

Stay At home 771

Chapter 771 Are You the Devil?

Mag had swooped in to save the damsel in distress, turning the tables on her opponents in the blink of an eye with his grand entrance.

During clashes between truly powerful beings, time seemed to slow down, but everything actually took place in split seconds.

Carter crashed to the ground over 10 meters away with his chest severely caved in, looking as if he had just been struck by a sledgehammer. He was lying facedown on the ground with blood and fragments of shattered internal organs spilling out of his mouth as his aura gradually diminished.

The forest troll withdrew its branches, but its entire body had already been stained with green blood. Even one of its arms had been cut off, and it was howling with horror and agony.

Gajeel let go of the shattered blade in his hand and stumbled back with a petrified expression, trying to open up some distance between himself and Mag.

Alex was here!

He was the only one who could wield a sword as heavy as the Tian Du sword as if it were a mere twig, and his deadly sword techniques had appeared in many of Gajeel's nightmares.

Five years ago, during his first encounter with Alex, he had conceded after withstanding just a single one of his sword strikes.

Three years ago, when he last encountered Alex, he was unable to withstand that single sword strike, and almost perished as a result.

On this occasion, he was still unable to withstand a single sword strike.

"Why are you still alive?! Why are you still as powerful as ever?! This is impossible... Impossible... Are you the devil?!" Gajeel felt as if he were about to be driven insane by his overwhelming horror.

They had made painstaking preparations for Irina's assassination. Every single 10th-tier powerful being within Rodu was under surveillance of their scouts, but no one had expected Alex at the height of his powers to turn up.

"I don't have time to explain." Most of Mag's 10-minute time limit had already passed, and he strode forward with a cold expression. All of a sudden, he glanced past Gajeel like lightning, carving out a thin white line in the air with his claymore.

Golden light erupted from Gajeel's eyes as he hoisted up his black shield again. His body expanded once again, and even his skin was hardening as he tried desperately to defend himself.

However, the thin white line only continued to elongate, slicing through countless droplets of rain before gliding through his black shield and finally his neck.

The shield that had been refined from the shell of a 9th-tier magic beast was sliced open with such ease as if it were made of melted butter. A thin crimson line appeared on Gajeel's neck, following which his

head was flung into the air. Blood gushed forth from the cross-sectional wound like a geyser before Gajeel's headless corpse slowly fell to the ground.

The white line continued to elongate, quickly ending the life of the vampire, who was still desperately struggling amid a puddle of blood.

"The devil! You must be the devil!!!"

After witnessing the deaths of Carter and Gajeel in quick succession, the forest troll was completely tipped over the edge. A series of magic shields of different sizes materialized around its body as a dark green teleportation formation appeared underfoot. Light was shimmering along the entirety of the formation, clearly indicating that it had already been activated.

"You're not getting away." Mag strode toward the forest troll with a calm expression, looking as if he had done nothing more than kill a few ants.

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me! Argh..."

The forest troll's expression was filled with horror as it made a series of random panicked hand seals, trying desperately to kickstart the teleportation formation beneath its feet.

"Alex, I didn't think that you'd still be alive."

Right at this moment, a distant voice sounded as a rift opened up in the sky above. Four sticky tentacles extended out of the rift before tearing the rift open even wider.

A hulking octopus over 20 meters tall and with countless tentacles squeezed its way out of the rift. What was even more terrifying and grotesque was that there were countless eyes running along the whole length of all of its tentacles, and those eyes were all scrutinizing Alex.

Standing atop the octopus' head was a short and stubby old man who appeared to be a midget. His feet seemed to have fused with the octopus' body and his eyes were bulging out of their sockets, creating a rather terrifying sight to behold.

As soon as his voice trailed off, two of the octopus' tentacles elongated in a frenzy, hurtling toward Mag in a criss-cross formation in an attempt to ensnare him.

...

Josh's griffin rapidly sped through the air. He could already hear the sounds of battle erupting from the fifth street, and that was very encouraging to him.

This indicated that the battle was still not over, which, in turn, meant that Irina was still alive.

Even though he was furious that the other races had plotted behind his back to assassinate Irina, this was a good opportunity for him to swoop in and save the damsel in distress. Perhaps Irina would give herself over to him in her gratitude.

With that in mind, Josh became very excited, and even his wand-wielding hand was trembling slightly.

As the second prince of the Roth Empire, he was already a 7th-tier magic caster at such a young age. He had astonishing aptitude, and that was why the Magus Tower was willing to support him.

Freakish prodigies like Irina were quite rare, after all.

“Be careful, Your Highness! There are extremely powerful magic waves up ahead, far more powerful than what the average 10th-tier magic caster is able to conjure up. I have a bad feeling that the patriarch of the spatial demons is here!” Just as Josh was fantasizing about him swooping in to save Irina just in the nick of time, a massive white eagle suddenly caught up to him, and an elderly magic caster situated on the eagle’s back extended grave words of caution toward him.

“What?!”

Josh was quite startled to hear this, and his griffin slowed down significantly as he cast his gaze toward the fifth street with bewilderment and hesitation in his eyes.

If they were coming up against a normal 10th-tier opponent, then the elderly great magic caster beside him should be capable of protecting him.

However, the patriarch of the spatial demon race was far more powerful than the average 10th-tier demon. It was most likely the case that this elderly great magic caster would be no match for such a fearsome opponent.

“We have a treaty prohibiting patriarch-level beings from appearing in the territory of other races! How dares he go against the terms of the treaty in such a blatant manner? Isn’t he afraid of facing backlash from our Roth Empire?!” Josh clenched his fists with fury.

The magic caster wore a concerned look as he said, “Your Highness, the demon race is clearly planning to instigate a war. Even the patriarch of the spatial demons has appeared in Rodu, and he’s targeting the elven princess; that’s nothing less than a declaration of war to the elven and human races. If you approach the battlefield now, there’s a good chance that he’ll attack you as well. Please reconsider, Your Highness!”

“I...” Josh cast his gaze toward the fifth street with a hesitant look. His expression was filled with urgency, but his griffin was only continuing to decelerate.

...

“Why is there another?” Mag looked up at the massive octopus with furrowed brows. He plunged his claymore into the forest troll’s heart in an offhand manner, thereby putting it out of its misery.

Chapter 772 Give me an Ultra Beam!

There was a steep greyish-white mountain around five kilometers to the west of Rodu. The area annually produced vast quantities of rocks to be used as construction materials, and it was said that the mighty city walls of Rodu were raised with rocks excavated from this area.

There was also another legend surrounding this lone mountain. It was said that when the royal craftsmen first attempted to excavate this mountain, the mountain suddenly became extraordinarily hard, making it impossible to break even with the finest of metal tools.

This incident had alerted the king of the Roth Empire at the time, and he issued an order for the mountain to be exempt from excavation, which was how it received its name of “Exemption Mountain”.

Due to the fact that the terrain over the mountain was very steep and smooth, there were almost no land-dwelling beasts to be found there—nor many flying beasts, for that matter.

There was a dark cave close to the summit of Exemption Mountain, and it was slightly slanted, so the cave was virtually out of sight for anyone looking up from the foot of the mountain.

Of course, no one was going to take the risk to climb such a perilous mountain, so the cave was very obscure and secluded.

Heavy rain pelted the grayish-white mountain, but even the royal craftsmen were unable to excavate this mountain, so this storm was naturally not going to affect it in the slightest.

Right at this moment, two specks of purple light suddenly lit up within the pitch-black cave.

A flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the entire sky, shedding some light into what lay within the cave.

An enormous creature slowly rose up before ruffling its folded wings. Dirt and rock shards clattered all over the ground as the creature made its way to the entrance of the cave. As it did so, the two specks of purple light lit up even further as if they were a pair of lanterns in the cave.

The massive creature stopped at the entrance of the cave, casting its bright purple gaze toward Rodu as it let loose a low growl.

