

## Stay At home 1531

### Chapter 1531: Which Little Slut's House Is This?

Mag was most afraid of the sudden silence in the air and his colleagues asking to be his disciples...

Mag looked at Heyman, who had a sincere and expectant expression, and all the cooks who were staring at them in a daze, and decisively shook his head. "No. An old one is more than enough."

"Sigh..." Heyman sighed regretfully, dejected by Mag's refusal.

The cooks present all heaved a breath of relief. Many of them were Heyman's disciples and disciples' disciples. It would be rather awkward if they suddenly gained such a young grandmaster.

However, everyone was already looking at Mag differently. He was a person who could make Heyman want to be his disciple, so Mag's culinary prowess was obviously very impressive.

"Although I am older and a little rotund, my brain still spins rather fast. Are you sure you don't want to consider it again?" Heyman was still trying to convince Mag.

"We will be returning to Chaos City after tomorrow's banquet. If you really want to learn how to grill fish, come and look for me at Chaos City. I can teach you." Mag continued to shake his head, but he made a promise.

"Really!" Heyman's eyes lit up, but he soon sighed deeply. He most likely could never leave the big kitchen. He wouldn't be able to go and look for Mag to learn how to grill fish even if he wanted to.

"Since that is the case, all of you please enjoy your meal, and we shan't bother you any longer." Heyman soon smiled again, and chased all the cooks gathered in Kitchen One out, leaving Mag and the rest to have their dinner.

Irina waved her hands to set up a soundproof barrier before putting a piece of red braised pork into her mouth. After chewing and swallowing it, she ate a mouthful of rice before asking Mag, "Are we taking action tonight?"

"We have to wait for Connie to rendezvous with us before we act together. However, I need to go out to look for a person," Mag replied.

"Look for a person?"

Everyone began to look at Mag. Perhaps he knew someone in the Falk Tribe?

"Yes. A very important person. It could perhaps change the situation to a certain degree." Mag nodded. It was very difficult to explain about the system's mission, so he didn't bother to explain further.

"Father, can you bring me along please?" Amy asked with anticipation.

"Not tonight." Mag shook his head. Looking at the pouting Amy, he smilingly patted her head. "Because Father needs Amy's help for something more important."

Amy's eyes lit up again, and she expectantly asked, "What's that? Please tell me, and I will do my very best."

“I will tell you later.” Mag smiled, and then said to the rest, “According to the intel, Connie’s brother is being held in the dungeon under the chief’s palace. That palace has at least two 10th-tier powerhouses, so rescuing him under their noses obviously isn’t going to be an easy feat...”

“It’s just two low-ranked 10th-tier orcs. Isn’t it simply rescuing a person, I think it’s rather easy.” Irina was looking at Mag with a relaxed expression. “Why don’t we just do it after dinner?”

“Including Gary, there are four 10th-tier powerhouses in the Falk Tribe now. Tomorrow is the conferring ceremony, and they’re most probably in the inner city now. If we acted rashly, not only would we fail to rescue Connie’s brother, we could even get ourselves in trouble.” Mag shook his head, and looked at Irina with resignation. “Let’s wait for Connie to arrive first. Otherwise, we can’t really get her brother out even if we meet him.”

“I hope her brother will be more normal,” Irina said with pursed lips.

According to the intel, even though Gary had done a few rounds of cleansing in the Falk Tribe, and killed or imprisoned the majority of the orcs who supported the former chief, many in the Falk Tribe still hadn’t really chosen to stand on Gary’s side, as the former chief was a benevolent leader, and was rather popular among his people.

With Irina present, it wasn’t difficult to kill Gary.

However, killing him wouldn’t resolve the problems within the Falk Tribe now. The Aug Tribe could always support a new puppet in order to control the Falk Tribe, and achieve their objective to influence the entire orc species.

Connie was the Falk Tribe’s princess, after all. Only when she and her brother could regain control of the Falk Tribe and get it out of the Aug Tribe’s grasp could they take their stand with the anti-war faction.

Camilla suddenly appeared at the dining table, sat down, and said to Mag, “I can be responsible for scouting the way in and sneaking in. The night is my face veil.”

“Mm-hmm. You’re more trustworthy than that assassin without a sense of direction,” Mag agreed with Camilla.

The Gray Temple’s intel didn’t tell him exactly where Connie’s brother was held. It only roughly deduced that he was in the prison and secret cells underneath the chief’s palace.

Before they started with the rescue mission, it was indeed necessary to have a deeper understanding of the area.

“Then, what do we need to do?” Miya asked. Babla, Elizabeth, and the rest were also looking at Mag.

“You all just have to have a good rest tonight. We have to appear professional so we won’t arouse suspicion easily.” Mag smiled. The more people were involved, the easier their cover would get blown.

After dinner, Mag spoke to Camilla alone for a while, and gave her a map that marked out a few of the possible locations so she could investigate them.

“Did Connie mark them out for you?” Camilla gazed at Mag suspiciously, holding the map in her hands.

“No. I’d spent some money to buy a little intel, but I’m not sure about its accuracy.” Mag shook his head.

Camilla left with the map, and Mag also brought the ladies back to the small courtyard that they were assigned to after cleaning up the kitchen.

From the moment they arrived in the inner city, Mag could sense a spiritual power spying on them. Its power was about 5th-tier or 6th-tier. It wasn’t very powerful, but it was ample enough to spy on them.

Irina looked toward the spiritual sense with furrowed eyebrows, and said, “Do we need to erase it?”

“There’s no need to. Let him watch, he’s a blind man after all.” Mag shook his head with a smile, and closed the courtyard’s door.

The night was getting late. A black shadow darted out of the tall wall of the small courtyard, and disappeared into the night in the blink of an eye.

Approximately three minutes later, Mag appeared beyond the city. He swiftly hid within the shadows of the buildings and moved quickly. He soon arrived at an alley whose ground was fully laid with pebbles.

“It should be here, right?” Mag walked into the alley, and he smelled a rich alcoholic aroma in no time. It was the scent of rum.

Following the scent, Mag came to a rather spacious yard. He could even smell the rich alcoholic aroma beyond the courtyard’s walls. It was an aroma that made people feel happy, the aroma of rum.

Mag lifted his hand up as he prepared to knock on the door.

“Which little slut’s house is this?” Irina, who suddenly appeared on the courtyard’s wall, asked him smilingly.

Mag looked up at Irina as he shrugged, and innocently said, “A master brewer’s. I would like to learn how to make rum from him.”

### **Chapter 1532: I Thought You Don’t Want Me Anymore...**

“Are you sure you’re here to learn how to brew rum?” Irina turned to look into the yard with a dangerous smile.

“Yes.” Mag nodded with conviction. He came to look for an old male brewer in the middle of the night. Apart from learning how to brew alcohol, what else could he do?

“Very good. Then, I will watch you learn.” Irina nodded and gestured at Mag to knock on the door.

*What is she doing? Perhaps there’s something unusual in this courtyard?* Mag couldn’t help feeling suspicious after seeing Irina’s behavior. Following the secret signal given to him by the Gray Temple, he made three long, one short, two long, and one short knocks on the door.

“Haha, you even have a secret signal.” Irina smirked coldly.

“Erm... It’s an occupational hazard, occupational hazard. Actually, it’s my first time here too.” Mag smiled awkwardly as he had forgotten the details.

Mag took two steps back and waited for the movement in the yard. He wondered if this Old Sim was like many other elderlies who slept early or a drunk drunkard. That would rather be troublesome.

The system's mission was very crucial. Additionally, Mag wanted to acquire some information from Old Sim. Even though he had already obtained a great deal of intel from the Gray Temple, including a secret missive he received before he left the house in the morning, it would naturally be the best if he had someone on the ground to lead him. It could save him a lot of time needed to verify the information.

