

Stay At home 841

Chapter 841 Abolish Princess Irina!

The elven race believed in the Goddess of Life and cultivated nature magic.

They had a great affinity with nature, and that was why they'd been able to guard the Wind Forest for so long. In the Wind Forest, nature itself would lend them its assistance.

As one of the 12 major deities, the Goddess of Life had bestowed upon the elven race beauty and lengthy lifespans, allowing them to become a force to be reckoned with on the Norland Continent.

The Tree of Life that had stood for over 10,000 years along with the Spring of Life that flowed from the tree were both miraculous gifts from the Goddess of Life.

The elves would dab the water from the Spring of Life onto their glabellas in order to wash away the impurities they'd accumulated during the past year, as well as to accept the blessings of the Goddess of Life.

This was the most important annual ceremony of the elven race. All elves had once been able to attend, but elven slaves had since been excluded.

All of the elven attendees dressed up in lavish clothes in preparation to participate in this grand ceremony.

Tens of thousands of elves gathered in the plaza in front of the cave that housed the Tree of Life. There was a circular well paved with white jade stone in the plaza. Within it the Spring of Life was shimmering faintly, attracting the attention of all of the elves.

All of the elves stood according to their social rank, and even though the formation was quite orderly, it also gave off an air of oppression and discrimination.

The members of the eight major families were at the forefront of the group. All of them held their heads high as they wore their lavish clothing, basking in the envious eyes directed toward them.

There were still elves arriving on the scene, and the leaders of the major families weren't all that eager to begin lining up, so most of them hadn't appeared yet.

"Did you hear? Her Majesty has gone into seclusion, and won't be hosting this ceremony."

"Really? Why is Her Majesty suddenly going into seclusion? Who's hosting the ceremony, then? Princess Irina?"

"Even if Her Majesty really has gone into seclusion, it should be Mistress Helena hosting the ceremony rather than Princess Irina."

"Small families like yours don't have the right to know about this information, but the ceremony is about to commence, so it can't hurt to tell you all."

Thus, a piece of news quickly spread through the crowd. The public announcement the elven queen had made the night before had been suppressed for an entire night, but it was finally being revealed now, and it naturally created quite a massive stir.

In the past, the elven queen had always been the one to host the ceremonies, and never had she taken a break from this role. Furthermore, the fact that she stipulated that she was only to be roused when the elven race was under dire threat made everyone quite concerned for her health.

During these past years, the elven queen very rarely took care of any matters in the elven race, and most of her time was spent in seclusion. It was said that she was recovering from the chronic injuries she'd sustained during the war among species, but no one had ever seen her in action since that war, so her current condition was a mystery to everyone.

Now that she was going into seclusion the night before the ceremony and releasing such a concerning announcement, everyone naturally couldn't help but fear for the worst.

At this point, most of the elves in the Wind Forest had gathered, and all of the elders and leaders of the major families were also beginning to arrive.

Elliot and Vincent exchanged a cursory glance from afar before looking away in a calm and collected manner, and then proceeding with smiles on their faces to greet the elves they were familiar with.

The Brewster Family and the Baibilly Family were both part of the eight major families, so as the leaders of those families, Elliot and Vincent were naturally permitted to stand in the front row.

After all of the leaders of the eight major families had arrived, the entire venue gradually fell silent.

Right at this moment, a loud voice announced from outside, "The panel of elders is here!"

All of the elves immediately parted to create a path, and then extended respectful salutes.

11 elderly white-robed elves strode slowly through the path that had been opened up, using their staves as canes as they hobbled along. They arrived at the very front of the group where 13 chairs had already been prepared in a curved formation. The elderly elves sat down with solemn expressions on their faces, but the third seat counting from the left remained empty.

Right at this moment, another loud announcement sounded. "Master Borg and Mistress Helena are here!"

Immediately thereafter, the tall and broad Borg with his hands clasped behind his back arrived alongside Helena.

The elves on both sides bowed in a respectful manner, and even the elders who had just sat down also rose to their feet. They didn't extend bows like the other elves did, but this was already a gesture of their respect.

Among these two, Helena had once been labeled as one of the two brightest rising stars of the elven race. She established a stable and powerful base for the elven race, thereby facilitating their retaliation during the war among species.

As for Borg, he was renowned as the War God of the elven race. He was the elven queen's right-hand man, and he had slain countless enemies of the elven race, thereby forging a resounding reputation for himself.

In the face of these two elves, who possessed extremely lofty status and reputation in the elven race, even the panel of elders had to extend gestures of respect.

Borg and Helena made their way calmly along the path opened up by the elves before stopping on the tall platform above the panel of elders.

Borg turned to appraise all of the elves present as he announced, "My brethren, Her Majesty released an announcement yesterday that she will be going into seclusion for some time. From this day forth, all of the matters in our race will be decided by the panel of elders, and today's ceremony will be held by High Priestess Helena."

Even though all of the elves had already heard this news, it was still quite unsettling to hear it confirmed by Borg.

The elven race had become quite powerful, but everyone was already accustomed to being protected by their elven queen. Now that she was suddenly going into indefinite seclusion, everyone couldn't help but fear for the worst.

Borg swept his gaze across all of the elves present before continuing, "There's no need to panic, everyone. Her Majesty is only going into seclusion in order to ascend to the next tier. During this time, I will be protecting all of my elven brethren in the Wind Forest. No enemy will be able to infiltrate our forest on my watch!"

All of the elves gradually calmed down upon hearing this, and expressions of scorching reverence appeared in their eyes as they all turned toward him.

Helena's eyes narrowed slightly as she looked at Borg, but her expression remained completely unchanged.

The smile on Borg's face faded, and he adopted a serious expression as he said in a heavy voice, "However, prior to the commencement of the ceremony, I have to do something. This will impact every single elf in our elven race, and the operation of our current social system and elven law hinges on this. What I'm about to do next will play a major role in shaping the future of our entire race!"

"What is it?"

All of the elves were rather confused to hear this.

Just what could it be that was making Master Borg adopt such a serious demeanor?

Helena's brows furrowed slightly as she cast her gaze toward the nearby cave. Faint green light was shimmering within the cave, but aside from that, nothing seemed to be happening in there.

"Two months ago, Schubert of the Krol Family was horrifically slain for no reason. Our elven race lost a 10th-tier great magic caster on that day! Five days ago, the leader of the elven guard squad and 8th-tier wood-type magic caster, Cobil, was killed while attempting to detain a group of traitors. To further add insult to injury, all of those traitors were released!" A hint of sorrow appeared on Borg's solemn face.

"And the one responsible for all this, is none other than Princess Irina!"

All of the elves' expressions gradually changed upon hearing this. There had been many different stories about how Schubert and Cobil had died, but all of them were linked to Irina in one way or another. However, Irina had always held an extremely high status in the elven race, so most elves were of the opinion that the fault had to lie with Schubert and Cobil for the two to have been killed.

But now, it appeared that Master Borg was offering an explanation to the contrary.

"I think Princess Irina has already been infected by dark magic, and has become a traitor! As such, she is no longer fit to be the elven princess! I hereby strongly request that the panel of elders strip Irina of her position as the elven princess!" Borg's voice rang out across the entire Wind Forest.

Chapter 842 The Goddess of Life and Her Majesty Chose Me

The purple-striped griffin hurtled through the air, sweeping up strong winds with its powerful wings that sent ripples running across the calm surface of the lake beneath it.

Mag looked down at the schools of fish that were dispersing with fright, and an elated smile appeared on his face.

This was much more exhilarating than flying on a helicopter!

The griffin skirted around the Wind Forest and reached Warden Lake, and as expected, they really did encounter no elves along the way.

After taking care to avoid the three small groups of elves who were patrolling at the shore and center of the lake, Mag instructed the griffin to swoop down and fly close to the surface of the lake.

Warden Lake was extremely large in surface area, and a few little islands dotted its surface. Golden reeds could be seen everywhere over the lake, and they acted as the perfect camouflage even for a massive beast like the purple-striped griffin.

However, it was exactly due to the existence of these reeds that catching a duck here would not be as simple as Mag had imagined.

As the griffin flew through a bunch of reeds, a multitude of birds flew up into the air from the reeds in a blind panic. There were wild ducks, geese, and various types of unidentifiable birds. Some of them had even been frightened to such an extent by the menacing aura emanating from the griffin that they fell dead onto the surface of the lake.