Another bolt of lightning flashed past, and the gargantuan creature standing at the entrance of the cave was finally completely illuminated. It was a giant griffin!

Its entire body was quite dirty as it had just been rolling around in the mud. It was quite difficult to imagine how this colossus that had a wingspan of over 10 meters was able to force itself into the tiny cave.

Despite its disheveled appearance, it was still giving off an air of majesty and intimidation, even as it stood in silence.

“Howl!!!”

The griffin suddenly let loose a loud roar, and the purple light in its eyes resembled a pair of dazzling bright stars!

The griffin spread open its wings amid a series of loud cracks and pops from its joints. It flapped its wings, and flew into the air like a sharp sword piercing into the ferocious storm.

The dirt and grime all over its body was washed away by the heavy rain, revealing its eye-catching purple scales and wings. Even in the darkness, its massive purple lion head appeared quite menacing, and the gruesome blade wound on its glabella further contributed to its intimidating appearance.

With each and every flap of its wings, it would cover a distance of several hundred meters as it rapidly sped toward Rodu.

There was an extremely familiar aura there.

In order to wait for him, it had been hiding here for three years, and now, he had finally reappeared.

...

Mag withdrew his sword from the forest troll's body before using its shoulder as a stepping stone, launching himself up into the air as he swiped his claymore at the pair of incoming octopus tentacles.

His claymore sliced through the pair of tentacles like a hot knife through butter. The tentacles fell to the ground, writhing furiously as the eyes all over the tentacles blinked in a frenzy, seemingly refusing to come to terms with the fact that it was about to die.

However, the massive octopus wasn't affected in the slightest by Alex's attack. Its cross-sectional wounds squirmed, and two more tentacles sprouted from its body, both of which were almost identical to the tentacles that Alex had just severed. The only difference was that the eyeballs on those tentacles were still only pink fleshy bulbs that had yet to open.

Mag appraised the creature with a grim expression. This tryphobic's nightmare was not a real octopus, but instead a massive spatial beast known as the Eye Beast.

These giant beasts only existed within space, and not only were they extremely massive, but they possessed freakish regenerative abilities. Unless one could slay the beast with a single attack, it was virtually unkillable.

However, the most fearsome trait of an Eye Beast wasn't its regenerative ability, but the countless eyes all over its body instead.

No living being could remain completely calm while being scrutinized by so many eyes at once, and during their split-second-long emotional turmoil, the Eye Beast would gain control over them, reducing them to its slave.

It was very rare even for spatial demons to be able to find and tame Eye Beasts from within space.

An Eye Beast of such a massive size was no weaker than a normal powerful 10th-tier being, and its abilities were quite troublesome to face even for Alex.

As for why Alex knew so much about these creatures, that was because he just so happened to have slain an Eye Beast in the past, and he also disabled its spatial demon rider in the process.

If Mag wasn't mistaken, then the 9th-tier spatial demon he had disabled at the time was most likely the son of this spatial demon patriarch.

As such, Mag was at the height of Alex's powers, and he also possessed Alex's prior experience in slaying an Eye beast. However...

"There's not much time left; you have to make haste!"

"3:00... 2:59... 2:58..."

The system's urgent voice sounded within Mag's mind, and Mag could even see a small red light shimmering on his chest, just like the one Ultraman had.

“Do you really think I’m Ultraman, system?! How about you give me an Ultra Beam!” Mag rolled his eyes, but he was also aware of the fact that time was indeed quickly running out for him.

Unfortunately, this Eye Beast and the spatial demon patriarch were a much more troublesome duo to deal with than all of the other 10-tier beings that Mag had just slain.

There were only around 100 10th-tier beings on the entire Norland Continent, yet even among them, there were massive discrepancies in power.

Gajeel and those beings that had surrounded Irina earlier could only be referred to as normal 10th-tier beings. In contrast, Krassu, Urien, and the spatial demon patriarch were on another level, and could easily defeat a normal 10th-tier being.

Alex was naturally the most powerful among this exclusive group of powerful beings, and he didn’t fear anyone in a one-on-one battle.

However, it was almost impossible for Mag to defeat this duo before making a successful retreat within three minutes.

This was because it was quite likely that he wouldn’t even be able to touch the Eye Beast within three minutes.

No matter how powerful he was, he couldn’t fly.

In contrast, the Eye Beast could hover in the air, and could even tear through space to travel in a manner akin to teleportation.

Time was ticking away second by second, and even though Mag’s expression remained calm, he was desperately scrambling for a plan.

He stared at the Eye Beast with an intense gaze. He would only have one chance to leap up from the ground and kill it, and he would only be able to escape if he could kill this duo.

“Where’s your little purple bird, Alex?” The spatial demon patriarch looked at Mag with a sinister, derisive sneer from above as he said, “Without it, you’re just a little ant who can only jump around on the ground. You disabled my son, so I’m going to make you experience what it’s like to watch Irina being molested right before your eyes!”

A series of octopus tentacles several dozens of meters in length surged toward the Mag and Irina. The eyes on the tentacles were blinking in a frenzy as if the octopus were excited at the prospect of encountering new prey.

Right at this moment, a loud griffin cry rang out in the distance.

Chapter 773 Heh, Pathetic

Within a dimly lit pavilion, Quine stood behind Sean with a nervous expression, and asked, “Your Highness, both Alex and the spatial demon patriarch have appeared. Things have spiraled completely out of control; should we use the emergency backup plan?”

“Father is definitely already aware of what’s going on; no one on our side is a match for either Alex or the spatial demon patriarch.” Sean shook his head following a prolonged silence, and a cold smile appeared on his face as he mused, “Besides, Josh should be feeling the heat even more than I am.”

...

“Your Highness, our scouts report that... Alex has appeared!”

A black-robed figure wore a horrified expression as he rushed toward Josh, who was hovering in mid-air atop his griffin steed.

“What?!”

Josh’s body swayed, and he almost fell off his griffin as an incredulous look appeared in his eyes.

The black-robed man’s expression was also filled with shock and horror, but he still quickly reported, “Alex has appeared, and he’s battling the spatial demon patriarch.”

Josh’s expression became extremely strained as he shook his head in disbelief. “How can he possibly be battling the spatial demon patriarch? Th... That’s impossible! He’s already a cripple who can’t even walk!”

The magic caster beside Josh was also aghast as he murmured to himself, “Alex... Alex is still alive... For him to be battling the spatial demon patriarch must mean that he’s recovered his full power...”

“He’s already slain three 10th-tier powerful beings, all of whom were insta-killed...” The black-robed man’s voice was a little hoarse. Even though he was soaking wet from the rain, his throat was as dry as a bone.

“Get everyone to charge over and rescue Princess Irina! Kill everyone else on the fifth street! Alex is already dead and he no longer exists!” Josh drew a cold breath as he dismissed the black-robed figure with a frosty expression.

The black-robed figure looked up at Josh with incredulity in his eyes, and a chill ran down his spine at the sight of Josh’s cold expression. He hurriedly lowered his head again before rushing off to relay Josh’s orders.

Thus, the group of black-robed figures continued onward on horseback, charging directly toward the fifth street. They didn’t know what enemies they were going to face; all they had to do was act according to the second prince’s orders.

“Your Highness, you should get further away from here for your own safety. Alex...” The elderly magic caster’s voice trailed off as he looked at Josh. He was Josh’s most trusted subordinate, so he was naturally aware of Josh’s involvement in the assassination three years ago.

He didn’t know how Alex had survived and returned to the height of his powers, but the memory of Mag slaughtering 10th-tier powerful beings on that rainy night three years ago as if he were chopping up vegetables was still fresh in his mind. During the past three years, he had already lost count of how many times that memory had disturbed his slumber in the form of nightmares.

Now, this man was back, and he could still face off against the spatial demon patriarch.

