

Stay At home 781

Chapter 781 How Can You Eat Such Delicious Food by Yourself?

Following the complete failure of the assassination attempt against Irina, the fact that Alex was still alive quickly became known through Rodu and beyond. Anyone in a position of power was made aware of this news, and the incident created a massive stir.

Alex was a symbolic existence in the Roth Empire. He was the invincible War God who guarded the empire's borders, as well as the vastly renowned dragon-slaying warrior. He held an extremely high position in the hearts of the general public, and he was the pride of the human race.

With him around, even the giant dragons had to lower their proud heads to the humans, whom they had once regarded as mere ants.

Following Alex's death three years ago, the entire empire was in grief. The citizens of the empire lined up in a procession that stretched for over 10 kilometers to mourn his passing, which was a clear indication of just how loved and revered he was.

Some were initially skeptical about whether Alex was dead, but they were eventually forced to believe it. After all, with Alex's personality, there was no way that he could lie in hiding and do nothing for three years if he was still alive.

But who would've thought that Alex would return to them once again on another rainy night? Not only that, but he had announced his return to the entire world in the most emphatic fashion!

The invincible War God had returned, and this night was destined to be a sleepless one for many of the citizens of Rodu.

"Your Highness, Alex appeared and rescued Irina. Our plan has failed."

A black shadow appeared outside a certain pavilion. He was soaking wet from the rain, giving him a rather disheveled appearance.

Sean looked into the distance for a long while before slowly turning around with a cold expression as he commanded, "Kill everyone involved and make sure there's no evidence that can link me to this incident."

Quine's expression changed slightly upon hearing this, but he still immediately nodded in response before disappearing into the stormy night.

"Alex, you're always foiling my plans. I let you leave that street alive three years ago for old times' sake, but that really was a big mistake." Sean looked out into the rain with a sinister expression on his face.

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"Benson's dead."

On the top floor of the tallest building in the royal palace, a black shadow soundless appeared.

"Good."

Andre cast his gaze out toward his empire, and a sense of pride suddenly welled up in his heart. "I've been waiting for this day for several decades. If the borders of the Roth Empire can become the borders of the Norland Continent before I pass away, my name will go down in history!"

The black shadow remained silent.

"It's time to forge a new alliance with the elven race. Those idiots make for superb cannon fodder."

Andre withdrew his gaze before heading downstairs.

...

"The ice cream is so delicious, but where did Father go? It would be a pity if I have to eat such a delicious cake alone."

Amy was sitting in the kitchen with a forlorn expression, looking at the ice cream cake before her, which was missing a corner.

The ice cream cake carrier came with a cooling feature. Even though it couldn't completely replicate conditions within a freezer, it was quite effective in slowing down the melting process. At the very least, the ice cream cake showed no signs of melting up to this point.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling walked in circles around Amy's stool, looking up at the ice cream cake on the table with a burning desire in its eyes. It was a huge fan of ice cream, and it had thought that there would be no more ice cream here in Rodu. However, a massive chunk of ice cream even bigger than its own body was sitting on the table right at this very moment, and it had to be super delicious.

Amy looked down at Ugly Duckling with a serious expression, and said, "Father says that eating too much ice cream will make you fat. Ugly Duckling, you're already so fat; if you keep eating, you won't be far away from becoming a roast goose."

"Meow!"

Ugly Duckling cowered in a horrified manner, but it still couldn't repress its yearning for the ice cream on the table. It looked up at Amy with a pitiable expression, and tears were already swirling around in its eyes.

"Alright, but you can only have a small mouthful," Amy conceded with a resigned sigh.

"Meow!!"

Ugly Duckling immediately began to rub its little head against Amy's leg in excitement.

Amy pursed her lips before placing a small plate onto the ground. She picked up the knife on the table in a slightly cumbersome manner, then sliced off a small piece of ice cream and placed it onto the plate.

The triangular cake was covered in strawberry ice cream, and its defined layers were quite clearly visible on its cross-sectional face. There was also a small strawberry on top of the cake, and the aromas of milk and strawberries were wafting through the air, immediately making Ugly Duckling's eyes light up.

It slowly made its way over to the plate, and then walked in a circle around it before extending a small paw to touch the cake tentatively. However, it withdrew its paw halfway to the cake before sniffing at it with its little nose. A human-like smile of elation then appeared on its face as it extended its little tongue to take a lick.

Right at this moment, a burst of golden light appeared in the kitchen.

Ugly Duckling faltered momentarily upon seeing this, following which two figures appeared in the room.

Splat!

One of the humanoid figures just so happened to land on its cake, completely flattening it. Ugly Duckling's face was splattered with ice cream as it stared at the empty plate before it with a shell-shocked expression.

"Father! Big Sister Irina!"

Amy was filled with surprise and elation at the sight of the two figures that had just appeared in the room.

Mag was the one who had landed on the ice cream cake, and he had to catch the table to prevent himself from slipping over. He looked down to discover a flattened slice of ice cream and a resentful Ugly Duckling looking up at him. A hint of guilt welled up in his heart as he withdrew his gaze in a rather awkward manner. He turned to Amy, and his expression immediately softened as he smiled, and said, "We're back, Little Amy."

The battle that had taken place just then was actually quite brief, but it had been extremely perilous.

The battle with Benson had been fraught with peril, and that black shadow that had appeared on the fifth street in the end was most likely an unfathomably powerful being from the royal palace. There had been rumors circulating of such a being existing within the royal palace, but no one had ever seen him in action, so even Alex wasn't sure of his ability to defeat him in battle.

In any case, that mysterious figure was most likely one of the main reasons why Andre had reigned over the empire for so long.

What he was sure of was that if he had actually killed Josh, it would've been extremely difficult for him to escape from the fifth street after losing all of his power.

However, through this event, he was able to confirm something: Andre was definitely now aware of the fact that Alex was still alive, but he had no intention of killing Alex. Mag wasn't surprised that this was the case. After all, a dead Alex was far less valuable to the Roth Empire than one that was still alive.

As such, Mag was feeling quite fortunate that he had been able to survive that prior ordeal.

His top priority now was to think of a way to dodge all of Irina's questions...

Each and every one of those questions felt like a trap, and Mag didn't dare to answer them in fear for his own safety.

“Xiao Mi...” A gentle also appeared in Irina’s eyes as she made her way toward Amy with the black cat cradled in her arms. She then adopted a serious expression, and asked, “How could you each such delicious food by yourself?!”

Chapter 782 You’re no Duckling of Mine

A corner of the ice cream cake on the table was missing, revealing the cross-section of the cake as if it were a work of art. The pink ice cream and yellow cream were giving off an intoxicating fragrance, immediately making Irina’s eyes light up.

“...” Mag was a little speechless. Irina had asked him many questions about Amy back in the cave, but who would’ve thought that she’d be more interested in the ice cream cake on the table than she was in Amy? Could it be that Amy had inherited her foodie gene from Irina?

“No, I was waiting for Father to come back and eat it with me.” Amy shook her head before looking at Mag and Irina with a perplexed expression as she said, “Father, you said you had something important to do, but you came back with Big Sister Irina. Is seeing Big Sister Irina more important than eating cake with me?”

“Er...” Mag looked at Amy and contemplated how he was going to explain the situation. After all, he couldn’t tell her that he’d left her behind to save Irina’s life, but he didn’t want her to feel as if he had abandoned her for some trivial matter, either.

“Oh, I understand. It’s ok.” Before Mag even had a chance to say anything, a thought suddenly occurred to Amy, and she nodded with a knowing expression on her little face.

“What are you talking about?” Mag looked at Amy’s expression and wondered just what was going through that little head of hers.

In the meantime, he was still scrambling for an excuse to explain the situation. Now clearly wasn’t a good time to reveal to her that Irina was her mother.

