

Stay At home 751

Chapter 752 He Already Has a Daughter?!

Everyone turned to Novan with surprise in their eyes.

As the most powerful spatial magic caster of the Norland Continent and one of the great magic caster trio of Chaos City, Novan was Chaos City's representative to attend the king's birthday banquet, but no one was expecting him to oppose Sean over a mere chef.

Chaos City had been founded only a mere century ago, and it was a city comprised of a diverse smorgasbord of different races. Even though it had been developing steadily for the past several decades to become a force to be reckoned with on the Norland Continent, they had always upheld peace and equality, and maintained positive relations with every race.

The conflict between the two princes was no secret to anyone. However, all of the other races seemed to have a tacit understanding with each other as all of them had refrained from picking a side.

Novan was suddenly speaking out for Mag, so could that mean that Chaos City was siding with Josh?

Sean had always been a fan of waging battle against the other races. If he were to become the king of the Roth Empire, no one knew if the empire was going to continue to uphold and abide by the peace treaty.

In contrast, Josh was milder in his political approach, so he was clearly the better choice for Chaos City.

Countless thoughts raced through the minds of the representatives from each race as they looked at Novan. They had automatically neglected the possibility that Novan was speaking out solely for Mag's sake with no deeper motive to be gleaned.

However, Mag was struck by a sense of enlightenment as he took a glance at Novan. It appeared that he wasn't just here as a representative of Chaos City; City Lord Michael must've also assigned him the task of ensuring Mag's return to Chaos City.

Josh was internally ecstatic by the fact that Novan appeared to be siding with him, but he cast a concerned glance toward the king.

If the king insisted on keeping Mag in Rodu, then the situation could become rather tense.

Sean raised his eyebrows slightly in response. He was trying to aim some accusations at Josh and place him in a difficult situation, but he hadn't thought that Novan would jump to Josh's aid. Countless thoughts flashed through his mind in a split second, but his expression remained calm as he said, "Please don't misunderstand, Principal Novan. I'm not trying to insult Chaos City. I'm merely elaborating on the issue at hand, which is that this insolent chef is displaying extreme arrogance in refusing His Majesty's reward. As such, he must be severely punished to set an example for everyone else."

"I beg to differ, Your Highness. Mr. Mag is the most exceptional chef of our Chaos City, and City Lord Michael holds him in very high regard. The conflict between the dragons and the demons not long ago was only resolved in such a short time due to Mr. Mag's efforts, so he's certainly more than just a mere chef. He's only turning down His Majesty's reward as he's unwilling to give up on his own restaurant, and he's shown nothing but respect to His Majesty throughout this entire process; what display of

insolence has he made, and what crimes has he committed?" Novan's expression darkened slightly as he looked at Sean, and he said, "Furthermore, Mag is a citizen of our Chaos City. If he wishes to return to our city, we would welcome him with open arms!"

Novan's voice wasn't very loud, but he spoke in a very firm and decisive manner, without mincing his words in the slightest.

Mag was preparing to sit back and watch the show, but a peculiar feeling suddenly welled up in his heart as he looked at Novan.

It was a rather strange sense of belonging.

Even though Mag had already come to terms with the fact that he had transmigrated to this alternate world, only Amy and his restaurant gave him a sense of belonging. In all honesty, he didn't even know whether he was siding with the Roth Empire or Chaos City.

However, he now had an answer to that question.

Novan's proclamation that Chaos City would welcome him with open arms had truly touched him.

"Not only is Novan speaking out for him, he's even getting the entirety of Chaos City involved!"

"I didn't know that he played a role in resolving the conflict between the demons and the dragons!"

All of the officials looked at Mag with surprise in their eyes. They had thought that he was only a brilliant chef, but it appeared that he was actually much more than that.

Amy looked up at Krassu, and pouted as she wheedled, "Master, I also want to go back to Chaos City. Our restaurant is there, and so is Jessica, Daphne, Big Sister Aisha, Big Sister Miya... They're all there."

Krassu looked down at Amy's pitiable display, and his heart immediately melted. He nodded without even thinking as he said, "Alright, we'll definitely go back."

Meanwhile, Luna was looking at Mag with a concerned expression. She knew that with Mag's personality, he was definitely going to return to Chaos City, but she didn't think that the situation would become so tense.

Sean didn't think that Novan would be so decisive about a chef, even to the extent that he was bringing up the entirety of Chaos City. For him to be held in such high regard by Novan, just who was this man? With that in mind, Sean was a little hesitant about how to proceed.

He was just about to say something when Krassu suddenly turned to him with a displeased expression and broke his silence. "Aren't you being a little too quick to point fingers, Your Highness? Boss Mag is the father of my disciple, and back in Chaos City, we have to line up in massive queues just to taste Boss Mag's cooking. If you force him to stay in Rodu, what's going to become of the customers of his restaurant? Are you asking them to go and starve to death?"

Sean's eyelids twitched upon hearing this. Novan alone was already enough of a headache for him, but the madman, Krassu, was also speaking out against him. If Krassu were to side with Josh again over this matter, Sean would be in a world of trouble. That was the most concerning thing to him.

“He’s the father of Master Krassu’s disciple? What kind of luck does he have to be granted such an exceptional daughter?”

Krassu’s words sent a stir running through all of the officials present once again. It turned out that not only was this man an incredible chef, he was also the father of perhaps the greatest magical prodigy in history!

“He already has a daughter?!”

All of the female guests present let loose wails of grief. For him to have such a beautiful daughter indicated that his wife had to be an extremely gorgeous elf. In that case, they had next to no chance.

Right at this moment, Byron Field rose to his feet and clasped his fist in a salute toward the king. “Your Majesty, Mr. Mag is not just an outstanding chef, he’s also a brilliant mathematician. The revolutionary multiplication table that I’ve been trying promote was invented by none other than Mr. Mag himself. If we can implement this tool on a continent-wide basis, it will be a huge step forward for the field of mathematics! As such, I believe we should treat Mr. Mag with kindness rather than punish such a brilliant genius.”

The commotion in the palace grew even louder.

Byron was the Roth Empire’s minister of education, and also a highly respected and renowned figure in the field of mathematics, yet he was hailing Mag as a genius mathematician?

So not only was he a superb chef and the father of Master Krassu’s freakishly talented disciple, he was also a brilliant mathematician?

Everyone was completely flabbergasted by the glowing entries on Mag’s resume. They simply couldn’t fathom how anyone was capable of achieving these things, and at such a young age, at that.

Sean’s eyes were also filled with surprise as he cast a glance at Mag. He had been suspecting that he and Alex were one and the same, but that suspicion had now been completely debunked in his mind.

However, he had already aimed a series of accusations at Josh and Mag, and he couldn’t just swallow his words now. Thus, he was caught in an awkward situation where it appeared that there was no right path to take.

Chapter 753 Hurry Up, Idiot!

“That’s enough.” The king raised a hand, and the entire palace immediately fell silent.

