

Stay At home 701

Chapter 701 Don't Underestimate Old Men

"Sigh, it looks like Boss Mag really has gone on a long trip this time. I've been waiting at the entrance of the restaurant for an entire day, but I didn't even catch a simple glimpse of Boss Mag and Little Amy."

"Even though Boss Mag wrote a hiatus slip, I still feel so angry! If I were his boss, I definitely wouldn't allow him to take any breaks!"

"Five whole days! My God, will I be able to survive until Boss Mag gets back?!"

"How about you put down that biscuit before you say that?"

At the entrance of Mamy Restaurant, there were a few customers looking at the hiatus slip plastered to the door, and all of them wore expressions of dejection and disappointment.

"Let's all go back for now, everyone. Boss Mag never goes back on his word, so even if he comes back on the fourth day, he'll definitely only open his restaurant again on the fifth day. I'm going to get an ice cream from the ice cream shop to soothe my wounded soul." Harrison climbed onto a horse-drawn carriage with his hand clasped over his heart and a hurt expression on his face.

"What do we do now, Boss? Boss Mag isn't home; looks like we won't be able to eat our holy roujiamo."

Mond was carrying a large rucksack as he turned to Sargerass with a concerned expression. All of the other lava demons also wore similar expressions on their faces.

Sargerass looked at the closed restaurant, and rubbed his large bald head as he loudly said, "We have to understand that Boss Mag can't always be around to cook for us. The third group of warriors from our lava demon race is about to arrive in a few days, so we should take this opportunity to save up some money, then welcome them with the most delicious roujiamos."

"Then, what are we going to eat tonight?" Kiel asked.

Sargerass thought about this for a moment before waving his hand as he announced, "Come on, let's go eat some chicken."

...

Within a large force in the Aden Square, a series of well-built dwarves were striking red-hot weapons before them with their hammers over and over again, creating a loud commotion amid the scorching temperature.

Cyril had two cotton balls stuck in his ears, and was taking a nap while resting his head on the table in the neighboring room, completely unaffected by the commotion in the forge.

Right at this moment, a young butler quickly strode into the room. He wore an excited look on his face as he said, "Young Master, we've received news that Blue Suede has been unable to sell even a single item of clothing, and aside from the employees they have to clean up their storage room, they hired a dozen or so tailors at the same time to produce more clothes. Those tailors are all being paid double

wages as well! Just their daily wages are a massive expenditure for the shop, and Blue Suede is incurring even greater losses now!”

“What?” Cyril immediately plucked the cotton balls out of his ears and rose to his feet.

The excited butler continued, “Blue Suede is still incurring losses at this point, but ever since you came to manage the forge, we’ve already received two large orders. As long as we can get those orders done in time, even after deducting wage costs, we’d still be able to earn at least 1,000,000 copper coins of profit. We’ll definitely be able to beat Blue Suede in a profit contest!”

“Yes!” Cyril clapped his hands together, and began to pace around the room with an excited expression as he murmured to himself, “Let me see how you’re going to compete with me, Gloria! The Moreton Family is mine, and it’ll always be mine! When I take over as the family leader, I’m going to kick you and your entire family out of Moreton Manor...”

...

Mag felt like there was no way that he would be able to become a saint, as he simply lacked the required inherent qualities. For example, in the face of this man, who was insulting him a second ago, but was now sucking up to him and asking him to teach him how to cook fish, Mag simply couldn’t find it in himself to forgive this man and bestow upon him his cooking knowledge.

As such, he was feeling a lot better at the sight of the enraged expression returning to Matthew’s face.

Matthew’s face had turned as red as a tomato again, and was glaring at Mag with trembling fists. He had already completely swallowed his pride to try and learn from Mag, only to be rejected and insulted in return!

He was so close; if Mag could reveal his secrets to him, he was sure that he would be able to cook an even more delicious fish than Mag could, and make the second prince fall in love with his fish again.

Mag wore a smile on his face as he looked at the furious Matthew, and said, “Sorry, I don’t take old and talentless disciples. If you don’t mind, please step away from the table so my daughter and I can enjoy our meal in peace.”

Matthew gritted his teeth as he harrumphed coldly. “Hmph! Don’t underestimate an old man like me! I’m going to make a three-year deal with you right here. Three years later, you and I will have a cooking contest here in Rodu, and we’ll both cook our best fish dishes to see which of us is the better chef!”

Mag massaged his glabella with a speechless expression, and said, “Don’t flatter yourself; three years later, I will have forgotten about someone like you long ago.”

“I... I...” Matthew’s face had turned an even deeper shade of red, and it appeared as if he were about to breathe fire.

Mag looked at him with a serious expression, and said, “I still advise you to switch to cooking chicken. Look at you right now; you look so much like a fire chicken! Maybe you’re fated to cook chicken!”

“Three years later, I’ll be waiting for you to come and challenge me at Rodu. If you don’t come, I tell everyone that my chicken... Ptui, no, my fish is better than yours!” Matthew turned and left in a fit of rage.

“I’m serious; cooking chicken would be perfect for you!” Mag called out toward Matthew’s departing figure.

Matthew had just made his way over to the entrance of the dining hall, and he almost fell over upon hearing this. He only managed to prevent himself from stumbling after grabbing onto the doorframe for support, and then departed with a furious and resentful expression on his face.

Everyone else in the dining hall was also looking at Mag with antagonism on their faces. This man from Chaos City was simply far too abhorrent. How could he humiliate Matthew like this? In the face of a common enemy, all of the chefs had united, and were preparing to retaliate at any moment.

However, after Matthew left, Mag had lost all interest in the other chefs in the dining hall. After enjoying a delicious meal with Amy, he asked the servants to carry all of his stuff back into a secure room, and then followed them to the place where he and Amy were staying for the night.

He was preparing to use these things when cooking for the king during his birthday banquet, and after his ostentatious performance today, he couldn’t guarantee that there wouldn’t be anyone who tried to tinker with his things in order to screw him over. He wasn’t prepared to lose his life in this place, so it was naturally best to be more careful.

...

In some bushes outside Mamy Restaurant, a black-robed figure turned to Seuss, and said, “Team Leader, according to our investigation, the owner of the restaurant is around 30 years old, and came to Chaos City roughly three years ago. He also has a half-elf daughter who’s around four and a half years old; he’s the one likeliest candidate we’ve found to be Alex.”

“Where is he?” Seuss’s grip tightened around his wand, which was obscured up his sleeve.

“Apparently, this restaurant’s owner and his daughter have gone to Rodu with Ambassador Cayrols this morning. It seems that this also has something to do with His Highness, the second prince, as well,” the black-robed man replied.

“They went to Rodu?” A hint of surprise appeared on Seuss’s face. After a brief silence, he shook his head, and said, “I’ll be reporting this matter to His Highness. Make sure to keep a close eye on this restaurant, and if anything happens here, report to me immediately.”

...

In the Wind Forest, beneath the bright moon, the sound of a flute rang out. A snowy white deer galloped out from within the forest, and a pair of translucent wings of light appeared on its back. As it rose into the air, a river of stars appeared beneath its feet.

An exquisitely beautiful woman was sitting on the deer’s back, and she disappeared into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 702 My Hands get Itchy

On the first night in Rodu, Mag had initially thought that his sensitivity would result in insomnia, but he managed to fall asleep as soon as his head came into contact with his pillow, and he was only woken up the morning after by a burst of knocking to the door.

After getting dressed, he opened the door, and found that the man standing outside the was the butler who had guided them the day before, Kaido. He was not a very powerful man, and was only responsible for trivial matters in the palace, such as guiding guests and things of that nature.

In the context of the second prince's manor, Mag was naturally quite insignificant as well. Even though he was going to cook for the king during his birthday banquet the next day, in Josh's eyes, he was still nothing more than an exceptional chef.

"Did you sleep well, Mr. Mag?" Kaido asked with a smile. He had heard about everything that had happened the day before, and it appeared that the second prince had been very pleased with Mag's cooking. As such, he was going to cook for the king on his birthday, and had won the second prince's favor.

"I slept very well, thank you for asking." Mag nodded with a smile. He glanced at the time, only to find that it was only just past six in the morning. He was wondering why he had been roused so early.

Kaido could see the confusion in Mag's eyes, and hurriedly explained, "Mr. Mag, His Highness informed us that he would like to have your steak and braised chicken and rice for breakfast, which is why I was sent to come and find you at such an early hour."