There were many people in this world who still wanted to kill him, and he didn’t yet have the power to protect Amy and Irina.

Three years ago, they had dared to assassinate Alex in Rodu, and three years after that, they attempted to assassinate Irina in the exact same place.

If he were to blow his cover and it was revealed that he hadn’t actually recovered to his peak, then he would immediately be hunted down. In that situation, neither he nor Irina would be able to ensure Amy’s safety.

As such, it wasn’t the time to reveal the truth yet.

As opposed to revealing to Amy the identity of her mother—only for Irina to have to depart and return to the Wind Forest—Mag would rather have Amy remain under the impression that her mother was still on the moon.

He was going to tell her the truth when he had the power to protect both of them.

He had discussed this notion with Irina back in the cave, and she had agreed to this after some hesitation.

"If the important thing he was referring to is bringing me here, then that's fine, but if he was to bring back other women..." Irina turned to Mag with a dangerous smile.

A chill suddenly ran down Mag's spine, and he shuddered as he turned away from Irina. He pointed at the manifestation of himself as he said, "Amy, get rid of this thing for now."

"Sure!"

Amy nodded obediently before waving a little hand, upon which the manifestation immediately disappeared.

"Meow~"

Right at this moment, a feeble cry sounded from within Irina's arms. A little furry black head emerged, surveying its surroundings carefully with a pair of pitiable green eyes.

Ugly Duckling was just looking at its ruined ice cream cake with a grief-stricken expression when it abruptly raised its head and caught sight of that black cat. It immediately arched its back and all of its orange fur stood up on ends as if it were preparing for battle.

This was the first time it had seen another cat, and its reaction was even more exaggerated than when it had encountered a giant dragon for the first time.

"Meow!"

The black cat was given a fright, and immediately buried its head back into Irina's chest.

"Is that another Ugly Duckling?"

Amy looked at the black cat in Irina's arms with a curious expression. However, she shook her head after carefully inspecting the cat, and concluded, "No, this cat is much prettier than Ugly Duckling. That should be a little black kitty, not an ugly duckling."

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling meowed in an indignant manner. Was it really that ugly? It was clearly far prettier than that little black thing!

"It's alright, you're the ugliest, and no one can take that from you." Amy leaned down and stroked Ugly Duckling's head in consolation.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling lowered its head in a completely dejected manner.

The black cat carefully stuck out its head again and began to appraise Ugly Duckling in a curious manner.

Irina carefully inspected the black cat before nodding as she decided, "Your fur is really black, so I'll call you Night. If someone asks you why you're so black, you can tell them it's because you're Night."

Was that supposed to be a deadpan joke? Mag raised an eyebrow.

“Wow, that’s such a cool name!” Amy’s eyes lit up as an excited look appeared on her face, and she asked, “Then, should we also buy a white cat and name it Day?”

“That’s quite a good name as well.” Irina nodded in agreement. However, she then looked at Night and shook her head as she replied, “But I don’t think getting a white cat is a good idea.”

“Is that because night and day can’t coexist?”

Mag was struck by a sense of exasperation as he listened to this conversation. As expected, Amy and Irina had perfectly synchronized reflex arcs.

“Go and play now. If you can’t even beat that fat orange, then don’t go around telling everyone that you’re my cat.” Irina placed the black cat down on the ground with a serious expression.

As soon as Night settled on the ground, it retreated toward Irina’s legs while appraising Ugly Duckling with curiosity in its emerald eyes. However, after hearing Irina’s words, it mustered up the courage to meow at Ugly Duckling.

Night was also only a small cat, but it appeared to be quite a bit older than Ugly Duckling. It was most likely three to four months old, but it was extremely thin due to malnutrition. As such, it was around the same size as the much more portly Ugly Duckling.

Ugly Duckling immediately hid behind Amy’s back, looking at Night with a tense and fearful expression.

“You’re such a scaredy-cat, Ugly Duckling. If you’re going to keep this up, then don’t go telling anyone that you’re my duckling, either,” Amy pouted with a critical expression as she looked at Ugly Duckling.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling cast a pitiable glance toward Amy before reluctantly emerging from behind her.

“Meow!”

Night meowed at Ugly Duckling before taking a hesitant step toward it.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy, and it didn’t dare to retreat. However, it then looked at Night, and neither did it dare to advance. As such, it was at a loss for what to do and rolled over onto its back, wagging its little tail as a gesture of truce to Night.

“You’re so embarrassing! You’re no duckling of mine.”

Amy buried her face into her palm.

Chapter 783 This is Probably What People Call Talen

An element of intimacy was injected into the reunion this rainy night by these two adorable cats. The warm yellow light of the oil lamp in the room seemed to have completely kept the chill of the ongoing storm at bay.

Mag went into the bathroom to change back into a new set of clothes that was identical to the set he'd worn prior to his departure. He then reentered the room and closed the window along the way. Amy and Irina were still trying to encourage the two kittens to fight each other while Mag picked up the knife on the table and plated three slices of ice cream. He also cut out two smaller slices of cake for the pair of kittens.

"Have some ice cream cake; it's going to melt soon."

Mag handed a plate of ice cream cake each to Amy and Irina, along with a pair of spoons.

Ugly Duckling immediately withdrew its gaze from Night before turning to Mag with a pitiable expression. It'd been just about to taste the ice cream cake earlier, only for it to be squashed by Mag. Just the mere thought of that traumatic experience brought a tear to its eyes.

Night was also looking up at Mag with a curious expression. It didn't know what Mag was carrying, but it was curious about everything.

Mag was feeling rather apologetic at the sight of Ugly Duckling's pitiable expression. After all, he would also be feeling quite indignant if someone were to appear out of the blue and ruin his meal. He placed the two smaller plates in front of Ugly Duckling and Night with a smile, and said, "These are yours."

"Meow!"

Ugly Duckling's dejected expression was immediately replaced by excitement. It approached the ice cream cake and took a whiff before licking the ice cream with its little tongue. Its eyes immediately lit up as a blissful expression appeared on its face.

"Meow?"

Night was looking at Ugly Duckling with a hint of curiosity in its eyes. It then turned its attention to its own slice of ice cream cake. The combination of aromas wafting toward it from the cake was something that it had never experienced before, and its eyes immediately lit up.

After a brief hesitation, it emulated Ugly Duckling, sticking out its little tongue to lick the ice cream as well.

The icy cold sensation immediately made it withdraw its tongue, and it fell over from surprise before immediately rolling to its feet while staring at the cake with a dumbfounded expression.

However, aside from that icy sensation, the glorious flavor of strawberry ice cream was also melting on the tip of its tongue. It had never tasted anything so delicious before, and its eyes lit up once again.

After staring at the slice of ice cream cake for a while longer in a hesitant manner, it glanced at Ugly Duckling, which was thoroughly enjoying its own slice of ice cream cake. In the end, it was unable to resist the temptation, and slowly made its way over to the ice cream cake before taking another lick.

However, the icy cold sensation didn't scare it off this time. Instead, it also began to enjoy its ice cream with an elated expression, just like Ugly Duckling was.

Irina accepted her plate and looked at the intricate slice of cake with an intrigued expression.

Pink ice cream had covered the top and side of the cake, while the individual layers were visible from the smooth cross-sectional cuts. The yellow cream of the cake and the pink ice cream created an adorable color combination, and the strawberry on top capped off what appeared to be an artistic masterpiece. The aromas of strawberry and cream were wafting toward her, and just the mere sight of the cake was making her salivate.

“Father and I spent an entire afternoon to make this super delicious ice cream cake. Only Big Sister Irina gets to eat it.” Amy put her plate down on the table before scooping up a small spoonful of cake, which was comprised of a 50:50 ratio between ice cream and cake. She placed the spoon in her mouth, and a blissful smile appeared on her face as she swayed from side to side in an adorable manner.

