

Stay At home 1001

Chapter 1001 What Kind Of Drugs Did He Put In His Food

Gloria woke up early after having a good night's sleep in her mother's arms. She was no longer as traumatized as last night. She got out of bed lightly and changed as she prepared to go to Mamy Restaurant to have her breakfast.

She was already used to starting her new day with a nice breakfast, and of course, Mamy Restaurant was her only choice.

She didn't know if she went there for the food or so that she could see Mr Mag once every morning.

"Splat."

Gloria stepped out of her room and kicked away a bowl that was placed in front of her door. She was stunned.

"Blood!" She looked over and suddenly jumped back into her room in a shock.

A white jade bowl landed a short distance away. Fresh red blood splashed all over the floor, and a strong smell of blood washed over her.

Gloria, who had just woken up, felt her stomach churn. She covered her mouth and took another two steps backwards. She closed the door with a pale face.

"The fresh blood that I procured!" Camilla, who was on a roof not far away, had a pained expression. She perplexedly asked, "Why? Why did Miss Gloria turn and run when she saw the fresh and sweet blood? Why did she kick over the bowl? This is the breakfast I have freshly prepared for her!"

"Madam, usually when people prepare breakfast for others, they will place it on the table. Only the breakfast prepared for the dog will be placed on the floor... And, although you like fresh blood, humans don't drink fresh blood. Most of them hate fresh blood, in fact," the black cat mumbled.

"Nonsense! Is there anything that is more delicious than fresh blood?" Camilla said coldly. After pondering, she added, "The problem must be with the blood. It's because you stopped me from killing this and that, and I ended up procuring a bowl of rabbit's blood."

"Yes, yes, yes... You are absolutely right..."

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Debra was awakened by the sound made by the door slammed shut. She opened her eyes in a daze and looked at Gloria, who was standing at the door with a pale face. She swiftly got up from the bed, went over to her, and concernedly asked, "What is it, Gloria?"

"Blood... Someone put a bowl of blood at my door..." Gloria said with a tinge of fear.

"Blood?" Debra was shocked too. She grabbed Gloria's cold hands and consoled her. Then, she cracked open the door lightly and peered out. There was indeed a puddle of blood on the floor. It hadn't solidified yet, and looked rather terrifying.

Last night's hanging ghost and splashing of fresh blood this morning. Who is that punk that keeps trying to scare Gloria? I have to ask Master to seek justice for us, or else Gloria will be scared out of her mind soon. Debra closed the door. With a consoling smile, she said, "It's alright. It's only a little blood, and definitely not a human's. I will ask your father to look for your grandfather later. He will investigate who is the person that is scaring you with tricks. He will definitely catch the punk behind all this."

"Mm-hm." Gloria gazed at Debra for a while before she calmed down slowly. She opened the door again to have another look. Although the blood was still glaring, it wasn't so scary after all. She closed the door again after she had sorted out her thoughts.

"I am going out now, Mother," Gloria said to Debra, stepped over the puddle of fresh blood, and strode out quickly.

Her stomach began to churn the moment she saw that fresh blood. All she wanted now was to leave the yard as quickly as possible.

"It seems like Miss Gloria indeed doesn't like fresh blood. I have to see what she likes to eat for breakfast." Camilla watched Gloria as she stepped into the horse-drawn carriage. She flitted away with the black cat.

The horse-drawn carriage left the Moreton Manor, and went all the way to Mamy Restaurant before it finally stopped.

Gloria came out of the carriage and saw the familiar restaurant. Although the cold winds were blowing, she felt a hint of warmth and dependability for an inexplicable reason. Her tensed up emotions began to relax; she went to join the line that had 20-30 people in it, and waited for the restaurant to open.

Camilla stood far away with furrowed brows, and mumbled, "Mamy Restaurant? Why does it sound so familiar?"

After a short while, the restaurant's door opened, and Mag came out pushing his bicycle with Amy following behind him.

"It's them." Camilla's eyes lit up immediately. She had a deep impression of Mag and Amy. She had to admit that the black pepper steak that she had had that night was the most delicious food she'd ever eaten apart from fresh blood.

Gloria gazed at Mag who had just stepped out, and her gaze became gentler as she watched him. She felt that the hurt and shock she suffered from last night and this morning was actually nothing as she watched him.

Camilla quickly noticed the change in Gloria's demeanor, and her gaze on Mag began to turn cold. "So, Miss Gloria wants to eat the breakfast that he makes. It seems like this chap wasn't being honest with me, then."

Mag felt his neck was a little cold for no reason, and he quickly covered his neck with the scarf he was holding. He ditched his final stubbornness when he faced the biting cold.

He greeted the customers as usual, and sent Amy to school with the bicycle.

The restaurant began its business after Mag came back. He greeted the customers individually at the door with a smile.

“Good morning, Mr Mag,” Gloria said to Mag with a smile.

“Good morning, Miss Gloria,” Mag replied smilingly. After looking at her, he concernedly asked, “Miss Gloria, you don’t look very good. Did you not sleep well last night?”

“I had a bad dream. But it’s fine. I will recover after eating a bowl of tofu pudding that Mr Mag makes,” Gloria said as she shook her head gently. A hint of blush went up in her cheeks. Is he concerned for me?

“Alright, then come on in,” Mag said smilingly.

“Miss Gloria is actually blushing. That chap must have teased her, right? Smelly man. There is indeed not a single one of them who is decent. They are all indecent.” Camilla’s expression became colder. If she could kill with her gaze, Mag would have died numerous times.

A bowl of yummy Yangzhou fried rice and a helping of sweet and heart-warming tofu pudding. Gloria felt herself healed after eating them. All the bad feelings were forgotten.

“Thank you, Mr Mag.” After Gloria paid her bills, she deliberately went to the kitchen’s entrance to say that Mag with a smile. Then, she left with a blush.

“Ah. I have to see what kind of drugs he put in his food that made Miss Gloria like them so much.” After watching the horse-drawn carriage go far away, Camilla walked toward Mamy Restaurant.

Chapter 1002 This Is Your Harem?

Mag, who just came out, saw Camilla at the restaurant’s entrance, and said in shock, “Countess Bartoli?!”

Her black cat servant that was wearing a black robe was still standing behind her.

“Ah, I didn’t expect you to still remember me.” Camilla smiled coldly.

“Not many would be able to forget you.” Mag’s gaze swept across her body. Her dark hair was loosely worn down her back in big waves. Her turquoise green eyes were so seductive that they seemed to be able to talk, and her sickly pale skin accentuated her blood-red lips.

Her long and tight black dress revealed her snowy bosom and a sexy cleavage. A slit that went all the way up to her thigh revealed her round and sexy long legs.

It was indeed difficult to forget a vampire countess who had a queenly presence and a seductively, deadly figure.

“May I know what I can do for you, Countess?” Mag asked calmly.

“I said I would visit you, and I have to make true to my promise. Today I will gobble you up.” Camilla licked her red lips and smiled seductively as if she was a female wolf that was looking at a lamb.

“Excuse me, I reject.” Mag turned over the wooden plaque on the door handle and took a step back with a smile. “The restaurant is closed now. Please come again next time, Countess.”

It was just having a meal, why did she have to sound so lustful? It made him a little... expectant?

