

Stay At home 521

Chapter 521 Is Your Master a Sissy?

This is bad! Blour's expression changed drastically as he looked at the oncoming black shield. He materialized a series of magic shields around himself and thrust his wand forward, creating in midair a green longsword that flew toward the round shield.

The green longsword was instantly shattered upon making contact with the shield, and it could only slightly alter the angle of the shield's flight. Thus, it hurtled vertically instead of horizontally toward Blour, violently smashing through the magic shields he had just set up. The shield's momentum was hampered significantly as a result, but it still crashed into Blour's chest.

"Bam!"

A dull thump erupted, and Blour flew back for five or six meters before tumbling down at the entrance to Mamy Restaurant. Part of his chest had caved in, and he threw up a mouthful of blood as his face turned deathly pale.

Anna's sobs immediately cut off as she turned toward Blour with concern in her eyes.

At the same time, Olef strode toward Sally, making the ground tremor and quake with each and every stomp of his feet. He was like a round ball rolling toward Sally, storming forth with even greater power and momentum than the porcupine battle boar.

Sally's expression remained very calm as she swung her wand through the air again. Four intertwining water dragons hurtled toward Olef as she simultaneously skipped off to the side. Her bow appeared in her hand again, this time with five arrows nocked on the bowstring. All five arrows were let loose at once, but each of them was traveling toward Olef from a different angle.

Olef raised a hand, and the black round shield came flying toward him. He caught the shield as if catching a frisbee, and reduced the four water dragons to large splashes of water with a casual swat of the shield. Three of the five arrows were also swatted aside, while the remaining two were easily slapped away using his bare hand, thereby keeping him completely unscathed. The round and maladroit-looking Olef was even faster than Sally, and caught her in the blink of an eye. He didn't unleash any fancy attack or spell; all he did was slam his massive body into Sally's with devastating force. Sally was instantly sent flying as if she had just been run over by a speeding train, and she, too, fell near the restaurant's entrance. Cracks appeared in the ground beneath her as she fell, and she also threw up a mouthful of blood, unable to get up again for the time being.

"I'm actually a businessman, so I respect the choices of my clients. I must express forlorn regret toward your choices, but I'll still grant you your wishes." Olef put away the round shield in his hand, and strode slowly toward the restaurant's entrance as he cackled in a sinister manner.

All of the customers looked away in horror upon seeing that. The terrifying might displayed by Olef was far beyond what they could contend with. Their hearts sided with Blour and Sally, but none of them could do anything in the face of such a fearsome enemy.

"If you kill us, you'll regret it for the rest of your life." Blour chuckled coldly without as much as a hint of fear in his eyes.

“Oh, really now? I’ve never regretted killing anyone, let alone a piggie.” Olef’s laughter became even more boisterous as if he were preparing to do something very exciting

Sally glowered at Olef with killing intent burning in her eyes. She had never wanted to kill anyone so badly in her life, but she was most likely the one that would die by his hands instead. She wondered just how many wandering elves on the Norland Continent had fallen to this heinous demon.

“Don’t touch Big Sister Aisha!”

Right at that moment, a mellow yet enraged voice sounded.

Everyone immediately turned toward the restaurant’s entrance in unison.

Amy stepped forward and appraised Olef with a solemn expression. She raised her wand high above her head, and exclaimed, “Waaah, Queen Amy’s wand, transform!”

Purple light flashed within the purple crystal on the wand, following which a purple staff that was two meters in length appeared in her hands.

There was a purple crystal ball around the size of a fist on the tip of the wand. Purple and golden light flashed within the crystal ball, creating an extremely dazzling display.

“A wand can turn into a staff? Where can I buy a wand like that? It’s so cool!”

“She sure is lucky to have two great magic casters as her masters. Just her wand alone is something that’s unique among magic casters!”

“Will Amy become stronger once her wand transforms into a staff?”

All of the customers’ eyes lit up at the sight of the staff in Amy’s hands. At the same time, they were getting quite curious about her power.

Mag was also looking forward to seeing how much Amy would be able to make use of the oracle stone’s enhancement ability this time. Furthermore, he could already see that Urien was sitting in the lounge chair at the magic potion shop’s entrance, so he knew that everything was under control.

A little half-elf brat? She’s really cute. She should be able to fetch a good price in the Demon Islands’ black market. There are some people who would pay a hefty amount for her. Olef’s eyes instantly lit up as he looked at Amy. He had killed someone in Chaos City today, so he would have to flee the area for a while. If he could take this little brat with him, it would net him quite a bit of profit.

As for the wand in her hand, that was just a kid’s toy, so he didn’t have to worry about anything.

“Boss, that little brat is at least a 4th-tier magic caster; you should be a bit more careful.” Ebenezer had experienced Amy’s power firsthand, and knew that she was far more powerful than she looked.

“A 4th-tier magic caster?” A hint of surprise appeared on Olef’s face. So this little brat was a prodigy? That made her an even more prized target. He could develop her into a powerful subordinate or use her as a hostage for negotiations with the Wind Forest. In any case, she would be a valuable asset.

“Go, Ultimate Ice Fire Bomb!”

Amy looked at Olef with a solemn expression as she pointed her staff at him. Red and white light appeared simultaneously in the oracle stone, and a ball of fire and ice hurtled toward Olef.

All of the customers looked on with wide eyes. Sally and Blour also wore expectant expressions.

“Splutter-“

Olef raised his shield and swatted the Ice Fire Bomb into oblivion as if he had just snuffed out the flame of a candle, resulting in a very anticlimactic finish.

Everyone instantly fell silent upon seeing that. Even though it was unrealistic to expect Amy to defeat such a powerful abyss demon, they were still quite disappointed by the results of this clash.

“Hahaha, little brat, are you still being breastfed? Is you master a sissy? A pitiful little spell like that isn’t going to bring me down.” Olef chortled heartily as he looked at Amy.

Chapter 522 Is It Really That Funny?

Olef was roaring with laughter, and so was Ebenezer.

All of the customers looked at Olef with peculiar expressions on their faces. Some of the customers who were more familiar with Amy turned to look at the old man sitting outside the magic potion shop. These demons really were digging a grave for themselves.

“Is it really that funny?”

A coarse voice that seemed to have originated from the depths of an infernal hell sounded nearby. A bone-chilling aura that was even colder than the wind blowing from the glaciers of the Anglo Alps proliferated through the air.

“Of course! Don’t you find it hilarious, old man?” Ebenezer was on the brink of tears from laughter as he turned to the hunched Urien.

“Master Urien is here!” All of the customers’ eyes lit up, and they all heaved a collective sigh of relief. Seeing as he was here, Blour and Sally were saved. At the same time, they turned to Olef and Ebenezer with a hint of sympathy in their eyes. Insulting Amy’s master in the face of Urien was the very definition of a bad idea.

Blour raised his head to look at Urien. He had always known the identity of the old man who always stood at the front of the savory faction line, but he was still struck by a sense of awe and veneration when seeing such a legendary magic caster reveal his power. At the same time, he, too, heaved a sigh of relief.

Sally looked at Amy, and her heart was filled with warmth. Amy was the first person to step up in her time of peril, and Urien had only appeared because of her.

Olef’s smile instantly stiffened. He could sense the plummeting air temperature and powerful magic aura swirling toward him, and he turned to face Urien with wide, fearful eyes. He then bowed his head in a respectful manner, and said, “I didn’t expect to see you here, Master Urien. These people have

killed brothers of mine, and I'm only here to avenge them. If my actions have disturbed you in any way, I can only ask for your forgiveness."

