

Stay At home 1541

Chapter 1541: In Action!

Outside the city south's prison, the orcs in black, who were surrounded, watched a man kick the ceiling cover of the jail cell away in awe. Their hopelessness turned into joy and a little bit of fear.

Even ghosts and devils could not be compared to him. He simply appeared from above and landed among a group of orcs, just like a wolf appearing in a flock of sheep. Even the 9th-tier magic casters could not keep up with him, and were all beaten up into minced meat.

He alone could go against 1000 opponents.

The scariest part was that after the end of the fight, the orcs in black just watched the man disappear into the distance without having seen his face clearly.

He only left them with a sentence. "Connie told me to save you all."

"It's Princess Connie!!!"

"Princess Connie did not die!"

"She's back with formidable help!"

Everyone suddenly let out cries of surprise and joy after being stunned for a moment.

All this while, there had been news that Princess Connie had been killed, and therefore Young Master Ferdinand was the chief's only child left.

They didn't think that Princess Connie even found such a formidable helper to reinstate the Falk Tribe instead of dying.

Now that the prison was destroyed, the orcs that were held captive could escape with the help of the orcs in black.

Little fellow, I can only lure these old things out so you have some more space. Rex rushed towards the noisy battlefield. These orcs might be a little stupid, but they were still the building blocks of the future government. He had to save some of them.

He had always been good at killing.

Of course, after staying in Bastie Prison for more than 100 years, he was no longer so temperamental.

However, the moment he set foot on this piece of land, his blood started to boil with passion. He wanted to kill. He longed to kill.

This piece of land was her hometown.

He once set foot here and sat by the cliff to watch the sunrise.

And at that time, she was sitting somewhere not far away, watching him quietly.

She was a kind lady.

She should not have passed away so quietly just like that.

He had to kill these people. These people drove her to her grave.

There were too many people here, all of them looking abhorrent, so the only thing he could do to calm his raging heart was to kill them.

Just as Mag was about to set off, the black bat that had been sitting quietly on his shoulder suddenly spoke, and Camilla's voice came out from it. "There is an intense fight in the city's southern region. Two 10th-tier powerhouses came out from the palace, and they are rushing to the southern side with people with them."

"Hm?" Mag was a little surprised. Irina had yet to set out, so this sudden movement seemed a little strange.

Could it be that the Hairless Monk has already taken action? That was the only method that Mag could think of that could successfully lure the two 10th-tier powerhouses out.

"If that's the case, we should get started too." Mag smiled. With the Hairless Monk's participation, the difference in capabilities between both sides narrowed down.

"Then I'll go to the city's western region to loiter around. I'll try to get close to the palace. If you meet with any danger, I'll rush over immediately," Irina told everyone. She stood up, and a large spell formation that was almost the size of the entire room appeared underneath her. With a flash of light, everyone in the room disappeared, and the fire on the oil lamp on the table also went out.

Mag and the rest could only see a flash of light, and they were already outside a grand and imposing palace.

"When you run into danger, give me your location," Irina told Mag again before disappearing.

Mag looked at the palace that gleamed as the fire lit it up. He squinted slightly. There was a light shield three meters away. It was like a bowl cupped downwards, covering the palace.

"Follow me. I know how we can avoid all the traps and sneak in through the protective shield." Connie rushed over and beckoned everyone over. After that, she went into the bushes on the left.

"Let's go." Mag was the first to follow behind Connie. This was her house, after all. Even though the owner of the house had changed, they could not possibly change everything.

After walking nearly halfway around the palace, Connie brought everyone through a secret passageway that was hidden by some dried shrubs, and only entered when she was certain that they would not cause too many changes to the dining area.

"Doesn't this place look like a hole for little dogs?" Amy asked softly.

Everyone had a strange expression. That was what they were worried about too.

“The cats we rear in the palace would occasionally go in and out through this hole. We do not have dogs in the palace,” Connie explained. After that, she walked towards the hole, and said, “I’ll go in first. We can communicate via the walkie-talkie if there’s anything important.”

Everyone saw Connie disappear into the passageway very quickly. They hesitated for a while, and also went ahead through the tunnel.

The other side of the passageway was an inconspicuous tree hollow.

This passageway brought them into the palace without causing any changes to the protective shield.

Mag looked around, and could quickly pinpoint their location based on some landmarks. “This should be the garden. There’s no rush to go in deep. We can start our operation when Gary is also lured out.” He told everyone to calm down, stay put, and wait for instructions.

Irina’s and Rex’s operation had already successfully lured 30 powerhouses away. Once Gary couldn’t take it and left the palace, they would be able to search the place freely.

The strong magic waves from the western region quickly spread over. Even at the palace, Mag and the others could clearly feel how terrifying the impact and the strength of the initial wave of shock must have been.

“There are even 10th-tier powerhouses?” In the passageway to the secret chamber, Gary paused in his tracks and looked to the west as though he had a premonition. His gloomy face changed a little as he pondered deeply for a while. He turned around decisively and walked towards the exit.

“Send my orders out. Get Basil back to the palace!” Gary ordered once he returned to the hall.

“Yes!” A loud response came from outside the hall, and two orcs quickly left after receiving the orders.

“You want to lure me out so that you can come in to search the palace, eh? I do want to see if you can snatch him away from me,” Gary scoffed, and turned back towards the passageway.

The interior of the passageway was adorned with luminous gemstones. The gentle lights from the stones lit up the 10-meter-long passageway which led to a spacious room.

A young orc was sitting by the table. In front of him was a boiling pot of tea.

“Someone’s here to save you,” Gary said sarcastically as he sat in front of the young orc.

“I didn’t think that there would still be people that would come to save me.” The young orc laughed in self-mockery. He suddenly coughed violently twice, and quickly used the white handkerchief in his hand to cover his mouth. He slowly tightened his grip on the handkerchief as a spot of red started spreading outwards.

Chapter 1542: Ay The Assassin, Ready In Position!

“Attention all! Attention all! The 10th-tier orc in the northern region of the city has started advancing towards the palace. It’s not going towards the west! It’s not going towards the west!”

Camilla's voice suddenly came out from the bat on Mag's shoulder.

"Are we going back straight to the palace?" Mag frowned. This was a little different from his plans.

"They might have already seen through our target." Elizabeth waved her hand, and several crushed ice crystals flew in all directions to form an ice screen in front of everyone. Scenes from several places appeared on sections of the ice screen, just like on a big screen displaying scenes taken from several surveillance cameras in a monitoring room.

They could see that the level of defense had increased rapidly from the various screens, and there were more patrolling troops. The entire palace seemed to have gone into defense mode.

Mag was shocked that Elizabeth could still pull something like this out of her sleeve, but other than that, he also agreed with her judgment.

Everyone knew that the target for tonight was Ferdinand, and because Ferdinand was in Gary's hands, the latter had the last say.

The commotions happening in the northern, southern, and western regions of the city were just distractions amidst all the chaos so that they could use the chance to take action.

However, Gary seemed to have seen through their plan right now. He simply ignored their provocations, and chose to guard the palace and Ferdinand.

"That's tough." Babla kicked a small pebble by her feet and looked around. "Then where should I set up the teleportation portal? If it's two 10th-tiers, do we still want to give it a try?"

Everyone's brows were tightly knitted. This situation was indeed nerve-racking.

"That fellow will not make it back to the palace," Irina suddenly said.

It was a very confident proclamation, but it seemed as though that was only right since she was Irina.