"Hold back your aura a little; we're not trying to kill everything here." Mag heaved a resigned sigh as he looked down at the dead birds they'd left in their wake.

The purple-striped griffin nodded and suppressed its powerful aura significantly. There were still all types of birds being startled into flight, but at the very least, none of them fell dead on the spot.

Mag inspected the birds that flew up from the reeds with rapt focus, but even after half an hour of intense inspection, he still didn't find what he was looking for. He massaged his tired eyes in a resigned manner as he said internally, "System, what do those Red-top Tricolor Ducks look like? Can you at least give me a picture?"

“Can you seriously not figure out what they look like from such an obvious name? They’re ducks with tufts of red feathers on the tops of their heads and feathers of three different colors all over their bodies. Do you understand now?” the system replied in an exasperated manner.

“Give me a picture,” Mag requested flatly with a roll of his eyes. He hadn’t seen any ducks which fitted that description this entire time.

“Alright, looks like I overestimated your capabilities.”

Thus, an image appeared in Mag’s mind, depicting a very... unique duck.

To put it simply, it was as if someone had grabbed a white swan, smeared red paint on its head, then splashed green, black, and red paint all over its body, and insisted on calling it a duck.

Mag fell silent with a complex expression on his face. “System, you didn’t just draw this duck on the spot, did you? Is this another new species that you created?”

“You’re so narrow-minded that it’s absolutely appalling! Nature is the greatest creator of all; it can even create something like you, so why insinuate that I drew this duck? Also, the duck may not be the prettiest bird you’ve ever seen, but when God closed a door on it, he opened a window instead. Despite its appearance, its meat is even more delicious than that of geese.”

“Is it a good thing for a duck that it tastes good? It feels like not only did God close a door on it, he also sealed the window shut, and then tossed in a hand grenade for good measure,” Mag countered with a shrug.

“Er...” The system was slightly stumped before continuing, “In any case, just keep searching according to that image. If you want to secure the best ingredients, patience and diligence are your best friends. The best ingredients will often be hiding in the most unexpected places, so it’s not that easy to find them.”

Mag rolled his eyes in response, but he really did begin to inspect his surroundings with more care and diligence thereafter.

The ceremony was going to last around three hours. During this time, he had to find a duck, and then depart from this place to complete the mission.

...

Borg’s words immediately drew deathly silence from the entire crowd.

Hesitant expression appeared on the faces of all of the elves present. Even though Borg was accusing Irina of these crimes, it was still quite a big jump for her to be stripped of her position as princess.

As the elven princess, Irina had received the acknowledgment of the Tree of Life, and had been especially blessed by the Goddess of Life since birth. She possessed astonishing aptitude and was the most powerful elf among the younger generation. She had even surpassed many of the elves who had lived for several centuries, and even Schubert had fallen to her in just a single attack.

She reigned supreme across the Norland Continent and was revered by countless beings. She was the pride of the elven race, and in the hearts of all of the elves, she was the next elven queen.

At just 30 years of age, she had become a 10th-tier great magic caster, and she still had centuries ahead of her. Who knew what dizzying heights she would reach during this time? Perhaps she'd grow to become even more powerful than the elven queen.

However, Borg was suggesting for her to be demoted.

"One cannot kill our brethren for no reason, even if she is the elven princess! Besides, senseless slaughter is not something that a princess would engage in! Schubert was such a kind elf, and he was my good friend for hundreds of years, yet he was killed by Irina for no reason whatsoever!" the leader of the Berman Family, one of eight major families, yelled in a vehement manner.

"Irina has impeded our efforts to capture elven traitors on many occasions, and not only has she thrown her support behind these traitors, she has even killed Schubert and Cobil for their sake. Master Borg is right! Her horrendous deeds are enough for her to be labeled a traitor, and not only should she be stripped of her title as princess, she should be killed to avenge all of our innocent brethren who have died by her hands!" the leader of the Earhart Family concurred in a cold voice.

"On behalf of the Brad Family, I support the ousting of Princess Irina! Please make the final decision, esteemed panel of elders!"

"I also support the ousting of Irina!"

In just a few minutes, four of the eight major families had thrown their support for Irina's deposition, and more and more family leaders were beginning to contribute to this trend.

All of a sudden, many of the elves on the plaza became extremely heated, and a loud chorus of chants rang out.

"Oust Irina! Avenge our innocent fallen brethren!"

Borg cast his gaze toward the other four major family leaders who hadn't yet expressed their stance on the matter, and a cold light flashed through his eyes.

The four family leaders didn't dare to meet Borg's cold gaze, and all of them turned toward Helena. These four family leaders naturally included Elliot and Vincent.

All of the family leaders who hadn't joined in on the chorus of chants in the crowd were also looking at Helena, and even many of the elders had turned to her in order to gauge her reaction.

As she was the high priestess of the elven race, Helena's influence exceeded that of Borg, and was second only to the influence of the elven queen herself.

During these past years, the elven queen very rarely took care of matters in the elven race, and Helena had been the one to manage the elven race in her absence.

Hence, despite the power of Borg's Sette Family, he still wasn't able to sway everyone's opinion.

The family system had been proposed and established by Helena from the very beginning, and most of the major family leaders present had been chosen by her.

Hence, her stance on the matter was of utmost importance.

Borg's brows furrowed as he turned to Helena, and began, "High Priestess Helena—"

"The Goddess of Life and Her Majesty chose me; who do you think you are to think you can depose me?"

A graceful figure slowly made its way out of the cave.

Chapter 843 You are the Traitors of the Elven Race!

"Princess Irina!"

All of the elves turned toward the cave to find Irina slowly emerging from within in a flowing white dress. Her expression was as calm as ever, and she seemed to be completely unfazed by the collective chants advocating for her deposition.

All of the younger elves became rather conflicted at the sight of her. Not only was Irina the elven princess, she was the idol of the younger generation of elves.

All elves wanted to live as carefreely and wilfully as Irina did. All of them aspired to become as powerful as her, and in their hearts, she was just as important as the elven queen. In fact, many of them had already convinced themselves that she was going to become the next elven queen.

However, Borg was aiming some very severe accusations at her and proposing for her to be ousted, and there were even some family leaders proclaiming that she should be killed!

Now, Irina had appeared before everyone.

She was just as domineering and straightforward as ever. She didn't try to hide, nor did she offer any explanations. Just her presence alone had silenced the entire plaza, and even the leaders of the eight major families had all fallen silent.

Regardless of what they thought of her, they had to admit that she was far too powerful to be ignored.

She had slain Schubert with just a single attack, and just a few days ago, she had slain seven 10th-tier powerful beings alongside Alex. As such, the rumors that suggested that she had been severely debilitated following her difficult childbirth were naturally debunked. She was still the same elven princess who was so powerful that others could only tremble in her presence.

Irina stopped in front of the Spring of Life and cast a cold, derisive gaze at Borg as she sneered, "Looks like you couldn't hold back any longer. Her Majesty has only just gone into seclusion, and you're already trying to replace her?"

Borg turned to Irina with a cold expression, and replied, "Irina, you slaughtered our innocent brethren and released elven traitors on many occasions. Your actions clearly indicate that you've been infected by dark magic, thereby turning your back on the Goddess of Life!"

Expressions of rage gradually appeared on the faces of many elves as they looked at Irina. The Goddess of Life was the faith of the elven race, and she had provided protection as well as guidance to the elven race for countless years. All those who turned their backs on the Goddess of Life were traitors of the elven race. They cultivated dark magic, thereby renouncing their origins, and even after being detained

at the Wind Forest and cleansed of their dark magic, they would be reduced to slaves for the rest of their lives.

If Irina really had turned her back on the Goddess of Life, then she was a traitor who had cultivated dark magic, thereby making her an enemy of the entire elven race! This was unacceptable to all elves!

“Dark magic? Heh...” A derisive sneer appeared on Irina’s face as she looked at Borg. All of a sudden, a burst of bright green light appeared on the palm of her hand, and a seed began to sprout from there before growing into a small tree.

Specks of green light then drifted out of the cave behind her as a branch of the Tree of Life extended from within. The branch wound itself around Irina before gently tapping the small tree, and faint green light shone down onto the small tree, giving its leaves a translucent form.