"U-Urien!" Ebenezer's eyes immediately widened with shock and horror. A series of terrifying legends began to surface in his mind. Regardless of whether it was the genocide of the ogre race or the legendary demons that had died by Urien's hands, all of them served as a reminder of his terrifying power.

"I don't think it's funny at all." Urien shook his head. A burst of icy blue energy shot forth like lightning from beneath his feet, making its way toward Ebenezer before instantly falling upon him.

Ebenezer's massive body was immediately frozen solid, with an expression of shock and horror still lingering on his face. He then crumbled into blocks of ice before shattering into countless tiny frosty shards.

Olef's expression changed drastically at the sight of the pile of icy shards that Ebenezer had been reduced to. His eyes were filled with shock and horror as he recalled the news that he had received from the demon race, which stated that Urien was in Chaos City and it was best to avoid him at all costs. Who would have thought that he would be unlucky enough to encounter him? Despite those harrowing thoughts running through his mind, Olef still forced himself to calm down as he said, "That bastard deserved to die for showing disrespect to you, Master Urien! Please forgive us..."

"Little Amy, are you alright?" Urien completely ignored Olef, and made his way toward Amy with a gentle expression.

"I'm fine, Master Urien." Amy was initially a little disappointed that her spell had been completely ineffective against the enemy, but her eyes lit up again at the sight of Urien freezing Ebenezer solid. She pointed Olef with elation, and said, "But he said you and Master Krassu are sissies! He said my weak spells can't hurt him; is that true?"

M-Master! And Krassu as well?! Olef stared at Amy with incredulity in his eyes. He suddenly recalled a letter that he had received from his brethren, warning him against messing with the disciple of Urien and Krassu. A restaurant had also been mentioned in the letter, but he had brushed off that detail, regarding it as trivial. However, thinking back to it now, it appeared that the restaurant mentioned was none other than this Mamy Restaurant!

A chill ran down Olef's spine as he thought back to what he had said. He could already envision himself suffering the same fate as Ebenezer. It would clearly be impossible to escape from Urien. As for resisting? That would be the best way to die even more quickly.

"I think sissy is a good term to describe Krassu." Urien chuckled, but as he turned to Olef, his smile grew colder, and he said, "However, the magic you learned is not weak. It should have no problems taking care of a fat little pig like him. Now then, try the Ice Soul Lotus spell that I taught you today on him."

Urien raised his hand in Olef's direction, upon which the black shield in his grasp suddenly crashed to the ground as if it were an infinitely heavy object. It was then entirely covered in ice and frost.

“Master Urien, I bear no ill will toward you or your disciple. This is all a misunderstanding. Us abyss demons have always revered you. Chief Warsy is my uncle; please do him a favor and spare my pitiful life.” Olef didn’t attempt to pick up his fallen shield. Instead, he was pleading for his life with a desperate expression full of horror. He was filled with remorse over the fact that he had plunged himself into such a perilous situation just for an elderly piggie.

“If I were you, I’d be contemplating how to survive the ‘weak’ attack that’s going to be directed at you next.” Urien appraised Olef with a cold expression.

“Alright!” Amy nodded with a serious expression as she turned to Olef. She pointed her staff toward the demon, and began to chant a spell that she was not very familiar with yet.

Dazzling silver light began to converge toward the purple and golden ball on the tip of her staff. Purple and golden light also began to wreak havoc within the oracle stone, creating a brilliant spectacle.

Olef was still looking at Urien with a wary expression, and didn’t pay much attention to Amy. A spell unleashed by a 4th-tier magic caster was something that he could defend himself from with ease even with his bare hands. After all, Urien had only prevented him from using his black shield, but had not sealed away any of his power.

The surrounding bystanders were of the same opinion. The fact that four-year-old Amy was capable of unleashing an intermediate spell was already enough to shock the entire Norland Continent. However, it was clearly still quite unrealistic to expect her to bring down an 8th-tier Olef.

“Ice Soul Lotus, sweep away all impurities, go!” Amy chanted as she waved the staff in her hand toward Olef. A glittering and translucent ice lotus flower then emerged from within the dazzling silver light. It suddenly disappeared before reappearing right in front of Olef.

Chapter 523 Please Give Me a Blueberry Ice Cream

The Ice Soul Lotus was like the most intricate artistic masterpiece. The transparent ice crystals reflected the dazzling silver light, and instantly appeared above Olef before silently blossoming. As the Ice Soul Lotus blossomed, countless wisps of ice were suddenly projected downward from above in an area with a diameter of around two meters. Olef was forcibly encapsulated within that area, and the Ice Soul Lotus exploded at the same time. The lotus flower petals transformed into sharp blades which converged toward Olef. Each and every petal shimmered with an icy cold light, and there were several dozens of those petals.

“How could this be?!” Olef’s attention was immediately wrenched away from Urien. As a melee tank, he didn’t carry any magic barriers or anything of that nature. However, as the countless wisps of ice fell, he could already sense that his mobility had been restricted, and the lotus petal blades presented an even more potent threat than Blour and Sally had. This spell had already exceeded the boundaries of a 7th-tier spell; it was at least infinitely approaching a spell unleashed by an 8th-tier magic caster.

If he had had his black shield, he would have been absolutely confident in his ability to ward off all of the blades of ice. After all, defense was his forte. However, his shield had been sealed in ice by Urien, and his mobility had been restricted. In the face of the countless oncoming blades of ice, he could only evade in a small area and use his bare hands to defend himself.

“What powerful magic waves! The oracle stone must have enhanced the power of her spell by an extreme degree!” Blour also looked on in complete disbelief. He had thought that Amy’s limit was a 4th-tier spell, but he could clearly sense that her Ice Soul Lotus could pose an absolute threat even to him, thereby making the true upper limit of her power a mystery.

The oracle stone is only triggered randomly, but that works to intimidate the enemy as it presents a potential underlying hazard. However, this is not Amy’s true power. Mag had to remind himself of this in order not to get swept up in unrealistic expectations.

The ferociously spinning blades of ice flew toward Olef from all directions. Olef’s body was quite fat and burly, but his movements were extremely agile. He lashed out with his two large hands, shattering all of the blades of ice that came into contact with his palms.

However, there were simply too many blades for him to deal with, and no matter how fast he was, he couldn’t take care of all of them.

One of the blades sliced across his back, piercing through his thick leather armor and sending a pillar of blood gushing into the air.

Almost at the exact same moment, one blade after another pierced through Olef’s armor, leaving a series of wounds on his body. There were also some blades of ice that exploded within his body, leaving behind ghastly wounds, and instantly reducing it to a mass of blood and mangled flesh.

“Thud!”

The blades of ice disappeared, and a thick layer of ice appeared on the ground. Olef’s entire body was stained with blood as he fell to his knees. His entire body had been severely ravaged, and he supported himself with his hands as he stared at Amy. He was still in disbelief that such a little girl could be capable of unleashing such a terrifying spell.

“Amy won!”

The customers were all completely stunned by what they were seeing. The demon who had defeated Blour and Sally with ease was now kneeling in front of Amy, and Amy had reduced him to this state through her own power, not by relying on Urien. Everyone felt as if this world had gone insane!

“That’s so powerful!” Even Amy was stunned by the power of her own spell. She faltered momentarily before putting on a serious expression as she said, “You big baddie, do you see how strong I am now? I, Amy, am super fierce!” Following a brief stunned silence, everyone burst into raucous laughter. No one had anticipated this result, and they felt as if they had just witnessed a miracle.

