

Stay At home 1841

Chapter 1841: Show Us Your Potential, Show Us Your Integrity!

“Two new limited-edition products! Sharing four recipes! On-the-spot teaching!”

Robert’s face began to look like a blooming chrysanthemum, with an increasingly perverted smile.

This was the number one chef of Chaos City, or perhaps even the number one chef on the Norland Continent, and he was going to publicly share his private recipes during the Delicacy Extravaganza!

Most importantly, he was even going to conduct on-the-spot teaching.

Furthermore, he even released two new limited-edition products for the Delicacy Extravaganza!

Robert was looking at Mag with a touched gaze. He didn’t expect Mr. Mag would cooperate with the Food Association to this extent. He simply had no means to repay such a broad mind and selfless character.

Mag felt rather uneasy being stared at by Robert’s heated gaze. He even began to suspect that this president had bad ideas on him.

“Apart from cooking, I intend to do some promotion too. Is it alright?” Mag said.

“Of course, it’s alright. The Delicacy Extravaganza’s compatibility is very high. As long as it’s related to food, you can sell whatever you want.” Robert nodded with a smile before he fawningly said, “Do you have any other requests, Boss Mag? As long as we can do it, we’ll arrange it for you immediately.”

“There’s nothing else. The location is good, and the booth is spacious, so it’s rather good.” Mag shook his head, and then looked at his watch. “Then I’ll go back first, I still have to do the lunch service later.”

“Alright, please go get yourself busy.” Robert nodded, and watched Mag go away. Then, he waved the staff member in charge of advertising over. “Add this eye-catching slogan at the entrance: do you want to make fine restaurant’s delicacies at home too? The chef of Mamy Restaurant is going to share his popular recipes publicly for the very first time. There are also on-the-spot teaching and the release of new limited-edition products for the Delicacy Extravaganza!

“Yes.” The staff member went away with the instructions.

Rodu.

It was boisterous in the square in front of the Magus Tower.

Hundreds of thousands of Rodu’s residents and courtiers gathered here, and many of them were even magic casters or people who aspired to be magic casters.

Today was the opening day of the triennial Magic Caster Tournament. It was also the first day, when the competition and the dueling were the most intense.

It was organized by the Magus Tower and supervised by the king of the Roth Empire personally. All the most outstanding young magic casters in the Roth Empire were gathered here. It represented the highest level of competition among the Roth Empire's younger generation.

This was the stage whereby the disciples of the Magus Tower proved themselves, the chance for many who cultivated alone by themselves to enter the Magus Tower, and also the ladder for the magical families to elevate their status.

One had to know that the top 32 of the Magic Caster Tournament could enter the Magus Tower and study. The top 10 could even be employed as teachers. As for the champion, it was said that he or she would receive an extremely precious golden-purple magic stone and be taken in as the disciple of one of the 10th-tier great magic casters.

No matter if it was the golden-purple magic stone, which could increase spiritual power, or being taken in as the disciple of one of the 10th-tier great magic casters, it was extremely attractive to the young magic casters.

Even if they couldn't get into the top 32, they could still be noticed by the military or personal funders, and gain better resources and status if they did well at the Magic Caster Tournament.

This was the reason why all the magic casters were so enthusiastic about the Magic Caster Tournament.

The Magic Caster Tournament took place once every three years. If they missed this year's, they would have to wait for another three years.

Some magic casters grew old as they waited.

There were over 4000 magic casters taking part in this year's Magic Caster Tournament, and they were even pre-selected before obtaining the rights to take part. Their power was all above the 4th-tier.

All the kings of the Roth Empire focused on the knights and magic casters equally. They had been strongly supporting the Magus Tower in the past 100 years. They groomed the magic casters, and gave them space to elevate themselves. It allowed many people who couldn't be knights to become magic caster apprentices.

The huge population base and many support policies resulted in the creation of many powerful magic casters. This was also how the Roth Empire excavated its potential rapidly, and became a terrifying existence that was just ranked below the giant dragons.

Although there were no seats set up in the spacious square, that didn't diminish the crowd's enthusiasm.

Giant projection screens that were dozens of meters tall had been set up by the Magus Tower all over the square. They were used to broadcast the exciting scenes of the Magic Caster Tournament live. This was also how the majority of the common people watched the tournament.

However, the giant projection screens were showing the platform right below the Magus Tower now. The king, queen, aristocrats, and magic casters from the Magus Tower were seated in the VIP area. They represented almost all of the Roth Empire's most powerful stratum. It was obvious how much importance the king attached to the Magic Caster Tournament.

“Is that Princess Vanessa sitting behind the queen? I remember that she hasn’t taken part in public events for a long time.”

“Yes. I haven’t seen her for a long time. She was such an adorable princess, and she’s even more beautiful now.”

“Those people who badmouth her beauty really deserve to die. The princess has perfectly inherited the queen’s beauty.”

Everyone began to converse softly when they saw Vanessa.

“However, why didn’t Prince Josh appear? Is he going to take part in this year’s Magic Caster Tournament?”

“Shhh. How can you gossip about the second prince?!”

There were also people who noticed that Josh didn’t appear. However, in Rodu, both the first prince and the second prince were taboos that couldn’t be mentioned.

The camera turned to Krassu, who was sitting at the left of the king, and cheers instantly erupted from the crowd.

Be it the common citizens or magic casters, they all had the utmost respect for this legendary meritorious magic caster who had single-handedly founded the Magus Tower, and contributed greatly to the promotion of magic.

If the most legendary knight of the Roth Empire was Alex, then the most legendary magic caster of the Roth Empire had to be Krassu.

“That little half-elf girl standing next to Lord Krassu is so adorable! She’s even munching on a drumstick.”

“Is she Lord Krassu’s disciple? She’s so tiny. She looks like she’s only three or four years old. Is she going to take part in today’s Magic Caster Tournament too?”

“I don’t think we’ve ever had such a young magic caster before, even in the juvenile section. I think Lord Krassu most likely brought her here to watch the tournament.”

“Yes. All the participants are waiting for the opening down there right now, and she’s still munching on the drumstick, so she definitely isn’t going to take part in the tournament.”

People’s attention was quickly attracted by Amy, who was munching on a drumstick next to Krassu. They couldn’t help discussing her softly.

Right then, a magic caster with half a head of white hair walked to the center of the platform, and pressed his hands down slowly. A powerful aura instantly spread out.

The entire square instantly fell silent, and everyone looked at that magic caster with respect and awe.

Richard, the president of the Magus Tower, and an extremely powerful great magic caster.

“Ladies and gentlemen, today’s the opening day of the Magic Caster Tournament. I am the president of the Magus Tower, Richard. The Magus Tower is going to ensure that this tournament is fair and just, so

we hope that all the magic casters taking part today will obey the rules. Show us your potential, show us your integrity!” Richard’s baritone voice reverberated throughout the square, and he swept his cold gaze across the contestants standing at the side. He paused for a moment before saying, “Now, let us invite His Majesty to give a speech.”

Chapter 1842: I Know You Are Lusting After My Drumstick

The crowd fell into complete silence, and everyone was looking at the king, who was gradually standing up on the screen.

King Andre had been on the throne for decades, and his accomplishments were outstanding. The empire was well-governed and powerful, and its people led a good life, so he was well-loved by his people.

Andre was very satisfied with how the people looked at him. He always enjoyed his people’s loving gaze, which meant he still had everything, and he was still that benevolent ruler loved by all.

Of course, it would be even better if there were all the various races under the stage now.

Andre looked at all the magic casters lining up neatly below the stage, and said in a booming voice, “Magic casters of the empire, I have seen magic casters after magic casters ascend the platform, and become the support of the empire and legends of the magic casters’ world.

“I believe the next legend will be among you all.

“For the glory of the magic casters!

“For the glory of the empire!

“Fight with all your might!