“Closed?” A hint of confusion flashed through Camilla’s eyes as if she couldn’t understand Mag.

“The restaurant operates till nine in the morning. It’s nine o’clock now, so we don’t take any more customers.” Mag could only explain again.

Camilla pondered, and asked, “According to your rules, customers are people who pay for their meals, right?”

“You can say that.”

“That’s excellent. I’m not paying today, so I am not a customer.” Camilla nodded and walked past Mag straight away. She pushed open the door and went in.

“Although it sounds quite reasonable, something doesn’t sound right there?” Mag was a little stunned. Wasn’t that a rogue? If she was ugly, the missiles would be aiming at her now.

However, these air defense weapons were not helpful in this instance. This vampire countess had a 9th-tier power. These S-grade air defense missiles meant for the 7th-tier targets were nothing in front of her.

Shirley and the ladies, who were clearing up, were also rather taken aback to see Camilla walked in. Mag didn’t usually allow customers to come in during their rest time.

Shirley even revealed a hint of wariness as she could sense a dangerous aura from Camilla. This sexy woman should be a demon, one that was even more powerful than her.

Mag followed her in, and helplessly said, “Countess Bartoli, you...”

Camilla already sat down at a clean table and crossed her legs elegantly. She said to Mag, “I would like to have the same breakfast as Miss Gloria. If it isn’t available, then I will have to consume you this morning.”

So, she came because of Miss Gloria. Could Miss Gloria’s pale complexion this morning have had something to do with her? Mag thought. Camilla had warned him previously because she rather liked Gloria, and now she had come to order the same breakfast as Gloria. There must be some connections here.

Countess Bartoli. Is she here looking for trouble? Elizabeth looked at Camilla from a corner. This vampire could be considered a legend amongst the women, which was why she knew her. But she didn’t expect to see her here.

Mag pondered for a while before he shook his head, and determinedly said, “The opening hours of the restaurant are over, so the restaurant will no longer provide food. Furthermore, there are only 300 tofu puddings for every meal, and they all sold out this morning. If Countess Bartoli wants to experience the same breakfast as Miss Gloria, please come and line up early tomorrow morning.”

“They really sold out?” Camilla looked at Mag’s eyes.

“They sold out.” Mag nodded honestly. If this countess was really looking for trouble, he could only ask Urien for help. After all, he hadn’t utilised that extra help chance from the VIP membership yet.

No. If I lash out directly, Miss Gloria will definitely find out. Then, my image in her heart will become very uncouth. This is not favorable to my image sculpting. Camilla looked at Mag as she thought, But this face is simply asking for a lesson. I want to tie him up, give him a good whipping, and then drip candle wax all over him. That will show him my prowess.

“Alright, then I shall return in the afternoon.” Camilla stood up and glanced at Elizabeth at the corner. Then she looked at Shirley and the girls before saying to Mag, “This is your harem?”

“They are the restaurant’s service staff.” Mag shrugged.

“Ah. Do you think I will believe in your nonsense?” Camilla pursed her lips in disdain before heading to the door directly. “Men are indeed all indecent. None of you is good. I will not let the kind Miss Gloria fall into your trap.”

Mag: “...”

All the ladies in the restaurant looked at Mag in silence as their expressions became a little complex.

Is she deliberately trying to destroy our restaurant’s harmonious and friendly atmosphere?! Mag was tempted to curse, but he didn’t know how to explain or refute after seeing the ladies’ innocent gazes.

Harem? What’s that? What did that big sister mean when she said all that? Should I tell Amy? Anna wondered hesitantly.

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“Madam, judging from Miss Gloria’s expression when she came out of the restaurant, the person who holds the key to her stomach should be the boss of this restaurant. What shall we do now? Shall we get rid of him?” the black cat asked softly.

“Isn’t he just another indecent man? I will let him stay here so Miss Gloria could know who is the one that could bring her happiness. I will not stoop to the level of removing my competition. This would show I don’t have any capabilities. I want to crush him directly.” Camilla shook her head and raised her chin slightly with pride and confidence.

“If we are going to deliver rabbit blood sneakily every day, I’m afraid that we are the ones going to be crushed...” the black cat mumbled.

“What did you say?”

“I said... Today’s sun is very round too...”

“Nonsense! Have you ever seen the sun flat before?”

“Yes, yes, yes...”

Chapter 1003 I Had Dug Out Your Great-grandfather From His Grave, Kicked Your

Grandfather's Butt, And Knocked On Your Father's Head

"Are you going to the ice cream shop with me, Big Sister? All the kids adore you," Yabemiya said to Elizabeth with a smile as they walked on the road.

"Adore me?" Elizabeth frowned. She didn't actually like the noisy kids, as she liked to be quiet. She went to the ice cream shop yesterday because she was bored in the dormitory. She just scattered some snowflakes casually, and didn't even smile at them at all.

"Yes. The children are asking me if you are a real snow queen. You look beautiful and cold, and have control over ice and snow." Yabemiya nodded with pride on her face.

"Snow Queen..." Elizabeth whispered as she remembered the children's smiling faces. She gave a rare smile as she nodded. "I'll go there for a short while."

"Alright." Yabemiya smiled and nodded as she continued walking with her arm linked with Elizabeth's.

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In the ice cream shop. An orc with sunken eye sockets pleaded with Yabemiya, "Miss Yabemiya, can I ask you for a favor, please? Can you hold a snowflake birthday party for my child's last birthday please...? He was born on a snowy day, and he has loved snow since he was young. He loves ice cream too. But the doctor says he won't live for too long now, and most probably won't get to see this year's first snow. I beg you, please make an ice cream cake for him and let him watch the snow fall... even though it's fake..."

"Mr Curtis, how is little Kyle doing? You said you will be bringing him over previously, but I didn't see you guys at all. Is his illness very serious now?" Yabemiya asked the orc with some heartache and urgency.

"I'm sorry. Someone said there is an old physician at the city's outskirts who might be able to cure Kyle, so I brought him there. But Kyle got even worse after a few days of treatment, so that physician asked me to bring him back. He won't last for more than a few days." Curtis looked sad and despondent.

"Kyle is a good kid. Heavens are so unfair to him." Yabemiya looked at Curtis piteously. He had always brought little Kyle to the shop for ice cream since it was open for business. He was a healthy child who just suddenly fell sick one day, and never came back to the shop again.

And this man who could be considered successful became haggard within a few months because of his child. Bays of being parents.

Curtis had come to the ice cream shop once when Kyle became critically ill previously. But he hadn't come again after that, so this matter just went away quietly.

Yabemiya looked pleadingly at Elizabeth, who was sitting at the side. She didn't know magic, and she couldn't conjure up snowflakes, but Elizabeth was super good at that, and the snowflakes she conjured up were even real. If little Kyle could see the snowfall from last night's, he would be very happy.

She's always so kind. I really don't know what to do with her. Elizabeth nodded helplessly.

Yabemiya's eyes lit up, and she nodded at Curtis. "Please bring little Kyle here tomorrow night. The ice cream shop would be operating for the entire day tomorrow. However, I still have to ask my boss's permission for this. But, he is a super nice person, so he most probably wouldn't say no."

"Thanks. Thank you." Curtis bowed deeply at Yabemiya. Then, he wiped his tears and left.

I hope there will be a miracle. Kyle is still so young... Yabemiya thought as she looked toward the door.