“Seeing as Chef Mag doesn’t wish to remain in the royal kitchen, I won’t force him to stay against his will. Even so, the three dishes he offered today were still the best I’ve tasted, and he’s very much worthy of the best dish award.” The king turned his gaze toward Mag, and said, “He will be rewarded 1,000 dragon coins, as well as a plaque that says ‘Best of the Royal Banquet’ that can be hung up in his restaurant.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.” Mag extended a grateful bow toward the king, but he was internally grumbling, How the hell am I supposed to hang up a plaque like that in my restaurant?!

The king nodded, and continued, "Seeing as you're held in such high regard, and you're the father of Krassu's disciple, as well as a genius mathematician in Byron's eyes, there's no need for you to go back to the kitchen. You'll be granted a seat here in the palace for the duration of this banquet."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," Mag said in a respectful voice. He had never been to a royal banquet before, so he was naturally very interested in such an event.

"His Majesty agreed to let him leave!"

All of the officials were rather surprised by this turn of events. However, they were even more surprised by the fact that so many powerhouses were willing to stand up for Mag.

Thus, Mag emerged victorious at the conclusion of this minor conflict.

A genius mathematician? He could barely discern one number from another three years ago! Could it be that aside from learning to cook, he also learned mathematics during these past three years? Irina was looking at Mag with a curious expression, wondering what other surprises he had up his sleeve.

Sean wore a rather gloomy expression as he sat back down in his seat. He had well and truly hit a brick wall this time. Not only was he unable to cause any trouble for Josh, he had instead pushed Krassu and Chaos City toward Josh.

In contrast, Josh was barely able to contain his elation. He was the one who had introduced Mag to cook for the king, yet he thought that he was just a chef. Who would've thought that he would have so many powerful backers?

The group of education officials led by Byron Field had always been the most stubborn fence-sitters, absolutely refusing to take any sides in the battle for the throne.

If he could get Mag to infiltrate and convince them to support him, his influence would further expand.

Byron sat down, and Luna had already poured him a cup of tea while she wore a gleeful smile on her face.

"You're this happy just because I spoke out for him?" Byron accepted the cup of tea as he looked at Luna with a rather resigned expression.

"Mr. Mag is a man who loves freedom, so Chaos City is more suitable for him; of course I'm happy that you decided to speak out for him, Grandpa," Luna replied with a nod and a smile.

"I don't think that's all there is to it." Byron took a sip of tea as a meaningful look appeared on his face.

Mag cupped his fist in a salute toward Byron before making his way over to Amy and the others. By then, a servant had already prepared a chair for him beside Krassu.

Right after Mag sat down, he immediately turned to the two great magic casters, and said, "Thank you for speaking out for me, Principal Novan, Master Krassu."

Novan looked at Mag and shook his head as he said, "I should be the one thanking you for being willing to return to Chaos City."

"There's no need to be so polite with me, Boss Mag." Krassu waved a nonchalant hand in response.

“Father!” Amy leaped into Mag’s arms with an elated expression. Even though they had only been apart for several hours, she still missed him deeply.

“Good girl.” Mag settled Amy on his leg as he patted her head with a smile. He took a glance at Irina before abruptly turning his gaze away at the sight of the slightly threatening look in her eyes. She really was a rather scary woman.

The intimate interaction between the father and daughter duo drew many an envious gaze from the nearby guests. It was every man’s dream to have such an adorable yet prodigious daughter, and it was every woman’s dream to be sitting on Mag’s leg as Amy was doing.

Amy cupped her hand against Mag’s ear, and whispered, “Father, I think Big Sister Irina has already fallen in love with you.”

“Hmm?” Mag faltered slightly upon hearing this.

“She looked super happy when she was eating your three dishes, so she must’ve already fallen in love with you. No woman can resist your food,” Amy analyzed in a serious manner.

Mag couldn’t help but chuckle as he gently flicked Amy’s forehead. She really did dare to speak her mind.

Thus, the minor conflict concluded following intervention from the king.

So this guy was the one who swindled Tauros and Dracula, and made our demon race lose such a key island. What a deplorable bastard! The representative of the demon race, Gajeel, was looking at Mag with a dark expression. The conflict between the two races several months ago had ended in a peaceful manner, so all of those demon race warriors had died for nothing.

Could it be that he’s the miraculous chef that Jinx was talking about? In contrast, giant Golden Dragon Bruno was looking at Mag with an intrigued expression. He nodded as he thought to himself, Jinx really wasn’t lying; his food really is extremely delicious. It’s just that the samples are a little too small.

Mag was also surreptitiously sizing up the people within the palace. There wasn’t much to say about Josh and Sean; his four times spicy grilled fish was just the beginning to the revenge that he was going to serve up. He had also met Richard the day before, and the latter was currently glaring at him with an expression that suggested he wanted nothing better than to kill him.

The orcs, demons, forest trolls, dwarves, goblins, elves, and giant dragons had all sent important representatives to attend the birthday banquet.

Mag’s gaze settled momentarily on a burly man in a suit of golden armor with a golden scaled dragon tail trailing onto the ground behind him. This tail presented quite a familiar sight to him—it was the same as the tail that would sprout from Miya’s body after eating roujiamo!

Could it be... that Miya really is a half-dragon with the bloodline of a giant Golden Dragon? Mag thought to himself with a hint of surprise in his heart. As he did so, he committed this Golden Dragon’s appearance to memory.

If Miya wanted to go to the dragon islands to find her father, perhaps he would be able to speak to this Golden Dragon representative to have that arranged.

Of course, if he had already recovered to the heights of his powers by that time, then he wouldn't mind handing a brutal beating to that irresponsible Golden Dragon who had left his daughter and wife behind.

"His Majesty's birthday is a grand occasion celebrated by the entire nation, with guests coming from all corners of the continent to attend this birthday banquet. Now, it's time for our guests to offer their birthday presents to His Majesty!"

A loud announcement rang out from the main attendant in the palace. Everyone immediately fell silent as they turned their attention to Josh and Sean.

The presents offered by everyone else were rather inconsequential, but the presents offered by the two princes were a competition in itself.

"Hurry up, idiot! If we get there too late, then our preparations would go to waste!"

Sean was just about to rise to his feet when an urgent voice sounded from outside the palace.

Chapter 754 The Most Forgettable Prince

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"His Highness, Yuri, is here!"

As soon as the announcement rang out from outside the palace, a thin and frail young man with a head that was about twice as big as that of a normal man his size came rushing in from outside. There was sweat dripping down his face, and as he ran, he urgently yelled, "I'm here to offer Father a birthday present! I'm not too late, am I?"

Everyone in the palace turned to Yuri in unison with surprise etched on their faces.

"Wasn't His Highness in attendance this entire time?"

"I'm not sure; I don't recall seeing him, though. As expected of the most forgettable prince."

"Most importantly, even His Majesty didn't seem to have noticed his absence."

All of the officials wore rather peculiar expressions, with hints of ridicule in their eyes.

The first and second princes each had their strengths, and they had always been evenly matched in the past few years, maintaining a fine balance, so no one knew who would inherit the throne in the end.

In contrast, the third prince, Yuri, was only becoming more and more forgettable.

As a prince of royal blood, he was obsessed with a lowly craft like carpentry; no official was going to be willing to serve a prince like him.

