

## Stay At home 391

### Chapter 391: I Suggest You Go And Watch “A Chinese Odyssey”

Mag faltered momentarily before asking, “That’s it?”

“That’s the only review you gave Haagen-Dazs ice cream in your past life,” the system replied.

“You forced me to make ice cream for three days just because of that? That’s not even a review!” Mag felt as if he had been played for a fool.

“No, it was only a short sentence, but there’s so much information to be derived from it. You said the ice cream was disgusting, and food is judged on its presentation, aroma, and flavor. As such, your words implied that you were unhappy with one or more of those aspects. As ice cream doesn’t have a strong aroma, it can be deduced that you are displeased with the flavor and presentation or shape of the ice cream. The ice cream that you have made here are based on ideal flavor and shape in your heart.” The system gave a serious reply before asking, “However, there’s still something that I don’t understand. You said that the ice cream was too motherf\*cking sweet; what does the sweetness of ice cream have to do with mothers?”

“System, you are far too intelligent for mere mortals like me!” Mag was extremely impressed, and he applauded the system with a reverent expression as he said, “If you undertake a reading comprehension exam, you’ll definitely get full marks. Back then, even I didn’t think as much as you do now.”

“You’re far too kind. Chinese is an extremely broad and profound language. I’ve done extensive research into it for over half a month, but there are still many things that I don’t understand.” The system gave a modest reply before continuing, “Also, you haven’t answered my question yet; what does it have to do with mothers? Even if the ice cream wasn’t to your taste, surely its mother is innocent? Furthermore, based on biological principles, ice cream does not possess reproductive abilities, so it doesn’t have a mother. As such, that sentence contains flawed logic. Even if you were referring to the probiotic bacteria in the ice cream, the problem there is that they reproduce too quickly, so it would be next to impossible to find the mother of a particular bacterium...”

“System, I suggest you go watch ‘A Chinese Odyssey’.” Mag cut the system off with furrowed brows.

“‘A Chinese Odyssey’? Isn’t that a recreational film? Recreation makes one lose sight of their hopes and dreams; the system doesn’t need that kind of stuff!” The system declined before continuing, “I prefer to watch films with historical and literature value as those would allow me to understand humans and their world. Learning and accumulating knowledge gives me joy! I can recommend some good programs to you, all of which can be found on CCTV, including ‘National Treasure’, ‘A Bite of China’, ‘Super Project’...”

“I’m not telling you to watch it for recreational purposes; I’m simply trying to make you aware that if a person rambles on for too long, they’ll get on other people’s nerves, and they’ll cop a beating.” Mag pursed his lips. The system suddenly went off on a complete tangent, and he was getting very exasperated listening to it.

The system processed that in silence for a while before replying coldly, “Please watch your mouth. If you’re not going to pay, then you’ll be evicted from the test field for the God of Cookery in three minutes.”

“Sounds good to me; I’ll be able to have a good sleep-in then.” Mag shrugged nonchalantly. He looked at the four ice cream cones on the rack beside him, and a smile appeared on his face. He was looking forward to Amy’s reaction to tasting the ice cream.

Light flashed, and Mag’s consciousness returned to his own body. He opened his eyes to check on the sleeping Amy, upon which a smile appeared on his face, and he closed his eyes again.

He slept until he woke up naturally. He looked at his bedside alarm clock, only to find that it was already 7:30. He then got up, planting a kiss on the sleeping Amy’s forehead. She had been attending magic lessons for an entire week, and it appeared that she was very tired.

Mag went downstairs to prepare breakfast for Amy, and he habitually looked outside, upon which he discovered a familiar figure outside his restaurant. He was a little surprised to see them, and he opened the door with a smile as he greeted, “Good morning, Mr. Dicus.”

“Mr. Mag, I’m here on the city lord’s orders. He has agreed to postpone the conference until tonight, and has also accepted the three conditions that you stated. However, we’ll have to talk with the Aden Square management center about the outdoor dining area. I’ve come over quite early today, and they’re not open yet, so I’ll have to give you a reply from them a bit later, and it may not be an affirmative one.” Dicus cut straight to the chase.

“Alright, then I’ll make some preparations for the conference tonight. However, I need to know how many people I will be serving so I can make ample preparations.” Mag was a little surprised that the city lord agreed to his conditions, but he didn’t show it. He maintained his calm expression, and said, “I’ll only be providing food up to a quota of 3,000 gold coins. Any additional food will require extra payment from the city lord’s castle, and the prices will be the same as the ones stipulated on the menu.”

Dicus smiled, and replied, “There will be a total of 10 people attending the conference. It would be best if you could reorganize the tables in your restaurant. If you encounter any issues during that process, the city lord’s castle can send someone to instruct you. As for money, you do not need to worry, the city lord’s castle will definitely pay what’s due.”

“There’s no need to trouble the city lord’s castle; I’m sure I’ll be able to organize the restaurant to a satisfactory standard. If that’s all, then I’ll see you tonight. I have to go cook breakfast for my daughter now.” Mag nodded with a smile. He really enjoyed dealing with straightforward and concise people like Dicus.

“You’re a really good father.” Dicus faltered momentarily before giving a resigned chuckle, and saying, “I’ll leave you to it, then. I also have to buy my son a spring onion bing, but it looks like he’ll only get to eat it for lunch.”

“Alright, see you later.” Mag turned around, and went back to his restaurant. Even though the city lord’s castle hadn’t made any guarantees on his outdoor dining area request, they were far more likely to succeed than if he were to go to the Aden Square management center himself.

As for the conference that was going to be held that night, he was actually quite interested in it. He could take the opportunity to learn about the Norland Continent directly from the mouths of important figures among the dragon and demon races. That was an opportunity that couldn’t be bought with money.

In the kitchen, the new ice cream machine was already sitting in the corner. Mag tested it out for a bit, but didn't make any ice cream. Instead, he made two-person portion of braised chicken and rice.

"Father, which dress should I wear today? How should I tie up my hair? And can I perform another 'Spring is Here' dance before we go?" Amy soon came downstairs with Ugly Duckling in her arms, and she stood at the entrance to the kitchen with a conflicted look on her little face.

Chapter 392: What A Beautiful Little Girl

"You look good wearing anything, but today, I feel like that little purple princess dress will be the best. As for hairstyle, we can go with your favorite twin ponytail." Mag looked at Amy, and shook his head as he said, "But we're going to be eating soon, and after that, we have to tell Jessica and Teacher Luna about the lunch party, so you have to leave the dancing for when we come back. You can perform the dance very well already."

"Alright, I'll listen to whatever Father says. When we get back, Big Sister Miya and Big Sister Aisha would already be here as well, so I can dance with them." Amy's eyes lit up as she nodded in agreement.

"Yes, you can do a final rehearsal when they get here." Mag nodded with a smile. It appeared that Amy took the dance very seriously.

Mag helped her into her purple princess dress before tying her hair up into two adorable ponytails. After breakfast, Mag rode on his bicycle toward Chaos School, along with Amy and a reluctant Ugly Duckling.

His ostentatious bicycle drew a lot of attention as usual. Many people were unable to comprehend how two thin wheels in a line were able to advance with any semblance of stability. To them, it appeared as if there was some sort of invisible force pushing the bicycle from behind.

Mag had no intention of popularising his bicycle anytime soon. It was a good feeling to be the only cyclist on the streets, and it was also very interesting to see all of the envious eyes around him.

He parked the bicycle at the gates of Chaos School. Due to the fact that it was a day off, there was almost no one in the entire school. There was only an occasional teacher or two and a few kids who were kicking a leather ball around.

Mag strode over to the elderly man and the orc at the gates, and smiled as he asked, "I want to see Teacher Luna; is that alright?"

