

Stay At home 901

Chapter 901 You're Dead

"evan!"

it was a shock to sivr and the other members of the rose mercenary squad that their magic caster, who had fought beside them many times, chose to betray them at such a crucial moment.

evan's hard shove sent eva staggering and falling to the ground. she looked at evan, who knelt in front of the demon begging for his life and even wanted to exchange their lives for his own. she was shocked and speechless.

the great hero, the powerful, knowledgeable, cool, and handsome elven magic caster, and the man whom she had given her everything turned his back on her without any hesitation. the perfect image he had cultivated collapsed. she couldn't bring herself to believe what she had just witnessed.

how bad did a person have to be to do such an unspeakable thing?

at this crucial moment of life and death, eva had finally realized what a scum he was.

she laughed hysterically.

mag pressed a button in his pocket and picked amy up. he took a look at eva and found himself not feeling sorry for her at all. then he turned his gaze to evan, killing intent flashing across his eyes.

"you want me to let you live?" the ghost light demon looked down at evan, amused. rarely had he seen such an obedient elf. he held out his foot. "lick it clean, and i'll let you live."

evan raised his head to look at the foot. it was covered in mud, giving off a stink of rotten corpse. without a moment's hesitation, evan moved closer and started licking the demon's foot.

"you dirty dog!" scott swore angrily, clutching his sword.

the rest of the rose mercenary squad looked at evan as if they wanted to kill him themselves.

"hey, old man, do you like the taste of his foot?" amy asked out of curiosity.

evan stopped, but only for a second. then he went back to his life-saving job.

the demon enjoyed evan's service so much that he put his killing spree on hold.

...

many mercenary groups were looking for herbs in the giant canyon five or six kilometers away. most of them were weak. they weren't powerful enough to take on magical beasts, so they could only come to the giant valley to try their luck.

"guys, what is that?" a mercenary called out as he dangled from the cliff edge at the mouth of the canyon.

"that's a distress flare. they were given out by the gray temple today. someone is in trouble. the elf hunters got them, probably."

“what?! we’re only several kilometers away! it’s not safe here!”

“the people from the city lord’s castle and the gray temple, where are they? another mercenary group is going to be killed off!”

the news quickly spread to every corner of the giant canyon, causing a great commotion and panic.

soon, several stronger mercenary groups formed a team, and then dozens of mercenaries rushed in the direction of the basin. one flare after another flew up, dyeing the sky red, which was extremely conspicuous in the wilderness.

...

“the elf hunters are striking again, damn it!” brandli said when he saw the red sky. he was the captain of one of the teams responsible for hunting down the elf hunters, and he happened to be in the vicinity of the giant canyon. “fire a flare! the giant canyon!” he ordered.

the flare exploded, producing yellow colored lights, which turned into a big arrow pointing at the giant canyon.

many gray temple personnel rushed towards the canyon.

so did many mercenaries who had given up their missions.

they were well aware how strong their enemies were, but they could not let those outlaws take another life in the city they loved.

...

evan licked the demon’s foot until there was not a trace of dirt left. he then looked up at the demon with a sycophantic smile.

the demon dried the foot off with evan’s face and nodded contentedly. “good! i’ve never seen an elf as obedient as you. i didn’t intend to kill you, to tell you the truth. from today on, you’ll be my personal foot licker!”

the other demons and orcs burst into a loud guffaw.

evan flushed with anger, but he managed a subservient smile. “thanks, master. it’s my honor to serve you.”

dennis spat and looked at evan with disgust. “are you a man or a dog, evan? you spineless coward!”

scott laughed at evan. “i’d rather die on my feet than live on my knees! i wish you a long life as his dog, evan!”

a look of disgust came over sivr’s face. she should never have let him join the rose mercenary squad. now that he had completely defiled her team, she didn’t know how to face her father who had left the team to her.

evan could feel their eyes on him, but he couldn't care less now. he moved closer to the demon on his knees. "kill them, master! kill them all! they're too noisy. you can use the two women to warm your bed. they will make two perfect playthings. and don't spare the kid!"

"time to go. those gray temple clowns should be on their way now. i love to watch them chasing after me." the demon kicked evan to one side and looked at the rose mercenary squad, licking his lip with satisfaction. "your turn now. who wants to die first?"

they stared warily at the demon. sivr had a poisoned dagger ready in her left sleeve. eva was still lying on the ground, staring blankly into space. mag couldn't tell if she was smiling or crying.

when his eyes fell on mag, the demon smiled. "you, bring the girl to me and lick my other foot clean. i'll spare your life too."

mag frowned. "what if i say no?"

"then you'll die and she'll still be mine." the demon grinned, revealing his crooked teeth.

"no," mag said calmly.

"then you're dead." the demon raised his right hand, and a ball of green fire appeared in it.

"kill them! kill them all!" evan screamed, clutching his stomach in pain.

"protect them!" sivr shouted, lifting her boomerang.

that was when they heard a griffin's loud cry. the purple creature dived fast like lightning, leaving afterimages behind it.

"what?!" the demon's expression changed drastically. he started to raise his head.

yet it was too late.

a pair of sharp claws pierced his chest and carried him up into the sky. an instant later, he was torn in half. blood and ghost flames were spilled everywhere.

"no, you're dead." mag covered amy's eyes.

Chapter 902 Have You Seen Her Stupid Dog?

the dozens of mercenaries from the giant canyon were still running, even though it was only five or six kilometers. mountain roads were rugged, so even unicorns couldn't run fast.