“I will be here to witness your legend!”

“His Majesty, the King!”

“His Majesty, the King!”

“His Majesty, the King!!!”

Loud cheers erupted, and a glow appeared in all the magic casters’ eyes.

“Good luck to all of you.” Andre smiled and sat back down in his seat.

“Now, let’s invite Master Krassu to open the Magic Caster Tournament!” the magic caster who was the emcee loudly declared after waiting for the cheers to die down.

Everyone turned to look at Krassu at the same time.

Krassu—the Lord of Fire, the legend of the magic casters, the founder of the Magus Tower, the guiding light for the rise of the empire’s magic casters, the starter of the Magic Caster Tournament, and the idol of the majority of the Roth Empire’s magic casters!

One could say that he was the one who’d created the current magic casters who were on par with the knights.

Under the heated gazes, Krassu stood up slowly, and went to the stage.

"I'm very gratified to stand here again to look at all of you, young and energetic youngsters, the future pillars of the magic caster world." Krassu looked at the magic casters under the stage with an emotional smile.

"Krassu!"

"Krassu!!!"

A burst of cheers immediately erupted from the crowd.

While Krassu was speaking in the front, Vanessa inched towards Amy, and whispered, "Little Amy, your pigtails are so pretty today."

Amy bit into the drumstick, and looked up at Vanessa. "Big Sister Vanessa, I know you are lusting after my drumstick."

"Erm..." Vanessa gulped with a slightly embarrassed expression. She was the empire's princess, after all. Although she also had food prepared in front of her, she felt embarrassed to munch on a drumstick in public like Amy.

Although it would definitely taste fantastic, it definitely wouldn't be graceful enough.

I really miss the time when I was young. People would say that I was cute even when I grabbed a drumstick and munched on it... Vanessa sighed inwardly. She missed the time when she took part in the Magic Caster Tournament as a young child. She was also munching away the whole time like Amy.

"Big Sister Vanessa, if you are not going to eat the drumstick in front of you, can you pass it to me?" Amy quickly finished her drumstick, and was already after the drumstick in front of Vanessa.

"This..." Vanessa was a little hesitant. Although she couldn't eat it now, she was saving it for after the tournament. This drumstick looked delicious, and watching Amy eat it made it look even more delicious.

"I'll return two beggar's chickens to you when you come to Chaos City again," Amy said seriously.

"Deal!" Vanessa immediately gave the whole plate of chicken drumsticks to Amy.

No matter how delicious this drumstick was, it would never be as delicious as Boss Mag's beggar's chicken. Regardless of how she looked at it, she would have a good deal.

A good chowhound could never stand scrumptious food getting cold in front of her.

Although the queen was maintaining her demure attitude, she smiled when she saw Vanessa and Amy's interaction. "This little girl is so cute."

Vanessa had been telling her many things about Chaos City for the past few days, and she talked about Mamy Restaurant the most. This lass seemed to be enchanted by that restaurant. That was why she was nagging about going to Chaos City daily.

And the restaurant's boss' daughter, who was also Master Krassu's disciple, was this adorable little half-elf girl next to her.

“Are you sure that Krassu’s disciple is going to take part in this year’s tournament?” Richard secretly asked Brent with transaudient communication.

“Yes. One of the reasons that he agreed to come to the Magic Caster Tournament was to let his disciple participate in it. Given his showy character, he would definitely let his disciple take part in the youth category to get the top spot.” Brent nodded, and revealed a conniving smile. “But don’t worry, President, I’ve found a young genius, Kassadin, from the Fuller Family. He has just broken through the 7th-tier. He’s been very well-hidden by the Fuller Family, and he intends to set the world on fire at the Magic Caster Tournament. I promised to take him in as my disciple, and lowered his age by five years so that he could take part in the youth category and defeat her.”

“Excellent.” Richard looked at Krassu’s back and smiled.

He was already sick of Krassu’s smug look. He hoped to see disappointment on his face today.

“We, magic casters, should strengthen ourselves to protect our empire, our people, and the weak and defenseless. I hope all of you will remember this after you become the empire’s pillars in the future.

“I declare that this year’s Magic Caster Tournament is officially opened!” Krassu declared loudly.

Claps and cheers erupted instantly.

The magic casters were very enthusiastic. They wanted to prove themselves in the Magic Caster Tournament.

Krassu returned to his seat near Amy, who had just started munching on another little drumstick, and indulgently asked, “Are you full, Little Amy?”

“Yes, almost.” Amy nodded before taking another bite.

“Come, this is your contestant’s identification tag. Whoever draws your number, go fight it out with him or her.” Krassu tied a black wooden tag with a number carved into it onto Amy’s belt.

“Yup.” Amy nodded, not caring at all.

That magic caster in the long black robes levitated again, and loudly said, “The Magic Caster Tournament officially starts now!

“The contestants from both the magic caster category and the youth category will draw lots to decide their opponents. Therefore, all the contestants will partake in eight duels continuously to decide the top 32!

“The numbers before 2050 of the magic caster category, you will remain standing where you are, while the contestants from 2050 onwards will randomly grab the flying balls, and the number shown after the flying ball explodes will be your opponent!

“The numbers before 500 of the youth category, you will remain standing where you are, while you contestants from 500 onwards will randomly grab the flying balls to decide your opponent!”

The atmosphere became tense immediately, and everyone turned to look at that giant ball at the edge of the platform. Thousands of number tags that were engulfed by bubbles were ready to go.

Chapter 1843: Contestant Number Zero!

The contestants from the youth category were all under 14 years old. There were over 1000 of them, representing the future of the Roth Empire's magic casters.

Furthermore, those with great potential among them would usually be taken in and groomed by the Magus Tower. Even though the competition wasn't as strong as in the magic caster category, people still paid a lot of attention to it.

Currently, there was a figure in a black magician cloak standing in the midst of the contestants. He was a head taller than the teenagers next to him, and his face that was concealed by the hood looked rather mature. His gaze was focused on Amy, who was still munching on the drumstick on the stage.

"She's just a little girl who may not even know about fireball magic. Do we need to take her so seriously?" Kassadin sneered mockingly.

As the most talented magic caster from the Roth Empire's ancient magic caster family, the Fuller Family, he had shown great magical talents at a young age. He became a magic caster at five years old, and already broke through the 4th-tier and became a mid-tier magic caster at 10 years old. He was only 19 years old, but he just broke through to the 7th-tier two weeks ago, and became a real advanced magic caster.

With such talents, even the Magus Tower would recognize him as a genius!

He had once dreamed of becoming Master Krassu's disciple. He even always believed that Master Krassu had never had a disciple because he hadn't met him yet.

However, before he could showcase himself at the Magic Caster Tournament, news of Krassu taking in a half-elf disciple in Chaos City had reached him. He was infuriated.

Hence, when Brent approached him, and asked him to conceal his age and take part in the youth category to take down Krassu's disciple, he agreed without any hesitation.

He wanted to prove himself in front of Krassu, and let him know that he was wrong. He had missed out on a genius.

Today will be the day that I, Kassadin, will be written into the history books. Kassadin clenched his fists gradually.

Bam!

The ball at the edge of the platform exploded, and thousands of balls flew out. They flew towards the magic casters taking part in the competition.

The magic casters who had the bigger numbers all reached out to grab the flying balls in front of them.

The bubbles burst as soon as their hands touched them, dissolving into shimmering lights, and landing on their number tags.

Their opponent's number for their first duel appeared on the number tag as well as the battleground's number.

At the same time, the chosen magic caster's number tag also reflected the duel information.

This method was apparently created by Krassu in the past. It could decide to duel sequence efficiently, and simplify the originally complicated process of drawing lots. At the same time, it required the magic casters to duel continuously so as to test if the magic casters' endurance and foundation were indeed solid.