“Grandpa...” Anna fell onto Joshua’s chest again, and sobbed with heartbreak and despair.

“We’re from the Gray Temple! Everyone, make way!” Right at that moment, a loud voice erupted as Barzel arrived on the scene with several Gray Temple investigators.

The surrounding bystanders separated to create a path for them. Due to the fact that the incident had taken place right when a transition was taking place in the patrol shift, the Gray Temple personnel were quite late to the scene, and the battle had already concluded.

Barzel looked with a grave expression at the bloodstained Olef kneeling on the ground, and then turned his attention to the wounded Blour and Sally, as well as the dead bodies of the demons and orcs strewn on the ground nearby. Such brutal homicide taking place in the Aden Square was enough to be treated as a 4th-tier incident.

He looked at the shards of ice on the ground, then at Urien and Amy, and he knew that the two of them were clearly somehow related to this incident. That gave him quite a headache. Things always became really complicated when those two were involved.

“Mr. Barzel, this is what happened...” Mag made his way over to Barzel, and gave an account of the recent events. Sally had killed most of the orcs and demons present, so he had to clarify that they deserved to die. Otherwise, Sally would most definitely be condemned and charged for murder. Only through doing that could he minimize the impact of the incident, as well as ensure that as little attention was drawn to her as possible.

“Hunting parties for elves?” Barzel looked at Anna, who was still sobbing over Joshua’s body, and then at Blour and Sally before nodding as he said, “This is an extremely serious incident, so those two elves will need to come with me for an interrogation along with that demon.”

“I have no objection to coming with you, but I hope you can send troops to search for their base located five kilometers north of Chaos City as quickly as possible. There are still many of our elven brethren held captive there, and now that these guys have died, they’re very likely going to make an escape. In that case, it would be a disaster for our brethren regardless of whether they’re killed or transported elsewhere. I do not want to see such a tragedy repeat itself.” Blour struggled to his feet and turned a sympathetic gaze toward Anna.

Barzel looked at the heartbroken Anna, and hesitated momentarily before nodding as he said, “I’ll be sure to report this to my superiors. The Gray Temple is responsible for maintaining safety and order within and around Chaos City, and we stand firm against all unlawful activity in that area.”

Blour nodded before making his way over to Anna. He squatted down in front of her, and looked into her eyes as he said, “Anna, my name is Blour, and I’ll be taking care of you from this day forth. Is that ok?”

“No, I want my grandpa, I only want my grandpa...” Anna shook her head as she pressed her face tightly against Joshua’s chest. She had already cried herself hoarse.

Blour stood up and turned to Mag as he said, “Mr. Mag, please give me a blueberry ice cream. Also, I’ll have to trouble you to look after Anna tonight. I have to go and kill all of those bastards.”

Chapter 524 The Feeling of Having Two Daughters

The porcupine battle boar that Lulu had been engaged in a fierce battle with was reduced to shards of ice by a single glance from Urien. The severely wounded Olef was detained along with Blour, Sally, Lulu, and Xixi. As for Urien and Amy, they were unanimously championed as heroes by all of the onlookers, so they were not taken into custody.

The personnel from the Gray Temple quickly cleaned up the scene and carried away all of the dead bodies. All of the onlookers also dispersed, leaving two investigators standing next to Joshua and Anna

with complex expressions. They were at a loss for what to do with the dead elf and his grieving granddaughter.

After such a tragic event, Mag closed down the restaurant for the night.

“Father, Big Sister Aisha will be fine, right?” Amy turned to Mag with a concerned expression. Yabemiya was also appraising Mag with a worrisome look.

“Don’t worry, she did a good deed, so she’ll definitely be fine. She’s just going to the Gray Temple to clarify the situation.” Mag nodded in response. He could tell that Blour was no ordinary elf, and they weren’t at fault anyway, so he didn’t have to worry about them. His main priority was Little Anna. Blour had asked him to look after her in his stead during his absence.

Amy’s gaze fell on Anna before she turned to look up at Mag. “I feel so sorry for that big sister. We should go help her.”

Mag walked into the restaurant, and quickly returned with a blueberry ice cream in his hands. He led Amy over to Anna before squatting down in front of her.

“Don’t cry, Big Sister. I’m Amy, and this is my father. Your grandfather has become a star; he’s gone to a better place. Can you let us look after you?” Amy wore a genuine expression on her little face as she consoled Anna in a mellow voice.

Anna slowly raised her head upon hearing that. She looked at Amy and Mag with her red and swollen eyes, and tears continued to flow down her cheeks.

“Don’t cry, Big Sister. Your grandfather has become a star. Father says my mother lives on the moon. They’re both in the sky, so they won’t be lonely up there.” Amy stepped forward and gently wiped the tears from Anna’s eyes.

“Really?” Anna looked at Amy with a hesitant expression.

“Of course. Father would never lie to me.” Amy nodded firmly. She then pointed up to the moon, and said, “Look, there’s a new star next to the moon; I didn’t see it last night. It must be your grandfather. He didn’t leave you; he’s still looking at you from up in the sky.”

“Grandpa...” Anna looked at the bright star that Amy was pointing to, and her eyes gradually lit up.

“That’s right. Your grandfather told you that he was going to become a star. He wouldn’t lie to you. These two are going to take him away now and bury him so his soul can completely transform into a star. That way, he’ll be able to stay with you forever in the night sky.” Mag also offered consolation in a gentle voice. Even though he was lying, if a lie like this could give a child like her a happier childhood, then he was willing to tell a lie.

“Really...?” Anna looked at Mag, and then down at Joshua. She seemed to be quite hesitant and conflicted.

“Yes. Father wouldn’t lie.” Amy nodded firmly.

“Maybe you can bid a final farewell to your grandfather. Remember what he told you: become a free and kind-hearted elf,” Mag encouraged.

Anna was silent for a moment before rising to her feet and bowing to Joshua in farewell. "Goodbye, Grandpa. I'll talk to you every night from now on."

Mag stood up and turned to the two Gray Temple investigators as he said, "Take him away and find a good burial site for him, please. Please notify me of the burial location after the event, I'll issue the required fees."

"Alright." The two of them nodded gratefully before carrying Joshua onto a horse-drawn carriage, which soon departed.

Anna looked on all the way until the carriage had disappeared into the distance. Tears began to shimmer in her eyes as if she were going to cry again.

"This is the blueberry ice cream that you like. Your grandfather must have wanted to take you here again for another ice cream, right?" Mag handed over the blueberry ice cream with a smile.

Anna looked at the ice cream with a hesitant expression, and didn't accept it.

"The ice cream is super delicious; I really like it too. You should take it, Big Sister." Amy offered encouragement, and as she did so, she couldn't help but lick her lips at the sight of the ice cream in Mag's hand.

Anna grappled with an internal conflict for a moment before carefully accepting the ice cream that was being offered to her. A cool and refreshing sensation wafted toward her, and tears began to flow down her face again as she took her first lick.

"It's a little cold outside, so let's go sit in the restaurant. Amy can sleep with you tonight." Mag was feeling quite sympathetic toward Anna. Both her parents had passed away, and her grandpa was also gone. She had no relatives left in this world.

Anna nodded gently, and Amy held onto her hand before leading her into the restaurant.

Boss really is a good person, Yabemiya thought to herself.