"look! what's that?" a mercenary called out suddenly, pointing at the sky.

when they looked up, they were astonished to see a winged beast tear a humanoid creature apart brutally.

"that's... a purple-striped griffin!"

"could it be the legendary griffin owned by alex?"

"i don't think there is another purple-striped griffin in the entire world. it's a mutant 10th-tier lightning-type griffin tamed by alex. it obeys no one but him, but why is it here?"

“we don’t need to worry about a thing now that master alex is here.”

the mercenaries were relieved, but they didn’t slow down a bit. yes, their help wasn’t needed anymore, but they didn’t want to miss out on the chance to watch alex fight.

...

“alex is still the man who does what he says,” brandli said with a relieved smile when he saw the purple-striped griffin at the giant canyon.

the expressions on the faces of the gray temple personnel were different, but most of them were much less worried.

“lord brandli, it’s our duty to catch the guilty. will alex’s interference affect our reputation?” a magic caster whispered to brandli.

“the reputation of the gray temple was built by all of us fighting for the safety of the civilians. we dedicate our lives to protecting the people here. its reputation won’t suffer just because alex interfered,” brandli said, looking at him coldly. “you should be ashamed of yourself for saying that.”

the magic caster blushed and bowed his head. “i’m sorry, lord brandli.”

...

the help was on the way, but the leader of the elf hunters was already dead. the members of the rose mercenary squad looked at the green flames and green blood spilling everywhere, shocked.

the 8th-tier demon had been killed in the most savage way in a heartbeat. the griffin hadn’t even given him the chance to do anything.

a head with round eyes fell from the sky and rolled. it came up near evan’s feet, the dead eyes staring right at him.

evan stumbled back in shock. his clothes were spattered with green blood.

his new master had been torn to pieces. he was so taken aback by the drastic turn of events that he didn’t know if he should feel glad or not.

“that’s alex’s purple-striped griffin!” scott exclaimed happily as he looked up.

“master alex has come to save us!”

“thank god!”

the rose mercenary squad was over the moon. they assumed a defensive formation.

when alex and irina were travelling on the continent, they had an abhorrence of sin.

the purple-striped griffin was here, which meant alex was also here, which meant they would be saved.

the other demons, orcs, and trolls were too terrified to move.

nobody knew better than them how powerful alex and irina were. when wandering elves had been hunted many years ago, nobody had been able to stop the killers. then alex and irina had heard of this.

they had tracked down the killers and made sure they had gotten what they had deserved. many elf hunters had been forced to lie low and hide behind false identities.

now, alex was back, and he was right here.

they didn't see him, but they knew he was here.

fighting was not an option for the outlaws.

not when the spatial demon patriarch had been slain by alex. their leader, the ghost light demon, had been torn into shreds. they knew they stood no chance.

"take hostages!" shouted a forest troll. a black vine shot out from his body, bound evan, and dragged him over.

the other five elf killers regained their composure and charged towards the rose mercenary squad. they needed leverage if they wanted to survive.

the griffin howled as if irritated by them.

"wow, it's so beautiful," amy said excitedly, peeking through mag's fingers. "is it a lion? it is purple and it has wings. why does its howl sound so much like that of daphne's dog?"

"is her dog a husky?" asked mag.

"yes, but how do you know that, father? have you seen her dog? it's very stupid. its specialty is tearing stuff up. daphne's grandfather said he would stew it this winter. she was very sad, but i told her to save me some stew."

"dog stew is good, but dog hot pot is much better." mag had only eaten dog hot pot once.

everyone looked at mag and amy as if they were crazy. this was hardly the time or place to discuss food!

mag was calm all the while. everything was going according to his plan. the demons and orcs thought they were the hunters and he the prey. they couldn't have been more wrong.

"boom!"

a purple golden lightning ball came out of the griffin's mouth and exploded into five bolts of lightning, striking down.

Chapter 903 Die!

"no!!!"

four lightning bolts hit two orcs and two trolls, reducing them to ashes in an instant.

the last demon managed to stop at the last moment. he summoned a shield of some kind before himself, which then pushed him back, allowing him to miss the lightning bolt by inches. then he let out a cry in horror, rushed into the cave nearest to him, and disappeared in an instant.

the griffin was displeased. it shot out a lightning ball at the cave angrily, causing it to collapse.

mag looked at the collapsed cave and smiled.

“such strong power!”

the members of the rose mercenary squad breathed a sigh of relief, looking up at the griffin with great admiration.

such a powerful creature! and it was only alex’s steed! alex’s power had to be even more incredible.

the forest troll fell back two steps in horror. he lifted a sharp vine to evan’s chest. “don’t come any closer!” he shouted to the griffin, his voice shaky. “or i’ll kill him!”

the griffin looked at the troll and evan with its purple golden eyes, not knowing what to do.

the forest troll’s face lit up. this hostage of his was the only chance of him getting out of this alive.

evan’s face was deathly pale. he was worried that the griffin might kill him along with the troll. “master alex!” he called out to the griffin. “i’m an elven magic caster! you said you would protect all the elves outside the wind forest. please do as the troll says!”

seeing that evan was useful, the forest troll didn’t gag him.

it had been a perfect day for the elf hunters... until the griffin had come to try to kill them all.

dennis spat. “i’m surprised that you still remember you’re an elven magic caster. do you remember the part where you licked that demon’s foot and wanted to kill us all?”