"Let's go. We should set off too." Mag walked towards the exit of the tree hollow. If it was just Gary alone, they could still give it a try.

Even in the worst-case scenario, he had the confidence to send everyone to the teleportation portal to leave, albeit risking revealing his identity.

He had not really gone all out to test out the upper limit of a 9th-tier when in top form.

"Elizabeth, you're in charge of monitoring and directing us to avoid the patrolling orcs while infiltrating the palace in the quietest way possible," Mag told Elizabeth. The use of icicles to capture images was too handy. It had turned most of the palace grounds into their territory.

"Okay." Elizabeth nodded. She grazed her finger on the ice screen, and the two-meter-long screen quickly shrank to half a meter square, and it hovered in the air diagonally in front of her to the left. After that, she walked in front to lead the way.

"Let's go. Don't make a sound," Mag told the rest. He let them walk in front, while he followed at the back.

The group darted around quickly under the cover of the night. With Elizabeth as their guide, they could avoid all the patrolling troops very nimbly, and infiltrate the inner palace silently.

Although the Falk Tribe's palace could not be compared to the Roth Empire's palace in terms of scale, it was still a rather large place. It was built with giant black stones of equal size. The interior was very spacious, and the intersecting long corridors dissected the place into several sections and rooms.

After Mag and the gang entered the palace, they started to check the rooms according to the information from the Gray Temple.

There was a tense and dangerous atmosphere around the Falk Tribe. That was why so many people were unable to sleep despite it being so late at night. This made their search a lot harder.

"The palace maids in this room have fainted. They'll be fine tomorrow morning after a night's sleep," Babla said softly as she put her hands down slowly.

The group had accidentally gone into a palace maids' room. Luckily, they were settled before they could let out any sound.

Mag reconfirmed their current position, and asked Babla, "Are you sure none of them will wake up tonight?"

"I've imposed a second spell. If anyone wakes up beforehand, they will be knocked out again." Babla nodded confidently.

"Then set up the teleportation portal here. This place is almost equidistant from our three targets. If anything happens, the time we take to escape will be similar. This is the best spot to make our escape." Mag looked around and pointed at the space in the middle as he told Yabemiya, "Miya, you'll be in charge of helping Babla."

"Mm-hmm." Yabemiya nodded. She was very aware that she might not be able to provide much help during the fight.

"Alright." Babla nodded. She pulled out a pile of materials needed to make the teleportation portal from her spatial bracelet. A one-time-use teleportation portal would require very good quality materials and top-notch skills in terms of setting up. The specificity and accuracy in skill level required would have to increase for the start-up time to decrease. A normal top-notch formation master would require several days to finish the setup.

However, for Babla, a genius formation master who could fix ancient teleportation portals, a teleportation portal of this standard was a walk in the park.

After serving dishes in Mamy Restaurant for several months, the world would probably have forgotten that she, Babla Niohuru, was the princess of the Moon Nation, the youngest top-notch spatial magic caster and a genius formation master.

"These are the three places that we will need to search tonight. They are a royal secret chamber, a possible underground cell, and a treasure vault." Mag pointed at three points on the map, and looked at Elizabeth, Yabemiya, and Gina as he said, "We're going to split into two groups. Amy and I will search for the possible underground cell. Elizabeth, you bring Gina over to the secret chamber. Remember, do not

get into fights if possible. We want to ascertain Ferdinand's location before the enemies are alerted. Otherwise, the plan would fail.

"The moment someone triggers a trap or if anyone's identity is exposed, return here immediately. We have to leave this place before the opponent's 10th-tier powerhouses find us.

"Safety first," Mag said seriously as he looked straight into Elizabeth's eyes.

"Okay." Elizabeth looked back at Mag and nodded slightly. She looked at Amy, and then at Mag, and hesitated a little before saying, "It'll probably make more sense to change the groupings."

Everyone looked at Mag as well. Although they roughly knew that he was quite strong, he was not a real knight, after all. Therefore, they were also a little shocked that he would join and even personally direct today's operations. Now, he even wanted to do the search with Amy, and that made them a little worried.

Mag also seemed to have realized that he appeared overly confident, and that did not match his kind and dignified restaurant owner image. He smiled, and said, "Don't worry about me. It's just a storeroom over there. We still can't be certain if there's a secret chamber there or not. If there really is one, I will come back quickly to get help."

"Safety first." Elizabeth knew that Mag wasn't one who would risk Amy's safety. After thinking for a while, she left with Gina.

"Let's go, Little Ay, we should get going too." Mag straightened Amy's night camouflage clothes, and took her hand as they walked out of the palace maids' room.

The place that they were going to was a real jail cell. Judging from the Gray Temple's information, there were several very important criminals locked up there, and he wasn't sure if Ferdinand wouldn't be one of them.

"Ay the Assassin is prepared!" Amy replied softly as her eyes shone with excitement.

Just like her mum, a troublemaker. Mag could not help but chuckle to himself.

Chapter 1543: Attack!

"Those foolish fellows think that they can overthrow me and reestablish a legitimate Falk Tribe once they save you," Gary scoffed at the frail-looking young orc sitting in front of him.

"One must always have a dream," the young orc said in a self-mocking way. He suddenly started coughing violently again, and the veins on his forehead popped out as his thin body started curling in pain.

"To a certain degree, I should thank you." Gary looked at the young orc pitifully, and said, "This position should have been yours, but you will never be able to have it."

"You know that I've never wished for it." The young orc looked up at Gary.

"You will die tomorrow. I will let you die nicely. It will be my last gift to you as your uncle." Gary stood up and walked out towards the stone temple.

The door to the stone temple closed slowly as the sound of the footsteps faded.

The young orc, who was curled up and coughing in pain, slowly straightened his back. The pain and sorry look on his face vanished without a trace. He looked towards the door, and his lips curled into a cold scoff.

“Uncle, I hope you would not be too shocked by the extra big present I’m going to give you tomorrow...”

The soft words echoed in the secret chamber.

“Little Ay. There are 30 guards in the prison ahead, including a 9th-tier orc and two 7th-tier orcs. I will open that door, then we will use 30 seconds to kill or subdue them all, and after that I’ll close the door again. Can you do that?” Mag stopped by a long corridor. He took out a small mirror and used it to look at the situation outside the corridor. There were two alert orcs guarding by the door, and behind them was a heavy stone double door.

They had been standing there for quite a while. The patrol troops would pass by here while patrolling to and fro at intervals of 10 minutes, and they could still hear the footsteps of the last patrol troop.

“Mm-hmm.” Amy nodded hard.

“Very good. Now I need you to use your ice magic to freeze those two orcs. It’s best if you could make them maintain this current posture and expression,” Mag said.

“Okay.” The magic caster’s staff appeared in Amy’s hand, and she started to chant her spell silently. Thin invisible threads of ice started rushing from the long corridor towards the two orcs in all directions.

“Do you hear movement outside? Is someone attacking our tribe?” an orc asked softly.

“Don’t worry. The Falk Tribe is the second-largest orc tribe, and Chief Gary is invincible. No one’s attack can reach the palace,” the other orc said relaxedly.

“That’s true.” The first orc chuckled. He suddenly shuddered, and mumbled, “Don’t you find it a little cold suddenly?”

“A little. Someone probably forgot to close the door.” The other orc nodded in agreement.

Just then, a slightly unstable and extremely cold realm started forming in the area where the two orcs were. Before they could even react, they were turned into ice statues.

“Settled.” Amy put her magic caster’s staff down, and the chill subsided. She happily said, “I’ve frozen them!”