Aside from his abnormally large head, there was nothing about him that was noteworthy at all, and even Josh and Sean couldn't be bothered to pay any heed to him anymore.

In their eyes, recruiting a trusted servant of the king was more worthwhile than recruiting a completely forgettable prince to their side.

Amy's eyes lit up as she murmured, "It's a running mushroom head!"

Mag had to repress his laughter upon hearing that. Now that she mentioned it, he really did look like a mushroom in motion. However, where was he before this? He wasn't even here for the entire duration of the banquet up to this point.

Mag was struck by a sense of sympathy for Yuri as he heard the derogatory comments the officials were throwing at him in hushed tones, but his amusement at Yuri's appearance outweighed his sympathy in the end.

However, it was just as the officials had said: without Yuri, this battle between the two princes was very intense and exciting. With Yuri here... Perhaps he was acting as comic relief?

Mag was even a little worried that this third prince would step forward and offer a wooden carving to the king as a birthday present.

Mag wouldn't be surprised in the slightest to see that happen.

The king was slightly surprised as he looked at the panting Yuri, and his brows furrowed as he asked, "Where were you, Yuri? And why are you in such a hurry?"

"Father, I was busy preparing your birthday present. Those idiots were too slow, so I ended up getting here too late." Yuri looked around at everyone in the palace before heaving a sigh of relief as he smiled, and said, "But it doesn't look like I'm too late, after all. They haven't offered their presents yet, right? In that case, I'm not too late."

At the sight of the smile on Yuri's face, the hint of displeasure in the king's heart disappeared. Instead, he became rather sympathetic toward his often overlooked son, and he nodded as he said, "Take a seat."

"Thank you, Father." Yuri nodded with a smile before looking around, only to find that there was no place for him to sit.

Even the servants had forgotten about his existence and neglected to prepare a seat for him!

The servant off to the side hurriedly picked up a chair, but didn't know where to put it.

The third prince was a royal of direct lineal descent, but it was quite a predicament for them to figure out where to place the seat.

"Little Mushroom Head, come over and sit with me," Irina offered with a smile.

"Er..." A reluctant look appeared on Yuri's face as he stole a glance at Mag and Amy, looking as if he wanted to run away.

"Hmm?" Irina's smile gradually cooled.

"Sure!"

Yuri shuddered before reluctantly making his way over to Irina with a smile that was more hideous than a grimace.

The servant hurriedly placed the chair down beside Irina before finally heaving a sigh of relief.

Mag nodded in approval as he looked on from his seat. Indeed, there was no seat more suitable for Yuri than one that was next to Irina.

Irina's seat was below Josh's, so the third prince, Yuri, should be sitting there anyway. At the very least, he wouldn't have to sit in some awkward position now.

Yuri took a seat beside Irina, looking as if he were striding toward his personal execution. He shuffled his chair away from Irina slightly as he wore a forced, nervous smile on his face.

"Little Mushroom Head, looks like your head grew again in the past three years!" Irina scooted closer to him as she inspected his head with a curious expression, and remarked, "Everyone else grows taller in every part of their body, but in your case, it looks like only your head is growing!"

Yuri ducked away from the evil hands that were reaching for his head. Irina was a childhood trauma of his. He even had a feeling that his head had only grown to its current absurd size because she wouldn't stop rubbing it when he was younger.

Princess Irina had once lived in the royal palace for a while, and she showed a keen interest in his head when he was at a young age. If it weren't for the fact that she was General Alex's lover, he definitely wouldn't have allowed her to ravage his head like that.

Of course, he couldn't resist even if he wanted to.

Aside from his carpentry hobby, Yuri also had a dream to become a knight, and his idol was none other than General Alex.

However, before he could even begin to pursue that dream, Alex passed away.

That was undoubtedly a lethal blow to his aspirations, and from that day forth, he focused his attention solely on carpentry.

Irina hesitated momentarily before withdrawing her hands. She couldn't help but want to rub Yuri's big head every time she saw it. She wasn't doing it with any malicious intent; she simply wanted to rub it.

After receiving a silent instruction from the king, the servant again declared, "The present ceremony shall continue; His Highness, the first prince, will be the first one to offer his present!"

Another servant quickly made his way into the palace with a long platter that was covered by a red cloth. His forehead was dripping with sweat, and his arms were trembling slightly, clearly indicating that whatever was sitting on the platter had to be a rather heavy object.

Sean rose to his feet and removed the red cloth, revealing a burst of red light that had everyone reflexively narrowing their eyes.

The object sitting atop the platter was a reddish-golden sword. Imposing, regal patterns had been carved all over the surface of the blade, and the fiery reddish-golden light foretold a story of unrivaled sharpness.

"What's that?"

Everyone was looking at the sword with curious expressions. It was quite apparent that this was no ordinary sword.

Sean picked up the golden sword with both hands as he said in a respectful voice, "Long live, Father. This sword is known as the Crimson Flame Sword, and it was once wielded by the human emperor. It has been close to 1,000[1] years since it sank into the Scorching Flame Pond, and it took three years for the people I deployed to find it. Now, it will return to the human emperor once again."

Chapter 755 I Hope You Like I

Sean's words immediately created a massive stir within the palace.

The human emperor was the monarch of the human race during the war among species. Right when the human race was on the verge of being wiped out, he led the human army into battle and ensured the survival of the entire race. Furthermore, during the several decades in which he ruled, the human race continued to grow stronger until it was a force to be reckoned with even in the context of the entire Norland Continent.

It was exactly because of this that he was revered as the human emperor, and his sword was an extremely renowned one that had even slain giant dragons in the past.

Following his death, it was said that his Crimson Flame Sword had been lost in the Scorching Flame Pond. Countless people had ventured into the pond at the risk of their lives, but none of them had been able to find this legendary sword.

All of the past kings of the human race wanted to find this sword, but no one was able to succeed.

However, it had been found by Sean, and was being offered to the king as a birthday present. This was indeed quite a monumental offering.

All of the representatives of the different races wore rather strained expressions. At the sight of this sword, many of them were reminded of the human emperor. If it weren't for him, the humans would be easy prey for them right now.

"The Crimson Flame Sword!"

The king's eyes also lit up as he slowly rose to his feet. He accepted the sword from Sean, and a hint of color appeared on his wizened cheeks, making him appear as if he had suddenly become many years younger.

He had once fought on the borders of the kingdom before; he didn't think that he would be able to obtain this Crimson Flame Sword at such an old age. A warm sensation flowed relentlessly into his body from the hilt of the sword as if he was holding a ball of fire rather than a sword. He was even struck by the impulse to challenge someone to a battle.

All kings wanted to become the next human emperor.

In the past several decades, the most flattering compliments to him were when he was being compared to the human emperor.

Now, the human emperor's sword was in his hand, the human race was as powerful as ever, and representatives from all races had to attend his birthday. A sense of pride and exhilaration suddenly welled up in Andre's heart.

He held the sword and inspected it for a long while before turning to Sean as he praised, "This is a fantastic sword."

"I'm glad you like it, Father." A hint of elation flashed in Sean's eyes as he accepted the sword and placed it back onto the platter before sitting down again. From the king's reaction, it appeared that this was the perfect present, and it was worth all the time and effort he had expended searching for it.

