

Stay At home 761

Chapter 761 That's a Great... Pity

Mag took a final glance at Yuri for looking away. He was lucky that he'd backed down in the end. Otherwise, Mag was considering whether he should use his one chance to return to the height of his powers and send the big-headed prince to the other side.

He was perfectly capable of doing something like that for Amy's sake.

However, it appeared that he wasn't actually very interested in Amy. He was indeed a genius, but his EQ was probably even lower than Amy's.

With that in mind, Mag was feeling a lot more relieved.

At the same time, he began to consider the impact that this battle armor could potentially have on this world.

To a certain degree, it had dealt a heavy blow to Mag. He was just preparing to promote his steam engine, and Yuri had already developed a Gundam. He felt as if he had been completely overshadowed.

Thankfully, steam engines were suitable for basic industrial work, while these suits of battle armor were cutting-edge high-tech constructs that required the use of magic spell formations, so they would certainly expend a lot of resources to produce.

As such, it would be very difficult to facilitate mass production, while that limitation didn't exist for the steam engine.

In any case, Mag could see the potential for Yuri to become a brilliant scientist.

This kind of science was only possible in a magic world like this. The ability to integrate magic into his inventions set him apart from all of the scientists on Earth.

Perhaps I should also consider some alternative avenues and not restrict myself solely to Earthly technology. Mag nodded with a contemplative expression. Yuri's Gundam had broadened his horizons, providing him with the idea that it was perhaps plausible to incorporate magic into some revolutionary Earthly inventions.

Krassu also withdrew his stern gaze from Yuri.

Meanwhile, Yuri himself sheepishly sat back down next to Irina. He cast a surreptitious glance at her, only to find an intrigued smile on her face, and a chill suddenly ran down his spine.

"Little Mushroom Head, have you forgotten that I said I was going to get my daughter to marry you?" Irina asked with a smile.

"What? Did you say that? When?" Yuri feigned an oblivious expression.

Irina's expression immediately cooled. "You dare to forget?"

Yuri's face immediately fell as he put on a pitiable display. "Please spare me, Big Sister Irina; I feel like... I feel like a big-headed freak like me definitely isn't worthy of your daughter."

“Looks like you do know your place, after all.” Irina nodded with a content expression.

“Huh?” Yuri’s eyes widened with surprise. He had thought that Irina was going to force the marriage arrangement on him, but it appeared that this wasn’t her intention.

“You’re not going to get your daughter to marry me anymore?” Yuri asked hesitantly.

“You’ve already lost that opportunity,” Irina replied with a shake of her head.

“That’s a great... pity.” Yuri was almost unable to suppress his smile.

“I hope you won’t regret this in the future. My daughter is going to be the second most beautiful woman in the world.” Irina was looking at Yuri with a hint of pity in her eyes.

The Gundam that Yuri had offered was quite a shock to everyone, creating even more of a stir than Sean’s Crimson Flame Sword did.

All of the presents offered by the guests and officials were much more mundane in comparison, and there wasn’t anything particularly noteworthy.

Following the present-offering segment, the king’s birthday banquet drew to a conclusion.

The king had important matters to discuss with the representatives of each race and a few high-ranking officials, while everyone else began to disperse.

Krassu euphemistically turned down the king’s invitation to attend the meeting and prepared to leave with Amy.

As she rose to her feet, Irina stole a glance toward Mag, just in time to catch him also looking at her. Their eyes met, but she quickly withdrew her gaze and departed with the representatives of the other races to a side palace.

“Father, will we meet Big Sister Irina again?” Amy asked with a concerned look.

Mag nodded firmly, and said, “Of course we will.”

“That’s not difficult to arrange. If you want to see her, I can take you to meet her any time,” Krassu interjected.

Only after the king had departed from the palace did everyone rise to their feet. Mag hadn’t gone far when someone patted him on the shoulder, and an excited voice sounded from behind him. “Boss Mag, do you remember me?”

Mag turned to discover a beaming Abraham, and he smiled as he said, “Duke Abraham, to what do I owe this honor?”

This lackadaisical yet benevolent duke was quite unique in the Roth Empire. He was very approachable despite his lofty status, and Mag had a rather positive impression of him.

Abraham sighed with a hint of awe in his eyes. “Looks like you do remember me. I thought you were just a streetside vendor yesterday, but who would’ve thought that you’d be coming to cook for His Majesty

today? If I'd known this earlier, I would've asked you to prepare a portion of your dishes for me as well. I really want to taste that braised chicken and rice and spicy grilled fish as well."

Duke Abraham was almost pouting like a little girl as he spoke, and Mag had to repress the urge to laugh as he nodded, and said, "If you have a chance to visit Chaos City, you can come to my restaurant, Mamy Restaurant, for a meal. It's in the Aden Square, and there are many more dishes that you can choose from."

"Really?" Abraham's eyes immediately lit up. Just that black pepper steak alone had been absolutely phenomenal, and it sounded as if Mag was capable of making more than just those three dishes.

Abraham thought to himself for a moment before immediately arriving at a decision. "How about this, Boss Mag? You come and live at my manor today, and I'll go back with you whenever you're returning to Chaos City."

"Are you in that much of a hurry?" Mag looked at Abraham with a rather surprised look on his face. He was one of the 10 great dukes of the empire, yet he was willing to leave with Mag to Chaos City right away just for the sake of satisfying his stomach. Such an avid foodie really was quite rare. Mag considered his invitation before shaking his head as he said, "Thank you for your kind invitation, Duke Abraham, but I'm feeling rather tired today, so I want to go back and rest with my daughter. We're preparing to head back to Chaos City first thing in the morning the day after tomorrow, and you can come with us if you'd like."

"I see. I'll be sure to come and see you then." Abraham nodded with a slight forlorn expression, but he was very determined to go to Mag's restaurant as quickly as possible.

After Abraham left, Mag carried Amy out of the palace, only to be greeted by the sight of Luna and her grandfather.

"Teacher Luna!" Amy opened her arms joyfully, and Luna carried her over from Mag with a smile on her face.

"Mr. Mag, my name is Byron Field, and I'm Luna's grandfather." The elderly man strode forward and extended his hand toward Mag.

"Greetings, Master Byron." Mag hurriedly shook Byron's wizened hand. Despite his old age, his brown eyes were crystal clear and twinkling with wisdom.

Byron smiled as he said, "Mr. Mag, your multiplication table is a stunning invention. If possible, I'd like to invite you to participate in our numerical system debate tomorrow. Would you be able to attend?"

Chapter 762 You Little Dwarves Sure Are Naive

Mag faltered slightly upon hearing this, not expecting Byron to be so direct with his intentions. He glanced at Luna, who was looking at him with a slightly nervous expression, and nodded with a smile as he said, "You're far too kind, Master Byron. I'm only a novice in the field of mathematics. However, if you deem me worthy to attend the debate, then I'll be sure to do so."

A smile appeared on Byron's face as he said, "Good. The debate will be held tomorrow at 10am, and the venue will be at Carlo Church."

“I’ll make sure to be there on time.” Mag nodded in response.

Byron released Mag’s hand, and turned to Krassu with a warm greeting. “Master Krassu, long time no see.”

“Byron, isn’t it time for an old man like you to retire? Where’s the fun in arguing with a bunch of old men every day? I’m sure the priests at the church are getting sick of you.”

Byron was not enraged in the slightest by this comment as he replied, “Only through debates can we continue to learn.”

“Whatever, I don’t want to speak with you; you’re always such a bore. Let’s go.” Krassu waved a hand before turning to Mag as he said, “Boss Mag, Little Amy, I have to go and see an old friend. You two go back first, and I’ll come to find you soon.”

Krassu departed thereafter.