Just this notion alone was making him tremble uncontrollably in fear.

Josh's expression gradually became composed again as he cast his gaze toward the fifth street. He shook his head firmly, and said, "No. I'm going to watch him die tonight. If he doesn't die, then we'll have to die."

...

The spatial demon patriarch's hideous face was twisted with a sinister smile, and his eyes were shimmering with red light. Looking at the countless tentacles hurtling toward Mag and Irina, he could already envision Irina being molested while Alex could only look on in agony and despair.

His favorite youngest son tamed an Eye Beast at just 500 years of age, and he was an extremely prodigious talent. However, his Eye Beast was slain by Alex five years ago, and his demon soul was also disabled. In the end, he plunged into a spatial storm and committed suicide.

The spatial demon patriarch harbored a burning hatred for Alex ever since then.

Three years ago, Alex was assassinated, and he had thought that his son had been avenged, but who would've thought that Alex would rise from the dead, and at the height of his powers, no less!

"My son's dead, so why are you still alive?! You should both die!" The spatial demon patriarch wore a deranged expression as countless octopus tentacles flooded toward Mag and Irina, attempting to inundate both of them.

Mag stood in front of Irina with a grim expression on his face.

Three years ago, Alex carried Amy on his back and fought until he couldn't fight any longer.

On this occasion, Irina was standing behind him, and he only had two and a half minutes left.

There was no opportunity for a reset, and he couldn't allow Amy to lose both her parents in one night, so he was already prepared to put his life on the line.

"Howl!!!"

Right at this moment, a loud howl erupted in the distance. A purple figure abruptly appeared in the air before diving straight down like a sharp arrow.

"Ah Zi[1]?" Mag faltered momentarily before looking up at the colossal creature descending from the sky, only to discover that it was a massive purple griffin.

The purple stripes on its body were illuminated by the lightning flashing in the sky, allowing Mag to confirm that this was indeed Alex's former steed, the purple-striped griffin, Ah Zi.

The arrival of Ah Zi also made the spatial demon patriarch falter momentarily. He looked up at the purple-striped griffin, and the fury in his eyes burned even more intensely. A ball of green flames appeared in his hand, which he slammed into the head of the Eye Beast, and a cold smile appeared on his face as he said, "I'm glad you came, little bird; I can kill both of you together now!"

"Roar!!!"

The Eye Beast suddenly let loose an almighty roar as flashes of green and red light began to shimmer interchangeably over its body. A hint of green appeared within its dead white eyes, and all of its tentacles thickened by twofold. On top of that, they sped up even further as they hurtled toward Mag.

The purple-striped griffin descended beside Mag, and almost at the exact same moment, countless tentacles came crashing down on them, making the ground below cave in by half a meter. The intertwined tentacles created a mountain of flesh, completely inundating Mag and the others.

The entire scene suddenly fell silent aside from the sounds of the ongoing storm and the squirming mass of tentacles.

Everything seemed to be over.

“Heh, pathetic.”

The spatial demon patriarch looked down at the mountain of tentacles with a disdainful sneer on his face. No one had been able to escape after falling under the control of the Eye Beast. All three of them were going to be reduced to the lowliest of slaves.

“Boom!”

Right at this moment, the mountain of tentacles suddenly exploded. Mag held his claymore in one hand as he sat atop his griffin steed. Irina was sitting behind him with her arms wound tightly around his waist as Ah Zi rose rapidly up into the air!

Chapter 774 **Don’t Let Him go Back**

Sections of tentacles and eyeballs flew through the air in all directions as the purple-striped griffin rose into the air, flying directly toward the spatial demon patriarch like a sharp sword.

The octopus’ thick and powerful tentacles were sliced into chunks by the black claymore as if they were made from tender tofu. Even though they were regenerating at an insane rate, there was no way that they could impede the incoming griffin.

It was unstoppable!

“How is that possible?!”

The spatial demon patriarch’s eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets upon seeing this. He stared at the sharp black claymore, and a hint of panic appeared in his eyes.

It was once said that Alex riding atop his griffin was like a tiger that had grown wings; there was no one in this world that he couldn’t kill.

The black-robed men finally reached the fifth street atop their unicorn steeds. They stared at the grotesque Eye Beast, then at the gallant figure rising fearlessly into the air atop a powerful purple-striped griffin, and all of them faltered in their advance as awe and incredulity appeared in their eyes.

Irina had her arms around the waist of the gallant warrior, and her body was pressed up tightly against his back.

This was not an unfamiliar scene to the people of Rodu. Back when Alex was still alive, he was often sighed taking Princess Irina in and out of Rodu atop his purple-striped griffin.

It was just that no one had thought that this scene would be replicated three years later.

All of the tentacles were several dozens of meters in length and several meters thick as they flashed through the air, tearing rifts in the space with their enormous power.

However, the griffin continued to rise up in a fearless manner. Countless tentacles were sliced apart around the griffin, and it appeared that nothing could stand in its way.

“Team Leader, what do we do now?” a black-robed figure asked in a quiet voice.

“If you think you can fight them, then you can try to approach them,” the team leader replied with a wry smile. This was a showdown between two of the most powerful beings on the entire Norland Continent, while their average power level was only at the seventh grade; what could they possibly do? They had only rushed to the fifth street as they were following the second prince’s orders, but this was clearly not a situation they were equipped to deal with.

Irina had her arms wound tightly around Mag’s waist, and her head was resting gently on his wide shoulders. She basked in his familiar aura, and it was as if she was trying to fuse her body with his.

Three years later, he was finally in her arms again.

Just when she had thought that her life would end here, he appeared.

He was still just as captivating as he stood before as her invincible guardian, and he was still every bit the man he once had been.

As she clung tightly to his familiar yet foreign body, she could feel the scorching heart beating in his chest. Even the cold autumn rain couldn’t dampen its scintillating heat in the slightest.

It was him!

Alex!

When she had received news of his death three years ago, her heart had been completely broken.

She didn’t even dare to imagine that they would be reunited one day.

She lived solely for revenge. She was going to find those abhorrent bastards and kill them one by one.

However, she had found him again.

She held on tightly to his body, and she never wanted to let go ever again.

“I know you’re excited to see me, but you’re kind of hampering me by holding on so tight.” Mag tried to make a lighthearted joke, but his heart rate was accelerating involuntarily as he felt the two balls of soft heat pressed tightly into his back.

Shen Mag was renowned for his ability to remain calm in the face of women.

Even if a beauty were to appear in her birthday suit right before his eyes, he might not even bat an eyelid, but for some reason, he was becoming quite flustered by Irina's embrace.

This was a rather surprising feeling to Mag.

However, he didn't have time to consider this notion in any greater depth. The countdown timer had ticked down to two minutes, and he had to take care of the spatial demon patriarch during this time and escape before more forces could arrive on the scene.

...

"Those are some really powerful magic waves; could it be that the old bastard from the spatial demon race is here? Who's that fighting him?"

Within the second-floor booth of a restaurant, Novan cast a surprised gaze toward the northern region of the city with a surprised look on his face.

"You're saying Benson's here in Rodu, and he's fighting someone?" Krassu immediately put down his chopsticks upon hearing this as he scrutinized Novan with an intense expression.

"No one else in this world can cause such a ruckus with spatial magic; that Eye Beast of his is most likely here with him. He seems to currently be somewhere on the fifth street," Novan replied with a nod.

"The fifth street..." A contemplative look appeared on Krassu's face before he suddenly rose to his feet. "It must be Irina!"

"How do you know that?" Novan asked with a perplexed look.

"Alex was assassinated on the fifth street three years ago. It's a pity that I just so happened to be somewhere outside of Rodu on that day. Otherwise, I would've beaten the living daylights out of that old bastard, Benson! Aside from His Majesty, Sean, and Josh, there's only Irina in this city that Benson could be targeting." Krassu looked at Novan with an urgent expression, and said, "Aren't you supposed to be the most powerful spatial magic caster on the continent? Hurry up and teleport me over there! If Irina is missing even a single hair from her body, I'm going to beat Benson and his disgusting Eye Beast to death!"