“On what basis are you calling me a traitor, Borg? Is everyone just supposed to believe that big mouth of yours?” Irina slowly raised the small tree in her hand as she asked, “If I were a traitor, do you think the Tree of Life would’ve found out after you did? If I had turned my back on the Goddess of Life, do you think the Tree of Life would’ve sent energy to me from afar when I almost died in Rodu? If I were using dark magic, then how did I manage to make this seed grow?”

All of the elves gradually fell silent at the sight of the small tree in Irina’s hand as well as the branch of the Tree of Life that was revolving around her in an affectionate manner. All of them then turned to Borg for answers.

The Tree of Life was the sacred tree bestowed upon the elven race by the Goddess of Life. It couldn’t directly communicate through speech, yet it possessed an extremely potent divine nature. In the past, only the elven queens had been able to secure the approval of the Tree of Life, and Irina was the only elf to have been acknowledged by the tree even before inheriting the throne.

A few days ago, Irina had been in a dire crisis in Rodu, and all of the elves present had witnessed the Tree of Life sending life energy to her despite how far away she was from the Wind Forest at the time.

There was no way that a traitor who had cultivated dark magic would continue to be blessed by the Tree of Life, as dark magic originated from death, which stood on the opposite extreme to life.

Irina turned to Helena with a serious expression, and asked, “High Priestess Helena, do you also think I cultivated dark magic? Do you also think I’m a traitor?”

All of the elves also turned their attention to Helena. Aside from the panel of elders, the only being present who possessed the same level of influence as Borg was High Priestess Helena.

“Princess Irina hasn’t cultivated dark magic. There’s no way that the aura of darkness could escape the detection of the Tree of Life.” Helena shook her head as she said, “As for whether Princess Irina is a traitor or not, I won’t comment on that, as I have no evidence to suggest that to be the case.”

A hint of surprise appeared in Irina’s eyes upon hearing this. She had thought that Helena would take this opportunity to contribute to her downfall, but that was not the case here.

Borg cast a glance at Helena with a hint of wariness in his eyes. He had never been able to glean just what Helena’s true objective was, and this time was no exception.

“Her Highness hasn’t cultivated dark magic, so there’s no way that she’s a traitor!”

“Not necessarily! She killed Master Schubert and Mater Cobil for the sake of those traitors; why would she do that if she weren’t a traitor?”

“But Her Majesty has already abolished slavery and given everyone free will to leave or stay in the Wind Forest as they please. Are we really doing the right thing here by capturing and forcing them to endure this torture?”

“They’re traitors! They betrayed our faith, and they betrayed our Wind Forest! They should be forever branded as traitors, and their descendants will carry that shameful brand as well! They’re not fit to be called elves; they’re all just lowly slaves!”

“That’s right! They’re all lowly slaves!”

Vehement cries rang out across the entire plaza again. There would occasionally be a few elves who tried to stand up for the elven slaves, but their voices were quickly drowned out by a sea of fury and prejudice.

Borg’s expression returned to normal as he turned to Irina. In a cold voice, he said, “I don’t know how you managed to swindle the Tree of Life, but it’s not up to you to tell everyone whether you’re a traitor or not. Her Majesty has gone into seclusion, so the panel of elders will be responsible for deciding all of the matters in our elven race. They will be the ones to pass judgment on you, and you must pay for what you’ve done!”

“If all those who value freedom are branded as traitors, then I am indeed a traitor, just like all of those wandering elves who left the Wind Forest in pursuit of freedom.” Irina looked at all of the elves present with a serious expression, and said, “However, both our elven forefathers and the Goddess of Life have decreed that freedom is the soul of the elven race. They left the Wind Forest to pursue freedom, yet all of you are restricting the freedom of your brethren and oppressing them for your own personal gain. You are the traitors of the elven race!”

Chapter 844 Ah Zi, Turn Around

“Freedom should be valued above all else. A life lived without restriction and oppression is what we should all aspire to. Elves who pursue things like power and wealth at the expense of their own brethren are the true traitors of the elven race!”

Irina’s voice wasn’t very loud, but it was clearly audible to every single elf in the Wind Forest.

All of the elves present gradually fell silent as contemplative expressions appeared on their faces, and some of them were even hanging their heads with shame.

She really is the spitting image of a younger version of Her Majesty... A reminiscent look appeared in Helena’s eyes as she appraised Irina. Her mind wandered back to those days during which the Wind Forest had been ravaged by war and the elven queen had fought alongside her brethren.

At the time, they had engaged in a heated argument about freedom at the foot of the Tree of Life.

In the end, she had convinced the elven queen that her philosophy was correct, and the family system was thus established in the Wind Forest.

What was freedom?

That night, she had said to the elven queen, "Without power, how can there be freedom?"

Even to this day, she still stood firmly by her philosophy and beliefs, yet she no longer wanted to repeat those same words to Irina.

Perhaps she really was getting old, or perhaps it was because the stubborn and wilful Irina was different from the elven queen, after all. In any case, there was no point in engaging in some argument when she knew that Irina wouldn't agree with her viewpoints anyway.

As for the freedom of the wandering elves outside the Wind Forest, how did that have anything to do with her?

The freedom that she wanted was freedom for all those in the Wind Forest, and that freedom hinged entirely on keeping enemies away from the forest.

The distance between the forest and its enemies was the freedom that she aspired to.

All of the servants and slaves who were locked in underground cellars and prisons, as well as the troops on the most perilous borders, had also heard Irina's words.

All of them were had tears flowing down their faces and dripping onto the ground below.

The abhorrent "traitor" brand had been forced upon them despite the fact that they had once fought so hard to protect the Wind Forest and the freedom of their brethren, the very same beings who were now repaying their efforts with animosity and oppression.

At the conclusion of the war, they had chosen to leave this place where countless comrades and loved ones had been buried so they could search for their own freedom elsewhere. They wanted to forget the traumatic war they had endured by traveling the continent.

Never would they have thought that their own brethren would've become the most prominent obstacle to that dream.

All of a sudden, all of the elves who left the Wind Forest were deemed as traitors, and the orcs and demons who had once invaded the Wind Forest and slaughtered countless elves were being commissioned by none other than the elves to continue capturing more elves.

Many of the free wandering elves all over the continent were horrifically slaughtered, and those who were lucky enough to have survived were tortured before being sold as auction items or sent back to the Wind Forest to become slaves.

This was the beginning of a dark age for all wandering elves.

The helpless elves had once hoped that their kind queen would put an end to all of this, but that didn't happen.

The elven queen seemed to have remained oblivious to all of this, and she never even expressed her opinion on the matter.

Perhaps she was the one who had ordered for all of the wandering elves to be captured in the first place.

None of the elves knew the truth, as the elven queen barely appeared other than during the annual ceremonies.

Thus, the major families became more and more powerful, and in order to satisfy their insatiable desires, more and more mercenary squads were employed to capture wandering elves, and those mercenary squads also became more and more reckless in their approach.

In the face of the large number of mercenary squads, the wandering elves virtually had no power to resist.

They were detained and brought back to the Wind Forest, branded as traitors and dark magic casters, and forced into slavery.

The beautiful elves were chosen as servants to important figures in the elven race, while the elderly elves and those who were ordinary in appearance had the word "traitor" branded onto their faces before being reduced to slaves.

The new elven laws enforced countless shackles on them, and the oppressive hierarchical system completely crushed their spirits, making them powerless to resist.

Perhaps only the elves who had still retained some empathy in their hearts would be willing to help them, and the most renowned of those elves was undoubtedly Princess Irina.

She scoured the continent for mercenary squads, destroying countless such squads in just a few years. All of the demons and orcs were so petrified by her crusade that all mercenary squads were disbanded for a time.

She was like a ray of light that had shone onto the hearts of the wandering elves.

Some of them were even beginning to imagine that if she were to become the elven queen one day, then all of this oppression would be over. They would be rid of their identities as traitors and slaves, and embark on a voyage to freedom once again.

However, three years ago, Alex was killed, and Irina also virtually disappeared off the face of the continent.

The mercenary squads that had been disbanded appeared again, and they began to capture wandering elves with reckless abandon. The ray of hope had been snuffed out, and everything was plunged into darkness and despair once again.

However, two months ago, Irina reappeared.

She slew Schubert and convinced the elven queen to abolish slavery, and then killed Cobil and released all of the wandering elves that had been detained.

These tales had rekindled the flames of hope in the hearts of all of the oppressed elves once again.

They learned that there was still someone who was willing to fight for them, that there was still someone who remembered what all elves had been pursuing all along.

...