"I see. Please wait for a moment; I'll go speak to my daughter, then follow you to the kitchen." Mag nodded with a smile. This second prince sure was an annoying man. After entering the room, Amy turned to him with a pair of bleary eyes. Mag made his way over to her with a smile on his face, and said, "Amy, I'm going to be cooking for a while. If you wake up before I get back, then just wait for me here, and when I come back, we'll have breakfast together."

"Alright." Amy nodded and rolled over, encircling her arms around Ugly Duckling, which Mag had just picked up from the ground, and fell asleep again.

As Mag followed Kaido to the kitchen, he asked, "His Highness only specified that he would like some steak and braised chicken and rice?"

"That's right. His Highness told me in person yesterday that he would only like some steak and braised chicken and rice." Kaido nodded with a smile, and said, "Your cooking skills must really be quite exceptional, Mr. Mag; I've never seen His Highness request specific dishes from any chef before."

"It's a pity that he doesn't want some spicy grilled fish," Mag said with a forlorn expression.

"Huh?" Kaido didn't understand what Mag was talking about.

Mag didn't elaborate on this issue, either. He changed the subject, asking Kaido some questions about the situation in the second prince's manor.

In Kaido's mind, he was already certain that Mag was going to remain at the second prince's manor and was almost definitely going to become the most prized chef in the manor's kitchen, so he naturally revealed everything that Mag wanted to hear without any suspicions.

After cooking a portion of steak and braised chicken and rice each for Josh while repressing the urge to poison the food, Mag made some breakfast for himself, Amy, and Ugly Duckling. He then packed it up into containers and carried them back to the small courtyard that they were staying in. However, his expression faltered as soon as he walked into the door.

In the room, a white-robed Krassu was sitting across from Amy in front of the table, while Ugly Duckling was still napping in Amy's arms.

"Master Krassu, what brings you here?" Mag entered the room with a hint of surprise on his face.

Krassu immediately grabbed the containers with food from Mag, and said, "In order to enjoy the breakfast cooked by you today, I had to set off late last night."

"But this is the second prince's manor..."

"I can even enter the royal palace whenever I want, let alone this prince's manor." Krassu placed a portion of steak on the table in front of him before placing the other portion in front of Amy. He nodded with a content expression before turning his attention to the two portions of braised chicken and rice, upon which a slightly disappointed look appeared on his face as he asked, "Why is there no Yangzhou fried rice? Shouldn't we be eating something lighter in flavor for breakfast?"

Mag smiled as he handed over a knife and fork to Krassu, and he explained, "Yangzhou fried rice requires too many ingredients. This isn't Mamy Restaurant, after all, and the ingredients are rather limited, so you'll have to make do with just steak for now."

He then placed a portion of braised chicken and rice in front of Amy, keeping another portion for himself, and placing a small portion on the ground for Ugly Duckling.

"That won't do! We're doing something very important today, so I have to eat a big breakfast." Krassu grabbed Ugly Duckling's braised chicken and rice as he spoke, and scooped a spoonful into his mouth as he nodded with approval. "Delicious."

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling turned to Krassu with a pitiable expression, then turned its gaze toward Amy, and there were already tears swimming in its eyes.

"Alright, I'll make sure to save some for you." Amy patted Ugly Duckling's head before continuing to enjoy her breakfast.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling was immediately elated again as it stared up at Amy while she ate.

Mag could only shake his head with a resigned expression at the sight of Krassu stealing Ugly Duckling's food before he sat down to enjoy his own meal. He was also rather skeptical whether Amy would actually remember to save some food for Ugly Duckling.

15 minutes later, Amy looked down at her spotless plate before turning to Ugly Duckling with an apologetic expression. "Ah... Ugly Duckling, I'm sorry; Father's food was simply too delicious, and I ate all of it without noticing."

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling gave a feeble cry before sprawling onto Amy’s leg. It didn’t even have the strength to cry loudly anymore.

Thankfully, Mag had predicted this situation in advance, and had saved some food for Ugly Duckling himself. He scooped out the small portion of leftover braised chicken and rice from his bowl into Ugly Duckling’s plate, and smile as he said, “Here you go.”

“Meow!”

Ugly Duckling was immediately completely reinvigorated as it jumped down from Amy’s legs. It then rubbed its little head affectionately against Mag’s calf before digging into its meal.

After finishing the final piece of steak on his plate, Krassu put down the knife and fork in his hands, looking as if he hadn’t had anywhere near enough. He turned to Mag, and asked, “I’m going to take Amy to the Magus Tower; would you like to come?”

“The Magus Tower?” Magus Tower was rather surprised to hear this.

Krassu summoned a mirror, and then brought out a small blade as he began to shave down his unruly facial hair. “That’s right. I left something there, and I have to go grab it. In the meantime, I’ll bring my prized disciple with me to slap those old bastards in the face. My hands get itchy if I don’t slap them regularly.”

“That sounds like fun. I’ve got nothing better to do anyway, so count me in,” Mag said with a smile. There weren’t many people in this world who would dare to speak about the Magus Tower in such a bullish manner other than Krassu.

“Are we slapping people? I love slapping people! Are we using our palms or are we using our fists?” Amy was also very excited.

“Let’s go there first. Once we get there, you can slap them however you want.” Krassu put away his small blade before rising to his feet.

“Yay!” Amy picked up Ugly Duckling and tucked it under her arm before quickly following Krassu out of the room.

Ugly Duckling look on with wide eyes that were filled with despair at the sight of the large piece of chicken left in the place. It had set that piece of chicken aside for last, but it wouldn’t get to eat it now!

Chapter 703 Alright; It’s a Pillar That Looks Like a Tower

Mag and the others had just walked out the door when Kaido appeared in their courtyard, and asked, “Where are you going, Mr. Mag?”

“It’s not every day that I get to come to Rodu, so I want to go out and see the city,” Mag replied with a smile. He obviously couldn’t tell Kaido that he was going to the Magus Tower to watch people getting slapped.

"I see. His Highness was very pleased with the breakfast you prepared, and he wanted me to ask you if you'd like to go anywhere. If so, the manor will prepare a horse-drawn carriage for you." A smile appeared on Kaido's face as he said, "However, His Highness told me that he really enjoys your cooking, so he'd like you to prepare lunch for him today as well. As such, you'll have to get back before noon."

Before Mag had a chance to reply, Krassu pursed his lips, and interjected, "We'll be very busy at noon, so we won't be back before then. Go tell Josh that I'm going out with my disciple, and Boss Mag will be responsible for cooking for us. If he wants to eat something, tell him to go eat someone else's cooking. By the way, tell him that I'm Krassu."

"Krassu!" Only then did Kaido notice the white-robed magic caster accompanying Mag and Amy. His eyes immediately widened, and he floundered momentarily before hurriedly nodding as he said, "I... I'll be sure to pass on the message."

There were very few people in the Roth Empire who hadn't heard of the legendary magic caster, Krassu. He was the one who had founded the Magus Tower, and had been in charge of it for several decades. Even if the second prince were in his presence, he would have to extend a salute to Krassu as disciples did to their masters.

Who would've thought that he would suddenly appear in the second prince's manor, and that Mag's daughter would be his disciple?

Krassu was very pleased with Kaido's overawed reaction, and he waved a hand in a dismissive manner as he commanded, "Go prepare a horse-drawn carriage for us."

"Yes, right away, Master Krassu." Kaido was very relieved by the fact that he had been spared, and he immediately hurried away. The second prince had gone out earlier in the morning, but even if he were in the manor, he definitely wouldn't refuse a request for horse-drawn carriage issued by this legendary magic caster.

Amy walked in a circle around Krassu with a curious expression, and asked, "Master Krassu, do you have a tiger glued to your face?"

"No?"

"Then why is that uncle so scared of you?" Amy was still perplexed.

Krassu gave a hearty laugh, and replied, "Power demands awe and respect. When you become as powerful as I am, even if you don't have tigers plastered to your face, everyone will still be scared of you."

"I feel like it's still easier to glue tigers onto my face," Amy murmured with a sulky pout.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling replied.

"I wasn't talking about you." Amy pressed Ugly Duckling's raised head back down again.

Kaido quickly returned before leading Mag and the others to the front gate, where a large black horse-drawn carriage emblazoned with the crest of the second prince's manor was awaiting them.

"Please board the carriage, Master Krassu." Kaido lifted the curtain on the carriage with a fawning smile.

Krassu paid him no heed as he boarded the horse-drawn carriage.

Mag carried Amy onto the carriage before turning to Kaido as he said, "Sorry to trouble you."