“Luna, you can go as well. I’ll join you shortly,” Byron said to Luna before nodding at Mag and Amy, and then making his way toward another elderly man.

Mag could only accept Amy back from Luna’s arms in a rather resigned manner.

“Thank you, Mr. Mag.” Luna was genuinely grateful.

Mag shook his head with a smile, and said, “You’re welcome, Teacher Luna.”

Luna had done many things for Amy, so he naturally couldn’t refuse something like this. In any case, he was indeed the one who had invented the multiplication table, and it was his duty to see through its implementation to the end.

Amy looked at Luna with a rather concerned expression, and asked, “Teacher Luna, will you be coming back to Chaos City?”

“Of course I will. I only applied for a five-day break, so I’ll be going back with you the day after tomorrow,” Luna replied with a smile.

“Really?” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up. However, she then shook her head as she said, “But Teacher Luna’s family is here, and your mother and father are all here as well. If you go back to Chaos City, you won’t be able to see them...”

Luna was very touched by Amy’s thoughtfulness, and she gently pinched Amy’s little cheek as she shook her head, and said, “That’s alright, I’m an adult now, and I couldn’t bear to leave Chaos City behind when you and all of the other students are there.”

Amy nodded with a serious expression, and offered, “If you miss home, I can lend Father to you, and you can hug him. He’s super warm, and you won’t feel lonely when he’s with you.”

Luna looked up at Mag, and a faint blush appeared on her face as she smiled and nodded. “Sure.”

No! I have to feign disinterest! Mag remained calm and collected in the face of this slightly suggestive situation. If Irina were somehow able to see him now, he would be feeling very concerned for his own safety.

After bidding farewell to Luna, Mag carried Amy out of the royal palace. The horse-drawn carriage from the second prince's manor was already waiting for them, and the butler hurried over with a respectful smile as he said, "Congratulations on winning the best dish award, Master Mag."

"Thank you." Mag gave a polite nod in response.

"All of your things have been packed up and transported back to the manor. Would you like to make a trip around the city or return to the manor right away?" the butler continued in a respectful manner.

"I'm a little tired, so let's just go back." Mag looked up into the sky and discovered that it was quite overcast, making it appear as if it was about to rain soon.

"Sure." The butler nodded before driving the carriage out of the palace after Mag and Amy had boarded.

Mag looked out at the grand palace that was slowly receding into the distance, and a faint smile appeared on his face. The battle for the throne is getting quite interesting. I wonder if I should intervene. Yuri... He's an interesting boy...

"Why are you smiling, Father?" Amy turned to Mag with a curious expression.

"I'm smiling because I have such a good and beautiful daughter," Mag replied with a warm smile.

...

In the royal palace's conference hall, there was a long table positioned at the center of the room.

King Andre sat at the head of the table with Sean and Josh sitting on either side of him. All of the representatives of the different races were also seated at the table, and Novan occupied the last spot.

The atmosphere in the hall was slightly tense and stifling.

Everyone sat in silence, and it appeared that no one had any intention of saying anything.

After a lengthy silence, Andre looked at everyone with a solemn expression, and said, "Everyone has come here to celebrate my birthday, but the main objective on the agenda is to discuss the peace treaty that we're re-signing in three months. Is the treaty that was forged 100 years ago still suitable for the current continent? Would anyone like to add or remove any clauses? Please state your opinions, and we'll have a vote on everything at the end."

"At the conclusion of the war among species 100 years ago, all of our races signed the peace treaty, and peace did indeed reign over the Norland Continent for a century. The elven race is willing to re-sign the treaty." Irina raised a hand before turning to the orc and demon representatives with a cold expression as she said, "However, I have to warn you that any race that dares to capture and sell my elven brethren will be seen as the enemy of the elven race. I will save my detained brethren no matter the cost, then kill those bastards who dared to capture them in the first place."

Gajeel's and Sonha's heart jolted in unison. As expected, this woman really was still the most terrifying woman on the entire continent. Despite that, they still had to maintain calm facades.

If she's the hope of the elven race, then we'll crush the hope of the elven race today! Gajeel thought to himself in a vicious manner before turning his gaze away.

The stubby dwarven representative looked at Gajeel with a serious expression, and said, "Our dwarven race is also willing to re-sign the treaty. However, I demand that the demon race return all of the territories that they've forcibly taken from us in the past years. I also propose harsher clauses to be introduced for races that encroach on the territory of others!"

"The goblin race has no objections. If everyone else is willing to re-sign, then we're also willing to do the same, and vice versa." The goblin representative wore a sinister smile, revealing a mouthful of sharp fangs.

Bruno wore a neutral expression as he said, "Our giant dragon race is also willing to do what everyone else does, provided that no territory is taken away from us."

"Return your territory? You little dwarves sure are naive." Gajeel turned to the dwarf with a deriding sneer as he said, "Our demon race simply thought that the territory distribution laid out in the previous treaty was too unfair. Shouldn't powerful races get more territory? Why do you need territory when you dwarves live underground anyway? Just take a patch of land and be content with digging your holes!"

Chapter 763 Focus on Making Your Cake

"This recently concluded banquet sure was exciting; I didn't think that someone could take the best dish award from Master Bellmann."

"I'm more surprised by the fact that this Chef Mag refused His Majesty's reward after winning the award."

"Is that guy retarded? What chef in their right mind would give up on such an opportunity?"

Within the royal kitchen, all of the chefs who hadn't yet left were discussing quietly among themselves while packing up their stuff. As usual, none of them managed to win the best dish award, but they had truly witnessed a spectacle of the ages.

The chef by the name of Mag had sprung up like a black horse, completely stirring up the entire cooking world.

There were most likely going to be legends told about him for many years to come.

A fat chef who was standing beside Bellmann wore a firm expression as he said, "That guy must know that he's no match for Master, so he's too scared to come to the royal kitchen."

However, none of the student chefs around Bellmann chimed in in agreement. All of them wore complex and depressed expressions on their faces.

Bellmann was in the process of packing up his knives, and a young man approached him in a rather nervous manner before asking, "Master, what do you think about this?"

Bellmann slowly put down the knife in his hand and cast his gaze out toward the distant sky. A smile appeared on his face as he replied, "He is a true chef. To be able to run a restaurant is the most enjoyable activity for a chef. Watching so many customers enjoy one's food every day is the most satisfying feeling. Perhaps that's why he's able to be such an innovative chef."

...

After Mag and Amy returned to the second prince's manor, Amy turned to Mag with an expectant look, and asked, "Father, what are we going to do for the rest of the day?"

Mag thought about this for a moment before smiling as he replied, "There really isn't anything left to be done today. How about you help me make some ice cream cake?"

"Ice cream cake?" Amy looked at Mag with a rather perplexed expression. "Isn't ice cream just ice cream? What's an ice cream cake?"

"Come on, you'll know once we make it." Mag picked up Amy with a smile, and then asked the butler to carry all of his things into the manor and then organize a clean separate kitchen for him.

The butler didn't know exactly what had taken place during the banquet, but he was aware that Mag had won the best dish award and received a handsome reward from the king himself, and that was more than enough reason for him to try and suck up to Mag. As such, he immediately rushed off to organize a kitchen for Mag.

News of Mag winning the best dish award quickly spread to the kitchen in the second prince's manor, creating a massive stir.

This chef from Chaos City had reached the pinnacle of cooking in the Roth Empire, yet they had been aiming all those barbed insults at him earlier.

On that day, the name "Mag" was heard throughout the entire cooking world. A single victory couldn't cement his position as the number one chef on the entire continent, but he had taken his first major step toward that title. Everyone now knew of this brilliant chef from Chaos City who had received glowing praise even from the king himself.

Even though Mag wasn't a vain person, he didn't care about his title and reputation. After all, the system's main mission was to forge a resounding reputation so all types of chefs all over the continent could come and challenge him.