A smile also appeared on Irina’s face at the sight of Amy’s adorable display. She then turned back to the ice cream on her plate, and an expectant look appeared in her eyes.

This cake had been made by the two most important people in her life. Not a day went by during the past three years when she didn’t think about them, and it felt like a dream-come-true to reunite with them.

“Have some.” Mag was also looking at Irina with a gentle expression, but he was actually feeling a little nervous. Even though he had made ice cream cake countless times in the test field for the God of Cookery, this was the first time he had made one in the real world, and he had made it with Amy. Furthermore, he didn’t even know whether Irina had a sweet tooth or not, so he was a little worried that the cake wouldn’t be to her liking.

“Alright.” Irina nodded before picking up her spoon, emulating Amy as she scooped up a spoonful of cake with a 50:50 cake to cream ratio before placing the spoon into her own mouth.

As soon as the spoonful of cake found its way onto her tongue, her eyes immediately lit up.

The flavor of strawberries melted slowly on the tip of her tongue along with a sweet milky fragrance. The smooth and icy texture was accompanied by a sweet and delectable taste. Immediately thereafter, the creamy mousse took the center of the stage, filling her mouth with a richer flavor that was just as delicious. It was like the perfect combination of fire and ice, creating an incomparable culinary experience.

Irina felt as if she were standing in a snowy plain, and had suddenly come across a small yellow flower in full bloom. The combination of surprise and elation from that scenario was a perfect rendition of what she was currently experiencing.

After swallowing her first mouthful of ice cream cake, the flavor of strawberries and cream swirled around the tip of her tongue, urging her to take her second mouthful.

“It’s delicious!” Irina couldn’t help but praise it.

She looked at the cake on her plate, then turned her gaze toward Mag, and her eyes were practically glowing.

She loved all types of desserts as eating sweet foods always put her in a good mood.

Back when she had first decided to travel the Norland Continent, the biggest motivating factor behind her decision was that she wanted to taste all of the delicious foods and desserts that were on offer outside the Wind Forest.

However, after traveling to so many places and tasting a vast smorgasbord of desserts from all races, nothing could compare to this small slice of cake.

It turned out that what she had been searching for was right beside her all along.

“You didn’t hide the fact that you could cook from me when we first met, did you?” Irina looked at Mag with a skeptical expression. It was simply extraordinary that his cooking skills would improve so drastically in just three short years.

“This is probably what people call talent.”

Mag shrugged as the smile on his face widened. It seemed that Irina was very pleased with his cake.

“Hehe, if you say so.” Irina clearly didn’t believe what Mag was saying, but she wore a blissful smile on her face as she ate another spoonful of ice cream.

Have Father and Big Sister Irina already taken the next step? Amy was staring at the two of them with curiosity in her large blue eyes, winking rapidly to try and catch Mag’s attention.

Mag merely smiled and pretended that he couldn’t see what Amy was doing.

Chapter 784 Do You Want to Marry Father?

“This is the fourth day Boss Mag has been away. I miss him so much.”

Harrison was sitting on the stairs outside Mamy Restaurant’s front door, looking up at the starry night sky with a lost expression as if all of the energy in his entire body had been sapped away.

“What are doing? It’s not like Boss Mag is dead.”

Gjerj thrust a small flagon of wine at him before taking a seat by his side and heaving a faint sigh. “But then again, I really do miss him as well.”

“You sound like a lovestruck teenage girl. I’m getting goosebumps!” Harrison scooted to the side with a disdainful look, trying to distance himself away from Gjerj.

“You don’t understand my pain. I’m not the only one in my family who misses Boss Mag; my entire family misses him! Do you know what it feels like for me to go home every day, only to have my wife and kids surround me and ask me if Boss Mag is back as soon as I walk into the door? I’m so desperate I’m even contemplating making a trip to Rodu so I can get Boss Mag to cook a Yangzhou fried rice for me to take back to my wife. She hasn’t had a good meal for days.” Gjerj’s expression was filled with concern and resignation.

Harrison patted Gjerj’s shoulder and took the lid off the flagon of wine before handing it back to Gjerj. As he did so, he wore a sympathetic look, and consoled, “It’s alright, Boss Mag will be back soon.”

“Sigh...”

Gjerj took the flagon from Harrison and took a sip before handing it back to him. He then rose to his feet and dusted himself off with a wry smile on his face. "Alright, I have to head back home now. Otherwise, the little ones are going to nag my wife again. The doctor says that she could be due for delivery in the next few days."

Harrison's eyes immediately lit up as he said, "Looks like I'll have another godson soon!"

Gjerj's expression immediately darkened upon hearing this.

"I meant goddaughter..." Harrison hurriedly corrected himself with a sheepish smile.

"It has to be a daughter this time!" Gjerj said with a determined expression before waving farewell to Harrison and climbing onto a nearby horse-drawn carriage.

Harrison looked at the departing horse-drawn carriage and scratched his head as he murmured to himself, "Judging by the ongoing trend, it's very likely going to be another godson."

At this moment, two excited young women came approaching from nearby, and Harrison yelled out to them, "Save your energy; Boss Mag isn't back yet, and he won't be back tomorrow, either."

The smiles on the two young women's faces gradually vanished. Looking at their resentful and disappointed expressions, Harrison was suddenly feeling a lot better, and he also departed on his own horse-drawn carriage.

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On the balcony of Mamy Restaurant, three figures were looking up at the night sky. Due to the difference in their heights, they were like a set of Matryoshka dolls positioned next to each other.

Babla looked up at the bright moon, and asked, "Miya, when are Boss Mag and Amy going to come back?"

"Boss said he'd be back after five days, so he should be returning the day after tomorrow," Miya replied.

"What about Big Sister Aisha? When will she be back?" Anna asked with a concerned look in her eyes.

"Aisha didn't tell me where she was going, but she promised that she'd be back." Miya shook her head, and she was also slightly concerned as she recalled Aisha's grim expression before her departure. However, she could sense Anna's concern, so she put on a smile, and said, "When Boss comes back, the restaurant will reopen, and Aisha will be back by then for sure."

Anna nodded in response. She was still feeling rather worried, but she didn't say anything further on this matter.

The three of them were silent for a while.

"I really want to eat kebabs." Babla was the first one to break the silence.

Yabemiya gulped, and chimed in, "I really want to eat roujiamo."

Anna thought to herself for a moment before whispering, "I want to eat Yangzhou fried rice."

"Grooowl..."

Someone's stomach suddenly began to rumble.

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"My life has no meaning without spicy grilled fish..."

Vivian sat on the roof of the city lord's castle with her long legs dangling down over the edge. She was supporting herself with her arms, and looking up at the night sky in a dejected manner.

"Not only did Boss Mag go to Rodu, he even took Luna away. What am I supposed to do?"

Vivian sighed in a display of sheer and utter boredom.

"They'll be back the day after tomorrow. Boss Mag received the best dish award today." An amused voice sounded from down below.

Vivian looked down to discover City Lord Michael standing down below with his hands clasped behind his back and a smile on his face.

"Really? Is Boss Mag that amazing?" Vivian jumped down from the roof as she stared at Michael with incredulity in her eyes. She had attended royal banquets at the Roth Empire in the past, and she could still clearly recall the grand palace filled with countless tables and chairs, with all types of delicious food piled onto those tables.

She didn't know how many chefs would be required to cook so many dishes; it was incredible that Mag had managed to stand out among these countless chefs, securing the best dish award for himself in the end.

"But doesn't that mean Boss Mag is going to stay in Rodu now?" A thought suddenly occurred to Vivian as a concerned look appeared on her face. If Boss Mag were to remain in Rodu, then she wouldn't get to eat spicy grilled fish ever again.