All of the officials from Sean's faction naturally took this opportunity to shower Sean with praise, trying to present him as a model son as well as a man with ambition and drive.

Mag was also looking at the Crimson Flame Sword. If it had indeed been in the Scorching Flame Pond, which was entirely filled with lava, for close to 1,000 years without even changing shape, then it really was an extraordinary sword. The king was also clearly very pleased with this present, and it appeared that this was most likely the best present that was going to be offered today.

"Nice one, Brother!" Yuri clapped his hands with an expression of awe on his face, but he quickly adopted a confident look as he said, "But even the Crimson Flame Sword isn't as good as my present."

"What present did you prepare, Mushroom Head?" Irina asked with a curious expression.

"It's a secret." Yuri shook his head and refused to say anything.

"You sure have a lot of secrets, you little brat." A dangerous look flashed in Irina's eyes.

"I'm only keeping it a secret so it'll be a surprise!" Yuri's self-preservation instincts were blaring.

Irina withdrew her hand as she nodded, and said, "Alright, but if it's not fun, you know what's waiting for you."

"It's fun for sure." Yuri was full of confidence.

Josh's expression was rather strained. He had been searching for the Crimson Flame Sword as well, but was unable to find it. Never had he thought that Sean would secure it before him.

He had thought that Mag's spectacular display was guaranteed to make him the star of the show, but he wasn't that confident anymore.

After the Crimson Flame Sword was taken away by the servant, another loud announcement immediately followed. "His Highness, the second prince, will now be offering his present!"

Josh rose to his feet, and another servant holding a platter covered by a red cloth strode into the palace.

"What kind of treasure will His Highness offer?"

"His Highness, the first prince, already set the bar very high with the Crimson Flame Sword. I'm not sure any present will be able to match it."

All of the officials craned their necks as they looked on with curious expressions.

Josh removed the red cloth, and a faint silver light radiated from the platter. There was a round ball of ice sitting on the platter, and a silver lingzhi mushroom was hovering right at the center of the ball. The mushroom was shimmering with faint silver light as if it had a life of its own.

“Father, this is the Ten-Thousand-Year Year Snow Lingzhi Mushroom that I sent people to source from the glacial lands of the north. Snow lingzhi mushrooms will only occasionally appear below glaciers, and consuming a Ten-Thousand-Year Year Snow Lingzhi Mushroom can extend one’s lifespan and is very beneficial for one’s health,” Josh introduced with a serious expression.

Normal snow lingzhi mushrooms were already extremely valuable items, able to clear out countless toxins from one’s body following consumption, thereby enhancing one’s health and extending their lifespan.

In contrast, a Ten-Thousand-Year Year Snow Lingzhi Mushroom was simply unheard of, and it was surely a priceless treasure.

All of the officials’ eyes lit up upon seeing this. Most of the officials here were over 50 years of age, and who wouldn’t want to live a few more years? If one were to consume that mushroom, it would almost be sure to add a few years to their lifespan.

The king glanced at the Ten-Thousand-Year Snow Lingzhi Mushroom, and nodded as he said, “Thank you for your thoughtful present, Josh.”

If it weren’t for the fact that the Crimson Flame Sword had already been presented to him, the Ten-Thousand-Year Year Snow Lingzhi Mushroom would undoubtedly have been a splendid present.

However, compared to the Crimson Flame Sword, it seemed a lot more ordinary.

Josh nodded before taking a seat. He had spent a lot of money to secure this Ten-Thousand-Year Year Snow Lingzhi Mushroom, yet it hadn’t evoked much of a reaction from the king; that was quite a depressing notion for him.

Let me see if a chef or the Crimson Flame Sword is more important in Father’s heart! Sean turned to Josh with undisguised triumph in his eyes.

The king’s reaction was witnessed by all of the officials present, and it was quite clear that Sean’s present was superior to Josh’s.

“His Highness, the third prince, will now be offering his present!”

The procession continued.

None of the officials were very interested in seeing what was going to be offered. The third prince did indeed offer a present every year for the king’s birthday, but there was no creativity to his presents year after year. It was most likely the case that he would be presenting a wooden carving again, and he was most likely going to pull it straight out of his pocket too.

To this carpentry-addict of a third prince, nothing in this world was more valuable than his wooden carvings, so his presents never changed.

Yuri rose to his feet with a solemn and serious expression.

Four servants strode into the palace, using two thick wooden logs to carry a large box that appeared to be about a cubic meter in volume. The box was also covered by a red cloth, and from the strain on the faces of the servants, it appeared that it was quite heavy.

“What’s that?!”

The officials were starting to become rather intrigued now. The mass and weight of this present far outstripped that of all of the previous birthday presents offered to the king by Yuri in the past.

“Father, it took me a full six months to craft this present for you. I hope you’ll like it.” Yuri strode over to the box before unveiling it.

Chapter 756 A King

Right before everyone’s expectant eyes, the red cloth was unveiled, revealing a black wooden cube.

The surface of the inky black cube was polished to a very smooth extent, and it hadn’t been carved at all. It was just a smooth block of black wood.

“His Highness took half a year to polish a block of wood?”

“Maybe he polished it starting from when it was still a tree?”

“He can’t even be bothered to carve now?”

All of the expectant expressions on the faces of the officials gave way to disappointment, and they felt as if they had been swindled.

However, when they thought about it, it was their fault for having any expectations for the third prince in the first place, so they only had themselves to blame.

Mag also raised his eyebrows as he looked at the block of wood. This kid is more interesting than I anticipated; is he trying to infuriate his father into having a brain hemorrhage?

The representative of the demon race, Gajeel, had already burst into laughter. “I must say, this block of wood is very square.”

All of the representatives of the other races were also trying their best to repress their mirth.

Sean and Josh had both offered extremely rare treasures, thereby displaying their thoughtfulness and abilities.

However, the third prince was offering a black block of wood, and that was nothing short of hilarious.

If he hadn’t jumped out on his own, they had already forgotten that the Roth Empire even had a third prince. As it turned out, he was an absolute idiot.

“Yuri, what’s the deal with this block of wood?” The king’s expression had also darkened slightly. Even though the wooden carvings Yuri had presented to him in previous years weren’t exactly prized gifts, all of them were quite intricately crafted, and it was a manifestation of the time and effort he had expended.

However, he was presenting just a block of wood this time? And he was declaring that it had taken him half a year to produce something like this? Could it be that he thought his father was senile enough to believe such a blatant lie?

“Father, this is not a normal piece of wood; I painstakingly polished this wood, then applied coats of the Black Stone Paint I invented onto its surface. It’s even harder than metal, and is extremely impact resistant.” Yuri gently stroked the block of wood before jumping onto it and taking a seat. A smug smile appeared on his face as he continued, “Also, it’s just the right height to act as a chair, and it’s very nice and cool to sit on.”

“So you made a super durable stool?”

Gajeel was howling with laughter. Andre and his two sons were all quite troublesome to deal with, but who would’ve thought that he would have such a stupid son like this Yuri? It was very satisfying for him to witness Andre’s humiliation.