Mag waited for a while before he prepared to knock again.

Right then, the yard's door opened suddenly. A fragrant figure dashed out from the yard, and then hugged Mag.

"You finally came! I thought you don't want me anymore..." a coy and aggrieved voice said as if she was an abandoned woman.

"☹️???"

*What is the situation now?*

Mag didn't know if that hug was too warm and soft, or he was startled by the sudden words, but he was stunned for three whole seconds. After hearing a vague murderous sneering, he quickly regained his wits, pushed the hands that were entangled around him off, and took two steps back.

"Miss, have you got the wrong person?" Mag swiftly said after throwing a glance at Irina standing on the wall. Although she looked calm, her eyes were already full of killing intent.

With the light from the lantern hanging by the door, he saw the looks of the maiden that dashed out clearly. It was a tall and voluptuous maiden in a dark green long dress. Her chestnut hair was tied into a ponytail and casually flicked over her left shoulder. She had snowy white skin and a delicate face. Her glowing purple eyes were staring at Mag as if she was a little wife gazing upon her husband she had not seen for a long time.

Mag was certain that he didn't know this beautiful maiden, and he couldn't find any information about her in his memory. Hence, the only possibility was this maiden had recognized the wrong person.

Mag's face turned dark completely.

*What the heck is this!?*

He really came here to learn how to brew rum... Due to his tight schedule, he could only come here at this time.

And then a maiden came out, and threw herself at him when he knocked on the door.

It was fine if Irina wasn't present. A simple explanation would solve the issue.

But now... wasn't this a show about a wife catching her husband having a rendezvous with his mistress in the middle of the night!?

There would be no way for him to clear his name now.

Mag felt that the sword was already hanging above his head. It would only take a slight move, and he would be dead.

However...

This was the rendezvous location given to him by the Gray Temple. Perhaps this maiden was related to Old Sim?

“Got the wrong person? How could that be? I’ve been waiting here forever for you to knock on my room’s door...” That maiden was gazing at Mag with aggrievement and sadness. “I’ve been waiting for you for so long. How could you be so heartless...”

“I...”

In that instant, even Mag felt as if he was a jerk who had dumped an innocent maiden and left her pining for him.

However, a murderous aura began to permeate in the air, and that swiftly calmed him down.

After calming down, he panicked even more.

This was f\*cking even more misleading!

How was he going to explain now?

If he acknowledged it, he would be a heartless jerk. If he didn’t acknowledge it, he would be a jerk who was fooling around.

On one side, it was a teary brunette maiden who almost threw herself into his arms and cried.

On the other side was Irina, who already had her magic caster’s staff out, ready to dish out the punishment.

Mag felt very hopeless...

It was so difficult to be a man.

*No. I cannot take this lying down!* Mag made himself calm down, and cleared his throat at that maiden. “Miss, you should have recognized the wrong person. I came to look for Old Sim the brewer.”

“See, you still remember me. I knew you came to look for me.” That maiden burst out in tears suddenly, and was about to throw herself at Mag again.

“Wait a sec!!!”

Mag took a huge leap backward, and stared at that maiden in a shock.

*Wtf!!!*

*System! Why didn’t you f\*cking tell me that Old Sim was a woman! And such a young woman furthermore!!!*

Mag couldn’t help roaring in his mind.

“Whether Old Sim is female isn’t an important piece of information. The ancient people said, ‘When I walk along with two others, they may serve me as my teachers—’”

“Shut your trap! Go and die! I’m going to cut off your internet fees!”

“Host, useless angry yelling can’t resolve the problem. We have to look at this matter dialectically. Old Sim is just a code name. An old man who stinks of alcohol can be called Old Sim, while a sweet-smelling beautiful maiden can also be called Old Sim. Who would you choose when you have a chance to have a deeper interaction with one of them? Furthermore, you haven’t paid for your family’s internet fees this month. Remember to pay it as soon as possible after you get back,” the system replied calmly.

“1...”

Mag furrowed his brows deeply. The intel from the Gray Temple didn’t mention anything about this at all, so he naturally took Old Sim to be an old brewer.

Of course, the biggest problem now was this maiden in front of him.

Even if she really was Old Sim, she shouldn’t be treating the person who came to meet her like this!

What the heck was this?!

A friend who came from nowhere?

Mag flicked a glance at Irina, who had already raised her magic caster’s staff above her head and poised to strike them, the adulterous pair, down from the wall. He felt if he didn’t set the record straight now, he would be killed dubiously today.

“Comrade Old Sim, I am the person that the organization sent here to meet you. After your earlier performance, I’ve already verified your identity,” Mag said to that maiden with a grave expression before stretching his right hand to her. “I am Mag and I need your assistance now.”

### **Chapter 1533: You’re Really An Outstanding Informant...**

“Hmm?” Irina suddenly stared at Mag, and then at that maiden with furrowed brows.

That maiden looked at Mag’s outstretched right hand, and her expression got very agitated. She grabbed Mag’s hand and immediately nodded with satisfaction. “Yes! It’s this feeling!”

Mag’s mouth twitched, and then he quickly asked, “What feeling?”

“The feeling of finding the organization,” that maiden replied with conviction.

“Yes. Welcome back.” Mag heaved a breath of relief. *That’s right. That’s the right way to conduct a conversation.*

“And, the feeling of man.” That maiden revealed an impish smile.

Mag quickly retrieved his hand. He took out a Gray Temple amulet and passed it to her. He cleared his throat. “Comrade Old Sim, this is my identity amulet. I wonder if you have received the organization’s notice.”

“Yes. I already received the organization’s notice that told me to give you my full assistance.” Old Sim took the amulet and had a closer look. She then looked up at Mag with befuddlement. “Do you have any special request for any position?”

“It’s not that kind of position.” Mag speechlessly retrieved his amulet, and resignedly said, “There could be people watching us here. Let’s go in first.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Please come in.” Old Sim nodded and stepped aside to let Mag go in.

Mag looked up and nodded at Irina, using his gaze to show her that everything was under his control, and he would explain to her later before he entered the courtyard.

After entering, the aroma of alcohol greeted his nose. The buildings on both sides of the yard should be wine cellars.

There were some dresses and skirts hanging in the yard, and a cute swing was set in the corner. Feminine decorations and ornaments could be seen everywhere.

Mag suddenly realized why Irina was making those comments.

Indeed, it was already a miracle that she didn’t kill him on the spot.

Old Sim closed the door, dashed over to Mag, and expectantly asked, “Did the organization give me a special assignment? I’ve already waited 10 years for this day. I am willing to give up everything for the organization, including my life!”

Mag wasn’t in a hurry to tell Old Sim the mission, and instead he doubtfully asked, “Miss Old Sim, are you the best brewer in the Falk Tribe?”

This maiden only looked to be around 23 or 24 years old. She didn’t look like an experienced brewer or the best rum master brewer in this world that the system had mentioned.

“After my grandpa passed away, I became the best rum brewer in this world.” That maiden nodded confidently before shaking her head with a smile. “Old Sim is my grandfather. Actually, my name is Hannah.”

“You’re not Old Sim!” Mag got a shock again. Wasn’t he freaking exposed then?!

“No, I am Old Sim.” That maiden shook her head again.

“Then, your grandpa...” Mag was a little confused.

“Old Sim is my grandpa’s name. It’s also a code name. After my grandpa passed away, I took over his position in the organization, and retained Old Sim as the code name.” Hannah smiled. “Therefore, I am Hannah and Old Sim as well.”

Mag’s eyebrows twitched. He couldn’t pinpoint where it was wrong, but he felt it shouldn’t be like this.