"All the lots are drawn! All magic casters will proceed to the designated venues according to the information on the number tags. The duel will start soon!" The emcee's voice reverberated throughout the square again, and all the magic casters began to move to their venues.

The square in front of the Magus Tower was extremely huge. It was split into thousands of battle zones. Each battle zone was about 100 square meters big, and it seemed a little small for the magic casters' duels.

The rules for the duel were simple. As long as one party surrendered, was unable to continue battling, stepped out of the battle zones, or suffered a lethal blow as judged by the judges, they would be considered defeated.

Who is number zero? Don't the numbers start from one? A fat magic caster standing in a battle zone not far from the platform looked at the number tag in his hand, and looked around curiously. He was curious about who his opponent was.

As a 6th-tier earth magic caster, Harvey felt very confident.

He entered the top 100 in the previous Magic Caster Tournament, and his objective in the current tournament was to enter the top 64. He wanted to join the Magus Tower on his 30th birthday as a gift to himself.

The magic casters began to enter the square, but everyone's gaze was fixed on the little girl next to Krassu on the platform with the camera.

It was said that Master Krassu's disciple would be taking part in this year's Magic Caster Tournament too. However, she was still so small. Even those youngsters taking part in the youth category were about 10 years old. Nine- and eight-year-olds were already rare, let alone a three- or four-year-old magic caster.

"Little Amy, it's time for you to go and compete," Krassu said to Amy with a smile after seeing almost all the magic casters had reached their battle zones.

"Are we going to start fighting now?" Amy looked up at her half-eaten little drumstick, and placed it on the little plate in front of her after pondering. Then, she said to Krassu seriously, "Master, my drumstick is still warm, so don't try to eat it. I will be back soon, and I still want to eat it."

"Alright." Krassu nodded helplessly. This drumstick was more important to Amy than the tournament.

Amy was relieved. While wiping her hands with a towel she took from the side, she asked, "Who am I fighting?"

"There. That little fatty in yellow clothes. Go and defeat him, and you can come back to eat your drumstick." Krassu pointed in the direction of Harvey to Amy.

“Alrighty.” Amy nodded. She took her magic caster’s staff, and leaped off the chair. She flipped her little cloak, and walked towards that little fatty whom Krassu had pointed out.

Only now did the crowd see that the number tag swinging at Amy’s waist wasn’t the youth category’s white tag, but the magic caster category’s black tag!

“Number zero! The first ever in history!”

“Mamma mia, I’m shocked! She’s actually taking part in the magic caster category’s duels!”

“A three-year-old magic caster category’s contestant?! She’s got to be the youngest contestant ever in history?”

The square burst into a commotion instantly.

Everyone wore an astonished expression on their face.

King Andre turned, and said to Krassu smilingly, “I didn’t expect you to let this child take part in the magic caster category’s competition.”

“She insisted on joining the magic caster category. She said it’s no kick when she can settle one kid with one punch,” Krassu replied, smiling as well.

The people around them all had a weird expression when they heard that. Even in the youth category, Amy was the youngest, and yet she didn’t think that they were her match at all. Her character was rather similar to Master Krassu’s.

“H-how is that possible? He actually let her join the magic caster category’s competition.” Brent paled. This was completely different from his expectation.

Although Richard was a little surprised, he didn’t show it on his face. Instead, he smiled. “Since this is the case, we don’t have to do anything. There are many experienced 7th-tier magic casters in the magic caster category and even a few magic casters who are at their 7th-tier peak.”

“Indeed.” Brent regained his wits. His mouth twitched when he looked at Kassadin, who was dueling with a 10 years old child in the distance. “However, it’s a pity for Kassadin. With his ability, he would have been able to get in the top 32 in the magic caster category.”

Kassadin was also dumbfounded now. In order to duel Krassu’s disciple, he had taken the risk to be vilified as someone bullying children, and forcefully joined the youth category.

In the end, she went to the magic caster category?

F*ck...

How was he going to battle her now?

Chapter 1844: There Are New Blows Every Day

Therefore, my first opponent is Master Krassu’s disciple? A three-year-old kid? Harvey looked at that little girl who leaped off the platform and skipped towards him.

Her two pigtails swung up and down. Her adorable look, coupled with her exquisite face, had already gained her many fans along the way.

Harvey backed off instinctively with an awkward expression. He even felt like screaming, "You, stay away from me!!"

A real man had to challenge a real man, of course.

Moreover, an earth magic caster like him was different from the usual dainty long-range offensive magic casters. He had a powerful defensive ability while having a rather powerful ability to end a melee at the same time.

He felt he could even poke a hole through the little girl's face with one finger, so how was he going to fight her?

If he went too hard on her, not to mention Master Krassu, who was watching on the stage, just the crowd who already began to cheer the little girl on could drown him in their spit.

If he wasn't serious, he might also trigger the judges' contempt. Then, his dream of joining the Magus Tower would be shattered.

He would rather face a 7th-tier magic caster than this opponent, whom he didn't know how to handle.

"Are you my opponent?" Amy skipped to the middle of the arena. She lowered her head to look at her own number tag before looking at the number tag at Harvey's waist. Then, she nodded, and cutely said, "Yes, it's you."

Harvey had a depressed look. He felt miserable.

However, he still tried his best to put up a smile, and nodded his head at Amy with a smile. "Yes, it's me. Cute little girl, I hope you won't be too dejected if you lose to me later. After all, you are still young, and there are plenty of chances for you in the future."

"Yup." Amy nodded obediently before tilting her head to look at the judge, who was standing at the side. "Uncle, can I hit him now?"

Harvey's mouth twitched. This wasn't the behavior which showed she understood his words.

The judge maintained his severe and just expression, and gravely said, "The emcee will declare the start for everyone together."

Perhaps it was because of Krassu, but the live broadcast had a lot of scenes in Amy's arena.

The tiny Amy against Harvey, who was much larger than the usual magic casters, induced the déjà vu of seeing a little rabbit encountering a giant bear.

"Harvey! He's a 6th-tier earth magic caster. I have seen his competition at the previous Magic Caster Tournament. He made it into the top 100."

"Earth magic casters excel at defense, and he is even a strong magic caster, so he might have very good power to end a melee. He has a great advantage in such a small arena."

“Yes. If he steadily pushes forward, as long as the other party cannot break through his defense within a short period of time, she will be pushed out of the arena.”

“Is that cute girl leaving at the very first round?”

The spectators talked enthusiastically. Even though they liked Amy more based on looks, the majority of them believed she couldn't defeat Harvey.

Although Amy was Krassu's disciple, she was simply too young, and had only learned magic from Krassu for six months.

“Seems like your precious disciple can indeed return to eat her drumstick soon,” Richard said in a mocking tone as he curled his lips.

Brent was trying to suppress his smile. He didn't expect Krassu's disciple to be as unlucky as to meet such a formidable opponent in her very first round. A 6th-tier earth magic caster at his peak wasn't any weaker than Kassadin.

“Yes. Compared to dueling, the chick drumstick is indeed more important to her.” Krassu had a calm expression. “Therefore, this little fatty won't even last three seconds.”

“Really?” Richard pursed his lips. He thought Krassu was simply being stubborn.

“I heard your eldest disciple has also taken part in this year's Magic Caster Tournament?” Krassu looked at Richard smilingly. “Perhaps he is also thinking about becoming my disciple?”

Richard's mouth twitched. He suppressed his anger, and tried to as calmly as possible say, “Jasper only wants to gain some combat experience while looking for an opportunity to break through.”

“He might be able to find it if he gets beaten up by my disciple.” Krassu chuckled.

“Then you'd better pray that your disciple can make it through this round.” Richard smirked.

The magic casters around them didn't dare make a single sound, but they did begin to anticipate how the meeting of Krassu's and Richard's disciple in the arena would unfold.

“All magic casters get ready! The first round of the Magic Caster Tournament starts now!”