After entering the restaurant, Mag went into the kitchen, and cooked Amy and Anna a Yangzhou fried rice each. After eating an ice cream and a Yangzhou fried rice, Anna's mood improved significantly. There was still no smile on her face, but she wasn't crying anymore, and she was reciprocating Amy's attempts to make conversation with her.

After finishing the fried rice, Mag took the two little girls upstairs to tuck them into bed.

"Ugly Duckling, you'll have to sleep on the floor tonight. Big Sister Anna will take your place today." Amy appraised Ugly Duckling with a serious expression as it tried to clamber up onto her bed.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy with a pitiable expression. It rolled onto its back, then sidled up to Amy's leg, and rubbed its little head against her foot.

Anna's eyes lit up at the sight of Ugly Duckling. She had found the orange kitten adorable when she was eating her fried rice, and she was struck by the urge to hold it.

"Wheedling won't do any good." Amy remained resolute in her stance.

“Meow-” Ugly Duckling was immediately deflated, and it turned to Anna with a beseeching look.

“Um... Can we let it sleep on the bed as well? It looks so miserable.” Anna mustered up the courage to speak up after a brief hesitation.

“Alright, then. Seeing as Big Sister Anna is speaking up for you, I’ll let you sleep on the bed.” Amy nodded slightly reluctantly as she looked at Ugly Duckling.

“Meow-” Ugly Duckling immediately gave an elated cry, and a smile also appeared on Anna’s face.

“Alright, all three of you should go to bed now.” Mag tucked the three of them in with a smile on his face. Ugly Duckling was nestled between the two little girls, and as he looked at the three little heads poking out from under the blanket, Mag was suddenly struck by the feeling that he had two daughters.

Chapter 525 Sargerias, I’ve Got Business For You

“Can I ask you to save the elves held captive in the underground cellar?” Anna turned to Mag with a beseeching look in her bright eyes.

“Hmm?” Mag was just preparing to tell the two little girls a bedtime story, and he was taken aback by her request.

“All of them have been locked in cages in the dark and dank underground cellar. They don’t have any food or water, and Grandpa said that they’ll die if they’re not rescued.” Anna looked at Mag with a sympathetic expression, and tears were shimmering in her eyes again.

“That’s so sad; please save them, Father.” Amy was also pleading with her bright eyes opened wide.

Mag felt as if his heart were melting at the sight of the adorable wheedling elven duo. A rush of blood flowed into his head as a result. Those elf traffickers should die horrible deaths for their heinous crimes!

There were still many elves being tormented in the dark underground cellar, and he didn’t know how long it would take for the Gray Temple to deploy personnel to search for that base. If those traffickers caught wind of their leader’s death, and fled the base with all of their elven prisoners, then that would be a tragedy. The memory of Joshua’s death was still fresh in his mind. Even an elderly elf like him had the courage to rescue his brethren-even if it meant risking his life in the process.

After coming into this world, Mag was burdened by the pressure arising from the existence of enemies that Mag Alex had made. In the face of such fearsome foes, Mag could only hide his heroic side and prioritize his and Amy’s safety above all else. As a result, he had forgotten what it felt like to be a hot-blooded justice warrior. He had unintentionally become more selfish, and refrained from engaging in activities that would endanger himself and Amy.

As he looked into Amy’s and Anna’s clear and pure eyes, a hint of shame welled up in his heart.

He had been avoiding this topic with Anna as he didn’t want her to be sad. However, there was also another subconscious underlying reason, and that was that he didn’t want to know too much about this matter, as he would feel guilty for not doing anything if he were to glean more details.

He seemed to have already forgotten what kind of person he was.

He wasn't Shen Mag, as Shen Mag was always straightforward with his words and actions, and occasionally had a hot-blooded side to himself as well. He had a sharp tongue, but most of the time, his words rang true and cut straight to the point. Those restaurants closed down not because of his sharp tongue, but instead due to the fact that they really had problems.

He wasn't Mag Alex, either, as Alex always let his sword do the talking. If he encountered anything he didn't like, he would let his sword sort it out.

Those who had fallen by his blade included evil knights, man-eating demons, and evil dragons that attacked villages. If he heard about any injustice in this world, he would immediately arrive on the scene. All of the evildoers that others couldn't kill were slain by himself or his purple-striped griffin.

But now, he had placed himself under a crippling set of shackles. He had lost his pure heart and hot-blooded attitude. In the process, he had also lost the qualities of courage and sacrifice that were imperative for a knight, thus becoming the kind of person that he'd once detested.

This is not the type of father that Amy likes, is it? If I always think about running away in the face of problems, how am I going to become a good father and support a family? A series of questions flashed through Mag's mind, and he was suddenly enlightened. His eyes lit up as he thought to himself, Perhaps it's time I made some changes...

Mag turned to Anna after making up his mind, and asked, "Anna, do you know where that place is? If I asked you to take us there, would you be able to find it?"

"Yes, I remember where it is. Grandpa told me that we can get there by going north from Chaos City, then we go along a river..." Anna immediately sat up and began to give a serious reply.

"Alright, then let's go and save them." Anna was clearly fit to be their navigator, so finding the base wouldn't be an issue.

"Really?" Anna's eyes immediately lit up with excitement as she looked at Mag.

"I knew Father would agree! Father is a true hero!" Amy also sat up and looked at Mag with elation.

Meanwhile, Ugly Duckling looked around with a confused expression. It had fallen asleep as soon as it had been tucked in, so it had no idea what was going on.

"You two stay upstairs for now; I'll go make some preparations." Mag was quite elated at the sight of Amy's joyful smile and sparkling eyes. He turned to go downstairs as he murmured to himself, "There are some leftover dough and braised meat from the dinner service tonight..."

Half an hour later, Mag emerged from the restaurant with his bicycle. Amy had changed into her magician robes, and was helped into the basket at the front of the bicycle by Mag. Anna had also been fitted into a set of blue magician robes, and she was seated on the backseat of the bicycle with a curious face and a large lunchbox in her hands.

"Let's go!" Amy yelled with elation as she raised her hands high into the air.

Mag smiled as the bicycle began to gather speed.

Anna was initially quite curious, and had her eyes wide open until she looked down at the bicycle tire below her. She was petrified by the sight of such a fast-moving vehicle being supported by just two wheels, and closed her eyes tightly as she latched onto Mag's clothes.

In contrast, Amy was riding the bicycle in the basket for the first time, and was giggling with joy. "Don't be scared. This is a bicycle; it won't fall over." Mag could feel the clothes tightening abruptly around his midsection, so he offered gentle words of comfort.

Anna was somewhat soothed by Mag's words, and she found the ride to be quite stable. She could feel the refreshing autumn breeze blowing on her face and hear Amy's joyful laughter. After a brief hesitation, she slowly opened her eyes to find the nearby trees quickly being left behind. It was an experience similar to riding a horse, but it was a lot more stable. This was quite a strange feeling, and she still insisted on clutching onto Mag's clothes tightly.

The bicycle passed through the Chaos City streets, leaving behind dumbstruck bypassers, of which there weren't very many, as it was already late in the night.

Mag parked the bicycle in a courtyard located in the northern part of the city before helping Amy and Anna down onto the ground.

"Father, aren't we going to save the elves? Why did we come here?" Amy was quite perplexed.

Anna was also looking at Mag with a puzzled expression, but she didn't say anything.

"We need some helpers." Mag brandished the lunchbox in his hand before striding over to the door. He knocked on the door, and yelled, "Sargeras, I've got some business for you."