“Gray Temple?” On the wall, Irina was looking at Mag and Hannah with ponderment on her face.

Although she was still feeling hostile toward this woman who threw herself at Mag, judging from their conversation, it shouldn’t be that kind of relationship that she had imagined.

As for whatever organization, apart from Gray Temple, she couldn't come up with any other organization that Mag was close with.

Mag collected his emotions, and calmly said to Hannah, "Alright. Since this is the case, the first mission that the organization gives you is: teach me how to brew rum."

"Huh???"

Hannah was taken by surprise, and she hesitatingly said, "It's simply just to teach you how to brew rum?"

"Yes. This is a very important mission." Mag nodded with conviction.

"I've waited for so many years. Is there a more exciting mission?" Hannah tried to ask. "For example, poisoning the new chief on the conferring ceremony banquet, or burying the son of the chief of the Aug Tribe who will come to participate in the conferring ceremony tomorrow..."

*Yo, this lass knows what to do.* Irina, who was slightly bored and prepared to leave first, suddenly looked at Hannah with great interest. That was how they should stir up trouble.

Mag was slightly stunned to hear that. With a weird expression, he asked Hannah, "Judging from your identity, you're an informant that provides intel?"

"No. I am an undercover agent," Hannah replied with a puffed-out chest.

"Sure. I will retain your first suggestion, but we're not considering the second one yet." Mag nodded, and continued, "Besides that, another important objective for our current trip is to rescue the former chief's son who is imprisoned."

"Ferdinand. I know him. He's the prince that is even shyer than his sister." Hannah's eyes lit up. "Are we going to act right now?"

"No, no, no. We still require accurate intelligence and planning for the specific operation. That's why I came here to verify some positions and information with you tonight." Mag quickly stopped Hannah, who was already rushing off to get her weapons, with exasperation. This lass was really an impatient informant. It was fortunate that they'd never had to utilize her all these years.

"I know where he is locked up." Hannah looked at Mag perplexedly.

"Errrr..."

Mag retracted his hand that was grasping Hannah's sleeve awkwardly, and then stared at Hannah with befuddlement. "Do you really know where he is locked up?"

"Yes. The people from the Falk Tribe's inner city love to buy alcohol from me. This is also one of the methods that I obtain information with." Hannah nodded her head, and continued, "A head guard was drinking here, and I added a little of talkative water to his wine. Then, he told me where Ferdinand is locked up. If I remember correctly, he is in the dungeon underneath the northern city wall of the inner city. He is locked up alone."



"The dungeon underneath the northern city wall?" Mag frowned as he thought gravely for a while. The information that Gray Temple gave him didn't include that dungeon.

"I have never heard about this dungeon before, either. However, that fellow yesterday was really a big mouth, so he told me the exact position." Hannah smiled.

"You're really an outstanding informant..." Mag already had no idea what else to say.

"Then, should we act right now? I even have my camouflage clothes ready. I have been waiting for this day that the organization's orders arrived." Hannah already began to unbutton her collar.

"Wait!" Mag stopped her immediately. Resigned, he said, "Although that fellow might have told the truth after he was drunk, we're not sure about the actual situation in that dungeon yet, including the interior's map, the guards' condition, the change of shifts, and the actual lock-up situation. If we acted recklessly, not only would we fail, we could also endanger ourselves."

"Sigh... what a disappointment." Hannah was deflated instantly. She frowned and pouted at Mag. "Then, what else could I do?"

#### **Chapter 1534: Are You A Brewer With A Pharmacist Background?**

"Tell me everything you know truthfully," Mag told Hannah solemnly.

"Then, that would be a very long story. According to what I know, my grandpa was hung up and beaten for an entire day and night by my great grandpa because he wet the bed..."

"Stop, stop, stop... I am talking about the intel on Ferdinand and the dungeon that holds him." Mag held his forehead as he felt a headache.

"Oh." Hannah pondered seriously for a while before saying, "Ferdinand is 23 years old this year. He looks rather adorable, and resembles his sister. He isn't as tall and bulky like normal orcs. He looks very lean, and has a pair of pinkish ears." Hannah swept her hair aside to reveal a pair of white beast ears underneath her hair as she perplexedly said, "Didn't they say only the royal females will have pinkish ears? See, even mine are white. His are actually pink."

"Mm-hmm." Mag nodded. This was basically in line with what he knew. He continued, "What about the dungeon?"

"The dungeon is situated right underneath the northern inner city wall. The entrance is at the 38th brick of the northern city wall. There are no guards on the exterior, but there are always four guards standing watch at all times inside.

"Apparently, this is a new secret dungeon that the new chief got his trusted subordinates to build on the night that he attacked the inner city. All those who are imprisoned there are the former chief's important relatives and loyal subordinates. Besides Ferdinand, his famously loving uncle and auntie are also held there," Hannah replied.

"Thank you very much for the information." Mag nodded. To obtain such difficult information in such minute detail showed that Hannah was indeed very talented as an informant.

"Then, when will we be taking action?" Hannah still continued to ask relentlessly.

“We will send special people to investigate the actual situation. The specific rescue plan and time are still not—”

Boom!

Before Mag could finish speaking, a loud bang suddenly sounded in the inner city. A fiery red flame rose upward after that, accompanied by heated battling sounds.

“Did those fools really decide to act on their plans?” Hannah looked toward the inner city. She didn’t look very surprised at all.

“What plans and act?” Mag was a little stunned. Judging from the magic waves that just came over, it should be a magic done by at least one 9th-tier fire magic caster, which meant Camilla was not involved.

“They’re the former chief’s followers. Although Gary has been eradicating the orcs that are loyal to the former chief, some of them still managed to go into hiding. Furthermore, Gary has already let out the news that Ferdinand will be executed at tomorrow’s conferring ceremony, which will end all the hopes and expectations for the former chief’s followers. Hence, these people decided to break Ferdinand out and rescue him the night before.” Hannah shrugged. “I heard about this two days ago from an old man. I didn’t think they were serious.”

“You should have mentioned such important information first.” Mag frowned. Judging from the magic waves and battling sounds coming from the inner city, there should be quite a number of orcs taking part in this rescue mission. They most probably were the last batch of the former chief’s loyal followers.

“I thought they were just talking about it casually. I didn’t expect they would create such a big hoo-ha,” Hannah said innocently.

Mag looked toward the inner city, and thought hard with furrowed brows before turning around to ask Hannah, “Are you providing the spirits and wines for tomorrow’s banquet?”

“Yes. The spirits and wines specially supplied for the banquet are already prepared in the warehouse. Someone will be here to get them tomorrow morning.” Hannah nodded.

“Is there a way to make the people who drink your alcohol get drunk easier or lower their power?”

After thinking for a while, Hannah answered, “If you want them to get drunk faster, I could add in a little confounding drug. While adding to the texture of the alcohol, it would get a normal person drunk with just one cup at the same time. Even a 10th-tier magic caster can’t drink more than five cups of it. As for a potion that will lower one’s power, among the few potions that I have researched and came up with currently, only the magical activity lowering drug can lower a magic caster’s power obviously. However, it doesn’t affect the orcs who depend on their strength.”

“Are you a brewer with a pharmacist background?” Mag looked at Hannah with suspicion. Talkative water, a confounding drug, magical activity lowering drug... Were these things that a brewer should know?

“I researched and came up with all these things when I was bored while brewing the spirits and wines. After all, brewing is really very boring after a while.” Hannah shrugged.

“In this case, add in a little of confounding drug into all the spirits and wines for the banquet, and add in a little of magical activity lowering drug for the spirits and wines intended for the main table,” Mag instructed Hannah. He flicked a glance toward the inner city before saying, “We will postpone the mission of learning how to brew rum. I have to go and check out the situation in the inner city now.”