"Since he will not recover after having an ice cream cake, why does he still want to eat it?" Elizabeth said perplexedly.

"I heard that when a person dies without any regrets, he or she will be able to go to a carefree place," Yabemiya said with a smile.

"Go to a carefree place..." Elizabeth wondered, and no longer said anything.

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"Boss, a customer came to the shop today and asked us to hold a birthday party for his son..." Yabemiya informed Mag about this matter at noon.

"I'm sorry. I agreed without asking for your permission first, but Kyle is such a poor thing. He's only 4.5 years old," Yabemiya said to Mag.

"Miya, you are the manager of the ice cream shop, so you are totally authorized to decide about this. And if he had asked me, I would have agreed too. Although we are operating an ice cream shop, I hope the ice cream that we sell has warmth to it, not simply being an ice cube," Mag said with a smile.

"He's such a poor thing. Why doesn't Father make him a good meal? Then he will recover," Amy said sympathetically.

"Tomorrow's the restaurant's rest day. Let's celebrate little Kyle's birthday together tomorrow night. If this is going to be his last birthday, he should be even happier to receive so many blessings," Mag said after some pondering.

"Yes. He has been a very active child, and he would love the company." Yabemiya nodded and looked at Mag with a touched expression. The boss was indeed a very kind-hearted person.

After lunch and a short period of rest, the busy lunch service began.

"Amy, do you know what a harem is?" Anna asked Amy softly after she got her into a corner with her.

Amy shook her head, and curiously asked, "Harem? I have no idea, Big Sister Anna. What is that? Is it a palace[1]?"

"I have no idea, either. That big sister said that this morning." Anna shook her head and pointed at Camilla, who just happened to come in. "She said that Big Sister Shirley and the rest are all Uncle Mag's harem."

"This must be a term with a deep underlying meaning. There could be a giant secret hidden beneath it. I have to ask someone who knows it in order to fulfil the assignment given to me by Big Sister Irina." Amy nodded thoughtfully.

Gloria didn't come to Mamy Restaurant for lunch.

"I have wasted so much time lining up, and yet I didn't see the person I wanted to see the most. This is so disappointing," Camilla mumbled disappointedly before she pulled out a chair and sat right across Krassu.

Normally, this seat was vacant as nobody dared to sit right across the legendary great magic caster, even though he didn't seem to be very scary and even looked very kind.

"Hey old man, you look rather familiar?" Camilla asked, having stared at Krassu for a while after she sat down.

"Because I had dug out your great-grandfather from his grave, kicked your grandfather's butt, and knocked on your father's head," Krassu answered calmly.

"If you say so, then you should be very familiar." Camilla nodded before her eyes suddenly widened. She jumped up instantly and took two steps back as she looked at Krassu warily and said, "You... You are the Lord of Fire, Krassu!"

Chapter 1004 It Seems Like I Can't Use Brute Force Here

Before one went out to explore the world, the elders at home would warn them about certain tough characters that they should never cross. The Lord of Fire, Krassu, and the Lord of Ice, Urien, both ranked in the top five of this list. The number one spot belonged to Alex and Irina. The former could defeat anyone, and the latter dared to beat up anyone when she got angry. Of course, the most important point was that they basically moved and acted together.

Of course, to vampires, Krassu and Urien brought a more complicated feeling due to certain reasons.

For example... digging up their family graves.

The black cat servant instantly hid behind Camilla. It was so afraid that it even dropped its robe. All the fur on its body bristled, and it trembled behind Camilla.

"Load of crap. I dug up all of their family graves. There was nothing except for a bunch of dried bats hanging upside down." Urien pursed his lips with disdain at the side.

"That was because you dug in the wrong direction. Who was the one that only knew how to dig up the coffins? There were of course only dead people in the coffins, all the good stuff was on the other side." Krassu had an equally disdainful expression.

"I wouldn't have bothered to dig up their family graves if the old bat had not begged me to help them catch those haunted dried bats. I simply didn't bother to expose you when you went to cheat them."

"You were the cheat, not me. I helped them burn those dried bats to bring a permanent end to the problem. Furthermore, those dried bats that became spirits had long escaped from the graves. Those you killed were only the insignificant ones, the real deal was all out there, and it was me who dealt with them."

The customers were all stunned to hear Krassu and Urien's argument. There was no other place that they could hear such a shocking story except at Mamy Restaurant.

Is it really nice to discuss digging out her family graves in front of her? Mag raised his eyebrows in the kitchen, but he had a hint of smile on his lips. He couldn't help feeling happy to see Camilla embarrassed.

Camilla's feelings were indeed complicated. As a core member of the vampire tribe, she knew all about the matters that Krassu and Urien said. These had really happened.

There was a mutation in the vampire family's graves and situations of their ancestors' dried corpses becoming spirits and coming back to life kept occurring. These spirits had lost all of their mental abilities except for viciousness. However, they still retained 80% of their peak combat abilities, and were massacring their tribesmen mercilessly.

The powerhouses in the tribes were wary of the ancestors' identities, so they invited Urien and Krassu to come to suppress them. They only managed to suppress the dried corpses mutation then.

Even she wasn't very sure what had actually happened. But then, the tribe cemetery became a forbidden place. All vampires weren't allowed to enter since then.

However, she had discovered some burnt marks at the place where they prayed to their ancestors. She had thought they were made by incense, but according to the conversation between Krassu and Urien now, she began to suspect those marks weren't caused by incense, and were made by Krassu instead.

No matter what, Krassu and Urien were indeed the benefactors of the vampire tribe. Although they were handsomely rewarded, and were not blamed for the damage done to the cemetery during their fights, Camilla still felt embarrassed to hear the two of them bragging about how they kicked the tribe leader of the vampires and punched the vampire powerhouses.

She hesitated for a moment before saying, "Gentlemen, you might have remembered wrongly about the minute details of the past. It would be best not to recount them here again."

Krassu shook his head as he seriously said, "Remembered wrongly? No way. Given your dad's loser behavior, I wouldn't forget him even if he turned into dust."

"Does your family still have the hobby of drying bats? Let me tell you, it's best to get rid of this bad habit. Things go bad when they are left hanging for a long time. You'd better burn them early," Urien also added with a serious expression.

Camilla felt exasperated. She began to regret coming into this restaurant and sitting here listening to them.

Of course, what made her even more curious was: why would the legendary incompatible Lord of Fire and Lord of Ice appear together in a restaurant and have a meal together peacefully?

This... had a great discrepancy with the legend!

Fight? She was definitely going to lose to them. Even her father could only stand and listen to them if he had come. After all, even her grandfather had been kicked in the butt by them.

"Masters, no shouting in the restaurant, or you will disturb the other customers' meals," Amy, who came over with Ugly Duckling in her arms, said to her teachers gravely.

“Alright, my precious disciple has given the instruction. Stop talking now. Let’s place our orders and eat,” Krassu said with a smile.

“I shan’t argue with you for Amy’s sake.” Urien also turned and smiled at Amy indulgently.

Disciple? Camilla looked at Amy and was stunned. She immediately recalled the news she had heard earlier about Krassu and Urien taking in a disciple. She hadn’t paid it much attention, as she thought it was just silly fake news.

She hadn’t expected that the news was actually real, and what made her even more shocked was... the two of them took in the same disciple!