“you dirty dog!” scott said through gritted teeth.

they all looked at evan with disgust. he had betrayed them all; he had even wanted to exchange their lives for his.

he had no one else to blame but himself for his dire situation. nobody felt sorry for him.

evan’s eyes searched in the crowd and saw his last hope. “eva, help me!” he called out. “don’t let them kill me. i love you! i know you have always been good to me. i’ll marry you when we get back!”

evan pushed herself to her feet, her eyes glazing. then she ran off, muttering, “men... liars... liars...”

“eva!” evan watched despairingly as she ran away,

“i’ll get her back!” sivr said, running after eva.

the forest troll looked scared. his hostage had turned out to be useless. the vines binding evan grew tighter. he pressed the sharp vine up to his chest.

a new wave of pain shot through evan. “help... help me!” he cried in agony.

“dogs are loyal. you’re not a dog. you’re nothing but a piece of sh*t!” mag snapped his fingers as evan stood there struggling.

the hesitation in the griffin’s eyes disappeared. it flew towards the troll, lightning quick.

“die!” the troll screamed, piercing evan’s heart. poisonous thorns grew out of his huge body, which had swollen up in an instant. it looked like he was going to explode.

however, the griffin didn't give him the chance. sharp claws sank into his neck, tearing his head off the shoulders.

blood shot out everywhere. the headless body shrunk and fell down.

except for one that had escaped into a cave, all seven elf hunters had been killed, including an 8th-tier demon.

the members of the rose mercenary squad were too shocked to speak.

the griffin did a lap in the air and howled excitedly at them as if asking for praise. it then flew up along the side of the cliff and disappeared into the distant sky.

"it's so fast!" amy said, wonderstruck. "i wish i could get the chance to ride it some day."

mag stroked her head, confident that she would get her wish.

"me too," dennis said, looking up.

i can't grant you your wish, pal, thought mag.

the members of the rose mercenary squad were not surprised that alex had never showed up. his griffin had proved to be more than enough to take care of the elf hunters.

the basin was quiet again. the ground was covered by bodies and blood and ashes. animals and magical beasts were still shivering in their caves. every member of the rose mercenary squad was grateful to have survived.

evan lay on the ground, dead, his eyes wide open.

they were not sorry that he was dead; instead, they felt good.

to think that they had been friends with such a despicable man for three months.

sivir brought eva back, but she was not doing well. she tore at her hair like crazy, still muttering, "men... liars... liars..."

"eva is not well. we should get back to the city as soon as possible," said sivir. she took a look at evan's body, and then turned to face mag. "will you go back with us, mag?"

Chapter 904 We Need A Better Moun

they looked at mag and amy, wondering why they had remained so calm when their lives had been in grave danger.

"we'll stay here," answered mag. "there might be more fun stuff to see. the gray temple guys should be here any minute now, so we should be safe here."

"yeah! i want to see more fun stuff!" amy said, clapping her hands.

sivir looked at mag like he was crazy. no one in their right mind would want to stay here after what had happened.

mag had a point, though. right now, no place was safer than this crime scene, which would be swarming with gray temple personnel soon enough. sivor nodded. “what do you want to do with the golden scale deer?”

the rose mercenary squad had suffered a great loss—evan was dead and eva had gone crazy. the deer might be able to fetch enough money for her to hire a magic caster and a healer.

mag looked at the dead animal which had been scared to death. “i’ll take its horns.”

sivor nodded. she walked over to the deer, crouched down, and slipped her dagger free of its sheath. one slash, and the two golden horns about 30 centimeters long came right off. she handed them to mag. “i’ll bring half the money to your restaurant.”

mag nodded. “thanks.” he liked it when people would take care of business for him. he put the horns in his bag.

sivor turned to her men. “the gray temple will want to ask questions. monkey, you come with me. we’ll get eva back. the rest of you stay here. there are still elf hunters out there, i think. do everything you can to help the gray temple catch them.”

they nodded.

monkey picked up the deer, and then they made their way back to their carriage.

“bye, big sister leather shorts,” amy said, waving her little hand.

sivor waved back. “bye, amy.”

“no need for all of us to stay here,” mag said. “we’ll go up the cliffs. the view is much better there. bye, guys.”

“given the fact that we survived this together, can you give us a discount when we go eating in your restaurant?’ dennis asked, smiling.

mag shook his head. “i’m afraid i can’t. but you can come over to my house on my rest day, and i’ll cook something for you.”

“great!”

“count me in!”

“you’re one hell of a guy, mag!”

they laughed, putting behind the horror that they had just experienced.

...

mag ran into brandli when he carried amy to the top of the cliff. “mag, amy, what are you doing here?”

“we’re here for some ingredients. we partnered up with the rose mercenary squad, and then a bunch of lunatics jumped out of nowhere, trying to kill us! can you believe that? luckily, a griffin came and saved us. i honestly don’t know if we’re lucky or unlucky.”

amy nodded. "it was a big flying lion."

"i see," brandli replied. he and his men had bumped into the leader of the rose mercenary squad, but because she had had to get eva looked at, they hadn't asked her too many questions. besides, there were other members of the rose mercenary squad waiting in the basin. "are you all right? are you hurt?" he asked with concern.

mag shook his head. "thanks to the griffin, we're unharmed." then he touched amy's head. "but amy hasn't recovered from her shock yet, so we want to go home. you'll find several members of the rose mercenary squad in the basin. i'm sure they will provide you the answers to the questions you may have."

amy pressed her head against mag's chest, acting shocked. "i want to go home, father."