“It only takes me 10 minutes to add in the drugs. Can you please bring me along to check out the situation in the inner city? I know the inner city very well too,” Hannah said expectantly.

“No. It’s very dangerous in the inner city now.” Mag shook his head. He solemnly said to Hannah, “Comrade Old Sim, being a good informant, what is the first rule?”

Hannah’s expression became solemn as she answered, “Obey the organization’s orders at all times!”

“Very good. Execute your order!” Mag turned and walked to the door.

“Yes!” Hannah replied to Mag’s retreating back with an excited glow in her eyes. “Yes, yes, yes. It’s this feeling! I like this feeling where I’m part of the organization, and have to follow orders! I’m so excited!!”

“We already grasped the basic situation now. I just wonder if Ferdinand has been transferred in the past two days. Moreover, Gary decided to let out the news in advance, so most probably he is trying to catch all the remaining forces who oppose him on the night before the conferring ceremony,” Mag said to Irina, who landed softly next to him, after leaving Hannah’s small courtyard. “These orcs are most likely the last batch of orcs loyal to the former chief. If they all perish, then Connie and Ferdinand will have a very hard time at reestablishing a stable and strong political power.”

“All these things are not important.” Irina looked into Mag’s eyes quizzically. “Say it. When did you join the Gray Temple? Furthermore, you seem to be doing very well. Did you come clean with Rolan about your identity?”

“My relationship with Gray Temple could be considered as a partnership. I only have an unofficial position, so I didn’t join them formally. They increased my level of authority at the last minute before I came to the Falk Tribe.” Mag shook his head. “As for my identity, I think Rolan and Michael are already suspecting me, but since they decided to play along, then we don’t have to tell them the truth ourselves. Anyway, this will make things easier for all of us.”

“These two old wily foxes. They’re indeed not easily fooled.” Irina pursed her lips. Her gaze landed on the inner city, and an expectant smile slowly appeared on her face. “If we want to save these fellows, then naturally we’ll have to create something even bigger.”

### **Chapter 1535: Lord Flerken Will Never Forgive You All For What You Have Done!**

“Falk, I, Connie, am back!”

In the dark, a figure was descending slowly down a cliff. The petite figure was making gentle landings on the cliff’s wall’s protruding rocks every time.

“Meow~”

Right then, a black cat suddenly dashed out from a small cave on the cliff.

“Mamma mia!”

The agile figure got a shock, and she lost her footing on the rock. She fell straight down from a three-meter-high cliff.

“You fellows. To think that I have always brought meat for you guys in the past!” Connie got up from the ground, and patted away the soil on her body as she looked at those heads that popped out from the cliff with annoyance.

Right at this time, sounds of explosions and fighting could be heard coming from the inner city.

“Why did they start fighting? I wonder where Boss and the rest are?” Connie looked over there with befuddlement. After a brief moment of pondering, she dashed toward the inner city.

The black figure was dashing in and out in between the buildings. She didn’t reveal herself, nor did she make any sounds. She got close to the inner city rapidly.

“Seems like tonight will be very boisterous.” Rex appeared at the top of the cliff, and looked down at the small city that had many fights breaking out right now. His expression remained unfazed. His gaze turned to the northwest. He narrowed his eyes, and whispered to himself, “I wonder if that fellow Auster will appear?”

After standing on the cliff for a while, Rex’s gaze landed on the inner city below again, and he gently sighed with a complex expression. He took one step outward, and fell straight down the ravine below.

Having a disciple without any sense of direction was really depressing.

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In the west of the city, dozens of orcs in black clothes were in an ambush.

The grounds were full of shattered rocks, and a giant hole was blown out. A dark pathway going downward could be seen.

An orc used all his force to bump away a giant rhinoceros, and addressed a tall and lanky orc, who was performing fire magic continuously while he stood among the shattered rocks, as he said, “Lord Durward, we couldn’t find Young Master Ferdinand. We might’ve been tricked!”

After he chanted a complex spell, a giant fiery beast dashed repeatedly into the surrounding crowd, giving the orcs in black who were surrounded a brief moment to regroup.

“How about the other places?” The tall and lanky elderly orc called Durward had worry written all over his face.

“I haven’t seen any signals of success rising up. I guess their situation could be worse than ours,” the first orc answered.

Durward groaned for a moment before he decisively said, “Get our brothers to charge at them and leave here first!”

“Durward, I’m afraid it’s too late for you to decide to leave now?” A sneering voice sounded in the dark, and a fat and stocky orc wearing a tiger-skin coat astride a giant black beast slowly walked out from the dark.

Bone-chilling coldness began to rush over from a seemingly endless darkness, and the fiery beast that was running amok among the orcs seemed to be frozen instantly. It struggled a little before it was extinguished completely.

“Durward, you’ve actually hidden very well, and completely fooled me and the chief. I didn’t expect you to lose your cool at the very last moment.” Jeremy looked down on Durward on his giant beast and sneered. “A loyal fellow like you is rare. I wonder if the old chief would be touched if he knew about what you did?”

“Jeremy, you traitorous lackey! How could you repay His Majesty’s trust in you like this?!” Durward scolded Jeremy sternly. A faint light appeared on his magic caster’s staff again.

“I was always loyal to Chief Gary. You could only blame the old chief for being too stupid, and giving such an important job of guarding the city gates to me.” There was a hint of glee in Jeremy’s smile. However, his gaze that was fixated on Durward began to get increasingly ruthless. “However, Durward, you old fool, Chief Gary has been very good to you. He even gave you a domain recently, and you actually committed such an act. How dare you call me a traitorous lackey?”

“The old chief had devoted himself entirely to our Falk Tribe, which allowed us to survive the racial war. He even made the Falk Tribe become the second-biggest orc tribe. Gary is nice to me, but my morals cannot accept what he has done. Only Young Master Ferdinand can inherit the chief’s position. Gary is the kingslayer, and death is his only end. And it would forever be nailed to the pillar of shame!” Durward said clearly and righteously.

“Ha. History has always been written by the victors since the ancient times. Only you losers will be nailed to the pillar of shame.” Jeremy smirked, and raised his black magic caster’s staff at Durward. “Since you want to see that little bastard Ferdinand so much, then I will arrest you and execute you together with him tomorrow.”

“Although you’re called the top powerhouse just below the 10th-tier in our tribe, if you think you can manhandle me easily, you have thought too little of me.” Durward pointed his magic caster’s staff at Jeremy, and a red fiery dragon shot out from the staff and charged toward Jeremy.

“Ice barrier.” Jeremy pointed the magic caster’s staff at the giant dragon, and layers of ice barriers like mirrors stacked up in front of that dragon.

Bang, bang, bang!

Accompanied by the sounds of ice shattering, the ice barriers were crushed by the giant dragon. However, the red flames on the dragon were slowly diminished as it crashed through them.

The red giant dragon was so dimmed that it almost disappeared after it crashed through the last ice barrier.

The giant black cheetah underneath Jeremy swung its tail, and smashed that red giant dragon into sparks that scattered in the air.

“Durward, you’re already old, and are no longer the Falk Tribe’s fire god.” Jeremy smirked, and struck the ice barriers into the ground. Those orcs in black were still attempting to resist, but were frozen instantly. The other orcs rushed forward and arrested all of them.

“Lord Flerken will never forgive you all for what you have done!” Durward released three fireballs to force the orcs who rushed toward him back, and then dashed toward the gap that he had forcefully blasted out.

Jeremy moved the giant beast underneath him forward to chase after Durward as he nonchalantly said, “Lord Flerken doesn’t care who is the one that makes the offerings to him.”

Boom!!!