Camilla had quite a strong impression of Amy, but she didn’t expect that this rather cute half-elf girl was taken in as Urien and Krassu’s disciple simultaneously. This meant that she had two horrifyingly strong backers.

Of course, what was more important was that Amy was the daughter of that horrible boss!

Which meant that... the indecent man who was seducing Miss Gloria also had the strong backing of Krassu and Urien.

It seems like I can’t use brute force here. Camilla looked toward the kitchen with some regret in her expression.

“How do you do, Big Sister Camilla,” Amy greeted Camilla with a smile. She had a very important question to ask her, but it was inconvenient to do so in front of so many customers. Hence, she decided to greet her first before finding a chance to ask her later.

“How do you do,” Camilla said a slight nod.

Although she was hostile to the indecent man, she had to agree that Amy was really very lovable. She had a delicate and chubby face, and her big blue eyes were big and glistening. She was sorely tempted to pinch her little face.

Ugly Duckling looked at that black cat warily, and it made a hissing sound as a warning.

Krassu was just sitting across her. Although he didn’t say a thing anymore, that invisible pressure still made Camilla a little nervous. She ordered a helping of Yangzhou fried rice and a helping of sweet tofu pudding, and continued to sit upright. An unrestrained countess was forced to behave like a prim and proper lady.

Ah. I shall launch an attack after I eat the terrible food. In that case, even though Krassu and Urien are his backing, they wouldn’t be able to interfere, Camilla thought as she put down the menu.

“Your Yangzhou fried rice.”

A bowl of fried rice was placed in front of her.

Chapter 1005 Madam, Are You Already Captured By The Enemy?

What’s that smell?!

The aroma of eggs and chopped green onions washed over Camilla, and her eyes lit up immediately. It smelled fresh and special.

She looked at the fried rice in the bowl. Every grain of rice was distinctly coated by the eggs, and all the ingredients were cut into the same size as the rice grains. They looked colorful and harmonious together, which made people want to start digging in.

It was just a simple fried rice that she wouldn't even eat in normal times, and now it made her unable to wait to start eating.

Try it out?

Camilla felt as if a voice was saying that enticingly to her in her heart.

Let me see what kind of drugs this chap put into his food that made Miss Gloria fall in love with them, Camilla thought as she took a spoon and fed herself a mouthful of rice.

The texture of grain-sized shrimp and ham was so smooth, and the egg-coated rice had a sweet flavor after being chewed well. The taste of every ingredient melted in her mouth and tickled her taste buds. Even when it was all swallowed, her mouth was still full of aroma.

This refreshing texture and taste were different from the fresh blood's richness and freshness. It seemed to have reopened a door in her world and allowed her to cross over.

This taste was just incredible!

For the first time, Camilla had experienced the scrumptiousness of food apart from meat that had blood in it.

It was also Mag who'd let her experience the delicious taste of food previously. However, that was a medium black pepper steak. Steak and red wine were food that she could easily accept.

But, she had never tried any of the ingredients in this helping of fried rice before in her life, and had even believed that she would never try them for the rest of her life.

However, they brought her an incomparable fresh experience in taste and freshness!

One mouthful was simply not enough. Camilla swiftly scooped another spoonful of fried rice into her mouth. One mouthful quickly followed another mouthful. It was so delicious that she simply couldn't stop.

Very soon, the bowl of fried rice was empty.

"I want another bowl of Yangzhou fried rice," Camilla said without any hesitation.

She surprised herself by saying that as she stared at the empty plate in front of her. With a weird expression, she mumbled to herself, "Did he really put drugs in it? How did these simple ingredients taste so scrumptious and irresistible?"

"Your sweet tofu pudding. The fried rice will be sent to you soon."

Before Camilla could sort out her thoughts, Yabemiya had already placed a bowl of sweet tofu pudding in front of her.

Sweet tofu pudding. That was another delicious feast.

Half an hour later, Camilla was burping as she left Mamy Restaurant. She took a break by supporting herself against the door frame as she looked toward the kitchen. "Burp... He must have added drugs! But... it's so delicious... If I wasn't already so full, I would definitely have another bowl..."

Amy followed Camilla out with a smile, and asked, "Big Sister Camilla, I have a question to ask you."

"Question?" Camilla looked at Amy.

"Yup." Amy nodded her tiny head. She looked around her to make sure nobody was paying attention before she whispered, "I would like to know, what is a harem?"

"Harem? That is the collective name a king gave to all his women." Camilla paused and looked toward the kitchen before continuing, "But, there are some stinky men who would shamelessly call his women his harem."

Amy's eyes lit up immediately. She felt she had just heard an incredible piece of information.

"Bye." Camilla turned into a black fog and disappeared.

In this case, are Big Sister Miya and the rest considered Father's women? Although they were very pretty and nice, if Big Sister Irina knew about this, Father would definitely be beaten up?

And if Big Sister Irina became angry and refused to join Father's harem, then I wouldn't be able to hug her to sleep every day.

This simply was not good.

Should I tell her about such an important matter? This is such a dilemma.

Amy squatted in front of the restaurant's entrance and thought frustratedly with her hands supporting her face.

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"Madam, were you already captured by the enemy?"

"Ah, how could he capture me with such trivial tricks?"

"Then, was the Yangzhou fried rice delicious?"

"It's so good!"

"..."

"Let me tell you this, I am just infiltrating the enemy's base to spy on him. Just as the saying goes, 'know yourself and your enemy, and you will never be defeated'. You definitely understand this rationale."

"Then what shall we do now?"

“The facts have already proven that the way to Miss Gloria’s stomach is already inaccessible. Although I don’t know what drugs that chap put in his food, I have to admit that he has successfully grasped Miss Gloria’s stomach... Burp...”

“Including yours too?” A quiet mumble.

“Shut up!”

“...”

“Since the tender and heart-warming technique is a dead end, then I have no other choice but to play my trump card: the Dominant President technique!”

“The Dominant President?”

“Yes. The invincible, one and only Dominant President!”

The black fog dissipated gradually as Camilla appeared and gazed at the Demi Fashion from afar. She revealed a confident smile as she walked gracefully toward it.

The door was pulled open as soon as Camilla reached the entrance, and a store assistant smilingly said, “Welcome to Demi Fashion.”

Camilla walked in with her chin slightly raised, and calmly said, “I will take all the clothes you have in here. Let me emphasize again: all.”

“This...” the store assistant said with an awkward expression. “I’m sorry, dear customer. All the clothes in the store are reserved. Even the next month’s output is reserved, so there are no clothes available for sale in this store at all.”

“Huh?” Camilla, who had tried to act calm and collected initially, raised her eyebrows and looked at the store assistant. She couldn’t help but raise her tone as she said, “Not even one piece?”

“Yes. Not one piece is available.” That store assistant quickly nodded. This customer’s aura was simply too scary. Even those noble ladies had never made her feel so pressured before.

Wasn’t this going to make her fail at acting cool?!

Camilla frowned as she pondered. Then, she smiled again, and rather dominantly said, “I will pay double the price for all the clothes in the store now and all those you can manufacture next month, regardless how much the others pay you.”

The store assistant began to look at Camilla differently with her mouth slightly agape. Paying double the price for all the clothes in the store would cost a few million copper coins. She said in a trembling voice, “Please wait for a minute. I have to get the boss as I cannot decide this.”