Her symptoms had been completely suppressed from her regular consumption of spicy grilled fish, and even though she hadn't had the dish for a few days, those symptoms showed no signs of returning. According to the doctor, the root cause of her condition had almost been remedied, and as long as she continued to eat spicy grilled fish, she would eventually be completely cured.

Of course, even if that day did arrive, Vivian wouldn't be able to give up on spicy grilled fish anyway, as it was simply far too delicious and addictive!

Michael shook his head with a smile, and said, "Don't worry, Boss Mag rejected the king's offer to remain in Rodu, and Principal Novan will bring him back in person. Boss Mag is a man of many talents, and I would be sorely remiss to see him go."

"Good." Vivian was very relieved to hear this.

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"Young Mistress, due to the recent influx of extra tailors, all of the custom-made dresses are almost ready. Only the finishing touches need to be applied, and the other styles of dresses are also being

produced at a rate that's faster than anticipated. I believe we should increase the number of orders we take for the custom-made dresses."

Even at this time at night, the Blue Suede clothing store was still brightly lit, and Mars wore an excited expression as he stood before Gloria's desk.

"No, the number of orders can't be changed, but we have to ensure that we produce dresses of the absolute finest quality we're capable of." Gloria contemplated the suggestion for a moment before shaking her head as she said, "However, if some of the tailors have extra time on their hands, they can increase the rate of production on the other two styles of dresses."

"Alright." Mars nodded with a smile before exiting the office. The young mistress that he was serving was well on her way to becoming a successful businesswoman.

"Mr. Mag is going to be back in two days; perhaps I can go to him and ask him some questions... I'll finally be able to see him again soon." A faint blush appeared on Gloria's face as she strode over to her window.

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As soon as Irina finished her slice of cake, Amy looked up at her with an expectant gaze, and asked, "Big Sister Irina, after eating this cake, do you want to marry Father?"

Chapter 785 You're a Masochist!

Mag, who was in the process of cleaning the dishes, cast a surreptitious glance toward Irina. Amy's question was very direct and straightforward; setting aside everything else, was this slice cake enough to make Irina want to marry him?

A chef who could evoke within one the impulse to marry them just with their cooking alone was most definitely a successful chef.

Of course, there were countless such women lining up in front of Mamy Restaurant every day.

However, Irina was different, and even Mag was rather curious about her answer.

As soon as Mag cast his gaze toward her, he discovered that Irina was also looking at him with a smile, and their eyes met as a result. She licked the final dollop of ice cream off her lips, and a hint of a seductive light appeared in her eyes as she said, "I heard that your mother is the most beautiful woman in this entire world. Even if I wanted to marry him, I'm not sure if your father would dare to take me."

Mag felt as if he were a stray rabbit being scrutinized by a hunting leopard, and he withdrew his gaze in a rather fearful manner. Not only was this woman a little scary, she was extremely narcissistic!

"Is my mother really the most beautiful woman in the world?" Amy's eyes immediately lit up.

"Hmm, maybe she shares that title with me. She's the only one with beauty that can compare with mine," Irina replied with a nod.

“Wow, you’re the most beautiful elf I’ve ever seen, Big Sister Irina. If my mother is just as beautiful as you, then she must be super beautiful!” Amy’s eyes were glowing as she looked at Irina.

At the same time, she wished that Irina was her mother. Not only was she the most beautiful woman Amy had ever seen, she also struck her with a sense of closeness and intimacy somehow.

“Of course.” Irina nodded confidently in response.

Amy clapped her little hands together with elation, and said, “Then Father is the luckiest man in the world! He’ll get to marry the two most beautiful women in the world.”

“Oh? Would he dare to do that?” Irina was still looking at Mag with a smile, but there was a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

“...”

A shiver ran down Mag’s spine. He didn’t understand why she was scrutinizing him in such a threatening manner. After all, the so-called pair of most beautiful women in the world were both Irina, so she had no one to be jealous of!

“Father is super brave.” Amy shook her head before turning to Mag as she asked, “Right, Father?”

“Here, have some more cake.”

Mag pretended not to have heard the question as he placed two more slices of cake down on the table, dodging this dangerous conversation topic with a smile.

“Indeed, he’s a very brave man.” Irina glanced at Mag with an ambiguous smile before picking up her spoon to eat her second slice of cake.

Mag surreptitiously wiped the cold sweat that had beaded his forehead. What had he done to deserve this? He was suddenly feeling like an asthmatic!

Was this what it felt like to be strangled by fate?

Mag suddenly discovered that he was developing a hint of fear toward Irina.

However, being in her company also somehow gave him a pleasant and exciting feeling.

This was something he had never experienced in the presence of any other woman. He was clearly rather uncomfortable, but he kind of enjoyed this feeling for some reason...

Could it be that I’m a masochist? Mag asked himself.

Right at this moment, the system’s voice suddenly sounded. “A masochist or someone with masochistic tendencies stands on the polar opposite extreme to a sadist. A sadist is an enforcer who is clearly exerting some type of psychological abuse to the masochist, and the latter is resistant to this abuse to a certain extent, but also simultaneously looks forward to it. Due to the fact that these tendencies only arise in the presence of Irina, the system concludes that you’re a recessive masochist with selective masochistic tendencies.”

“...”

“Why do you always research all of this weird stuff?!” Mag roared internally.

“Your current vehement reaction is clearly an attempt to hide the embarrassment you’re experiencing from having your innermost desires exposed. This lends further support to the system’s assessment, which concludes that you’re a masochist!” the system replied in a calm manner.

“Piss off!”

Mag looked on at Irina with a complex expression. He wanted to deny the system’s verdict, but he had to admit that it did have a point. Just what about this woman was evoking this kind of strange reaction in him?

Even though she was already Amy’s mother, she was still like an energetic young woman, a breath of fresh air.

Even after experiencing so many hardships, she wasn’t jaded nor cynical in the slightest. Her simplicity and exuberance seemed to be able to culminate into a special type of charisma that was extremely alluring to those around her.

Her outward beauty was absolutely breathtaking, but Mag was more interested in her beautiful soul.

The entire delicious cake was completely devoured by the three people and two cats. Ugly Duckling rolled over and tried to shuffle over to Night in an attempt to knock it down.

Right at this moment, Night suddenly extended a small black paw and rested it firmly on Ugly Duckling’s head.

Ugly Duckling immediately relinquished all plans to attack Night as it lay on the ground, not even daring to move. It turned toward Amy’s direction with a pitiable expression, but it didn’t dare to meow for help.

“That was a very delicious cake.”

Irina placed her empty plate gently on the table before giving Mag a tick of approval.

Mag nodded with a smile in response. It was naturally a good feeling to be praised for his cooking.

Irina then turned toward Amy with a smile, and offered, “Xiao Mi, I’m leaving Rodu soon. Is there something you’d like from me? I can give you anything you want.”

“Anything I want?” Amy looked up at Irina and contemplated this offer carefully before replying, “Then, can I ask Big Sister Irina to hug me for a while, just as Mother would?”

Irina looked into Amy’s large watery eyes, and she suddenly felt a sob building in the back of her throat. She leaned down and picked Amy up in her arms as she gently said, “I also want to hug you like this every single day.”

“You’re so good to me, Big Sister Irina.” Amy closed her eyes with a content expression. The floral scent rising from Irina’s body was very soothing, and Amy quickly fell asleep in her warm embrace.

In her dreams, the woman on the moon finally descended with a smile on her exquisitely beautiful features. She slowly made her way toward Amy and enveloped her in a warm embrace.

A smile appeared on Amy's face as she murmured, "Mother..."