Right then, a loud bang that reverberated throughout the Falk Tribe came from the north of the city. The entire inner city’s ground seemed to shake along with it.

“What’s that!?”

Jeremy looked toward the north of the city in a shock. Could there be an even stronger existence that took part in this disturbance?

“What a terrifying commotion!”

All the orcs were shocked too. Some even had no idea how to react.

### **Chapter 1536: Nobody Will See Me If I Kill All Of Them, Right?**

Mag looked at the dozens of meters of city wall that were demolished in front of him and Irina, who was slowly retracting her right foot, and his Adam’s apple moved unconsciously.

This was the city wall that was over 10-odd meters high and over five meters thick!

He guessed only a few people, besides the dead, knew that Irina’s close combat ability was so scary!

“I wanted to kick you two gently like this when I saw that woman throw herself at you earlier tonight.” Irina turned around and smiled at Mag.

“I had a mission, so I had no choice, either,” Mag lamented lightly as he felt his calves tremble.

Who could withstand a gentle kick like this?!

“However, we’re just going to enter the city, there is no need to demolish the city walls, right?” Mag quickly diverted the topic.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to help little Connie keep some useful fellows? They were most likely entangled in an ambush or a melee right now. If we don’t create something big, they won’t be able to get away,” Irina replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

“That’s right too.” Mag pondered for a moment. Diverting attention—Irina had gotten the crux of the military strategy that he taught her.

“Since the wall has already fallen, why don’t we just go and check if Ferdinand is really imprisoned in that secret dungeon?” Mag asked Irina. “Are you confident that we can leave before their people arrive?”

“I have sent up a fixed teleportation portal on the cliff earlier. As long as I want to leave, nobody is able to stop me,” Irina replied confidently.

“Alright. Let’s go and take a look.” Mag nodded and took out a black square cloth. He covered his face, and only showed his eyes.

“Don’t you need to cover yourself a little?” Mag looked at Irina, who had already reverted to her own looks.

“Nobody will see me if I kill all of them, right?” Irina looked at Mag who had covered himself up completely, with befuddlement.

“Errrr...”

Mag was actually lost for words.

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“The north of the city?” At the top of the majestic palace tower, Gary was looking toward the north of the city with furrowed brows. Not many in the Falk Tribe were capable of making such a big hoo-ha. One was next to him right now, and the other two were also in the inner city now. He had their support and help when he started the rebellion and slew the king. They wouldn’t do this on the night before the conferring ceremony.

An orc in golden armor standing three steps behind him asked, “Chief, do you need me to go and take a look?”

“Go, Basil. See who is the one that dared to come to our Falk Tribe to make trouble. Twist his head off and bring it back to me.” Gary smirked.

“Yes.” That orc in golden armor called Basil turned and left.

“Get Darryl and Kurt here. I have something to discuss with them,” Gary continued to issue an order.

“Yes,” a subordinate answered, and he, too, strode off quickly.

“Big Brother, you have been staying in this position for long enough. I’m simply taking back what is rightfully mine. You shall go in peace then. I will make the Falk Tribe the number one tribe, and we might even rule the world one day.” Gary looked up into the sky and revealed a mouthful of gleaming fangs. He turned and walked down the tower while leaving behind a cold order. “Kill all the rebels on the spot today.”

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Following Hannah’s intel, Mag and Irina found the location of the secret dungeon very quickly. However, this part of the city wall looked exactly the same as the other parts.

“Seems like we need to find the door or perhaps something like a switch—”

Boom!

Before Mag could finish talking, the wall in front of them disappeared again. Only a hole in the ground was left, as well as an orc guard in a shock with his mouth agape.

“What are you looking at? Have you never seen a beauty before?” Irina simply waved her bench, and sent him flying into the wall. He became a splatter of blood on the wall, just like a mosquito.

*Seems like I've watched too many TV serials...* Mag raised an eyebrow, and then leaped into the hole after Irina, without even sparing a glance at that 8th-tier orc that she had sent flying.

Since he was sent by Gary to guard this place, he had to be his trusted subordinate. They most probably had to kill plenty like him later.

A change of regime was usually brought upon by bloodshed. Gary killing the old chief was through that. Now, how they wanted to kill Gary and return the control of the Falk Tribe to Connie and her brother was the same too.

The underground passage was very narrow. Its width could only allow two people to pass through at the same time. Its height was also less than two meters, and it went all the way downward. There was a wall lamp lit every few meters. The ground was excavated into the rock.

The movement on the ground alerted the guards. A few heavy stone doors dropped down, and sealed the passageway airtight.

However, these stone doors that weighed tons seemed to be made of paper under Irina's legs. She kicked her way into the deepest part of the dungeon.

As for those orc guards who tried to resist, every one of them was sent flying through the air, and became a decoration on the wall horribly.

Mag followed after Irina calmly, and was content to be a little lamb protected by a big boss. He went in without lifting a finger and killing anyone.

The guards in the dungeon were basically all cleared. Mag rescued one from under Irina's feet. He placed the cleaver at his neck, and fiercely asked, “Where is Ferdinand imprisoned?”

That prison guard was already scared out of his mind, so he replied in a quivering voice, “Ferdinand is not here! Please don't kill me... He really isn't here...”

“He's not here? Then, where is he now? I heard he's right here.” Mag pressed the cleaver closer, and the razor-sharp blade sliced open the orc's skin.

“He was held here during this period of time! B-but... he was brought away last night. I have no idea where he was brought to... The chief gave the order personally...” The orc almost cried out in a panic, but his lowered hand slowly moved toward his waist.

“A conversation without any value.” Irina sent him flying away with a gentle kick, and he became a splatter of “mosquito blood” at the end of the passageway dozens of meters away.

Mag wasn't sure if that orc had spoken the truth, so he asked Irina to wait for a moment while he walked down the dungeon's walkway with a torch.

There were 10-odd cells lining both sides of the walkway. He could see the prisoners huddling in a corner through the cells' doors. Their clothes were in tatters, and they had wounds on their bodies. At



first, they were startled by the sounds, but they still looked out instinctively after seeing the light from the fire.

“Where is Ferdinand? We’ve come to rescue you,” Mag said loudly with a frown when he saw those orcs who were already unrecognizable.

“Save me... Save me please. I am loyal to the old chief and Young Master Ferdinand!”

“Save me... Please save me...”

After hearing Mag, everyone in the cell dashed to the doors, extended their arms out in between the metal rods, and yelled at Mag hysterically.

“We’re the uncle and auntie of Young Master Ferdinand. Please save us. We might know where he was transferred to.” Right at that moment, an urgent voice spoke up in a cell at a corner.

### **Chapter 1537: Come Out Now. I’ve Already Seen You**

“Huh?”

Mag walked straight to that cell after hearing that. He had heard Hannah mention that Ferdinand’s lovey-dovey uncle and auntie were locked up in this dungeon too. Looking at it now, her intel’s accuracy was very high.

“Do you know where Ferdinand was brought to?” Mag brought the torch forward, and saw the situation in the cell clearly.

This was a cell that was only five to six square meters big. He could smell a horrible stench as soon as he got close to it. A middle-aged orc couple with messy hair and clothes were leaning against the metal bars. The wounds all over their bodies clearly showed how they were treated inhumanely.

“I am Romeo, and this is my wife, Juliet. The chief’s wife was my elder sister. We’re also not sure where Ferdinand was brought to. We’re very worried now too.” The middle-aged orc shook his head with a pained expression. “Ever since Gary rebelled and slew the king, we became his prisoners, and then were rotated around a few prisons and dungeons. We were brought here to this newly built dungeon about 10 days before, and that’s when we saw Ferdinand for the very first time. He looked thinner, so he must have suffered during this time. Someone went into his cell and brought him away soon after. We don’t know where he has gone.”

