

Stay At home 1041

Chapter 1041 You Are Truly The Expert At Doing A Chicken

The werewolf looked at the ladies, and awkwardly said, "If only females are recruited, I..."

"Please stop right there, stop right there!" Mag raised his hands to stop him. This was truly a werewolf.

Even if he was willing to dress as a female... Mag also wouldn't dare to employ him. This would damage the restaurant's reputation!

It wasn't that he looked down on drag queens, but not everyone was as beautiful and natural in drag as Shirley.

Their conversation made the surrounding crowd laugh. Everyone was looking at Mag with appreciation. This boss was really interesting.

Smiling, Mag said to the judges, "Since you have tasted both parties' chicken, please say whose roast chicken is better in your heart."

Everyone moved their gazes to the judges. Although the victor was already very obvious, the final results still needed to be announced by the judges who had tried it.

That elf stood up, and apologetically said to Mag, "The roast chicken Mr. Mag made is the tastiest roast chicken I ever had. I apologize for my earlier disrespectful remarks. Based on your excellent culinary skills, you must have taken all top spots on the Delicious Cuisine Rankings with your ability. I will come and line up early tonight so I can taste this delicious beggar's chicken again."

"We welcome you to visit again." Mag nodded smilingly.

Conquering the customers with delicacies gave him the most heightened sense of accomplishment.

"You guys have done well too, Fabian and brother. But we have to speak factually, Boss Mag's roast chicken is indeed more delicious." Habeng pointed at Mag.

Haga gave Fabian and his brother an encouraging look before pointing his finger at Mag.

"Although Boss Mag doesn't want to employ me as his staff member, that cannot cover the scrumptiousness of the roast chicken. You are my true love!" The werewolf gazed at Mag lovingly.

A nauseating chill rose in Mag's heart. He had to suppress his urge to club this werewolf to death. Then, he looked at the last lady.

"Mr. Mag, I am a quick learner and hard worker. Do you want to consider me?" That lady wore a professional fake smile on her face and winked at Mag.

"I'm sorry, but the restaurant is not recruiting now." Mag smiled helplessly. It was a mystery why all these people wanted to be service staff.

That lady covered her heart, and heart-wrenchingly said, "Even though I am sad to be rejected, I can't make a decision that goes against my heart. Hence, I choose Mr. Mag."

Fabian stepped forward as he clasped his hands, and said to Mag, "Mr. Mag, regarding this duel, you have won and we lost. If you have a task for us to do, we will complete it. This will be the punishment for our recklessness."

"We only agreed to have a roast chicken duel, but we didn't say anything about punishment." Mag shook his head with a smile. "Furthermore, my behavior that day wasn't very good, either. If I were you, I also would not take it lying down. I have won marginally for today's duel, so we will consider this incident over and done with."

Mag had a good impression of this pair of orc brothers, and he hadn't planned to gain anything from them. After all, this duel was set up by the system, and both parties were innocent.

The duel was over and Mamy Restaurant was closed, so the crowd slowly dispersed.

However, the beggar's chicken that wowed the crowd had already imprinted itself into everybody's mind. Many of them had already planned to come and line up earlier that night so as to try it out. They wondered if it was as amazing as the judges had described.

The ladies who were trying out the beggar's chicken were also full of praises for it. No dipping sauce and accompanied dishes were needed. The roast chicken itself was an incomparable delicacy.

"You have a straightforward character. I like it. Since this is the case, I, Eugene, will have you as a friend," Eugene said with a laugh.

Fabian saw that Mag had a sincere expression, so he didn't insist after pondering for a while. After some hesitation, gathering up his courage, he asked, "Mr. Mag, could you please give us some pointers for our roast chicken?"

Eugene stopped smiling, and stood at the side attentively.

They admitted their defeat wholeheartedly for their duel today.

They had believed that the roast chicken they made was the best in this world, but after seeing the one that Mag made, they knew their roast chicken was far from being the best.

They were just like children who had started to walk compared to Mag.