Mag was still searching for ducks on Warden Lake when he suddenly cast a surprised glance toward the Wind Forest with narrowed eyes.

Right at this moment, a pair of vibrant, colorful ducks suddenly flew out of a nearby spruce of reeds.

“I’ve finally found you!” Mag’s eyes lit up before instructing the griffin to swoop downward, and he quickly locked his fingers around the neck of one of these ducks.

This was a Red-top Tricolor Duck. It was as plump as a goose, yet it looked as if someone had accidentally spilled a paint palette all over its body. As expected, it really was breathtakingly ugly.

Mag tied the duck to the griffin’s back before instructing, “Ah Zi, turn around; we’re going to the Wind Forest.”

...

“Nonsense!” Borg roared with rage to rouse all of the elves from their stunned stupor.

All of the major family leaders wore complex expressions on their faces, yet they were more determined than ever. No one could make them relinquish the power and status that had been bestowed upon them.

Irina was trying to take everything away from them, so she was their enemy; it was as simple as that.

Borg wore a serious expression as he turned to the panel of elders, and said, “Esteemed elders, on behalf of all of the family leaders, I request for the deposition of Irina as the elven princess, and also for her powers to be permanently disabled. Please give us your verdict!”

“The Berman Family requests for the deposition of Irina!”

“The Earhart Family requests for the deposition of Irina, and for severe punishment to be dealt to her!”

...

One family leader after another chimed in in agreement. Among them were leaders from both the eight major families as well as the smaller families, and almost half of them were in support of punishing Irina.

Irina merely looked at everything with a disdainful expression on her face.

The elder sitting at the center of the panel of elders slowly rose to his feet, and said, “According to elven laws, if more than three of the eight major families have expressed their support for a proposed course of action, then the decision will come down to a vote among the panel of elders. All elders, please state your stance on this matter!”

Chapter 845 All Traitors Must be Punished

“Irina’s actions are completely unbecoming of her status, so she’s not fit to continue as the elven princess. I support her deposition!”

“I concur. Irina has obstructed our plan to bring traitors back to our Wind Forest on many occasions, and she has killed many of our brethren for no good reason. Her magic should be disabled as a punishment.”

“I support her deposition. Her actions have made her an enemy of our elven race, and she must be punished!”

“I disagree. As the successor to Her Highness, she should be the one to pass judgment; we have no right to decide her fate.”

...

The elders expressed their opinions one after another. Helena remained completely silent and expressionless throughout this process, making it impossible to decipher what she was thinking.

It was quite clear that support for Irina’s deposition far outweighed the opposition, and all of the elves on the plaza looked on in silence, knowing that the outcome had virtually already been decided. However, no one knew just what implications this outcome would have for the elven race.

Five days ago, Irina had slain three 10th-tier powerhouses out of a total of six who had attacked her in Rodu.

Immediately thereafter, Alex had appeared to kill the remaining three 10th-tier beings along with Benson, following which both of them had escaped relatively unscathed.

Borg and Helena were both present, and there were more than six 10th-tier elven beings at the scene, but everyone was still feeling a sense of unease.

Furthermore, Irina was the only elven princess, and she had always been viewed as the hope and pillar for the future of the elven race.

If she were to be killed or crippled, the elven race would essentially be shooting itself in the foot. Where would they go from there?

Irina wanted to abolish the family system and restore the social system of old, thereby pitting herself against all of the elven families.

No one knew how much longer the elven queen was going to be around for; if they were to lose Irina as well, what was going to become of them?

This was a serious problem that weighed on the hearts of all of the elves present.

What was even more unsettling to all of the high-ranking elves was the notion of revenge from an enraged Alex if they were to really kill or disable Irina.

Normal elves might not be aware of the extent of the relationship between Irina and Alex, but they knew that Irina had suddenly become so feeble after returning to the Wind Forest three years ago as she had given birth to Alex’s child.

It was exactly because of this that the assassination that shocked the entire continent had been arranged.

However, Alex had now been revealed to still be alive, and he had announced his return in the most emphatic fashion by killing four 10th-tier powerhouses.

He was a terrifyingly powerful man, and if he were to aim his blade at the elven race, disaster would surely follow.

All of the young elves looked on as Irina stood before the Spring of Life with her hands clasped behind her back. Her long dress fluttered around her, and she was still just as proud and powerful as well. She was like a shining beacon of light in the hearts of many elves, and they couldn't bring themselves to resent her no matter what.

In the past, they could only look up to her and exchange legendary stories about her in an awestruck manner, but now, they were beginning to understand what she had been doing all this time.

She had climbed to the pinnacle of the Magus Tower, and then departed from the Wind Forest to travel across the entire Norland Continent. She had slain countless demons and orcs, battled giant dragons, and freed countless elven "traitors"... All of these rebellious tales surrounding her were merely detailing her pursuit of freedom.

Her definition of freedom was not one that required justification.

In their hearts, the lowly slaves who they'd insulted with reckless abandon and taken for granted suddenly became a little different.

This was like a seed that had been sowed in everyone's hearts.

The elder at the very center of the panel elders rose to his feet again, and loudly announced, "Eight elders have approved of deposing Irina as princess and punishing her for her crimes, while only three have raised objections. As such, from now on, Irina will be stripped of her title as the elven princess with immediate effect. On top of that, her mind realm will be destroyed, and she'll be imprisoned in the Tower of Death for the rest of her life for killing Schubert and Cobil."

The entire plaza fell deathly silent. Even though they'd achieved their objective, everyone was feeling extremely tense as they appraised Irina with wary expressions on their faces.

Contrary to her appearance, she wasn't some frail and vulnerable little girl. Instead, she was a monstrously powerful being who was not to be taken lightly.

Even more importantly, she had the support of the Tree of Life.

Irina appraised the panel of elders with a pair of eyes that were devoid of fear yet tinged with a hint of disappointment. "This is the most incompetent panel of elders I've ever seen."

The elder at the center of the panel, who was already over 900 years old, took a reflexive step backward. All of the other elders also averted Irina's gaze, not daring to look her in the eye.

Irina turned away from the elders and cast her gaze toward the elves on the plaza. She then looked on toward a place that was even further away.

“My brethren, I hope you can all find the kindness and benevolence that have been buried deep in your hearts. I hope that one day, you can once again befriend the flora and fauna in the forest, and use your hearts to experience everything around you. Only then will you return to being true elves rather than demons wearing elven skin. I want this to be more than just a revolution from myself; I want all of you who are being oppressed to pick up your weapons, and unite to fight for your freedom!” Irina’s warm voice spread through the entire Wind Forest, and a burst of golden light radiated from her body as if a golden veil had been draped over her.

The Tree of Life lit up, and countless branches emerged from within the cave. Specks of green light rained down from the branches, fluttering around Irina’s body like spritely fireflies.

“What insolence! I’m going to avenge Schubert and Cobil today on behalf of the panel of elders!” Borg’s brows furrowed as a black wand appeared in his hand. He raised the wand, and a beam of black light shot forth toward Irina. The black light split up into three mid-flight, then into nine, and these nine streaks of black light transformed into nine black cheetahs. Each of these cheetahs was around three meters in length, and all of them pounced toward Irina in unison.

The cheetahs bared their sinister fangs and sharp claws as they hurtled toward Irina at a speed that was far too fast for the naked eye to follow, leaving trails of afterimages in their wake.

A staff also appeared in Irina’s hand, and she looked at the oncoming cheetahs in a calm manner as she chanted, “Holy light, cleanse.”

Golden light flashed within the crystal at the tip of the staff, and a cylindrical pillar of golden light swept forth toward the oncoming cheetahs, all of which were instantly vanquished like shattered crystals.

The entire area was completely cleared with the exception of a few insubstantial wisps of black energy.

All of the specks of green light around Irina seemed to have come under some kind of stimulus, and all of them surged forth in an instant to destroy those remaining traces of black energy.

All of a sudden, Irina’s eyes narrowed slightly as a hint of confusion appeared on her face.

Is that what I think it is? A grave expression also appeared on Helena’s face.

Borg raised his wand high above his head, and his magician robes flapped around him in the wind as he roared, “All traitors must be punished regardless of their position and status!”

The sky instantly darkened as countless dark clouds surged forth, forming a gargantuan vortex overhead, creating a menacing doomsday-like scenario.

Chapter 846 If Something Happens to Her, I’ll Slaughter the Entire Elven Race!

Light and dark clashed in a fearsome explosion as magic waves surged through the air.