*These names...* Mag raised his eyebrows as he felt something was not right.

Juliet was calmer, and analyzed, “We’ve heard those fellows say they’re going to kill us on Gary’s conferring ceremony, and the banquet is around these two days. Maybe Gary took Ferdinand to the palace where they have the most powerful and secure guards. That is also the safest place.”

Mag frowned. Romeo and Juliet’s words had confirmed that Ferdinand was no longer in this cell. They were still late, and missed the opportunity.

“Someone’s coming,” Irina deliberately said in a lowered voice.

“Can you bring us with you, please?” Romeo looked at Mag, and then at the end of the passageway before he said with clenched teeth, “If it’s not possible, please bring my wife with you. Help her out of this dirty and dark place. Please.”

Mag turned around to ask Irina, “Can we make it?”

“It’s not a problem to kill them all, but there’s a possibility that we might expose ourselves. The other three 10th-tiers would come here very quickly.” Irina threw a glance at Romeo and Juliet with furrowed brows, and said, “We could only bring one of them with us. The teleportation portal is very small.”

“Then...” Mag looked at the two people in the cell. Their original plan tonight was to rescue Ferdinand, so there wasn’t any extra space for a second person.

“Please bring her along with you. She’s a graceful woman. She shouldn’t be staying in this damp and dark dungeon. A beautiful flower should blossom at a place full of sunshine,” Romeo said lovingly.

“You’re my sunshine. If I left alone, this world would become much more cruel even when I was not in this dungeon. We have promised each other. How can I leave you here alone?” Juliet shook her head, and smiled at Mag with a dirty and tired face. “Leave us be. He would not leave me alone, either. Go now and don’t get caught.”

Mag saw calm and happiness in that smile. After a moment of silence, he nodded. “Alright.”

Mag walked to Irina, and gently said, “Let’s go.”

“If we work together, it’s not difficult to kill those two fellows out there.” Irina looked toward Romeo and Juliet.

“If those two fellows died, then Ferdinand would be dead before we found him.” Mag shook his head.

“I’m indeed not good at playing hide-and-seek.” Irina rolled her eyes. She only wanted to flip the tables.

Sounds of footsteps could already be heard coming from the end of the passageway. The orcs who were locked up in the cells quickly exclaimed for Mag and Irina to save them.

When Mag stepped into the lit up circle on the ground, he saw a little girl who was squeezed to the edge of the cell extending her little arm to him. That pair of eyes seemed to be very dull in the dark. The little arm that was extended out was also limp, as if she no longer had any hope for anything.

Irina’s gaze also landed on that little girl. The champagne golden teleportation portal lit up under their feet, and both of them disappeared in a blink.

Almost at the same time, the orc in golden armor, Basil, dashed in from the walkway with his iron rod tightly clenched in his hands, and sized up his surroundings warily.

His gaze landed on those stone doors that were damaged, and he narrowed his eyes.

With his immense strength, it wasn’t difficult for him to crush these stone doors. However, Darryl had placed inscriptions personally on these stone doors. Even if he wanted to damage them rapidly, he had to transform into his beast form.

Meanwhile, these damaged stone doors didn't have traces of magic, nor were there any traces of powerful magical elements in the surroundings.

Which meant the other party had terrifying power, and smashed through these stone doors with brute force, entering the dungeon with the most simple and direct method.

The dungeon guards were all killed, and they died in a very direct manner too. They should've been smacked to death instantaneously with some kind of blunt object.

After making this judgement, Basil's expression became grave, and his approaching steps became even more cautious.

The other party was most likely like him, a 10th-tier powerhouse who had great strength.

There wasn't another one like in the Falk Tribe, so the only possibility was that the other species wanted to interfere in their Falk Tribe's affairs.

Deducing from the time frame, the other party should be still in the dungeon now. He had sealed the exit, so there would most probably be an intense battle later.

However, they were in the Falk Tribe after all. He only had to ask Gary for help, and they would be here immediately.

"Come out now. I've already seen you." Basil bluffed.

The walkway was in complete silence. The scent of blood permeated the air, and the orcs in the cells were all shivering in a corner, as if they were all terrified.

Nobody answered Basil.

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A golden beam lit up on the cliff. Mag couldn't help addressing Irina with surprise when he saw the little girl who appeared next to them. "Y-you brought her out."

That little girl appeared to be around 10 years old. Although she was looking at the whitish surroundings with a dazed expression, and was shivering due to her thin clothes, her eyes began to light up gradually as she breathed in fresh and free air.

Irina looked at that little girl, and piteously said, "She's the one that shouldn't be in there. Those fellows indeed deserve to die."

### **Chapter 1538: It's Indeed Rare To See An Assassin Like You**

"Let's find a place to settle her down first." Mag flicked a glance at that timid girl, and after a moment of pondering, he looked into the Stone Alley.

"Old pal, we will leave this child with you. Please take good care of her." Five minutes later, Mag knocked on Hannah's door again, and handed the child to her while she was in a daze. Then, he closed the yard's door for her.

“Seems like tonight’s upheaval is one of Gary’s plots. He wanted to do a complete cleansing before the conferring ceremony,” Mag said with furrowed brows. “In this case, Ferdinand is most likely not held in the other prisons or dungeons. He’s most probably in the palace.”

“Should we attack the palace tonight?” Irina’s eyes glowed a little.

“We’re not familiar with the palace, so we shouldn’t sneak in. Moreover, the other party has at least four 10th-tier powerhouses, so it’s not a good idea to attack head-on.” Mag shook his head.

“Then, are we just going to sit back and watch?” Irina frowned.

“Connie should have already arrived by now. According to our agreement, she will come and look for us. We could give her the job of sneaking in and assassinating. She knows the palace better than any one of us.”

“Is that really so?”

“Perhaps... it’s so.” Mag suddenly lost his confidence.

“Since her bald master dares to let her out, we should give her a chance and place to prove herself. I don’t believe that the Hairless Monk will let the disciple that he took in after his hair regrew go to her death.” Mag chuckled. “If I have guessed correctly, he should be following after Connie closely. No one could let out a disciple like her in peace.”

“You’ve become treacherous.” Irina looked at Mag.

“The world has changed.”

“I like it.”

“Errrr...”

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*Main kitchen... Main kitchen... Where is the main kitchen? They usually sent my meals to the palace, so how would I know where the main kitchen is?* Connie crouched on the top of a tree and poked her fingers aggrievedly. She didn’t expect to get herself lost as soon as she got into the city.

After staying on the tree for a while, and making sure that there was no way she could locate the main kitchen in the night with her eyes, she slid down the tree trunk, and grabbed an orc from a heated fight close by.

“I have something to ask you. I will let you go if you tell me properly, but I will kill you if you lie to me.” Connie, who had covered her face, placed her three razor-sharp claws on that orc’s neck.

That orc felt the chill on his neck, and said in a quivering voice, “I-I will tell you everything. Don’t kill me...”

“Tell me. Where is the main kitchen?” Connie asked coldly.

“Huh?” That orc was obviously taken aback. Everyone that he met tonight had asked where Young Master Ferdinand was; why was she asking where the kitchen was? Perhaps this petite but ruthless orc in black simply wanted to have a meal?

“I will kill you if you don’t tell me.” Connie retracted her claws a little, and the sharp blade scratched his neck.

“I’ll tell you! The main kitchen is in the west of the city. Walk westward along this road, and the biggest yard there is the main kitchen,” that orc quickly replied. He was afraid to get killed out of the blue over a kitchen.

“Westward?” Connie looked around her and pondered seriously for a moment. Then, she pulled that orc out from the wall, and pressed her claws against his back. ‘Bring me there!’