The emcee's booming voice reverberated throughout the square.

Countless dazzling lights exploded in the square immediately. All kinds of magic started to explode in all corners of the square, and the battle had begun.

I will defend myself a little for show before tossing this little one out gently. Harvey twisted his neck, and focused his gaze on Amy.

He had his sights fixed on the top 64, so this was just an insignificant obstruction.

Compared to joining the Magus Tower, bullying children was just a small matter. He just had to do it a bit more gentlemanly.

“Fat Uncle, here I come.” Amy grasped the magic caster's staff, and looked at Harvey, ready to attack.

“Come on, then.” Harvey’s face twitched a little before he set up an earth magic defensive shield casually. An opponent who was too adorable and polite could indeed affect his combat power.

Bam!

A loud explosion.

The ground underneath Amy sank 50 cm, and spiderweb-like cracks spread out while Amy’s little figure dashed towards Harvey like an arrow. She was so fast that they could only see a faint red shadow.

“What an impressive speed!”

“She actually initiated the attack!”

“Could this be Master Krassu’s close combat magic?!”

The crowd was in an uproar. Everyone was staring at this scene in disbelief.

Harvey’s laid-back expression also changed instantly as he looked at that little figure dashing towards him like a flash of light with disbelief.

As he was a battle-hardened magic caster, his reaction was rather fast.

He stomped his right foot on the ground, and the ground shook gently. A mud wall rose up rapidly, and muddy yellow light beams also exploded on his body. A mud-colored heavy armor appeared, and covered almost his entire body.

However, just as the heavy armor appeared on his body, and the mud wall hadn’t risen high enough to shield him, that red light already reached him.

Bam!

A dull thud.

Half of the mud wall shattered, and Harvey only saw a red beam of light land on his face.

The earth magic shield crumbled instantly, and he flew backwards as if he was rammed by a huge beast.

The mud-colored heavy armor shattered in midair, and he crashed onto the ground after flying 10-odd meters backwards.

“This... How is this possible...” Harvey tried to get up by pressing one hand on the ground as he looked at Amy, who was standing at the position where he used to stand. He couldn’t accept the blow given to him by the fact that he was defeated by a four-year-old kid with such a method.

“Fat Uncle, continue to live properly. There are new blows every day.” Amy blinked and smiled at him. “I am going back to eat my drumstick now.”

Chapter 1845: Bravo, Little Boss!

The judge was also stunned for a moment before declaring, “Number Zero is the winner!”

“The little girl is so fearsome!”

“What’s that? Could that be the legendary close combat magic?”

“What great strength! She actually sent such a strapping magic caster flying with one strike!”

The crowd burst into a commotion after being stunned for a moment.

No one expected the situation to change so rapidly. The emcee had just declared the start of the competition. Some magic casters were still guiding their magic, while the battle had already ended here.

That powerful earth magic caster had become the best background. The shattered rocks and mud on the ground and the dust that was still swirling around made this impact feel even stronger.

This little girl is actually so powerful. A hint of surprise also appeared on Andre’s face. He, too, was shocked by Amy’s performance. He turned to say to Krassu, “Krassu, your disciple has inherited your close combat magic perfectly.”

“You’re being too kind with your praises, Your Majesty.” Krassu chuckled with blatant pride.

Meanwhile, Richard’s face was sullen. He had never expected Krassu’s disciple to take down that earth magic caster with just one strike.

A little one who had just learned magic for six months actually had such a formidable power. Such a talent was beyond their imagination.

Brent also had a stunned look on his face. He had difficulty accepting the results of that earth magic caster being thrown out of the battle zone so easily with just one strike.

“1...” Harvey watched the little figure with two swinging pigtails walk away with devastation. He blacked out and fainted after hearing the discussion around him.

“Carry him away.” The judge waved his hand, and two people immediately came to carry Harvey away.

She... Why is she so powerful? On the other side, Kassadin—who used a tornado to send a kid out of the arena—looked with a rapidly changing expression at the screen that showed a small figure skipping.

“Woah. Look guys, that big guy in the youth category is very powerful too.”

“But why does that kid look like he’s in a hurry to grow up?”

“Yes. A 7th-tier magic caster of his age is definitely a genius among the geniuses, but why did we never hear about him before? It felt like he was bullying little children.”

Kassadin, who had dispatched his opponent easily, was also noticed by many people.

Kassadin blushed when he heard those discussions. He lowered his head with guilt, and quickly strode away after the judge declared the results.

He wished he could find a hole in the ground to hide himself right now. He shouldn’t have lowered his age to take part in the youth category. People would say that he bullied the kids if he won, or that the kids bullied him if he lost. He would lose out either way.

Amy skipped back to the platform. She picked up a wet handkerchief on the table to wipe her hands before picking up the drumstick to take a bite again. A satisfied smile appeared on her face instantly.

“It’s indeed still warm.”

Andre looked at Amy with a laugh, and said, “Give this little girl another 10 chicken drumsticks.”

“Really?” Amy’s eyes lit up before she said with appreciation, “Thank you.”

“Good job, Little Amy.” Krassu also looked at Amy smilingly. His precious disciple had done him proud today, and also slapped those people who questioned the close combat magic across the face.

People had been putting down the close combat magic. They believed only Krassu could display the power of the close combat magic, and it was only done by relying on powerful magical assistance.

However, Amy was different. She was a magic caster who had only cultivated for six months. She didn’t have the support of powerful magic and the assistance of a peak power.

Her earlier strike had displayed her precise control of magic and astonishing battle techniques.

A seemingly simple strike actually had an ingenious grasp of timing and choice of angle.

This made Krassu rather shocked too. His combat style was very straightforward. In plain words, he used pure strength and power. There weren’t many techniques involved. His instantaneous explosion of magic during the melee rendered his opponent unable to react.

Meanwhile, Amy was like a swordsman with precise sword fighting techniques. She could catch her opponent’s weak spots during the fight, and then deal a fatal blow. He couldn’t have taught Amy that.

Could... this be natural talent? Krassu’s smile began to widen. He increasingly felt that his disciple was a treasure, and he was really lucky.

“Little Amy...” Vanessa looked at Amy smilingly.

“Here, I’ll give you one.” Amy, who had just received 10 drumsticks, generously picked one up, and passed it to Vanessa.

That clear and pure gaze made Vanessa feel rather embarrassed, but she couldn’t gulp when her gaze landed on that glazed, warm, and aromatic drumstick.

Andre looked at Vanessa indulgently, and smilingly said, “Eat it. You loved chicken drumsticks when you were small.”

“Then, I will dig in now.” Vanessa’s eyes lit up, and she took the drumstick from Amy. Her eyes curved into crescents immediately after taking a small bite.

The fights between magic casters weren’t usually as quick as Amy’s.

Especially for those who weren’t strong in offensive power and whose opponents only knew how to defend themselves. The battle between two weak contestants would then be long and tedious. Unless one party exhausted their magical power, it would be difficult to end the duel.

And the second round’s starting time depended on when the first round’s last battle ended.

Those who ended the battle quickly would get more time to rest, while those who exhausted their strength before barely advancing to the next round would have to battle the next magic caster without any rest.

Survival of the fittest was the Magic Caster Tournament's most real and cruel aspect.

Apart from selecting and grooming talents for the empire, the Magic Caster Tournament also had the objective of earning three years' worth of activity's funding for the Magus Tower. People needed to buy a ticket before they could enter to watch the tournament.

Apparently, those VIP seats that allowed one to watch the duels close up would cost over 10,000 copper coins each.

And the front-row seats of tomorrow's finals would cost 100,000 copper coins each.

Apart from that, there were also real-time betting events related to the competition. This was also one of the Magus Tower's sources of income.

After all, it was a top sport event that only took place once every three years, and they could even witness historical events and legends, so this business had always been an important source of revenue for the Magus Tower.