"Give me some time." Novan immediately sprang into action upon hearing this. The ring on his right hand flashed, and a series of crystals appeared on the ground beside the table as he began to set up a complex formation.

...

"These old bastards really are becoming more and more unruly; do they think my city is somewhere they can come and go as they please?"

On the top floor of the tallest palace, Andre wore a cold expression as he cast his gaze out toward the northern region of the city with killing intent glimmering in his eyes.

The black shadow behind him stirred, but didn't say anything. He seemed to be awaiting orders from Andre.

“They’re provoking me over and over again. The longer these old bastards live, the less they seem to value their worthless lives.” Andre withdrew his hands from the banister and clasped them behind his back. He turned to the black shadow, and said in a cold voice, “Make sure he never leaves this city again.”

“Yes.”

The black shadow swayed and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

“Alex, I hope you won’t disappoint me this time. As long as you obey me, there will always be a home for you in the Roth Empire.”

...

The purple-striped griffin rose into the air with astounding force, easily evading the few tentacles that managed to sneak past Alex’s claymore.

There was perfect synergy between the claymore, the man, and the griffin, and it was as if they were extensions of each other’s bodies.

The griffin reached the massive body of the Eye Beast virtually in the blink of an eye.

The creature’s entire body was covered in countless eyes, even to the extent that there weren’t any gaps between those eyes. Being scrutinized by so many pairs of malicious eyes at such close quarters was quite unsettling, even for Mag.

The severed tentacles were squirming violently before regenerating at a rate that was discernible to the naked eye.

All of a sudden, the Eye Beast let loose a sharp cry as if it had sensed the peril that it was in, and its body instantly swelled up like an inflated balloon. One of its eyeballs suddenly fell off before transforming into a wave of countless eyeballs that surged toward Mag.

Chapter 775 I Should Eat I

The battle taking place on the fifth street had attracted the attention of many residents dwelling in the northern region of the city. Many of the powerful beings in Rodu were also spectating the battle from afar, but none of them dared to approach the battlefield.

A battle between the powerful 10th-tier beings was indeed quite thrilling to watch, but it was extremely perilous to spectate at close distance. One could easily lose their life if they were watching the battle from nearby.

The city’s army had also received orders not to step in.

The intense storm was still sweeping across Rodu, and everyone was wondering who could be causing such a massive ruckus within the city.

There were also some people who thought back to that rainy night three days ago. The commotion that night had been even more raucous, and it had also come from the direction of the fifth street. On that night, the War God of the Roth Empire, Mag Alex, was killed.

On this night, there were bound to be more important figures who were going to die, but no one knew who those important figures were going to be.

The normal residents of the city simply thought that the ruckus was coming from a string of thunderclaps, so they merely rolled over and fell asleep again.

However, there were many people who were suffering from sleepless nights, wondering what changes would arrive the next morning.

...

Within a small kitchen in the second prince's manor, Amy sat beside a window and scooped up a small spoonful of ice cream cake. The pink strawberry ice cream and the yellow mousse were split up into pronounced layers, and the fragrant aroma of cake immediately wafted toward her. This aroma was intermingled with the faint scent of strawberries, and her eyes immediately lit up.

She opened her mouth to accept the spoon, upon which the smooth ice cream melted in her mouth, fusing with the sweet and delicious cake to form an irresistible icy combo. The delectable flavor brought a blissful smile to her face, and after swallowing her first mouthful of cake, she nodded, and said, "Father, the ice cream is so delicious!"

The manifestation of Mag stood off to the side and appraised her with a smile on his face.

"Looks like Master Mag made something delicious for her daughter again; I really am starting to envy her. I wonder why His Highness ordered me to come and check on them, though."

Outside the kitchen, a butler was peering surreptitiously into the window, and he could just manage to see both Amy and Mag from his position. He scratched his head with a perplexed look on his face before ducking down so he wouldn't be noticed.

Due to the ongoing storm, the air temperature was very low, and the butler was shivering as he was only wearing a set of thin robes. He took another glance through the window before murmuring to himself, "Looks like there's nothing amiss, so there should be no need for me to be here any longer. I'll report this to His Highness when he gets back."

The butler hurried away through the storm after that.

What could Father be doing? He left in such a hurry; could he have encountered some baddies? Amy thought to herself with a concerned expression as she cast her gaze toward where the butler was standing not long ago.

"The ice cream is about to melt; what a pity... I should eat it..."

Amy looked at the ice cream cake before her and nodded with a serious expression as she picked up her spoon again.

...

The countless eyes hurtling through the air were emanating a sinister green light and giving off a rank fishy odor as they flew toward the griffin.

A deranged look appeared on the spatial demon patriarch's face as he spread open both hands. Two round disks appeared in his hands, and he brought them together as he yelled, "Spatial mill, eradicate everything!"

The space directly below the Eye Beast began to twist and warp as if it were being forcibly compressed by something. Countless spatial rifts appeared within an area of several dozens of meters, some of which had already elongated to several meters in length, and all of them were like sharp swords hanging in the air.

The green eyeballs fell into the inky-black spatial rifts, upon which they immediately exploded into green liquid and disappeared.

The space in that area was like a compressed crystal as countless cracks appeared, making it appear as if it were going to crack at any moment.

At the center of the crystal was the purple-striped griffin. Sitting atop its back was Mag, and he wore a serious expression as he raised his black claymore into the air.

Irina had her arms wound tightly around Mag's body, and her expression wasn't concerned in the slightest. He could resolve any issues that were thrown their way, so she was in no danger as long as she held on tightly to him.

The massive purple-striped griffin traversed through the spatial rifts in an agile manner. The rifts were inflicting a series of small wounds on its body, from which blood was pouring forth, but that didn't slow it down in the slightest, nor strike any fear into its heart.

All of the green eyeballs were already upon them, creating a dense wave that was threatening to crush the griffin. The sound of space being torn apart was akin to the sharp screech of metal grating against a blackboard, and countless spatial rifts had appeared around them. It was as if there was a pair of immensely powerful invisible hands being brought together, and the space in between them was on the verge of complete collapse.

The black-robed figures on the fifth street looked on with wide eyes that were filled with awe and horror.

This was clearly a battle that was far beyond anything they could fathom.

The rising griffin was like a moth diving toward a flame, looking extremely frail as if it could be killed at any moment.

"Die, Alex!"

Josh was also scrutinizing the battle from afar as he sat atop his griffin steed in mid-air. He could see Irina hugging Alex in a tight embrace, and a twisted expression of rage and insanity appeared on his face. He gritted his teeth and whipped his silver griffin steed, sending it flying like a speeding arrow toward the fifth street. "Irina, I'm going to save you this time!"

"Your Highness!"

The magic caster beside him was quite startled by this development. He looked at the spatial demon patriarch and the Eye Beast with a fearful expression and hesitated momentarily. At this point, Josh was already several dozens of meters away, and the elderly magic caster finally gritted his teeth as he also spurred his falcon steed into action. The giant falcon spread open its wings and flew after Josh in hot pursuit.

If Josh were to perish tonight, he would most definitely be killed as well.

The second prince was extremely wise, but all of his intelligence seemed to slip down the drain in the face of Princess Irina. If she were to die here tonight, perhaps it would be a good thing for him.

Of course, the magic caster didn't dare to articulate these thoughts out loud.

A crumbling sound erupted as the entire space instantly shattered. Countless green eyeballs exploded at once like fireworks in the sky, further accelerating the collapse of the space.

A gaping black hole that seemed capable of engulfing everything, even light, appeared.

Right at this moment, Mag finally swung his claymore through the air.

Chapter 776 Leave Irina Behind!