After everything fell silent again, the darkness had vanished, as had the light.

Irina was standing behind the Spring of Life, but she retreated a few meters, and her face was slightly pale. There was a trace of blood trickling down the corner of her lips, and her hand was trembling slightly as she held onto her staff while struggling to remain on her feet.

The green light around her had already vanished, and the Tree of Life had withdrawn all of its branches.

In contrast, Borg was still standing on the same spot, and he stepped forward as he looked at Irina, and said, "You're very powerful, but unfortunately, you made the wrong choice."

Irina had been defeated!

All of the elves looked on with different expressions on their faces.

Borg wasn't saying this to add insult to injury; at just 30 years of age, Irina was indeed extremely powerful. Among all of the other elves present, no one could defeat her aside from perhaps Helena.

Even though Borg had won, he had most likely still sustained some rather severe injuries.

"I made all of the choices that I believe to be correct." Irina stood up straight as she narrowed her eyes, and asked, "What is that lurking inside your body?"

Borg's pupils contracted slightly upon hearing this question, and he pointed his wand at Irina again as he yelled, "In that case, you can take your choices to your grave!"

"Princess, run!"

Right at this moment, an armored guard suddenly drew his sword before charging toward Borg. He raised his sword high above his head with both hands before bringing it down in a vicious strike.

Borg was slightly startled by this development, and he turned his wand away from Irina, directing it toward the oncoming guard instead. A burst of black light shot forth from the tip of his wand, instantly shattering the guard's black metal visor.

A deep puncture wound was then blasted into the guard's glabella, and his body jerked back violently before tumbling to the ground.

Blood flowed from his glabella, slowly staining the slave brand on his face. He turned to Irina with difficulty, and with his final dying breath, he urged, "Princess... run..."

As soon as his voice fell, his soul left his body, yet his eyes remained wide open even in death.

All of the elves looked on in silence.

If the slaves were to revolt...

A hint of horror welled up from the bottoms of their hearts at this harrowing notion.

"You bastard!" Irina screamed as she looked at the guard who was lying in a puddle of his own blood. Her lips were trembling slightly, and faint golden light began to shimmer from her staff.

"What an abhorrent slave." Borg flexed his neck from side to side as he cast a disdainful glance at the dead guard, and then raised his wand toward Irina again as he chuckled coldly. "I'm going to kill all of these filthy rebellious slaves, and then we'll see who's going to save you!"

A hint of fear crept into the eyes of all of the elves as they looked at Borg.

Elliot and Vincent exchanged a glance, and both of them could see their own concern mirrored in each other's eyes. They then turned to Helena, only to find that her expression remained completely calm and placid as if the scenes unfolding right now had nothing to do with her.

If Irina were to die, the entire elven race was going to be tipped on its head.

Helena was the only one present who was capable of stopping Borg, but she showed no intention of doing so.

As such, Irina's fate was sealed.

A sinister smile appeared on Borg's face as he raised his wand before him, and black light began to shimmer from the tip of the wand.

Irina's staff was also shimmering with faint golden light, but it wasn't able to muster up any power.

Right at this moment, a thunderous voice suddenly rang out up above. "Let me see who would dare to kill her on my watch!"

A purple-striped griffin came swooping down at an alarming speed, sweeping up fierce winds with its powerful wings that buffeted all of the nearby trees to the side. Blades of wind sent countless splinters flying through the air, and the massive griffin hurtled directly toward Borg.

"Alex!"

Borg's heart jolted with shock as he directed his wand toward the griffin while attempting to evade.

The expressions on the faces of the nearby elves changed drastically as they dispersed in a blind panic.

Borg had reacted quite quickly, but the griffin was far too fast in the end. It snuffed out the faint glimmer of black light that had formed on the tip of Borg's wand with its powerful wings, and then lashed out with its sharp talons, which were gleaming with a metallic light.

The talons tore through a dozen or so layers of magic shields in an instant, and then punctured Borg's shoulder before swatting him away like an oversized fly. Borg's burly frame was sent hurtling through the air before being embedded deep in a mountain face.

A few elves hurriedly scrambled to position themselves in front of Borg before looking up at the griffin and its fearsome rider with horror in their eyes.

All of the elves were feeling extremely panicked, and no one dared to do anything that could be potentially reckless in this situation.

The griffin circled around in mid-air before landing by Irina's side. A man holding a claymore jumped down from the griffin's back before encircling an arm around Irina's waist. He wore a set of black robes, as well as a black and white mask on his face, and he said in a charismatic voice, "I'm here."

"He's... so cool!"

A certain young female elf in the crowd was completely captivated by Mag's grand entrance, and her shimmering eyes reflected the emotions of countless other young elven women present.

Irina stared at the man beside her with a slightly blank expression on her face, wondering how and why he had suddenly appeared here. He clearly hadn't recovered to anywhere near the height of his powers, but he had swooped down without a second thought to stand by her side in her time of need. This was the second time that he had saved her from a dire situation, and tears were beginning to well up in her eyes.

Mag wore a sympathetic expression as he looked at Irina's pale face and the faint trace of trickling down from the corner of her lips. In a gentle voice, he said, "I'll get you out of here."

Irina returned to her senses and looked into the pair of gentle eyes that were peeking through the mask as she shook her head, and said, "I can't go."

Mag's brows furrowed with befuddlement as he asked, "Why not?"

Irina looked back at Mag with a determined look in her eyes, and replied, "The Tree of Life needs me, as do all of the oppressed elves in the Wind Forest. She still has you, but they only have me!"

Right at this moment, dazzling green light suddenly erupted from the Tree of Life inside the cave. The green light illuminated the entire cave, but there seemed to be a wisp of black light that was struggling and shimmering within it.

"Your Highness!"

Firis rushed out of the cave and stumbled toward Irina with a panicked expression on her face.

Irina turned toward Firis before giving Mag a gentle hug as she whispered into his ear, "Take Firis away from here; I'll be fine."

"Alright."

Mag nodded before grabbing onto Firis's wrist, and then looked on as Irina made her way toward the cave that the Tree of Life was situated in.

"Princess! Let go of me... I have to be with Princess Irina! Princess..." Firis had tears streaming uncontrollably down her face struggled with all her might to rush toward Irina, but her wrist was caught in a vice-like grip by Mag.

Irina strode into the cave, and a green light barrier appeared to seal up the cave's opening.

Mag withdrew his gaze before turning to appraise all of the wary elves with a cold look in his eyes. His gaze lingered on Helena for a moment before he wound an arm around the struggling Firis and leaped onto the griffin's back with her.

"If something happens to her, I'll slaughter the entire elven race!" Mag vowed in a thunderous voice.

All of the elves averted their eyes involuntarily, and Borg, who had just been pulled out of the mountain face, took a couple of steps backward with a look of shock and horror on his face. He hurriedly hid himself behind another terrified elf, but Mag didn't even take a single glance at him before the griffin spread its wings and quickly disappeared into the distant sky.

Chapter 847 Do You Want to Become an Enemy of Our Entire Race?

The entire plaza was deathly silent, and all of the elves wore fearful expressions on their faces.

They were clearly only facing a single person, but his threat struck everyone with a sense of asphyxiation as if the entire sky had fallen on them.

This was a man who was once known as the most powerful being on the entire continent. He'd been declared dead three years ago, but following his return, he was just as terrifying as ever.

He didn't even need to dirty his own hands, as just a single attack from his griffin steed had been enough to severely injure Borg, who had apparently once fought Alex to a draw.

Everything that had happened thus far had been completely unexpected to all of the elves present.

Princess Irina's abolition, her subsequent battle against Borg, Alex's grand entrance to save Irina before severely wounding Borg...

Everything had developed in such an abrupt fashion that no one could've predicted what was going to happen next.

At this moment, the opening of the cave had been obscured by a vast expanse of murky green light, thereby making it impossible to see what was happening inside. The life energy that normally poured forth relentlessly from within the cave had also been cut off as if an invisible wall had been erected.

The Tree of Life had virtually cut off all of its ties with the outside world, and even the gentle green light that it was perpetually emanating had disappeared without a trace.

Right at this moment, an elf exclaimed in a panicked manner, "The Spring of Life has run dry!"

All of the elves' hearts jolted upon hearing this, and they hurriedly turned their attention to the Spring of Life, only to find that it had indeed completely dried out.