"Bravo, Little Boss!" Abraham, who was gnawing on duck chops in the first row, took out a stack of banknotes, and tossed them to the butler next to him. "Bet all this on Little Amy, and then bet all the winnings from every round on her too."

"Yes." The butler quickly strode off with the banknotes that valued over 1,000,000.

"I have high hopes for you, Little Boss. I hope I can earn all of my meals' cost for the rest of my life today. That will be great," Abraham said with a chuckle.

Chapter 1846: Look, That Person Is Bullying Children Again

Amy's performance in the first round shocked everyone, so in the second round, almost all the live streams were focused on her.

Her second opponent was a 5th-tier water-type magic caster.

As soon as the competition started, before the opponent even finished mumbling his spell, he was already flying in the air, smacked by Amy's staff.

Amy was the epitome of violent beauty.

It even gave one an illusion of a knight appearing on a magic caster stage.

Was he indignant?

Yes, the magic caster who was smacked felt indignant.

However, he could not say anything.

It felt more acceptable to say that he was defeated by a three-and-a-half-year-old magic caster than to say that he was defeated by a three-and-a-half-year-old knight.

Krassu had not engaged in a fight for many years in public, and close combat magic practitioners were decreasing in number as well. It was even thought to be a rare occurrence in the world of magic casters.

However, right now, everyone could feel the horror of close combat magic once again.

“Daddy, I want to learn this too!”

“I want to learn it too, but do you think this is something you can master by just learning?”

“Since I can’t create a fireball no matter how hard I try, maybe I can try intermediate magic. After all, I think I can wield the staff pretty well.”

“I love this little girl. She’s so cool!”

The audience was completely smitten with Amy, and also showed great interest in close combat magic.

On the other side, Kassadin used his wind blade to push his opponent out of the battle area, and won easily once again.

“Wah, look, that person is bullying children again! How shameless!” someone cried out.

Kassadin’s face turned black instantly.

(´`□´) (———)

He felt like he was about to break down...

For the rest of the competition, Amy did not meet any particularly strong opponent. On top of that, she displayed the violent beauty of a magic caster.

Who said that a magic caster couldn’t be on fire when they engaged in a fight?

Amy’s appearance had overthrown this!

Although the image of every blow hitting a vital point sending the opponent tens of meters away was not as impactful as the clash of magic in other stages, no one could beat Amy’s record of finishing the battle in the shortest time.

Everyone knew very clearly what this kind of highly efficient battle mode meant. If one were to fight with one’s life, before Amy’s opponent could even unleash his spell, he would already be dead.

Unknowingly, Amy was already on her seventh winning streak.

And in this elimination round, they were already in the top 64.

This was the last competition for the day, and it was also the last battle before they’d move into the finals.

At this point, other than a few lucky ones, the rest were basically all at the peak of the 6th-tier or at the 7th-tier.

All the magic casters could not hide the fatigue on their faces. After seven consecutive battles, with opponents getting stronger and stronger, almost everyone had already given their all to make it to this point.

However, everyone's eyes were burning with fighting spirit. This was the last battle of the day. As long as they could win this battle, they would be able to make it into the top 32, and that was the ticket to Magus Tower.

Therefore, it was very enticing for magic casters.

Even if one could not get into the top 32, as long as they displayed their strength and potential in the battle, they might have a chance of being picked by the Magus Tower.

In this battle, everyone had to give it their all.

The petite and cute Amy stood out among the crowd like a rabbit amongst elephants, looking very weak and pitiful.

But no one was treating her like a weak and pitiful baby after watching her throw seven magic casters out of the arena.

When one belittled her, she would be the Niohuru Amy who would teach you how to do it.

"My Lord, your million has already become 20,000,000. Do you still want to continue placing the bet?" the butler came back to Abraham's side with a box excitedly.

"Of course! But you don't have to bet it for each round. Just go all in on Amy as the champion," Abraham said with a wave of his hand.

"Champion?" The butler was stunned. Although he knew that his master was very wealthy, this was after all 20,000,000 they were talking about. He hesitated for a while before saying, "My Lord, although the odds of winning after betting on Miss Amy as the champion is up to 100%, the risk is not small, either..."

"What's there to be afraid of? I merely took out a million. Go, all in." Abraham waved his hand with a smile.

"Alright." The butler did not speak further and left quickly.

In this round, the opponents were still decided by drawing lots.

"Zero?" A young man in white looked at the number in his hand and frowned.

"What a pity. Master would definitely want to watch me defeat Krassu's disciple," a young man in a black magician robe muttered to himself when he saw the white-robed man's number.

"Senior Albin picked Master Krassu's disciple!"

"Senior Albin just broke through to the 7th-tier recently to become an advanced magic caster."

“Senior Albin is trained in ice magic, while that kid would probably learn fire magic from Master Krassu. Looks like it would be an exciting match between ice and fire.”

“The size of the arena for the top 64 is increased by 10 times to give the participants enough space to work their magic. This is not good news for close combat magic casters.”

“This battle will tell if a close combat magic caster is better or a long-range offensive magic caster is better.”

The disciples of the Magus Tower conversed fervently in the audience.

There were huge differences in opinions on whether close combat magic was stronger or long-range offensive magic was stronger.

“Albin is a little stronger than Kassadin. He will definitely win,” Brent told Richard softly.

Richard nodded slightly. Albin was the disciple of the sixth elder. His potential and strength were for all to see, and on top of that, he had the bloodline of the Magus Tower, and was not to be compared with the normal Magus Tower disciples.

Watching Amy make her way straight to the top 64 and Krassu’s proud smile was an eyesore.

If Amy were to make it into the top 32, the whole world would know that Krassu had a genius disciple who thrashed all the other talents. Richard would not like to hear such news.

“The results of the draw are out. All participants are to move to their respective arenas and prepare for the battle!”

All the participants quickly move towards their competition arenas. A staff member even kindly pointed the way for Amy. The little fellow was too small, and the competition area was too big, so it was really quite difficult for her to find her way on her own.

“Wow, Big Brother, your clothes are really clean,” Amy, who had reached her arena, said with her eyes brightly lit when she saw Albin, who was standing far away.

Albin was skinny, and had an aloof aura. Although he had been through seven battles, his white clothes were still very clean.

“I am Albin.” Albin nodded slightly. Although his opponent was a little girl, he still had to mind his manners.

Chapter 1847: c

Amy’s duel with Albin had attracted the audience’s attention once again.

On one side was a young talented close combat magic magic caster who pushed through into the top 64 without finding an opponent that needed an extra smack from her.

On the other side was an ice magic advanced magic caster who could freeze the entire arena with a wave of his hand and a flutter of his sleeve, eliminating his opponents before they could even brush past his sleeve.

The duel between ice and fire.

An exchange of blows between a close combat magic caster and a long-range offensive magic caster.

Endless possibilities could come true within this 1000-square-meter arena.

This moment... should have been mine... Kassadin, who thought he was invincible, and had won the entrance ticket to the youth category's top 32, looked at the two people on the screen, and gnashed his teeth angrily.

If he had not been put in a lower tier, he would have already been among these 64 people, and would advance to the top 32 with everyone watching him.

And not being called a bully like he was now...

"Is your disciple also a 7th-tier magic caster already?" Andre asked curiously as he looked at the calm Krassu.

The other courtiers and magic casters at the elevated platform also turned to look at Krassu. This disciple of Krassu had eliminated almost all her opponents within a second previously. All of a sudden, they were uncertain how strong she actually was.

None of them would think that she won against her opponents based on luck. Even the 6th-tier earth magic caster she battled first also used his best defense skills against her.

What everyone was concerned about was if Krassu's disciple had really broken through the 7th-tier to become an advanced magic caster.

If that was true, she would be the youngest advanced magic caster in history.

"My disciple has yet to break through the 7th-tier." Krassu shook his head with a smile.