The other store assistants in the shop also had shocked expressions on their faces after they heard Camilla.

Chapter 1006 No Man Is Able To Resist My Charms

Camilla was very pleased with the assistants' expressions. Since she was a countess, she definitely had money. She had inherited her dead fiance's fortune as there was nobody in his family left to do so.

She could be considered as the richest vampire in the tribe except for a few old fogies.

Money could really enable her to do as she pleased.

Her gaze swept over the few pieces of clothes on the racks. She was surprised to realize that some of these clothes were actually quite nice, especially that long coat. It had already attracted her attention when it was just simply hanging there. She began to imagine how beautiful she would look wearing that.

"Double the price?" Gloria, who was checking the accounts in her office, was shocked. She put down the bills and started to proceed out.

"Countess Bartoli?" Gloria was a little taken aback to see Camilla who was standing in front of a black trench coat. She had quite a deep impression of this vampire countess. Although her behavior was a little weird, she was indeed quite high-ranking in the vampire tribe.

Although she was surprised that Camilla wanted to buy all the clothes, Gloria quickly regained her composure. She went up with a smile. "How do you do, Countess."

"How do you do, Miss Gloria." Camilla turned around with a smile and said to Gloria, "You still look so beautiful as usual."

Gloria was a little stunned before she smilingly replied, "Your beauty remains the same as before too, Countess."

"Oh, yes? I thought I had started to look haggard because I missed you." Camilla sighed with a hint of sadness.

"Huh?" Gloria was stunned again. She gazed at Camilla with a weird expression before she quickly continued, "I heard from the assistant that you would like to buy all the clothes in the stores and those scheduled for next month, Countess?"

"Yes." Camilla nodded with a smile. As she looked into Gloria's eyes, she lovingly said, "I want all the clothes that Miss Gloria made, regardless of how many there are."

Camilla's gaze made Gloria feel really uncomfortable. She shook her head, and said, "I beg your pardon, Countess. All these clothes are reserved."

"I will pay you double the price." Camilla's tone was very insistent.

"I'm sorry, Countess. We at Blue Suede pride ourselves on our integrity. The clothes that are reserved by our customers will definitely be delivered to them. This will not change because other customers decide to pay us more."

Camilla's brows furrowed slightly as she gazed into Gloria's determined eyes. The plot's progression didn't go according to her expectations. Shouldn't Miss Gloria be looking at her lovingly and give her her heart and all the clothes ecstatically now?

“Please don’t be mistaken, Miss Gloria. What I value is the unique and intricate design of your clothes. These clothes are the most beautiful clothes I have seen. There are no fancy gems and excess accessories, yet they attracted my attention easily. I even fell in love with them.” Camilla pointed at the black trench coat and gazed at Gloria lovingly. “I was wondering who designed this beautiful piece of garment earlier. I think that person must be very talented. I even began to think I am already in love with her.”

A tinge of nervousness began to appear in Gloria’s face. Even her voice started to tremble. “You... You fell in love with Mr Mag too?!”

“Yes, I have fallen in love...” Camilla continued naturally before she paused and stared at Gloria with her eyes wide open. “Huh?! Who did you say it was? Mr Mag?! Didn’t you design these clothes?”

“I didn’t design these clothes.” Gloria shook her head and began to look at Gloria warily. Perhaps the countess had also fallen in love with Mr Mag? What was she doing here today? Did she come to find trouble?

However, Mr Mag was so outstanding that it was normal people would like him. She began to feel slightly depressed when she thought of that. It felt like others had discovered her precious belonging.

Damn! Why does that chap have to appear everywhere! Furthermore, she said “too”? It seems to mean something? There was confusion in Camilla’s heart. The lines she had prepared in advance were stuck in her throat. She couldn’t continue, and started to feel frustrated.

Never mind that she had failed to grasp Miss Gloria’s stomach. That chap was even involved with the most important aspect of a woman’s life, clothing! Furthermore, he had done so well. It was intolerable that he didn’t give others a chance at all!

“If the Countess likes this piece of clothes, you can place a reservation with the store. However, according to the orders sequence, you may have to wait till next month before you can receive it,” Gloria said cautiously. Although Countess Bartoli had her reputation, this was Chaos City, after all. As the heir presumptive of the Moreton Family, she couldn’t actually do anything to her, so she wasn’t really afraid.

“Then, I shall reserve one piece,” Camilla said with complicated feelings. She had come to showcase her dominant queen’s presence, yet she had failed spectacularly. She only wanted to find a place to calm herself down now so she wouldn’t go back to murder that chap.

“Please register for the Countess,” Gloria indicated to a store assistant at the side.

Camilla started to regret her words immediately after she said them. She thought, No way. This piece of clothes is designed by that chap. Doesn’t it mean I acknowledge him if I buy it? Then I will be inferior to him in front of Miss Gloria. This shan’t be allowed to happen!

“What color do you prefer your trench coat to be, Countess?” the assistant asked smilingly.

“Black! Just like this design. It’s so pretty.”

...

10 minutes later, Camilla walked out of Blue Suede with a complicated expression. She had a stack of receipts in her hands.

“He grasped the women’s stomachs, and now he grasped the women’s clothing. That chap is definitely a formidable opponent,” Camilla mumbled to herself as she held onto the receipts.

“Miss Gloria’s eyes are already blinded by him. She is already deeply entrenched in his trap and unable to extricate herself. Since this is the case, I have no other choice but to let him reveal his animal nature to Miss Gloria. This is the only way to wake her up and let her realize who is truly worthy of her.”

“Madam, what do you plan to do now?”

“Plan C. I’ll sacrifice myself in order to make that animal reveal his true colors.”

Camilla’s expression began to look seductive. Her pink tongue glided across her sexy red lips lightly. “In this world, no man is able to resist my charms.”

“Wouldn’t you end up trapping yourself instead?”

“Shut up!”

Chapter 1007 I Feel The Water Content In My Body Is Going To Be Gone Soon

Under the Boundless Sea Realm, an ancient palace was entangled by sea weeds, yet one could still see its majestic past.

“High Priest, the holy maiden Gina has already embarked on the search for the Chosen One through the teleportation portal. However, the teleportation portal is already over 1,000 years old, it is unknown if it could still send her to that place,” a siren reported respectfully to the siren in black robes sitting on the altar.

“That is an ancient altar which is a remnant from the ancient times. It is still standing after 10,000 years. As long as it isn’t damaged, it can start saltatory teleportation between all the teleportation portals. Gina has the unique Lantide’s power stone, which can activate the portals. She is able to activate the teleportation portals three times. If she still can’t find the Chosen One after three transmissions, then she will have to walk.” There was a hint of worry in the voice of the high priest too.

“You have deduced that the Chosen One’s location is near one ancient altar, and believe that our omnipotent god will make sure Gina finds him.”

“I certainly hope so.”

...

In a desolate desert valley, an ancient teleportation portal lit up. A beautiful figure appeared in the middle of the altar.

She was wearing a seaweed skirt with both her long legs close together. Two white seashells barely covered her ample breasts, and her pale skin was as white as snow, while her golden-red hair was still wet as if she had just come out from a bath.