Chapter 526 Let's Go, Burning Legion!

"Boss Mag!" The door opened, and Mond's bleary eyes immediately snapped alert at the sight of Mag. He abruptly turned, and yelled into the yard, "Boss, Boss Mag is here!"

"D-demon!" Anna took a couple of steps backward in fear and almost fell over.

"Don't be scared, Big Sister Anna. Bald Head No. 2 isn't a baddie." Amy hurriedly supported Anna and offered words of comfort.

"How could you be so careless, Mond! You're scaring the kids! Is that something that we lava demons should be doing?" Sargeras emerged with a stern expression. However, that was soon replaced by a smile as he turned to Mag, and said, "Hello, Boss Mag and Amy, why have you come here this late in the night?"

He then turned to Anna with a bashful smile, revealing rows of pristine and even teeth as he said, "Hello, little girl. Mond isn't a bad guy. He's not too handsome, but you don't have to be scared of him."

Kiel and the others also made their way to the entrance. All of them looked outside with curious expressions, but they refrained from approaching Mag's trio upon seeing Anna's fearful expression.

However, the bald, burly, and intimidating Sargeras wasn't any more likable than Mond, so his words didn't soothe Angus's fears. Instead, she sidled up even closer to Amy, and looked on with fear at Mag

and Sargerass. The ones that had been hunting them down this entire time were demons, so why had Mag taken her to a den of demons? Was he trying to sell her?

“Don’t be scared. They may be demons, but they’re not bad people. There are good demons out there.” Mag offered gentle words of comfort to the fearful and wary Anna.

“Not bad people?” Anna looked into Mag’s genuine eyes, then into Sargerass’ eyes. Her grandfather had once taught her how to identify whether someone was good or bad, and he had told her that one’s eyes couldn’t lie. She couldn’t see any ill intent in Sargerass’ eyes, so he was indeed different from the demons that had tried to hunt them down.

“Big Bald Head isn’t a baddie. He even helped us beat up baddies in the past. He may be very ugly, but he’s surprisingly a good person.” Amy nodded to support Mag’s words. “Er, am I supposed to feel good about that...?” Sargerass’ expression was a little peculiar. In any case, he was already used to Amy’s unintentionally sharp tongue, so he turned to Mag as he asked, “Do you need us to do something for you, Boss Mag? Feel free to tell us if you’re experiencing any difficulties. We’ll definitely help you to the best of our abilities.”

Mond and the others all nodded in agreement. Their eyes were filled with benevolence and even a hint of fanaticism as they looked at Mag.

“I do indeed have something that I need your help with.” Mag nodded in response. He passed the lunchbox in his hand to Sargerass, and said, “We’re trying to save some elves who have been captured by a demon hunting party. This is your reimbursement.”

“Boss Mag, there’s no need for reimbursement when employing our services. Are you looking down on our Burning Legion? We can’t accept this...” Sargerass shook his head and tried to reject Mag’s lunchbox, but his words suddenly cut off as he caught a whiff of the contents inside. “Is that the scent of the holy roujiamo?”

“That’s right, there are roujimos inside.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Oh!” All of the lava demons’ eyes immediately lit up upon hearing that, and they turned to stare at the lunchbox in unison.

“That’s... Boss Mag, you’re far too kind. You didn’t have to.” Even though that was what Sargerass was saying, he had already taken the lunchbox from Mag and was hugging it tightly to his chest. He then said solemnly, “Boss Mag, your enemy is the enemy of our Burning Legion!” “That’s right! We’ll f*ck them up!” the lava demons chimed in.

“Then I’ll have to trouble you tonight.” Mag smiled and nodded.

“Let’s go, Burning Legion!” Sargerass yelled as he raised the lunchbox high above his head.

“For the holy roujiamo!” All of the demons chanted in unison, waking up all of their neighbors in the process.

Mag wanted to bury his face in his palm. They clearly had a badass name, “Burning Legion”, so why did they insist on chanting such an embarrassing slogan? These demons really were quite adorable in their own unique way.

“For the holy roujiamo?” Anna was also looking at the lava demons with a surprised expression. She didn’t know what Mag had just given them to prompt such a vehement reaction, but it appeared that he really did have no intention of selling her. Instead, he had managed to convince these demons to fight other demons with them; that was quite extraordinary to her.

“Don’t you guys want to eat some before we go?” Mag tried his best to suppress his laughter as he turned to Sargerass.

“No need. We’ll have some when we begin the initial charge. Roujiamos can significantly enhance our combat prowess, and it’s quite dark, so we can use the lava flames activated to light our way forward.” Sargerass shook his head with a bashful smile as he asked, “Boss Mag, where are those bastards right now? We’ll go kill them!”

“Only Anna knows their location, so we’ll be coming with you. Let’s set off right away.” Mag helped Amy and Anna back onto the bicycle, and looked back at Sargerass with a smile as he asked, “You’ll be able to keep up, right?”

“Don’t worry about us, Boss Mag. We’ll slow down to match your pace,” Sargerass replied confidently.

“We’ll see about that.” Mag shook his head with a mysterious smile. He then began to pedal his bicycle, and it shot forth like an arrow.

“Holy f*ck! What’s Boss Mag riding?” Sargerass’ eyes widened as he tucked the lunchbox under his armpit. He then picked up the foldable chair beside him, and yelled, “Let’s go!”

It took Sargerass and the others quite a while to arrive after Mag had parked his bicycle at the northern city gates. They weren’t extremely out of breath, but it clearly hadn’t been a leisurely jog for them, either.

“Boss Mag, what’s that thing that you’re riding? How could it be so fast?” Sargerass was staring at Mag in disbelief. He didn’t think that Mag could beat them in a contest of speed.

“This is a bicycle.” Mag smiled in response. His physical condition was better than even that of the most professional cyclists in his past life. When riding a top-grade professional bicycle like this one, his top speed could easily exceed 100 km/h, so he held a significant advantage when traveling over flat terrain. However, he wasn’t going to waste time on such explanations. He got onto his bicycle again, and said, “Let’s keep going. If we get there too late, they might have left already.”

After making their way out of the city, the road began to become bumpier. Under Anna’s guidance, Mag quickly abandoned his bicycle and continued on foot. Soon, an abandoned village appeared up ahead.

“Boss Mag, is that the place?” Sargerass wore a very excited expression as he handed out roujiamos to his companions.

Chapter 527 I’m Very Disappointed in You

“Hurry up! Gather together all of the piggies that can fetch a good price and prepare to transport them through the underground passageway. Kill the rest and don’t leave any behind!” Within a large courtyard, Terry was hurling instructions. He forced himself to maintain a calm and collected expression, but there was undisguisable panic in his eyes.

He was originally already supposed to be on his way to the Demon Islands. However, Olef suddenly received news earlier in the day that the location of their base had been exposed. Thus, Terry was told to remain behind in order to deal with any potential changes that could arise. Meanwhile, Ebenezer led a group to hunt down that old elf and the little brat before Olef also departed.

Terry had just been told by a subordinate that something had happened to Olef and the others, and that someone could be on their way to raid their base very soon.

Olef was the leader and supporting pillar of their entire hunting party. Ebenezer was more powerful than Terry too, so the loss of those two struck a heavy blow to their party.

However, these circumstances also made him the most powerful and high-ranked being in the entire hunting party. As such, there was a hint of excitement intermingled with his panic and horror. If he could take over the rest of their subordinates, and then sell off all of their piggies, he would become the true leader of the hunting party.