"Not at all! It's an honor for me to serve Master Krassu," Kaido replied with a beaming smile. He had thought that Mag was trying to ride on the second prince's coattails, but who would've thought that he would have such a powerful backer already?

Kaido had a brief word with the coach driver before the horse-drawn carriage slowly departed from the manor.

Mag flipped open the small curtain on the side of the carriage and looked outside, only to find that they were on a street that was so wide 16 carriages could travel along it side by side. In modern times, this would be a 16-lane road. The entire street was paved with even and smooth dark green stone slabs, extending from the walls of the second prince's manor. There were lavish houses on either side of this road as well.

...This residential area was solely inhabited by high-ranking officials of the Roth Empire. No matter how rich a merchant was, they had no right to live here.

The high walls of the royal palace could be seen not far away, and the grand buildings beyond the walls were shimmering with golden light under the morning sun, making it difficult for onlookers to stare directly at it without shielding their eyes.

To the north of the royal palace, there was a greyish-black nine-story tower. The enormous tower stretched all the way up into the clouds, with each level measuring around 20 to 30 meters in height, and it appeared as if it were a silent guardian overseeing the royal palace.

Many snippets of memories suddenly appeared from deep within Mag's memory. These were memories surrounding this grand city, the enormous Magus Tower, and the intense melee that had taken place during that rainy night three years ago. All of those details had become extremely clear to him, and he was able to recall every single face as well as their corresponding names.

The Magus Tower had contributed significantly to that ambush over three years ago, but they certainly weren't idiots; they knew what catastrophic consequences would await them if the ambush were to end in failure and their involvement in it were revealed to the world. As such, among the higher-ups in the Magus Tower, only Elder Elliot participated directly in the ambush, but he had been wearing a mask the entire time, and refrained from unleashing even a single attack.

When they met the day before, Josh appeared to be an amicable and benevolent prince. If Mag hadn't been aware of all of the dirty deeds the other party had committed in the past, he would have developed quite a positive impression of the second prince. Throughout the years, Josh had truly created quite an impressive facade for himself.

Today, Mag was going to visit the Magus Tower, and if he could avoid having his cover blown there, then he wouldn't have to worry about his identity being exposed in the near future. In that case, he would be able to continue to focus on his cooking, as well as getting stronger.

Amy had also caught sight of the Magus Tower, and an expectant look appeared on her face as she exclaimed, "What a tall pillar! Father, can we go play there?"

Krassu's expression darkened, and a slightly awkward look appeared in his eyes as he corrected, "That's our destination for today. However, that's not a pillar; it's a tower, the Magus Tower, to be exact. I oversaw its entire construction process many years ago. It's quite a grand building, isn't it?"

An enlightened look appeared on Amy's face as she nodded, and said, "Oh, so Master was the one who designed it. I was wondering what kind of normal person would put such a huge pillar there, but it all makes sense now."

"It's not a pillar; it's a tower..." Krassu had been beset by a wave of rather complex emotions. Many years ago, it had been one of his most prized creations, and he had once thought himself to be an architect born into a magic caster's body.

"Alright, it's a pillar that looks like a tower." Amy nodded.

"Sure, whatever you say." Krassu had been completely and utterly defeated. There was no way that he would be able to correct Amy in such matters.

The horse-drawn carriage continued onward for about half an hour before stopping in the plaza outside the Magus Tower, upon which everyone disembarked from the carriage.

Up close, the grand nature of the Magus Tower was made even more apparent. The enormous tower made with massive black stone blocks extended all the way into the sky, striking onlookers with a sense of perspective and reminding them just how insignificant they were.

There were magic casters wearing robes emblazoned with the Magus Tower's crest entering and exiting the huge gates, which were over 10 meters tall, and it was impossible to find anywhere else with such a large gathering of magic casters.

"Master Krassu!"

Right at this moment, a young magic caster passed by Mag and the others before his footsteps suddenly faltered, and he turned to look at Krassu with a stunned expression.

Chapter 704 Who Would Dare to Stop Krassu?

The young magic caster's words instantly drew a lot of attention from passersby.

"Master Krassu?"

"It really is Master Krassu!"

"Didn't they say Master Krassu went to Chaos City? Why has he suddenly come here? And he's riding on a horse-drawn carriage from the second prince's manor."

"I also heard that he accepted a half-elf disciple. A while back, Hank and George both went to Chaos City to challenge Chaos School, and they were both defeated by that half-elf in the end."

"Really?! Wait... You're not talking about that little half-elf girl beside Master Krassu, are you? She looks like she's only three or four years old! Hank's 4th-tier magic caster; how could he have been defeated by her?"

The Magus Tower had been founded by Krassu, and the moral code that had to be recited by all magic casters who entered the Magus Tower had also been written by Krassu. Even among the magic casters teaching magic in the Magus Tower, Master Krassu was the most talked-about figure aside from President Richard.

As such, it was very difficult for a magic caster of the Magus Tower not to have heard of Krassu, the founder of the Magus Tower, the number one melee magic caster on the Norland Continent, and the Lord of Fire.

Legends surrounding Krassu were constantly circulating among magic casters, and topics involving melee magic versus long-range magic or fire-type magic casters versus ice-type magic casters were extremely popular subjects for debates.

Krassu himself was known as a living fossil, and his feud with Urien was the stuff of legends in the magic world.

A while back, news had spread of Krassu and Urien both accepting the same disciple, and almost no one believed it. The battle between fire and ice had been raging for close to a century, and the two of them were sworn enemies; how could they possibly have accepted the same disciple?

However, this piece of astonishing news was soon verified to be true, and this confirmation had created a massive stir in the magic world. Many people were speculating about whether Krassu and Urien's teaching would give rise to a super prodigy, or if practicing conflicting fire and ice magic would ruin their disciple.

After that, Krassu and Urien's disciple forged a resounding reputation for herself by defeating Hank and George in battle, stepping over the faces of those two Magus Tower prodigies, and becoming the next big thing in the magic world.

From the time that Krassu and Urien had accepted this joint disciple, she had only been studying magic for just over a month before defeating the 4th-tier prodigy magic caster, Hank.

She was undoubtedly a superb talent.

All of the nearby magic casters bowed respectfully to Krassu, but all of their attention had been drawn to Amy. The widespread consensus was that she was very likely to surpass even Princess Irina in the future, and everyone wanted to see just what this supremely talented prodigy looked like.

A female magic caster was looking at Amy with a hint of yearning in her eyes as she sighed. "She's so adorable! Not only is she a prodigy, she's also so cute, just like Princess Irina as a child. I'm so envious!"

Another female magic caster wore a completely entranced smile as she chimed in, "I know, right? I really want to hold her in my arms and pinch her little cheeks. They must be super soft."

"Don't even think about it, Big Sister! When I get angry, I'm super fierce!" Amy hid her body behind Mag as she offered up Ugly Duckling with both hands, and said, "If you really want to pinch something, then pinch Ugly Duckling."

"o((☹_☹))o" That was the expression on Ugly Duckling's face. It seemed to be saying who am I? Where am I? What are those terrifying women going to do to me?

“Even her kitten is so cute!”

The female magic casters’ eyes lit up even further, and if it weren’t for the fact that Krassu was standing right beside Amy, there was a good chance that they would’ve pounced on Amy.

“I’m scared.” Amy hurriedly drew Ugly Duckling back into her arms and completely hid behind Mag, not daring to come out again.

Mag also found these two female magic casters to be a little scary. He had thought that their trip to the Magus Tower would be a rather depressing one, but he hadn’t expected all of the magic casters here to be so reverent to Krassu. Even though he knew that the Magus Tower was his enemy, he felt rather welcomed, and it was quite a peculiar feeling.

Krassu was clearly also quite pleased with everyone’s reactions to his arrival. He smiled and waved his hand as he said, “Alright, go back to what you were doing now. If you have the time to stand around, you have the time to practice your magic.”

All of the magic casters dispersed at Krassu’s behest. Even though Krassu had no official disciples in the Magus Tower, all of the slightly older magic casters here had been instructed by him at some point, and they were the pillars of the Magus Tower. As such, no one dared to defy Krassu’s orders.

Only after everyone had left did Amy emerge from behind Mag. She looked up at both sides of Krassu’s face, and asked, “Master Krassu, I’m surprised everyone listened to you; do you really not have any tigers stuck to your face?”

Krassu seemed to be very pleased with Amy’s reaction. There was nothing that satisfied him more than being praised and admired by his prized disciple. After all, it was very difficult to earn a compliment from her. He stroked his beard with a smile as he said, “There are more impressive things to come. Let’s go in now.”