Mag had already seen through the system's little tricks; he simply refrained from articulating his findings.

The task that lay ahead of him was quite simple: he had to constantly improve his own cooking skills so he could crush any challenger who dared to approach him.

It wouldn't take long before no one on the Norland Continent would be willing to challenge him, and by that time, he would've most likely completed the vast majority, if not all, of the system's missions.

"System, provide me with a set of ingredients required for a portion of ice cream cake," Mag instructed internally.

"The system has warned you before coming here that no ingredients will be provided to you. If you need ingredients, source them on your own," the system retorted in a serious voice.

"But I've already completed this mission, and that restriction only applies to the mission. I'm asking for ingredients now to make an ice cream cake for Amy and myself, so how is that condition applicable?" Mag asked as he pursed his lips.

“Er... That’s...” The system was at a loss for a response.

“I earned 1,000 dragon coins today, and I don’t know how I’m going to spend it. It looks like there are many good things to buy in Rodu. Maybe I should...” Mag began in a rather reluctant voice.

“Ding! The requested ingredients have been delivered to the first layer of the cabinet! If you need anything else, please feel free to inform the system. The system prides itself on providing the most exceptional service.” The system’s gentle voice sounded, accompanied by the image of a smiling air hostess.

“Your voice really doesn’t match that image.” Mag couldn’t help but roll his eyes. He opened the cabinet to discover that all of the ingredients had indeed been delivered. As he prepared the ice cream cake, he asked internally, “System, can you make Gundams?”

“If you’re talking about the toy, then that’s not an issue at all.”

“I’m talking about a real Gundam, like the one the third prince made. Can you do that?”

“The system has no knowledge of magic, and its principles aren’t grounded in scientific theory, so there’s no way for the system to study it, either. As such, the system is unable to make the wooden Gundam crafted by the third prince.”

“You’re a system created by God, yet you can’t even do something that a big-headed prince can?” Mag asked with a hint of mockery in his voice.

“Hmph! Who says the system can’t do something he can? What he made was just an impractical toy! Each batch of crystals can only support that thing to throw a couple of punches, and there’s no way it can be used in an actual battle. The system is above making something like that,” the system replied in a disdainful voice.

“You make it sound like you can make something better,” Mag also retorted in a disdainful manner.

“Of course the system can make something better! Micronuclear power combined with phase shift armor and a railgun will destroy that pathetic wooden doll with ease!” the system declared.

“Holy crap! You can actually make something like that?” Mag’s eyes immediately lit up. Those features epitomized his image of the ideal Gundam.

“The system certainly can, but it’s not for sale, so don’t even think about it. Focus on making your cake! You’re a man who’s destined to become the God of Cookery!” the system replied one final time before falling silent.

“Father, does ice cream taste good?” Amy asked, cutting off Mag’s train of thought.

“Of course. Both ice cream and cake are extremely delicious, and the combination of the two will only be better.” Mag nodded with a smile before getting to work.

Chapter 764 The Street on the Rainy Nigh

Mag had originally intended to unveil the ice cream for the first time during the royal birthday banquet, but he changed his mind after coming to Rodu. The ice cream cake was quite time-consuming to make, and it was also rather difficult to store the cake.

Of course, the most important factor of consideration was that he didn't want Andre and his abhorrent sons to eat a cake that would require several hours for him to make. He would rather spend this time with Amy and get her to taste the cake first.

As for Irina, she'd be able to eat the cake as well if she came to Chaos City.

...

Within the conference hall, all of the representatives of the different races were engaged in a heated discussion, and the atmosphere was quite tense.

Novan hadn't said anything this entire time, but he suddenly rose to his feet. The commotion in the conference hall gradually died down in response. Chaos City was quite a special place on the Norland Continent as it was a multicultural haven, and it had played a pivotal role in ending the war among species.

Furthermore, Chaos City had continued to grow more powerful during the past century, and it had become the go-to mediator for all races on the entire continent.

On top of that, Novan was the number one spatial magic caster on the continent, so his identity demanded respect in itself.

Novan looked at all of the representatives with a concerned expression as he said, "If we can't arrive at a middle ground, then we won't be able to sign the peace treaty in three months, and the Norland Continent could be plunged into a horrendous war again. During the war among species, all races had suffered severe losses, and so much blood was shed in exchange for this hard-fought peace. Are we going to tear it all down again?"

"Chaos City has been a perpetual symbol of peace throughout the years, and beings from all races have coexisted in harmony in our city, proving that it's not impossible for all races to integrate with each other. Hence, on behalf of Chaos City, I hope everyone can be more open and willing to accept other races, slowly eradicating borders and forging one unified continent. At the end of that process, true peace will be attained. War will only breed death and hatred. Once all borders and territories disappear, wars will cease to exist. This is the ultimate goal that all rulers of all races should be striving toward."

Novan looked around at everyone with an intense gaze that was filled with sincerity.

All of the representatives fell silent upon hearing this.

After a while, Bruno broke the silence first as he declared in a firm voice, "If a goblin were to live next to me, I'm worried that I might squash him to death by accident. The dragon islands belong to the dragon race, and if anyone wants to encroach upon it, then they'd better be prepared to face the wrath of us giant dragons."

Gajeel also chuckled coldly in response. "If humans were to appear before me every day, I'm worried that I wouldn't be able to resist the urge to eat them."

Sean glared coldly at Gajeel, and said, "You won't be able to eat all humans. Perhaps one of them will stab a sword into your throat."

"Really now? You don't have what it takes to do that, though, do you, Prince? After all, the most powerful human is already dead, isn't he? What a pity." A deriding sneer appeared on his face as he turned to Josh with mockery in his eyes.

Irina's expression cooled as her hands slowly balled up into fists.

A hint of panic flashed through Josh's eyes, but he forced himself to maintain a calm expression as he retorted, "Our Roth Empire still has many 10th-tier beings."

"Oh really?" Gajeel gave an ambiguous smile.

The conference lasted an entire afternoon, but no progress was made, and everyone parted under unhappy circumstances.

"What a bunch of pretentious bastards." Irina was the first to emerge from the conference hall, and she pursed her lips before immediately departing.

Josh caught up to her with a warm smile on his face, and said, "Princess Irina, I didn't think that you would've already arrived at Rodu yesterday, and I didn't get an opportunity to invite you for a meal. Do you—"

"Nope." Before Josh could finish his sentence, Irina had already cut him off before walking away.

Josh's expression darkened slightly, but he didn't force the issue. He merely stood on the spot with a forced smile on his face, and said, "Another time, then."

Irina disappeared on the spot in the blink of an eye without giving him a reply.

Could it be that she already knows? No, as long as he dies, none of this will matter... Josh stood rooted to the spot with his brows tightly furrowed.

Sean stood in the distance and looked at Josh with a cold smile. He glanced up at the dark clouds in the sky, and murmured to himself, "Changes are coming."

Faint golden light flashed, and Irina appeared outside the royal palace.

Right at this moment, a colorful little bird flew over, flying in a couple of circles around her before settling on her fingertip.

News from Firis? Irina removed a small roll of paper from one of the bird's legs and unfurled to it reveal a hastily written letter.

Irina had only taken a rough glance at the letter before her brows furrowed tightly. "The fifth street? Is someone trying to get rid of the evidence from three years ago? None of that matters now, because I've already found him. Furthermore, Snarr is currently in Chaos City, so how would Firis know what's happening in Rodu?"

The slip of paper was burned to ashes in Irina's hand as she murmured to herself, "Looks like someone's trying to lure me there. Good! I was wondering where to find all of you, and I'm going to make you pay for what you did!"

A loud thunderclap erupted and pea-sized droplets of rain began to pelt down from above, just as Irina disappeared at the entrance to the palace.