"i'm glad that you're okay." nobody knew what krassu and urien would do if anything had happened to amy. it made brandli's heart ache to see amy so unhappy. "i'll have some of my men see you home. don't come out here again. it's too dangerous, especially for amy."

"no need. you need your men more than i do. many people are coming here. we should be safe. the horse will take us back," mag said, pointing.

brandli hesitated a moment. he did need his men to track down all the elf hunters. "all right. travel safe."

mag nodded. "we will. you should be careful too. a demon escaped into one of the caves down there."

brandli's eyes lit up. "we'll catch and question him." with that, he moved quickly towards the basin with his men.

"why did you lie to them, father?" amy asked in mag's arms, looking up at him with a confused look.

"because we're going to save the world." mag lifted amy onto the horse and then swung up into the saddle. he glanced back at the basin, put his heels into his horse, and broke into a gallop, racing down a small road.

"save the world? like, fighting baddies?" she sounded very interested.

"yes, they're very bad, and we're going to teach them a lesson."

the horse passed through a dry river valley. they didn't see anyone along the way. they went west and finally stopped at the top of a cliff.

amy looked around. "where are the baddies?"

"first, we need a better mount." mag looked up at the sky.

the purple-striped griffin dived down with a howl.

Chapter 905 Fix Him

"it's that flying lion!" amy exclaimed happily.

the griffin was excited to see mag. it swooped down quickly to him, but when it heard amy, it slowed considerably. finally, it landed a few meters away from mag and amy and did a lap around them warily, staring at the girl like she was dangerous. it then took to the air again, hovering not too high above them.

mag was surprised. he wanted to laugh. apparently, the griffin was afraid of her, even though it was much bigger and more powerful.

“ah zi, come on down,” mag called up.

the griffin looked from mag to amy and ventured a little closer.

“ah zi? that’s a cute name. do you know him, father?”

mag nodded. “it’s an old friend.” then he turned to his mount again. “come down, ah zi!” it was hard to believe that a 10th-tier griffin which had torn a demon to pieces would be so afraid of a little girl.

hesitantly, the purple-striped griffin flew down beside them. despite its fear of amy, it edged closer and rubbed its head against mag’s shoulder.

“wow! it’s so cute! i want to pet it too,” amy said, reaching out a hand.

yet before amy’s hand could reach it, the griffin retracted its head swiftly, staring at her as if she would kill it.

mag didn’t understand. “this is amy, ah zi, my daughter. she won’t hurt you.”

“ah zi, be a good griffin and let me pet you,” amy said, whipping out her magic staff. “or i’ll crack open your head.”

frightened, the griffin thrust its head into her hands right away.

“that’s a good griffin.” amy stroked its shivering head, her smile as bright as her shining staff.

mag: “...”

soon ah zi stopped shivering and started enjoying her stroking. mag watched and smiled.

he hadn’t figured out why it was so afraid of amy, but it seemed they were getting along well now.

“father, ah zi killed those bad people because you gave it orders, right?” amy asked as she touched the griffin’s fluffy head.

mag nodded. “yes.”

“even your pet is so powerful!” she sighed deeply. “ugly duckling is too fat. even if it becomes a swan, it will be a very fat one. i don’t think it will be able to fly, let alone fight.”

the imagery of a round ball of an orange cat flying brought an amused smile to mag’s face. he put amy down on the ground and took out some black clothes. “we’re going to kill some bad people and save those that are being held captive, but heroes never reveal their true identities, so we need to disguise ourselves.”

“like the heroes in the legends? i heard a legend, a hero with a mask rescued a lot of people in trouble, but left no name.”

“yes. so you can’t tell anyone what we’re about to do, and don’t say a word after we get there. can you do it?” mag asked solemnly.

amy nodded. “yes, father.”

“that’s my girl.” they dressed themselves in black, put on masks, and climbed onto the griffin’s back. “let’s go.”

mag patted his mount’s back. “ah zi, take us to those guys hideout.”

“let’s go!” amy said with elation as she raised her hands high into the air.

the griffin flapped its wings and took to the air, disappearing into the distance in a short while. their horse was tied to a tree, still shaking with fear.

...

the people of the gray temple were now in the basin, examining bodies and searching for clues. several men were looking for the escaped demon in the collapsed cave.

brandli had a lot of questions for the members of the rose mercenary squad, who were the first survivors of the elf hunters.

“a demon escaped into that cave, and then the griffin collapsed it with a lightning ball,” said dennis. “we don’t know if the demon is dead or not. some of the caves here are huge and have multiple entrances. he might have escaped through one of them.” he still had some lingering fear as he thought back to the scene.

brandli nodded. “thanks. we’ll take it from here. go home and get some rest. we may have more questions later.”

“anything we can do, just ask. you know where to find us.”

“found him!” a man called out suddenly. several more men rushed into the cave immediately and carried out the lightning-blackened demon, who was still smoking. one of his legs had been crushed by rocks. he was dying, but they still tied him up with spirit binding rope.

brandli walked over to the demon. “fix him and make him talk. i want to know where they are hiding.”

...

15 kilometers to the west of the basin, there was a big mountain. to the west of the mountain was a nearly vertical cliff. under the cliff was a canyon, which was filled with dense fog all year round. visibility was down to several meters in the fog.

there was a thick forest in the canyon. few people had come to this place over the past hundreds of years, so the trees here were massive.

the purple-striped griffin landed quietly at the mouth of the canyon.