“Alright!” Amy nodded as she skipped along behind Krassu with Ugly Duckling in her arms, following him into the Magus Tower.

Mag tilted his back and looked up at the enormous Magus Tower. He could indistinctly make out a magic shield around the tower. It was supposed to be capable of withstanding 10th-tier attacks. However, the Magus Tower hadn’t been attacked for many years, so it was difficult to say whether this magic shield was still as effective as in the past.

I wonder if this magic shield will hold up in the face of a sword strike from Mag Alex in his prime, Mag thought to himself in a curious manner. However, he quickly withdrew his gaze and walked into the Magus Tower behind Krassu.

The two guards standing by the gates of the Magus Tower wore conflicted expressions on their faces. In particular, the leader of the guards was looking at the approaching Krassu, and his brows had almost completely knitted together.

News of Krassu’s withdrawal from the Magus Tower had been reported to all of the magic casters here. As such, Krassu technically wasn’t a Magus Tower magic caster anymore, and no one could enter the Magus Tower unless they were a member of the Magus Tower or had received permission or an invitation in advance.

But who would dare to stop Krassu?

He was a man who had destroyed the Magus Tower on two separate occasions in his fits of rage, and he was the one who had founded the Magus Tower in the first place. Who would dare to bar him entry?

The leader of the guards was a 6th-tier magic caster, and he could immediately alert many 10th-tier magic caster within the Magus Tower if the situation necessitated such an alarm to be raised.

However, he would rather face a violent 10th-tier giant dragon than face an enraged Krassu.

He couldn't handle the blame for being responsible for the Magus Tower's third demolition.

Furthermore, even if he could alert 10th-tier magic casters, as long as Krassu didn't display any animosity, who would attack him?

But if he didn't stop Krassu and the higher-ups decided to hold him responsible, he would inevitably be punished for shirking his duty. After all, the bad blood between President Richard and Master Krassu wasn't exactly a secret.

Within a short span of time, the guard leader's back was already completely drenched with cold sweat.

Right at this moment, a slightly jaded voice sounded. "Krassu, I didn't think that you would come back."

A purple-robed man with a head of white hair and a black beard slowly emerged from within the Magus Tower.

Chapter 705 Ow... Ow... Ow!

The guard lead heaved a long sigh of relief before standing off to the side.

All of the magic casters turned toward the purple-robed magic caster in unison, and extended respectful bows as they said, "We pay our respects to President Richard."

Richard was the leader of the Magus Tower elder panel, the president of Roth Empire's magic caster guild, and also the current owner of the Magus Tower. The combination of those titles made him one of the most powerful men in the entire Roth Empire.

Krassu was the founder of the Magus Tower, but Richard was the one who had elevated the status of all magic casters to the next level. He had made the Magus Tower one of the twin towers of the Roth Empire, taking it to a level where it was comparable to the empire's army, and also significantly elevated the importance of magic casters in the entire empire.

Mag was appraising Richard through narrowed eyes. There was no way that this man would've been completely unrelated to the assassination attempt three years ago. Without his orders, the Magus Tower definitely wouldn't have deployed so many magic casters to hunt down Alex.

Richard was quite a tall and broad man, and was clad in a set of purple robes on this occasion. His head of white hair was immaculately organized, but his beard was still as black as ink. He was standing at the entrance of the Magus Tower, looking at Krassu with a calm expression. There was no surprise or any other emotion on his face; it was as if he had anticipated Krassu's arrival far in advance.

All of the magic casters gathered around the Magus Tower's entrance were also completely silent. No one dared to say anything, but no one departed from the scene, either. All of them were carefully appraising Krassu and Richard.

The conflict between Krassu and Richard was not a secret to everyone in the Magus Tower. However, Krassu had played no role in the management of the Magus Tower in the past few years, and was more like the spiritual pillar of the Magus Tower.

Even so, Krassu's announcement that he was withdrawing from the Magus Tower a month ago still came as a huge shock to everyone. At the same time, it worked to verify the notion that the conflict between Krassu and Richard had reached an irresolvable level.

A month ago, Richard had sent the best young prodigies from the Magus Tower to Chaos City and issue a challenge to Krassu's disciple. In the end, they were all thoroughly defeated and humiliated. What was Krassu doing now by bringing his disciple to the Magus Tower?

Krassu's title as the Lord of Fire certainly wasn't unwarranted. Even though he seemed to be a benevolent old man, he had destroyed the entire Magus Tower on more than one occasion, and his flaming temper completely belied his amicable appearance. As such, it certainly wasn't his style to refrain from retaliation after being provoked.

On one side was the spiritual leader of the Magus Tower, while the current leader of the Magus Tower's panel of elders stood on the other side. The issue of which side everyone should take had become quite a troublesome predicament that was worthy of careful consideration.

Obviously, no one else was going to actually step in, but it was important to clarify to themselves whom they were supporting in their hearts.

Krassu's footsteps had also faltered, and he looked at Richard with a smile as he asked, "Am I not welcome here?"

Richard's brows furrowed slightly as he replied, "If you want to come back, then you're certainly welcome to do so. However, you were the one who had announced that you were cutting all ties with the Magus Tower, so why have you come here today?"

"I'm not a person who likes to owe other people favors. Seeing as you sent your young prodigies to offer me such a fantastic present, I naturally have to bring my prized disciple here to return the favor." Krassu began to make his way toward Richard, and everyone else reflexively dispersed off to either side.

"Where's that fat bastard, Brent? I told him to come to Chaos City to accept his punishment from me in 10 days; looks like my words no longer hold any weight in his heart." Krassu looked around with a cold light in his eyes.

"Krassu, you may be the founder of the Magus Tower, but you're no longer a member of our Magus Tower now! Cease your insolent display at once!" Elliot stepped forward as he drew his wand, looking as if he were poised to attack.

Krassu turned to Elliot with an amused smile, and taunted him. "Would you dare to attack me?"

"I... I..." Elliot unconsciously took a backward step, but he drew courage from the sight of Richard, and forcibly composed himself as he said, "If you keep this up, then don't blame me for teaching you a lesson!"

"Bam!"

Krassu was standing in front of Richard a moment ago, but he suddenly appeared in front of Elliot in the blink of an eye. Immediately thereafter, he raised his staff, which was even taller than himself, and swung it straight into Elliot's face, ramming him face-first into the ground.

"You want to teach me a lesson?" Krassu asked with a cold smile on his face.

"I...!" Elliot tightened his grip on his wound with a furious look on his face, and as he struggled to clamber to his feet, there was already magic converging toward the tip of his wand.

"Bam!"

Elliot had only managed to stand up halfway when he was bashed into the ground by Krassu's staff again. Both sides of his face had completely swelled up to equal measure.

"There, I made it even for you," Krassu continued with a smile on his face.

"I..."

Elliot was still attempting to resist.

"Bam! Bam! Bam!"

"Ow... Ow... Ow!"

Elliot's was on the verge of sobs as his howls rang out across the entire Magus Tower.

"Master Krassu is so powerful! Melee magic really is fearsome!"

"He sure is! I had heard that Master Krassu's melee magic was virtually invincible, but I had never believed it to be true. Now, I'm totally convinced!"

"I suddenly really want to learn melee magic, but there's almost no one in the Magus Tower that teaches melee magic. It's a real pity that Master Krassu withdrew from our Magus Tower."

All of the spectating magic casters looked on with wide eyes at the farcical scenes unfolding before their eyes. Elliot was one of the five elders of the Magus Tower, a powerful 10th-tier great magic caster, yet he was completely powerless to retaliate in the face of Krassu's unrelenting assault. As opposed to a 10th-tier magic caster, he was more like a human sandbag at this moment.

Even though he was holding his wand, there was no opportunity for him to cast any spells at all. Even the magic shield that he had conjured up was being torn apart as if it were a papier-mache structure.

Just the dull thumps of staff striking flesh were making the bystanders wince, and the howls of agony and humiliation that were escaping Elliot's mouth struck everyone with a twisted sense of satisfaction. Elliot was always strutting around with his chin raised, thinking himself to be better than everyone else, and it was almost pleasing to see him being stomped into the ground.

"I see! If I want to have the most fun beating someone up, I have to use a staff!" Amy stood off to the side and clapped her little hands together as she spurred Krassu on, looking as if she had just learned a valuable lesson.