Irina was choking up a little as she crooned, "I'm here."

Chapter 786 Remember That You Belong to Me!

There was a split second during which Mag was struck by the impulse to ask Irina to stay. The three of them could go somewhere far away and live out their lives in leisure as an intimate family of three.

He looked at Amy, who was sleeping in Irina's arms with a content smile on her face, and he suddenly realized just how much he wanted a complete family as well.

He had thought that he would be able to give Amy all of the love in the world to ensure a happy childhood. However, he had to admit that maternal love was unique and indispensable, and it was not something that he could offer.

I'm going to work hard so we can be reunited as quickly as possible, Mag vowed to himself. He had to set some things in motion once he returned to Chaos City.

Irina held Amy in her arms and swayed her gently from side to side, humming a beautiful melody under her breath. Even though the lyrics were indistinguishable, the song still had a very soothing and calming quality.

How strange; who would've thought that the ugly and wrinkly little thing would grow up to be so beautiful. She doesn't even know who I am yet, but she's still so close with me. What a smart little girl. If only I could keep staying by your side...

Irina held Amy for a long time, and she only reluctantly turned her gaze away from Amy's little face after her song had drawn to a conclusion. She turned toward Mag, and asked, "When will you come to find me?"

Mag looked into Irina's clear eyes and thought about her question carefully before giving a firm reply. "One year."

"Alright, then I'll wait for you for a year. If you don't come to me in a year, then I'll come to you and Amy." Irina nodded before handing Amy over to Mag. She planted a gentle kiss on Amy's forehead and looked into Mag's eyes for a long while before suddenly rising up onto her toes and pecking him on the cheek.

"Mag, remember that you belong to me!"

A golden teleportation formation appeared beneath Irina's feet, and she abruptly disappeared, leaving behind a dumbstruck Mag, and an equally dumbfounded Ugly Duckling.

Only after a short while did Mag return to his senses as he laid a hand on his cheek. His eyes were still a little glazed over as he blinked a few times. When her lips had come into contact with his cheek, his mind had gone completely blank.

Even though that wasn't a threat, it's more effective than countless threats. Mag heaved a faint sigh.

From this day forth, he was going to have to work harder than ever. That promise of a year was made to Irina, but it was also a promise to Amy.

Mag didn't want to delay the official reunion between the mother and daughter duo for too long. As such, what he had to do now was to try everything he could to attain the power required to protect Irina and Amy within a year.

After all, he didn't want Irina to have to come for them in a year.

That would certainly be the easier option, but he didn't want Amy to look down on him. He had to be the one to seek out Irina in the Wind Forest rather than the other way around.

Mag looked down at Amy, and his expression gradually softened. He would do anything to ensure her happiness.

"What's this?" Mag suddenly caught sight of a thin green string around Amy's wrist, attached to which was a pea-sized green bead, or perhaps a seed. In any case, it was a semi-transparent object that was emanating faint green light.

This bead had most likely been left to Amy by Irina. Mag was very familiar with this green light—it was the same green light that had emanated from Irina's hand during his period of debilitation earlier, and it was filled with vitality.

I don't know what this is, but it must be something very precious. Mag gently tugged Amy's sleeve down a little to conceal the bead, and then wrapped Amy up in his own clothes. After that, he picked up Ugly Duckling from the ground and pushed open the door.

The storm had subsided significantly, but the rain was still quite heavy.

The butler outside had already fallen asleep as he leaned against banister, but he immediately opened his eyes upon hearing the door being opened. He hurriedly rose to his feet and approached Mag with a fawning smile as he offered, "Are you going out, Master Mag? Please allow me to hold an umbrella for you."

"Thank you." Mag nodded with a smile in response. This butler was the perfect witness who could prove that Mag had been in the kitchen this entire time. Furthermore, he really didn't have any hands to spare to hold an umbrella with.

After exiting the kitchen, a commotion rang out from nearby. Josh's enraged bellows could be heard amid the sound of things being smashed onto the ground.

"What's going on?" Mag asked.

"Perhaps one of the servants did something wrong." The butler cast his gaze in that direction with an expression of fear and relief. He was very thankful for the fact that he had been assigned with such a simple task of keeping an eye on Mag and Amy rather than having to face the wrath of Josh directly.

Mag nodded and didn't ask any further questions. However, he was feeling slightly forlorn that he wasn't able to kill Josh earlier.

After returning to their room, Mag carefully placed Amy down onto the bed. He looked at Amy's adorable sleeping face, and he couldn't help but lean down to plant a kiss on her forehead.

"Alex is back; Rodu is most likely going to be plunged into turmoil soon." Mag chuckled to himself as he looked out the window.

...

"Piss off! Get out!"

Josh's robes were soaking wet as he kicked over a servant, who was kneeling on the ground, holding a warm wet towel in his hand.

The entire room had been completely wrecked with everything smashed to pieces on the ground, creating a chaotic scene.

The dozen or so servants who were kneeling on the ground hurriedly rose to their feet and rushed out the door, thanking their lucky stars that this terrifying ordeal was finally over. The door of the room was closed, and Josh was left alone to his own devices.

He stumbled over to the table and slumped into a chair with a pair of soulless eyes.

Right at this moment, a burst of blue light illuminated the entire room, and Richard emerged from a teleportation formation. He looked at the distraught Josh with furrowed brows as he said, "Your Highness, Alex has appeared again, and he's returned to the height of his powers. If he reveals what happened three years ago to the world, then we'll be faced with immense pressure. We have to make some preparations."

Only after hearing Richard's voice did Josh return to his senses a little. His lips were trembling and his face was deathly pale as he said, "He... He wants to kill me. His sword slit my throat, and I almost died..."

Richard glanced at the gash on Josh's neck with a serious expression as he vowed, "We'll protect you, Your Highness."

"No! No one can protect me from his sword!" Josh grabbed fistfuls of his own hair and shook his head with a painful expression. All of a sudden, he fell still as a dangerous look appeared in his eyes, and he said in a hoarse and raspy voice, "Unless he dies first!"

Chapter **787** **Are You a Man or a Woman?**

In the western region of Rodu, in a spacious courtyard, a golden teleportation formation appeared, and Irina slowly emerged from within.

A few lamps were immediately lit in the inky-black room, following which a few elves emerged with wary expressions. Upon seeing Irina, all of them were rather surprised as they hurriedly extended respectful salutes. "We pay our respects to you, Your Highness!"

Irina turned toward an elderly elf with white hair and beard as she said, "I have to use the teleportation formation to return to the Wind Forest."

...

The battle outside the Wind Forest was drawing to a conclusion. A massive icy spike had been driven into the chest of the tall and burly demon, pinning him firmly to a tree.

At the same time, Sally had copped a blow to the lower abdomen from a stray flying shield, and she fell from her perch up on a tree like a bird with broken wings, landing on the ground with a dull thump.

Meanwhile, Blour had a sword protruding from his chest as he stumbled toward Sally, supporting himself using the tree trunks along the way. Blood was pouring out of his chest incessantly, and he was in an extremely feeble state, looking as if he could fall at any moment. However, he still continued to make his way toward Sally in a determined manner.

A dozen or so demon and orc bodies were littered all over the ground while their elven captives were huddled together on the ground with their hands and feet bound. All of them wore horrified expressions as they leaned against each other for support, and the children among them were howling with sobs.

These elves had endured horrendous torture ever since they had been captured. However, they knew that worse had yet to come.

The torment that would be inflicted on them by their own brethren would be much more painful than that inflicted by demons and orcs.

However, their group had already reached outskirts of the Wind Forest; how had they been ambushed all of a sudden?

They were being detained by none other than their own brethren, so they had given up hope long ago, thinking that no one would come to save them.

“Th... They’re all dead!”