This storm had been building up for a long time, and it came with a vengeance, causing all of the passersby on the streets to hurry for shelter.

The northern region of Rodu was the slum area where most of the beggars in the city lived.

There were no wide and flat roads, only muddy alleys that were filled with potholes. In the face of the incoming storm, the alleys were immediately transformed into miniature swamps of mud.

The poorly clad beggars huddled up in corners, borrowing the roofs of the building that hadn't yet collapsed as shelter to shield them from the wind and rain.

The fifth street of the northern region of Rodu was once a lavish area.

General Alex's manor had been set up there, and at the same time, he had taken funds out of his own pocket to build over 100 straw huts for the underprivileged citizens in the area, giving the beggars a place to stay.

However, after General Alex was assassinated on the fifth street, his manor and those straw huts were all burned to the ground, and this place became somewhere that even beggars didn't want to stay.

It was said that at night, one could still hear the wails of the beggars who had been burned to death on that day.

The storm continued to rage, and the charred black pillars creaked in the wind, making it sound as if there really was someone weeping on the streets.

Right at this moment, a burst of faint golden light appeared on the street, followed by the emergence of an exquisitely beautiful elf.

Chapter 765 100% Probability of Death!

It was now fall, and the wild grass and weeds that had been growing along the street with reckless abandon had all wilted. However, they would grow to become even lusher in the coming spring.

The plaque that read "Fifth Street" was barely recognizable with its dilapidation. A black cat was huddled up in a corner, licking its fur, which had become matted from the rainwater. All of a sudden, it turned its gaze into the distance, and its green eyes lit up as if it had seen something that it felt very close to.

There, in the distance, an elf in a long white dress was slowly approaching.

The faint golden light shimmering around her body seemed to possess some kind of mystical property, sending all of the rainwater pouring down from above cascading down around her, but none of it actually fell on her body.

With each and every step she took, a patch of young green leaves would sprout beneath her feet. Even though the road was a borderline muddy swamp, her beautiful white shoes remained completely pristine and spotless.

Her long silver hair almost hung down to her calves, and she wore a tranquil expression on her exquisitely beautiful face. The faint golden light around her lit up the surrounding darkness, making her appear as if she were a deity that had descended from above.

Irina paused in her footsteps, and her gaze fell on the black cat cowering in the corner. Her brows furrowed slightly as she raised a hand, materializing a large patch of leaves that just shielded the cat from the rain.

“Meow~”

The black cat meowed in elation and gratitude.

“Heh, you sure are kind, Princess.”

A sinister voice sounded from within the darkness, following which a tall and broad black-robed figure slowly emerged from the shadows, creating splashes of muddy water with every step it took.

The street was completely empty a moment ago, but countless black-robed figures suddenly appeared. All of them had their features obscured under black cloaks, and their shimmering weapons created a stark contrast with their dark clothing as they closed in soundlessly on Irina from all directions.

Chilly killing intent surged forth from their bodies without any inhibition.

Irina wasn't flustered in the slightest upon seeing this. She looked at the first black-robed figure that had appeared, and a derisive sneer appeared on her face as she chuckled. “Gajeel, do you think that unsightly cloth can obscure your hideous appearance?”

The black-robed figure looked back at Irina with a sinister smile, and replied, “So what if it can't? All I have to do is cover up my face. First thing tomorrow morning, news of the elven princess being brutally slain on this cursed fifth street will spread throughout the entire continent. However, the ones who killed her will be a bunch of unidentifiable black-robed figures, and that's all anyone will know about this incident.”

All of the other black-robed figures also burst into laughter as if they had just heard a hilarious joke. Their sinister eyes shimmered with killing intent as they stared at Irina under the cover of their dark cloaks.

Irina swept her gaze across the black-robed figures before her with furrowed brows as she said, “Demons, orcs, trolls... Looks like you've always been allies, after all. You must be prepared to start a second war among species.”

Gajeel twisted his neck from side to side and chuckled coldly. “The law of natural selection should reign supreme on the Norland Continent. Why do weak and pitiful humans and elves deserve to own such vast territories? You should all resign yourself to being food and playthings; that's how the natural order of things should be.”

“That must be why you had to gather 12 of you before you had the courage to challenge a weak little elf like me,” Irina retorted with a mocking smile.

“Heh, three years ago, Alex also tried to talk tough like you; this time, we’re not going to spare you, though.” Gajeel’s voice was tinged with a hint of fury.

Irina’s expression darkened as she said coldly, “Who else was involved in the incident three years ago aside from the 12 of you?”

“Heh, I bet you would’ve never thought that the mastermind behind the assassination three years ago was not us, but your beloved second prince instead. He had the same objective as we did, so we were happy to collaborate with him and get rid of Alex.” Gajeel’s voice was becoming rather worked up, and even his saber-wielding hand was trembling slightly.

“So it really was him.” Irina wasn’t very surprised to hear this. After all, she had already suspected that Josh had been the mastermind behind all this. Thinking back to the letters that Josh had written to her, claiming that he had been looking for Mag and Amy this entire time, her resentment for him was further accentuated.

“Of course, we’ll be pinning the blame for this incident on Josh as well. We’re also going to reveal the truth behind the incident three years ago and completely destroy his reputation! The alliance between the humans the elves will crumble, and both races will be divided and conquered! It’s a pity that you won’t be alive to witness this grand undertaking. Slaughter is the most interesting and beautiful activity there is. The Norland Continent has lain dormant for over 100 years, and it’s time things changed! Weak races should cower at our feet! We are the beings who stand at the top of the entire continent’s food chain!” Gajeel’s voice was becoming rather deranged, and his red eyes were like a pair of dancing flames beneath the dark hood of his cloak.

“Looks like you’re also turning on Josh.” A contemplative look appeared on Irina’s face.

“Humans are always so near-sighted. In order to achieve their objectives, they’re willing to do anything, yet they never consider the welfare of their entire race.” Gajeel chuckled.

“Does this mean you’re working with someone else on this occasion?” Irina’s eyes narrowed. She felt as if she was onto something.

“You don’t need to know about that. I’ve already said too much, and I’m a little worried that my big mouth will get me killed someday. In any case, it’s time for you to die.” Gajeel raised his left hand before swiping it downward.

The rainwater was sliced in half as several dozens of sharp arrows hurtled through the air in a line. All of the arrowheads were stained with lethal green poison.

An orc strode forward as his body began to drastically expand, growing taller while his previously loose and baggy black robes threatened to burst at the seams from its bulging muscles. It raised a thick metal club over its head before bringing it down on Irina with devastating force.

At the same time, countless vines erupted from the ground to bind Irina’s legs and body. Some of them had transformed into poisonous thorns that stabbed toward Irina in a frenzy.

...

“Ding!”

The notification tone from the freezer sounded, and both Mag and Amy’s eyes lit up in unison.

“Father, Father, it’s ready! The ice cream cake is ready!”

Amy had a dollop of white cream on the tip of her little nose as she clapped her hands with elation. This was the dish that she had had to wait the longest for, and she was convinced that this was going to be an extremely delicious food item.

“Alright, let me take out the strawberry ice cream cake,” Mag said with a smile as he opened the freezer.

Right at this moment, the system’s voice sounded within Mag’s mind. “Ding! Important notification! Would you like to purchase a piece of urgent information from the system?”

“Why don’t you go rob a bank, system? You’re even selling information now?” Mag pursed his lips and didn’t pay this “important notification” any heed. Amy was still safe and sound right beside him, so what urgent information could the system have to share?

“The elven princess is in danger, and there’s a 100% probability of death!” the system disclosed in a grave voice.

Chapter 766 This Time, You Won’t be Alone

“What?!”