He was quite familiar with the two of them as he was regularly accompanying Amy to school.

Amy held Ugly Duckling in her arms, and wheedled, "We'll only be in there for a tiny little bit. We're here to invite Teacher Luna to a lunch party. Pleeese."

"Alright, but don't spend too long in there. Turn right and walk all the way to the end, and you'll find the female teachers' dormitory. No men are allowed to enter, though, so you'll have to wait outside." The elderly man at the gates was very fond of Amy, and he pointed out the right direction for her.

"Thank you." Mag nodded before making his way into the school with Amy. At the female teachers' dormitory, he asked the dormitory manager to notify Luna that they had come to see her.

When Luna came downstairs to meet them, Amy immediately rushed forward with elation, and looked up at her with anticipation in her eyes as she asked, "Teacher Luna, we're here to invite you to a lunch party today. Do you have time to come?"

"A party?" A hint of surprise and confusion appeared on Luna's face as she caressed Amy's hair, and she turned to Mag for an explanation.

"Hi there, Ms. Luna. I'm hosting a lunch party for Amy and her friends today. Amy could choose whomever she wanted to invite, and you were the first person she thought of. If you have some time today, you can come to have some lunch at my restaurant. There won't be that many people, and most of them will be kids." Mag smiled as he looked at Luna, who was wearing a plain gray dress with a white silk scarf draped over her shoulders. Mag had a very good impression of this kind woman.

"Oh, I see. That sounds great. It's my day off today, and I've got nothing else to do anyway." Luna hesitated momentarily before nodding with a smile.

"Yay! You have to make sure to come on time, Teacher Luna." Amy almost jumped up with joy.

"I will." Luna nodded before turning to Mag, and saying, "Then I'll have to trouble today, Mr. Mag."

"No, no, I'm happy as long as the kids and my guests are happy." Mag smiled as he said, "We'll be taking our leave now. Little Amy still has to go and invite another one of her friends."

"Alright, see you soon, Little Amy." Luna smiled as she patted Amy on the head. She then stroked Ugly Duckling, which was still rather lethargic from bike sickness, and the smile on her face became even more vibrant.

"Bye bye, Teacher Luna." Amy bade her farewell before dragging Mag away.

"Mr. Mag sure is an interesting person." A smile lingered on Luna's face as she looked at the two departing figures, and she only returned to the dormitory after they had disappeared from view.

"Father, Jessica would be really happy to be invited, right?" Amy asked.

"Of course. Jessica will be very happy to receive your invitation. Also, we've prepared a little present for her as well, haven't we?" Mag smiled as he glanced at the bag in the basket, which contained a cream-colored dress.

"We sure did; thank you, Father. Jessica is sure to love this dress. She's always wanted a yellow dress." Amy nodded, and her smile grew even wider.

"But do you still remember where Jessica lives? You'll have to tell me where to go," Mag asked.

"I do; I went to Jessica's place twice. There are many houses there that are built using black stones, and there's a black stone horse outside Jessica's house. Jessica told me that her father made it for her, and she looks really cool when she rides it." Amy was brimming with confidence in her navigation skills.

"That's good. If you like horses, I can buy a real one for you. Of course, you can get a wooden horse as well if you'd like," Mag offered with a smile.

“Really?” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up. However, after some careful contemplation, she still shook her head, and said, “Horses are too big, and Ugly Duckling is too stupid. If we get a real one, Ugly Duckling is going to get bullied, so I’ll just get a wooden horse.”

“Alright, I’ll make you a wooden horse when we get back,” Mag replied with a smile. Even though she was often reprimanding Ugly Duckling, she actually cared for it a lot.

The bicycle carried the two of them along the wide stone-paved streets, and Mag was feeling very carefree and relaxed as the autumn wind brushed over him. All of the buildings on either side of the street were western-style buildings constructed from white stones, and they all looked very lavish.

The center and southern region were the wealthiest places in Chaos City, while the most poverty-stricken residents gathered mostly in the northern region.

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“Warrick, please give me some more time. I’m definitely going to repay all of the money, I beg of you.”

In front of a black stone bungalow, a woman who appeared to be about 30 years of age was desperately begging a young man in a set of golden robes. He had a 2nd-tier knight badge adorned on his chest, and there were six burly men behind him, all of whom were appraising the woman with sinister expressions.

Jessica was shielded behind the woman, and she glowered at the man who was treading on the back of her black stone horse as she clenched her little fists.

“You won’t be able to return my money even if I give you another year. I’ll offer you an option: give me your daughter, and your debt will be waived. I haven’t had such a beautiful little girl for a long time.” Warrick looked at Jessica, and a lustful look appeared in his eyes.

### Chapter 393: That is My Money

“No! I won’t do it! I definitely won’t give Jessica to you!” Rebecca immediately began to back away with a panicked expression upon hearing that. She pressed herself tightly against the wall with Jessica behind her as she stared at Warrick with a wary expression.

She had heard many rumors about Warrick in the past few years. Countless women had fallen prey to him, and all of them had suffered terrible fates. There was even no lack of little girls among his victims.

Not long ago, he had impregnated a 12-year-old girl, only to kick her in the stomach in a drunken tirade, instantly killing both the girl and her unborn baby. That little girl had been given to Warrick by her gambling addict of a father to repay his debts. If Jessica were to fall into his hands...

Rebecca couldn’t imagine what would happen to her. She would rather kill Jessica with her own two hands than let her be taken by Warrick.

The underlings standing behind Warrick began to chuckle with sinister expressions, and their eyes roamed over Rebecca and her daughter without any inhibitions. A widow and her daughter were completely defenseless. Furthermore, the widow was still relatively pleasing to the eye, so she would provide entertainment for them while Warrick took the little girl.

A few people began to emerge from the black bungalows nearby, but all of them merely looked on with numb expressions on their faces. There was no anger, no excitement, nor any hint of emotion in them.

The road was paved with black stones, and it was riddled with potholes. There had been some heavy rainfall in recent times, and those potholes were still filled with rainwater. They blended into the black houses nearby, making them appear as if they were miniature mine pits.

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Mag pushed his bicycle alongside him, and asked Amy, who was sitting on the bicycle seat, a question. "Amy, are you sure this is the right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure Jessica's house is nearby." Amy nodded with an earnest expression.

"Alright, let's keep going, then." Mag nodded with a smile despite the fact that it was the third time that Amy had said that. Even so, what could he do? Little celestial maidens like her were born to be pampered, and he had no choice but to continue onward, avoiding one puddle after another along the way.

After growing accustomed to the lavish Aden Square, it was a bit jarring to suddenly find himself traversing an area inhabited by poverty-stricken residents. Even in Chaos City, there were still many people who lived below the poverty line.

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"That's not something for you to decide. You're obligated by law to pay your debts. If you can't repay your debts, then I'm entitled to take something from you. I don't want anything from your sh\*tty house, but your little girl looks like she's worth a coin or two." Warrick shook his head before continuing, "Do you know how much you owe me? My only flaw is that I'm too kind. I'm a noble 2nd-tier knight, yet I'm extending sympathy toward people like you. That's why you still dare to turn me down even though you're clearly unable to repay your debts."

"My husband passed away in a mining accident last year, and I borrowed 20 gold coins from you to pay for his funeral..." Rebecca clenched her fists, and suppressed her rage and grief.

"20? Heh, it's been two years. With the accumulation of compound interest, you owe me 500 gold coins, and that's already a discounted amount. Do you think your daughter is worth that price? Heck, I'm doing you a favor here! I really am too kind..." Warrick chuckled coldly.

"Yeah, Master Warrick is the kindest person in the world!"