“Let’s go.” Mag looked at the two frozen orcs, and brought Amy to the prison.

The two orcs guarding the door were only at the 5th-tier. They stood stiffly in front of the stone door, and it was impossible to tell from the outside that they’d already been frozen. It was enough to trick the patrolling troops tens of meters away.

“Little Ay, after we get through this door, you will be responsible for slowing them down, and preventing them from making any sound. Leave the rest to me.” Mag pressed gently on the dented part of the stone door, and a bluish-green light lit up. The light surrounded Mag’s palm, and the stone door gradually opened inwards.

“Alright. I will do my best to cooperate with you.” Amy nodded obediently. She raised her magic caster’s staff again, and chanted a spell softly.

The highest-tier warning order had been disseminated to every part of the palace, and the only openly set-up prison in the palace naturally received the order too.

The warden, Yiri, kicked the prison guard who was leaning against the wall sleeping, and only felt better after waking all the prisoners up with his shouts and screams.

There were quite a lot of prisoners locked up here. Most of them were the courtiers loyal to the former chief and the relatives who had yet to be put to death. There were a total of more than 100 of them.

What Yiri was glad about was that all of them would be put to death tomorrow.

As long as they died, he would not have to be so jittery when keeping watch on them. He would finally be able to have a good sleep.

“All of you better buck up! After tonight, I’ll bring you all to the flower alley to drink and have fun with women!” Yiri shouted loudly.

A motivation like that was received with a chaotic cheer immediately.

Yiri smiled. Gary had promised him that after the conferring ceremony tomorrow, he would get a promotion, and would not have to continue staying in this dark prison every day.

Back then, he made a small mistake, and the former chief demoted him to become the warden of this prison. In the blink of an eye, he had been here for 50 years, and he would always need to report to the chief if he wanted to leave the place. Even though he was the prison warden, he was actually not much different from a prisoner.

Therefore, when Gary found him, Yiri promised to stand on his side almost immediately without thinking.

On the day when Gary brought the troops in, he was the one who released the criminals in the prison. They destroyed the palace’s final line of defense with their strength, and opened the palace door to welcome Gary as the new owner.

Yiri felt that this was probably the best decision he had made in his life. He did not want to live underneath the glamorous palace like a rat anymore.

Crack, crack...

The prison door opened inwards slowly. Everyone looked towards the door in shock all at once. Other than the warden, the only people who could open the prison door from outside were the chief and his special envoy. It was so late at night. Could the chief have some other orders?

However, when they saw the silhouettes of an adult and a child standing at the door, they were all shocked.

“Now.”

Mag spat the word out coldly, and he was already moving as fast as a cheetah, heading towards Yiri.

Amy raised her magic caster’s staff high in the air, and chanted, “Frost, listen to my orders, freeze everything...”

The moment the chill descended, the white frost on the ground spread quickly, and the air almost stopped moving because of the cold.

“Enem—”

As Yiri took a step back, he wanted to warn others loudly and pull out his long saber.

Chapter 1544: Father, Is This A Flying Sword?

Ding!

There was a crisp sound of metal and rock clashing. Yiri’s long saber, which he just pulled out, broke into tiny pieces of saber-flakes.

At the same time, a sword landed right in the middle of his face as he watched in horror.

Blood and an unknown substance squirted out in all directions. Yiri’s body, without half of his head, fell gradually to the ground. He did not even have the time to finish his words.

“Sir!”

The prison guards all stared in disbelief. The best swordsman in the Falk Tribe was killed before he could even block an attack!

However, they did not have time to make a sound, for that man in black turned towards them immediately after killing Yiri.

The warden was killed in a single blow, but that did not quench their desire for survival. They pulled out their swords and sabers, while a low chant sounded in the background.

This was the underground prison beneath the palace, after all. As long as they made a loud enough commotion for the chief to detect, no matter who this fellow was, he would be a gone case.

And no matter how powerful this man in black was, he was just one person.

However, the temperature in the prison seemed to have gone down by a lot. The air seemed to have come to a standstill as though it was frozen. This also made it difficult for them to move.

Just then, the man in black flung his longsword out.

The longsword flew out and glimmered, reflecting the light from the oil lamps. It went one round around the long prison corridor at a terrifying speed, and landed back in Mag’s hand.

Blood dripped from the tip of the sword as the heavy stone door closed slowly behind them.

At that moment, all the prison guards stared wide-eyed in horror as they fell limply to the ground before losing all signs of life.

“How impressive!” Amy’s mouth was wide open as she watched Mag keep his sword. Her little face was filled with shock and admiration.

Amy could not help but curiously ask, “Father, is this a flying sword?”

“This is a kind of sword technique,” Mag answered with a smile, and did not go on further. He reached out for a torch on the wall, and walked towards the jail cells.

The commotion caused by the fight and the pungent smell of blood in the air around woke the sleeping prisoners. The prison guards that had always verbally and physically abused them were all killed!

“Was the scoundrel, Gary, executed?”

“I knew it! The one who killed our leader would never become the chief. Even Flerken would not agree to it!”

The prisoners all rushed to the door of the cell excitedly.

“I am here to save Young Master Ferdinand. Is he here?” Mag asked in a low tone.

The prison fell quiet for a moment before someone exclaimed, “Could Gary still be in control of the outside world?”

Terror overwhelmed them once again, and some even begged Mag for help.

“Is Young Master Ferdinand held captive here?” Mag repeated, ignoring the orcs who were begging him to save them.

“Young Master Ferdinand is not here. Young hero, please save him. The Falk Tribe depends on him. If he dies, the lineage of the old chief will be broken,” an old orc pleaded after squeezing his way to the front.

“Isn’t there still Princess Connie?” Mag said with a frown.

“Young Master Ferdinand is the only one because Princess Connie cannot inherit the position, and cannot become chief.” The old orc shook his head.

“Since he’s not here, bye.” Mag kept his sword disappointedly. He threw the torch aside, and took Amy along with him as they walked toward the stone door.

“Save me!”

“Please save us!”

The orcs started to scream for help frantically. They’d already heard about the execution tomorrow countless times. Right now, they were clinging on to the last lifebuoy.

“Another peep, and I’ll kill all of you too,” Mag said coldly.

The prison suddenly became dead silent.

The stone door opened slowly, and Mag brought Amy out as the stone door closed again slowly.

The two ice statues at the door were still standing tall. If nothing went wrong, they would only find out that something happened in the prison during the shift change.

“Location two is out. There’s no dungeon here,” Mag said to the walkie-talkie in a deep voice.

“Location one is out. There are only three orcs in the dungeon here, and their physical appearance is too different from Ferdinand’s.” Elizabeth’s voice came from the walkie-talkie quickly.

“Gather at location three.” Mag held Amy’s hand and turned into a passageway at the side. Just after they left, a patrolling troop walked past where they were.

“Who are you! How dare you cause trouble at the Falk Tribe!” Basil, who was injured in several areas, looked around with frustration and anger.

He was stopped and attacked by an unknown person on his way back to the palace.

The opponent was so fast and strong that he didn’t manage to get a clear look after exchanging several blows.

Most of the stone pillars around had fallen, and the crushed giant stone was the best evidence of the intensity of the battle.

There was no reply. His only reply was a giant stone the size of half a human.

Basil waved his black metal rod, and smashed that giant rock into tiny stones raining down.

And just at that moment, a long leg came thrusting down amidst the dust and stones, kicking Basil away.

“Darn! Have a battle with me openly if you have the guts!” Basil howled angrily after he jumped out from the pile of stones.