Master Krassu's temper really is just as fiery as it's rumored to be. Mag was quite flabbergasted. To think that Krassu was violently assaulting a 10th-tier elder of right in the Magus Tower, yet most of the magic casters were more interested in watching rather than stepping in to help Elliot.

"That's enough!" Richard suddenly yelled as he raised his hand, conjuring up a water mirror in front of Elliot's face.

"Bam!"

The staff fell once again, shattering the magic mirror and striking Elliot in the face again. This time, Elliot was completely knocked out, and his face was so swollen that it resembled the head of a pig.

"That's enough?" Krassu looked down at Elliot, and nodded as he said, "I think you may be right."

The veins on Richard's forehead were bulging with fury as Richard spat through gritted teeth, "Krassu, why have you come here today? Do you really want to make our Magus Tower your enemy?"

"I told you, I'm here to return a favor. I was just about to offer my present to you, but Elliot stepped in first, so I gave him a taste of my present." Krassu smiled before continuing in a loud voice, "I heard you took another disciple under your wing recently, and he broke the record for the fastest to reach the fifth level of the tower. My disciple is here today to challenge that record; how about we let them have a competition?"

Chapter 706 Master, is it My Turn to Beat People Up?

"Oi, you fat bastard, are you going to tell the truth or not? If you keep feeding me lies, I'm going to skin and cook you like a roast pig!"

In a dark room, a woman was holding a chair, which she swung viciously into the body of the fatso who knelt down before her. The chair was instantly pulverized by the force of the impact.

The fatso cowered in the corner of the room with his arms shielding his head, and his voice trembled as he said, "P-please spare me, Princess, I really don't know what you're talking about. The incident from three years ago really had nothing to do with our Magus Tower. Besides, this isn't how you cook roast pig..."

"Oh? You still dare to talk back to me? If I say this is how roast pig is cooked, then this is how roast pig is cooked!" Another chair somehow appeared in the woman's hands before being shattered against the fatso's body again.

...

Elliot had been knocked unconscious, and even Richard was being threatened by Krassu. All of the magic casters gathered around the entrance had fallen completely silent, wondering what was going to happen next.

At the core of the matter, Krassu was no longer a member of the Magus Tower, and he had clearly come here with the sole intention of humiliating the Magus Tower. In doing so, he would be humiliating all of the members of the Magus Tower in the process, and with that in mind, all of the magic casters were beginning to lean toward siding with Richard.

“Is Master Krassu proposing a tower ascending match between that little half-elf girl and Kola?”

“Kola is the president’s most prized young disciple, and he’s already a 5th-tier magic caster at just 12 years old. He’s being touted as the most brilliant prodigy in the history of the Magus Tower, and his target is none other than surpassing Princess Irina herself!”

“Not only is Kola the youngest to reach the fifth level of the tower, he was also the fastest to do so among all 5th-tier magic casters who have achieved the same feat. This little girl has only been studying magic for two months; how would she possibly be able to scale the fifth level of the tower?”

All of the magic casters were discussing quietly among themselves. They had heard many rumors about Amy’s prodigious talent, but in their eyes, there was no way that such an adorkable little girl could scale the fifth level of the tower.

Cultivating as a magic caster was not easy. There was a major hurdle once every three tiers, and many people were unable to become intermediate magic casters even after trying for their entire lives. Aside from the extremely talented prodigies, the minimum prerequisite for everyone else looking to join the Magus Tower was that they had to be a 4th-tier magic caster.

Despite that, many magic casters were unable to reach the 5th-tier even after joining the Magus Tower. Manifestation magic and ability endowment posed another two hurdles that impeded many people’s progression. Only those with sufficient aptitude or willing to put in extensive amounts of hard work were able to get to that level.

Kola had been cultivating for six years, and had mastered manifestation magic as well as ability endowment at the tender of age of 12. His aptitude was far superior to even that of the likes of Hank and George, and he was already being referred to as the number one young prodigy of the Magus Tower.

If Amy had also mastered manifestation magic and ability endowment after just two months of studying magic, how astonishing would that be?

Richard’s expression was also quite strained after being threatened by Krassu in front of so many people, but he remained completely unflustered. He took a glance at Amy, and a cold smile appeared on his face as he said, “You’ve only been instructing her for two months; how is she going to be able to compete with my disciple?”

“Hehe, she’ll beat up your disciple, just like she did with those little brats you sent to Chaos City.” Krassu pursed his lips before pulling out a blue gemstone, and he smiled as he continued, “I’m willing to bet this Water Spirit Jewel that my disciple will win. If she loses, you can have this jewel, but if your disciple loses, you have to give me that Fire Spirit Lotus that you have.”

Richard’s eyes immediately lit up at the sight of the Water Spirit Jewel in Krassu’s hand. He glanced at Krassu, then at Amy, and hesitated momentarily before nodding as he said, “You have yourself a deal.”

“Good.” Krassu stowed away the Water Spirit Jewel with a hint of a smug smile on his face.

Is Amy already a 5th-tier magic caster? Mag was feeling quite befuddled. He had been quite busy with the matters surrounding the steam engine, so he hadn’t been paying enough attention to Amy of late.

Both the Water Spirit Jewel and the Fire Spirit Lotus were extremely valuable treasures to water-type and fire-type magic casters, respectively, capable of enhancing their spiritual power and magical mastery.

Furthermore, the Fire Spirit Lotus was rather special in that if a fire-type magic caster were to consume it, it would be possible for them to attain some sort of special ability. The ability was different depending on who consumed the lotus flower. Some were only able to master low-level fire-type magic, while others had been endowed with some fire-type abilities such as fire erosion and things of that nature.

As such, this was undoubtedly a massive gamble.

However, Mag certainly didn’t believe that Krassu was an idiot. No one was more familiar with the state of the Magus Tower than he was, and there was no way that he would travel all this way to Rodu just to make a bet that he would have no chance of winning.

Everyone entered the hall on the first floor of the Magus Tower, which was around the size of a soccer field and around three to four meters tall.

News of the upcoming contest between Krassu’s and Richard’s disciple soon spread throughout the entire Magus Tower, and many magic casters flocked to the first floor to witness this contest between prodigies. In a way, it was also a contest between Krassu and Richard, the former and current leaders of the Magus Tower.

The tower ascending trial had been invented by Krassu to introduce competition among the magic casters of the Magus Tower. Not only could it assess a magic caster’s power, the number of levels ascended and the speed at which those levels were ascended could determine a power hierarchy within the Magus Tower, thereby eliminating the need for round-robin matches.

Krassu had always been of the opinion that a magic caster should always strive to improve. As long as one continued to better themselves relentlessly, there was no doubt that they would become an outstanding magic caster.

Of course, if there was more competition, there would be more motivation to improve, and that was why he had championed the tower ascending trial in the first place.

The tower ascending trial had been in place for several decades already, and it was constantly forcing magic casters to improve. If their performance during the trials were to deteriorate to a certain extent over time, and this deterioration wasn’t due to any extraordinary circumstances, then they would be evicted from the Magus Tower.

The fact that only magic casters who constantly improved could remain the Magus Tower ensured that it continued to be a holy land of the magic world.

There were nine levels of the Magus Tower in total, and each level presented a trial that could test the very limits of magic casters of the corresponding tier. The higher one ascended, the more difficult the trials became, so it naturally required progressively more time.

“Master, may I ask what you’ve summoned me here for?” A white-robed young boy emerged from the crowd before cupping his fists in a salute toward Richard.

“Kola, I would like you to compete in a tower ascending match with Krassu’s disciple. Scale five levels of the tower at the fastest speed possible, and show them that our Magus Tower is not to be looked down on.”

“Yes.” The calm and mature look on Kola’s tender face belied his age, and there was a hint of disdain in his eyes as he looked at Amy.

“Little Amy, it’s your time to shine,” Krassu said with a smile.

“Master, is it my turn to beat people up now?” Amy was rubbing her little hands together with excitement as her gaze settled on Kola.

Chapter 707 Master Says I Have to Run Fast!

“We’re not beating him up yet; we’re scaling the tower first.” Krassu pointed toward a couple of open doors nearby with a smile, and said, “Once you get in there, climb to the fifth floor of the tower as quickly as possible.”

“Alright then.” Amy withdrew her little fists with a disappointed expression. It appeared that she wouldn’t be able to beat Kola up for now.

“Let’s begin,” Richard proposed in a calm manner.

“Sure.” Krassu nodded in a calm and collected manner.

“Take care in there, Amy.” Mag patted Amy’s little head. A trial like this most likely wasn’t very dangerous. Otherwise, there was no way that Krassu would Amy take this risk.