"Only he would be this generous toward you two. If it were me, I'd be taking both of you."

Warrick's underlings all began to chime in, and their coarse laughter sounded like the voice of the devil.

The smile on Warrick's face became more and more vibrant as if he were very pleased with the praise that he was receiving, and he looked at Rebecca, awaiting a response from her.

"H-how could it be 500 gold coins?!" Rebecca stared at Warrick with incredulity in her eyes, and shook her head as she said, "That's impossible! I only borrowed 20 gold coins from you, how has it become 500? You can't do this! I'm going to report you to the city lord's castle!"

“This is the contract that you’ve signed with us two years ago. The contract states a compounding interest rate of 50% per month, so that makes a total of 500 gold coins now. Even if you report me to the city lord’s castle, I’ll still win the case, and the city lord’s castle will force you to hand over your daughter to repay your debt.” Warrick pulled out a contract, cackling in a sinister voice.

Rebecca stared at the contract in Warrick’s hand, listened to his horrid cackling, and felt as if the entire sky was falling upon her. She was completely helpless, and could only press Jessica even more tightly into the wall behind her.

Jessica looked up at Rebecca, who was in a complete panic, and there was fear etched on her little face, but she didn’t cry. She held her mother’s hand tightly with her own little hand, trying to lend her some warmth and support.

Rebecca faltered momentarily before looking down at Jessica, and grabbing her little hand tightly as if she were clutching at a lifejacket. She returned to her senses, and looked at Warrick as she said, “Master Warrick, please give me a little more time. The compensation for my husband’s accident will be given to me soon, and that will definitely be more than 500 gold coins. When that time comes, I’ll repay all of the debt I owe to you, so please let me go, and let Jessica go; she’s only a five-year-old child.”

“You sure are stupid.” Warrick shrugged with a smile before approaching Rebecca. He placed his mouth near her ear, and said, “Governor Woodrow is my uncle, and he told me that the compensation for that mining accident has already been handed down, but you weren’t eligible to receive any. Even if you wait until you die, you’ll never get that money as it doesn’t belong to lowly black rats like you. I’ll be sure to enjoy your daughter. If she can live for a few more years, perhaps she’ll even bear my child.”

“How could this be...” Rebecca’s eyes widened with shock and horror at the sight of Warrick’s sinister expression. Her face was already sickly pale, and it paled even further. All strength seemed to have been drained from her body, leaving her unable to support herself as she slid down slowly along the wall and sat onto the ground, looking as if she had lost her soul.

“I heard you spent a dragon coin on medicine a few days ago. So you have money to buy medicine, but no money to give to me? That’s not right, is it? Aside from this little girl, I’ll be taking the rest of your money as interest.” Warrick waved a hand, and two of his burly underlings began to search Rebecca’s body.

“Don’t touch my mother! You’re all bad people! If my father were here, he’d sent you flying with a single punch!” Jessica rushed out from behind Rebecca, and shielded her instead.

“Then why don’t you get him to come out of his coffin to punch us?”

Everyone burst into laughter. One of the burly underlings tore at the money bag hanging from Rebecca’s waist, causing it to tear open, sending a bunch of gold, silver, and copper coins clattering onto the ground, some of which fell into the nearby puddles.

“Pick those up, you idiots.” Warrick furrowed his brows with displeasure, and his underlings immediately bent over to pick up the coins.

“No! That’s not my money; someone else borrowed it to me, and I have to return it to him...” Rebecca tried to struggle to her feet, but Warrick stomped down firmly upon her shoulder.

He squeezed Jessica's chin between his fingers, and gave her a sinister smirk as he said, "I said it's mine, so it's mine. From this day forth, she also belongs to me."

A gold coin rolled along the ground, and a burly tattooed man rushed along behind it.

The gold coin bumped into a bicycle tyre, and came to a stop.

The burly underling was elated to see that, and he reached for the coin with his hand.

However, just as his hand came into contact with the gold coin, a foot came stomping down with vicious force, crushing his hand into the shards of black stone below.

"That's my money."

A cold voice sounded alongside a loud howl of anguish.

Chapter 394: Are You Challenging Me?

"Who's that?"

The commotion nearby immediately died down as everyone turned to look in Mag's direction. There, they discovered a tall and thin young man pushing some sort of strange two-wheeled cart, with one foot stepping firmly on the burly underling's hand, crushing it into the black stone fragments below.

The burly man who was kneeling on the ground, and howling like a pig about to be slaughtered, created a stark contrast with the calm young man. He appeared to be just an ordinary man, so how was he able to render the burly underling completely unable to defend himself?

\_It's Amy and her father! \_Jessica also saw who it was, and elation welled upon in her heart. However, that elation was then quickly replaced by concern as she thought, No! They shouldn't be here! These bad people are going to hurt them as well; what should I do...

Rebecca was already in complete despair, and was preparing to kill Jessica before killing herself when she also caught sight of the new arrivals. She didn't know who the young man was, but she immediately recognized Amy, and she hurriedly yelled, "Leave us, and get out of here! They're all bad people!"

The nearby onlookers were still spectating with numb expressions as if nothing could evoke an emotional response within them.

"Who are you?" Warrick lifted his foot from Rebecca's shoulder as he sized up Mag with narrowed eyes.

His underlings also strode toward Mag with sinister expressions; some of them had even drawn the sabers on their waists. They didn't know who Mag was, but he was alone, and didn't appear very powerful, so they were confident that they would be able to take care of him.

Mag looked at Rebecca, who was sprawled on the ground, and Jessica, whose chin was being squeezed in Warrick's hand, and he heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing no apparent injuries on their bodies. He then looked up at Warrick, and his grip tightened around the handlebars of his bicycle as a hint of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

He was a pedophile who was extorting a widow, and trying to abduct her daughter.



Someone like him deserved to die!

“Release Jessica at once, you bad man! Otherwise, I’ll teach you a lesson! I, Amy, am super powerful!” Amy stood up on her little seat, and pointed at Warrick with an enraged expression.

“Oh, we’ve got another little beauty here. Looks like my luck is quite good today; I’ll be able to enjoy two little beauties tonight. It’s a pity that she’s a little too young, but whatever, I’ll just keep her for a couple of years.” Warrick turned to look at Amy, upon which his eyes lit up as he licked his lips.

“Boss, we’ll capture her for you!” His underlings roared with laughter as they surrounded Mag.

“Amy, sit tight and be a good girl now. Father will take care of them.” Mag parked his bicycle before stroking Amy’s little head.

“Alright, I’ll be cheering you on, Father! You have to beat these bad people and save Jessica!” Amy was already preparing to unleash her fireball magic, but she immediately sat back down obediently, and nodded with anticipation in her eyes.

Mag nodded, raising the foot that was weighing down firmly on the burly man’s hand, and kicking him viciously in the face.

The kick landed like a sledgehammer blow, completely twisting his flabby face, and sending his massive body of over 100 kg flying through the air before crashing into the oncoming underlings.

Five people were knocked to the ground amid the sound of cracking bones at once.

The cocky underlings, who’d been boasting about capturing Amy just a moment ago, weren’t even able to stand up now, and all of them had suffered broken bones as they howled in agony.

“Wow! Father is so strong!!!” Amy clapped her little hands together with joy. Ugly Duckling had finally recovered somewhat from its bike sickness, and it raised its head to take a glance at what was happening before its head drooped again as if it couldn’t develop an interest in anything.

\_Amy’s father is super powerful. \_Jessica was initially quite concerned, but her eyes immediately widened with incredulity and reverence.

“So... strong.” Rebecca looked at all of the burly men who had been felled by Mag, and her concern for Mag and Amy’s safety also subsided. A hint of hope then welled up in her heart, but she looked at the 2nd-tier knight badge on Warrick’s chest, and her heart constricted once again.