Chapter 906 Where Do You Think You Are Going?

mag jumped off the griffin and lifted amy off. "this fog is so thick!" amy said, trying to grab the fog.

mag nodded, sword in hand. "this place is hard to find." his abnormally good eyesight enabled him to see 100 meters in this fog, and the ones who had reached the 10th-tier could see through this fog like it wasn't even there.

mag crouched down and looked at amy. "our first task is to rescue the hostages. while doing so, protect yourself and make sure that no one will find out who we are. only use the cold domain magic and leave the rest to me."

amy nodded solemnly. "yes, father."

mag turned to face the griffin. "you are the fastest, ah zi. don't let anyone escape."

ah zi nodded, even though it seriously doubted anyone could escape from mag.

"let's go," mag said quietly. he rushed towards the depths of the forest without making a sound. suddenly, his sword was free of its sheath, and in the blink of an eye, he sheathed it again. a demon fell down, his head severed from the body.

behind mag, amy flew deftly and quietly through the trees with her golden wings, gazing at mag's back with great admiration.

silent killing was happening in the dense forest. sentries hiding in the woods were killed by mag one by one.

...

deep in the forest, in the middle of the canyon, there was a big cave at the foot of the cliff. at the entrance of the cave stood several wooden houses. a dozen or so orcs and demons were patrolling with nervous looks on their faces.

in a room inside the cave, a young orc was looking at a strong-looking orc with a terrified expression. "master gene, what do we do now? boss is dead. that griffin tore him apart as if he were a chicken! they are all dead. alex is coming for us. it's not safe here, we should run while we still can."

"shut up!" gene shouted. he paced around restlessly. he tried to calm himself down, but failed to prevent his hands from shaking.

they hadn't expected alex to come here. their boss, the ghost light demon, had taken most of the stronger fighters with him. now that they were all dead, there was no way he could hold this place. he was only at level seven. two of his subordinates were at level six, and the rest of them were all below level six.

there was no difference between level seven and level one to alex. not one of them could withstand one blow of his sword.

even the spatial demon patriarch had been killed by alex. maybe no one on the whole continent was stronger than alex.

he was scared, but he knew he couldn't let it show, or else his men would panic and try to run away. he needed them to hold alex off while he fled.

he had been hunting elves for over 20 years. he had experienced the good life of making big money every day, and he had been chased by alex and irina. he knew too well the inevitable ending of a mercenary group targeted by alex.

"how many people know boss is dead?" gene asked.

"probably everyone by now, but i told no one it was alex who did it."

"good." gene patted him on the shoulder, and suddenly he covered his mouth and thrust a black bone dagger into his heart.

the young orc's eyes went round, and an instant later, his chest stopped moving.

gene put him on the ground and wiped the blood off his hand with the dead orc's clothes. "you served me well, but i want to live too." his voice was shaky with fear. then he walked out of his room with a heavy-looking axe, closed the stone door, and made his way to the exit of the cave.

there were many small rooms in the big cave. many were empty, but some were occupied by elves. they were imprisoned in separate rooms, curling up in a corner and looking out through the iron bars from the corner of their eye whenever they heard footsteps. they prayed the footsteps would never stop at their door.

they were gripped by despair and fear. they had watched as their teammates had been brutally slaughtered. some of the female elves had been tortured and abused to death. those who were still alive didn't know if they could live to see another day.

some had committed suicide, while the others had chosen to live because they were afraid of death, and because they were still hopeful. they believed chaos city would not leave them to die here.

they didn't know how long they had to wait. another female elf was found dead in her cell this morning. she had killed herself. as such, they had been tied up by spirit binding rope, their mouths gagged. now they couldn't end their own lives even if they wanted to.

demons and orcs patrolled the cells, hitting and abusing anyone who wouldn't behave.

"those gray temple clowns killed boss and are coming for us," gene said to the demons and orcs at the cave gate when he walked out. "we must evacuate. go gather everybody, kill all the elves and women, and get ready to leave."

they still couldn't bring themselves to believe that their boss had died after telling them to prepare good food and women for his return.

"master gene, why don't we take the elves with us?" a demon asked hesitantly. "we could sell them when we get back to the demon islands. they're worth a lot."

"yeah, we need money to lay low for a while," a forest troll agreed.

gene thought a moment, and then nodded. "all right. you go get the others, and you go inside and watch the elves. don't let them escape."

they did as he said. some of them went into the cave, and the others went to gather the rest.

gene looked back at their cave and started to walk off with his axe.

suddenly, he heard a dull thud.

"where do you think you're going?" asked a mocking voice in the dense fog.

Chapter 907 Alex The God Of Slaughter

gene's face suddenly changed. his steps froze, and his whole body began to tremble as if he had heard the devil's voice. his forehead was sweating, but he dared not turn around.

mag emerged from the fog with his bloody sword. he narrowed his eyes as he looked at the big orc who was standing still at the entrance of the cave. this was a level seven demon, one level higher than he was.

however, the orc was apparently the one who was scared sh*tless, which he found very amusing.

"why don't you kill yourself and save me the trouble?" mag asked, walking slowly towards gene, the fallen leaves rustling under his feet.

as death approached him step by step, more and more cold sweat came out of gene's forehead.

he had heard no warning shout, which was quite unsurprising. if a sentry had managed to give a warning shout before alex got to him, it would've been most surprising.

he didn't want to die, but he couldn't think of anyone who had escaped from alex and irina. even the cara mercenary group, which had had three level 10s, had been destroyed in one night; not even one had survived.

it was all gene could do not to let the heavy axe drop from his shaking hand. he was only a level seven. he stood zero chance against alex.

sweat started to trickle down his cheek. his mind had gone blank. he couldn't come up with any plan to help his situation. he was beginning to regret suggesting coming here to hunt elves.

mag stopped about three meters away from him. "so you have chosen to let me do it for you."