All of the representatives from the different races also burst into laughter, and even some of the officials of the Roth Empire couldn’t help but chuckle along.

However, there were also some officials who were looking at Yuri with enraged expressions, furious that he was making the Roth Empire the laughingstock of the entire continent.

“Yuri, you...” The king’s mustache was trembling with rage. He had even made up his mind that he was going to forbid Yuri from participating in any royal events from this day forth.

“Looks like he’s exactly the same as he was three years ago.” Irina shook his head with a faint sigh.

“Father, why is Mushroom Head giving his father a piece of wood?” Amy asked with a curious expression.

Mag thought about this question for a long while before replying, “Probably because he’s stupid.”

Josh hurriedly rose to his feet to try and play the good guy as he said, “Yuri is still young, so it’s inevitable that he’ll do something foolish from time to time. Please don’t be angry at him, Father.”

Sean glanced at Josh before also standing up as he chimed in, “Father, Yuri is still young and hasn’t read many books, nor seen much of the world, so please forgive him.”

The king’s fury abated slightly as he looked at his two sons.

“Big Brother, you’re the one who hasn’t read many books! I read five books a day, and I’m already in the process of reading all of the books in the royal library for the second time!” Yuri retorted with an indignant look.

The king’s expression darkened once again.

Sean also raised his eyebrows in response. He was only trying speaking out for Yuri seeing as Josh had done so, but who would’ve thought that Yuri would dare to insult him in response? What an ungrateful little brat!

“Using this thing as a stool is its most basic function.” Yuri seemed to be completely oblivious to the ridicule and rage on everyone’s faces as he pressed a hand down onto the corner of the wooden block and smiled as he said, “This is its most impressive function.”

“Crack! Crack! Crack...”

Following a string of loud cracks, the seemingly seamless block of wood suddenly split up into countless segments, climbing up Yuri’s body from his feet, instantly encapsulating him to form a wooden exoskeleton.

Yuri had just been sitting on the block of wood a moment ago, yet he had become a black giant over two meters tall in the blink of an eye.

The inky-black body and the silver suit of armor combined to create a sense of intimidation.

The entire palace abruptly fell silent as everyone stared at the wooden giant with eyes that were wide with astonishment.

A seemingly ordinary block of wood had transformed into a giant in the blink of an eye! Could this be magic? But the third prince wasn’t a magic caster!

This present that the third prince was offering was indeed quite extraordinary; it was far better than his usual wooden carvings.

But why did this wooden giant look so familiar?

“Isn’t that General Alex?” a military official exclaimed with an excited expression.

“It really is General Alex!”

The entire palace burst into a loud commotion again.

Alex! A cold light flashed through Josh’s eyes as he looked at the wooden giant. This was a face that he didn’t ever want to see again.

Sean’s expression was also rather cold as he looked at Yuri. What a clueless bastard!

Irina was slightly entranced by the sight of the wooden giant. She then turned her gaze toward Mag and pouted slightly. He looks nothing like that now.

Meanwhile, Mag himself was also carefully appraising the wooden giant. It had to be said that Yuri’s woodworking skills were extremely brilliant. The wooden statue appeared to be very life-like, and it was emanating the aura of a king—not the king of the empire, but a king who stood at the pinnacle of the continent nonetheless.

So that’s what he looks like. He looks nothing like me at all, Mag thought to himself with a series of rather complex emotions in his heart. Countless memories of Alex’s glory days began to flash through his mind.

“Mushroom Head’s wooden statue this time is a lot better than that bird man. It looks just like Father,” Amy whispered as she looked at the wooden statue.

Chapter 757 Do You Dare to Battle Me?

That's because he really is your father.

Mag patted Amy's head with a rather complex look on his face.

He was Shen Mag, but he was also Mag Alex; that was inevitable from the moment their memories were combined.

He was willing to shoulder all of Mag Alex's responsibilities, but he also had to live life on his own terms.

Looking at the wooden giant, Mag seemed to have been struck by an epiphany, a moment of self-discovery. However, he still couldn't help but exclaim internally, Holy f*ck! Isn't that a Transformer?!

I didn't think that this kid was a young prodigy! To think that he was able to build a Transformer at such a young age; I wonder if it can move, though. Mag found himself having to reevaluate Yuri in his heart. To see a block of wood transform into a giant was an extremely marvelous visual spectacle, making him feel as if he were witnessing a special effects scene from a Hollywood film.

This was not a simple engineering mechanism; a magic spell formation must've been infused into the structure. How boring would it be to sliced one massive block of wood into countless smaller pieces, and then assemble it into a wooden giant?

Mag was suddenly reminded of one of his university roommates in his past life. In order to assemble a Gundam, he could work tirelessly for days and nights on end, sometimes even forgetting to eat.

Mag was very much in approval of Yuri's creativity, but this was clearly not the right time to be drawing a connection between himself and Alex.

Regardless of which one of his elder brothers was to inherit the throne, they definitely wouldn't show any mercy to a younger brother who idolized Alex.

"Alex!"

Gajeel abruptly rose to his feet, glaring at the wooden giant with flames of fury burning in his eyes.

Irina turned to Gajeel with a deriding sneer, and said, "Are you scared of even a wooden mannequin, you old fart? Looks like you still remember what happened all those years ago."

Gajeel's expression darkened slightly, but a cold smile quickly appeared on his face as he sat down again, and retorted, "Hmph, it's just a dead piece of wood, just like that dead bastard."

"Looks like someone's asking for a beating." Irina's expression immediately cooled upon hearing this. The demon race was definitely involved in the assassination three years ago, but she didn't know which of the powerful beings from the demon race had participated in the incident.

"Don't worry, I'll send you to the other side to see him sooner or later." Gajeel's smile faded as he aimed a vicious glare at Irina.

Irina's expression cooled even further in response, but there was a hint of a gentle light in her eyes as she caught sight of Mag in the corner of her field of vision.

“Big Sister Irina seems to recognize that wood man?” Amy murmured as she looked at the enraged Irina. Mag merely held her in his arms, and didn’t explain anything.

All of the representatives from the different races also wore different expressions as they looked at the wooden giant.

Everyone knew about the relationship between Irina and Alex, and no one dared to pour salt into her wounds like Gajeel was doing.

After all, there had been recent news that she had slain a 10th-tier elven magic caster.

She never followed any rules, and anyone in this entire palace could become her target if they were to draw her ire.

“I’m not a dead piece of wood! I can move!” Yuri’s indignant voice sounded from within the wooden giant, following which the structure raised its heavy right foot, and then its left foot. Even though it looked a little maladroit, it was indeed capable of movement.

He must’ve used a magic inner core to control this thing. If it can perform in battle, then it really would be a Gundam! Mag was flabbergasted by the sight of the moving wooden giant.

Even though it had only just completed a sequence of extremely simple movements, this was still a monumental step in the world of automatons, and Yuri was still only 15 years old; he was a genius pioneer!

Yuri’s rather clumsy movements were quite amusing to many of the guests present.

General Alex was the hero of the empire, and the entire nation had been plunged into grief in the wake of his death three years ago.