Warrick was a powerful 2nd-tier knight, which was why he had been able to wreak so much havoc in the area without encountering any opposition. No one could resist him, and no powerful knights would grace this godforsaken place with their presence.

A hint of emotion finally appeared on the faces of the onlookers standing outside the black stone houses. They first looked at the howling underlings on the ground, and then at Mag with disbelief in their eyes. They had never seen a scenario like this before, and their blood was beginning to churn in their veins.

“Who are you?” Warrick released Jessica, and laid his hand on his longsword. He took two steps forward and glared at Mag with a grim look.

Even though all of his underlings were just normal people, for Mag to be able to fell all of them with one kick suggested that he was at least comparable in power to a 1st-tier knight.

Warrick was a 2nd-tier knight, so he was definitely far stronger than Mag, but that wasn't what he was concerned about. Instead, he was worried about Mag's identity.

All of the people that lived in this area were relatives of men who had lost their lives in the mines. Without any breadwinners in their families, even survival was quite difficult for them, so there was no way that they would be able to muster any meaningful resistance.

He was the ruler of this place. Here, he could do whatever he wanted.

However, Mag was clearly different from the people he ruled over. His attire suggested that he wasn't from this area, and his combat prowess indicated a potentially sensitive identity. At the very least, he wasn't like these black rats that he could bully without any inhibitions.

"A piece of scum like you doesn't deserve to know my name." Mag snapped a branch off a nearby tree, and pointed it at Warrick's 2nd-tier knight badge as he sneered. "And you don't deserve that badge, either. What kind of knight are you supposed to be?"

"Who the f\*ck do you think you are?! How dare you say I'm not worthy of being a knight!" Warrick instantly flared up in rage, and drew his longsword. His title as a knight had been revoked by the Knight Association the year prior, but he had never told anyone about that. As such, Mag's words really struck a sensitive nerve.

His status as a knight made him feel superior to everyone else, and that was why he always wore his knight badge in public. He derived from it a twisted sense of vain satisfaction.

"I'm here to show you what a real knight should be." Mag's expression was very calm, and his gaze cooled as he looked at Warrick.

"Are you challenging me?" Warrick chuckled coldly with a hint of disdain on his face.

"No, I'm giving you the chance to challenge me." Mag shook his head calmly.

### **Chapter 395: To be a Man**

Everyone had fallen completely silent; even the underlings on the ground had stopped howling. They were all looking up at Mag with a hint of horror in their eyes. Around these parts, no one dared to speak like that to Warrick.

However, this man had just defeated them with a single kick. Could it be that he truly possessed the power to oppose Warrick?

He was challenging Warrick to a duel while wielding a tree branch; what arrogance!

Warrick was a powerful 2nd-tier knight who could easily bring them down with a single finger.

"Father is so cool!" Amy's eyes were glowing as she stared at Mag. She held a ball of fire in one hand and a ball of icy flames in the other, and she was prepared to toss them at any moment.

“Shut up!” Warrick glared at Amy before turning to Mag with a thunderous expression. He had always been the one looking down on others, so Mag’s high and mighty attitude made him furious. He said coldly, “You’re very arrogant.”

“Father, he yelled at me...” Amy pouted at Mag with a pitiable expression. The two balls of fire in her hands gradually rose into the air.

“Don’t worry, Father will make him pay the price for yelling at you.” Mag offered gentle words of consolation. If Amy launched those fireballs, Warrick probably wouldn’t even be able to last a second. However, he didn’t want that to happen. He wanted to protect Amy with his own power.

Mag turned to Warrick, and sneered, “Do you not even have the courage to challenge me?”

“A duel between knights is always a battle to the death.” A cruel smile appeared on Warrick’s face.

“So that’s why you’re scared.” Mag nodded calmly as if he were stating an objective fact.

“You’re asking to be killed, bastard!” Warrick gritted his teeth, and raised his sword to point at Mag as he said, “I, Warrick, challenge you to a duel! Do you dare to accept?”

“A knight issuing a challenge? That’s never happened around these parts!”

“Is that young man going to be able to beat Warrick? Warrick’s a powerful 2nd-tier knight...”

“Boss will definitely win! He’s the most powerful person I’ve ever seen!”

Everyone was cheering on one of the two sides as they looked on with nervous expressions. Never would they have thought that a regular debt-collecting trip would escalate into a duel.

Duels weren’t prohibited in Chaos City, and as long as the duel was consensual on both sides, the Gray Temple and the city lord’s castle wouldn’t press any charges even if one party were killed.

It appeared that this battle was also only going to be decided after one party died.

However, was Mag going to accept the challenge?

Everyone turned to him to gauge his response.

Even though he had just sent five people flying with a single kick, he was holding a flimsy little branch, and wore a set of loose gray robes. In comparison, Warrick wielded a sharp longsword, and wore a set of golden knight robes that were far more suited for battle. It simply appeared to be a complete mismatch.

How was Mag going to battle with a tree branch?

That was the biggest question in everyone’s minds. At the same time, they were sure that Mag would decline the duel. At the very least, he had to go home and grab a good weapon first.

“I accept your duel.” Mag nodded with a smile as he looked at Warrick, and said, “You’re right, this will be a battle to the death.”

“I was going to let you go home and get another weapon, but I’ve changed my mind.” Warrick glared at Mag with a cold expression. He raised his sword, and charged toward Mag as he roared, “Seeing as you’ve accepted my challenge, you can die now!”

He was already very fast, but he was still accelerating, and his power as a 2nd-tier knight was on full display. He gripped his sharp longsword with both hands, and fierce killing intent burned in his eyes.

Warrick wanted to kill Mag, and he was going to do it with one sword strike.

Mag’s arrival had already severely threatened his reign over this area. He had to maintain a paramount invincible image in the hearts of his underlings as well as all of the black rats. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to push them around as he pleased in the future.

As such, Mag had to die, and he had to die in a manner that struck horror into everyone’s hearts!

*He can do it! Amy’s father will definitely beat this bad man!* Jessica, who was held tightly in Rebecca’s arms, clenched her little fists with a nervous expression.

Rebecca had already closed her eyes as she didn’t dare to watch. She really regretted allowing Mag to be swept up in all of this. Jessica had already lost her father, while Amy had lost her mother. If she were to lose her father as well, that would be far too cruel.

*Is he going to die?* All of the onlookers’ eyes widened with indignation, but also a hint of... anticipation.

They were already accustomed to being bullied and having their dignity stomped on to the extent that they felt like it was the normal way of life.

Mag’s arrival had given them hope, but also a hint of discomfort. It was as if he had exposed them to their truly being the black rats that they were constantly denounced as.

As such, if Mag were to die, then everything would return to normal. They could continue to sprawl onto the ground, gasping for breath and fighting for their survival.

*Boss will definitely win!* The lackeys all stared at Warrick with wide eyes that were filled with anticipation while the latter rushed toward Mag with sword in hand.

He was aiming to kill.

In their hearts, Warrick was the epitome of invincibility!

That guy was still rooted to the spot with a tree branch in his hand, and he appeared to have been paralyzed with fear; how could he possibly be a match for Warrick?

Also, how was he supposed to kill anyone with a tree branch?

That was an absolute joke!

Mag held his tree branch in one hand, and stood completely immobile. He looked at the oncoming Warrick, and his eyes narrowed as an expression of rapt focus appeared on his face.

At his current power level, it was indeed a little arrogant of him to accept a challenge from a 2nd-tier knight. Furthermore, revealing his power in public was not wise.

However, some things simply had to be done as a man.

For example, dueling, or for another example, killing.