“I...” That orc had an innocent expression. Why did all this have to happen to him? First, he was sent to quash those fellows who broke out of the prison, and now he was being kidnapped out of the blue. However, due the bone-chilling coldness behind him, he had to bring Connie westward.

*She learned how to get someone to lead the way. That’s a good start.* Rex stood on a faraway wall, and nodded with satisfaction as he watched Connie hurry away as she made that orc lead the way.

About 10 minutes later, that orc stopped in front of an alley, and pointed at a big courtyard in front of them. “That is the main kitchen. Can you let me go now?”

“There’s a smell of food.” Connie smelled and nodded with acknowledgement. After some thought, she removed her claws from that orc’s back, and deliberately coldly said, “You can scam now!”

That orc immediately turned and ran after he heard her. He soon turned into an alley, and disappeared from her sight.

“Why are you running so fast? I’m not going to kill you.” Connie threw a glance in the direction where that orc disappeared with wonder before she walked toward the main kitchen. Everywhere in the Falk Tribe was in a mess right now. She had no idea where or what she should do now, so she had to find Boss to get her mission first.

“Phew...”

That orc ran across almost half of the inner city and detoured around seven or eight alleys before he leaned against a corner of a wall and panted harshly.

“That woman earlier should’ve been Princess Connie, right? Pinkish-white ears and a petite figure, there’s no one else besides her in the Falk Tribe.” There was a hint of excitement on that orc’s face. “Her bounty is as high as 10,000,000 copper coins. I’m going to make a report, and get someone to arrest her now!”

“There’s no need for that now.” A tall and strapping black shadow appeared at the end of the alley, and walked to him slowly.

“W-who are you!?” that orc asked nervously as he drew his broad sword hanging on his waist out in panic.

"I hate to waste my breath with the dead." That man appeared in front of that orc, and then gave him a punch.

The broad sword shattered under the iron fist, and that orc's terrified face was also shattered at the same time.

"This lass is still too soft-hearted." Rex kicked that orc into a pile of rocks, and then left.

Connie flipped over the wall and went into the kitchen agilely. She ran one round on the rooftop with light footsteps, and after deciding on a direction, she was about to dash over there.

"I say, where do you want to go?" a deep voice spoke out.

"Woah!"

Connie got a shock and her sharp claws sprung out. She only heaved a breath of relief after she turned to have a look. With surprise, she asked Mag who was sitting on the rooftop, "Boss, what are you doing there? Don't you feel cold in the wind?"

"Of course I am cold." Mag rubbed his hands as he stood up. He went up to the roof in the middle of the night because he was afraid that this fellow would get lost again. He was about to get off the roof, but he couldn't help curiously asking Connie, "Where did you go and look for us earlier?"

"The kitchen. Don't you usually stay in the kitchen? I'm a professional assassin, so I still have that little bit of judgement," Connie replied confidently with a smug "ain't I smart" smile on her face.

"It's indeed rare to see an assassin like you." Mag nodded with a complex expression. He suddenly couldn't understand why Rex would take in this disciple. Was he really to tarnish his reputation in his old age?

He wouldn't be surprised if she freaking killed her employer by accident!

### **Chapter 1539: What A Cute Little Bat!**

Mag brought Connie down the roof, and walked to the small courtyard under the cover of the night. They made small talk as they walked. "Do you have any special feelings after coming back to the Falk Tribe again?"

"It feels... a little strange." Connie's emotions seemed to be rather down.

"Don't worry, everything will be fine. Those..." Mag quickly consoled her. She was originally the tribe's little princess, and she became a downtrodden assassin in the blink of an eye. Her loved ones were either killed or imprisoned. She had to have felt terrible coming back to this place again.

"I felt the buildings and roads have changed a lot. I'm afraid I will get lost again," Connie said gravely.

Mag choked on the words that he was about to say. He only managed to clear his throat after a while, and said, "I-it's fine. Take things slowly."

"Oh, yes. Do you all know where my brother is imprisoned? I want to go and save him tonight!" Connie asked Mag with concern.

“We have already been to a secret dungeon tonight. Your brother was held there before, but it’s a pity that he had already been transferred out when we arrived. Meanwhile, the other prisons were also attacked tonight. This should be Gary’s plot to eradicate the last batch of orcs who are loyal to the former chief. Hence, your brother is most probably in the palace right now,” Mag told her as they continued walking forward.

“The palace?” Connie halted and her eyes lit up. “That is the place which I am most familiar with, including all its secret passages and dungeons. I hid in them when I played hide-and-seek with my brother when I was young. I will go and rescue him right now.”

“He’s right there, so what’s the hurry?” Mag grabbed Connie, who was about to turn and leave. He said, “Gary is in the palace right now, and there could be another two or three 10th-tier powerhouses with him. Are you able to kill them all?”

“I-I am very professional.” Connie opened and then closed her mouth. She was obviously not very confident.

“Come here, we need to make a detailed plan.” Mag opened the yard’s side gate, and pulled Connie into the big room in the center.

In the room, everyone had changed into black camouflage clothes. Including Camilla who had returned from her failed investigation, everyone was present.

“Big Sister Connie, did you get lost on your way home too?” Amy asked Connie curiously.

“I-I was not lost. This is my home.” Connie quickly waved her hands.

“The situation is basically clear now. We couldn’t find Ferdinand in all the prisons and dungeons that we know of. Right now, there are more than 500 people trying to attack the prisons and rescue Ferdinand, causing the current chaos.” Mag took out a Falk Tribe’s map. The few prisons that were still involved in fighting were marked with a red pen. He used a pen to point out the palace in the center of the inner city, and said, “Now, this is our target. We have to sneak into the palace to search for the possible locations where Ferdinand could be imprisoned, and rescue him while making sure that we’re safe.”

Camilla slumped in a chair lazily as she asked Mag, “I just made one round at the periphery of the palace. There are at least three 10th-tier powerhouses in there, two of them are even magic casters. It’s not an easy feat to bypass the cordons that they set up and sneak into the palace to rescue a person. How are we going to achieve that?”

Everyone frowned with tension and uneasiness after hearing that.

Irina was the most powerful among them without a doubt.

Apart from her, it was Camilla who had a 9th-tier power, followed by Elizabeth and Gina who had an 8th-tier power.

Babla was a 7th-tier spatial magic caster, and Yabemiya’s combat power was roughly around 5th-tier, but they had never been in a real battle before.

Anna and Jane were negligible in the area of combat.

Amy, with her little fire lotus, could hold her own against a 7th-tier opponent for some time when she gave her all.

Even including Mag, who had hidden his power, they had no chance of winning at all.

It was very important to Gary to execute Ferdinand in front of everyone. It meant the end of an era, and also signified that the Falk Tribe had entered into his era formally.

He didn't even trust the dungeon that he had just built today, so they could see the importance that he placed on Ferdinand.

"Perhaps one or even two of those 10th-tier powerhouses are already guarding next to Ferdinand right now," Elizabeth said in a cold voice.

Everyone's gaze landed on Mag. The huge difference in their power and the uncertainty of Ferdinand's location had made this rescue mission extremely difficult.

"Earlier, we attempted and successfully lured a 10th-tier powerhouse out of the palace by creating a commotion in the inner city. If we want to get into the palace to rescue Ferdinand, we have to lure all the 10th-tier powerhouses out of the palace first to ensure the safety of our people who are responsible for sneaking in." Mag looked at Irina.

"You can give this job to me. It's not difficult for me to even demolish the entire inner city." Irina nodded with a relaxed expression before continuing, "However, I cannot promise that all those fellows will be lured out of the palace."