Only the slightly damp ground where the Spring of Life had once been indicated that it had ever existed in the first place, and the constant flow of the Spring of Life had completely ceased.

"Wh... what do we do?" The great elder of the elven race was in a blind panic.

"The Spring of Life has run dry! This is a sign that extreme ill-fortune will soon befall our entire race!" an elderly elf within the crowd croaked in a horrified voice.

All of the other elves also wore expressions of fear and unease on their faces. Their queen had gone into seclusion, their princess had been deposed, the Tree of Life had cut off its connection with the outside world, and now, the Spring of Life had run dry. All of these events had taken place in such a short span of time, and one simply couldn't help but fear for the worst.

"I heard that the Spring of Life has run dry on three occasions in the history of the elven race. Each time this has occurred, the entire elven race has been afflicted by a disastrous ordeal... The last time the Spring of Life ran dry was over 1,000 years ago, and immediately after that, the 1,000-year-long war among species ensued," a certain elf said in a feeble voice.

Panic and unease soon began to spread through the entire crowd.

Everyone turned their attention toward Borg and Helena, the latter of which was standing on the platform with a grim expression on her face. The queen had gone into seclusion and the princess had been deposed. As such, these two were the only ones in the race that could make some decisions.

As for the panel of elders, all of the elves knew that half of them pledged their allegiance to Borg while the other half were under Helena's control, so these two were still the ones who were going to make the final decision.

The gruesome wound on Borg's shoulder had already stopped bleeding, but his tattered and bloodstained clothes still presented quite a sorry sight. He shrugged off the elf who was holding onto his arm to support him, and a sinister expression on his face as he strode forward before pointing a finger at the nearby cave. "That demonic witch, Irina, must be responsible for making the Spring of Life run dry! We have to kill her, and only then will we be able to avert the ordeal that is to come!"

The leaders of the major families were all rather hesitant initially, but after the leader of the Berman Family stepped forward to voice his support for Borg, all of the other family leaders chimed in. "That's right! We have to kill Irina!"

However, all of the ordinary elves were still feeling quite panicked, and they didn't dare to say anything.

All of the events that recently unfolded struck them with a strong sense of foreboding, and if they were to kill Irina now, who'd be able to stop Alex from exacting his revenge on the entire elven race?

Borg?

No, he clearly wasn't powerful enough.

But who could stop Borg, who had become rather deranged at this point? Everyone looked on as a group of powerful beings followed Borg toward the cave, and no one dared to say anything.

"Kill Irina to avert this crisis!" all of Borg's supporters chanted in unison as they strode toward the cave with furious expressions.

Among them, there were Borg's followers as well as elves who had been driven to the point of irrationality by fear, and simply wanted the Spring of Life to begin flowing again.

Compared to the terrifying unknown future that awaited the elven race, Alex suddenly didn't seem to be all that fearsome.

Meanwhile, all of the other elves looked on with blank expressions, clearly at a loss for what to do.

"Break this seal and kill her!" Borg pointed a finger at the green light barrier in the cave with a deranged look on his face.

"Kill her!"

All of the other elves behind him seemed to have also gone insane as they pointed their wands toward the cave.

Lights of different colors began to appear on the tips of their wounds, and there was no lack of 10th-tier magic casters among them. With so many powerful magic casters combining their powers at once, there was no way that this seal would be able to withstand their collective assault.

Some of the elves had even closed their eyes, unable to bear watching these tragic scenes any further. Regardless of whether it was Princess Irina or the Tree of Life, no one wanted to see them perish.

Right at this moment, someone suddenly appeared in front of the cave and positioned herself before everyone.

It was none other than Helena, who had barely even spoken at all this entire time.

She stood in front of the opening of the cave and appraised the elves before her in a calm manner.

All of the elves who were just about to unleash their magic hurriedly stopped what they were doing before looking at Helena with bewilderment and confusion on their faces.

Borg's expression also stiffened slightly, and his brows furrowed as he asked, "What are you doing, High Priestess Helena?"

"Borg, do you want to become an enemy of our entire race?" Helena looked at Borg with a grave expression as she said, "According to the rules stipulated by our elven ancestors, all those who inflict damage upon the Tree of Life of the Spring of Life will be regarded as public enemies by the entire elven race. Your battle with Irina has already harmed the Tree of Life, yet you're going to forcibly break through the barrier set up by the Tree of Life now. Are you trying to kill the Tree of Life once and for all?"

Helena then turned to the elves behind Borg, and continued, "The Tree of Life is extremely weak both in its offensive and defensive abilities. This barrier has been materialized by the very essence of the Tree of Life. If you break it, the Tree of Life will die. Do you all want that to happen?"

All of the elves' expressions changed drastically as they hurriedly put down their wands. Killing Irina and killing the Tree of Life were two entirely different concepts. The latter would bring about consequences that no one could shoulder, not even Borg.

The Tree of Life gave rise to the entire elven race, and it was the spokesperson of the Goddess of Life in this world. If they were to kill it, the elven race could be abandoned by the Goddess of Life, and the killers of the tree would become the biggest sinners in the entire elven race.

Borg's expression changed several times as he looked at Helena, but in the end, his clenched fists relaxed as he relaxed. "I have nothing but the utmost respect for the Tree of Life, and I am only doing this so I can hold Irina accountable for her crimes. However, seeing as you're saying my actions could harm the Tree of Life, then I will naturally refrain from continuing in this endeavor. I still have some injuries that I must attend to, so I'll be taking my leave now."

After casting a final glance at the cave, Borg turned to leave.

"The welfare of the elven race is paramount. No one can be allowed to cross that line," Irina said in a calm voice as she looked on at Borg's departing figure.

Borg's footsteps faltered slightly upon hearing this before he continued to depart.

Chapter 848 I, Alex!

Howling winds whistled past the griffin, and its two riders sat on its back in silence.

Firis' eyes were bright red from crying, and there were still tears streaming uncontrollably down on her face, dripping onto her clothes. However, she remained completely silent, not even uttering a single sob as she stared up at the black-robed man sitting before her.

His black robes were flapping in the wind, and she could only see half of his mask from this angle, so she didn't know what he looked like. However, the mask gave her quite a forbidding feeling, making her too afraid to say anything.

This was the man who the princess missed day and night, and she had even given birth to this man's child.

Firis had heard countless legends about him.

Even though he was only a human, he'd become the greatest hero in the hearts of countless women under the heavens.

However, Firis didn't care about all that. In fact, she detested him.

It was all because of him the princess had almost died three years ago. It was all because of him that the princess was being detested by so many people, and now, the princess had even been deposed because of him.

And what did he do in return? He abandoned the princess and took her instead.

How did a man like this deserve the princess?

She wanted to go back. Even if she were pitifully weak, she wanted to stay by Irina's side, just to act as a meat shield for her if possible.

However, she couldn't even see the Wind Forest now. She had never left the Wind Forest in her life, so she wouldn't even be able to find her way back to her home.

As such, she became even more resentful toward this black-robed man.

A real man would never abandon his woman and run away on his own, especially when he was a powerful griffin-riding knight.

Mag turned around in a calm manner to look into eyes of the weeping Firis, and he asked, "Do you hate me?"

Firis' heart shuddered slightly with fear as she looked into his eyes. Regardless of how much she resented him, he was still one of the most powerful beings on the entire continent, so she couldn't help fearing him. However, she then thought of her princess, and a surge of courage suddenly welled up in her heart as she interrogated, "Why didn't you take the princess away? Do you know how long she waited for you? How could you leave her there all by herself? They've gone insane! They're going to kill her! Do you understand, you bastard?"

Mag looked at the infuriated Firis, and a wry smile appeared on his face. It was quite remarkable that a servant dared to speak to him despite knowing who he was, and that she was so desperate to remain by Irina's side, even though doing so would spell certain death for her.

However, he couldn't do anything. He respected Irina's decision to stay in the Wind Forest, and in any case, he didn't have the power to forcibly take her away. In fact, he didn't even dare to remain in the Wind Forest for too long in case his cover was blown.

He was like a dog that was all bark with no bite, and his words could only intimidate others as long as they weren't aware of his actual power level.

He knew that Irina was a smart woman who would protect herself, but it was just as Firis had said, he was indeed a bastard for leaving her behind. He couldn't even compare with this servant of hers, who was determined to remain by her side until the bitter end.

He couldn't afford to do that as he had to go back alive to Amy, who was waiting for him at home.