“How are you going to kill anyone with that little branch? Make sure to buy a good sword in your next life!” Warrick reached Mag in the blink of an eye, and he cackled in a sinister manner, revealing a couple of black front teeth. He raised his longsword high above his head, and brought it down viciously upon Mag.

However, before the longsword had even begun its descent, the smile on Warrick’s face had already stiffened. He looked down with incredulity, only to find that the flimsy tree branch had pierced through his knight badge, protruding out from his back.

“Who told you tree branches can’t kill people? Only weaklings make excuses like that.” Mag shook his head, and scoffed, “You’re not worthy to be a knight, and you don’t deserve that knight badge. Remember this: the man who killed you is Mag Alex, a true knight.”

### **Chapter 396: Stones or People Like Stones**

Warrick’s eyes widened with incredulity as he stared at Mag. His longsword clattered to the ground, and he fell back onto the ground. Blood gushed from his mouth, and he stared intently at Mag. Even following his demise, his eyes were still wide open.

Blood slowly seeped from his body, staining the ground red, and tainting the small puddles nearby.

The scent of blood in the air caused Mag to furrow his brows, and his hand shuddered slightly. Killing someone was not easy, after all.

However, Mag didn’t regret killing Warrick.

He deserved to die for his crimes; besides, he had threatened the most precious thing in Mag’s life.

From the moment that he displayed lust toward Amy, he was already a dead man.

He was telling him as a father that little lolis were born to be spoiled, not to be tainted by disgusting men like him.

“Father is so strong!!!” Amy closed her eyes, but she still clapped her little hands with elation.

“Yes! The bad man is dead! Mother, we’re saved!” Jessica also grabbed onto Rebecca’s hand with joy.

Rebecca’s eyes sprang open upon hearing that, and she was greeted by the sight of Mag standing over Warrick’s dead body. She was momentarily stunned as if she couldn’t believe what she was seeing before tears of joy began to flow down her face.

“B-Boss is dead!”

The underling that had just been kicked by Mag not long ago suddenly howled like a pig being slaughtered before trying to struggle to his feet.

“Run! This man has just committed murder!”

The other lackeys also tried to struggle to their feet despite the pain from their injuries.

In their hearts, Warrick was an invincible man, but he had been killed in the blink of an eye—with a tree branch, no less.

They didn't even see how Warrick had been struck before he died. Just how terrifyingly powerful was this man?

Their minds had been broken by the horror they felt, and all they could think about was running away, and getting as far away from that terrifying man as possible.

Mag looked at the burly lackeys that were preparing to run away, and he asked coldly, "Did I say you could leave?"

The underlings immediately faltered in their steps upon hearing that.

Even Warrick was no match for this man; they didn't dare to run away without his permission!

"Please let us go! We're all good people, but we've been forced by Warrick to do his bidding! It's all Warrick's fault!"

"Please spare us! We'll never do anything like this again! We promise to be good people from now on."

One lackey after another fell to his knees as they sobbed.

All of them began to describe their tragic experiences, saying how they had been forced to do Warrick's bidding despite their strong reluctance.

"I can believe that all of you have been forced to do Warrick's bidding. As for whether you're good people or not? Sorry, but I'm not an idiot." Mag sneered at the sobbing lackeys.

He wasn't going to kill them, as they weren't engaged in a duel, so killing them was illegal, and could bring negative ramifications to him. However, he wasn't going to let them go, as the crimes they had committed were most definitely punishable by death. As such, the best course of action was to let the Gray Temple or the city lord's castle deal with this matter.

...

"Master Brandli, something seems to have happened over there; should we go and have a look?" On a street near the miners' residential area, a Gray Temple member was inspecting a charred black pit in the ground when he heard a commotion erupting nearby, and he turned to Brandli with an inquisitive expression.

Brandli stood up, and asked, "What's going on over there?"

He had received reports of irregular magic waves appearing here, and a house had been burned down, so he had arrived on the scene a while ago.

It appeared that a fire magic spell had been unleashed by a 5th-tier magic caster here. Thankfully, no one had suffered any casualties as a result. The house that had been burned down was only an abandoned one, so it could only count as a 1st-tier incident.

“It appears to be a duel between two knights, which isn’t very noteworthy in itself, but the location is a bit peculiar; the duel took place in the residential area for the families of deceased miners.” An explanation was quickly provided.

“Families of deceased miners?” Brandli contemplated momentarily before nodding as he said, “Let’s go have a look.”

...

“Is Warrick dead?” All of the onlookers had incredulity in their eyes.

A hunched old man picked up a rock, and strode over slowly. His wrinkly face had a reddish-black complexion as if the color of the mines had seeped into his skin. He looked down at Warrick’s corpse, and there was intense hatred in his eyes.

One person after another emerged from the black bungalows, and they also made their way over to the dead body.

Most of them were elderly people or women, and there were even some children. Their numb facades finally crumbled, revealing burning hatred and resentment underneath.

All of them gripped the rocks they had picked up tightly in their hands, and strode forward silently.

A hint of surprise appeared on Mag’s face at the sight of the advancing masses, and he hesitated momentarily before retreating back to his bicycle.

“Father, you were so awesome there. What are they doing with those rocks, though?” Amy was a little perplexed by the sight of everyone converging together.

“They’re taking revenge.” Mag covered Amy’s ears and eyes with his hands, and looked on with a grave expression as everyone converged toward Warrick and his lackeys.

“Mother?” Jessica was also a little confused as she looked up at Rebecca.

“Don’t look, Jessica! You’re not the same as them! You’re going to become the best seamstress in Chaos City; you still have hopes and dreams!” Rebecca held Jessica tightly in her arms, and clamped her hands over her ears.

“Splat!”

One rock was hurled after another, sending blood splattering through the air as howls of agony erupted.

All of the rocks were soon stained with blood.

That blood belonged to both Warrick’s corpse and his underlings.

Emotions finally appeared on their numb faces, and they seemed to have found a hint of release as well as hope to continue living.

A hunched old man tore off one of Warrick’s ears with his teeth, and chewed on it a few times before swallowing. He was then forced out by the crowd, and fell to his knees as he roared to the heavens.

“Somani, my poor daughter; I’ve avenged you! I’ve avenged you, my daughter!”

His sobbing cries seemed to be contagious, and many more roars of pain and despair soon followed as people vented their hatred and frustration.

“What are you all doing?! Hurry up and disperse! Governor Woodrow is here! Do you all want to be detained?!”

Right at that moment, a loud voice erupted along with the sound of blades being drawn.

### **Chapter 397: Who Do You Think You Are?**

The frenzied masses were dispersed by the saber-wielding soldiers, revealing a few dead bodies that were nothing more than mangled masses of flesh and blood. In particular, Warrick’s body was completely unrecognizable. In fact, it had been reduced to such a state that it was impossible to identify it as a human body at all.

Blood stained everyone’s hands and clothes, and there were still rocks firmly held in all of their hands.

Even after being forced back by the soldiers, the residents didn’t back away very far.

They looked at the bodies on the ground, the saber-wielding soldier’s, and the fat middle-aged man in silence. That man was Governor Woodrow.

“M-my Warrick!” Woodrow strode forward, and even though he couldn’t identify the corpse on the ground, he could still recognize the golden bloodstained robes and the knight badge that had been stomped into the ground. His face immediately paled, and the rolls of fat on his body trembled as his outstretched hands faltered in mid-air. He took a few deep breaths, and his face was slowly twisted with rage as he glowered at everyone around him. He gritted his teeth, and roared, “Who?! Who killed my Warrick?!”

The bloodstained people around him continued to look at him in silence. However, they were not fearful on this occasion, and they didn’t even put down the rocks in their hands.

Deathly silence ensued.