In the underground cellar, demons and orcs held flaming torches as they tugged violently on the hair of the elves. The young and elderly elves were split up, and if any of them moved even slightly too slow, they would be struck by a whip or kicked to the ground.

However, the elves maintained an eerie silence. Their expressions were blank and dead, and they would only utter light groans even when they were struck by whips. There was no light in their eyes at all, and it was as if they were a horde of zombies.

Don't blame me for not going to save you, Boss. You can only blame your own terrible luck. I'll be sure to sell off all of these piggies for you, and I'll also look after your hunting party in your stead. Terry rested his hands on the banister as he looked at his subordinates and the elves down below. His heart rate was accelerating, and there was a hint of a demented flush on his face.

"Big baddies! Hurry up and surrender! Otherwise, we're going to come in!"

Right at that moment, a tender voice sounded from outside.

"Hmm? What was that?" Terry asked with furrowed brows.

"Master Terry, there's a human with two piggies outside, yelling in front of our gates. One of the piggies seems to be that little brat that came with the old elf earlier today!" An orc quickly delivered a report.

"How many people do they have?" Terry asked.

"Just three; there's no one else," the orc replied.

"Is there anything special about that human?" Terry asked.

"Not really. He looks just like a normal human, and he's not even carrying a weapon." The orc shook his head in response.

"Hehe, little piggie, I was thinking about going to find you, but who would have thought that you'd deliver yourself to me? I'm going to kill all of you to avenge Boss Olef!" A sinister smile appeared on Terry's face as he quickly strode over to the gates of the courtyard. He then turned to the orc and demons guards, and commanded, "Open the gates!"

Mag's trio was situated over 10 meters away from the gates. Amy turned to look up at Mag with a perplexed expression. "Father, they're not too scared to open the gates, are they?"

Anna looked at the large courtyard before her, and was struck by a hint of fear and sorrow. She and her grandfather had come here this afternoon, thus resulting in them being hunted by those demons and orcs.

"They could be." Mag looked on with narrowed eyes. These guys were most likely on high alert and in the process of transferring their forces elsewhere. This abandoned village was very secluded and difficult to find. With only a rough direction as a guide, it would most likely take a very long time before the Gray Temple could find this place.

"Little brats, who gave you the courage to come here to your deaths?" The gates were opened, and Terry strode out from within, followed by a few orcs and demons who were carrying flaming torches. All of them had their eyes fixed on the two little girls accompanying Mag.

"Liang Jingru[1]." Mag nodded with a serious expression.

Hmm? Terry raised an eyebrow as he looked at Mag with narrowed eyes. Who's Liang Jingru? Is she a powerful being from the human race? They had to have some powerful backers. Otherwise, why would this guy try to raid their base with these two little girls?

"We're here to save the elves. If I were you, I'd release all of the elves in captivity as quickly as possible. Maybe we'll consider sparing your lives and offering all of you to the Gray Temple then." Mag voice carried an undertone of warning as he spoke.

"That's right, big baddie. You should all hurry up and surrender! Otherwise, I won't spare you!" Amy nodded with a serious expression.

Terry burst into laughter upon hearing that. He looked at Mag with a sinister smile, and said, "Do you think I'm an idiot? All you're doing is offering yourselves up as a midnight snack for me. Those two little piggies should fetch a high price in the Demon Islands' black market."

"Lu Xun[2] once said, people always like to use their shortcomings to attack others in an attempt to divert attention away from those shortcomings." Mag looked at Terry, and sighed as he said, "Look at your fat pig head. What gives you the confidence to name elves piggies? If we had to find a pig here, you'd be the one that bears the most resemblance to one."

"You... !" Terry's eyes widened with rage, while the orcs and demons beside him struggled to suppress their laughter.

Father is so amazing! Amy looked up at Mag with reverence and admiration in her eyes. She discovered for the first time that her father was also very crafty with his words.

A smile also appeared on Anna's face, and her nerves were soothed significantly. That demon really did look like a pig. With that image in mind, he wasn't all that scary to look at.

"Damn you, human! I'm going to kill you!" Terry roared as he transformed into a berserking magic boar. He absolutely detested others referring to him as a pig; that was the most scathing insult to him. His

eyes immediately turned red, and two massive tusks sprouted from his mouth as he charged toward Mag's trio.

"I'm very disappointed in you." Mag shook his head before raising a hand as he yelled, "Burning Legion!"
"Attack!"

Sarger's booming voice erupted.

"For the holy roujiamo!"

A loud and synchronized chant sounded as a bunch of flaming lava demons rushed out from the nearby forest. All of them were holding a roujiamo, currently in the process of stuffing them into their mouths.

Sarger led the way from the front, wielding his foldable chair in one hand and holding the remaining half of his roujiamo in the other. He came crashing down like a flaming meteorite, and swung his chair violently toward Terry's head.

[1] Liang Jingru is a Malaysian Chinese pop singer with a popular song named "Courage".

[2] An extremely iconic Chinese writer, essayist, poet, and literary critic.

Chapter 528 All-in-on Service

The foldable chair was the most powerful of the 10 most dangerous weapons in this world. Mag had always been of that opinion. Using a folding chair in battle presented a combination of unbridled power, as well as technical and aesthetic prowess. Sarger was worthy of being referred to as the premiere chair-wielder in the world.

As such, he couldn't help but nod in appreciation and approval at the sight of the chair slamming into Terry's face, which was twisted with shock and horror, sending him crashing into a wall.

The rest of the lava demons instantly destroyed the remaining orcs and demons. A crushing victory was secured in a very short span of time.

"Wow!" Anna's eyes widened as she looked in awe at the lava demons. The demons and orcs that had appeared to be so terrifying to her were so pitifully weak in the face of the flaming lava demons.

In contrast, the terrifying lava demons suddenly became quite adorable in her eyes after she witnessed them vanquish the accursed demons and orcs. Thus, the fear that she harbored toward them in her heart completely disappeared.

Amy's father is so awesome. He can recruit the help of so many demons just by using food. All he has to do is stand and watch. Anna turned to look at Mag with reverence in her eyes.

Sarger swatted aside a few demons who were trying to close the gate with his foldable chair. He then plucked Terry up from the ground and tossed him in front of Mag. He stomped a foot on Terry's back, and said, "Boss Mag, what do you want done to him?"

Terry had been slapped so hard by the foldable chair that his head no longer even felt like his own. Even though his combat prowess was slightly lacking, he was still a 7th-tier demon. He had only ever suffered this feeling of being beaten so convincingly and comprehensively when he had sparred with Olef.

“Lava demons!” After returning to his senses, Terry finally managed to identify their assailants.

The lava demons had once been a legendary subspecies of the demon race. They were very powerful, and possessed extraordinary flame-manipulation abilities. They used to be one of the top three subspecies of the demon race, and even though they had been on a constant decline since then, he had to admit that lava demons were close to invincible among beings of the same rank.

There were so many lava demons present, and what was even more incredible was that all of them followed the orders of a human!

“Don’t kill me! I was forced into this by Olef. I actually feel really sorry for those elves as well...” Terry turned to Mag with a panicked expression, wondering what Mag’s identity was.

“Knock him out, then throw him in a sack. The Gray Temple will take care of him.” Mag couldn’t be bothered to listen to Terry’s lies.