All was still other than the wind rustling the tree leaves in the distance, as though it was mocking him.

“Who are you! How dare you kill a Falk Tribesman!” Darryl and Kurt held on to Rex, looking and hurling curses at him.

“Who am I? Is that important?” Rex laughed in a self-mocking way.

“It’s no longer enough. I don’t care who you are, you have to die here tonight!” Darryl raised his magic caster’s staff and started chanting a spell. A deep blue glow started forming at the tip of the staff.

Kurt pulled out his double knife again, and rode towards Rex on his magic beast.

“That sounded a little familiar.” Rex shook his head. Instead of retreating, he went ahead and clashed head-on with Kurt. He did not have any weapons with him. He lifted his arm, and landed a punch right on that black magic beast’s head.

The blade of the knife grazed his head, while his iron fist landed a solid blow on that magic beast’s head.

Kurt, who was sitting on the magic beast, flew back as its head caved in following the crisp sound of skull cracking.

“Hairless Monk!”

Darryl looked at Rex, and shouted in horror.

“It... It actually is him?!”

Kurt, who struggled to stand back up, was also in shock when he heard Darryl.

Chapter 1545: This Doesn't Make Sense

The Hairless Monk!

His existence should be banned.

He was a half-orc, born to an orc and a human, but could annihilate the entire Urba Tribe.

This incident once caused an uproar in the Norland Continent, and every orc tribe knew about it.

The Urba Tribe used to be one of the top 10 orc tribes, but it was reduced to nothing within a night. It was said to be such a horrifying scene that most of the orcs who witnessed it committed suicide after going back.

There were many versions of that story still being told in the Twilight Forest up till now.

And the Hairless Monk's notoriety spread across the Norland Continent after that particular night as well.

Back then, there were two 10th-tier orcs in the Urba Tribe and several 8th-tiers and 9th-tiers.

For Rex to be able to wipe out the entire Urba Tribe with no survivors left meant that he had to have been extremely powerful.

However, after that, all the powerhouses from the different races joined hands to subdue him, and locked him up in Bastie Prison. He should've been locked up in Bastie Prison's inescapable prison cell at this moment. How did he appear here?

Darryl and Kurt watched Rex warily. They heard that Rex seemed to have some grudges with the Falk Tribe, but all the information about that had been wiped clean since Rex was so notorious back then.

What could be the reason behind Rex's sudden appearance at the Falk Tribe on the night before Gary's conferring ceremony?

Of course, the most shocking thing was that the Hairless Monk... actually grew his hair out!

“Hairless Monk, the Falk Tribe has not offended you in any way. Why must you slay the warriors and people of our tribe on purpose? Do you want to annihilate another tribe again, and become foes with the world?!” Darryl shouted. A secret letter flew from his hand towards the palace under the cover of a dark grayish glow.

“So only you are allowed to kill, but not me. This doesn’t make sense,” Rex said calmly as he looked at Darryl.

“Although I don’t know how you managed to escape from Bastie Prison, don’t think that the Falk Tribe is a pushover like the Urba Tribe. If you can’t give us an explanation for your doings today, don’t even think about leaving this place!” Kurt howled. His hand, which was holding a knife, was shaking. Although the previous blow did not land on him, he could already feel its terrifying power. His ride already died from that single blow.

“I’m not here to kill today. I’m here to save someone.” Rex looked at Kurt, and calmly said, “If I need to kill in order to save someone, it should still make some difference.”

“Whom do you want to save?” Darryl asked solemnly.

“The same person as they.” Rex looked at the orcs in black that were still around in the distance.

Darryl and Kurt exchanged glances. Their expression turned a little grave.

“Hairless Monk, let me warn you again. This is the Falk Tribe’s inner affairs. You have no right to meddle in our affairs,” Kurt shouted.

Even though there were two of them, they were still not very confident in being able to stop an opponent as strong as the Hairless Monk.

The message was delivered to the palace. As long as Gary or Basil came, it would be three against one, and they would have a higher chance of capturing their opponent.

If they could execute the Hairless Monk at the conferring ceremony tomorrow, it would be another event that could raise the reputation of the Falk Tribe.

There would be representatives from various tribes coming over to watch the ceremony tomorrow, but the Falk Tribe was now in such a sorry state. If they still could not capture the culprit, they would not even have the cheek to face their visitors.

Rex was in no rush to take action. He continued walking along the long street. Two out of the four 10th-tier powerhouses came. His goal was to lure one more over.

“Hairless Monk.” Gary looked at the secret letter that was sent by Darryl. He frowned. “Wasn’t this fellow at Chaos City? Why did he suddenly appear here? Could the rumors be real?”

After putting the letter down, Gary asked, “Where is Basil?”

“Sir! Lord Basil was attacked by an anonymous opponent on his way back to the palace. I’m afraid he will not be able to shake the person off any time soon!” A guard walked in briskly through the door.

“An anonymous opponent? You didn’t see who he was?” Gary’s brows were knitted even tighter together.

“No, sir. He moved too quickly, and no one could tell who was the one who attacked Lord Basil, not even Lord Basil himself.” That guard’s forehead was filled with perspiration.

“A Hairless Monk and an anonymous 10th-tier powerhouse. I didn’t expect my good-for-nothing nephew to be so popular.” Gary stood up slowly. He paced about in the hall with a gloomy face.

“Chief, after this sudden attack, the Falk Tribe is in ruins. When the representatives from the other tribes arrive tomorrow, I’m afraid they would think that we’re a pushover if we can’t even capture one of them, and that would be a blow to our prestige,” said an advisor who was dressed in black as he took a step forward.

“Whoever tries to ruin my joyous occasion has to be prepared to pay the price.” Gary stopped in his tracks. His gaze became sharp and cold. With a wave of his hand, he said, “Fetch my prized saber. Let me go meet that Hairless Monk!”

Gary quickly put on his gold and silver armor. He picked up his jewel-studded long saber, and took large strides out.

That advisor stood by the door of the hall for a while, and watched Gary ride off on his horse before turning around to walk towards the huge throne.

“I’ve only been away from home for a few months, and so much has changed...” Connie walked around the palace with gentle steps. Her pinkish-white ears shivered slightly, picking up sounds that could warn her of approaching enemies. She weaved around the palace stealthily just like a black cat moving in the dark.

However, as she walked, her confidence slowly disappeared, and her heart became heavier.

It was a familiar yet unfamiliar scene. She could not help but recall the night where fire and blood terrorized the place.

She was still asleep then, but was quickly woken up and brought away by the guards in a hurry.

The rebel army slaughtered everyone in the palace, including the young palace maid that grew up with her.

To ensure her safe escape, her father was surrounded and died. There were also the guards who threw themselves at the rebel army fearlessly...

Those memories that she tried so hard to forget still came flooding back.

The dim passageway suddenly became a little cold, and Connie unknowingly quickened her pace as she started searching for possible places where her brother could be locked up in.

However, her brother was not in any of those places that she once hid in.

“Grandma’s room.” Connie stopped in her tracks when she reached the end of the corridor. She looked at the room with run-down doors and windows in front of her. She hesitated for a while, and quickly went in.

The huge room looked as though a burglar had broken in. The beautiful ceramics that her grandmother treasured and kept lay on the floor in broken pieces. The wooden stands where those ceramics were put

on were all taken away, along with anything valuable in the room. Even though she was stepping on the broken ceramic pieces, Connie did not make a sound.

Connie looked around the empty room, and her gaze stopped at a beam a section of cloth was still hanging from. Her eyes reddened all of a sudden.