He had to cast aside all of his impulses and calm himself down so he could make the right decision.

This was not the time to throw everything away in the heat of the moment. Instead, he had to see the bigger picture.

"She'll be fine, and I'll rescue her for sure." Mag looked at Firis as he said in a gentle voice, "For now, I'm going to take you to Chaos City, which will be a safe haven for you. Find a way to survive, and you'll be reunited with Irina in the future."

"I'm going to go back to the Wind Forest to protect the princess!" Firis countered in a stubborn manner.

"If you don't want to see her getting hurt because of you, then I suggest you don't do that," Mag said in a calm voice before turning away and falling silent again.

"I..." Firis opened her mouth to say something, but she was at a loss for words. She turned back in the direction that they'd come from, and her tears began to flow again as she sobbed, "Princess... I'm so useless... I..."

She'll be fine, right? Mag was also quite concerned as he cast his gaze into the distance.

There was a huge claymore strapped to his back, while two extremely eye-catching Red-top Tricolor Ducks that were still struggling were bound to the griffin's back beside his left foot.

After crying for a while, Firis confirmed that there was no way to get down from the griffin's back safely, and decided that she would indeed only weigh Irina down even if she were to return to the Wind Forest. After coming to terms with her situation, her attention was drawn to the ugly ducks, and a series of random thoughts flashed through her mind. Why did he catch those two ugly ducks? Where's the young mistress? Could it be that he caught those ducks for the young mistress to eat? Are they living in Chaos City? If I can't serve the princess, can I serve the young mistress instead?

However, Mag made no effort to explain himself. In fact, he didn't even say anything else for the rest of the journey.

After flying for around two hours, a grand city appeared on the horizon, and the griffin began its descent.

At this point, Firis had been hesitating for a long while, and she finally mustered up her courage as she asked, "Can... Can I look after the young mistress?"

"Hmm?" Mag turned around with a rather surprised expression to find Firis looking at him with a beseeching look of anticipation in her eyes. It seemed that she'd found a new purpose, and her frail body was filled with strength again.

"No," Mag replied in a quick and concise manner.

Firis' hopeful expression instantly crumbled, and tears began to well up in her eyes again.

"I'm going to test you for a period of time. If you can live by yourself in Chaos City, then perhaps I'll give you a chance. I'm not going to allow someone who can't even look after herself to look after my daughter," Mag continued in a calm voice.

Firis' eyes lit up with renewed hope, and she looked at Mag with an earnest expression as she promised, "I'll be sure to work hard and thrive in Chaos City!"

Mag nodded before turning around again as the griffin began to swoop downward.

Down below, in Chaos City.

"Look! What is that?"

"It looks like a griffin? But why isn't it stopping outside the city?"

"Am I seeing this right? There seem to be purple stripes on that griffin!"

"Purple stripes? Purple stripes?! That's a purple-striped griffin! Is that Alex?!"

"It must be him! There's only one purple-striped griffin in this entire world, so its rider has to be Alex!"

A massive stir quickly ran through the entire city.

Everyone looked up at the descending griffin with excitement on their faces.

"Get ready for battle!"

In contrast, the soldiers on the city walls were growing quite tense, and all of them tightened their grips on their spears in the face of this potential enemy.

The griffin landed on the city wall, and Mag rose to his feet as he turned to Firis, and said, "Go."

Firis nodded in a solemn manner before carefully sliding down the wing of the griffin.

Mag looked around at the wary soldiers and the countless pairs of eyes looking up at him from down below, and announced, "From this day forth, I, Alex, will begin hunting all beings and groups that capture wandering elves against their will!"

Chapter 849 Please Have Some Shame, Old Man!

Deep underground, there was a dark winding tunnel that seemed to be leading infinitely downward.

At the end of the tunnel, a burly figure stood before a spacious cave with a ball of dark green ghostly flames hovering before him. The green flames cast exaggerated shadows onto his face, giving him an extremely sinister appearance.

“Didn’t you say that you’d grant me immeasurable power if I gave you my soul? Why was it so hard for me to defeat Irina? Why was it that even Alex’s steed could send me flying with ease? Was everything just a lie?” Borg roared at the ghostly flames with an enraged expression on his face.

The green fireball twisted and warped before transforming into a skull, which replied in an enchanting voice, “Don’t be in such a rush; everything is still under our control. If you had used death magic in the prior battle and been caught doing so by those idiots, you’d have lost everything you currently have, so we refrained from helping you at that time. However, we’ve already successfully infiltrated the Tree of Life, and all you have to do is wait until we take control of the tree, then use the Tree of Life to control Irina and the elven queen. After that, everything in the elven race will belong to you, including those two. When that time comes, you will be the sole ruler of the elven race and the only king in the history of the elven race.”

As the skull’s captivating voice rang out within the cave, the fury in Borg’s eyes gradually vanished, and a peculiar smile appeared on his face as wisps of dark green light emerged deep within his pupils. “I’m going to become the ruler of the elven race! Only I am worthy of becoming the elven king!”

“You’re injured, so allow us to treat your wounds. Death magic doesn’t just represent death; in reality, it also possesses life force that even life magic cannot hope to compare with...”

The coarse voice reverberated throughout the cave as wisps of dark green light flowed toward Borg from the skull, and the dark green light within his eyes gradually darkened even further.

At the same time, all of the grass all over the territory of the Borg Family almost instantly died and withered away. The supple trees also shrank drastically as if all of their moisture content had disappeared, yet no one was around to witness these unsettling scenes...

...

What was that dark aura within Borg’s magic? It seems to be different from the magic that he used in the past, but I can’t put my finger on exactly how it’s different. It’s like a certain unique power has been intermingled with his magic, but just what is that power?

Within the starry cave, Helena looked up at a certain bright star above her with tightly furrowed brows.

“Hetty, get my star disk, and...” Helena’s voice suddenly cut off as she looked around at her empty cave, and then fell silent again.

...

Within a secret chamber, Vincent looked into Elliot’s eyes, and said, “The princess has been deposed, and Mistress Helena has also shown us her stance. This is perhaps an opportunity for our two families. During this time, the Baibilly Family will strongly support Young Mistress Sally in a bid to make her the new elven princess. In exchange, I hope you can promise me something: if Young Mistress Sally becomes

the elven queen in the future, she must announce the Baibilly Family as the second most powerful family in the elven below your Brewster Family.”

Elliot looked into Vincent’s eyes in silence for a moment before nodding in a solemn manner. “If that day does come, our Brewster Family will be sure to repay your Baibilly Family.”

A smile appeared on Vincent’s face as he nodded, and said, “Alright, looks like I’ll need to make a trip to Chaos City in person.”

...

In front of the entrance of Mamy Restaurant, a young man was looking at a pair of dejected men standing before the restaurant as he consoled, “Don’t bother waiting, Boss Mag has gone out to procure ingredients, and his restaurant will only open again tomorrow, so just come back then.”

These two men wore ragged clothes with bumps and bruises all over their bodies, and at first glance, it appeared as if they’d just crawled out of some ancient forest. It was quite apparent from their distraught expressions at the sight of the notice plastered on the door of the restaurant that they were clearly intending to have a meal there.

“Argh! Is there no God in this world?! I endured so many hardships to finally get here; how could Boss Mag be away? This is too much for me to bear...” Abraham looked up into the sky with tears streaming down his agonized face as he clasped a hand over his heart.

He and his beast tamer had spent an entire night crawling out of the valley they’d fallen into, and only when the sun had begun to rise did they encounter a group of kind-hearted travelers who took them to Chaos City. They had thought that this would be the end of their misfortune, only to be dealt another heavy blow.

Abraham’s body swayed, and he almost collapsed to the ground. The beast tamer beside him hurriedly latched onto his arm to help Abraham remain on his feet, and then hung his head with shame.

He had already mentally prepared himself, and he knew that he’d be lucky not to be executed following this trip to Chaos City. At the very least, he was definitely out of a job.

During this trip, he’d learned a valuable lesson that applied to beast tamers: a good beast tamer had to be responsible for feeding their steed. Otherwise, their master would feed the steed to the point of obesity.

...

Mag’s return to Chaos City and his public announcement to hunt down all groups that captured wandering elves naturally drew widespread attention.

The purple-striped griffin evoked a sense of awe and veneration in the hearts of all onlookers, and the man standing on the griffin’s back drew countless pairs of reverent eyes.