Everyone let out a silent sigh of relief, especially the magic casters from the Magus Tower.

"However, I think it should be about time," Krassu said slowly.

The expressions of the magic casters from Magus Tower changed. They could already imagine that the era of being thrashed by a young magic caster like Irina for decades would now change into the era of yet another young genius.

This was a scary cycle of changing from one elf to a half-elf.

"The tiers are just something that people use to categorize things. I've never thought that it should be the only standard to determine a person's strength. An ordinary person standing behind a magic caster could also kill him with a single stab with a knife," Krassu said.

Everyone had varying expressions. They all had different thoughts with regard to Krassu's words. However, they all remained silent.

While those on the elevated platform were talking, the emcee had announced the start of the last round.

Albin raised the magic caster's staff in his hand, and quickly mumbled a spell. Ice elements quickly coagulated, and frost started appearing beneath his feet, spreading out rapidly. He quickly built three ice walls in front of him, directly blocking the passage between him and Amy.

It was apparent that he had learned from the experiences of all the magic casters who had been eliminated by Amy within a second. The first thing he did was to build a line of defense to prevent Amy from quickly closing in on him to buy himself more time to work out an advanced spell.

"An immediate ice wall spell. An advanced magic caster groomed by the Magus Tower indeed!"

"I guess the little girl will have no way of closing in on him quickly. By the time she breaks through those three walls, there will be an advanced magic spell waiting for her."

"Will this be the end of a legend?"

The atmosphere tensed up immediately. Many of Amy's fans started to worry.

"A textbook response strategy. Senior Albin indeed!"

"A close combat magic caster who can't get close is no different from a soldier who can only wield a spear."

"That's right. Master Krassu will even frequently use the fireball magic for deterrence when he's up against the giant dragons. Close combat magic still has to work with long-range offensive magic to achieve a powerful attack in a battle."

The discussions of the people from the Magus Tower had more depth, but most of them did not think that Amy could win.

"Ice?!" Amy saw the three ice walls that had suddenly appeared and advanced magic caster, Albin, who was forming his advanced ice magic. Her eyes lit up, and she exclaimed, "I know this too!"

"Huh?"

Albin and the audience were all stunned. They watched wide-eyed as Amy formed an ice spear slowly in her hands.

That spear was a good two meters long. Its sharp tip glistened under the rays of the sun. Cold air formed around the ice spear, and the ice elements were so active they were almost visible to the naked eye.

This long and thin ice spear did not appear to be in stark contrast to small Amy's hands. Instead, it looked rather compatible with her.

"Wind fire wheels!" Amy suddenly called out. Two spinning fireballs appeared beneath her feet, and elevated her a meter above the ground.

Her cape flapped in the wind, the wind fire wheels whirred under her feet, and the ice spear in her hands revealed its sharp tip.

At this moment, Amy looked suave.

"Fire spear! Destroy!" Amy shouted in a kiddish voice as she threw her ice spear out.

The ice spear flew at the speed of light, and the moment it left her hand, a burst of fire launched from its tail end, causing the ice spear to increase its speed to the maximum.

Frosty air circled around the spear like two ice dragons, protecting it as it made its way towards Albin, who was behind the three ice walls.

This was the duel between ice and ice. The ice spear was so quick that it covered tens of meters, sucking in the cold air around as it went and got increasingly stronger.

Meanwhile, on the other side, three ice walls half a meter thick stood in front of Albin. He was still chanting his spell quickly, causing the frosty air to coagulate at his magic wand. As long as he had a bit more time, this advanced magic spell would be completed.

But he was still too late.

The three thick ice walls shattered upon impact as though they were bubbles.

As ice shavings danced in the air, a sharp tip stabbed right into Albin's glabella.

Albin's expression changed drastically. The bone-piercing cold enveloped him completely. He knew that he had nowhere to run.

The audience all watched with their mouths wide open, and some even closed their eyes out of fear.

Just at this moment, an ice shield suddenly appeared in front of Albin.

Ding!

The ice spear hit the ice shield, forming a crisp sound, and after forming a hole in that shield, it shattered into pieces.

Albin looked at the ice shield in front of him, and was stunned. It was at this moment that he realized that at the moment he was about to complete his advanced magic spell, he was frightened to the point that his spell failed, and he formed an ice shield in front of him instinctively.

"Hm?" Amy looked at the ice spear that shattered into pieces, and then at Albin. She appeared rather puzzled, and formed another ice spear.

"Albin, you've lost," a magic caster donning a white robe called out coldly from the elevated platform.

Albin looked towards the elevated platform upon hearing that, and then finally knew where the ice shield came from. He removed his ice wall in shame, and left the battle arena with a face red with embarrassment. He looked at Amy, and gave her a palm hold fist salute[1] as he said, "I have lost."

"You're too humble." Amy copied Albin, and also did a palm hold fist salute. She was still a little clueless as to how she even won.

Chapter 1848: Ah, I'm Dead

The arena was dead silent. The audience had not regained their senses from the shock.

"Number 0, Victory!"

The judge's reaction was quick enough. After ensuring that Albin had left the battle arena, he quickly announced the result of the battle.

"So she just used ice magic to defeat a 7th-tier ice magic caster?"

"Was that a real spear?"

"That's a stretch."

"Was that a close combat magic or long-range offensive magic? It's the first time I've seen long-range offensive magic being triggered manually."

"It was the sixth elder who ended the battle just now, right? If the ice shield had not appeared in time, the result would've been unimaginable."

"If I didn't remember wrongly, she's not just Master Krassu's disciple. She's also the disciple of the Lord of Ice, Master Urien..."

"Wow... An ice and fire magic caster! The combination of both long-range offensive magic and close combat!"

The Magus Tower viewing area was in a frenzy as all the magic casters looked at Amy in disbelief.

The way this battle ended once again subverted what they knew and imagined magic to be.

"That's wicked?!"

"A three-year-old advanced magic caster! I think this world has gone bonkers!"

"She looks so cute doing the palm hold fist salute!"

"Ah, I'm dead..."

The audience also broke into noisy chatter.

However, they felt even more inspired compared to the magic casters from the Magus Tower who were mindblown.

Ordinary people usually had high regard for advanced magic casters, and they were thought to be the group of the strongest people.

However, Amy just used an ice spear to defeat an advanced magic caster, and even forced the elder at the elevated platform to intervene.

It was really shocking to see how a small body could contain such horrifying strength.

The expression of everyone at the elevated platform changed.

Some of the elders from the Magus Tower at the elevated platform could not even understand the ice spear that Amy created just now, much less the students from Magus Tower.

The sixth elder bowed towards Krassu, and said, "Master, it was an emergency situation, so I intervened abruptly. Please forgive me."

"It's alright." Krassu waved his hand without a care. He smiled. This year's Magic Caster Tournament was interesting indeed.

"May I ask if that little girl was using close combat magic or long-range offensive magic just now?" Brent could not contain his curiosity. Even a 7th-tier magic caster was reduced to her stepping stone. He was really unable to maintain composure.

Andre also looked at Krassu curiously. Krassu's disciple had given him ample surprises today.

"I didn't teach Amy that. She invented it herself. The combination of ice and fire. She's the only one who can do it." Krassu shook his head. He looked at Amy dotingly. "This is something no other person can do."

"Er..."

Everyone swallowed subconsciously. What kind of devilish genius was she? At such a young age, she was already a magic caster well-versed in both fire and ice magic. On top of that, she could create new magic with two completely opposite elements, and use it to defeat her opponent.

"Can I go then?" Amy asked the judge.

The judge nodded. He looked at Amy, and could not help but soften his tone. "Yes."

"Thank you." Amy smiled brightly as she hopped amidst some very exciting battles going on to return to the elevated platform.

The camera followed her back to the elevated platform before changing to film another exciting battle.