“Yes, Father, I’ll be sure to win!” Amy nodded obediently before handing Ugly Duckling over to Mag, and then made her way toward one of the open doors.

Kola paused in front of his door and turned to Amy with a disdainful look as he whispered, “You had better look out in there; don’t get full of yourself just because you beat those two idiots, George and Hank. They’re no match for me, and I’m going to show you the gulf between you and a true prodigy like me!”

“You also think that Hank and George are idiots?!” Amy exclaimed with a surprised expression.

Kola’s expression immediately stiffened. He had simply wanted to taunt Amy, but hadn’t thought that she would suddenly yell in such a loud voice.

George’s and Richard’s expressions both darkened upon hearing this.

“Hmph!” Kola harrumphed coldly and clenched his fists as he strode into the door on the left. He was determined to emerge from the exit on the fifth level in half the time as this little brat did at most. Of course, she most likely wouldn’t even make it to the fifth level at all.

Master Krassu told me to just punch everything I encounter in there, but won’t that be unfair to Master Krassu? Amy thought to herself as she entered through the door on the right.

The heavy black metal gates slowly closed, and a minute timer appeared above the doors. There was also a surveillance system set up to inform everyone of the two contestants’ progress.

“Surely there’s no way that little half-elf girl will win; Kola managed to get to the fifth level half a year ago, and he’s only been getting quicker and quicker in the past half a year. Not long ago, he set the record for the fastest to reach the fifth level.”

“If he loses here, our Magus Tower’s reputation would be completely swept to the ground. He’ll win for sure.”

“I feel like if that little girl was also 12 years old, she’d be able to easily crush Kola.”

Even though many people were feeling sympathetic toward Amy due to the age gap between her and Kola, they were still rooting for Kola to attain victory and uphold the dignity of the Magus Tower.

Among the crowd, there was a tall and thin magic caster staring intently at the two black metal doors. A smile appeared on his face as he murmured to himself, “I’ve never seen a pure melee magic caster attempt the tower ascending trial. Perhaps she’ll put on a good show.”

Looks like this one should be in the bag. Mag could see the nonchalant expression on Krassu’s face, and he was feeling quite reassured.

Everyone was looking at the countdown timer with rapt focus on their faces. Even though most of them were sure of the result already, they still couldn’t remain completely calm before the actual conclusion of the contest. Even Richard was looking at the timer with a hint of anxiety in his eyes.

“Three, two, one...”

The countdown concluded, and a new timer was started as a layer of green light appeared over the surfaces of the black metal gates.

“10 seconds! Kola only took 10 seconds to pass the first level!”

The number above Kola’s door had already increased to two, while Amy was still stuck on the first floor. Expressions of excitement appeared on all of the faces of the magic casters in Richard’s faction. This was a good start.

“20 seconds! Kola has passed the second level!”

20 seconds had passed, and Kola had already reached the third floor, but Amy was still on the first floor.

“30 seconds! Kola has passed the third level!”

Half a minute had gone by, and the number above Kola’s door had already increased to four. In contrast, there was no difference in number above Amy’s door.

“There’s such a massive gap between them; I wonder what gave Master Krassu the confidence to issue this challenge.”

“Heh, at this rate, I reckon she’ll still be stuck on the first level when Kola emerges from the fifth level.”

“Could it be that melee magic casters are at a disadvantage when it comes to the tower ascending trial?”

“The first level tests one’s ability to evade elementary spells, the second level assesses one’s spiritual power, the third level tests one’s magic control, the fourth level tests one’s proficiency in intermediate spells, and the fifth level tests one’s ability to use manifestation magic and ability endowment in battle. All of these trials place melee magic casters at a severe disadvantage, so this was never fair from the start.”

The magic casters from Richard’s faction were already preparing to celebrate.

Meanwhile, the spectating magic casters were all rather disappointed. They had thought that this would be a heated and evenly matched contest, but it appeared that this was merely going to be a landslide victory for Kola.

A smile had also appeared on Richard’s face. He had been searching for a Water Spirit Jewel for many years in order to help him recover from a chronic spiritual ailment; never had he thought that Krassu would be the one to offer a Water Spirit Jewel to him.

“Did she get lost in there?” Krassu murmured to himself with his brows furrowed in confusion.

“Did she forget that there’s more than one level?” Mag was also feeling quite perplexed. Even though melee magic casters were at a disadvantage in the tower ascending trial, Amy had learned ice-type long-range magic from Urien, so there was no way that she wouldn’t even be able to get past the first level.

“Can I start now?” Amy extended her little hand and tapped the door before her with a confused expression. As soon as she made contact with the surface of the door, it vanished, and she appeared in another room. She thought to herself for a moment before patting her own head as she exclaimed, “Oh no! Master told me to climb the tower as quickly as possible!”

A pair of wind fire wheels appeared beneath her feet as she disappeared on the spot.

“She finally passed the first level after 61 seconds!” someone in the crowd exclaimed.

The number above Amy’s door had indeed changed from one to two.

However, even the most mundane 4th-tier magic casters in the Magus Tower could easily pass the first level in a faster time. Some of the magic casters were getting rather bored, and were already preparing to leave.

“She went up another level at 62 seconds!”

Everyone’s eyes widened upon hearing this. They turned to the number above Amy’s door, and then to the timer on the wall, to find that they were registering three and 62, respectively.

“She passed the second level in one second!”

“How is that possible?!”

The entire crowd erupted into an uproar as their jaws dropped to the ground. They felt as if the world had been tipped on its head.

“T-that’s impossible!”

Richard was also in complete disbelief. How could a 4th-tier magic caster possibly be capable of passing the second level in one second?

“She passed the third level at 65 seconds! My God, am I dreaming right now?!”

In the blink of an eye, Amy had scaled another level.

Chapter 708 Is Someone Fighting in Here?

Amy had climbed three levels in five seconds, and everyone was completely flabbergasted.

All of the magic casters who were preparing to leave immediately faltered in their footsteps as they stared at the number above Amy’s door, unable to believe their own eyes.

It was almost impossible even for a 7th-tier magic caster to pass three levels in five seconds, but a four-year-old little girl had achieved this next-to-impossible feat!

She had passed the second level in one second and the third level in three seconds, so there was no way that it would’ve taken her 61 seconds to pass the first level. That could only mean that she had given Kola 60-second head start! That was a scathing insult!

“H-how could this be?!” Richard’s face immediately paled upon seeing this. He had thought that the contest had already been decided, only for such an extraordinary turn of events to unfold. If Krassu’s disciple could keep up this speed, then there was no way that Kola would be able to beat her.

Meanwhile, Kola was still on the fourth floor, and all of the magic casters in Richard’s faction were getting very nervous. If that little girl really did manage to beat Kola after giving him a 60-second head start, then that would be extremely humiliating.

A short and portly magic caster chuckled coldly as he said, “The first three levels are too easy, but she won’t be able to play any tricks on the fourth level. Without mastering powerful intermediate spells, there’s no way that she would be able to beat the guardian magic beast on that level. Kola will be sure to emerge victorious.”

All of the magic casters nodded in agreement. This man was right; the trial on the third level examined one’s mastery over intermediate spells, and only those who were proficient in intermediate spells could quickly defeat the manifestation magic beast on that level.

“She passed the fourth level at 70 seconds! She only used five seconds to pass the fourth level!”

As soon as the fat magic caster finished his sentence, the number above Amy’s door turned into a five.

The bright red five was like a slap to the face for that intermediate magic caster. His cheeks immediately became flushed with humiliation, and he lowered his head into his chest, wishing that the ground would swallow him up.

“This is beyond extraordinary! She’s a freak! A freak, I tell you!”

“Even though she gave Kola a 60-second head start, I have a feeling she’s going to set a new record for the fastest to pass the fifth level!”

“Is melee magic really this powerful? In that case, why won’t the Magus Tower teach us melee magic? I really want to learn it!”

None of the magic casters present could remain calm any longer. They were the cream of the crop among all of the magic casters in the Roth Empire, but all of them were suddenly struck by a crushing sense of inferiority.

As expected of my prized disciple; she’s a spitting image of my younger self! Krassu stroked his beard with a beaming smile on his face.

That’s my daughter alright. Mag also wore an elated expression on his face. He was feeling very satisfied with the sight of the bewildered expressions on the faces of the magic casters around him, even more so than if he were to receive a direct compliment.

Amy had passed four levels in merely 10 seconds, while Kola continued to grind away on the fourth floor.