Mag’s hands shuddered, and he almost dropped the ice cream cake.

“Princess Irina is in danger, and the system is willing to sell information concerning her current situation for 10 dragon coins. If you think the price is right—”

“Take the money for yourself; where is she now? What happened?” Mag cut off the system as he inquired urgently.

“10 dragon coins have been successfully deducted! Princess Irina is currently situated on the fifth street, and she’s being attacked by multiple assailants. Without the intervention of a third party, there is a 100% probability that she will die.”

The system’s joyful voice belied the grave information that it was revealing.

“The fifth street!” Mag’s heart tensed up upon hearing this. That was not a place that he was unfamiliar with.

On that rainy night three years ago, Alex had been assassinated on that very same street.

Now, Irina was also being attacked on that street. Was the tragedy from three years ago going to repeat itself?

Mag's heart rate accelerated drastically.

"It smells so good! So this is ice cream cake; it's cake covered in ice cream! And there are cute little strawberries on there as well. It looks like it'll be really delicious." Amy's expression was filled with elation as she looked at the ice cream cake in Mag's hands.

Mag placed the cake onto the table before turning to Amy with a serious expression. "Amy, I have something really important that I have to go and do now, but I can't let anyone know about it. You stay here and eat this cake, and conjure up a copy of me to stay with you, is that alright?"

This was the first time that Amy had seen such an urgent expression on her father's face, and even though she didn't know what was happening, it had to be something very important. As such, she nodded obediently, and replied, "Go, Father. I'll be good and wait here for you."

She then twirled her wand, and a second Mag that was identical to Mag appeared, even wearing the same clothes that the real Mag was wearing.

"Good girl." Mag was very pleased with the Mag that had been manifested. Unless someone came into the room and inspected it at close quarters, it could pass off as the real Mag. Mag himself then opened the window before jumping out and shutting it behind him. He then flipped over a few tall walls and smoothly exited the second prince's manor.

Heavy droplets of rain were still pelting down, instantly drenching him.

There was not even a single pedestrian to be seen on the streets.

"System, I want to use that chance."

Mag wiped at his face in a futile effort to remove some rainwater before rushing in a certain direction.

"You have one chance to return to the height of your powers—one and one chance only. Are you sure you want to use it now?" the system asked in a serious voice.

"If Amy learns someday that I had the power to save her mother but refrained from using it because I was too selfish, she'd hate me for it." A gentle smile appeared on Mag's face as he said, "I told her that I was going to bring her mother back to her, and I won't lie to her; I'm not you."

The system was silent for a moment before issuing a serious warning. "Please prepare yourself; it'll take three seconds for you to return to the height of your powers, and the enhancement will last for 10 minutes. Please make sure to travel to a safe place prior to the period of debilitation after that 10-minute timeframe!"

"Three seconds?" Mag was rather surprised by the system's efficiency.

Before he had a chance to think too much, a bolt of lightning fell from the sky and struck Mag with unerring accuracy.

That was right, there was only a single bolt.

Mag had never seen lightning of different colors twisted together into a braid before falling from the sky onto his head with such insane precision.

“Boom!”

Mag felt as if a bomb had exploded right beside him, leaving his ears ringing violently. Immediately thereafter, a numb sensation quickly traveled throughout his entire body, and he felt as if his muscles had been torn open fiber by fiber before reconstructing themselves amid the surges of electricity.

This was a much more painful process than the previous two lightning strikes, and Mag felt as if every single inch of his body had been severely ravaged, making him almost faint from the excruciating agony.

“Ding!”

“You’ve been returned to the height of your powers; the 10-minute countdown will now commence. 10:00... 9:59...”

When the system’s voice sounded again, Mag felt as if an entire century had passed, even though it had actually only been three short seconds.

“It’s over?” Mag faltered momentarily before looking down at his completely nude body, and he hurriedly covered his sensitive regions with his hands.

The rain washed away the residual soot on his body from the lightning strike, and Mag finally felt the sense of unfathomable power surging through his body. In the face of such terrifying power, 5th-tier beings might as well be infants.

“So this is the power of a knight at the pinnacle of the 10th-tier.” Mag clenched his fists, and he felt as if he could smash a city wall down with a single punch. This wasn’t power that could be quantified using science.

“System, give me a set of black robes and a mask; put it on me right away.” Despite the urgent situation he was in, Mag still didn’t have the courage to streak through Rodu in the nude.

“The black robe has been delivered. The system can provide over 1,000 styles of masks, including...” A set of black robes fitted itself over Mag’s body, following which countless masks appeared within his mind.

“I’ll take the third one,” Mag decided after a quick glance.

“Ding! The mask has been delivered and 15 dragon coins have been deducted!”

The mask fitted Mag’s facial features quite snugly, and he lunged forward, instantly appearing over 100 meters away, leaving a sonic boom in his wake.

“Hold on, Irina. This time, you won’t be alone.”

Mag rapidly approached the fifth street without any hesitation.

“System, do you offer freight services?”

“The system is a food system; things like freight—”

“100 dragon coins.”

“—are of course within my capabilities. If you have something that you’ve forgotten at home, the system would be more than willing to grab it for you. As long as it’s located somewhere on the Norland Continent, the system can deliver it to you within five minutes.” The system’s voice carried a fawning tone.

“Get Alex’s sword for me,” Mag ordered calmly.

“No way! You can only order this freight service for things that belong to you! Otherwise, that’s thievery, and that’s outside of the system’s job description!” the system replied sternly.

“Alright, then who is the owner of that sword?”

“Mag Alex?”

“Who am I?”

“Shen Mag Alex...”

“Seeing as that sword belongs to me, I’m merely asking you to deliver one of my possessions to me, isn’t that right?” Mag asked.

“You’re right...”

The system gave a feeble response after a brief moment of silence.

...

“Your Highness, our spies have reported that Princess Irina is being attacked on the fifth street!”

A black shadow hurriedly barged into Josh’s study.

Chapter 767 There Might be Some Kind of Misunderstanding

“What?!”

The book in Josh’s hand fell to the ground as a panicked look appeared on his face. He grabbed the black-robed figure by the collar, and asked, “What’s going on?!”

“Y-Your Highness, we sent spies to tail Princess Irina, just as you’d instructed, and we discovered her near the fifth street. After that, we immediately lost contact with our third team of scouts, and communication was immediately cut off with another scout right after he delivered news that the elven princess was being attacked. All of our scouts are currently converging toward the fifth street, and we don’t know what’s going on yet,” the black-robed man replied in a trembling voice.

“Fifth street...” Josh pushed the black-robed man aside before quickly striding out the door as he commanded in a cold voice, “Prepare a griffin, and command my personal guards to head to the fifth street right away!”

“Yes!” The black-robed figure hurried out the door.

Soon, a black griffin rose into the air over the second prince’s manor, flapping its wings before flying away. Two groups of black-robed men on horseback also emerged from the rear gate before galloping toward the northern part of the city amid the pelting rain.

...

“The storm tonight is just as satisfying as the one from three years ago.”

In a certain pavilion within Rodu, a tall and burly figure stood in front of a window, looking out at the heavy storm as he took a sip of wine with a smile on his face.

...

The fifth street seemed to have already been forgotten by the entire world.

The black cat cowered in the corner, with every single strand of fur on its body standing up on end. Its back was arched as it stared at the elf in the distance with horror in its eyes. The rain came pelting down onto the barrier of leaves above its head, but not a single drop of rain fell on its body.

The sharp arrows were already upon Irina, and a sinister smile appeared on the face of the club-wielding orc as it envisioned its massive club pulverizing Irina’s head like a watermelon. The vines that had erupted from the ground swept toward her like countless venomous vipers, and within the darkness, a group of heavy cavalry was beginning their charge. Their armored unicorns’ hooves thundered on the ground, while their spearheads glistened with a cold light.