"i'll kill you!" shouted the demon.

his eyes suddenly turned blood-red, and he grew bigger as his muscles swelled. he stomped his foot and whirled, cracking the ground, and brought his axe down with all his weight behind it.

the axe blade was shining red. there was so much energy around it that it seemed to have distorted space.

mag looked grave. this orc might be stronger than anyone he had ever fought alone.

yet he was calm, because he was only one step away from reaching level seven.

on top of that, his blow might be unstoppable, but at the same time, he was leaving himself wide open.

the orcs were known for their power, which could be compared with that of forest trolls. however, they were huge, so they lacked combat skills, even though they might be quick..

mag bent his legs and leapt, leaving a dent in the dense fallen leaves on the forest floor. he dodged the axe crashing down towards his head and brought his sword up in a vicious backhand cut. the swift slash slit gene's throat and took half of his head off.

the axe hit the ground with a bang. gene fell down, staring with wide and confused eyes at the man in mask and black cloak.

mag was fast, but not that fast.

there was no way he had reached level 10. this man was not alex.

because alex didn't need to dodge his attack.

then who was he?

that was a question whose answer he would never know. he drew his last breath and died, his eyes wide and staring.

battle experience is handy, especially when it comes to fighting those who are all brawn and no brains, mag thought, looking at gene's body.

the stronger a man was, the more important his battle experience was.

with accurate judgment and powerful fighting skills, mag had easily killed an orc who was one level higher than him.

mag wasn't too pleased with himself, though. he knew that he would have a hard time defeating an experienced 7th-tier knight, and a level seven magic caster might have killed him before he could even get closer enough.

amy flew over, gazing admiringly at mag. "you're so strong, father! killing them is as easy as swatting flies for you!"

"you're up, amy. get ready," mag said, and walked into the cave, sword in hand.

the orcs and demons in the cave had heard the fight outside. they looked terrified, wondering how the gray temple had found their hideout so fast.

the imprisoned elves raised their heads and listened carefully. they could see from the looks on the demons' faces that they were scared. they thought the gray temple had come to save them.

when all became quiet outside again, the gang of a dozen or so demons and orcs stood still with their weapons, not knowing what to do.

"get them out of their cells now! we can use them to negotiate with the gray temple!" shouted a demon, who looked like a leader of some kind.

they did as he ordered, hurriedly dragging the elves out and pressing daggers and knives to their throats. nervous and frightened, they looked to the entrance of the cave.

bound and gagged, the elves stared hopefully at the cave's mouth.

even if they would be killed, they would die in peace knowing the orcs and demons would get what they deserved.

that was when a man in a black suit with a black-and-white mask appeared in the cave, holding a longsword in his hand.

the demons and orcs were surprised to see only one man.

suddenly, a demon recognized the sword and went white. "that sword! he's alex, the god of slaughter!"

"alex the god of slaughter!"

all the demons and orcs started shivering with fear despite themselves. some even dropped their weapons.

the elves gazed at the man in surprise. he was hiding behind his mask, yet his sword was too well-known not to be recognized.

"i sentence you to death," mag said in an emotionless voice, darting forward like a black shadow.

Chapter 908 Alex Saved Us

mag didn't offer them a chance to negotiate.

the orcs and demons were so terrified that they were barely able to hold their weapons.

"kill them!" the demon said fiercely, bringing his sharp claws down at an elf's neck. he decided to take the elves with them now that he had no chance to live.

the other demons and orcs thrust their knives at the elves without hesitation; clearly they had made the same decision.

abruptly, they stopped moving, as if frozen.

the claws and knives were stopped just in time; they were only millimeters away from the elves.

all of them had fallen under the influence of amy's magic—all but mag.

the black shadow made a dozen or so slashes as he ran through them swiftly.

all this took no more than a few seconds.

then mag sheathed his sword and amy undid the spell.

blood was shooting out everywhere as heads fell off their necks. their dead bodies hit the ground with dull thuds.

mag looked back at amy and nodded. he couldn't have killed them so quickly and saved all the elves without her help.

he dropped his gaze to the bodies. the bloody sight made him feel sick, but the battered elves, who were now drenched in blood, were looking up at him with eyes so grateful that he felt it was all worth it.

a knife flew out of mag's hand and severed the ropes that bound the elves.

they fell into the pools of blood, too weak and fatigued to ungag themselves, let alone stand up. they had gone many days without eating anything.

"they're all dead. you're safe now. the gray temple will be here soon," mag said, putting away the knife that had flew back and making his way to the entrance.

"poor elves!" amy said in a low voice. "why don't we help them, father?"

"we have helped enough. besides, heroes are not medics; we should leave the rest to professionals, like healing magicians." mag picked her up and stroked her head.

a flare shot up above the dense fog and exploded into bright red flames.

the purple-striped griffin flapped its wings and disappeared into the clouds.

...

"15 kilometers west of here. there is a canyon filled with fog. kill... kill me! please..." the demon entreated the gray temple personnel, who were holding the most dreadful instruments of torture in the basin.

it was the 20th time he had been revived. they had tortured him in the most vicious ways.

they were relieved. after a good hour of interrogating, the demon finally talked.