One of the elves had somehow managed to pluck out the rag in his mouth as he looked around with an astonished expression.

All of the elves looked up on hearing this. All of those accursed demons and orcs were lying dead on the ground, and their eyes immediately lit up.

“Could it be... that they’re here to save us?”

All of the elves wore perplexed expressions as they turned their attention to Sally and Blour, one of whom was lying motionlessly on the ground, while the other was moving with great difficulty.

If they were elves responsible for facilitating the exchange, then they definitely wouldn’t have engaged these demons and orcs in battle, and there was certainly no way that they would’ve risked their lives to save them with just a party of two.

“You still alive?” Blour panted heavily as he supported himself against a tree, looking down at Sally, who was lying on the ground.

“Cough... Cough, cough!”

Sally suddenly began to cough violently before abruptly sitting up and throwing up a mouthful of blood. Only then did she turn her gaze toward Blour in a feeble manner, and asked, "Are you a man or a woman?"

"Is that important right now?" Blour rolled his eyes. However, he was quite relieved to see that Sally seemed to be in a stable condition. As the wave of relief washed over him, his legs refused to hold his weight any longer, and his knees buckled as he sat down on the ground. In doing so, he tweaked the wound on his chest, and even more blood began to flow down his body, causing him to grimace with pain.

A ray of green light appeared on Sally's fingertip as she gently rubbed her lower abdomen. The wound inflicted by the shield had stopped bleeding, but her internal injuries wouldn't be healing anytime soon. However, she could still move around as normal.

Sally slowly rose to her feet and made her way toward Blour as she said, "If you were a woman, then I wouldn't have to worry about finding a way to cancel our marriage agreement."

Blour forced a smile onto his face as he looked up at Sally, and said, "You don't need to worry about that; I don't have any feelings for you."

"Good." Sally nodded before closing her fingers around the hilt of the sword protruding from Blour's chest.

"What are you doing?!" Blour's voice instantly rose a few octaves.

"I'm helping you pull it out," Sally replied calmly.

"You're going to kill me like this!" A hint of horror flashed through Blour's eyes. Could it be that his words had hurt her and she was taking revenge?

"Hey, uh, I actually think you're really a fine woman, it's just that I'm not looking for anyone at the moment, and— Argh!!!"

Before Blour had a chance to finish his sentence, a sharp cry escaped his mouth, scaring away all of the nearby birds.

He then looked down to discover that the wound in his chest had been sealed with ice, and was being treated with wisps of green light.

Is she the devil?!

Blour's heart fluttered like the wings of a hummingbird as he looked up at the expressionless Sally. Even though he had been saved, he was still struck by a subconscious urge to get far away from her. Not only did she possess brilliant swordsmanship and powerful magic, she was a completely merciless, cold-blooded killer!

Sally tossed the bloodstained sword aside and washed her hands by conjuring up a gentle stream of water. She then pulled out a small green box and poured out a green pill, which she handed over to Blour. "If you don't want to be detained like this, then eat this pill and let's go."

"Alright." Blour accepted the pill and swallowed it before rising to his feet.

Even though they had intercepted this group of elven captives just outside the Wind Forest, the battle earlier had caused a massive commotion, and someone would definitely come here to investigate soon. If he were to be detained in female attire, his father would most likely beat him to death!

Sally made her way over to elven captives, conjuring up a small blade of ice as she traversed through their ranks, slicing through the vines and ropes that they had been bound with. As she did so, she used a gentle voice to console them, saying, "Don't be scared; we're here to save you all."

All of the freed elves pulled the rags out of their mouths and looked down at their wrists, where the residual gashes left behind by the restrictive vines and ropes could still be seen.

After a brief period of silence, an elf suddenly burst into sobs, which then quickly set off a widespread chorus of sobs, until almost all of the elves were bawling with all their might.

The smile on Sally's face gradually disappeared. As she looked at the sobbing elves, she felt as if her heartstrings were being tugged on violently.

She had once thought that the Wind Forest was the most perfect place in this entire world, and that all elves there lived carefree and happy lives. She allowed herself to be served by her family's elven servants, thinking that they were just as happy as she was.

Yet now, that image of sunshine and roses had been completely shattered, revealing a hideous and disgusting underbelly.

Blour also stood beside Sally with a complex expression, but he still loudly announced, "Get away from here. We have to go as well."

The sobs from the elves gradually subsided as they extended grateful bows toward Blour and Sally. They took a glance at the Wind Forest, which they had once regarded as their holy land yet now avoided like the plague, and they began to walk away in the opposite direction.

Right at this moment, a sharp voice sounded. "Stop right there!"

Chapter 788 Who's Running Their Mouth Here?

Several dozens of black-robed elves emerged from within the darkness, aiming a series of sharp arrows at Sally and Blour, as well as the elves who had just been freed.

Their leader was a middle-aged elf with a set of ordinary features. The elves were predominantly a beautiful race, so this elf stood out as a bit of an outlier. He cast his stern gaze toward the demon and orc bodies strewn all over the ground, and then glanced at the horrified group of elves before finally turning his attention to Blour and Sally.

The elf on the left was a little disheveled and her clothes were ragged and dirty, yet her stunning beauty was still quite apparent. However, he didn't recall ever seeing such a beautiful elf of her description.

Meanwhile, the elf on the right had a black veil over the lower half of her face, thereby obscuring most of her features. However, her figure and her eyes suggested that she was a fine beauty as well.

Among the dead demons and orcs on the ground, there was no lack of beings at the sixth and seventh tiers, yet all of them had been slain, and it appeared that these two young female elves were the perpetrators.

Seeing as he had never seen these two elves in the Wind Forest, these two were definitely those so-called elves of freedom. They had a bit of power and they let it get to their heads, prompting them to do something so insolent and reckless.

Come to think of it, these two are a pair of fine beauties. If I were to capture them and offer them up to Master Boris, he'd surely be very pleased. Cobil's eyes roamed over Sally and Blour's bodies. It appeared that they had been wounded during the battle, so this was the perfect opportunity to capture them. As such, he waved a hand, and commanded, "Capture them and kill anyone who dares to resist!"

Expressions of despair appeared on the face of the elves who had just been freed. They looked at the sharp arrows being aimed at them, and they couldn't muster up any urge to resist. They stood rooted to the spot like a wooden statue, waiting to be shackled and enslaved by their own brethren.

"Cobil's an eighth-tier wood-type magic caster; we won't be able to beat him, especially in our current state. I'll hold him to the best of my abilities; you take as many elves away with you as possible," Blour whispered as he looked at Cobil.

"I'll hold him off; you take the elves and get away from here." Sally had donned a black veil over her face, and she glanced at Blour with a calm expression as she said, "If you get captured like this, news of the third young master of the Baibilly Family being a cross-dressing freak will spread through the entire Wind Forest tomorrow."

"I'm me, not a freak, and I won't change no matter what other people say." Blour looked at Sally as a smile appeared on his face, and he said, "But you are the future hope of the elven race."

As soon as his voice trailed off, the seemingly feeble Blour suddenly displayed astonishing speed and power, charging directly toward Cobil with his wand raised. Specks of light began to appear in the air, transforming into wooden arrows that shot forth toward Cobil.

"Heh, you dare to attack me?" Cobil looked at Blour with a disdainful expression. He raised a hand, and a heavy wooden shield appeared before him. The wooden arrows thudded into the shield, but couldn't inflict even the slightest amount of damage.

Meanwhile, the trees around Blour suddenly seemed to have sprung to life, swinging their branches sweeping toward Blour like wooden whips that were traveling at an astonishing speed.

Countless vines also spread from beneath Cobil's feet, extending toward Blour and the other elves.