A speck of light appeared within the darkness, like the rising sun tearing through the night.

The black hole was torn apart by this ray of light as a green magic shield appeared around the griffin's body. At the same time, a streak of silvery-white light erupted from the tip of the Mag's claymore as he swept it through the air.

Countless eyeballs exploded upon making contact with the magic shield, and boundless spatial power swept forth from within the black hole, but the magic shield merely tremored slightly in response.

In the distant sky, a ray of green light shot forth, landing directly onto the magic shield, bolstering it by injecting it with energy.

The black hole was sliced apart, and the Eye Beast let loose a roar of shock and horror before it was also split down the middle by Mag's claymore.

The spatial demon patriarch's expression changed drastically as he hurriedly pressed the two disks in his hands downward. An inky-black spatial rift appeared behind him, and he immediately stepped backward into it.

The Eye Beast had been completely sliced in half, and the two halves of its massive body rained down from above along with fragments of internal organs.

The two golden disks that were stacked on top of one another were rotating furiously, producing a sound akin to that of thunderclaps, and looked as if they were about to explode at any moment.

Mag's claymore struck the disks, and pierced directly through their center.

A thunderous explosion erupted as the two golden disks shattered, disintegrating into countless shards that flew in all directions.

The claymore continued onward, striking the spatial demon patriarch just as the spatial rift was about to close.

A jet of green blood splattered through the air amid a howl of agony from within the spatial rift. The space before Mag warped and twisted, following which the spatial demon patriarch appeared several hundred meters away. His face was deathly pale, and he had one hand clasped over his chest.

“Alex, I’m going to kill you next time to quench my thirst for your blood!!!” The spatial demon patriarch glowered at Mag with a deranged expression of rage and horror. An orange bead was crushed in his hand, and the space around him instantly collapsed to form a black hole. He then immediately disappeared, and countless droplets of rain also surged into the black hole due to the enormous suction force emanating from within.

As expected, my man really is the best!!! Irina’s eyes were twinkling like stars as she stared at Mag.

She loved Alex the most during the moments when he withdrew his sword after defeating his opponents. Many beings had suffered a loss to Alex’s mighty claymore, and all of them were powerhouses on the Norland Continent.

“Alex won!”

The black-robed men looked with wide eyes as they sat atop their unicorn steeds. All of them had astonishment etched on their faces, and they were almost unable to believe what they were witnessing.

The terrifying Eye Beast and the almighty spatial demon patriarch formed an almost invincible duo, but they had been crushed by Mag.

“The invincible War God is back...” one of the black-robed men croaked through a dry throat.

A series of legends surrounding Alex began to surface in their memories. This was a legendary man who could even slay giant dragons, and was widely renowned as the most powerful knight in history.

Three years ago, he was reported to have been killed.

During these three years, they had been searching for him tirelessly, wanting to kill him in order to establish resounding reputation for themselves.

Only in that instant did they realize how naive they had been.

The so-called cripple that was Alex had reappeared. He had slain three 10th-tier powerful beings, killed the fearsome Eye Beast, and forced the spatial demon patriarch into retreat.

The legend was back, and your daddy would always be your daddy!

From this day forth, all of the organizations searching for Alex would most likely disband.

Who would dare to continue hunting for Alex when he was at the height of his powers?

Amid the rain of blood falling from the sky, the man sitting atop the purple-striped griffin was the epitome of invincibility.

Mag inspected the countdown timer, which had already ticked down to a minute, and he heaved an internal sigh of relief. It was a pity that he was unable to kill that midget, but he had saved Irina, and it was time for him to retreat.

The green magic shield kept all of the rain at bay while sending wisps of green light surging into Irina's body. In the distant sky, there was a ray of green light that was still relentlessly pouring energy into the magic shield. As the green light was injected into her body, color began to gradually return to Irina's pale features, but she still showed no intention of letting go of Mag's waist.

"There's a cat over there."

Mag was just about to urge Ah Zi to depart from this place when Irina suddenly pointed toward a certain corner, where a patch of leaves was emanating faint green light. It was acting as an umbrella, shielding the rain from the shivering cat, which was meowing in Irina's direction.

A dozen or so black-robed figures riding atop unicorn steeds were nervously awaiting the griffin that was flying toward them.

Mag hesitated momentarily before changing direction, spurring his griffin directly downward.

"Disperse!"

All of the black-robed figures wore expressions of shock and horror as they fled in different directions. After witnessing Mag's unfathomably fearsome power with their own eyes, they were completely petrified and could only flee to try and save their own lives.

All of the magic casters among them instantly conjured up magic shields. They knew that those magic shields wouldn't keep them safe, but they were hoping that those shields would keep them alive for just a split second longer.

Despair instantly began to spread through the group of black-robed figures. Many of them were beginning to regret ever harboring the intention to find and kill Alex.

They had finally found him, but they were the ones who were going to be killed.

As the griffin descended, their unicorn steeds keeled over from fear, sprawling to the ground as if they were welcoming their king.

The despair in the hearts of the black-robed figures only intensified upon seeing this. They couldn't even try to escape now, and could only await their inevitable deaths.

However, just as the black-robed figures were anticipating a one-sided slaughter, the purple-striped griffin suddenly stopped.

Irina bent over and gently picked up the black cat within the rubble.

The black cat meowed as it licked Irina's fingers before curling up in her arms.

The purple-striped griffin then spread its wings and rose into the air.

The gale-force winds swept up by the griffin's powerful wings almost swept the black-robed figures off their feet. All of them looked up at the griffin and its mighty rider with a mixture of relief and bitterness in their hearts.

It was quite clear that in Alex's eyes, their blood wasn't even worthy of staining his blade.

"Alex, leave Irina behind!"

Right at this moment, Josh also arrived on the fifth street atop his griffin. He was glowering at Mag with a twisted expression of fury, and golden light shimmered from the tip of his wand, which was pointed straight at Alex.

"Seeing as you're asking for death, I'll grant you that wish!" Mag's expression also cooled as he looked at Josh. He spurred on his purple-striped griffin to accelerate further as he slashed his claymore through the air.

Chapter 777 I'll be Back for Your Life

The purple-striped griffin abruptly accelerated as Mag slashed with his black claymore through the air. Its sharp blade sliced through countless droplets of rain, bearing down on Josh with devastating force.

Josh stared at the incoming claymore, and his face completely paled. A bone-chilling sensation had enshrouded his entire body, and the powerful killing intent hanging in the air had him completely petrified. Even though his assailant was wearing a black mask, he knew that it was Alex.

Indeed, Mag had no intention of holding back this time.

Three 10th-tier powerful being and an Eye Beast had just been slain, while the spatial demon patriarch had fled with severe injuries. The smell of blood and gore permeating through the air was downright nauseating, but it also made him more conscious and alert.

This was a man who had slain countless enemies for the empire on its borders, yet he was now going to kill the prince of the very empire he had once served.

Golden light was still converging toward the tip of Josh's wand. The more powerful the spell, the longer it would take to manifest. He knew that his spell wouldn't be ready before Alex's claymore struck him.

This realization filled him with despair.

Josh experienced despair for the first time in his life.

He suddenly regretted coming here. He regretted letting his jealousy get the better of him, thereby plunging him to his death.

With the things that he'd done in the past, he knew that there was no way Alex would spare him.

At such close quarters, who was going to be able to save him?

At the very least, this was definitely a task beyond the capabilities of the elderly magic caster who had accompanied him here.

A series of magic shields rose up all around him. These were all protective instruments given to him by magic casters from the Magus Tower. There were even some that had been made by Richard himself, and were said to be capable of keeping even 10th-tier attacks at bay for a short time.

Even so, Josh didn't feel safe at all.

He was being attacked by Alex, a man who stood beyond the realm of reason.

"Your Highness!"