Chapter 1546: He Became More Powerful And Bald

“Little Connie, you got to go out to see the world and the people out there in the future.”

“Why?”

“Because the world outside is far more interesting than the tribe, and the people out there... are far more interesting too.”

“But... I’m afraid I will get lost.”

“Don’t worry. One day, you will meet that person who will always find the way for you. Then, you have to grab him tight.”

“Why? Is he a thief?”

“Haha... Yes, he’s a thief. A thief who steals the heart.”

The cold moonlight was cut into gentle strips by the window, and landed on the floor that was full of shattered porcelain.

Connie seemed to have seen her grandmother who used to sit next to the window with her on her lap, and talk to her about the world out there and counting stars.

She still hadn’t found that person who could always find the way for her, but her grandma was already gone.

The shattered porcelain shards were razor-sharp. She could no longer see the warm and exquisite room. That bunch of robbers took everything that they could take with them.

Connie walked to the crushed wardrobe, and bent over in an attempt to pick up a piece of porcelain, but her gaze landed on a tiny piece of cloth that extended out from the wardrobe.

What’s this? Connie reached out to grab a corner of that piece of gray cloth, and lifted that wardrobe to pull it out.

The dust flew up. On that piece of uneven cloth, there were two lines of messy words written with dark red blood, and the scent of blood was still on it.

However, Connie already didn’t care about that now. She stared at those words on the cloth with shock and disbelief in her eyes.

“Connie, stay away from Ferdinand. Stay away from him! Go, go far, far away and never return to this place again!”

Although the handwriting was a mess, Connie could recognize that was her grandmother's handwriting.

The fresh blood seeped through the cloth. What could have made the usually calm and collected grandma leave such a line of words as her last words in a panic?

Connie looked at those words, and she was suddenly plunged into a huge fear.

Ferdinand... her elder brother. The elder brother who was closest to her in this world.

But now, her grandma wanted her to stay away from him and the Falk Tribe. Why was she asking her to do that?

What deeper meaning was hidden in these words?

Why did their grandma want her to stay away from her big brother?

Connie didn't have the answers. Her body became colder as she looked at those dark red words.

She tried her best to escape from the Twilight Forest, and ran to Chaos City. She wanted to go to sleep forever after falling to the ground numerous times. Her only faith was to survive and then return to rescue her brother after she became stronger.

Now, she had already become strong, and had the help of her friends. She had already returned to the tribe and the palace.

She was only perhaps one step away from rescuing her brother.

But she had found the last words that her grandmother had left for her now.

In this world, no one was nicer to her than her grandmother. Even her parents didn't treat her like her grandmother.

Therefore, she couldn't ignore these last words—these last words that were specially written for her.

Yes, the diary! Grandma's diary!!! Connie suddenly remembered one important clue. Grandmother had a habit of writing a diary. She noticed that Grandma would write in a diary every now and then ever since she could remember things. Perhaps she could find related information there.

Her diary... Connie's gaze swept around the room, and then she quickly strode to where the wooden bed was. She swept the porcelain shards aside, and then knocked on the floor. She heard a different sound that came from a wooden floorboard, so she extended her razor-sharp nails out a little, and pried that floorboard up.

It was a small secret compartment underneath that floorboard. There were three dark yellow parchment booklets that were wrapped with exquisite silk in there.

They weren't found! Elation flashed across Connie's face as she carefully took the three thick diaries out from the secret compartment. She had seen her grandmother put these diaries in there when she was young, but her grandma had never let her read what was written in them.

The bloody message left by her grandma made her lose her ability to think for a moment. She didn't know what to do.

If she chose to let things go, then her big brother would most probably be executed tomorrow.

But she strongly believed her grandma would never harm her. The latter even thought of leaving her this bloody message during the rebellion. She had to have had her motive, or she saw or knew something, and wanted her granddaughter to avoid that.

Connie had to look for the answer. Otherwise, she couldn't convince herself to leave and watch her big brother being executed.

The three parchment diaries were very thick, and they were numbered chronologically.

Connie picked up the diary that was labeled "1". She went to sit down with her legs crossed next to the window, and flipped open the first page.

A line of words was written with a juvenile handwriting on the title page: "Father said, 'Memories will fade, but words will be preserved forever.'".

Connie remembered her grandmother had told her the same words before. The former had persevered at writing a diary for three days before she gave up due to her laziness.

Her grandmother's diary writing habit had started earlier than Connie thought. It started when she was around six years old.

At first, the diary recorded the things that she had seen and heard in the tribe. As the young mistress of a prominent family in the Falk Tribe, she had a blessed life since she was young.

However, with the repeated life events and the tribal life set in stone, even the grandest ceremonies became boring after appearing in the diary repeatedly.

Meanwhile, all this changed when she was 13 years old.

That year, grandma who was bored in the tribe decided to leave home and the tribe on a certain night.

In the vast Twilight Forest, even the air seemed to be sweeter than the air in the canyon.

Then...

She got lost.

She, who had never left the tribe, got lost in the Twilight Forest.

A young and pretty girl who was defenseless. She was the most tempting food no matter where she went in that chaotic era.

In her despair, he came.

That was the first time that she saw him. His simple and straightforward strikes got rid of those fellows who were surrounding her.

However, he left before she could even thank him.

That year, his hair was still very long. His lean figure, slightly curly long brown hair, and sad eyes all made her heart ache for him, but they mesmerized her at the same time too.

After that, she followed after him for years.

She went on a journey to search for him. He was obviously near, but she always had difficulties seeing him.

However, every time when she got lost and almost burst out in tears, he would always appear inadvertently, and then lead her out with a disdainful look. He would only disappear again after he got her to a place where there were people around.

Connie could almost see the excited maiden who was happy about their reunion again and the maiden who was melancholic about their separation from the chirpy and light words.

And then, he became increasingly powerful, and his hair became increasingly sparser.

He gained a nickname: "Hairless Monk".

"Master!"

Connie was so shocked that she almost threw the diary out!

Chapter 1547: An Indescribable Thing

The diary was very long. It recorded her grandmother's journey growing up as an innocent maiden. That indescribable feeling made Connie's emotions float along with it too.

Grandma and Master's connections and separations didn't resemble a pair of lovers. It looked more like a competition between a wanderer and his follower.

They had never told each other their feelings. Even their conversations were limited.

Every conversation was recorded in the diary in detail, even his mannerisms and tone of voice, as if she was trying to remember his voice and looks.

Her grandmother was lowly and humble.

But she was doing all this happily and blissfully, as if she was chasing after her faith.

Connie had heard her grandmother talk about the Hairless Monk when she was young, and more than once at that.

It was just that she had no idea in the stories that grandma told her, even if she didn't go through it herself, she was also a close observer.

And the Master who was getting increasingly powerful in her diary was once unparalleled and dominant, yet he also was gentle at times.

Connie could only regain her wits after reading through half of the first diary. Judging from the time frame, perhaps she should start reading from the back so she could find out more about her brother.

However, just as Connie was about to close the diary, she came to a page that was written with a messy handwriting and full of corrections.

Grandma's words were very delicate, and there were rarely corrections in the diary.

However, this page was very confusing and messy, and there were many lines that were completely corrected. The tip of the pen seemed to be piercing through the pages like in that bloody letter.

What's happening here? Connie looked at that messy handwriting. She could almost sense her grandmother's fear as she read on.

"Crazy! Crazy! They were all crazy..."