Sally looked at Blour, and a hint of admiration appeared in her eyes for the very first time. She stomped a foot into a nearby tree, sending her shooting through the forest like an agile leopard. She picked up two young elves, one in each arm, before fleeing the scene.

"Don't let her get away! Fire!" an elf exclaimed, and a rain of arrows came rushing down toward Sally from behind.

Sally traversed through the forest rapidly. A series of arrows glanced past her before embedding themselves into the nearby trees, but Sally was slowing down noticeably.

The two little elves tucked under her arms were looking up at her with horror in their eyes, but they remained silent and refrained from bursting into sobs.

“Whoosh!”

A flaming arrow flew through the air, targeting the little elf under her left arm on this occasion rather than Sally herself.

Elves had always been capable hunters and exceptional marksmen, and this arrow was clearly faster and more powerful than the previous ones. It was going for intercept at a point that Sally was inevitably going to have to pass through with unerring accuracy.

Sally’s expression instantly changed upon seeing this. The archer in question was clearly a veteran hunter who had been waiting for the perfect opportunity before unleashing the most lethal strike.

Sally forcibly stopped her advancing footsteps, twisting around in mid-air to swap positions with that little elf under her left arm.

The incoming arrow glanced past her back, leaving a deep gorey gash before puncturing three trees in rapid succession, and finally coming to a rest after embedding itself into the trunk of a fourth tree.

The enormous power momentum imbued within the arrow caused Sally to stumble, and she was immediately brought to a halt.

All of their elven assailants surrounded her with light shimmering on the tips of their wands, and there was no lack of sixth and seventh tier magic casters among them.

“I’m sorry, I won’t be able to get you two out of here today.”

Sally placed the two little elves gently down on the ground as she drew her wand with tears shimmering in her eyes.

The little elven girl gently laid her hand on Sally’s and looked up at her with a serious expression as she said, “You killed the baddies that killed my father and mother; thank you, Big Sister.”

“They killed my grandpa. Thank you, Big Sister.” The little elven boy was also looking up at her with gratitude in his eyes.

Sally looked down at the two little elves, and she couldn’t hold back her tears any longer as they flowed down her cheeks.

Meanwhile, even after evading many branches and using up all of his remaining power to unleash a powerful spell, Blour was still unable to break through Cobil’s defenses. In the end, he was bound tightly by a mass of vines and hung upside down from a large tree.

All of the other elves had also been bound by vines. None of them struggled, nor did they weep. Their eyes were completely soulless and filled with despair as if they were already dead on the inside.

On the other side, Sally erected a magic shield to block one spell after another, but the magic shield was thinning at a rapid rate. In the end, her defenses were breached and she was also bound by vines along with those two little elves.

Cobil strode over to them in a high and mighty manner, looking down on all of the detained elves as he announced, "Ever since you were born, you were destined to be inferior to the elves in the Wind Forest. You were always destined to become slaves, and only death awaits you if you dare to resist. There is a hierarchy in this world, and all of you rank at the very bottom."

Many of the elves turned to Cobil with hatred and resentment in their eyes, but most of them were already resigned to their fate.

In this world, there was no one who could save them. All of the elves in the Wind Forest had already accepted such an arrangement, even the elven queen.

"Who's running their mouth here?"

Right at this moment, a flash of golden light erupted above everyone. An elegant foot descended from the sky, stomping down onto Cobil's face and slamming it into the dirt!

Chapter 789 All of You are More Like Demons

The one falling from the sky wasn't an angel, but a beautiful elf instead.

Just as all of the captured elves were plunged deep into despair and Sally and Blour had done everything they could, a gorgeous figure descended from above, stomping the high and mighty Cobil into the ground.

She was an exquisitely beautiful elf in a white dress with a small golden crescent moon insignia on her forehead. Her entire body was enshrouded in faint golden light, and she was like an ethereal holy goddess descending from the heavens.

It was such a breathtakingly beautiful elf who had stomped Cobil's face into the ground.

Cobil was an eighth-tier wood-type magic caster who had easily subdued Blour and all of the other elves, yet half of his face had been buried in the dirt, and he was unable to move so much as a single inch.

Could she be here to save us? In the eyes of all of the captured elves, they felt as if they were witnessing a miracle, and they could barely believe their eyes as a hint of hope welled up in their hearts again.

"Your Highness!"

Blour's eyes lit up with elation even as he was being hung upside down from a tree. At the same time, his entire body completely relaxed. With her here, everything would be fine.

"Princess Irina!"

Sally's eyes were also sparkling as she looked at the elf descending from above, and her teary face lit up with a smile. Within the entire Wind Forest, she was the only one they could trust and rely on, and she had now appeared to save them.

The one who had descended from the sky was none other than Irina, who had just returned from Rodu. The teleportation formation in the elven embassy situated in Rodu required a vast amount of energy from spirit stones to be activated each time, so it was very rarely used. However, someone of Irina's status was obviously granted usage rights by default.

"Your Highness!"

All of the black-robed elves' hearts jolted with shock upon seeing the new arrival before they hurriedly extended respectful bows toward Irina. All of them lowered their bows and hung their heads with tense expressions on their faces.

Not long ago, the princess had emerged from seclusion and killed Elder Schubert on the spot for his slavery of other elves. As a result, the elven queen had issued a new order to abolish slavery, and gave all of the enslaved elves a chance to leave the Wind Forest should they so please.

However, after that, Princess Irina was locked away in detention, while the elven queen also went into seclusion, thus paying no heed to matters within the elven race. Thus, all of the major families only released some elderly and frail slaves as a show of compliance, but they didn't actually act according to this order.

Furthermore, in the period leading up to winter, there would be more and more elves transported back to the Wind Forest to replenish the ones that had been released as well as to supply more cannon fodder that could be sent to protect the borders.

All of the major families who benefited from slavery were extremely prominent and powerful within the elven race. Thus, even with the example set by Schubert's death, all of them still fell back to their old ways.

However, that didn't mean that everyone dared to truly disregard Irina. After all, she had dared to kill Schubert in the presence of the elven queen. She was both powerful enough and decisive enough to kill anyone that she wanted, and no major family wanted to make her their enemy.

Thus, they decided to have this new batch of enslaved elves transported to the Wind Forest while Irina was away celebrating the king's birthday in the Roth Empire. According to their plan, she should still have been at Rodu at this very moment, and they were horrified to see her appear here.

"Your Highness?"

All of the bound elves faltered slightly before legends surrounding Princess Irina suddenly surfaced in their minds. If there was anyone in the Wind Forest who harbored any sympathy for them, then it had to be this kind princess.

A few years ago, she and Alex had roamed the continent, destroying countless orc and demon mercenary squads who made their living by capturing wandering elves. Even the few such mercenary squads that remained hurriedly disbanded in fear of being hunted down by Princess Irina.

Those years were the safest for all of the elves wandering the Norland Continent. No one had to worry about demons and orcs suddenly appearing to capture them.

Even though not every wandering elf had been saved by Princess Irina before, all of them were extremely thankful for everything she had done. She was like their savior, rescuing them from an infernal hell.

However, good things were never meant to last. Three years ago, Princess Irina suddenly disappeared, and all of the demons and orcs sprang into action again, capturing wandering elves with reckless abandon.

All of the elves who dared to resist were killed, and some of the more beautiful elves were even taken to Rodu or the Demon Islands, and sold to prominent families as sex slaves. However, most of them were transported back to the Wind Forest and reduced to lowly slaves.

This was a never-ending disaster. Aside from a small portion of powerful elves who could escape this horrible fate, almost all of the elves wandering the Norland Continent became victims of this cruel practice. Chaos City became the final haven for free elves, but elves had begun disappearing from Chaos City as well as of late.