“Thump!” Terry’s voice was abruptly cut off following a dull thud. Sargeras picked up his foldable chair and looked at Mag with a bashful smile as he said, “Boss Mag, there are still a few of those bastards inside. We’ll take care of them first before you come in.”

“Alright, thank you for your efforts.” Mag nodded with a smile before glancing down at the motionless Terry. Sargeras hadn’t held back at all with that blow to the head, so he didn’t even know if Terry was still alive.

Sargeras led the lava demons and charged into courtyard, cleaning up the rest of the demons and orcs. All of them were knocked out and thrown into rucksacks with ease, and soon, a large pile of rucksacks had been gathered at the center of the courtyard.

“What’s going on up there? You two, hurry up and go have a look!”

The commotion in the courtyard soon reached the ears of those in the underground cellar, and one of the demons barked some nervous instructions at his subordinates. He was aware of the situation, and knew that if the Gray Temple really had discovered their base, then no one would be able to escape.

“Is someone here to save us?”

The elves who were being treated like animals had also heard the commotion up above, and a hint of hope lit up in their soulless eyes.

“What’s going on over there?”

Several kilometers away, there were many people searching for the base of the hunting party. Blour was among them, and he suddenly raised his head as he turned in the northwestern direction. He could see dazzling flames erupting in that direction, along with the sound of explosions and combat. Those details were particularly clear in the dark and silent night.

He had only been detained in the Gray Temple for a short while before Yngwie came to bail him out. There was an abundance of evidence and witnesses, so Blour and Sally were quickly deemed innocent. As such, they were both released on the scene.

Blour requested that the Gray Temple send out a team to find the base in which the elves were being held captive. As an elven ambassador, Yngwie could speed up the process significantly, and following some brief medical treatment, Blour and Sally accompanied a team of Gray Temple investigators to search for the base.

However, the location that Joshua had disclosed prior to his death was far from specific. The area five kilometers to the north of Chaos City was extremely vast, and finding a base in that area was like searching for a needle in a haystack. Even Blour was gradually beginning to lose confidence, wondering if they would be able to find the base before the orcs and demons had evacuated.

“That place is also within the range of our searching scope. We should go there right away.” Sally had already begun to rush toward that direction.

“I hope that’s actually the right place.” Blour also quickly followed her lead. He was very anxious. If that fire had been intentionally lit by the demons and orcs to burn down their base, then they would have most likely already evacuated the scene.

“Follow them!” Brandli of the Gray Temple issued a command to the rest of the investigators. Elf trafficking was a practice that Chaos City stood firmly against. Elves were very important to both the Gray Temple and Chaos City, so they took this incident very seriously, particularly as it had taken place so close to Chaos City.

“Father, can I go and help?” Amy was very eager to join in on the battle.

“Boss Mag, everyone in the courtyard has been taken care of. The rest of them should be hiding underground; would you like to come down with us?” Sargeris asked with a smile.

“Yes, yes, yes! We’ll come with you!” Amy immediately raised her hand in response.

“Alright, then, we’ll have a look as well.” Mag nodded. He gently held onto the hand of Anna, who was gripping the hem of his shirt with a nervous expression. He grabbed onto Amy’s hand with his other hand, and led the two of them into the courtyard.

There was a huge pile of sealed rucksacks in the courtyard, and an occasional groan of pain could be heard coming from within them. Mag was stunned by the Burning Legion’s efficiency.

From battle to capture and packaging, the Burning Legion provided an all-in-one service that was both reliable and fast.

Thus, their group continued on toward the underground cellar. Sargeris walked at the forefront, and the flames on his body lit up the inky black underground passageway. Amy held her wand and followed him with excitement shimmering in her eyes. Mag walked behind Amy with Anna’s hand in his, carefully surveying their surroundings.

“S-stop! If you keep going, I’m going to kill all of them!”

Right at that moment, a trembling voice sounded from within the underground cellar.

Chapter 529 You Deserve a Brick

There were two flaming torches lit in the depths of the inky black underground cellar. A stickily thin demon with a black horn on his forehead and a pair of dark green eyes was holding a little elf girl hostage. There was a sharp bone blade protruding from his hand, resting on the little girl's throat. A thin red line had already been drawn on her skin as the demon looked at Mag's group with a twisted expression.

There were about a dozen or so weapon-wielding orcs and demons behind him, and all of them wore expressions of shock and horror. They didn't know what had happened above the ground, but the fact that these people were able to make it into the underground cellar indicated that their brothers up there had most likely already been wiped out.

What was even more terrifying to them was that their enemies were being led by a lava demon, followed by a human and two little piggies. Behind them was a horde of even more lava demons.

The most powerful being among them was a 5th-tier Zweig, but he clearly stood no chance against these assailants if they had already taken out the 7th-tier Terry. As such, they could only hope to turn the tables by using the piggies they had captured.

All of the elves who had been imprisoned and tortured for an extended period of time turned to look at the approaching party. They were feeling quite fearful at the sight of the flaming lava demons. If they were to be rescued only to fall into the hands of a group of even more terrifying demons, then that would further compound their nightmare.

However, they then quickly noticed a little half-elf behind the lava demons, upon which their eyes immediately lit up. Her purple magician robes looked very lavish and regal, and even though she was only a half-elf, her intricate features and pointy little ears bore a strong resemblance to those of a true elf.

Of course, that wasn't the important point. What was worthy of note was that a half-elf little girl had appeared here. Could it be that these people really were here to rescue them?

The heinous demons and orcs who had tortured them like animals were now trembling in fear; that was something that the elves had never seen before.

However, they were still being held by these demons, and sharp weapons rested on their vitals. If a conflict were to arise, they didn't know how many of them would lose their lives.

Even so, they weren't fearful of death. In comparison with being tortured in this dark underground cellar, then becoming lowly slaves deprived of their freedom, death was a sought-after release. At the very least, they could see a glimmer of hope up ahead. If their deaths could buy the freedom of their brethren, then they were willing to pay that price.

Mag was holding a cuboid object in his hand. He looked at the eyes that were shimmering with renewed hope in the underground cellar, and a heavy expression appeared on his face. The passageway was lined with cages that were less than a meter tall. Some of the elderly elves confined in those cages could only curl up into balls due to the cramped space.

The air carried a musty scent as well as an extremely foul odor. The tattered clothes on the elves' bodies were covered with all types of filth, and it was very difficult to imagine how the predominantly

mysophobic elves had survived in such conditions, and how they were able to withstand the physical and psychological torture of their confinement.

Rage began to ignite in Mag's heart. Even though the elven race was one of the masterminds engineering Mag Alex's downfall three years ago, Mag had a good impression of the vast majority of elves. It could be said that they were Amy's half-brethren, and they predominantly loved peace and nature. They were one of the most amicable races on the Norland Continent, but they were being treated like lowly animals!

Sarger's eyes were also burning with fury. He was a demon himself, but the lava demon race would never stoop to oppressing the weak. However, these demons were clearly different from them. They had no moral compass to guide their actions, and had no qualms about imprisoning and humiliating these elves.

The main issue was that those elves were being held hostage, and their lives could be taken at a whim. The lava demons could easily crush these orcs and demons, but they weren't confident in their ability to save all of the elves, so they didn't dare to act rashly.

Zweig heaved an internal sigh of relief at the sight of a wary Sarger. He could sense that this lava demon was the most powerful of the lot, and was most likely the leader of the group. Seeing as he cared about the safety of these piggies, he could use them as bargaining chips to ensure their own safety, as well as perhaps other things, like riches and resources.