"I think this camera's operator has also become Amy's fan," someone muttered.

H-how is that possible? Kassadin stared wide-eyed in disbelief at the elevated platform. He would never believe that spear that Amy threw out just now.

Even he did not dare to say that he could win against a 7th-tier Magus Tower disciple.

A three- to four-year-old little girl had a killing spree in the magic caster category, while he was bullying children in the youth category...

That was such a stark contrast, and it felt as though he was pressed on the floor and rubbed to and fro.

The last round of battles was obviously way more difficult. After seven rounds, the magic casters had already exhausted most of their energy and powers. Most people were pushing on with sheer willpower.

However, there were a few exciting battles in some of the other areas. A battle of 7th-tier magic casters was a rare sight.

Ding!

A crisp sound echoed around the arena.

The last battle had ended.

The name list for the top 32 was also released.

Number 0, Amy, was in the first place.

This young contestant was a dark horse. After a series of quick eliminations and consecutive victories, she had become the most-watched contestant at the Magic Caster Tournament.

And another contestant with such achievement would be the disciple of the president of the Magus Tower, Jasper. The magic caster at the peak of the 7th-tier also had a killing spree in this year's tournament.

However, he had been the hot favorite even before the Magic Caster Tournament started. Therefore, his performance had been expected by everyone, and the attention on him was rather normal.

The moment Amy returned to the elevated platform, she cleaned her hands with a warm towel, and then started munching on her drumstick.

"Great performance, Amy." Krassu looked at Amy with a bright smile.

"You too." Amy bit into her drumstick. "You didn't eat my drumstick up secretly."

"I'll bring you somewhere with good food later," Krassu replied with a smile as he broke into laughter.

"Really?!" Amy's eyes lit up.

"Of course."

"Master, you're awesome! I will work hard to defeat all of them tomorrow!" Amy said happily.

The magic casters around could not help but be shocked at how easily coaxed this young girl was.

"Can you bring me along too?" Vanessa asked meekly.

"Ahem." Andre coughed softly.

Vanessa stuck her tongue out, and inched back.

After returning to Rodu this time, Andre did not allow her to leave the palace on her own, so she missed the food outside the palace even more.

"It seems like this year's Magic Caster Tournament will be very interesting. I will still be coming over to watch tomorrow." Andre stood and left for the palace.

After that, the magic casters and courtiers stood up, and praised Krassu a little. Anyone could tell that Krassu's disciple would definitely become a legendary character, and might even reach heights greater than Krassu.

"I wonder if the little fellow will get used to staying in Rodu, and how many rounds of battles she passed." Mag, who just finished the afternoon hustle, sat by the window with a cup of tea and a book in his hands, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

“Andre sent me a letter, and told me to pass it to you.” Irina appeared in the restaurant, and handed Mag a letter.

“He actually sent it to you?” Mag received the letter in surprise.

“No one could find you, but they can find me. I reckon Andre also did not want a third party to find out that he had reached out to you first, so he naturally would have to get me to pass it to you.” Irina sat opposite Mag, and poured herself a cup of tea.

Chapter 1849: A Little Too Much?

Mag wiped away the military wax seal on the letter. He was not at all touched by this nostalgic card.

The content was not long. It was a handwritten letter from Andre.

The content was very simple. Firstly, Andre thanked Mag for saving the world, and congratulated him on advancing in terms of strength once again. After that, Andre suggested meeting up with him hoping to bury the hatchet, and to make an important decision for the future of humans and the Roth Empire.

“What did he say?” Irina asked with a smile.

“Nonsense.” Mag passed the letter to Irina.

“Only people from the Edward Family could come up with something so shameless.” Irina pressed her lips together, and looked at Mag. “Are you going?”

“I didn’t want to go, but maybe I can consider going now.” Mag thought for a while. He nodded, and said, “We need world peace, and what Andre wants is to rule over the entire world. These two are opposites, but if we aren’t able to sit down for a talk, it will probably be difficult to come to a consensus at the peace talks a few days later.”

“What do you intend to talk to him about? To let him embrace peace? I’m afraid he’s not one to do that.”

“No. I just want him to know that I am currently really powerful. If he sends out most of his powerhouses to start a war, I will be able to kill him. If he keeps his powerhouses by his side to protect the royal family, then the Roth Empire will not have a chance at winning the war.” Mag smiled.

“Why don’t we go together? I like watching you act cocky.” Irina’s eyes lit up. “I am very powerful too. The two of us together would be even more popular.”

“This is a good suggestion.” Mag nodded. With the two of them acting cocky, they would achieve double the results. “How was your talk with Helena yesterday?”

“It failed. She’s still insistent, and refuses to change the current regime. My bottom line is to abolish feudalism, but she would not accept it, so there’s nothing to talk about.” Irina shook her head. She smiled, and said, “But after you attracted the lightning strike onto the octopus monster, many elves who had been imprisoned in the various races have been sent over to Chaos City successively. Most of them have joined the Night Elves. As of today, we have almost 10,000 of us.”

“Are you getting ready to arm them up and free the Wind Forest completely?”

“No. My thoughts have changed after staying in Chaos City for a while.” Irina smiled. “The elves who followed me to Chaos City were mostly slaves and servants from the various noble families. It would be difficult for them to form a strong army with their strength and talent even if they were to train hard.

“What I wanted to bring them was equality, love, and freedom, and these are what they could achieve by living in Chaos City. They just have to adjust from the life of being given a living in the forest to earning a living on their own to buy their basic necessities.

“The existence of the Night Elves is just like opening a slit in the Wind Forest. A part of the base of the feudal system that had been reinforced over the century was dug out, and with time, the change would happen.”

Mag pondered Irina’s words. He looked at Irina with admiration, and said, “That’s great.”

Someone who could reach this level of enlightenment to know what one wanted and what others wanted was hard to find.

“Of course, that would not mean that I’m not going to do anything. I will become the sharpest knife to slowly deepen and widen the slit until those stubborn fellows are completely engulfed.” Irina clenched her fists.

Mag smiled even more brightly. The woman he loved indeed.

“I heard that a woman had tea with you this morning?” Irina placed the letter on the table, and looked at Mag with a smile. “Was she sitting where I’m sitting right now?”

Mag’s smile stiffened gradually. Although Irina’s smile was still as enchanting, it seemed as though there was a sharp knife hidden behind the beauty of it.

“Ah, you mean Teacher Luna? She’s Amy’s teacher. She came in the morning to discuss certain matters related to the foundation.” Mag’s smile became natural again. “She set up a foundation to help children in Chaos City who have no money to receive an education so that they could go to school and have enough food to eat.

“A while ago, Amy and I weren’t doing so well, and she helped us a lot, so I have donated a sum of money to the foundation she set up since the restaurant’s opening.”

“Amy has mentioned this teacher to me.” Irina thought for a while. She nodded, and said, “In that case, I’ll find some time to visit her to thank her for her care and concern for Amy.”

“Er...” Mag sized Irina up. He was unsure if she was really going to thank Teacher Luna, or if she wanted to assert her dominance. However, he said, “Mm-hm, up to you.”

“Oh, right. I went to meet Scheer from the Buffett Family today,” Irina suddenly started.

What’s with her again? Mag felt his heart skip a beat. He suddenly realized that he had been getting oversensitive. His relationship with Scheer had always been a pure working partnership, but when this woman’s name came out from Irina’s mouth, he would feel a little nervous.

“She came to talk about a partnership with me. She wanted to hire a batch of skilled workers from the Night Elves to operate the steam engine,” Irina said proudly. “You know, the elves have always been

very fast learners. On top of that, Ashley has been rotating the workers who were operating the steam engine, so there are already hundreds of workers who are adept in operating the machine.”

Mag was relieved. Smiling, he said, “Those would be highly paid technicians. Their salary should be rather high, right?”