The wandering elves were powerless to resist this horrific disaster, so they could only pin their hopes on Princess Irina. It was just that during her three-year seclusion, she seemed to have been completely wiped off the face of the continent, and all of the wandering elves were eventually cast into despair.

But now, Princess Irina had appeared once again, and she had just stomped the elf who had attacked them into the ground like a cockroach.

All of the despairing elves were filled with hope once again. If there was anyone in this world who could save them from the Wind Forest, then it was Princess Irina!

“All elves were born equal; what is this nonsense about a hierarchy?” Irina cast her gaze at all of the elves around her before looking down at Cobil with a cold expression as she demanded, “Her Majesty abolished slavery a month ago; how dare you continue to engage in such heinous practices behind her back?”

“Your Highness... We... We’re only doing as we were told. Order Diff told us to do this!” Cobil’s horrified face was half-buried in the dirt as he gave a reply with difficulty.

Even Elder Schubert had been slain by Irina without a second thought, so it wouldn’t be a surprise at all if she were to kill him here. He had only enjoyed half of the lengthy lifespan that elves were endowed with, and he didn’t want to die yet.

“Alright, I’ll be going after him next.” Irina nodded with a cold expression before raising her right foot and stomping it down again. Cobil’s head was completely crushed into the soil amid a thickening crunch, and his body spasmed momentarily before falling completely still.

“Back when I was traveling the continent, I had thought that the elves of the Wind Forest were my brethren, so at the very least, they wouldn’t be as shameless and heinous as the orcs and demons.” Irina lifted her foot from Cobil’s head as she looked around at the horrified black-robed elves. “However, I soon found out that I was wrong. Compared to them, all of you are more like demons.”

Chapter 790 I Thought She Would Spend the Night Here

“She’s back?”

Within the starry cave, Helena cast her gaze in the northwestern direction with a hint of surprise in her eyes. However, she also heaved a sigh of relief at the same time. A thought then seemed to have occurred to her as she shook her head and murmured to herself, “Those useless idiots...”

...

“I’m so glad you’re safe, Irina.” The elven queen smiled as she stood at the tip of the tallest tree in the Wind Forest. She cast her gaze toward the northwest, and her smile gradually disappeared.

“Perhaps it’s time to give her free rein and truly allow her to do something. Perhaps I really was wrong.”

The elven queen stood on top of the tree for a long while before withdrawing her gaze and slowly making her way downward, finally disappearing into the hollow in the tree.

...

“Irina’s back!”

At the same time, there were some elves who had sensed the magic waves outside the Wind Forest, and they could already guess who had just returned.

Many of them knew of the transaction that was about to take place just outside the Wind Forest today.

They had thought that Irina would remain in Rodu forever, but she had returned to the Wind Forest, and that had undoubtedly given them a massive surprise.

Within the darkness, there were already many elves gathering together.

...

All of the black-robed elves with bows in their hands had hung their heads in horror and shame, not daring to meet Irina’s gaze.

“Please spare us, Your Highness. We’re only following orders...”

An elf suddenly threw his bow onto the ground before falling onto his knees.

“Please spare us, Your Highness.”

Dull thumps rang out one after another as all of the elves fell to their knees with fearful expressions.

Irina swept her gaze over these elves before withdrawing the vines that had bound all of the captured elves. She then directed those vines toward the black-robed elves kneeling on the ground and hung them from the trees instead.

All of the elves who had regained their freedom for the second time in one night all sat down on the ground as if all of the energy had been sapped from their bodies. They looked at the dead Cobil, then up at the elven warrior who had been bound and hung down from vines, and they felt as if they were dreaming.

"I'm Irina." Irina gave a simple self-introduction as she made her way over to the wounded and shell-shocked elves. A hint of sympathy appeared in her eyes as she gently raised a hand. A ray of green light surged over from the Tree of Life in the distance, swirling around her body before flowing toward the group of elves before her.

The green light gently caressed the wounds on their bodies, quickly healing them with its tremendous life force energy. Their injuries quickly regenerated while color returned to their pale cheeks, and the soul also seemed to have returned to their eyes.

In what seemed like the blink of an eye, the broken elves were healed both on the inside and the outside, and it was as if they had received a new lease on life.

"Thank you, Your Highness!"

"Thank you!"

The elves were all filled with elation as they looked at their restored bodies. All of them sobbed with elation as they extended grateful bows toward Irina.

The two little elves in Sally's arms had also regained a healthy complexion as they landed on the ground, extending their little hands to try and help Sally to her feet. Both of them wore joyful smiles on their little faces as they said, "Big Sister, Her Highness is here to save us!"

"Indeed, Her Highness has saved us." Sally nodded as she looked at Irina with admiration in her eyes. In the future, I want to become an elf just like her, fighting for the elven race with everything I have.

"Um, can you guys get me down from here?" Blour asked in a slightly awkward voice. Even though he had also received treatment, he was still hanging upside down from a tree, which was understandably quite uncomfortable.

Sally raised a finger to summon a blade of ice, which sliced open the vines around Blour's body, causing him to fall straight to the ground. Just as he was about to land headfirst into the dirt, he twisted around so his knees could cushion his fall, and he knelt down in front of Irina in the end.

"No need to thank me; I was only doing my job." Irina shook her head before turning her attention toward Blour and Sally, upon which she gave a slight nod of approval, and said, "Get away from here. Go to Chaos City; that's the only safe place right now. Someone will take you there, and no one will hunt you down anymore."

Blour rose to his feet in a rather awkward manner before rubbing his knee with a grimace of pain. He glanced at Irina before yelling to everyone else, "Come with me, everyone; I'll take you all to Chaos City."

All of the elves extended another collective grateful bow toward Irina before following Blour toward the south. Chaos City was an unfamiliar place to them, but it was indeed their final haven. At the very least, no mercenary squad dared to blatantly hunt elves there.

Sally turned to Irina and opened her mouth to say something, but she suppressed the urge to do so in the end. After taking one final glance at Irina, she hurriedly rushed over to catch up with Blour.

Irina's promise meant that these elves would definitely be taken safely to Chaos City. She promised that no one was going to hunt them down, so no one would dare to try and hunt them.

The group of several dozens of elves traversed through the night with Blour leading the way, holding a flaming torch that illuminated the way ahead.

All of the elves' eyes were filled with renewed hope. It was as if they had finally found a path in the darkness that led toward the light.

Irina looked on as the flaming torch disappeared into the distance before turning toward the Wind Forest, standing on the spot in silence.

The entire Wind Forest was completely silent as if no one was aware of what had just taken place.

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On that night, countless people on the Norland Continent suffered sleepless nights.

However, Mag had a very good night's sleep. As soon as he opened his eyes, he was greeted by the sight of the bright morning sun, and it was as if the storm from the night before was nothing more than a distant dream.

He took a glance at Amy, who was sleeping soundly using her arms as a pillow, and a smile appeared on his face.

As long as he could wake up to Amy's smiling face every day, then everything would be alright.

When Amy finally woke up of her own accord, Mag got out of bed and helped her into a beautiful little white dress.

"Where's Irina, Father? Has she already left?" Amy looked around with disappointment on her little face.

"She did. She left after you fell asleep last night, but we'll definitely meet her again." Mag patted Amy's little head with a smile.

"I thought she'd spend the night here." Amy sighed before looking up at Mag with a disappointed expression, and scolded, "Father, why didn't you take this opportunity?"

Mag's expression instantly darkened. Just what was in that little head of hers? Was she that eager for her birth parents to get together?

"Alright, we have to go and participate in the numerical system debate today. Teacher Luna is still waiting for us." Mag changed the subject as he picked up Amy's little hand, and led her out the door.

"When will we be able to see Big Sister Irina again, Father?" Amy asked.

Mag paused in his footsteps and looked down at Amy with a serious expression as he replied, "In a year at most."