With that in mind, a smile appeared on Zweig's face, and a hint of confidence welled up in his heart. He looked at Sarger, and yelled, "You had better not try anything funny if you want to save these piggies. Otherwise, my blade will slice through her neck in an instant! You only have one choice now, and that's to -".

"All of you baddies should die!"

Right at that moment, a mellow voice sounded.

Amy glowered at Zweig as she stood behind Sarger. Her staff had already appeared in her hands, and purple and golden light was crackling like lightning in the oracle stone.

"Heh." Zweig gave a disdainful chuckle at the sight of Amy. He didn't pay any heed to her. A little piggie like her clearly posed no threat to him, so all he had to do was to focus his attention on Sarger and the other lava demons.

"Ice Soul Lotus, ice seal domain!" Amy pointed her staff at Zweig, and dazzling white light appeared. A glittering and translucent lotus flower emerged before appearing directly above Zweig in the blink of an eye. The air temperature in the entire underground cellar instantly dropped over 10 degrees. The ice lotus hovered above Zweig and his companions, and a layer of frost appeared over their bodies. All of them were immobilized as if time had been stopped.

The smile on Zweig's face stiffened, and an expression of shock and horror appeared in his eyes. The bone blade in his hand trembled slightly as he attempted to free himself from this immobilization effect.

However, right at that moment, a red cuboid object suddenly flew through the air before striking Zweig in the face with unerring accuracy.

Blood splattered in the air, and Zweig's body fell back uncontrollably. The bone blade resting on the little elf girl's neck was also hurled aside as a result, and he thumped to the ground with wide eyes. Even in the split second before he fell unconscious, he was still unable to figure out just what that red cuboid stone was.

"Burning Legion, kill them!" Sargeris faltered momentarily upon seeing that before immediately charging forward while brandishing his foldable chair. One demon or orc was felled after another with each swing of his chair, and all of them were subdued in the blink of an eye. Not a single elf was harmed during the process.

"You deserve a brick." Mag stepped forward and picked up the red cuboid object, which turned out to be a red brick

Chapter 530 You're Free

"It's here!" Blour and Sally arrived at the large courtyard. There were large footprints as well as signs of explosions and battle that could be seen in the courtyard. Magic waves and a scorching aura remained in the air, clearly indicating that a fierce battle had just taken place.

Blour and Sally both wore wary expressions. They were still unsure of whether there were more powerful demons in this hunting party, and from the signs of the battle, it appeared that the ones who had stormed the courtyard were no less powerful than they were. They weren't sure if this third party were friend or foe, so they had to be careful.

The two of them slowly approached the courtyard with their wands clenched tightly in their hands, ready to unleash spells at a moment's notice.

"Whoosh!"

Blour unleashed a flare spell, and a white ball of light exploded, lighting up the entire courtyard.

"Huh? What's this?"

Blour and Sally had already prepared themselves for battle, only to be stumped by the sight of rucksacks strewn throughout the yard. The large rucksacks were clearly all full, and an occasional groan could be heard coming from within them.

"Why do I get a familiar feeling from this place?" Sally's brows furrowed with confusion. The battle here had just concluded not long ago, and nothing remained aside from these rucksacks.

Blour opened a few rucksacks to check their contents, and his brows also furrowed with confusion.

"There are demons and orcs in here! These guys should be members of the hunting party, but they've been knocked out. Who could have done this?"

"Tie them all up first, then see if there are any other places that they can hide. They can't have gone too far, and we haven't found any of the captured elves yet." Brandli was panting slightly as he issued those instructions. As a magic caster, his physical fitness was slightly lacking.

"I can hear something from that direction!" Sally listened in silence for a moment before pointing at a certain corner in the courtyard.

"It's an underground cellar! The elves could be there! Let's go down and have a look!" Blour quickly rushed over to that corner, where there was a passageway leading downward. The wall showed signs of being scorched, yet he didn't hesitate in the slightest as he descended.

Sally looked at Blour with a complex gaze before also jumping down into the passageway.

"Station a few people outside. Everyone else, come with me. We can't let any demons or orcs get away." Brandli also jumped down into the passageway with his wand in his hand and a wary expression on his face.

The demons and orcs in the underground cellar had been taken care of. Amy dispelled the Ice Soul Lotus in the air, and the temperature gradually returned to normal. With the effect of the scorching heat radiating from the lava demons, the elves who had been frozen solid quickly regained their mobility.

They looked around at their fallen tormentors with blank expressions as if they were still struggling to comprehend what had just happened.

"You're all free now." Amy stepped forward with a joyful smile.

Her words exploded like a clap of thunder in the minds of the elves, and their eyes widened in unison. A myriad of emotions that they had not experienced for what felt like an eternity welled up in their hearts, and they erupted into raucous cheers.

Some elves wept for joy, while other elves embraced each other. After suffering through countless torment, they had finally recovered their freedom.

Many of them turned to Amy with gratitude, admiration, and even... a hint of reverence!

"Isn't that what Princess Irina had said when she had rescued us? Nothing has been heard about her for over three years, but is there finally someone who's going to save us in her stead? This little girl is a prodigy!" An elderly elf stared at Amy with a scorching gaze.

Even though she appeared to be quite young, the fact that she was able to unleash such a powerful spell at her age made her worthy of the title of a super prodigy. If she really wanted to dedicate herself to freeing captured wandering elves, it wouldn't be long before she forged a reputation that was just as brilliant as Princess Irina's.

The scene of Amy using her magic to immobilize everyone was absolutely stunning. Many of the elves had also realized this, and were looking at Amy with a fervent light in their eyes.

Amy is so powerful! Anna was also staring at Amy with wide eyes. They were both only little girls, so why was she so exceptional?

She turned her attention to the freed elves, and a smile appeared on her little face as she murmured to herself, "If Grandpa could see this, he would be really happy as well, right?"

Mag silently stowed away the brick in his hand. It was a weapon that could be used interchangeably between three modes. The edges presented 1.5 times damage enhancement, while the corners could deal twice the damage. Bricks were a must-have weapon for travelers, and had many uses.

At the same time, they were very portable, and could ensure speedy attacks. They could also be hurled as long-ranged weapons as well.

Even with the advancements in military technology, the brick was still considered to be the go-to weapon for many minimalist travelers.

At least, this was what Mag was trying to convince himself of after spending a copper coin to purchase this brick from the system.

A smile appeared on Mag's face as he looked at the reverent expressions directed toward Amy on the faces of the elves.

If half-elves wanted to receive acknowledgment from the entire Norland Continent, then they had to start by securing the approval of the elven race first. It would be unrealistic to expect the dogmatic views of the Wind Forest to be changed in the immediate future, but the wandering elves were a different story. In their eyes, anyone who could protect and rescue them was worthy of their reverence and praise.

That was a blueprint that Mag was unfurling today. If these elves could return to the Wind Forest with dignity one day, perhaps their attitude would be able to influence the entire elven race.

This was very important. Of course, Amy's happiness was even more important.

And indeed, Amy was very happy to see so many pairs of admiring eyes and to receive so much gratitude from the freed elves. She had never been praised and thanked by so many people at once in the past, and it meant even more to her as those genuine words were coming from elves.

"No need to thank me. I only defeated some bad people. It was Big Sister Anna and her grandfather that led us here." Amy waved her little hands in a slightly overwhelmed and embarrassed manner.

"Anna! Boss Mag! And Amy!" Blour's surprised voice suddenly sounded from behind them.