"They were dancing a terrifying dance around the altar, and making weird sounds in their mouths.

"Many people who died horribly were hanging on the gallows. Everyone had a weird and excited smile on their face... including children. With their blood-red eyes, they seemed to be possessed by the devil as they danced and shouted tirelessly.

"The terrifying shadow engulfed the entire Urba Tribe. I seemed to have seen an indescribable thing in that shadow. It had a head that looked like an octopus. It had... (It was a patch of messy corrections. Ink had covered almost every word).

"That had to be the devil!

"They were worshiping the evil god, and selling their souls to the devil before they descended into madness.

"They discovered us, and started to dash toward us..."

"They wanted to eat us. Through their eyes, I was certain that they had seen us as food.

"Rex stood in front of me to make them back off.

"However, they were not fazed by him. They continued to pounce at us like hungry wolves.

"I saw that scary existence in the shadow. It seemed to be staring at us. I seemed to have seen death in that instance when we looked into each other's eyes. I also saw an unparalleled ancient and vast world. There... (It was still a patch of heavy correction. Only a few terms like huge city and sea surface could be vaguely understood).

"Dead..."

"Everyone was dead..."

"They began to kill each other in their madness while Rex brought me to the high ground.

"We could hear the scary sounds that came from the canyon. I could sense his fear. We huddled together, but we could only sense fear and coldness from each other.

"The scary noises continued till the next morning before they slowly went away. The shadow that engulfed the Urba Tribe also disappeared.

"We returned to the canyon again and saw an extremely terrifying scene..."

"Almost everyone in the tribe was dead, and they had died horribly. Most of them had died from biting and tearing into each other. Not one complete body could be seen.

“But some of them were not dead. They detected our scent, and launched a crazy attack on us again.

“Rex didn’t run this time.

“He killed those orcs who had descended into madness before he lit a fire and brought me out of there...

“The devil in the shadow killed everyone in the Urba Tribe...

“This was a terrifying trade... terrifying trade...”

“...”

The diary stopped suddenly. Connie lowered the diary to her knees slowly. She could only feel her back and forehead were soaked by cold sweat. Fear flooded her heart, and that horrible scene kept gushing up in her mind.

So, the Urba Tribe wasn’t massacred by her master. It was annihilated in a mysterious and terrifying sacrificial ritual.

However, the only two witnesses had never told anyone the truth.

Perhaps what they saw in the shadow was too terrifying, so they didn’t dare to tell the world. Rex even rather carried the notorious name of a mass murderer.

What was the devil in that shadow? Connie frowned. She hesitated for a moment before she continued reading the diary.

The diary wasn’t updated for many days after that day. The occasional records were only: “I dreamt about that horrible place again...”.

The diary didn’t record what the dream was about, but her grandmother was bothered by that dream for almost a year. She only resumed writing a new diary after that.

The Hairless Monk became notorious after annihilating the Urba Tribe. Even in the chaotic tribal war times, he became the orcs’ public enemy.

Grandma was grounded by her father because of that. She was not allowed to leave the tribe.

Her three-year journey of pursuing Rex seemed to have ended there.

Just like the words that he said to her when he sent her to the cliff beyond the tribe: “Perhaps we will not see each other ever again”.

From then on, Connie’s grandmother had never seen him again.

Of course, very few people had ever seen him again too.

Another three years later, she married the tribe’s youngest and bravest warrior. That warrior later became the chief, who was also Connie’s grandfather.

Her married life was calm and graceful. There was no more craziness and danger, and she had never left the tribe again.

The diary flowed on like a river, with a hint of blissfulness among the calmness, but it seemed to lack some kind of flavor when compared to before.

The huge events in the Falk Tribe and names that Connie was familiar with one after another began to appear in the diary. However, she seemed to be like a visitor who was recording all this down calmly, without any heart throbbing.

Rex's name, together with that terrible night, never appeared in the diary again.

Connie put down the first diary, and then picked up the third diary. She flipped to the center right away.

She read that her grandma seemed to be rather happy when Connie was born. However, the diary recorded as such: "She's such an ugly and dark little thing. However, what could I do, it's my granddaughter after all. Let's hope she will get prettier as she grows up. Little Connie, Grandma gave you this name. Grow up soon, and then you must go and see the world out there."

Erm... Connie looked at that dark and ugly description in silence for a long time before she flipped over to a new page quietly.

In the rest of the diary, she became the character who appeared the most frequently. The first time that she spoke, the first time that she walked, the first time that she lost a tooth... all these could be found in her grandmother's diary.

Tears dropped from the corner of Connie's eyes before landing onto that graceful handwriting on the parchment.

She continued reading. Suddenly, the style of the page changed again, and the messy handwriting appeared once again.

"He killed that dog, and then hung it on the gallows. The existence in the shadows appeared... once again..."

Chapter 1548: Host, Your Shamelessness Has Indeed Exceeded My Expectations

Mag only found treasures that filled the treasure vault to the brim. He didn't discover the secret dungeon.

"Woah. There are so many precious stones and gold here!!!" Amy threw herself onto a stack of gold with glowing eyes. She turned her head back to ask Mag, "Father, are we going to take these all away?"

Mag sized up the treasure vault that was hundreds of square meters huge. The treasures casually stacked up showed off the wealth that was accumulated by the second-largest orc tribe for the past thousands of years.

"Speaking of it, these treasures belonged to Connie's family, after all, so it's too much if we took all of them." Mag frowned in a dilemma. After pondering for a moment, he said, "Let's take as many of them as we can. They belong to the bad guys now, so we don't have to feel guilty. If the operation fails, we can still give this money to Connie for her to start her resistance. Oh yes, take the valuable ones. Amy, don't take the copper coins. They're the least valuable."

Everyone flicked a glance at Mag to make sure that he was sure before taking out all their spatial equipment, and began to harvest the treasure vault.

It was after all an accumulation of a big tribe over thousands of years, and they only had limited spatial equipment with them, so the treasure vault didn't seem to be short of too many treasures after they were done.

"So... Boss, are we here to take the money?" Yabemiya asked with a weird expression.

"How could that be? I just think that the treasure vault is a well-guarded and very safe location, so it would be great to keep our prisoners here." Mag cleared his throat. "Of course, we have traveled with our own expenses, so it's only right that we take some payment for it."

"Attention. The last 10th-tier powerhouse in the palace has left, heading toward the south of the city!" Right then, the bat on Mag's shoulder spoke in Camilla's voice.

Everyone's eyes lit up. This meant there were no 10th-tier powerhouses in the palace right now. They could start to take over the palace now.

"Let's go. We can start our operation now." Mag pocketed a gem with excellent color before walking to the treasure vault's door.

"Wait for me, Father..." Amy called out, and skipped after him. Glowing copper coins scattered all over the floor accompanied by clanging sounds.

"Little Amy, the copper coins were worth the least." Mag looked at Amy with resignation.

"But, it could be exchanged for one pancake." Amy held one copper coin, and smilingly looked up at Mag. "It's also very precious."

Mag looked at Amy, and suddenly seemed to have seen the little one who had skipped to buy the pancake with two copper coins when he had just arrived in this world.

At that time, one copper coin was indeed very precious.

"Let's go. Father will help you carry this." Mag placed a bunch of copper coins from Amy's pocket into his pocket. The little one dropped one every two paces, and it created quite a stir.

"02, 02! Please respond if you hear me, please respond if you hear me!" Mag said into the walkie-talkie.

There was only pitch silence in the radio channel. Connie didn't reply even after he waited for quite a while.