Mag looked at the obese Woodrow, and deduced that he was most likely Warrick’s backer. He was likely the one who had supported Warrick, allowing him to commit all those heinous crimes.

As for whether he benefited from Warrick’s crimes, that was something that Mag didn’t know. However, the people that had perished and been oppressed because of him were no less than those that had fallen victim to Warrick.

He wasn’t the one committing the crimes, but he was the true mastermind.

“It was me!” Just as Mag was about to step forward, the old man from before looked at Woodrow with gritted teeth, and roared, “I killed him, and I ate one of his ears! It’s in my stomach right now; do you want to slice me open to have a look?”



Woodrow's lips quivered at the sight of the bloodstained old man with traces of raw flesh between his teeth, and he roared, "How can an old bastard like you be able to kill Warrick?! But you dare to eat one of his ears? Capture him at once, slice off his ears, and send him to the Bastie Prison!"

"I worked in the mines for my entire life, and my two sons died there three years ago. Our family gave everything to Chaos City's crystal mines, but this filthy low-life raped my daughter-in-law and even my six-year-old granddaughter! My daughter-in-law killed my granddaughter and hung herself! Where's the justice?! I've lived until this day just so I can have a chance to kill Warrick with my own two hands! I want to eat his flesh, drink his blood, and chew his bones into dust!" The old man glowered at Woodrow with bloodshot eyes, and pointed at him as he roared with all his might, "Governor? You're just a piece of sh\*t! You're going to suffer retribution for what you've done!"

"Capture him and make him shut up!" Woodrow was trembling with rage as two of his soldiers stepped forward with sabers in hand.

"I'll be waiting for you down below! Warrick is dead, and you're going to die too! I'll be waiting for you!" The old man took one last glance at Mag before ramming his head against a wall, upon which he abruptly fell dead.

Woodrow stared at the old man's dead body, and he instinctively took a couple of steps backward. The hair on the back of his neck stood on ends as the old man's parting words reverberated in his mind.

Warrick was death, and he was next?

A hint of panic welled up in his heart.

Woodrow forcibly suppressed the panic in his heart before glowering at the people gathered around him. "Who killed Warrick?! If you're going to hide the culprit, then I'll lock all of you up in the Bastie Prison! You'll be tortured there for the rest of your lives!"

"It was me! He took my little sister away, and I found her in a lake three days later. She seemed to be really cold, but she couldn't even speak to me. I buried her, and then I killed him!" A young boy who was as thin as a beanpole stepped forward. He only appeared to be around 11 or 12 years of age, but his calm and cold expression belied his age.

"It was me! I gouged out his eyes, just like how he had gouged out my mother's eyes..."

One person after another stepped forward, all of them clambering to take responsibility for killing Warrick.

*Looks like I shouldn't have let him die such a quick and painless death.* Mag looked at the body of the old man on the ground, and sighed internally as rage welled up in his heart.

He knew that even in Chaos City, there was a dark underbelly. Even in a modern society with law enforcement, there were always places that light couldn't shine upon, and this city was no exception.

However, he had never imagined that such atrocities were taking place so close to him. This residential area wasn't even all that far away from the grandeur of the Aden Square, but in comparison, it was like a living hell.

The scum that he had just killed and the ones that were backing him really did deserve to die.

Woodrow looked at all of the people walking toward him, and he discovered that the vulnerable black rats seemed to have all gone insane. They didn't even appear to fear death anymore.

Right at that moment, a thin young man standing next to Woodrow pointed at Mag, and yelled, "Governor, it was him! He must have been the one who killed Master Warrick! No matter how many of these black rats there are, there's no way that they could be a match for Master Warrick! Otherwise, they wouldn't have waited until today to attack him."

Woodrow immediately turned to Mag, upon which a surprised expression appeared on his face. That man clearly didn't belong to this place, and it was very likely that he was the culprit behind Warrick's death. With that in mind, he waved a hand, and commanded, "Detain him at once!"

"He was the one who challenged me, and was killed during our duel. According to Chaos City laws, you don't have the right to detain me." Mag looked at Woodrow calmly, and said, "Besides, you should be worrying about yourself. After committing so many heinous crimes, I'm sure you'll die an even more terrible death than him."

Woodrow looked at Mag, and suddenly burst into raucous laughter. He laughed until tears welled up in his eyes, upon which his smile receded, and he pointed at the mangled body on the ground with gritted teeth as he said, "I have no son, and Warrick has been under my care ever since he was five years old. I've raised him like a son, and he was going to inherit everything I own. But you killed him, and you even mutilated his corpse to such an extent. I'm going to kill you and feed that little girl to dogs! I'm going to make you suffer the pain that you've put me through! All of these black rats will be locked up in the Bastie Prison for life! In this place, I am the king! No one can go against my wishes! Who the hell do you think you are?"

### **Chapter 398: We're Innocent**

Everyone instantly fell silent upon hearing that. They looked at Woodrow, then at the saber-wielding soldier's, and a hint of fear gradually surfaced in their eyes. The rocks in their hands clattered to the ground as they turned to look at Mag.

He was the one who had killed Warrick, and taken revenge for everyone. Would he also be able to prevent everyone from being locked up in the Bastie Prison? There was a hint of hope in their hearts, but it was far outweighed by despair.

No matter how powerful Mag was, there was no way that he would be able to defend himself from so many soldiers. He couldn't even save himself, let alone everyone else.

*What do I do? What do I do? Amy and her father are in trouble because of us...* Rebecca was scrambling for a way to save Amy and Mag.

"Father, are these bad people? They're wearing uniforms from the city lord's castle, so how can they be bad people?" Amy peeked through the gaps between Mag's fingers, and looked at Woodrow in confusion.

"That's right. That is a bad person in a good person's clothes, so he's even worse than the average bad person." Mag picked Amy up from her seat, and held her in his arms. He looked at the soldiers that were

converging upon him, and heaved an internal sigh. It appeared that the Gray Temple and the city lord's castle were still very far away from creating the equal and peaceful society that they dreamed of.

There were quite a few 1st-tier knights among the soldiers, and even though they were weaker than Warrick, there were many of them, and they were from the city lord's castle, so their identities were rather special.

Of course, that certainly didn't mean Mag was going to surrender and allow himself to be captured. However, if he wanted to get out of this sticky situation, then getting Amy to attack was the simplest method.

He had already taken a risk by fighting Warrick earlier on, and he didn't want to display any more of his power.

Right at that moment, a grave voice sounded nearby. "There is no king in Chaos City; only law and order. Woodrow, you seem to have forgotten who you are and what your duty is."

"Who's there?" Woodrow's heart jolted slightly in shock, and he turned around just as the soldiers parted to create a path between them. A thunderously enraged Brandli was revealed, along with a dozen or so other investigators from the Gray Temple.

"Master Brandli!" Woodrow's expression changed as a hint of panic flashed through his eyes. However, he quickly calmed himself down, and rushed forward with a grief-stricken expression as he said, "Master Brandli, thank heavens you're here! An extremely violent and heinous crime just took place here! That vicious man killed my nephew and his guards in an extremely horrendous manner. My nephew is like a son to me, but I can't even identify his body anymore! I was blinded by my rage, and said something out of line, for which I apologize, but I must avenge my nephew and his guards! That man and these riotous residents must be captured!"

The families of the miners were all elated upon seeing Brandli, but their expressions twisted with rage once again upon hearing Woodrow's words. It appeared that this Brandli was the same type of scum as Woodrow.

Brandli looked at the severely mutilated bodies on the ground, and his expression became extremely grave. How could such a horrendous crime have taken place in broad daylight?