Mag looked at Babla. "Babla, I need you to set a single-use instantaneous teleportation portal between the interior of the palace and the canyon 10 kilometers away. Once we found and rescued Ferdinand or the mission failed, we would be able to evacuate safely and quickly."

"Alright." Babla stood up, and said to Yabemiya, "Miya, bring me out of the city, please."

"Sure." Yabemiya swiftly got up.

"Be careful. After you set up the spell formation beyond the city, come back to this small courtyard to rendezvous with us, and we will sneak into the palace together," Mag reminded them.

Both of them acknowledged before Babla used a short distance teleportation spell to get Miya and herself out of the main kitchen.

Mag said to Camilla, "Camilla, I need you to locate the four 10th-tier powerhouses, conduct real-time surveillance on them, and report to me in real time. This concerns the safety of our frontline personnel."

Camilla hesitated for a moment before she waved her hand. One small black bat flew out from her wide sleeve, and landed on Mag's shoulder.

"What's this?" Mag flicked a glance at the little bat on his shoulder with confusion. Compared to usual shifty-looking bats, this bat looked rounder and prettier.

"Wow, what a cute little bat." Amy kneeled on stool and reached out to pat that little bat.



“Yes. It looks really cute.” Mag also couldn’t help reaching out to pinch that bat’s face. It was soft and very comfortable to pinch.

“D-don’t touch!”

Camilla, who was initially slumping in the chair lazily, instantly sat up and pressed her legs together. Her face also flushed red instantly.

#### **Chapter 1540: Please Respond If You Hear Me!**

“Huh?”

Everyone was looking at Camilla, who reacted strangely, with befuddlement.

“This is my personal bat. I can talk to you all through it. It represents me, so you all have to respect it!” Camilla said unnaturally.

“Oh.” All of them were wondering.

*Biotechnology.* Mag was equally surprised too before he said in his mind, “System, I’m refunding one walkie-talkie.”

“Host, the walkie-talkie is a custom-made item, so no refunds once sold!” the system replied solemnly.

“Ha. I am an esteemed PLUS member, so I enjoy a 7-day unconditional return policy. If you don’t refund me, then I am not going to continue with my annual plan!” Mag smirked coldly.

The system was silent for a long time before a merchandise credit slip slowly moved across Mag’s mind. One custom-made walkie-talkie—1,499 copper coins.

Mag looked at that bat who looked a little obtuse, and used a finger to poke its armpit as he doubtfully asked, “Is this personal bat stable?”

Camilla shot up from her seat immediately and clenched her right arm instinctively as she walked to the window. She said with an unnatural expression, “I’m setting off now.”

Camilla stopped next to Mag, and gravely warned him, “And, I am warning you again. Don’t touch it casually, or else I’m taking it back!”

Mag put his palms upward. He simply thought that this bat was rather dumb and cute. He again reminded her, “Remember to conceal yourself and be careful.”

“The dark night is my veil. We, vampires, are the real rulers of the dark night.”

Camilla snorted with an unknown emotion. She pushed the window half-open, transformed into a black bat, and disappeared into the dark.

“Why is she so fierce?” Mag cocked an eyebrow before poking at that little bat’s armpits twice.

“Hahaha...”

Nobody noticed that a bat suddenly let out a weird laughter in midair. It lost its stable flying stance immediately, and crashed into a shrubbery directly.

After a while, the bat flew out from the shrubbery again and let out an angry roar. “Mag, you bastard!!!”

Mag didn’t bother to irritate that obtuse bat after seeing that it didn’t react. He said to the rest, “We will have to sneak into the palace after those 10th-tier powerhouses are lured out of it. Connie, you’re good at stealth and know the palace well, so you will be responsible for searching for the places that Ferdinand could be imprisoned in. I, Amy, Elizabeth, and Gina will be responsible for responding to you and assisting in the search.”

“Yes.” Connie nodded. After looking at the bat on Mag’s shoulder, she asked, “How am I going to contact you if I find him?”

“This is a micro walkie-talkie. Everyone, put it in your ear, and we can have an unobstructed conversation within a 10 kilometers’ range.” Mag took out a box, and gave them an in-ear micro headphone each from the box.

“Like this. Wear it in your ear. Press on the on/off button gently, and we can get into our shared communication channel.” Mag demonstrated to them how to wear the micro walkie-talkie, and then pressed it on.

Everyone followed Mag’s example, and put on the walkie-talkie. The contact surface was smooth and comfortable, so there wasn’t any discomfort after they put it on, and it didn’t affect their hearing at all.

“0101, I am 01. All combat units, please respond if you hear me,” Mag said with a deliberately lowered voice.

“Oh?”

An amazed look appeared on all of their faces at the same time immediately.

“Father, how did your voice get into my ear?” Amy looked at Mag with surprise.

Gina and Elizabeth shivered at the same time as they blushed.

*Will... my ears get pregnant like this?* Gina thought worriedly. She had never listened to a man talking to her at such a close distance before. It was almost like he was speaking with his mouth pressing against her ear. Her heart even seemed to tremble when his voice appeared.

Elizabeth also had an uncomfortable expression. Such an intimate whispering sensation made her a little uncomfortable, even though it was simply verifying her equipment with everyone else.

Meanwhile, Connie already began to make conversation. “0101, I am 02. Please reply if you hear me.”

Her voice also appeared in everyone’s ears clearly.

“Haha. This is fun.” Amy’s eyes lit up, and her voice also appeared in everyone’s ears too.

Everyone soon got rid of their embarrassment, and began to have fun talking to one another.

The microphone had a great reception. Furthermore, it muted the miscellaneous ambient noises apart from the person’s voice, making the conversation sound less disrupted.

“Alright, let’s give one another code names. There will be strictly no chatting during the operation. Observe discipline...” Mag began to establish order and arrange the division of labor.

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“10th-tier orc?” In the resplendent great hall, Gary was listening to his subordinates’ report with furrowed brows. He had a surprised and puzzled expression.

Darryl, wearing soft black armor, got up, and said, “Chief, since Basil already had him trapped in the dungeon, should Kurt and I go there together as well to apprehend him?”

The orc with a scar on his fleshy face also got up, and angrily said, “How dares he make trouble on the night before the chief’s conferring ceremony? He is disrespecting the Falk Tribe. We will catch him and execute him together with that kid Ferdinand so they will know that our Falk Tribe is not meant to be trifled with!”

Gary frowned, still deep in thought.

Right then, a huge bang came from the south.

“What’s that?” The three of them in the hall were shocked. This disturbance was as loud as the previous one.

A guard rushed in very soon. He knelt on one knee, and nervously reported, “Chief, all the guards and the reinforcements sent to the prison in the city’s south were annihilated by a mysterious person. No one survived!”

“What?!” Gary raised his voice.

“Perhaps there are more than one 10th-tier powerhouse!” Shock could be seen on Darryl’s and Kurt’s face at the same time.

The prison in the south of the city was the Falk Tribe’s largest prison. It held a lot of prisoners, and the majority of them were the former chief’s followers and family members. Many of them would be executed at tomorrow’s conferring ceremony.

That was also the largest trap that they set. They let out news that Ferdinand was being imprisoned there, and then arranged for a troop of powerful reinforcements to mop up most of the troublemakers. The ones who led the operation were even two 9th-tier magic casters.

And such an elite force was annihilated right under their noses!

“Darryl, Kurt, bring our people to the prison in the city’s south, and kill all those attacking and escaping fellows!” Gary ordered with a sinister expression.

“Yes!” The two of them acknowledged together, and then strode out.

“Where did all these fellows come from? Perhaps Auster wants to change his mind?” Gary paced two rounds in the hall before he went to press a block of wood that was protruding out from the side of his throne. The throne began to turn toward inward, and revealed a narrow passageway.

Gary strode in.