He was on track to break the record that he had set not long ago, but that record pace was more like a snail’s pace in the face of Amy.

“Will she be able to pass the fifth level?”

“I feel like that’s already a given. I’m just interested in seeing how many seconds she would take to pass the fifth level; I have a feeling it’s a record that’s never going to be broken.”

Everyone was looking at Amy’s door with anticipation and curiosity on their faces.

The short and fat magic caster raised his head again, seemingly having recovered some confidence as he predicted, “Only a magic caster who had mastered manifestation magic and ability endowment can pass the fifth level. She only just progressed to the 4th-tier a month ago, so there’s no way she could’ve mastered those types of magic already!”

On the fifth floor, within a cavernous dessert space, Amy was holding her staff, which was several times taller than herself, as she looked into the distance with a thoughtful look on her face. Her gaze was aimed directly at a massive sabertooth tiger that was close to five meters in length and over two meters tall. After a brief moment of contemplation, she shook her head, and murmured to herself, “No, I can’t use only magic taught to me by Master Krassu. If I do that, Master Urien will be sad.”

“Roar!”

The massive sabertooth tiger glowered at Amy with a pair of red eyes as it let loose a thunderous roar of rage. It dug its four paws into the ground before rushing directly toward Amy, sweeping up four sandstorms in its wake.

The staff in Amy's hand transformed into a wand as she waved it toward the massive tiger in an unhurried manner. As she did so, a serious expression appeared on her little face, and she said, "Big-teeth tiger, you have to make sure to be good. Otherwise, a fat cat will fall from the sky and squash you."

However, the huge sabertooth tiger clearly didn't understand what Amy was saying. It accelerated even further, and aside from the four sandstorms it had whipped up, there were also yellow blades of wind appearing beneath its paws. It seemed as if it would be able to easily crush a person under one of its massive powerful paws, and in the blink of an eye, it had reached a distance of less than 10 meters away from Amy. At such close proximity, Amy could even clearly see the saliva hanging from its long and menacing saber teeth.

Right at this moment, a gargantuan shadow suddenly appeared over the sabertooth tiger.

The massive tiger looked up, only to discover an astonishingly huge orange backside.

"Boom!"

A massive ball-shaped orange kitten over five meters in radius came crashing down from above, instantly crushing the oncoming sabertooth tiger. The four sandstorms it had whipped up were also squashed as if they were nothing more than tiny flies.

"I told you to be good, didn't I? See what you made me do?" Amy heaved a faint sigh as her wind fire wheels flashed, and in the blink of an eye, she had already rushed out of the desert space through the opening that had appeared up ahead.

The entire Magus Tower tremored slightly.

"What's going on?"

The magic casters on the first floor were slightly concerned as they felt the tremors run through the entirety of the Magus Tower.

"It must be Kola! He must be about to pass the fourth level!" The short and fat magic caster seemed to be very confident in his judgment.

"Kola has passed the fourth stage at 80 seconds!"

All of the magic casters were elated upon seeing this. Not only was this a bet between Richard and Krassu, the honor of the entire Magus Tower was on the line. Furthermore, this was also a clash between long-range and melee magic, so this really was an extremely important contest.

Kola had made it to the final level, so there was hope for him to attain victory. After all, he had far more experience in these trials than Amy did.

However, almost at the exact same moment, an even louder announcement rang out. "Amy has passed the fifth level at 80 seconds!"

The entire first floor of the Magus Tower fell completely silent. Everyone was shocked beyond belief by what they were seeing.

Within the cavernous space of the fifth floor, Kola looked at the magic beast up ahead with an excited expression as he murmured to himself, "It's only been 80 seconds, and I should be able to defeat this 5th-tier manifestation magic beast within a minute. In that case, I'd be breaking my own record! When that time comes, that little brat will most likely still be struggling on the second or third floor."

Amy emerged from the trial space on the fifth floor and appeared in a long corridor. There was a series of closed doors lining the sides of the corridor.

"Where's the exit?" Amy was looking around for the way out when she suddenly heard the sound of something being broken in one of the nearby rooms, followed by a burst of anguished howling.

"Is someone fighting in here?" Amy's eyes lit up as she gently pushed open the door.

Chapter 709 Your Father Has a Very Good Eye

The door was slowly opened.

Within the dimly lit room, there was a beautiful elf holding a chair in her hands, and she was just about to bring it crashing down onto the head of the fatso cowering in the corner.

Amy's little hand was still on the door handle, and she looked on with her mouth slightly agape. She was completely rooted to the spot as if she had been immobilized by fear.

Irina's chair faltered in its downward descend as she turned to look at Amy, and she was also rooted to the spot.

The half-elf little girl at the entrance of the room appeared to be three to four years old, and she was wearing a gorgeous purple dress. Her silver hair had been arranged into twin braids, and she was looking at her with a pair of watery blue eyes, looking as if she were rather frightened. Her pointy little ears were twitching nervously, and her intricate little face epitomized the word "adorkable".

Amy is probably around the same age as her... Irina spaced out for a second, but she quickly came to her senses, and stared at the little girl with a hint of surprise in her eyes. She had applied restricted magic to the door, so even a 9th-tier magic caster shouldn't have been able to open it from the outside. This little girl appeared to be a little magic caster, but there was no way that she should've been able to open the door.

As soon as the door was opened, Brent's eyes immediately lit up as if a ray of hope had shone onto his miserable existence. However, his expression also stiffened at the sight of Amy standing at the entrance. That's not President Richard! Who's this little half-elf girl? And what's she doing here?

Upon hearing the news that Krassu had come to cause trouble for the Magus Tower, Brent was in the process of hurrying down the stairs when he was knocked out by a vicious chair to the head from Irina. After that, she dragged him into this dark room, and gave him a brutal beating while interrogating him about who had been involved in the assassination attempt three years ago.

Brent wasn't an idiot; he knew that he couldn't admit the Magus Tower's involvement in that incident. As such, he could only wait for Richard to detect the abnormal magic waves in the tower and then come to save him.

However, instead of Richard rushing in to save him, he was greeted by the sight of this little half-elf girl.

The Magus Tower only accepted human magic casters, so he had no idea how this little half-elf had snuck into the tower. However, she was his only hope, so he immediately yelled, "Hurry up and call for—"

"Thump!"

Before Brent had a chance to finish his sentence, a chair had slammed into his face. The chair was shattered into tiny wooden splinters, while Brent had been knocked completely unconscious.

Irina tossed the remaining sections of the chair in her hands aside, then turned to Amy with a smile, and asked, "Who are you, little girl? How did you come here?"

Amy's eyes were glittering as she looked at Irina. Big Sister Aisha was the most beautiful elf she had ever seen, but this rather violent big sister seemed to be even more beautiful, just as if she were a goddess who had descended from the heavens.

Furthermore, she also had a head of silver hair, and her skin was fair as snow. Her pointy ears were so thin that they were almost transparent, and the golden moon insignia appeared as if it could glow. She also had a pair of watery blue eyes just like her own, and for some reason, Amy was struck by a sense of intimacy and closeness when she looked at this woman.

However, the image of Irina slamming the chair into the fatso's head had well and truly startled Amy.

Not only was this big sister so beautiful, she was also so cool! Was she a melee magic caster as well?

"If you're going to hit someone, hit them in the face" was the first lesson in melee magic that Krassu had ever taught her. As such, Irina's treatment of that fatso was a textbook example of how melee magic should be implemented in battle. If it weren't for the fact that she knew that Master Krassu had no other disciples, she would've been tempted to call this woman her martial sister.

"I'm just a little elf who happens to be passing by..." Amy replied feebly. Even though she was feeling a sense of intimacy toward this big sister, she still implemented the strategy that Mag had taught her when speaking to strangers, which involved not disclosing any personal information.

"A little elf who happens to be passing by, eh?" Irina faltered slightly before a smile appeared on her face. It had been a long time since she had met such an interesting little girl, and she couldn't help but chuckle. A smaller chair suddenly appeared in her hand, and she extended an invitation toward Amy as she asked, "This is a bad guy. Do you want to beat up this bad guy with me?"

"Yes!" Amy immediately nodded without any hesitation. She rushed into the room with excitement on her face and accepted the chair from Irina with glee. She then strode over to Brent and began to size up her chair and his head, trying to find the best angle to strike from.

Irina repressed the urge to smile as she adopted a serious expression, and asked, "Why are you so quick to believe me? Aren't you afraid that I'm a bad person?"

