powerful magic up your sleeve!" Irina turned to Krassu with her brows furrowed in an accusatory expression.

Krassu merely shrugged, and replied, "Of course I'd be saving my best magic for my disciple. Plus, you can't blame me for this, Little Irina. I taught you everything I could despite the objections from the elven race. At the time, you simply weren't powerful enough to learn my best magic."

Amy's eyes immediately lit up upon hearing this. "So Big Sister Irina is my senior apprentice sister as well? That's awesome! I'd love to be as strong as Big Sister Irina someday."

“Don’t worry, you might not become more powerful than I am, but you’ll definitely be more powerful than the vast majority of people. After all, you’re my...” Irina paused momentarily before continuing, “...apprentice sister.”

Mag wore a faint smile on his face as he listened to the conversation taking place within the horse-drawn carriage. For some reason, he was very pleased to hear the interaction between Amy and Irina.

The horse-drawn carriage emblazoned with the crest of the second prince’s manor was too ostentatious, so Mag decided to park it in an alleyway outside the Renhe Food Street.

“The food street is too crowded, so we’ll park the horse-drawn carriage and walk over there,” Mag explained with a smile.

“I want Father to hug me and raise me up high!” Amy was the first one to run out of the carriage, and she pouted adorably as she raised her hands up into the air.

That’s my man! Irina raised her eyebrows as she turned to Mag before narrowing her eyes. You dare to hug other women?

“Alright, here we go!” Mag chuckled as he picked Amy up from the ground, raising her over his head before bringing her down again, repeating this process over and over again.

“Ah! It’s so high up!

“This is so fun!”

Amy squealed with delight as her face lit up with a joyful smile.

After raising her up about five or six times, Mag held Amy in his arms and planted a kiss on her forehead with a doting smile on his face.

Not only did he hug her, he even kissed her! Irina’s eyes widened with fury. However, all of her rage was dispelled as she turned her gaze toward Amy. Perhaps hugging and kissing their daughter wasn’t a crime punishable by death, after all.

But why are they so close with each other?! Irina looked at the joyful Mag and Amy, and a hint of jealousy welled up in her heart. She felt as if Mag hadn’t even taken a proper look at her this entire time, and that he only had eyes for Amy.

“Why do you look so sad, Big Sister Irina? Do you also want Father to hug you and raise you up high?” Amy turned to Irina with a concerned expression. She then patted Mag’s shoulder as she whispered into his ear, “Father, here’s your chance!”

“I...” Irina almost blurted out the words “I do”, but Mag was appraising her with a calm expression as if he were looking at a stranger, and that was very disheartening as well as a little infuriating to her. As such, she gritted her teeth, and said, “I’ll pass.”

She then disembarked from the carriage on her own.

Mag was rendered quite speechless by Amy’s latest attempt to bring him and Irina closer. She harbored good intentions, but her methods were lackluster to say the least.

“You can go have some food first. I’m going to see an old friend first, then come to find you later,” Krassu said with a smile before also disembarking from the carriage.

There was no one else in the alleyway, and Mag looked at Irina while she looked back at him.

The two of them stared at each other in silence, and the atmosphere became rather awkward.

After a short while, Amy quietly asked, “Are you two having a staring contest?”

Irina took Amy from Mag’s arms, then pointed at Ugly Duckling, which was crying out feebly from the edge of the carriage, and commanded, “I’ll hold Amy, you hold that cat.”

“Alright.” Mag could only do as he was told upon seeing Irina’s implacable expression.

How could he deny a mother who simply wanted to hold her child?

Besides, he couldn’t stop her even if he wanted to; the two of them weren’t even in the same weight class!

He was like that Black Berserker Rhino from earlier—completely at Irina’s mercy.

As such, after a brief period of contemplation, Mag obediently picked up Ugly Duckling.

Regardless of when two of them actually learned each other’s identities, it was clearly a good thing for Amy and Irina to form a stronger bond.

It was just that he didn’t want Alex’s relationship with Irina for now.

Marrying a beautiful and powerful woman and basking in the resentment, jealousy, and hatred of all men in this world sounded amazing in theory. However, the reality was that he would most likely have Ugly Duckling thrust into his arms while Irina and Amy rode off into the sunset, completely leaving him behind. That would be far too inhumane!

Even if he couldn’t set up a harem in this alternate world, he had to at least ensure that he wasn’t dominated by a single wife!

I have to return to my former power as quickly as possible! Mag vowed in his heart.

All of a sudden, Irina turned around, and said, “You seem to be quite displeased with me.”

“How did you know?” Mag blurted out.