All of Irina’s avenues for escape and evasion had been cut off.

A cruel smile appeared on Gajeel’s face. He had been waiting for this day for many years.

Back when Alex and Irina had roamed the continent, they had brought immense humiliation upon him.

Now, Alex was dead, and Irina was about to follow in his tragic footsteps. Life was good.

Back when Irina had traveled the continent with Alex, she hadn’t actually engaged in many battles. Even though she had been a 10th-tier magic caster for a long time at that point, no one knew just how powerful she actually was.

“Have you given up resistance already? Looks like you’re nothing without Alex, after all.” Gajeel pursed his lips with disdain. Their three races had deployed six 10th-tier beings in total, but it appeared that they had overestimated her.

According to the news from the elven race, Irina sustained severe injuries three years ago, and was significantly debilitated as a result. She had created quite a stir by killing Schubert not long ago, but it appeared that Schubert must’ve been so old that he was barely able to even hold onto his wand.

Countless eyes spectated the battle from within the darkness. The history of the Norland Continent was quite possibly going to be rewritten in this one night.

A human race without Alex and an elven race without Irina could very likely become enslaved by other races once again.

Right at this moment, Irina raised her left hand.

The droplets of rain pelting down from above suddenly came to an abrupt halt. All of the rain droplets simply hung in mid-air while the line of arrows had also become completely stationary. A sinister smile was frozen on the orc’s face and the black vines had already made their way onto her legs.

It was as if everything had been transformed into a still image. Within the faint golden light, Irina's slender hands were as translucent and beautiful as flawless jade.

A golden staff that was even taller than Irina herself appeared in her right hand. Her expression remained calm without even the slightest hint of panic as she said, "Holy light, heed my call; cleanse this world of all filth and impurities!"

Dazzling holy light as bright as the sun began to radiate from the tip of her staff.

Beams of golden holy light punctured the stationary raindrops, and all of the rain seemed to have also turned golden. The raindrops began to radiate vibrant light as they shot forth like countless golden swords, carving straight through the darkness.

Gajeel's expression abruptly changed upon seeing this. A black shield appeared before him, and he retreated rapidly at the same time.

All of the other black-robed figures also hurriedly adopted defensive measures.

The still image suddenly resumed motion in this instant.

The string of arrows was struck by a ray of holy light, and the latter was instantly reduced to dust, following which the holy light continued onward and punctured the glabella of a demonic archer in the distance.

The vines that had erupted from the ground also immediately melted like snow on a sweltering summer's day in the face of the holy light.

"Argh!" A forest troll in the distance jumped up before letting loose a howl of anguish, having already lost both of its legs.

The rays of holy light then struck the club-wielding orc, and the soft armor he was wearing, which was made from the hide of a 9th-tier magic beast, was immediately sliced into countless pieces. Blood began to seep through the thin incisions as the massive metal club suddenly became extremely rusty and frail, following which it disintegrated into a pile of oxidized scrap metal.

The holy light then struck the group of spear-wielding heavy cavalry. Their heavy armor, which was strong enough to withstand 7th-tier attacks, crumbled as if made from papier-mache. Before they had even reached Irina, their bodies had been reduced to chunks of shattered flesh and bones that spilled down onto the ground.

Irina withdrew her left hand before swinging her staff viciously into the orc's face.

"Thump!"

The orc flew through the air before crashing heavily into a broken wall, where he was buried under a pile of falling rubble, having already died before he had even made contact with the wall.

The remaining holy light flashed past, leaving a few wounds on the rest of the black-robed figures' bodies.

The storm continued to rage on the fifth street, but it suddenly became a lot quieter. The silence was only broken by the falling rain as well as the anguished cries and heavy breathing of Irina's assailants.

The stench of blood hung stubbornly in the air, and even the rain was unable to wash it away.

In just a split second, a heavy cavalry unit and a 10th-tier orc had perished.

None of the black-robed figures dared to belittle Irina now. This incredibly beautiful elf was also incredibly violent and ruthless in battle.

Furthermore, she was far more powerful than they had anticipated.

Irina wore a deriding sneer as she said, "I think there might be some kind of misunderstanding. Alex didn't want me to engage in battle, not because I'm too weak, but because I don't know how to hold back. It's very common that I beat people to death before even realizing it. If I want to leave, do you think any of you will be able to stop me?"

"Irina, you are indeed a little stronger than we expected, but even Alex fell by our hands in the end; do you really think you have a chance against us?"

Gajeel put down the black shield in his hand as a grayish-white magic shield appeared, enshrouding everyone on the fifth street within its boundaries.

Chapter 768 Who Dares to Touch my Woman?

"We don't have much time left, everyone; we have to kill her for the sake of our alliance!"

Gajeel threw off his black robes and black cloak as his eyes turned a crimson color. His burly body swelled even further as black spikes began to grow on his back. His hair also turned into a series of sharp spikes that pointed directly up at the sky as two sharp tusks emerged from within his mouth.

He was like a humanoid boar as he rushed toward Irina with a massive saber that was close to two meters in length in his hand.

"For the alliance!"

A forest troll that was over five meters tall stepped forward, and its black robes were torn into countless rags as black vortexes appeared over its mossy body. All of the plant life in the radius of several kilometers wilted and died in an instant, transforming into wisps of dark green energy that flowed into those vortexes. The forest troll tightened its grip around a massive stone club before also charging toward Irina.

"The scent of fresh blood sure is mesmerizing." A massive bat projection appeared behind a vampire as he extended an eerily white hand. He slit his wrist with a sharp fingernail, and blood poured forth from the incision, dripping down onto a massive magic spell formation before him. As he did this, he cried in a slightly deranged voice, "I offer my blood as a sacrifice to the Blood Patriarch; please descend, Blood Patriarch!"

Dazzling red light erupted from the bloodstained formation, and the blood and dismembered bodies on the ground hurtled toward the formation in a frenzy. Blood began to churn and bubble as if it were boiling.

A sinister aura proliferated in all directions as a crimson hand extended out of the center of the formation, following which a headless crimson corpse slowly emerged. It paused momentarily before digging around in the blood formation, finally finding a bloodstained head to fit onto its neck. It turned its eyes, which were almost dangling out of their sockets, toward Irina before licking its lips and disappearing on the spot.

The remaining orc let loose a roar of rage as it rushed toward Irina with a massive club in its hand. As it ran along the street, it transformed into a half-ape being, leaping five or six meters up into the air before landing with a resounding boom, leaving a massive crater beneath it.

The remaining forest troll planted both feet and hands into the ground at once as it began to chant an incantation. The brown soil slowly began to turn a grayish-white color, and energy converged as streaks of green light, landing on the body of a troll that was rushing toward Irina.

Five 10th-tier powerful beings began to launch attacks at Irina almost at the exact same moment.

It's sad that I wasn't able to tell Amy that I'm her mother. Irina wore a slightly dejected expression as she looked at the gray magic barrier. She didn't even need to try to know that she wouldn't be able to break through it in a short time, at least not before those attacks struck her.

He should be able to look after her really well, though. After all, the food he cooks is so good now. A smile appeared on Irina's face. Nothing made her happier than seeing Amy all grown up now, and even though she was a little disappointed that she wouldn't be by her side for the rest of her journey in life, she was determined to take down some of these bastards with her.

Irina raised her staff high into the air and chanted in a loud voice, "Holy light, heed my call; cleanse this world of all filth and impurities!"

Holy light lit up once again as a pillar of holy light as thick as a human arm shot forth, forcing a bloody figure out of the shadows and exposing it to the illumination of the holy light.

"Argh!!!"