"It's alright, Father says that in a fight between two people, the ugly one has to be the baddie. You're so beautiful, Big Sister, so there's no way that you're a baddie." Amy shook her head with a serious expression as she pointed at Brent, and said, "So he must be the baddie."

"Your father has a very good eye." Irina nodded, and before she knew it, her slightly dejected mood had been lifted. Not only was this little girl very adorable, her father also seemed to be quite interesting.

"Argh!"

Brent had just begun to come to his senses, yet the first thing that he saw was Amy holding a little chair in both hands, and he let loose a cry of shock and horror.

"Shh!"

Amy tried to tell Brent to be quiet, but she was already swinging her chair toward his face.

"Thump!"

The sturdy little wooden chair was instantly pulverized into countless shards of wood, leaving on two sections of chair legs in Amy's hands.

"Ugh..."

Brent fell unconscious again.

"You sure are a quick learner." Irina turned to Amy with a rather surprised expression. This little girl's textbook chair-swinging form very much resembled her own.

"Heehee." A wide beaming smile appeared on Amy's face. For some reason, she was very happy to be praised by this big sister; it was a completely different feeling from being praised by her father.

"However, there are still improvements that you can make. For example, you can tilt the chair slightly at an angle, then raise it high above your head, and strike his face from this angle."

"Bam!"

"See? The sound was crisper that time, wasn't it? It sounds more satisfying this way."

"It really is! Let me try!"

"Bam!"

"If you swing in a different direction, you'll hear another type of sound."

"Bam!"

"Wow! That's awesome! Let me try!"

"Bam! Thump! Boom! Crash!!!"

Dull thumps erupted one after another, and the women's singles match had turned into a women's doubles collaboration. While the two of them struck Brent over and over again, they were having a serious discussion about force transfer and angles.

“He seems to have fainted.”

Amy looked down at Brent, whose head now resembled that of a pig, and she stuck out her little tongue as she tossed the sections of chair legs in her hands onto the ground.

“Nicely done, little girl.”

Irina also tossed the sections of chair legs in her hands onto the ground, and she glanced at the doorway before turning to Amy with a smile as she said, “I also have to go now. By the way, what’s your name, little girl?”

Chapter 710 I Should Just Kidnap Her!

On the first floor of the Magus Tower, everyone still had yet to recover from the shock of witnessing Amy creating that extraordinary record. They could already envision the rise of a new legendary magic caster.

She was only four years old, yet she was a 5th-tier magic caster who had only taken 20 seconds to scale five levels of the Magus Tower. It was impossible to imagine where her limits could lie.

In that instant, everyone understood why Urien and Krassu had been willing to set aside their century-long feud and accept the same little half-elf girl. Not only that, but Krassu had even withdrawn from the Magus Tower and left Rodu to settle permanently in Chaos City for her.

If he were to miss out on such an exceptional prodigy, there most likely wouldn’t be another one like her even in 1,000 years.

Richard was still forcing himself to maintain a calm expression, but his trembling beard and tightly clenched fists betrayed the true extent of the emotional turmoil that he was experiencing.

The Fire Spirit Lotus was next to useless to him, but it was a treasure of the same caliber as the Water Spirit Jewel, he had initially prepared to exchange it for a Water Spirit Jewel. However, he now had to hand it over to Krassu free of charge.

All of the magic casters in Richard’s faction had also fallen completely silent. The short and fat magic caster who had predicted Kola’s victory had slunk his way to the back of the crowd, not daring to raise his head as he buried his chin into his chest.

Krassu had left the Magus Tower, then come back with his disciple, and severely humiliated the Magus Tower.

Your daddy would always be your daddy.

All of the magic casters present were very dejected, but they were satisfied that they had lost fair and square.

None of the ordinary magic casters felt anything other than disappointment and shame. After all, Krassu was their senior, so he had every right to teach them a lesson.

Krassu hadn’t ever accepted a disciple in his life, yet he had suddenly taken a half-elf little girl under his wing, so it only made sense that she was an extraordinary prodigy.

Furthermore, Richard had also attempted to humiliate Krassu by sending Hank and George to Chaos City back when Krassu had only just taken Amy as his disciple, so he had every right to retaliate.

“Kola is also about to come out soon as well. Go and get him.” Richard’s voice was slightly strained.

“Yes.” A tall and thin magic caster beside him nodded before quickly departing.

“I’ll go get Amy,” Mag said to Krassu before quickly following along behind that tall and thin magic caster. He wasn’t used to having Amy out of his sight, especially in a place like the Magus Tower.

Krassu nodded in response before turning to Richard. He extended a hand, and said, “Hand over your Fire Spirit Lotus.”

“Hmph!” Richard harrumphed coldly as he turned to Krassu, and said, “I don’t know what kind of tricks she used to scale the tower this quickly, but seeing as she’s already mastered manifestation magic and ability endowment, how about she and Kola have a real match? Aside from that Fire Spirit Lotus, I also have a Flame Spirit Crystal that I’m willing to bet.”

Krassu’s eyes lit up slightly up hearing this. “Really?”

Richard poked his hand into his wide sleeve and produced a box that was emanating fiery red light. The box opened, and a crystal that resembled red amber was revealed. There was a tiny little dragon slowly whizzing around within the crystal as if it were a living creature.

“Alright, I’ll take you up on that bet.” Krassu immediately nodded as he looked at the Flame Spirit Crystal in Richard’s hand. The Flame Spirit Crystal was superb cultivation material for fire-type magic casters, one that was far more valuable than the Fire Spirit Lotus.

This item could only be found in the lava of active volcanoes that had existed for tens of thousands of years, and almost no one had ever seen one. It was a legendary object that was sought after by countless fire-type magic casters, and it was rather ironic that a water-type magic caster like Richard would possess one.

Richard stowed away the Flame Spirit Crystal in his hand, and looked at Krassu as he thought to himself, I don’t know what tricks you used to make her scale the tower that quickly, but using tricks to accelerate her growth is only going to hurt her in the long run. She progressed five levels in two months, so her foundation is almost non-existent. How is she going to be able to perform in a battle?

...

“I...” Amy looked at Irina, and suddenly recalled her father’s cautionary words spoken to her on the night before they had set off for Rodu. Even though this big sister didn’t appear to be a bad person, Mag would definitely scold her if she told this big sister her real name. As such, she thought to herself for a moment before smiling as she replied, “I’m Xiao Mi[1].”

“Xiao Mi!” Irina was stunned to hear this name. She suddenly thought back to when she had returned to the Wind Forest on the cusp of labor. After her daughter was born, she gave her the name “Amy”, as well as “Xiao Mi” as a pet name.

She had silver hair, bright blue eyes, pointy little ears, a slightly round face that bore a hint of resemblance to Alex, and facial features that resembled her own. In particular, Irina felt as if she could see the shadow of another person in the little girl's smile.

She was reminded of the cold and forbidding knight who once stood at the pinnacle of the entire continent, but would often smile like a young boy when he was with her.

No, it can't be her! This is Rodu; this is the Magus Tower... How could she be here... Irina felt as if her heart had been grasped tightly with an iron grip. Her mind told her "no", but the more that she looked at Amy, the more her heart told her that this was her daughter.

She couldn't help but reach toward Amy's face, and grazed a finger over her slightly chubby cheek. "Your face is so soft."

"Father says using milk to wash my face every day will make it really soft." Amy rubbed her cheek against Irina's hand, and her eyes narrowed in a beaming smile, giving her the appearance of a content little kitten.

How can she be this adorable?! Irina felt as if her heart were about to melt, and she was suddenly struck by a strong impulsive urge.

Who cares whose child she is; I should just kidnap her! Whenever I'm in a bad mood, I can just squeeze her little cheeks; it'll be much more fun than looking after goldfish. Wait, that's not the point! Irina shook her head to rid herself of that strange train of thought, and she recomposed herself before asking, "Xiao Mi, who's your father? And what about your mother?"

Amy was basking in the comforting sensation of rubbing her cheek against Irina's hand when her eyes suddenly snapped open. Could it be that this was the kind of bad person that her father had told her about? The kind that started off by asking for her name, then asking about her parents before abducting her in the end?

"My father is a super great chef, and everyone calls him Boss Mag. He's super strong and his food is super tasty." Amy smiled as she said, "My mother is living on the moon, and she's looking down at me from the sky right now."

Boss... Mag? Xiao Mi?! Irina's eyes gradually widened as a series of connections were established in her mind.

Right at this moment, the sound of footsteps approached from outside the room.