“Mm-hm. An annual salary of 500,000 copper coins. On top of that, there would be a one-time transfer fee of 500,000 copper coins for every Night Elf she hired.” Irina nodded.

“Why don’t we open a training school?”

“That’s what I was thinking too.”

The difficulty of operating the steam engine was not great. However, Scheer was in need of a batch of adept workers, and on top of that, elves were very good workers. Therefore, she quoted such a high price.

Irina had already agreed to work with Scheer. The first 10 elves had already signed the contract, and were getting ready to move over to Scheer’s side.

The annual salary of 500,000 was way higher than that of the textile factory. This was also the highest salary the Night Elves had received in Chaos City.

Irina did not prevent the elves from developing outside, and even encouraged them to slowly blend into Chaos City to become residents here.

“Say, what position do you think Amy can get in this year’s Magic Caster Tournament?” Irina asked Mag with a smile.

“I remember that when you joined the Magic Caster Tournament when you were 16, you clinched the champion title.” Mag thought for a while. “Amy is only four. Do you think the top 32 would be a little too much?”

“She’s our daughter. It wouldn’t be too much even if she became the champion,” Irina said matter-of-factly.

Chapter 1850: Hypocritical Man

“Little Amy, is the roasted meat good?”

“Mm-hm, mm-hm. It’s good, but it can’t be better than the ones my father made. It’s still a little lacking,” Amy said with a nod as she bit into the roasted mutton ribs.

“That’s true. Boss Mag’s culinary skills are indeed invincible.” Krassu smiled as he watched Amy dotingly.

“Master, do you have something worth being happy about?” Amy asked Krassu, who had a wide smile hanging on his face, after she finished a mutton rib.

Her master’s smile had not faded since the start of the competition.

“Little Amy won eight battles in a row. Of course I would be happy.” Krassu nodded with a smile. He enjoyed all the envious looks and Richard’s black face. That was way more exhilarating than winning eight battles himself.

“In that case, should I win another eight battles tomorrow to make you happy?” Amy said as she bit into the meat.

Krassu chuckled. “Sure. But there are only five battles left tomorrow. Little Amy, if you can win all of them, you will be the winner.”

He was actually not putting much hope in Amy clinching the championship. To be able to get into the top 32 would already be a very good result for an amateur who had only been learning magic for half a year, and was only a four-year-old child on top of that. This was good enough for her name to spread wide in the world of magic casters.

Amy had yet to break through to the 7th-tier, but made use of the explosiveness and speed of close combat magic to save a lot of energy during her battles.

However, upon moving into the top 32, most of her opponents would be of the 7th-tier. On top of that, they would be wary of Amy’s close combat magic, and that would make fighting more difficult.

Of the remaining participants, a few of them were even at the peak of the 7th-tier. Their combat experience and skills were way above Amy’s, and it would be very difficult for Amy to defeat them.

“Alright, in that case, I’ll just win five matches.” Amy nodded without giving it much thought, and continued chewing on her bone.

“Today’s debate’s topic is: close combat magic versus long-range offensive magic, which is stronger? Please start preparing your arguments. The first debater of the proponents, please get ready...”

“Today’s topic for research is: what’s the best age to learn magic?”

“Today’s discussion: how do you steal that adorable magic caster?”

The Magic Caster Tournament today had caused a huge uproar within the Magus Tower. Amy, who won eight consecutive battles, including the one against Albin, had made it into the top 32. She joined under the halo of being the only disciple of Krassu and Urien. At the age of four, Amy joined the Magic Caster Tournament, and went on a winning spree, thus becoming the hot topic of various debate societies and research associations.

Jump on the bandwagon while the topic was still hot. It had always been this way.

Of course, it would be inevitable that some weird things would also be mixed in.

“Krassu’s disciple is really a one-in-a-million talent. This Magic Caster Tournament would probably become her personal showcase.” Richard tapped on the stone table gently, and his expression became grave.

Brent sat at the side, looking down. He peeked at Richard, and did not dare to make a sound.

“Master, if I get to duel with her tomorrow, I will definitely eliminate her in a sorry way so that both she and her master will be utterly embarrassed,” a tall and skinny youth, who was standing at the side, said.

“If you win against her, that will just be something that everyone expects. If you lose, the ones who will be utterly embarrassed will be you and I.” Richard glanced at him.

“Yes.” The youth turned serious.

The royal palace, in the star observatory center.

“What do you think of Krassu’s disciple?” Andre asked calmly as he stood by the window.

“She must be a rare talent for Krassu and Urien to bury their hatchet to take her in as their disciple together. Judging from her battles today, her close combat techniques are more refined and done better than those of Krassu himself. On top of that, she has a very strong talent in seizing opportunities during close combat.

“She learned both fire and ice magic, and fused them into a new combat style. Your humble courtier had never heard of such talents and capabilities. With time to come, she will definitely be the best powerhouse across the entire Norland Continent,” an old courtier answered respectfully behind Andre.

Andre’s eyes lit up upon hearing that. After a while, he sighed, and said, “It’s a pity Krassu is on bad terms with Richard, and has already left the Magus Tower. On top of that, we’ve never even interacted with Urien. I’m afraid it would not be easy to let their disciple come to the Roth Empire to be used by me.”

“Your Majesty, do you still remember that chef from Chaos City whom you’ve awarded during your birthday feast?” the courtier asked.

“Yes.” Andre nodded. Ever since Vanessa returned, she would always talk about Chaos City, mostly about Mamy Restaurant and that chef.

“Krassu’s disciple is his daughter. If Your Majesty could invite him to the Roth Empire, and award him with a high rank, that would bring one more strong powerhouse to the Roth Empire in the future,” the old courtier said.

“But when I wanted to make him the manager of the royal kitchen back then, he refused to accept it. With such a personality, it would be very difficult to invite him over to Rodu.” Andre frowned.

“Your Majesty, the manager of the royal kitchen is ultimately a title without real power. It also did not hold a high rank. On top of that, there would be a lot of work to do in the palace, and that might be why he did not like it. If you could make him a viscount and bestow him some land so that he becomes a nobleman, that might be difficult to reject,” the old courtier replied.

“That’s a good plan.” Andre’s eyes lit up. He turned back and looked at the old courtier. “Draft out my orders. I want to make him a viscount, so ask him to come over to Rodu to accept his reward before going to his land.”

When the restaurant closed for the night, Mag was not eager to make everyone leave. Instead, he assigned everyone with their tasks for the Delicacy Extravaganza for the next day.

As it was a promotional event for the octopus tentacles, the most important thing for tomorrow would be how to attract the crowd in a short day.

“We will not be having seats tomorrow, so all of you need not serve the dishes and wash the plates. I will just need two people to help me with packing and collecting the money. The rest will be in charge of selling the octopus tentacles. For the small octopus tentacles, each person will be limited to 500 grams. For the large octopus tentacles, each person will be limited to two large octopus tentacles, and for the mega-sized octopus tentacles, each person will be limited to only one octopus tentacle.” Mag looked at everyone, who had a notebook with them as they listened intently. He said, “We are not earning money with the octopus tentacles tomorrow. We’re just allowing the customers to try the food so that we can attract crowds for the seafood shop.”

Although they could not really understand why Mag suddenly opened a seafood shop, everyone still nodded.

“The motive for setting up Mamy Restaurant was not actually to earn money.” Mag smiled as he looked at everyone. “Actually, I am not interested in money. I just want more people to try delicious food and feel that the world is a beautiful place.

“However, alone, my power is limited. Therefore, I will publicly disclose the recipe so that everyone can learn how to make octopus tentacles into a delicious dish, and make them appear on more dining tables. I want it to be a home-cooked food that most people can afford, and this was why I opened the seafood shop.”

All the ladies looked at Mag slightly differently again.

He was exuding the glow of idealism.

Hypocritical man...

A small line of words flashed past Mag’s mind quickly.