The elderly magic caster's expression also changed drastically as he flew toward Josh atop his giant falcon steed. He pointed his wand at Mag and red light erupted as a flaming bird flew forth. The bird spread its wings and instantly flew past, heading directly toward the purple-striped griffin.

Is he going to kill Josh? A hint of a smile appeared on Irina's face as she rested her head against Mag's back. In the past, he would've most likely at least hesitated slightly in this situation. Now, he seemed to be more reckless and wilful.

It'd be a fantastic bonus if I can kill him here, Mag thought to himself as his countdown timer dwindled down to 10 seconds. It could be said that Josh was the mastermind behind everything, and he was firmly at the top of Mag's hit list.

He didn't know when he was actually going to recover to the height of Alex's powers, and it was quite clear that opportunities to temporarily recover this power would be exceedingly rare. If he could take advantage of this opportunity to kill Josh, then that would be a brilliant outcome for him.

The sharp blade of the claymore sliced through the flaming bird, vanquishing it in an instant.

Josh was already right before him with over 10 magic shields around his body, and Mag was glowering at him with eyes that belonged to a god of slaughter.

Josh's griffin steed also seemed to have been struck by horror and despair, and it desperately tried to turn its trembling body around, almost throwing off Josh in the process.

"5, 4, 3..."

The system's mechanical voice sounded within Mag's mind, informing him of how many seconds remained on the countdown timer.

Mag's eyes narrowed, and his sword-wielding hand had never been so firm and stable before. He was drawing upon everything he had, and this sword strike was going to be the most powerful attack he had ever unleashed.

Right at this moment, a black shadow emerged from a dark alley.

A dangerous light immediately appeared in Mag's eyes!

His claymore sliced through the magic shields as if they were nothing but frail balloons. Even the magic shields crafted by Richard himself couldn't slow down Mag's claymore in the slightest.

In the face of that unstoppable black claymore, a look of despair appeared in Josh's eyes.

He suddenly thought back to when he first met Irina in the Magus Tower many years ago. It was love at first sight for him, and he decided, there and then, that she was going to be his future wife.

But now, she was sitting behind Mag with her arms wound tightly around his waist in an intimate manner.

"No!!!"

The elderly magic caster let loose a heartbroken roar. His second spell wasn't going to be prepared in time.

"Your Highness!"

The black-robed figures down below were also looking on with shock and horror in their eyes. If Josh were to die here, all of them would most likely follow in his footsteps soon after.

The black shadow that was lurking in the darkness raised a hand, and a black vortex began to appear before him.

Josh closed his eyes. His biggest regret before his death was that he was too stubborn and decided to let Alex live three years ago.

The expressions of horror on the faces of the elderly magic caster and the black-robed figures congealed in that instant. Alex's sword could be indirectly taking their lives along with Josh's.

There was no one in this world who could stop Alex at such close quarters.

The tip of the claymore pierced through the final magic shield, and then sliced apart Josh's wand. However, it suddenly changed direction when it was less than an inch from Josh's neck. Even so, it still inflicted a rather deep gash in his neck.

The claymore then traveled downward instead, instantly slaying Josh's griffin steed.

Josh let loose a cry of surprise as he abruptly plummeted from the sky with his hands clasped around his neck. He landed on a pile of putrid flesh and internal organs before looking up at Mag with a confused expression in his eyes.

"You spared me three years ago, so I'm returning the favor now. However, I'll be back for your life!"

Mag withdrew his claymore as he looked down at Josh with a cold expression. He glanced at the black shadow, which had retreated back into the darkness, and his griffin steed spread its wings before flying away.

Josh looked on at the griffin's departing figure, and his face was deathly pale. He felt as if his entire body had been plunged into a glacial pit.

Even though he wasn't dead, Alex had promised to return for his life. For some reason, the crushing despair evoked within him by this threat was even more painful than death itself.

"Are you alright, Your Highness?!"

The elderly magic caster and the black-robed figures hurriedly circled around. All of the magic casters proficient in healing magic immediately began to administer treatment to Josh, and all of them wore elated and relieved expressions on their faces. If anything were to happen to Josh, the only thing that awaited them would be certain death.

At this moment, a flash of light appeared on the fifth street, and a pair of elderly men emerged from within a teleportation formation.

...

The purple-striped griffin departed from the fifth street in the blink of an eye, flying toward the western region of the city like a speeding arrow.

Mag's body suddenly sagged as his claymore slipped out of his grasp and fell onto the griffin's back. He was suddenly struck by a sense of crushing feebleness, and he fell backward involuntarily, landing in a warm and soft embrace.

Chapter 778 How Long are You Going to Play Dead?

Within the starry cave, the star that was about to be snuffed out not long ago gradually began to brighten again. Even though it wasn't as dazzling as it had once been, it was slowly recovering, displaying a lot of resilience.

The tense expression on Helena's face gradually eased upon seeing this.

In contrast, Hetty was looking up at the star from down below, and the resentment in her eyes was only growing more pronounced.

All of the elves in the Wind Forest were looking up toward the west as that was the direction that the rays of green light emanating from the Tree of Life were heading in. Also in that direction was the Roth Empire, which was where Princess Irina was currently situated.

No one knew what'd happened, but the Tree of Life's abnormal display seemed to be indicating that something was wrong.

The elven queen, who was standing atop the tallest tree in the Wind Forest, heaved a sigh of relief. However, her eyes were still filled with concern as she cast her gaze toward the northwest, and she murmured to herself, "What happened, Irina? If someone dares to try and hurt you, I definitely won't let them get away with it."

Standing atop another tree in the Wind Forest was a slightly disheveled female elf. She was also looking at the green rays of light in the sky with a worried look on her intricate countenance.

This "female" elf was none other than Blour, and he had been situated here for over 10 days. He murmured to himself, "Could it be that something happened to Princess Irina in Rodu? Has someone attacked her there?"

Right at this moment, a burst of rustling footsteps suddenly sounded in the distance.

Blour's expression changed slightly as he concealed himself behind a lush canopy of branches and leaves. He cast an intense gaze into the distance, where a group of several dozens of people was approaching.

The leader of the group a demon, and the rest of the group comprised weapon-wielding demons and orcs, as well as gagged elves who also had their hands bound. Within the darkness, the sound of footsteps and the cracks of whips on elven skin were particularly pronounced.

"They're finally here..."

Flames of fury were burning in Blour's eyes as he appraised the group from afar. A wand appeared in his hand, and he leaned forward as he prepared to attack.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!!!"

All of a sudden, three arrows flashed through the air before plunging into the throats of two demons and an orc. The specks of green light on the tips of these arrows exploded within their throats, creating gaping holes in their necks. The trio died almost without any struggles.

Visit our comic site Webnovel.live

"We've been ambushed!"

The demon leader let loose a roar of rage as he raised a hand, following which an earthen wall appeared before him. An arrow pierced into the wall, and its sharp tip was almost able to puncture through to the other side before exploding amid a puff of dust and debris.

The group of orcs and demons immediately burst into an uproar. All of them readied their weapons as they looked around with tense expressions, trying to find their assailant. Despite their best efforts, two more demons were killed by arrows in quick succession.

A lithe and graceful figure traversed through the forest, harvesting the lives of demons and orcs with bow and arrow like a deity of death.

"Why is she here?"

Blour was just about to attack the demons and orcs when a hint of surprise appeared on his face at the sight of the figure racing through the forest. He didn't hesitate any longer as he raised his wand toward the demon leader. Green light quickly converged, forming a sabertooth beast that pounced toward the demon.

...

"Where are they?"

Krassu and Novan emerged from the teleportation formation with furrowed brows. Both of them looked at the horrified and wary black-robed figures, then at the wounded and dazed Josh, and finally at the fifth street, which had virtually been razed to the ground.

"It was Alex! I didn't think that he was still alive." Novan looked around with a surprised expression.