Yuri’s brilliant craftsmanship made it appear as if General Alex had returned to life, and there was certainly no one denouncing him to be an idiot anymore.

“Alex.”

The king was looking at the wooden giant with a rather complex expression.

Right at this moment, a military official rose to his feet, and exclaimed, “Your Majesty, I believe it’s inappropriate for His Highness to make his wooden statue resemble General Alex! How could he make fun of our empire’s greatest hero like this!”

The chatter in the palace gradually subsided, and everyone’s expressions gradually changed again as they looked at the wooden giant.

They had been stunned by Yuri’s creativity, but this was General Alex, after all; how could he be made into a toy like this?

No matter how intricately crafted this wooden structure was, it was still nothing more than a toy.

The third prince had indeed gone too far by insulting General Alex with his creation.

These bastards sure are obnoxious! Even though General Slog was speaking out for Alex, Mag knew better than to be fooled into thinking that his intentions were pure. From Alex's memories, he knew that this was one of Sean's lapdogs, and he was actually just criticizing the third prince so he wouldn't steal the limelight away from Sean.

The king furrowed his brows slightly, seemingly thinking about something, but also seemingly a little displeased.

The wooden giant stabbed a finger toward Slog as Yuri said in an angry voice, "Who told you this is a toy? This is a suit of battle armor, not a toy! Alex was a War God, and I'm aspiring to become someone like him by donning this suit of battle armor, so why can't I make it resemble Alex?"

Slog maintained his furious expression as he interrogated, "General Alex was an invincible deity, the most powerful warrior the Norland Continent has ever seen! How can he be compared to a block of wood? Could it be that this block of wood could also march into battle?"

All of the officials in the palace were also looking at the wooden giant with deriding sneers on their faces. Yuri had always been frail and weak, so for him to become a War God like Alex just by donning a suit of wooden armor was an absolute joke.

This wooden giant looked like it would even have trouble walking, let alone engaging anyone in battle. Could it be that its only strong point was its defensive properties?

If so, then how was this thing different from a turtle shell?

A deriding sneer appeared on Sean's face. A brother like this didn't even have the right to be viewed by him as a worthy competitor.

Is it fun to bully children like this? Mag furrowed his brows as he looked on from his seat. These people really were abhorrently despicable.

Just as everyone thought that Yuri would bow to these insults, the wooden giant pointed a finger directly at Slog, and he said in a cold voice, "You, do you dare to battle me?"

Chapter 758 At the Mercy of the Ants Who Could Once Only Look up to Him

The entire palace suddenly fell deathly silent. Everyone looked at the wooden giant with wide eyes, and for a split second, they were struck by the illusion that the invincible War God was back.

However, the one inside the wooden giant was Yuri, not Alex, so what gave him the courage to challenge Slog? Wasn't he just asking for a beating?

Slog himself also faltered slightly upon seeing this. In all honesty, he had almost fallen to his knees when the wooden giant extended a challenge toward him.

However, he quickly returned to his senses, and reiterated to himself that Alex was already dead, and the one inside the wooden giant was only the frail and useless Yuri.

Flames of fury were ignited in Slog's heart. Even though he wasn't a high-ranking official, nor was he very powerful, if he didn't even dare to accept a challenge from Yuri, then he would become everyone's laughingstock. In that case, he could essentially kiss his political career goodbye.

Slog turned to the king and cupped his fist in a respectful salute as he said, "Your Majesty, seeing as His Highness insists on challenging me to a battle, I would like to secure your approval to arrange a sparring match. No weapons will be used, and the battle will conclude before things get out of hand."

Everyone turned their attention to the king. Even though Slog had accepted the third prince's challenge, it was up to the king to decide whether this battle would eventuate.

No matter how forgettable of a figure Yuri was, he was still the third prince, and he represented the face of royalty. After bringing out a wooden block as a birthday present for the king, he had drawn much ridicule, but he had since proved all of his doubters wrong by a demonstration of the wooden block's abilities.

However, if he were to lose in a battle against Slog, the royal family would be embarrassed once again.

Amy looked at the wooden giant with a curious expression as she murmured to herself, "Even Mushroom Head can fight? But the bird man he made earlier couldn't even fly; how can he beat anyone in a fight?"

Could it be that this really is a Gundam? Mag also wore a curious expression. Even though Yuri was still quite young, he didn't appear to be stupid enough to do something that would only bring ridicule to himself.

I've seen Little Mushroom Head trip over his own feet before, but he's challenging someone to a battle now? How interesting. Irina was also quite intrigued by this turn of events.

In any case, Yuri was the third prince, so there was no way that Slog would actually dare to injure him; that would be a crime worthy of a severe punishment.

Yuri withdrew his extended finger before turning to the king as he requested in a firm voice, "Father, please allow me to battle him."

The king was looking at the wooden giant with a rather surprised expression. In his mind, Yuri had always been rather frail and lackadaisical, but who would've thought that he'd have such a courageous side to himself? After a brief silence, he nodded, and said, "I'll approve of this battle."

The servants nearby quickly cleared out a large space at the center of the palace, while all of the officials burst into spirited discussion.

"General Slog is a 5th-tier knight; is his Highness really going to battle him?"

"His Highness isn't a knight, nor is he a magic caster. Is he trying to exhaust General Slog to death with that suit of armor?"

"When you put it like that, it could be possible."

"Sigh, if His Highness could work even half as hard as his elder brothers and not be obsessed with these useless activities, he wouldn't be in his current situation."

Everyone was generally quite skeptical of Yuri's decision to challenge Slog, thinking that he had only done so in the heat of the moment. No one was of the opinion that this suit of so-called battle armor would actually let him win this battle.

A large space was quickly cleared out, and the two combatants faced off against each other.

The tall and broad Slog was only able to reach up to the wooden giant's neck, and the flames of his fury were fanned even further by the fact that he had to tilt his head back to look up at his opponent. He wanted nothing better than to ram his fist into the face of the wooden giant, and crush it beneath his feet.

"Please get ready, Your Highness, Master Slog. Also, remember to stop before either side gets injured," a servant yelled from the sidelines.

The chatter within the palace gradually subsided as everyone stared at the two combatants with intense focus. They had no doubts about the final result of the battle; they were merely interested in how many seconds Yuri could last.

Slog twisted his neck from side to side, cracking his joints in the process as he glared at Yuri like an enraged bull. He had already decided that he was going to take down Yuri in just a single attack.

"Be careful, Your Highness!" Slog roared before charging toward Yuri like a wild horse.

Yuri was the third prince, and no matter how angry Slog was, he still had the presence of mind to know that he couldn't injure Yuri in this palace no matter what.

However, he had done all this so he could stand out in front of Sean, and he was a military official as well, so he naturally couldn't show any weakness.

As for Yuri, he was just a useless prince anyway, so there was no need to take his dignity and thoughts into consideration.

The rapidly advancing Slog created a stark contrast with Yuri, who was rooted to the spot like a wooden pillar. It appeared that this battle would be over in a matter of seconds.

Gajeel wore an eager expression of ridicule on his face. It was hilarious to him that the third prince was about to be defeated by a lowly military official of his own Roth Empire, and it was a bonus that he was going to be beaten while bearing a strong resemblance to Alex. It was almost as if Alex himself was the one being defeated here, and that was a very satisfying notion to Gajeel.