What was even more surprising to him was that the people standing around the dead bodies were all elderly people, children, and women. All of them were as thin as sticks, and there were countless bloodstained rocks littered around them. All of them were staring at Woodrow and himself as if they wanted to rip them apart with their bare hands. What could possibly enrage these vulnerable people to such an extent that they would commit murder on the streets?

The investigators from the Gray Temple were also quite surprised. The investigation into the arson earlier had been a fruitless one, but this event that they had stumbled upon was far more significant than the case they were investigating just now.

"Master Brandli, six people have died in total, one of which may be a 2nd-tier knight. This is a 3rd-tier incident!" A Gray Temple investigator quickly delivered a report.

Brandli nodded, and turned to the culprits that Woodrow had been pointing to, wondering what kind of heinous people they were.

Right at that moment, a mellow voice sounded. "Grandpa Blah Blah, are you here to arrest these bad people? They're all really bad, so you should hurry and capture them!"

Brandli faltered momentarily upon hearing that, turning in the voice's direction, only to discover Mag with Amy in his arms, surrounded by soldiers. A surprised look appeared on his face as he asked, "Mag, Amy, why are you two here?"

An ominous feeling suddenly welled up in Woodrow's heart, and he gulped nervously as he asked, "Master Brandli, do you know them?"

*Does Amy's father know this official?* Rebecca was also very surprised. She felt as if she had unwittingly climbed into an emotional rollercoaster.

A hint of hope appeared in the eyes of the miners' relatives again. Perhaps this man really could save them.

"Unfortunately, we might be the murder culprits that he was referring to. Of course, I disagree. That is a false accusation in my opinion." Mag shrugged as he looked at Brandli. Grandpa Blah Blah was the nickname Amy had invented for Brandli as that was what his name sounded like to her, and he couldn't help but want to burst into laughter whenever he heard it.

"We're innocent." Amy shrugged as she splayed her little hands out before her.

Brandli looked at the mangled bodies on the ground, and then looked at Mag and Amy, who didn't even have a single drop of blood on their bodies. It was impossible to imagine that they could have been the culprits.

Of course, the main factor that contributed toward Brandli's trust in Mag was his identity and reputation. He was the owner of an insanely popular restaurant, and his four-year-old daughter was already a 3rd-tier magic caster who had two 10th-tier magic casters as her masters. Mag was a hero who had struck down the culprit in a 4th-tier incident, and a man who dared to fight off vicious werewolves with his chef's knife to protect his customers. There was no way a man like him would commit murder for no reason on the streets, especially not in front of his daughter.

"He's a restaurant owner in the Aden Square. Woodrow, tell me what happened here." Brandli turned to Woodrow with a serious expression.

He couldn't just declare Mag and his daughter innocent based on his personal judgment alone, but their identities were very special. Apparently, the conference between the dragons and the demons was going to be held at Mamy Restaurant tonight, so he had to quickly and accurately assess this case. If the two of them were not at fault, then they had to be absolved as quickly as possible. Otherwise, the conference could be affected, which could result in catastrophic consequences.

Chapter 399: Why Are You So Flustered?

Woodrow's expression was a little uncertain. Brandli's sudden arrival had completely ruined his plans, and to make matters even worse, the former was familiar with the man who had killed his nephew. No matter what happened, he had to kill that man as soon as possible, both to avenge Warrick, and to prevent him from acting as a witness against his crimes.

Woodrow stepped forward, and tried to take the initiative. "Master Brandli, I don't know what kind of relationship you share with his murderer, but we have sufficient evidence that he was the one who committed the crime, so we have to arrest him along with these riotous citizens for interrogation. This is a case for our city lord's castle, so I trust that the Gray Temple won't intervene, right?"

Brandli's brows furrowed slightly as he turned to look at Woodrow. Judging from his reaction, Brandli was almost certain that there was some fishy business going on. However, he was using the city lord's castle's backing against him, and it was quite difficult to ignore.

The victims in the crime here were people from the city lord's castle, so according to the regulations, the Gray Temple really shouldn't be stepping in.

"You're lying! Grandpa Blah Blah, he's a really bad man!" Amy was quite angry as she said, "That bad man wanted to bully Jessica and her mother, and then he wanted to kill Father, and that was why Father killed him. He also did bad things to many other people here!"

Woodrow glared at Amy, and roared, "Shut up! A stupid brat like you has no right to spout nonsense here!"

"Father, I'm scared." Amy immediately hid her head into Mag's chest.

"Don't worry, I'm here." Mag stroked Amy's back in a comforting gesture, and turned to Woodrow with a mocking sneer as he said, "A pure child like my daughter isn't allowed to speak the truth, but a fat piece of sh\*t like you is allowed to say whatever he wants? Just because you're obese doesn't mean the whole world revolves around you! You only managed to get so fat by extorting all of these poor people here. Do you not have any conscience?"

"You!!" Woodrow pointed at Mag, and the rolls of fat all over his body quivered with rage. No one had ever dared to insult him like this before.

Brandli was also quite surprised as he looked at Mag. Who would have thought that the benevolent and amicable Mag would have such a sharp tongue?

He hesitated momentarily, and wasn't in a hurry to say anything. He didn't know what had happened to lead up to this crime, and he had to gather more information before deciding whether it was appropriate for the Gray Temple to intervene.

However, no matter what Woodrow said, he couldn't allow Mag and Amy to come to any harm. Otherwise, Chaos City would have to face the wrath of two 10th-tier magic casters, and that would be a true calamity. As such, he whispered into the ear of one of the investigators, upon which the latter nodded, and quickly departed.

"You call these riotous citizens? You've withheld their compensation, and all of them are starving! These are 'riotous citizens' consisting of elderly people over 60, women, and children below 14. These are 'riotous citizens' who have lost the breadwinners in their families, yet still have to suffer humiliation

every single day. You rape the women here for your pleasure, and even five-year-old girls are unable to escape that cruel fate. They're just trying to struggle to get by, and yet you still insist on stomping them into the ground. These are the riotous citizens that you're referring to." Mag's smile grew colder and colder as he spoke. He looked at Woodrow and his soldiers, and interrogated, "Are they not supposed to be angry? Do they deserve to live like this? Think about all of the miners who gave their lives for the sake of constructing Chaos City; how are they supposed to rest in the afterlife, knowing that their families are suffering such horrendous treatment?"

The soldiers slowly lowered their heads, and also unconsciously lowered their sabers. Their eyes were downcast, and they didn't dare to look at Mag.

A sobbing erupted within the crowd.

The young boy who had just calmly recounted how he had found his sister in a lake before burying her finally burst into tears as he collapsed on the ground.

An old woman hugged a girl who was missing a hand tightly to her chest, and she tried to suppress the sound of her sobs.

A woman with hideous scars on her face stared blankly at Mag as tears streamed down her face.

"This..." Brandli looked around him, and he felt as if his heart had completely constricted. If what Mag had said was true, then just how long had these poor people endured such inhumane treatment?

The city lord's castle sent these people compensation every month in order to ensure their survival, but it was clear that they hadn't received any of that money. So where had it gone?

Just how much hatred could spark an uprising consisting of women, elderly, and children, and make them mutilate those bodies in such a brutal manner?

The broken sobs and the soldiers who were hanging their heads in shame told Brandli all that he needed to know. He slowly clenched his fists; he could feel burning rage coursing through his veins.

A panicked expression appeared on Woodrow's face as he yelled at the top of his lungs, "Bullsh\*t! That's all bullsh\*t! Detain them! Detain these people at once!"

The soldiers looked at each other; all of them were a little hesitant.

Woodrow kicked a soldier beside him to the ground, and roared, "I'm the governor, so you have to do what I say! Are you guys trying to revolt?!"