Mag furrowed his brows before he repeated, "02, 02! Please respond if you hear me! Please respond if you hear me!"

The channel was still silent.

"Why isn't Big Sister Connie answering?" Amy whispered.

Yabemiya worriedly asked, "Could something have happened to her? However, we didn't hear her asking for help earlier?"

The unplanned silence made everyone begin to feel uneasy.

“Connie, if you were kidnapped, blin— squeak once,” Mag said in a slightly louder voice. There were no 10th-tier powerhouses in the palace now, so it was a good chance for them to search the palace thoroughly.

However, it was right at this time that Connie suddenly disappeared, and halted the original plan.

“Connie, the palace has entered into a defensive mode without the top combat forces. Tell me your current location now. We will conduct a thorough search after we rendezvous!” Mag repeated again.

There was still no response from Connie.

“What’s happening now?” Mag furrowed his brows tightly. He also couldn’t grasp the current situation.

Although Connie wasn’t very dependable most of the time, she was still the Hairless Monk’s disciple. She wouldn’t have died without making a sound.

Moreover, today’s operation concerned her big brother’s life. How would she, who was the most enthusiastic, suddenly lose contact?

Connie was after all the person who was the most familiar with the palace among them. According to the plan, once the palace no longer had a 10th-tier powerhouse, they would take this chance to conduct a thorough search.

“What will we do now? Should we look for Connie or Ferdinand?” Elizabeth asked Mag.

“Let’s find Connie first. We only have limited time, so let’s split up for action. Retreat to the palace maids’ dormitory if you encounter any danger. Don’t stay and fight,” Mag immediately replied without much thought.

“Alright.” Elizabeth nodded, and led Babla and Yabemiya out of the treasure vault. They chose the route on the left.

Meanwhile, Mag led Gina and Amy out of the door, and took the passageway on the right.

“Scanning of the treasure vault is complete. There are 561 cubic meters of all kinds of treasure. Are we taking all of them?” The door of the treasure vault was closing slowly behind them as the system’s voice appeared in Mag’s mind.

“Taking all... seems to be a little too much... Let’s just round it down,” Mag muttered. “How about... we just take 500 cubic meters of them?”

The system was silent for a while before replying, “Host, your shamelessness has indeed exceeded my expectations.”

“Even though I’ve not reached middle-age yet, I already felt a mid-life crisis. Opportunities that allow me to save money like this are rare,” Mag calmly replied.

“Tsk.” The system made a disdainful sound. However, it still quickly made an announcement. “Collection of 500 cubic square meters of treasures complete. Deduction of 500 copper coins for takeaway charges! 500 copper coins of management fee/day!”

Mag the price slasher made his move again. He slashed the fees from a high-class space management to the fees of a warehouse.

500 square meters of treasures!

So happy.

Mag couldn't even imagine how large that amount of money was.

"Alert! The existence of the black fog was detected within five kilometers!

"Emergency mission: could the host please locate the source of the black fog within 24 hours and eradicate it and the black fog!

"Mission reward: you will receive a face-altering mask and the ability to change your appearance within a short time.

"Punishment for failing the mission: your real identity will be known to the world!"

The system's voice suddenly appeared at this time.

"Black fog!" Mag halted with astonishment on his face. The black fog existed in the Falk Tribe too? Perhaps someone here made a deal with the devil too?

Chapter 1549: You Should Repent

The system issued the mission so suddenly that it took Mag by surprise.

After returning from the Demon Islands, Mag had been studying the information about black fog and the Great Old Ones. Currently, he could only deduce that there was a batch of powerful and mysterious existences in this world in the ancient times. They could still exist till now in some other form.

The black fog should be a form of representation for some of these mysterious existences. They bewitched people who were not strong mentally, and made them become their servants willingly.

Furthermore, the black fog had been appearing more and more frequently recently, so this wasn't a good sign.

Mag wasn't sure if those mysterious existences had the power to break through the seals, or if they were already awakened from their slumber, and were trying to gain the control of this world again.

The emergence of man or even the much older giant dragons were still very young when compared to the long passing of time.

If the Great Old Ones really existed, and were attempting to regain control of the world, this could be a terrible disaster for every existence in this world.

Could it be Gary? Mag frowned as he pondered. Gary was Connie's uncle, who was her father's younger half-brother with different mothers.

And it was such a trusted person who was given important tasks by Connie's father that planned that horrible rebellion. He led his troops into the palace, and slaughtered the chief and most of his family.

The desire for power was enough to drive one crazy, and it wasn't surprising that Gary wanted to kill the chief for the position himself when being a bastard child who was treated differently since he was young.

However, to commit such a crazy crime, there had to be some kind of juncture.

What Mag needed to ascertain was whether this juncture had anything to do with the black fog.

If that was true, he would have to kill Gary, and then eradicate the black fog.

"Father, what's wrong?" Amy asked Mag who had stopped walking.

"Nothing. Let's go." Mag moved on. It was easy to ascertain if Gary was the source of the black fog. Mag, who had encountered the black fog twice, only needed to meet him to judge whether the black fog existed on his body.

"However, where are we going to find Connie?" Gina asked worriedly. The complicated palace building made her a little uneasy. Her family's palace was much simpler than this.

"We can only try our luck now," Mag replied with resignation. Because there was no internet, he couldn't pinpoint their locations using the walkie-talkie.

Furthermore, Connie had lost contact without any signs. She also didn't make any special sounds through the walkie-talkie before, so there could only be three possibilities: 1. Connie dropped the walkie-talkie; 2. Connie turned off the walkie-talkie herself, and went out of contact; 3. Connie's walkie-talkie had malfunctioned.

"This system promised with my integrity that the products that I manufactured have a guaranteed quality!" The system's solemn voice sounded.

Then, did the walkie-talkie drop, or did Connie have a mishap? Mag pondered with tightly knit eyebrows. He could only proceed on with Gina and Amy to search all the possible locations that Connie could be found.

Besides looking for Connie and Ferdinand now, Mag had an additional mission of searching for the black fog.

The black fog would reveal distinct characteristics and aura after it developed to a certain level. For example, the small island that was engulfed by the thick black fog in the Boundless Sea Realm. The people who were corroded by the black fog would have distinct changes on their bodies, like Borg and Alfred whom he killed.

However, the black fog in the Falk Tribe most probably had not developed to that level yet. Otherwise, Irina and he should have already sensed that evil aura's presence.

He needed to locate the source of that black fog within 24 hours and eradicate it. This was most probably not an easy task.

What a boring game. Irina appeared on the top of a high wall and looked down at Basil, who was sizing up his surroundings with an alert expression and not making any move. She shook her head boringly, and looked toward the south of the city with a pondering expression.

If she worked together with the Hairless Monk, she was 80% confident that they could kill those three 10th-tier orcs first before getting rid of that 10th-tier orc down there, completely eradicating all the Falk Tribe's top combat power easily.

However, before they set off, Mag had a deep discussion about the orcs' situation with her. The Aug Tribe had six 10th-tier orcs and a huge number of orc troops, so it was very powerful.

Currently, the Falk Tribe could check and balance the Aug Tribe in the orc species with their similar numbers of high-end combat forces.

If the Falk Tribe lost all its 10th-tier experts overnight, that meant it would fall out of the top 10 from its second place, and become a normal orc tribe.

This was not in accordance with their plan of balancing the power between the orcs' pro-war factions and the pro-peace factions. It would even allow the Aug Tribe to be the one and only tribe in power and speak for the entire orc species.