"we do we do now, lord brandli?" a man asked.

that was when they saw the flare.

brandli looked surprised. "that seems to be where their hideout is. let's go!" he ordered.

"someone found that place before us? how can this be possible?"

"it's possible if it's him," replied brandli. "are the flying mounts here yet?"

"yes, my lord!" two huge ironback eagle landed at their feet. after they climbed onto their backs, the eagles took to the air and flew west.

they arrived at the place in a matter of minutes.

the flare was still burning red.

"blow away the fog!" brandli ordered.

wind-type magic casters cast some spells and dispersed the fog right away. the two ironback eagles dived down.

"prepare to battle!" brandli shouted as soon as he saw the bodies lying around. they jumped off.

dead trolls, orcs, and demons. some were lying in bushes, the others hanging from trees.

there was only one wound on each corpse.

apparently they had been killed by a sword, and a very sharp one at that. the killer was fast; there was no sign of any struggling.

the knights that had come with brandli were stunned. they could tell how good the swordsman was just by looking at the wounds.

“there’re no survivors in the forest,” a magic caster told brandli.

“check the cave! be careful,” brandli said after taking a look at the orc, whose head had been split in two. he went in front, followed by his men.

they were greeted by the stench of blood the moment they entered the cave. they became tense.

when they ventured in further and saw the severed heads and bodies, they were struck dumb.

they had seen many crime scenes, but this one took the cake. two female magic casters turned away, doubled over, and threw up violently.

clearly some brutal killing had happened here. they didn’t know if the elves were alive or dead.

“medics!” brandli shouted.

they held back their urge to vomit and lifted them out of the blood pool.

“they are all alive!” someone called in a surprised voice.

they carried the elves out of the cave. their clothes were soaked in blood, but it was not their blood.

“alex... alex saved us...” an elf said weakly after the gag was taken out of her mouth.

Chapter 909 A Deity Descending From The Heavens

After making sure there was no one around, Mag landed on the top of the cliff where he had summoned the purple-striped griffin.

He took Amy in his arms and jumped off the griffin’s back. They then took off the black suits and masks.

“Ah Zi, you can go back now,” Mag said, stroking its head.

Ah Zi rubbed its head against his hand, giving him a wistful look that said it didn’t want to leave.

Amy patted it on the head. “Go ahead.”

It flapped its wings, circled around above their heads, and disappeared into the distance.

“Time to get back.” Mag calmed down the horse that had been spooked by his griffin, lifted Amy onto its back, and rode towards Chaos City.

“You’re not only a great chef, Father, but also a hero who fights bad guys,” Amy said as she looked back at Mag with admiration written all over her face.

Mag smiled. “Yes, I am. Fighting against crime is my other life. I have many enemies, Amy, so nobody can know this. Don’t tell anyone what happened today. Let’s keep it a secret between you and me.”

Amy's eyes brightened. "A secret between us? Great! That means I have a secret now. Don't worry, Father, I won't tell anyone."

"That's my girl," Mag said, stroking her head.

"The restaurant has been successfully upgraded," said the system. "Changes to the second floor have been made as planned. By the way, you've maxed out your credit card, so don't forget to pay it off by the 10th of next month."

"What if I don't pay?" Mag asked curiously.

"If you fail to pay it off in time, your credit rating will go down, and your credit limit will be decreased.

"If you don't have enough money, you can always pay by instalments. Don't worry, the interest rates are very low."

"You're plagiarizing Jack Ma's ideas!" Mag said, pursing his lips in disapproval.

"I'm not plagiarizing, I'm just borrowing!" the system corrected.

Then the system started promoting various projects for Mag to invest in, but since Mag was well aware how money-grubbing the system was, he had no interest in any of its projects.

After riding into the city, Mag went straight to the guild with Amy, but he didn't see anyone from the Rose Mercenary Squad, so he asked a groom working in the guild's stable to return the horse to the Rose Mercenary Squad.

Horses were important to mercenaries, yet Mag had a bicycle and a griffin, so he had no need to keep a horse.

A horse was more expensive to take care of than a car. He could use that money for more important purposes.

Besides, no mount was cooler than his purple-striped griffin.

When Mag came out of the guild, many mercenaries were chatting at the gate.

"I heard another mercenary group had gotten ambushed near the Giant Canyon," said a fat mercenary. "Do you know the details?"

"You heard right. I was there," said a middle-aged man with a beard. "When I arrived, the crime scene had been sealed off by the Gray Temple, though. But I heard those killers failed this time."

"Failed? But they had never failed before."

The bearded man raised his voice. "That's because they had been lucky, but they knew their luck had run out when they saw Alex descending from the heavens like a deity. He delivered justice and killed all of them."

"Alex!" They were first surprised, and then relieved. They were very certain the elf hunters had no chance of surviving Alex.

“With lightning in one hand and a sword in the other, Master Alex killed them all in an instant,” the bearded man said as if he had seen it with his own eyes.

Mag chuckled. Lightning? I’m not a magic caster. He ought to have his head examined.

The man heard his laughter and turned to find Mag passing by. “Why are you laughing, bro? Master Alex has rid us of those vermin. Now it’s much safer for us to go out. You should be grateful and show some respect.”

Mag gave a wry smile. “You’re right. He sure deserves our respect.”

The bearded man nodded with a smile. “You can say that again.” Then he got back to telling the exaggerated story to his fellow mercenaries.