"Go, Mushroom Head! Go!" Amy was cheering Yuri on in a quiet voice. She wore a nervous expression of intense focus on her little face, which was actually quite adorable to behold.

Slog extended his right hand toward the neck of the wooden giant, preparing to catch Yuri in a chokehold before throwing him to the ground to put an end to this sparring match.

Veins were bulging along the entire length of his bulky and powerful arm. The power of a 5th-tier knight could almost rival that of an Ironhide Bull, so it was naturally a simple matter for him to take down a stationary wooden statue.

A hint of a sinister smile appeared on Slog's face. Alex was someone whom he could only look up to, and even though this was only a wooden statue of him, the notion of being able to defeat him was still quite an exciting one.

He could already see himself catching Alex in a stranglehold before throwing him violently to the ground. That was undoubtedly going to be the most brilliant highlight of his life.

Some of the female guests present had already covered their eyes, unable to bear witnessing such a horrendous spectacle. Many of them were Alex's fangirls, and none of them wanted to see him being brought down—not even as a wooden statue.

Sean wore a cold smile on his face. At the same time, he was feeling rather curious; if he were to find Alex now, would he also be as easy to bring down as this wooden statue? Would he be completely at the mercy of the ants who could once only look up to him?

That would be a very interesting scenario to witness.

Just as everyone was waiting for Yuri to be taken out by a single attack, the stationary wooden giant suddenly sprang into action. It raised its right hand in a flash, displaying none of the clumsiness from earlier. The hand shot forth like lightning, catching Slog's wrist in a vice-like grip before swinging him through the air in a perfectly coordinated motion.

Slog's burly body drew a glorious parabola in the air before landing heavily on his back. The wooden giant immediately lowered itself before unleashing a punch directly into Slog's face.

Chapter **759 Can I Have Her?**

The wooden giant slowly rose to its feet to reveal Slog lying motionless on the ground below it. Slog's nose and mouth had been completely flattened into an unrecognizable mush, and he was clearly unconscious. Even the solid stone ground beneath his body had been severely cracked by the force of the impact.

His Highness... He won!

The entire palace had fallen deathly silent as everyone stared at the wooden giant, who was standing at the center of the palace like an imposing War God. Everyone was struck by the illusion that the War God from three years ago had returned, and there was only unadulterated shock in their eyes.

The 5th-tier knight, Slog, had been insta-killed by the third prince[1]!

If this hadn't happened right before their eyes, they would've never believed it to be possible!

They had indeed thought that the battle would end in a matter of seconds, but not with a result like this!

The king's eyes lit up, and he immediately relaxed his white-knuckled grip on the armrests of his throne. His tightly furrowed brows also gradually loosened as an elated smile appeared on his face.

H... How is that possible?! Sean clenched his fists as he looked at the unconscious Slog, and then turned his gaze toward the imposing wooden giant as rage and astonishment surged through his heart.

Josh withdrew his gaze as he turned toward the king to gauge the latter's reaction. His eyes narrowed as he caught sight of the pleased look on the king's face, and as he slowly twisted the ring on his left hand, he thought to himself, Do you no longer want to be an idiot, Yuri? You should've just stayed an idiot; do you think you can compete with me now?

"Useless trash!" Gajeel looked at the wooden giant and repressed his urge to rise to his feet. Even as a wooden statue, the bastard who had chased him around on the demon islands for three days and three nights was still as abhorrent as ever.

All of the representatives from the different races were looking forward to seeing Yuri bring humiliation to the royal family of the Roth Empire, and they were all rather disappointed by this unexpected turn of events.

Irina unable to contain her surprise as she burst into involuntary laughter. "Heh... He's not just all talk, after all. But he's still nowhere near Alex's level."

This... is a real Gundam! It's a Transformer! Holy f*ck! Mag almost sprang to his feet in shock. There was probably no one in this world who was more astonished than him right now.

A 15-year-old boy just invented a functional Gundam in this magic world? What the hell is going on?!

Wait, why do I feel like he's stealing my job? A thought suddenly occurred to Mag. Wasn't he supposed to be the one who was shocking this world?

Mag turned his gaze toward the wooden giant again, and carefully thought to himself, This Gundam really is quite brilliant. Its strength level should be based on the power output of its internal magic spell formation, and it must be very energy-consuming to operate, but this is already extraordinary for a prototype. If it can be refined further, it would become a weapon of mass destruction on the battlefield in the future.

The entire palace was still in complete silence.

"Mushroom Head won!" Amy yelled with elation as she raised her little hands up into the air, completely shattering the stunned silence.

Everyone in the palace immediately turned toward her, and Amy put down her little hands in a sheepish manner as she murmured, "Yay..."

Amy's outburst provided a reminder to the stunned servant, and he hurriedly yelled, "His Highness, the third prince, has emerged victorious!"

"His Highness won! This is amazing!"

"Indeed! His Highness has been content to live in the shadow of his two brothers all along, but he's really given us a massive surprise here! I think he truly has shown us a glimmer of General Alex during his heyday!"

"Such an intricately crafted weapon really is worthy of being called battle armor!"

All of the officials also returned to their senses, and on this occasion, they were not stingy at all with their words of praise. It seemed that they had already forgotten all of the derogatory words they had directed at Yuri, and were now regarding him as the future star of the empire.

Of course, there was no lack of officials who were harboring more sinister intentions.

Mag furrowed his brows as he caught sight of the sinister expressions on the faces of the officials from Josh and Sean's factions. It appeared that Yuri's splendid display had already made him some enemies, all of whom were beginning to plot against him.

Yuri ignored all of the fawning praise being directed at him, turning to Amy instead as he pointed a finger at his own forehead to acknowledge her.

Amy waved back at him before whispering to Mag, "Father, do you also think that Mushroom Head looks better like this?"

"I do." Mag nodded in agreement. He was very pleased with his daughter's tastes. He was worried that she would find his big head adorable or something like that.

The king looked at the wooden giant before nodding with a smile as he said, "Well done, Yuri, I really like your present. You can come out now."

"Yes, Father." A series of cracks sounded as the wooden giant disassembled down the middle, transforming into a staircase that led to the ground while the top step was right beneath Yuri's feet.

Yuri's slowly walked down the staircase, following which the staircase reverted back into a black wooden cube that appeared to be completely mundane and nondescript.

This was also quite an astonishing scene to everyone.

The seemingly ordinary block of wood was now completely different in everyone's eyes.

It was like a miraculous magic box, one that could grant powerful abilities even to normal humans, and it was clearly very tempting to everyone.

Sean slowly calmed down, and a thought suddenly occurred to him as he looked at the block of wood behind Yuri. The notion took root firmly in his mind and refused to be discarded.

Even a weakling like Yuri can use that thing to defeat Slog; if we can produce more of these boxes, then conquering the world will be an extremely simple task!

Sean could feel his heart thumping in his chest. If he could have this box, then all of his aspirations could come true in the near future.

He wanted to conquer the world, to have the entire continent bow to his feet—even those proud and haughty giant dragons.