What a bother. At most I will go to the Aug Tribe and chop down a few rotten fellows. Irina furrowed her pretty eyebrows as she kicked a boulder toward Basil below.

Gary, wearing a set of gold and silver armor, appeared from the dark night on a giant purplish-gold lion, and coldly said to Rex, "Hairless Monk, how dare you appear in Twilight Forest and kill so many of my people again?!"

Two squads of heavy cavalry in black armor neatly marched out with the same spears in unison, in full preparation.

Rex looked at Gary with narrowed eyes, but he still said in a calm voice, "So, you are that kingslayer."

"I am only taking back what belongs to me rightfully. The position of chief should be mine." Gary laughed loudly, and pointed the almost-two-meter-long golden saber at Rex. "Are you, this lowlife who massacred your father's tribe, trying to lecture me?"

"You killing your king has nothing to do with me, but you shouldn't have forced her to her death. She was a kind girl." Rex looked at Gary calmly as he clenched his fists slowly.

"I've killed so many people, I don't know whom you are talking about." Gary pursed his lips with disdain before chuckling. "However, this isn't important. I will be killing you too tonight. In this case, you can rest in peace with that kind girl of yours."

Darryl and Kurt laughed together with him. Gary had arrived, and it was three against one on the same level. They were confident to make him stay even when he was the Hairless Monk.

“You should repent.” Rex disappeared from where he was standing, and a terrifying crater appeared on the ground. A sonic boom of the space being torn apart appeared in midair, and he was already in front of Gary in the next moment. His giant fist smashed toward the latter’s head.

Chapter 1550: Who Else?

Gary only used one second to change his smug expression to a terrified one. However, the 10th-tier ability gave him a powerful enough reflex, so before that as-huge-as-a-claypot fist smashed into his face, he raised his long saber in front of him, and activated all his defense shields at once.

Three layers of magical screen shattered like bubbles under that fist before it smashed hard into that long saber across his body.

This long saber that was forged by a famous weaponsmith began to visibly warp under that fist.

The majestic giant golden lion groaned, and then bent its knees to kneel on the ground straight away, as if it was bowing to Rex.

“Chief!”

Darryl and Kurt got a shock at the same time. The former began to chant spells and display his magic in a panic, while the latter quickly dashed toward Rex with his sword, aiming the longsword at his back.

Rex’s sudden burst had completely exceeded the trio’s expectations, and the terrifying speed and strength that he displayed even caught them off guard.

Just as that long saber was about to reach its limit and break, the last magic shield finally activated its function, and took the last tinge of power from that terrible fist.

Darryl had already set up his magic, and three ice walls rose up around Rex simultaneously, and trapped him like a prison. Three thick icicles fell from the sky like heaven’s punishment and crashed toward Rex.

Kurt’s longsword also began to stab toward Rex in the space that Darryl deliberately left for him. The sword’s body was already engulfed by the crazily spinning sword projection, and the space seemed to almost shatter, and made horrible screeching sounds.

Gary was pushed a few steps back, and he used his right leg to stabilize himself. His numb and shaky arms raised the long saber above his head, and he leaped up high. He slashed toward Rex behind the ice walls.

The three 10th-tier powerhouses formed an effective combined attack after a brief moment of chaos.

There was a gleam in the trio’s eyes. No matter how powerful Rex was, he had no way out facing the combined attack of three opponents of the same level.

This was their confidence as pinnacle powerhouses. If they hadn’t reached the very best at certain domains, they wouldn’t be able to break through the 10th-tier shackles.

Trapped on three fronts with no way of escaping, Rex seemed to be plunged into an extremely difficult situation.

The knights in black armor watched this scene with anticipation and excitement. If the powerhouse of an era, the Hairless Monk, died in the hands of the chief and the two lords, the name of the Falk Tribe would definitely shock and awe people.

The calmest person on the scene was in fact Rex, who was in dire straits.

He flicked a glance at the reflective ice wall in front of him. The head of dark black hair made him look much younger, less aggressive, and more mature than in the times when he was bald.

However, many people seemed to have forgotten that even though his hair had grown out, he was still that Hairless Monk.

Therefore, he lowered his head and crashed toward the ice wall in front of him.

Bam!

The thick ice wall shattered into ice flakes instantaneously as Rex dashed toward Gary again like a human armor-piercing bullet.

The long saber slashed toward Rex's head vertically.

However, Rex didn't hide or evade. Instead, he dashed toward the sharp blade and terrifying strength.

"You're courting death!" A cruel smile appeared on Gary's face. Since Rex was dashing toward Gary's blade, then he shouldn't blame the latter for being ruthless.

Ding!

However, the blade seemed to hack on an indestructible rock when it slashed at Rex's head.

A few black hairs began to gradually fall to the ground, while tiny cracks began to appear on the blade like on cracked eggshell. They spread rapidly outward before the blade shattered into pieces of metal.

"This..."

Gary glared with wide eyes as he stared at the half of the long saber left in his hands in disbelief.

What happened earlier?!

This fellow used his head to smash his saber into smithereens!!!

He suddenly remembered a rumor that he heard when he was young. The most powerful part of the Hairless Monk's body was his head. He became bald because he wanted to be even more powerful.

But he didn't believe that rumor was in actuality real. There really was an indestructible head in this world!

Rex took one step forward to crash through the ice walls before evading the sword strike from behind and the giant icicles from the sky.

"My power isn't dictated by the length of my hair." Rex brushed off the metal shards that were stuck on his hair lightly as he smirked at Gary, who was glaring at him in a daze. He appeared in front of him in the very next instant. He grasped his neck, and smashed him into the ground.

Bam!

With a dull thud, a huge sunken crater appeared in the ground.

Rex smashed his fist into Gary's face, and Gary's head sunk into the ground immediately.

The fists landed on his face one after another, and Gary sunk deeper and deeper. Only his exposed arms and legs could be seen trembling.

"R-release the chief!" Kurt shouted in a quivering voice as he watched Gary getting hammered. He was afraid to act in case he hurt the chief by accident.

Meanwhile, that squad of heavy cavalry were also watching their chief getting pummeled into the ground, but they had no idea how to stop that terrifying man at that moment.

About three minutes later, Rex got up slowly. He shook his head as he looked at Gary, who was half-buried in the ground. "I don't want your life. She would have regrets if she cannot kill you with her own hands."

He threw a glance at the palace before he turned to calmly address Darryl, Kurt, and those heavy cavalry knights with spears. "Who else?"

The heavy cavalry actually took a few steps back instinctively.

Darryl and Kurt also averted their gazes cowardly.

They might have a chance to keep Rex here forever if they fought to their deaths. However, they would have to pay a huge price—maybe even their lives.

After the other party indicated he wouldn't kill Gary, Darryl and Kurt chose to give up on their idea of fighting to their deaths.

Cowardice was a reluctant choice sometimes.

Rex turned and slowly went away.

There was an invincible lonely feeling about his lone back in the street.

"Chief!" Darryl and Kurt swiftly rushed up and carefully dug Gary, who was beaten till he was unrecognizable, out from the crater.

The medic quickly came over to treat Gary.

"L-lock down the news..."

Gary could only get a few words out before he blacked out completely.

"Quick! Bring the chief back to the palace!" Darryl swiftly said, and all of them carried Gary to the palace in a hurry.

“Attention, all units. The three 10th-tiers are already making their way back to the palace now.”
Camilla’s voice appeared next to Mag’s ear again. With a tinge of surprise, she said, “But one of them was seriously injured, and is unconscious.”