A bloodcurdling cry rang out amid the grotesque sizzling of flesh being eroded. The Blood Patriarch that had just been summoned was struggling with all its might, but it was unable to escape from the holy light, which was locking it in place like an invisible shackle. No matter how much it writhed and thrashed, its body was still quickly being eroded at a rate that was discernible to the naked eye.

"Argh... No!"

At the same time, the vampire who had just summoned the Blood Patriarch was also disintegrating, and he fell to his knees as he screeched and struggled in a maddened frenzy.

"Bam!"

Almost at the exact same moment that Irina unleashed her holy light, Gajeel was upon her, and he swept his massive saber through the air, attempting to slice her in half.

Irina blocked using her staff, but was still sent flying by the force of the enormous impact, crashing heavily into a nearby wall. The wall completely crumbled, and a trail of blood dripped down from the corner of her lips as her face paled significantly.

At the same time, the half-ape orc descended from the sky, swinging its massive mace down toward Irina.

A burst of golden light suddenly erupted beneath her feet, and she appeared 10 meters away.

“Boom!”

A massive crater that was several meters deep was smashed into the ground where she had just been a split second ago.

Irina’s footsteps were a little labored as a stone pillar that was as thick as a water tank came crashing down toward her from above. A massive forest stood atop the stone pillar like a giant Buddha, looking down at Irina with a pair of sinister grayish-white eyes.

Irina unleashed her teleportation magic again, disappearing right before the stone pillar struck the ground.

The pillar crashed into the ground, felling all of the nearby buildings that were still standing with the tremors generated by the impact, and creating a resounding boom akin to a loud thunderclap erupting within the stormy night.

Golden light flashed again as Irina appeared above the troll’s head. She held her staff with both hands before bringing it down viciously toward the troll’s massive head.

“Thump!”

A large section of the troll’s head caved in as a series of cracks ran down its body. Its towering figure that was over five meters tall crashed to the ground like a gargantuan felled tree.

Right at this moment, a metal club struck Irina on the back with ferocious force, creating a muffled thump amid the sound of breaking bones.

Irina was still in mid-air, and she was swatted flying by the attack like a kite with a severed line. Prior to crashing into the gray magic barrier, she just barely managed to conjure up a spherical magic shield around her body before falling feebly to the ground.

“Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!”

Right as she landed on the ground, countless vines bound her magic shield almost instantaneously as if they were anacondas that had bound their prey, contracting violently and forcing the magic shield to flicker in an unsteady manner.

I took down three 10th-tier beings; I think I’ve earned my keep. Irina lay beneath the magic shield, holding a small black ball as she looked at the oncoming Gajeel and his orc ally with a derisive sneer on her face.

The heart-shaped necklace in front of her chest was injecting green light into her body in a frenzy, but no matter how efficient her regenerative abilities were, there was no way that she’d be able to quickly recover the ability to battle, and her magic shield was already about to give out.

“I’ve changed my mind now.” Gajeel raised his saber as he looked down at Irina with a sinister smile.
“After killing you, I’m going to strip you naked and hang you on the walls of Rodu so the Roth Empire can face the wrath of the elven race!”

“Who dares to touch my woman?”

Right at this moment, a voice exploded like thunder beside everyone’s ears!

Chapter 769 Die!

“Ding!”

A black claymore flew through the air, severing all of the vines around the magic shield before stabbing firmly into the ground.

“T... Tian Du!”

Gajeel stared at the black claymore, and an indescribable sense of horror welled up from the bottom of his heart, causing his hands to tremble involuntarily.

“Argh!!!”

The forest troll immediately withdrew all of its vines with a cry of anguish before turning toward the street with horror in its eyes.

The orc also wore an expression of shock and horror as he took a couple of steps backward, shaking his head as he struggled to keep himself from going insane. “I-impossible! He... He died three years ago! There’s no way he’s still alive!”

The name of Mag Alex had once been heard throughout the entire Norland Continent, and it symbolized invincibility.

He had slain the most powerful orc warriors, and even the most fearsome demons fled from him like terrified children. Even the giant dragons that dominated the skies weren’t safe from his fearsome claymore. This was a name that struck fear into the hearts of all powerful beings on the Norland Continent.

Thankfully, he’d been killed three years ago.

On this very same street, they had personally witnessed him fall to the ground.

As participants in that assassination, they could still clearly recall how they’d broken all of his bones and severed all of the tendons in his arms and legs, and then cast curses on him with magic. Even if he wasn’t dead, he could only be a disabled man for life.

However, he had appeared once again.

Tian Du was the claymore that only Alex could wield, and its reappearance heralded the return of its legendary wielder.

The boundless horror surging through their hearts was even colder than the heavy rain. On that night, a dozen or so 10th-tier beings had been gathered to kill him, only for half of them to be slain in the process. They were very lucky to still be alive.

The horrific events of that night were still fresh in their memories; they had paid an extremely heavy price to bring him down in the end.

Gajeel was still convinced to this very day that all of them would've died had it not been for the fact that Alex's half-elf baby daughter had been abducted.

Irina looked at the claymore, and her hand slowly relaxed around the black ball. She was naturally filled with elation, but also a sense of suspicion. He's even learned to say things like this during the past three years? Looks like I have to seriously interrogate him and see just what kind of people he's met during these years. Also... is he back to his full power now?

"Kill her first, then we'll join forces to kill Alex! There's no way that he could've fully recovered." Gajeel forced himself to calm down before letting loose a ferocious roar. Even though his hands were still trembling, he raised his saber into the air before bringing it down on Irina once again.

The orc and troll also recomposed themselves, following which the troll let loose a roar of rage, and the countless branches on its body all transformed into sharp spears. Meanwhile, the orc's fur suddenly turned a vibrant red as he rushed toward Irina in a maddened frenzy.

Even if Alex were still alive, there was no way that he would ever make a full recovery from his injuries. As long as Irina died, the three of them would surely be able to take down Alex together.

Right at this moment, a black shadow appeared over 100 meters away. In the next instant, it had plucked the Tian Du sword up from the ground before instantaneously appearing in front of Irina.

"Looks like you want to die." Mag turned his gaze toward Gajeel before swinging his claymore through the air.

The burning saber in Gajeel's hands lit up the entire sky with scintillating crimson light, creating a much more formidable sight than Mag's inky black claymore.

However, even though the black claymore wasn't traveling very quickly through the air, the space in its front was beginning to crack open.

The saber and the claymore clashed with a resounding clang.

Despite how much more formidable the saber appeared, it was sliced in half without being able to offer up any resistance. The top half of its blade flew through the air, stabbing firmly into a wall over 100 meters away. Meanwhile, the half of the saber left in Gajeel's hand crumbled into countless metal shards.

Mag then swung his claymore through the air, and all of the incoming spear-like branches were also reduced to splinters, with not even a single spear managing to pierce through his defenses.

"Die, Alex!"

The orc that had transformed into a berserk red ape raised a massive club high above his head before bringing it down on Alex.

Aside from the contrast in skin color, the main difference between humans and orcs was that the latter could go into a berserk state, allowing them to take on the form of a ferocious beast for short periods of time in some cases.

The orcs were renowned for their insane and brutal strength. They didn't require any technical prowess, as they could drastically enhance their strength through evolution, and then crush their enemies without any resistance.

Their violent and brutal fighting style was certainly very befitting of their personalities.

Carter was the great elder of the Red Ape Tribe, and also one of the 10 great elders of the orc race. Even though he was ranked quite low on that list, he was still devastatingly powerful in battle.

He'd never witnessed Alex in action until that stormy night three years ago, where he saw one powerful being at the pinnacle of the 10th-tier after another fall to Alex's claymore.

Alex was supposed to have been permanently disabled, yet he had appeared here once again.