Krassu strode forward as he clicked his tongue in wonder. "Six 10th-tier beings were killed, and even Benson's Eye Beast was slain. Benson himself was most likely wounded as well. The duo of Alex and Irina really is unstoppable; I'm really glad I'm not their enemy..."

Meanwhile, Novan wore a concerned expression as he murmured to himself, "Orcs, demons, and forest trolls... All of them have joined forces to attack Princess Irina in Rodu in such a blatant manner. It appears that they no longer wish to uphold peace."

"Not necessarily. Three years ago, over 10 of their 10th-tier beings were killed during their attempt to assassinate Alex. Now, six more have perished in their attempt to assassinate Irina, but both Alex and Irina are still alive." Krassu shook his head with a smile as he chuckled. "They have to reconsider whether they can beat us humans and elves in a war."

"Greetings, Master Novan, Master Krassu."

Josh rose to his feet with the assistance of the black-robed men around him before cupping his fist in a salute to the two great magic casters. His features were still deathly pale, and there was a haunted look in his eyes.

Krassu glanced at Josh, then at the two halves of his griffin steed on the ground, and he said with a hint of mockery, "I didn't think you would've gotten here so quickly, Your Highness. You're looking a little worse for wear. Were you injured during the battle here earlier? You have to be more careful. I've heard that it's not a good idea to walk these streets at night, because the ghosts of your past may catch up to you."

Josh's expression was slightly strained, but he still did his best to maintain a calm facade as he replied, "I was concerned for Princess Irina's safety, so I came here as quickly as I could."

Krassu completely disregarded Josh's strained expression as he continued, "Then, did you see Alex?"

"Alex is already dead, but Princess Irina was taken by an unknown man. I'm not sure if that man harbors ill will for Princess Irina, and I'll deploy troops to chase them down." Josh shook his head in response, but he seemed a little reluctant to look Krassu in the eye as he spoke.

"I see. You'd better hurry up, then. After all, you won't be so lucky all the time." Krassu nodded before turning to Novan with a wide smile, and said, "Let's go have another drink to celebrate the fact that Alex is still alive!"

...

Complete and utter exhaustion radiated from every single muscle fiber in Mag's body. Mag felt as if his soul were hovering outside his body, and that every last shred of his energy had been sapped away. He finally understood just how fearsome the debilitation effect that the system had mentioned was.

He was suddenly struck by a sense of lingering fear. If Ah Zi hadn't appeared, he would most likely have been lying somewhere on the fifth street, being killed by a certain black-robed figure.

If it weren't for the warm embrace behind him, he could've fallen off the griffin's back already, and been reduced to a patch of crimson graffiti on the face of a certain building.

Irina's embrace was very warm and very soft.

Even in such a terrible condition, Mag could still feel the warmth being transferred into his cheek, as well as the faint scent of orchids in the air.

“What’s wrong, Alex?”

Irina cradled the feeble Mag in her arms with a nervous look on her face. Green light flowed from her fingertip, injecting itself into Mag’s body. The ray of green light surging toward her from the distance had already dwindled down to the extent that it was barely visible.

Mag had been gallant and invincible a moment ago, but he had suddenly slumped into her arms, seemingly having lost all of his power in an instant. Even his heart had almost completely stopped beating, and Irina was thrown into a blind panic.

Her life magic was quickly nourishing Mag’s body, and his heart began to beat again as his feeble muscles slowly regained their energy. All of the overexerted cells within his body were also revitalized, and Mag’s fingers twitched, but he continued to play dead in Irina’s warm embrace.

10 minutes later, Irina looked down at Mag with a calm expression, and asked, “How long are you going to play dead?”

Chapter 779 Does it Feel Good?

Over 50 kilometers to the south of Rodu, space warped and twisted as a portly bloodstained figure stumbled out of a spatial rift with his hand over his chest.

A black longsword pierced through the shadows before puncturing Benson’s heart, and the tip of the sword protruded out of his chest before it was slowly withdrawn.

Benson turned around with wide eyes, staring at the black shadow.

...

Within the Holy Spatial Palace, the soul lamp at the very top exploded. The elderly demon looking after the palace looked up with shock and horror in his eyes before exclaiming, “Our patriarch is dead!”

The urgent sound of a horn rang out across the entire territory of the spatial demons. A series of powerful demons hurriedly emerged from their cave abodes before rushing toward the holy palace.

This was the most urgent horn signal in their spatial demon race, and all spatial demons at or above the seventh grade had to travel to the Holy Spatial Place immediately after hearing it. Otherwise, they would be dealt an extremely severe punishment.

The elders of the spatial demon race were huddled together with grave expressions, discussing something among themselves while the normal demons stood in the palace, wondering what was going on.

News of Benson’s death quickly spread among all of the spatial demons gathered in the Holy Spatial Palace. Emotions of grief and horror were contagious, spreading from one demon to the next. Benson’s

power was one of the vital factors behind the spatial demon race's position as one of the three most powerful sub-species of the demon race.

"Our patriarch has been in seclusion this entire time; how has he passed away?" a spatial demon asked with a perplexed expression.

The elderly demon who was looking after the palace replied in a grief-stricken voice, "Our patriarch received some news today, and he immediately traveled to Rodu thereafter. Less than an hour since that time, his soul lamp exploded, which means that he's already dead. The humans must be behind this!"

"How can mere humans possibly be capable of killing our patriarch? Alex is already dead, so no one in the human race can pose a threat to our patriarch!"

"Exactly! Our patriarch can definitely rank as one of the three most powerful beings of the demon race. He also has his Eye Beast to assist him; if he wants to escape, who can stop him?"

All of the demons were still full of skepticism. This was something that they simply couldn't accept. Of course, all of them were also fearful for the future of the spatial demon race. Without their patriarch to lead them, they were most likely going to be oppressed by demons from other powerful sub-species.

A slightly older spatial demon stepped forward with a black chunk of metal in his hand as he yelled, "Alex isn't dead! Prior to our patriarch's death, he sent a message to me. He says that he encountered Alex in Rodu, and was severely wounded in a battle with him. However, he'd already left Rodu at the time, which means he was killed by someone else on the way back!"

Visit our comic site Webnovel.live

The entire palace instantly fell silent. Everyone was staring at the black chunk of metal in the demon's hand with horror in their eyes.

"Alex isn't dead?!"

This news combined with the news of Benson's death caught them completely off guard.

After a prolonged silence, a demon with a horrified look on his face asked, "Our patriarch is dead, yet Alex is still alive. Is he going to exact revenge on our spatial demon race now?"

Many of the demons were very concerned upon hearing this.

With the spatial demon patriarch dead, who would be able to stand against Alex?

...

"Our patriarch is dead!"

"The third elder's soul lamp was snuffed out!"

...

The same thing was happening in many demon, orc, and forest troll settlements, sending emotions of grief and terror spreading through all three races.

These events reminded many people of a certain night three days ago, when many powerful beings among their three races had also been slain by Alex.

However, on this occasion, no one knew exactly what had happened in Rodu, so they didn't know just who had killed all of these 10th-tier powerful beings.

...

On the largest central island of the Demon Islands, there was a massive inky-black palace.

At the summit of the palace stood two black figures, one thin and one rather portly. They were standing around two meters away from each other, and both of them were looking in Rodu's direction.

"Benson's dead." The fat demon broke the silence first.

"I didn't think that Alex would still be alive." The thin demon's voice was tinged with a hint of fury.

"Three years ago, our demon race sacrificed four 10th-tier powerful beings to kill him. On this occasion, we've lost two more 10th-tier warriors during this attempt to kill Irina, and even Benson is dead. Almost a third of all of the powerful beings in our demon race have perished for nothing!" The fat demon clenched his fists with an enraged expression.