Hmm? Where am I? Could this be the continent? The lady opened her light golden eyes, and a gleam of light flashed through them as she stared at her surroundings curiously. Heat was emanating from the golden sand that stretched on endlessly. Everything was so new and amazing.

Then, she raised her head and looked at the sun in the sky. It was hanging in the sky like a huge golden-red plate. It resembled a continuously burning fireball.

“Is this the legendary sun? It’s so round... so bright... so glaring!” She swiftly retrieved her gaze, and she felt her surroundings had become black instantaneously.

“Am I blinded? No...” Gina blinked her eyes in panic, and reached her hands out to feel her surroundings. Fortunately, she began to regain her sight after a while and heaved a sigh of relief. She covered her face with her hands and peered at the sun through the tiny gaps between her fingers. With a lingering fear, she mumbled, “So Grandma had said the truth. I really can go blind if I look at the sun. This sun is indeed so petty. I can’t even look at it.

“Oh yes. I have come to find the Chosen One. The high priest said I had to find him, then knock him out and bring him back. I am so excited just thinking about it.” Gina rolled her eyes around as she remembered the motive of her trip. She didn’t see the scene of the blocks of buildings from the image when she looked around her. Her gaze landed on the tall sand dunes next to the valley. “I am going up there to have a look.”

Gina came to the edge of the altar and placed one foot on the sand.

“Shhh!!! It’s so hot!”

Gina quickly retrieved her snowy white foot the moment she touched the sand. She lifted her foot with difficulty. The bottom of her foot was already red. She blew at her foot with teary eyes as she mumbled, “Why is it so hot? It even cooked my tiny foot. So, the people living on the continent have to live like grilled fish every single day? Such poor things. It’s really more comfortable to live underwater. Then, why does the high priest try all his best to return Lantisde to the continent?”

Even though she was complaining, Gina stood up again after sitting on the altar for a while. However, she didn’t try to touch the ground directly this time. Instead, she tore a portion of her seaweed skirt off and made two things that resembled straw shoes.

After Gina put the straw shoes on her feet awkwardly, she took a deep breath and stepped onto the sand.

Gina could feel the steamy, hot air surge from the ground crazily the moment she left the altar. She felt as if she was in an oven, and it made her uncomfortable. Fortunately, now that she was wearing her straw shoes, the ground didn’t feel as hot as before, so it was still tolerable to her.

Oh no! I feel the water content in my body is going to be gone soon, and there is no water element in this place. I have to return to the altar before I become a sun-dried fish. Gina moved in tiny steps and swung her arms rapidly as she moved forward. The distance between every step was only 10 centimeters. She resembled a penguin that was trying its best to run. Although the frequency of her steps was high, the speed... was indeed no different from a penguin’s.

Even though she had started her training of splitting her tail into legs and walking since she was young, the sensation of walking on land and walking in water were totally different.

That was one small step for Gina, but one giant leap for Merfolk.

After Gina's constant struggles, she finally climbed up the 30-meter-tall sand dune half an hour later.

It was still sand behind all this sand... Are we really coming back to this desolate place? The sweaty Gina gazed out to the desert, but she didn't see a single living soul. She sat on the ground weakly and disappointedly before she quickly jumped up again. She patted her butt rapidly as she felt she was almost roasted alive.

No way. I have to go back to the teleportation portal to replenish my water content. Gina walked toward the altar below weakly. Dehydration made her very weak, so she spent almost half an hour before she got back to the teleportation portal.

Gina slouched over the teleportation portal feebly, and whined, "Mommy... I miss home... The continent is too scary... I almost became a dried salted fish..."

She took out a big water bag from a space distorting bag and began to gulp down the water. She finally put down the water bag after drinking for five minutes. She heaved a long breath as she felt she came back to life again.

"It's fortunate that the high priest gave me a huge bag of seawater, or else I would have died of thirst here. The water in this bag could fill a big pool, and should last me for a period of time. If there is no more water left, then I will have to return to the sea," Gina talked to herself. She got up and walked around the teleportation portal as she looked at the hot desert with a lingering fear. This was definitely not that location in the scene.

No, I have to find the Chosen One as soon as possible. Lantide is still waiting for me! Gina's gaze became determined as she pressed the teleportation stone into the center of the teleportation portal's groove.

A golden beam lit up and Gina disappeared from the teleportation portal, leaving behind a water bag.

"Aiyayaya!!! My water...!"

A scream of deep despair sounded in another space.

Chapter 1008 It's Made For My Father

It was another rare day off.

Early in the morning, Amy sat up on her bed and stretched her arms. She climbed onto the big bed as she rubbed her eyes and knelt next to Mag's pillow. She was about to wake him up when she paused as she looked at Mag who was sleeping peacefully.

"Father works so hard usually, I shall let him have a good sleep on his rest day." Amy retrieved her hand and bent over to kiss Mag's cheek. Then, she got off the bed quietly and waved to Ugly Duckling, who was still trying hard to get up to the bed. She carried it in her arms and started to make her way

downstairs. After closing the bedroom door, she quietly spoke, "Don't wake Father, Ugly Duckling. He works very hard every day."

"Meow, meow~" Ugly Duckling gazed at Amy as though it understood, and its cries became much softer.

"Father cooked for me every single day. I have decided to cook a breakfast of love for Father today."

Amy put Ugly Duckling down after they were downstairs. She then went to carry a little stool over and stood on it. She tiptoed to reach for a little apron that was hanging next to the door.

It was given to her by Auntie Bernice, but she had never used it before.

Amy tied the apron on her just like her father before she carried the little stool into the kitchen. Then, she washed her hands and ran to the fridge to check on the ingredients. She seemed to be in a dilemma.

"There is so much meat and vegetables. What should I make?"

"Meow, meow~" Ugly Duckling said as it clawed at the fish tank with anticipation.

"No. Father said we should have a light breakfast, so we are not having fish." Amy shook her head.

Ugly Duckling went to the other side of the fish tank and clawed at the compartment that held the prawns as it cried, "Meow, meow~!"

"Prawnies are a good choice." Amy nodded. She took a small net and struggled to scoop out two fat prawns as she stood on the stool.

Plat. A big prawn that was unwilling to die jumped out of the net and fell onto the floor. It tried to jump toward the sewage...

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling went over immediately. It lifted a paw and pressed on that big prawn.

"Good job, Ugly Duckling." Amy came over and grabbed the prawn that was as big as her hand from Ugly Duckling's paw. "I'll give you a prawn's head as a reward later."

"Meow, meow, meow~" Ugly Duckling called out excitedly.

"Apart from prawns, let's have some beans, beef, mushrooms... Oh yes, how do I turn on the fire? Never mind, I will just release a fireball... Uh-oh! The fire seems to be too big. Why is there a hole at the bottom of the pot? Nope. Let's start again..."

Amy was meddling in the kitchen alone, and strange sounds came out every now and then.

Mag was woken up by a burning smell.

"What is that smell?" Mag opened his eyes drowsily as he naturally looked toward the little bed. He could see Amy's sleeping form every morning, but she wasn't in her bed today!

"Amy!" Mag jumped up from his bed immediately and went over to touch the little bed. It was cold, so the little one had to have got up for quite a while.

"Where is she?" Mag couldn't even bother to change as he simply went out in his pyjamas. The smell of burnt food washed over him and made him cough as soon as he opened the door.