The orc wanted to flee for his life, but that wasn't an option, as the success of this mission was vital for the future of the orc race. Even if he were to die here, the Red Ape Tribe would still be one of the 10 major orc tribes for the next 500 years.

As such, he was an expendable, but he didn't want to die.

He swung his black metal club through the air, leaving a trail of afterimages in its wake. The club appeared to be quite ordinary, but even the space before it was being compressed and cracked.

There weren't many powerful 10th-tier beings on the Norland Continent, and a race with more than 10 of those beings could be referred to as a powerful race.

Among these races, the one with the most 10th-tier beings was the giant dragon race, which was why they stood at the pinnacle of the continent.

Even the elven race only had less than 10 10th-tier magic casters.

The weakest goblin race and the dwarven race, which was more focused on craftsmanship, had less than five such beings each.

10th-tier beings were widely recognized as the most powerful beings on the Norland Continent, and this attack was the most fearsome one Carter had ever unleashed. He had reached the maximal degree of his berserk form, and sacrificed everything for pure power and explosiveness.

This one club strike seemed to be capable of crushing the entire heavens.

"Piss off."

Mag glanced at Carter before swinging his black claymore through the air.

His attack was also an extremely simple and primitive one. He didn't use the sharp blade of the sword, choosing to attack with the flat side of the claymore instead.

The seemingly indestructible metal club was bent like a twig before snapping in half amid a flurry of sparks.

The flat side of the claymore continued onward, crashing directly into Carter's body, and causing his furry barrel chest to completely cave in!

The sound was like that of a mallet striking a sheet of leather.

Carter's howl of anguish only rang out for a split second before it was abruptly cut off, and he was sent flying like a kite with a severed line.

Chapter 770 If She Dies, You Can Also Die

Amid the heavy storm, the royal palace was like a massive beast lurking within the darkness. Lamps were swaying in the strong winds, and servants pressed their bodies against the walls while walking along with difficulty, trying their best to complete their daily duties.

At this moment, on the top floor of the largest building deep within the royal palace complex, there was a figure standing before the window, looking out toward the northern region of the city.

The flickering light of the oil lamp illuminated the king's stern face, as well as a black shadow standing behind him.

"Alex has appeared, and from his energy fluctuations, it appears that he's no weaker than he was at his prime," the black shadow spoke in a coarse voice that was filled with surprise.

Andre's expression darkened slightly and his brows furrowed as he said, "So he really is alive, but how did he manage to recover? You told me that even if he wouldn't die, he'd be a cripple for the rest of his life."

The black shadow was silent for a moment before asking, "Should I go and have a look?"

"There's no need for that. If those idiots don't have a backup plan and all six of their 10th-tier beings perish tonight, it'll be a very positive outcome for us. Furthermore, they can't afford to reveal their attempt to assassinate Irina, so they can only swallow this bitter pill." Andre shook his head in response.

The black shadow fell silent again before musing, "But Seuss is involved in this matter as well. On top of that, if Alex really is alive and had recovered to his peak, then that could spell trouble for Josh as well."

A cold smile appeared on Andre's face as he said, "They deserve all of the trouble that comes to them. In their fight to inherit the throne, they've done a lot of shady things. They think that I'm oblivious to what they're doing, but I'm not that senile yet! I'm still alive, and it's necessary to teach them a lesson from time to time so they're reminded of the fact that I'm still the king! I've been the king for so many years, and the Roth Empire has been steadily growing stronger under my reign. I'm not setting all of this up for them; if they want to inherit this powerful empire, they'll have to earn that right. Besides, Alex is still a human, isn't he? If he's not dead, then just let him live."

The storm seemed to have intensified, further accentuating the grim atmosphere within the palace.

The black shadow didn't say anything, and Andre remained silent as well. He continued to cast his gaze toward the northern region of the city with his hands resting on the banister before him, looking as if he were waiting for something.

...

Meanwhile, in the Wind Forest.

The normally tranquil and peaceful Tree of Life suddenly began to emit radiant green light, forming a beam of light that flashed through the air, flying into the distance toward the west.

Many elves emerged from their houses and looked on with bewilderment etched on their faces.

"Irina!"

Within a quiet hollow on a large tree, the elven queen opened her eyes, and a hint of concern and anxiety appeared on her face. In the blink of an eye, she had appeared at the top of the tree, looking on at the beam of green light hurtling toward the distance with a grave expression.

"How could this happen?"

Within the starry cave, Helena was staring at the star that had suddenly dimmed significantly, and her expression immediately changed.

Each and every star within the cave represented an elf. The brightest of those stars was the elven queen, while Irina's was a close second.

However, the dazzling star had become extremely dim and lackluster, looking as if it were going to be snuffed out at any moment.

Helena turned her gaze toward the Tree of Life, and her brows furrowed tightly with concern.

This situation had only arisen once before three years ago, when Irina had suffered delivery complications when giving birth to Amy, resulting in a hemorrhage that had almost killed her. Thankfully, the blessings of the Tree of Life had saved her, but she still had had to rest and recuperate for three years before reemerging from the cave.

Now, Irina was situated in the faraway city of Rodu, and her star had dimmed, while the Tree of Life was also putting on a bizarre display. All of this suggested that she was in grave danger.

"That b*tch is finally going to die!"

Hetty was ecstatic as she looked up at the erratically flickering star.

Helena turned to Hetty, and a dangerous gleam flashed through her narrowed eyes as she asked in a cold voice, "What did you do?"

Hetty felt as if her entire body had been sealed in ice, and her legs gave out from under her as she knelt to the ground. Her expression was a little horrified, but also slightly deranged as she replied, "Mistress,

I... I sent her a letter. That b*tch is far too abhorrent; she has no respect for you, and she killed Master Schubert; she deserves to die 1,000 deaths..."

Helena extended a hand toward Hetty, and the latter felt as if her neck had been caught in the grasp of a giant invisible hand. She was hoisted up from the ground until her feet were dangling in the air, following which Helena glared coldly at her, and asked, "You're working with beings from foreign races to plot against Irina?"

Hetty's face was turning pale from asphyxiation, but her eyes were still filled with a frenzied light as she said, "Mistress, I'm doing all of this for you! With Irina dead, you'll be able to instate whomever you want as the new elven princess! When that time comes, the entire elven race will bow to you!"

"Shut up!"

A crisp slap sounded within the cave. Hetty's head was almost detached from her neck by the force of the slap before she turned to face Helena again with an expression of horror and befuddlement.

Helena was absolutely furious as she yelled, "Do you know what Irina represents? She is the hope of our elven race for the next millennium! No elf can replace her, and no other elf can even hold a candle to her! You foolish swine, how dare you work with other races to plot against her? Are you trying to doom the entire elven race?!"

Hetty's face had turned deathly pale, and she had almost passed out from oxygen deprivation. However, she wasn't afraid of death; instead, she was horrified by Helena's reaction. She was willing to die for Helena, but the last thing she wanted was to infuriate her mistress. "But... But she's never respected you... I..."

"I want prosperity for the entire elven race; I want the entire Norland Continent to be filled with awe and veneration at the mere mention of our elven race. In comparison, whether she respects me or not is completely trivial. Even if she wants to kill me, I'll do my best to keep her alive because she always has the best interests of the elven race at heart." Helena glowered at Hetty before releasing her, sending her plummeting downward for over 10 meters, shattering innumerable bones amid a dull thud.

Helena looked up at the flickering star with a cold expression, and said, "If she dies, you can also die."

...

A black shadow flashed into a tall pavilion, and informed, "Your Highness, we've just received further news from the fifth street: a third party has stepped in to derail our plan, and it appears to be Alex."

Clink!

The golden goblet in Sean's hand fell to the ground with a crisp clink.

"Are you sure it's him?" Sean's expression had become extremely strained, and even his voice was trembling slightly.