That was an extremely alluring prospect to him.

There was an endless supply of commoners, and as long as there were enough of these boxes, it didn't matter how many of them died.

After all of the representatives from the other races calmed down, this thought clearly also occurred to them, and their expressions turned rather grave.

During the past years, the human race had never displayed any intentions of embarking on conquests, and was most intent on guarding their own existing territory. However, the invention of this box could completely transform the situation on the entire Norland Continent.

This was something that could transform ordinary beings into 5th-tier warriors; it was something that could change this entire world!

And it had been invented by the most forgettable third prince!

Yuri wasn't expressing any smugness as he extended a respectful bow toward the king. "I wish Father a long and healthy life."

The king nodded with a pleased expression before smiling as he asked, "Yuri, you've presented a fantastic present to me today. What reward would you like for your efforts? I'll do my best to satisfy you."

"A reward?" Yuri glanced at Irina before pointing at Amy as he asked, "Then, can I have her?"

Chapter 760 Unless She Comes to Like Me as Well

"No!"

Mag and Krassu rose to their feet almost in unison, glowering at Yuri with dangerous looks in their eyes.

Yuri immediately felt a chill run down his spine as he unconsciously took a couple of steps backward. These two suddenly appeared extremely terrifying, even more so than Irina.

"Hmm?"

All of the officials also turned toward Amy with thoughtful expressions on their faces. Even though she was very young, her aptitude simply defied the natural order, and barring any accidents, she was definitely going to become one of the most powerful beings on the Norland Continent in the future.

Furthermore, her adorable features suggested that she was almost definitely going to grow up to become an exquisite beauty. The third prince didn't appear to be very bright the majority of the time, but he was suddenly making a very intelligent investment.

However, she was still just a half-elf, and the biggest issue here was whether the king would allow the third prince to marry a half-elf.

Of course, it appeared that Mag and Krassu were also vehemently opposed to this arrangement.

Mag's opinion didn't really matter, but no one could ignore Krassu. It was said that he had already resigned from the Magus Tower and permanently settled in Chaos City, but he was still as influential as ever in the Roth Empire.

If he didn't want to hand over his disciple to the third prince, then even the king would have to reconsider whether he could act as matchmaker for the two.

Are you sick of living, you big-headed freak? How dare you set your eyes on Amy! I should chop you up and feed you to the fishes! Mag was looking at Yuri with a cold expression. No one in this world could take Amy away from him. Anyone who tried would have to die!

Krassu was also glaring coldly at Yuri. This big-headed brat is trying to take my disciple? No one in this world is worthy of my disciple!

Are they that opposed to this? I'm just worried that Big Sister Irina would make me marry her daughter, so I'm just looking for an idiot to act as my meat shield. This little idiot is a little stupid, but she's not bad to look at, Yuri thought to himself sheepishly as he looked at the ferocious expressions on the faces of Mag and Krassu.

Is this brat taking what I said all those years ago seriously? Even so, how does he know that Amy is my daughter? Irina was looking at Yuri with a rather perplexed expression.

The entire palace had fallen silent again as Mag and Krassu faced off against the panicked Yuri.

"Father, is Mushroom Head asking me to marry him?" Amy looked up at Mag with a naive expression.

Yuri's eyes lit up upon hearing this. If this little idiot agreed, then the objections from the big idiot and Krassu wouldn't matter!

"Yes." Mag looked down at Amy before nodding with a rather complex expression.

Just as he was about to instruct Amy on the hazards of entering relationships at too young an age, Amy turned to Yuri with a serious expression as she said, "I don't think my head is a match for your big head, and I've already learned to use an umbrella."

"Pfft~"

After a brief silence, someone finally couldn't resist the urge to burst out laughing.

"Oh my God! This little girl is too adorable!"

"And she has such a sharp tongue, but she's still so cute!"

"Could it be that His Highness' head is a substitute for an umbrella in her eyes?"

The laughter in the palace was contagious, particularly when they saw the serious expression on Amy's little face. Even though she was saying something so hurtful, her expression made it seem as if she was the victim; it was absolutely hilarious!

"I... I..." Yuri's mouth gaped open as he reflexively laid a hand on his own head. Even though it was indeed a little large, he still had to use an umbrella on rainy days!

"I didn't think that even a genius like me would be rejected." Yuri shook his head in disappointment at the sight of Amy's serious expression. He wasn't disappointed at being rejected by Amy. Instead, he was merely disappointed that the people of this world could only see his head rather than look deeper to glean his brilliant talents.

"Is it my fault that I have a big head? Is that something that I can decide for myself?" Yuri heaved a forlorn sigh. It was still rather depressing to be rejected like this.

As expected of my daughter. Irina nodded with a content expression.

As expected of my daughter. The same thought appeared in Mag's mind as he patted Amy's head with a gratified smile. As long as she didn't agree, then he would be able to keep Yuri's sinister paws away from his precious daughter.

"I'm going to marry you, Father. You're the best," Amy whispered into Mag's ear.

A hint of warmth welled up in Mag's heart upon hearing this. Amy was too young to know anything about marriage or love, but she knew who was good to her, and she wanted to spend the rest of her life with her loving father. This was the feeling of being trusted and relied upon, and Mag was greatly touched by her rather childish words.

In the face of the string of rejections, everyone turned their attention toward the king again. He was the one who was going to make the final decision on the matter.

Mag cast a determined gaze toward the king, and said, "Your Majesty, please forgive me for my rude interjection, but my daughter is still very young, and it's nowhere near time for her to think about marriage."

Krassu also wore a serious expression as he chimed in, "Your Majesty, my disciple had only just begun to learn magic from me, and it'll be many years before she becomes a full-fledged magic caster; she has no spare time on her hands to play with wood carvings with His Highness."

The king looked at Mag and Krassu, and then turned toward Yuri as he asked, "Yuri, do you really like this little girl?"

Yuri crossed his arms with a proud expression as he replied. "Not anymore. I only like people who like me, and people who don't like me aren't worthy of being liked by me.

"Unless she comes to like me as well?" Yuri added at the end.

"How can there possibly be an idiot who likes you?" Amy asked with a genuinely curious look on her face.

Yuri was immediately deflated upon hearing this; he turned to the king, and said, "Father, I'll leave the reward for now. I'll ask you for it when I think of something."

A hint of disappointment flashed through the king's eyes, but he still nodded as he said, "Alright, then tell me when you think of something. I'll give you anything you want."

Josh and Sean both heaved internal sighs of relief in unison, and their wariness toward Yuri relaxed significantly again. An idiot was always an idiot; he couldn't even take an opportunity that had been presented to him on a silver platter.

"Master Krassu, Mr. Mag, please take a seat. Don't pay any heed to Yuri." The king turned to Krassu and Mag with a smile as he said, "If you'd like to, you can consider opening a restaurant in Rodu, Mr. Mag. Master Krassu's original magic room is also in the Magus Tower here, and it'll be an ideal location for your daughter to continue her studies."

“I’ll be sure to consider it carefully, Your Majesty.” Mag nodded with a serious expression as a hint of wariness flashed through his eyes. This king was a real piece of work.