What is this little one doing? Trying to burn down the house? Mag was shocked because the smoke and burnt smell obviously came from downstairs. He was having serious suspicion that there was a fire downstairs as he rushed down.

“It still looked a little weird. I wonder if Father will like it. Come Ugly Duckling, try this...” Mag heard Amy and halted as soon as he reached the kitchen’s entrance.

Is Amy making breakfast for me? Surprise flashed through Mag’s face. His heart immediately felt warmed. The little one had actually got up quietly and sneaked downstairs to make breakfast for him.

Mag didn’t make a sound. Instead he peeped into the kitchen and saw a weird scene.

Amy was holding a long soup ladle that was filled with some sticky black soup and walked slowly toward Ugly Duckling with a smile.

Meanwhile, Ugly Duckling was backing off slowly until it was cornered. It was staring at the thick black soup with its big eyes. It was standing on its two hind legs, and was covering its face in despair.

“It’s alright, Ugly Duckling. Although the taste is a little weird, it’s made for my father, so I got to make sure that he won’t die after eating it. So, you got to be the poison tester.” Amy removed one of Ugly Duckling’s chubby paws with a smile.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling looked at Amy grudgingly. Are you the devil? You don’t even know if it’s inedible, and you are feeding it to me!

Mag didn’t know he should laugh or cry when he saw this.

But, Mag’s smile began to fade a little as he looked at the kitchen. Even though the kitchen looked rather neat generally, there were three pots with holes in the bottom lying neatly in a row, and a fireball was dancing on the stove. She was the kitchen terminator.

“Amy, why did you wake up so early?” Mag said to Amy with a smile as he could no longer watch Amy forcing Ugly Duckling to be the tester.

“Father!” Amy was slightly taken aback. She hid the soup ladle behind her when she turned to look at Mag. She depressedly whispered, “Because Amy thinks Father works very hard, so I want to make breakfast for Father. But... But...”

“So it was Amy trying to cook breakfast for Father. No wonder I could smell a sweet aroma in my dreams earlier. Let me see, what scrumptious food did Amy make?” Mag walked into the kitchen with a smile and straight to the stove. His eyelids twitched as he looked at bubbly black stew on it.

“This is prawns stew with beans, stewed beef, stewed mushrooms, stewed...” Amy counted with her fingers. She listed almost all the ingredients in the fridge. Then she looked at Mag expectantly. “Father, do you like it?”

Mag looked into Amy’s big blue eyes. This little one was never interested in cooking, but in order to make him a breakfast, she had put in so much effort. Even though the smell was a little weird, the thought made him very touched. He patted Amy’s head with a smile. “Yes. Father likes it. Thank you, Amy.”

Chapter 1009 You Will Become As Fat As This

Amy's eyes lit up instantly. With a smile, she said, "Since Father likes it, you will finish it, right?"

"This..." Mag was stunned. His inner self was going to collapse as he stared at that black stew, but he maintained his smile on his face. "Of course I will finish it because Amy made it."

"Meow."

Ugly Duckling came over and rubbed Mag's calf with its head and looked at him with gratitude as if he had just saved it from purgatory.

"I think the heat is almost there. Amy should remove this fire now." Mag could vaguely smell the burnt odor from the big pot. The taste was already weird enough; if it got burnt some more, Mag might not be able to swallow it even if he pinched his nose.

"Yes," Amy answered obediently, and retrieved the fireball on the stove with a wave of her hand.

Mag stared at the stove that had a hole burnt through it and began to negotiate a price for repair with the system in his heart. They agreed on a repair price of 5000 copper coins. This breakfast... was so expensive.

After he went up to wash up and change, Mag carried a bowl of that black stew and sat down in front of the table. A complicated scent greeted his nose, There was the scent of prawns, beef, mushrooms... and all of the ingredients. It was difficult to imagine that they would all appear in the same pot.

Mag gazed at Amy, who was standing next to the table with anticipation. After a moment of hesitation, he still picked up the spoon and fed himself a spoonful of the stew.

It wasn't delicious; it was a little fishy among the sweet and tangy taste instead. Ingredients that were mixed together without being handled properly would never become a delicious stew even though they were the best ingredients in the world separately.

"How is it, Father?" Amy asked.

"Erm... Very scrumptious." Mag nodded and smiled as he fed himself another big spoonful.

"It's great!" Amy clapped with a happy expression. After giving it a thought, she said, "Then I will have a bowl too."

"No." Mag swiftly stopped her. Smiling, he said, "Because it is so delicious, Father decides to finish it all. Father will make something nice for Little Amy later."

Amy looked at Mag and nodded after some pondering. "Alright, since Father loves it, then I will leave it all to Father. And I shall cook for Father every day from now on."

Mag almost dropped the spoon in his hand. He immediately shook his head, and said, "No. It's so cold in winter, how could Little Amy wake up early every morning to cook breakfast for Father? You will continue sleeping in the future, and Father will make you breakfast."

No way. He could only eat this kind of breakfast once. He couldn't handle any more of it!

After drinking two bowls of stew, Mag threw away the rest in the pot when Amy wasn't paying attention, and this ended the breakfast debacle.

However, Amy's thoughts had warmed his heart immensely this winter morning.

"Father, are we going to celebrate the birthday of that big brother orc today?" Amy asked Mag who was washing the bowls in the kitchen after breakfast.

"That's for tonight."

"Then, what will we do for the day?" Amy looked at Mag expectantly.

"This morning..." Mag pondered before his eyes suddenly lit up. He turned around, and said to Amy, "Father will bring you to an interesting place later."

After putting Ugly Duckling into the bicycle's basket, Mag rode the bicycle toward the west of the city with Amy.

There was a big bazaar in the west of Chaos City. It was also a place where traders from both the north and south gathered. Businessmen gathered here, and street artists were a common sight.

On a rest day, the bazaar had two rows of street vendors along the two sides of the street. The place was full of tourists, and it was busy and full of life.

The orcs were selling beasts' teeth; the demons were performing fire breathing on the streets; the elves were earning money and claps using their beautiful voices; succubi were dancing seductively with snakes to attract the men's attention.

"Look, Father! There are two spring onions growing out of that big demon's nose!"

"Wow! That's a beautiful bird and it sings!"

"Look at that huge snake that is tangled on that big sister!"

Amy sat on Mag's shoulders and looked around her wondrously. She kept exclaiming and her big blue eyes seemed to be glowing.

Ugly Duckling was also huddled on top of Mag's head, shaking like a leaf.

This was also Mag's first visit to the bazaar in the west. He only found out about it two days ago when he overheard the customers talking about it. This was a great place to visit besides being a place where everything could be bought and sold.

Everyone, regardless of their gender and age, could find their fill of fun there.

Mag gazed around and discovered that many of the traders were not from Chaos City. He could see a little of all the different local customs on Norland Continent from them.

"Father, I want to eat that sweet." Amy pointed at a boy who was holding onto a sweet in a bird form.

"Is this sugar figure?" Mag looked at the sugar figure in that boy's hand. He looked around and saw a stall next to an alley where a white-haired old man gave a little sugar lamb to a child. He walked straight over.

“Little friend, do you want to have some sweets?” the old man asked Amy smilingly.

“Yes.” Amy nodded honestly.