“Chaos City has only just made an official announcement that they’re going to be taking in wandering elves, and now, Master Alex has appeared here and announced that he’s going to be hunting down groups that are capturing wandering elves; could this be a mere coincidence?”

“Could it be that Alex has already forged an alliance with Chaos City? Or is he doing this for the elven princess?”

“I only heard just a few days ago that Alex was still alive; I can’t believe I’m seeing him in Chaos City now! I can boast about this for an entire year!”

“Arrrgh! He’s so handsome! Even though he’s wearing a mask, his perfect figure makes me want to part my legs for him!”

“Please have some shame, old man!”

The entire Chaos City was in a frenzy as those who had heard the news of Alex’s arrival rushed out of their houses, and then swarmed toward the northern city wall so they could catch a glimpse of the legendary dragon slayer for themselves.

“Alex is here? How interesting...” Within the city lord’s castle, Michael cast a surprised glance toward the northern part of the city with a smile on his face.

“That guy came to Chaos City?” Inside a classroom in Chaos City, Krassu was also looking out toward the northern city wall in a distracted manner.

“Boom!”

All of a sudden, a fireball exploded before Krassu, instantly setting his beard alight.

“Argh!” Krassu was quite startled by this, and he hurriedly waved a hand through the air to extinguish the flames. He then looked at the charred beard with a depressed look on his face as he said, “And here I was making such an effort to try and grow out my beard again...”

Chapter 850 Does She Have a Vendetta Against Alex?

“You told me that one shouldn’t get distracted while practicing magic, Master Half-beard,” Amy said as she splayed her hands out before her in an innocent manner.

“I...” Krassu looked at Amy’s adorable little face, and simply couldn’t bear to scold or punish her. Furthermore, it was indeed true that he’d allowed himself to get distracted just then.

That accursed Alex! Next time I see him, I’m going to make him buy me some fine wine! Krassu thought to himself in an enraged manner.

“Alex! I, Conti Nicolas, will definitely become a dragon slayer just like you!!!” A fanatical voice suddenly sounded from at the foot of the city wall, and everyone turned in that direction to discover a fully armored donkey-riding knight looking up at Alex with excitement shimmering in his eyes.

Everyone immediately burst into laughter at the sight of that comical combination. No matter how anyone looked at it, this donkey rider certainly didn’t seem capable of killing a giant dragon.

Mag was just about to depart when he looked down with a hint of surprise in his eyes. The smile on Conti’s face remained as bright as ever, and he seemed to be completely unfazed by the derisive laughter around him.

“You’ve got a good steed, Conti Nicolas. I’ve remembered your name, and I hope that when I see this name again, it’ll be Dragon Slayer Conti Nicolas,” Mag said with a smile, and then glanced at Firis before flying away atop his purple-striped griffin.

An incredulous silence settled over the entire crowd as everyone stared at Conti with disbelief in their eyes. They couldn’t believe that a donkey-riding knight like him had been acknowledged by Alex. Could it be that he had some powerful abilities that he’d been hiding from everyone?

I’ll make sure of it!

Conti’s smile widened even further as he looked on at the departing griffin, then turned around, and rode away on his donkey steed.

Following Alex’s departure, all of the surrounding spectators also gradually dispersed.

However, Alex’s arrival in Chaos City and the public announcement that he had just made was most definitely going to be hot topic on everyone’s lips for quite some time to come.

Firis withdrew her gaze and turned to the wary soldiers on the city wall around her as she said in a calm manner, “I wish to seek refuge in Chaos City.”

A man who appeared to be a leader among the soldier made his way toward Firis, and said, “Please come with me; I’ll take you to the city lord’s castle.”

Firis nodded before following him down the city wall, and the two of them traveled toward the city lord’s castle.

Don’t worry, Princess, I’ll be sure to thrive in Chaos City, then look after the young mistress, and we’ll both be waiting for you to come and find us, Firis vowed inwardly in a determined manner.

...

Just as the entirety of Chaos City was still basking in the vastly pleasant surprise of Alex’s visit, Mag had changed back into his normal clothes, and was riding along a small mountain path on his bike. The two Red-top Tricolor Ducks were strapped to the handlebars of the bicycle, and they’d already fallen unconscious from the bumpy ride.

That performance just then wasn’t just something that Mag had put on in the heat of the moment; he really did want to do something. He wanted to play a role and do his part in helping all of the oppressed wandering elves all over the continent.

His declaration coupled with the official announcement made by Chaos City should be able to intimidate all of the orc and demon mercenary squads, thereby creating a safer environment for all of the vulnerable wandering elves.

Chaos City had opened a door to these wandering elves, but in doing so, they’d also given these mercenary squads an alluring target. If he and Chaos City didn’t do anything, the wandering elves all over the continent could be harmed even more than in the past.

“It’s time the reverse the roles of hunter and prey,” Mag murmured to himself. He then looked at pair of ducks hanging from his handlebars, and his mood was lifted significantly as he asked internally, “I’ve caught these two ducks, so I’ve completed the mission, right, System?”

“Congratulations on capturing two Red-top Tricolor Ducks within the allotted time period. As your reward, you will receive a Quanjude Peking Duck recipe as well as all of the ingredients and kitchenware required to cook the dish,” the system replied.

Mag’s smile widened even further as he looked at the golden experience bag that had just appeared in his mind.

Peking Duck was one of Mag’s all-time favorite dishes.

Bianyifang and Quanjude’s Peking Duck dishes each had their own unique flavors, but among the two, Mag had a slight preference for Quanjude’s Peking Duck.

Bianyifang was the oldest restaurant in Beijing to have begun cooking Peking Duck, and they had a history of over 600 years. Their roast ducks were cooked in a sealed oven, and throughout the entire cooking process, the ducks couldn’t be checked on, nor could they be moved, so timing and temperature control were imperative. A good Bianyifang roast duck had crispy skin over a soft and juicy interior, making for a brilliant culinary experience when coupled with fresh vegetables and condiments.

In contrast, Quanjude’s roast ducks were cooked by being hung over open-flame ovens, and the restaurant had successfully made Peking Duck a renowned dish worldwide.

Mag had also visited other popular new roast ducks restaurants in the past few years, but Quanjude’s traditional roast duck dish was still his favorite.

However, not long ago, Quanjude began to roast their ducks using electrical ovens, thereby making the dish lose its soul in Mag’s eyes. That was very disappointing to him, and he very rarely visited the restaurant thereafter.

Mag was very much looking forward to learning this recipe as the system had guaranteed that this was the traditional Peking Duck recipe—as opposed to the recipe for the same dish cooked in an electrical oven. Just the thought of being able to make perfect Quanjude Peking Duck on his own was making Mag very excited.

Thus, Mag rode his bicycle back to the city gates in an inconspicuous manner, and a faint smile appeared on his face as he overheard the spirited conversations regarding Alex’s recent visit.

If these people were made aware of the fact that he was Alex, all of their beliefs would probably crumble in a heap.

Right at this moment, someone near the city gates suddenly yelled, “Giant dragon!”

Mag looked up to find a rather familiar Frost Dragon flying over from afar, then descending before adopting its human form, and sending everyone scurrying away with the frosty aura that was emanating from its body.

It’s her! Mag was rather surprised to find that this was none other than Elizabeth. This wasn’t his first time seeing a giant dragon anymore, so he was no longer struck by a sense of fear. Furthermore,

Elizabeth occasionally visited his restaurant for a meal, and she seemed to very interested in Miya, which was why Mag had a strong impression of her.

Elizabeth glanced at Mag, but didn't greet him as she walked directly past him.

However, just as she'd walked through the city gates, she suddenly stopped as she turned to a portly middle-aged man standing off to the side, and then asking in a cold voice, "Did you just stay Alex came to Chaos City?"

The middle-aged man was only an ordinary merchant, and he was petrified by Elizabeth's cold glare. Even his voice was trembling as he replied, "He... He was here not long ago, but he's already left..."

"Where did he go?" Elizabeth's hands balled up into tight fists, and her voice grew even colder. There were even traces of ice and frost that were beginning to spread along the ground around her.

"I... I don't know..." The merchant looked as if he were about to burst into tears. How was he supposed to know where Alex had gone? He was just a cucumber salesman who was trying to boast to his friends!

Elizabeth withdrew her gaze as white snow flower blossomed beneath her feet, and she abruptly disappeared on the spot.

Does she have a vendetta against Alex? Mag thought to himself in a puzzled manner as he entered the city.