As Mag walked through the front yard of the guild, he found almost everyone was talking about how Alex had saved the Rose Mercenary Guild, but all versions of the story were incredibly exaggerated.

“Are they talking about you, Father?” Amy asked curiously as she looked up at Mag, holding one of his fingers.

Mag shrugged. “Maybe.”

“They totally adore you!” Amy felt very proud to be his daughter.

It was dark when they got back home.

“Someone changed our restaurant, Father!” Amy exclaimed in surprise as she looked at the building which had become twice its original size.

“I had someone renovate it for us because the old one was too small.” Mag also looked surprised.

The simple two-story building next door had been completely changed by the system. The common wall between the two houses had been removed. The decoration style hadn’t changed much, though. They had 32 tables now instead of 16. Between two tables stood a wooden shelf, on which beautiful green plants were placed.

Chapter 910 Winter Is Coming

The wooden shelves and green plants were just to Mag’s liking. They had made the restaurant even more stylish and classy.

The shelves made each table a bit more private, and they wouldn’t block the view. The environment was more engaging than before.

When Mag was about to walk into his new restaurant, Mobai came out of his forge. “That’s some renovation right there. I heard some noise, but when I came out, the renovation was done and the building has totally changed. Talk about efficiency!”

Mag smiled at Mobai. “I had it renovated by a magic caster. He’s really expensive and morbidly obsessed with making money, but he is pretty good at his job.”

“No, you’re morbidly obsessed with making money!” the system protested angrily in Mag’s head. Mag ignored it.

Mobai nodded. “I see.” He looked the new restaurant up and down. “Will food be served quicker now that it’s twice as big as before?”

“I’m afraid not. But good news is it’ll be easier to get a seat.” Although Mobai lived next door, he was always too busy working to have time to wait in line. Most of the times the restaurant was closed before he even got a chance to order.

Mobai sighed. “I really miss the days when you had only several customers every day. Now I have to wait a long time to get food.”

Mag smiled. “But it’s worth waiting. You can’t deny that.”

Mobai nodded with a smile. “That I can’t. I don’t mind waiting a long time as long as I can get the food.” Then he looked around furtively before walking over to Mag. “I... Mag, I could really use some beer,” he whispered. “Just one glass will do. I don’t need anything else.”

“You haven’t eaten yet, have you?” asked Mag.

Mobai looked confused. “No, I haven’t. I have just finished working.”

“Then why don’t you come have dinner with us? I’ll drink with you. I want to thank you for selling me the store. You were the first customer to come to our old restaurant, and I’d like you to be our first customer again.”

Mobai laughed heartily. “Thanks!”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling cried as soon as Mag opened the door. It leapt into Amy’s arms, eyes full of grievance.

“All right, all right. I’ll take you with me next time. But from today on, you’ll have to go on a diet. Your food will be halved. It’s for your own good. I don’t want you to become too fat to fly,” Amy said solemnly, carrying the cat inside.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling looked up at her with sorrowful eyes.

“Whining and begging won’t work. I’ve made up my mind.” Amy walked around the new restaurant, looking at the green plants on shelves and hung with hemp rope.

Mag went upstairs and changed into his chef’s uniform.

He put on the apron and opened the door to the kitchen.

It was rectangular and two times its original size. The old kitchen had become too small after being crammed with a fridge, water tanks, and various kitchenware.

Knives were stored in the knife holder which was hanging on the wall. The grill was placed in the corner. Four woks were arranged in a row. All the kitchenware were arranged based on Mag’s preferences.

The width of the kitchen had been increased by about half a meter, so it was now large enough for four cooks to work at the same time without getting too crowded, and there was room for more kitchenware.

Of course, the most eye-catching was the mud oven beside the grill, which was exactly the same as the oven he had used in the test field to cook roast ducks.

Mag walked up to the mud oven and nodded with satisfaction. The system never ceased to amaze him. Perhaps nobody understood what he wanted better than it did.

Mag had a big plate of beef kebabs and a large spicy grilled fish ready in no time. They drank the bubbly beer and chatted.

Mobai was his first customer, his neighbor, and his first friend in this world.

The dwarf blacksmith told Mag why he was hellbent on killing that red dragon.

Mobai's father was an excellent blacksmith. The weapons he forged were very popular. Mobai learned from his father and became a blacksmith too. He then married and had children, and lived a peaceful and happy life.

The happy life didn't last very long, however. One day, a dragon attacked their tribe and killed many innocent dwarves, including his father.

Three years later, he left the tribe and embarked on the journey to search for the dragon alone. He could not bear the fact that his father and people had been killed without cause. He wanted revenge, or he would never find peace.

He had searched for over 100 years without success. Never once had he returned home.

The war among species was over, and the Norland Continent had seen 100 years of peace, but he was still on his path to revenge.

Mobai drank the glass of beer in one gulp, his big bottle-nose red. "That damned red dragon! I will kill it with my own hands!" he said firmly.

Mag filled up his glass, looked at him, and said nothing. He didn't want to try and persuade him to put aside his enmity and go back home to check on his family.

Maybe Mobai's choice was not ideal, but who was he to judge? He might have made the same choice if he were in his shoes.

"Thank you for the food, Mag. I'll buy you a drink when I kill that beast," Mobai said, waving at Mag, and staggered out towards his forge.

Mag watched him get inside. A cold wind came, causing Mag to shiver. "It's getting cold. Winter is coming," he muttered.