“Spin this wheel. I will make whatever the wheel lands on. If it lands on a blank space, I will make one that you like for free,” the old man said with a smile.

“Yes, yes.” Amy nodded happily.

Mag let Amy down with a smile so that she could spin the wheel. In his distant memory, his father had also brought him to a bazaar and let him spin the wheel of the sugar figure artist.

“Wow, it’s blank! Father, look. I landed on the blank space!” Amy’s surprise voice interrupted Mag’s thoughts. Mag also smiled when he saw where the arrow landed on the wheel. He patted her head. “That’s fantastic.”

“You are so lucky, little girl. Say it. Which one do you want? Grandpa will make it for you.” The old man also smiled at Amy.

“I want...” Amy looked at all the different pictures of birds and animals, and finally chose a fat tiger.

Soon, the fat sugar tiger was done. It looked very cute with its delicate whiskers and silly features.

“Thank you.” Mag nodded to the old man as a form of gratitude.

“Thank you, Grandpa,” Amy said obediently as she received the sugar figure. She continued on her way holding onto Mag’s hand. She raised her head to look at Ugly Duckling on Mag’s shoulders. “Did you see this, Ugly Duckling? If you continue eating, you will become as fat as this.”

“Crack.”

Amy took off half of the tiger’s head with one bite. “Yummy,” she said as she chewed.

Ugly Duckling’s eyes widened as it looked at the sugar tiger without half of its head in Amy’s hand.

Chapter 1010 The Host Complaining About Chefs Again

After walking around in the bazaar for an entire morning, they were prepared to eat a mud-covered roast chicken made by two orcs. This roast chicken was prepared very similarly to the beggar’s chicken, and it gave Mag a surprise.

However, that was only with the preparation method.

The control of the heat is terrible. The chicken meat is too dry and the texture is all gone. The condiments are too simple and basic. And what the hell is that grayish-black spicy condiment? Never mind that it’s not wrapped in the lotus leaves, but why weren’t the feathers removed? Although the feathers dropped off cleanly after the mud was knocked off, is it really fine to eat this chicken that wasn’t cleaned properly?

Mag complained silently in his heart after watching the orc’s preparation method. He had already lost his appetite for the roast chicken in his hand.

Right at this moment, the two orcs roasting the chickens furiously shouted at Mag, “What did you say!?”

The people surrounding them were also staring at Mag with interest.

Mag looked at the two muscular orcs, who were almost two meters tall, stunned. Shaking his head, he said, "Did I say anything?"

He was only complaining in his heart. Perhaps these two chaps knew mind-reading? Mag was confused.

"Father, you said their roast chicken is not nice," Amy whispered as she bit into the drumstick.

"Huh?" Mag raised his eyebrow. Did he really say it out loud?

The bald orc on the left cracked his fists as he shouted at Mag, "Who are you? Are you out to find trouble with us brothers? This is the traditional method of making mud-covered roast chicken passed down by our ancestors. The secret condiment is even the best in this world. In our tribe, we are the best at roasting chicken. You have to apologize to us properly today!"

"Ding!"

"This system had detected the host complaining about chefs again, and it triggered a hidden mission: please create a perfect beggar's chicken within three days. The system will provide a beggar's chicken recipe and experience bag, but there will be no opportunity to use the test field for the God of Cookery!

"If the mission is successful, the host will receive a chance to spin the God of Cookery upgrade wheel. You will receive a recipe if you accumulate two chances at spinning the upgrade wheel. However, if you fail, 0.5 strength point will be deducted, and you'll have to apologize to the chefs seriously."

Right at this moment, the system's voice appeared in Mag's head.

Damn! You are framing me, System!

Mag raised his eyebrow as he finally understood. The system had broadcast his thoughts, and thus he said out all the thoughts he had earlier. This was akin to trashing their livelihood directly in their faces!

Even in the past, he seldom trashed people's livelihood directly in their faces because if a conflict arose, those people who were wishing for his death every day would be all rushing out of the kitchens with their cleavers. His millions of online fans wouldn't be able to protect him.

Hence, he usually complained on Weibo after he got back.

However, he wasn't overly concerned as those two orcs were only normal orcs with 2nd-tier prowess. Even Amy could easily defeat ten of them.

But Mag was a civilized person, after all. Their roast chicken was badly done due to their lack of culinary skills. They didn't have to fight over such trivial issues.

However, this chicken was indeed badly done.

Since the system had already broadcast it out and even issued such a nonsensical mission, there was no point in Mag trying to hide anymore. He stepped out before Amy could conjure up a fireball, and smilingly said, "I am naturally considered your customer since I have bought this roast chicken from you. You do not dictate if this roast chicken is delicious or not. Your customers will judge for themselves after they try it. What I have said earlier was what I felt after eating your roast chicken.

“You are running a business, not being robbers, so why can’t people comment?”

The surrounding people nodded. Although Mag’s words were a little overboard, they were reasonable. Would it be a joke if the sellers dictated whether it was delicious?

That orc didn’t seem to be as righteous as he was earlier after seeing Mag’s calm demeanor. After all, they were in Chaos City, and not in their tribe where they could fight it out whenever they were unhappy.

However, selling this mud-covered roast chicken was the two brothers’ livelihood. They naturally would feel unhappy when someone badmouthed them like this. They had to seek an explanation and make Mag apologize to protect their reputation.

The orc at the side rolled up his sleeves and walked out. He glared at Mag with his bull-sized[1] eyes, and said, “Pr*ck, you are trying to malign us! Are you able to find another roast chicken that is better than ours in Chaos City? I think you are asking for a beating. Duel with me if you are a man and let me tear your nonsense-sprouting mouth apart!”

“Don’t be rash, Eugene.” The other orc, Fabian, stopped him with his outstretched arms. His younger brother was a little hot-headed and easily agitated by others.

Mag hadn’t even said a word when Amy at the side already excitedly said to Eugene, “Duel? Yes, yes! Father will be considered as bullying you if he duels with you. Why don’t we fight it out. I super love fighting! As long as you don’t say that I am bullying you.”

Everyone was looking at Amy with eyes wide open. She had silver hair, big blue eyes, and exquisite features, and was wearing a bunny hat and holding a chicken leg. She looked so adorable!

This little one hadn’t even reached the waist of the orc, and yet she wanted to fight on her father’s behalf? She even told the orc not to deem her a bully?

Although she sounded arrogant, she looked super cute doing that.

There was a hint of smile on Mag’s lips too. Amy wasn’t being arrogant. This little one had a 5th-tier prowess now. She could indeed be considered as a bully if they really fought it out.

Eugene stared at Amy as his mouth twitched before raising his head to speak to Mag, “Is this how you behave as a father? How could you use this adorable little one as a shield? Fight your own battle if you are capable. I don’t hit women and children!”

He is rather principled. Mag felt a little like laughing. However, this brother’s principles had saved his own face. Otherwise, how awkward would he be if he was defeated by a four-year-old girl.

“I came out for an excursion today, and not for a fight. I am also a cook. I didn’t control my mouth and have offended you. However, since I have already said these comments, I will not take them back. They are indeed my feelings after I tried this dish. If you feel unjustified, bring your stuff and look for me at Aden Square’s Mamy Restaurant,” Mag said to Fabian. “We chefs, of course, will duel in our own ways. Let’s have a roast chicken duel.”