The thin demon quickly composed himself as he said, "Our three races have lost so many powerful beings, yet the human race hasn't suffered any losses. Could it be that Josh and Alex teamed up to swindle all of us three years ago? Perhaps the two of them joined forces to kill all of the 10th-tier beings deployed by our three races, then spread a false tale of Alex's death? Also, the human race now has more 10th-tier powerful beings than any of our three races. If they forge an alliance with the elves and the dwarves, our three-race coalition may not be able to beat them!"

"Those sly humans!" The fat demon gritted his teeth before asking, "What should we do now?"

"Andre really is a sly old fox. During the past few decades while he's been in power, the human race has steadily grown more and more powerful. However, his two sons are still very young, and they're certainly nowhere near as sly or intelligent as Andre himself." A cold smile appeared on the thin demon's face as he said, "Humans have limited lifespan, and Andre will die eventually. The day he dies is the day we declare war on the human race."

"Then what do we do about the peace treaty in three months?" the fat demon asked with furrowed brows.

"Sign it for now. Give them what they want; it'll all be ours eventually anyway."

...

Lying in Irina's warm embrace, Mag opened his eyes in a slightly awkward manner. He was greeted by the sight of a pair of towering soft mountains, beyond which was Irina's slightly angry, yet still exquisitely beautiful face. He tried to support himself to his feet with his hands, only for them to press against a patch of smooth and delicate skin.

Mag's heart jolted in response, and he almost fell off the griffin's back at the sight of the meaningful expression on Irina's face.

He hurriedly sat up before withdrawing his hands from Irina's calf. He didn't dare to look into Irina's eyes, and the atmosphere became a little awkward.

"Did it feel good?" Irina asked with an amused smile.

"Well..." Mag suddenly calmed down at the sight of Irina's amused smile. He was a man who had seen countless beauties; how could he back down in the face of a woman? With that in mind, he nodded with a smile, and replied, "It sure did. Your skin is very soft and smooth, yet fine and supple."

"Then how about here?" Irina picked up Mag's hand and dragged it toward her chest.

Chapter 780 Have You had Intimate Interactions with Any Other Women?

In the end, Mag was still the first one to back down.

Just as he was about to make contact with the alluring mounds on her chest, Mag withdrew his hand like lightning.

She wasn't playing by the rules!

Even though Mag wasn't an extremely uptight or traditional man, he was a person with a moral compass, and he had his boundaries.

"Look at your stupid face! You haven't changed at all, even after all these years." Irina burst into tinkling laughter at the sight of Mag's slightly overwhelmed expression as if she were seeing something downright hilarious.

Mag looked at Irina with a hint of emotional turmoil in his heart.

He had inherited all of Alex's memories, but he still couldn't completely allow himself to be Alex and accept Irina.

All of Alex's memories about Irina had been wiped away, so to him, she was just an elven woman whom he'd only known for two days.

Even though she was Amy's mother, and her exquisite beauty as well as her straightforward personality were both very alluring, he still couldn't allow himself to essentially adopt Alex's personality and take advantage of her. He simply wasn't that kind of person.

"It's been three years; I've finally found you."

Irina threw herself into Mag's arms, holding tightly onto him as if she were trying to fuse her body with his. As she spoke, her voice was filled with elation.

Mag stiffened momentarily before his heart gradually softened. He slowly wound one arm gently around her waist while stroking her back with his other hand.

This woman was one of the most powerful beings on the entire continent, and had dared to face six 10th-tier powerful beings on her own. She was willing to oppose the entire world for him and Amy, yet she seemed so frail and delicate in that moment.

The storm continued to rage as droplets of rain fell relentlessly onto the magic shield around them, but there was only an atmosphere of intimacy and tranquility within the magic shield. Mag gently held Irina in his arms, basking in the peaceful moment.

In that instant, he was suddenly struck by an impulse. If Irina became his wife, it would surely be very interesting for them to live in his restaurant as a family of three.

The griffin continued to fly toward the west before descending in front of that cave on the Exemption Mountain. It then turned around to look at Mag with excitement in its eyes.

“Howl!!!”

“You’re a griffin, not a dog!”

Mag rolled his eyes in response. It was quite unbecoming of such a powerful griffin to be yelping like an excited puppy.

Irina sat up within Mag’s arms before fixing her gaze on his mask.

“Is there something on my face?” Mag asked in a slightly uncomfortable manner.

Irina nodded, and replied, “It’s a little ugly.”

“...” Mag was completely speechless, just as if something had gotten stuck in his throat.

Irina then reached over and removed his mask before nodding with a content smile. “Much better.”

Mag faltered momentarily before climbing down from the griffin to avoid the slightly awkward scenario. He then began to examine the cave that was situated almost at the summit of the mountain.

The magic shield had already been withdrawn by Irina. A green ball of light now hovered by her side, illuminating the entire cave with its soft glow.

The signs of the griffin’s activity could be seen in every part of the cave, and there was a pile of bones in one of the corners. Mag then turned to the purple-striped griffin, which was rubbing its large head against his body in a fawning manner, and a sense of sympathy suddenly welled up in his heart.

He gently stroked the scar on the griffin’s forehead as memories of the battles he had fought with this griffin by his side began to flash through his mind.

It had stayed here for three whole years, waiting for his return, even though he could very likely have been already dead.

Right when he needed help the most, it had descended from the sky to lend him its assistance. No matter how perilous the situation or how powerful the opponent, it seemed to be perpetually fearless.

“Ah Zi,” Mag called out in a gentle voice.

“Haha~”

Ah Zi was even more excited after hearing Mag call its name. It was wagging its tail with all its might and trying to lick Mag’s face as if it were a dog that had been separated from its owner for a long time.

Mag couldn't handle its overwhelming enthusiasm, and he pressed his hands against Ah Zi's head as he commanded, "Sit."

"Even after three years, Ah Zi is just as dumb as ever. If I'd known this earlier, I would've named it Stupid Ah Zi. How about we change its name from this day forth?" Irina suggested with a serious expression as she stroked Ah Zi's head.

So she was the one who made up this weird name... Mag slapped his forehead with a resigned expression. Naming a kitten Ugly Duckling and naming a griffin Ah Zi; this mother and daughter duo sure was gifted in the art of naming.

Mag observed a minute of silence for the griffin in his heart before attempting to refuse. "I think we should keep its name as is. Ah Zi rolls off the tongue quite well."

"No, a name is something that's extremely important. Stupid Ah Zi reflects this griffin completely accurately for what it is, and it's such an intimate name; it's like it's our stupid son," Irina retorted with a serious shake of her head.

"Well..." Mag was at a loss for a reply.

While Mag was still scrambling for a response, Irina cut off his train of thought, and asked, "Mag or Alex; which one do you prefer now?"

"Just call me Mag," Mag immediately replied. Even though this wasn't exactly a new name, perhaps it heralded a new positive beginning.

"Mag's not bad." Irina nodded in response. She then began to walk circles around Mag with an interrogative expression as she asked, "What happened during these past three years? How did you become like this? How did you manage to recover your full power earlier? What did you do with Amy during these past three years? How did you learn to cook? Have you have any intimate interactions with any other women during these past three years?"

The rapid string of questions had Mag completely reeling. He had thought that an ethereal elf like her would've transcended beyond all of these trivial matters, but it appeared that in this respect, she was just like any other woman.

"That's a long story. If I had to answer all of these questions, it would take me days on end..." Mag was a little reluctant to meet Irina's gaze. What was he supposed to say? Was he supposed to tell he transmigrated to this world and he just so happened to have a system that made him like this?

Mag had already decided not to tell anyone about the system and the fact that he was a transmigrator. It wouldn't be a good thing for such unimaginable details to be revealed in this world.

"I haven't actually recovered all of my power. Just then, I used a special method to forcibly recover my full power for a short time, which is why I was so feeble afterward." Mag glanced at the opening of the cave with a slightly concerned expression as he said, "Amy is currently alone in the second prince's manor. Would you be able to set up a teleportation formation to get me back there?"