All of the soldiers were still quite reluctant, but they raised their sabers upon hearing that, and made their way hesitantly toward Mag and the relatives of the deceased miners.

Everyone from the Gray Temple knew what was going on upon seeing that. They all stood around Mag before drawing their longswords and wands.

"Why are you so flustered, Governor?" Mag's rage continued to build as he listened to all of the sobs around him, and he looked at Woodrow with a mocking sneer as he said, "You don't have to use the city lord's castle to intimidate us; truth be told, I've already met the city lord himself. On top of that, he's going to hold the conference between the dragons and the demons at my restaurant tonight. If you'd

like to plead your case, you can come over tonight and talk to the city lord. I'm sure he'll be very interested to hear what you have to say.

"But before that, I suggest you listen to these people around you first. Think about all of the heinous crimes you've committed! Think about all of the horrendous things that your bastard of a nephew has done!" Mag turned toward the relatives of the deceased miners, and his voice took a gentle turn as he said, "I know that retelling your past events is a painful experience for all of you, but please tell us your stories. Master Brandli and the Gray Temple will uphold justice for all of you, so let these scum receive the retribution they deserve."

Woodrow pointed at Mag, and roared, "Kill him!"

Right at that moment, Brandli, who had been silent for a long while, stepped forward. He brandished a black badge, and declared, "Not on my watch! I am an elder of the Gray Temple, and a 7th-tier magic caster, Brandli! This has now escalated to become a 4th-tier incident, so the Gray Temple will officially be stepping in! Anyone who is unrelated to this case, get back right now!"

#### **Chapter 400: He's A Hero**

Woodrow's face immediately paled at the sight of Brandli's badge. He stumbled back a few steps, and a hint of horror appeared in his eyes.

The soldiers also stopped upon hearing that, and they looked at Brandli and his badge with awe and veneration in their eyes.

A 7th-tier magic caster could kill all of them with ease.

What was even more frightening for them was that the case had been elevated to become a 4th-tier incident. 4th-tier incidents were very serious cases in the Gray Temple, ones that even the city lord's castle couldn't intervene in.

As such, they no longer had the right to do anything aside from awaiting judgment.

All of the relatives of the deceased miners turned to look at Brandli with gratitude and elation in their eyes.

Mag also looked at Brandli with a smile on his face. He was glad that his efforts had not gone to waste.

"Master Brandli, you can't do this! It doesn't follow the rules and regulations. You're falsely adjudging the tier of the incident!" Woodrow was completely desperate. If the case were adjudged to be a 4th-tier incident by the Gray Temple, then a thorough investigation would definitely be launched. In that case, there was no way for him to save himself.

"Woodrow, please don't try to tell me how to do my job. The Gray Temple is responsible for adjudging the tiers of incidents, so you have no right to say anything. Also, this case concerns you as well, so until a verdict is reached, you will be placed under surveillance, and are prohibited to leave your residence." Brandli looked at Woodrow with a serious expression, and two investigators from the Gray Temple stepped forward, one on Woodrow's right, the other on his left.

“I’m an official of the city lord’s castle! I’m the governor! You have no right to restrict my freedom! I’m going to the city lord’s castle! I’m going to see the city lord!” Woodrow turned, and tried to leave.

“Please cooperate with our investigation, or we’ll have to take you in by force.” The two investigators placed their hands on his shoulders with solemn expressions on their faces.

“This is slander! I won’t accept this! I must see the city lord! I must...” Woodrow tried to struggle free from the two investigators.

“There’s no need for you to go to the city lord’s castle. The city lord gives the Gray Temple the right to judge this case. If the allegations prove to be true, then you will not be spared!” Right at that moment, the sound of trotting horse hooves erupted, and Dicus emerged on horseback, looking down on Woodrow as he said, “Woodrow, the city lord’s castle is very disappointed with you.”

Woodrow immediately collapsed to the ground upon hearing that. Cold sweat poured down his face, and his lips quivered as he shook his head vehemently. He pleaded, “No, Master Dicus, you’ve got it all wrong! Please tell the city lord that I’m his most loyal dog, that I’m loyal only to him—”

“The city lord has no interest in owning any dogs.” Dicus cut him off, and got down from his horse as he said to Brandli, “Master Brandli, I’ve been sent here by the city lord to assist the Gray Temple in this investigation.”

“Alright, thank the city lord for his understanding in my stead.” Brandli nodded as he turned to the distraught Brandli. He then looked at all of the relatives of the deceased miners, and urged, “I can ensure all of you that the Gray Temple is completely fair and just when processing cases, so you must take responsibility for your words. We won’t falsely accuse any innocent person, nor will we absolve any culprits, so please trust us.”

The relatives of the deceased miners all looked at Brandli with hesitation in their eyes.

“My name is Ebenezer, and I’m 13 years old. Four years ago, my parents passed away in a mining accident, leaving me and my two-year-old little sister behind...” The young boy from earlier stepped forward first.

His tender voice was greeted by complete silence as everyone listened intently to his story.

Everyone was initially enraged before their expressions turned sympathetic as they looked at the young boy.

“I feel like she’s still looking at me, asking me to catch a butterfly for her...” The young boy looked up, only to discover a small butterfly fluttering above his head, and he hesitated momentarily before extending his hand.

The butterfly flew a few circles around him, and then settled on his fingertip for a moment before spreading its wings, and flying into the sky...

“Don’t worry, child, your little sister’s death won’t be in vain.” Brandli clenched his fists tightly, and fought to maintain a calm voice as he said, “Next.”

An old man stepped forward, and began to tell his story. “My name is Harold, and I’m 65 years old. Four years ago, my son...”



His grief-stricken words were like heavy blows landing on everyone's hearts, striking them with a sense of asphyxiation.

"They're lying! They're..." Woodrow's face paled further and further, and he tried to struggle to his feet.

"Silence!" Brandli roared with a cold expression before issuing a command. "Lock him and all of his soldiers into the Bastie Prison to await further interrogation. Settle all of the families of the deceased miners appropriately, then call them out one by one, and record their stories as evidence. We must uphold justice for them!"

"Yes!" the people from the Gray Temple answered in unison before tying up Woodrow. All of his soldiers were also stripped of their weapons, and herded into a tight bunch.

"Absolute bastards!" Dicus clenched his fists with rage.

"He killed my nephew, and a lot of other people! Didn't you say your Gray Temple wouldn't absolve any culprit? Then detain him!" Woodrow had been bound by rope, but he was still yelling at the top of his lungs.

"It's yet to be confirmed whether Mr. Mag actually killed your nephew or not, but even if he did, he should be lauded as a hero for ridding Chaos City of such scum. He deserves applause and accolades, just like how you deserve to be locked up in prison."

Only then did Dicus notice that Mag and Amy were also at the scene. "Mr. Mag, why are you here?"

"We meet again, Mr. Dicus." Mag was also a little surprised to see him, and he shook his head in a resigned manner as he said, "I'm here with Amy to invite her friend to our lunch party today, and we just so happened to walk in on these crooks. One thing led to another, and this is the result."

Dicus appraised Mag with a solemn expression, and said, "The city lord's castle is very embarrassed with its oversight. At the same time, we must thank you for protecting the citizens here and exposing this dark underbelly. Please rest assured that we will launch a thorough investigation into the matter, and make sure that all of the culprits involved are held accountable."

"I hope so. The city lord's castle should really reflect on this matter. If the law is enforced by an individual, then its existence will be pointless." Mag looked into Dicus' eyes with a serious expression.

"I'll pass that on to the city lord." Dicus nodded.

"This... How could this be... Isn't he just a restaurant owner?" Woodrow looked on with soulless eyes before being dragged away by two guards from the Gray Temple.