"I wouldn't say that they are pointers, but after tasting your roast chicken, I do have some opinions that you may want to take into consideration." Since the two of them had asked sincerely, Mag didn't want to hide anything. After thinking for a while, he said, "First, since you want to do business in Chaos City, you cannot retain the thinking that you had when you were roasting chicken in your tribe. In order to let more customers accept your roast chicken, making it clean and good-looking is a very effective method."

"Process the chicken in advance, and then wrap a layer of leaves outside of the roast chicken before covering it up with yellow mud?" Fabian seemed to be thinking about something. In the bazaar, most of their customers were demons and orcs. So that was the main reason, huh.

"You could say it that way." Mag nodded. He glanced at the yellow mud they used before continuing, "It will also look nicer if you use a purer and sticky type of yellow mud. It will also be heated more evenly when it is baking in the oven."

Fabian and Eugene nodded.

“Second, apart from cleanliness, the roast chicken’s texture is also very important. You guys have a stronger bite than humans and elves, therefore your roast chicken’s texture is a little tough and dry, and a lot of the chicken’s natural taste is lost. All these are not comfortable to humans and elves, so reducing your baking time appropriately will make the texture better and increase the quality of the roast chicken.

“Third, you can keep your unique spices, but you may have to reduce the amount that you use slightly. Then, there would be a balance between the chicken’s flavor and hot spices, and so they could merge to become a delicious taste. The separation of these two made it difficult to accept the taste.”

Mag thought for a while and nodded. “Just these three points. They are my humble opinions.”

“I have learnt a lot.” Fabian bowed deeply at Mag, his eyes full of gratitude.

Mag’s words had enlightened him, and let him discover his inadequacies. Furthermore, he also knew how he should start again.

Also, Mag had imparted all these precious experiences to him unselfishly. It had made him very touched.

Eugene’s reaction was a little slower, but he also followed suit and bowed. After straightening himself, he scratched his head as he said, “You are truly the expert at doing a chicken.”

“You’re overrating me, overrating.” Mag was smiling, but he was thinking no way he would do a chicken. He simply couldn’t accept this praise...

The Fabian brothers kept their stuff and bade their farewells. They already decided to close the stall for a few days to research on how to make a more scrumptious roast chicken.

Chapter 1042 Wow! Master Urien, I Love You!

“Boss, is it really okay to teach them how to roast chicken? Will they not steal our business?” Yabemiya asked concernedly.

“It’s fine. Isn’t teaching more people how to make delicious food an interesting thing to do?” Mag smiled and shook his head. “We can’t take all the business. Isn’t it great that the customers who can’t afford to eat roast chicken at our restaurant can go to their stall to eat their equally delicious but affordable roast chicken?”

Mag was very aware of this point. Furthermore, the two eateries belonged to two different categories. Mamy Restaurant was a high-end restaurant that had already priced out many blue-collar workers.

Mag wanted to earn money, and he also used the high-end ingredients provided by the system. He was totally at ease with his menu’s pricing. Delicacies made from the best ingredients deserved to be priced that high.

However, he didn’t mind letting more ordinary people have a chance to try tasty food, so he didn’t mind sharing with the orc brothers.

As for how much could they absorb, what kind of roast chicken could they make, it would be all up to them.

Mag was running a business too. It was impossible for him to teach them how to roast a chicken step by step.

After the ladies finished the beggar's chicken, they stepped up to help to keep the utensils.

Everyone except Gina was collecting the shattered eggshells together carefully. She held them in her arms and looked at Mag pleadingly. "I... I want..."

"Are you still going to eat this mud casing, Gina?" Mag gazed at Gina. She already brought one eggshell upstairs as supper last night, and now she was still hugging one. Those who didn't know them would think that he was abusing his staff. Or maybe she had pica?

"Mm-hm, nuh uh." Gina nodded before shaking her head again. She pointed at her mouth and then waved. Then, she pointed upstairs and made a keeping gesture.

"You are going to keep them?" Mag felt even more peculiar. What kind of collectormania was this?

"Mm-hmm." Gina nodded with a bright smile.

Mag couldn't say no after seeing Gina's bright smile. He could only nod helplessly, and said, "Then keep them."

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The effect of dominating the Delicious Cuisine Rankings was even more exaggerated at night. The line in front of Mamy Restaurant already folded three times in the square, and consisted of at least 700-800 people.

The roast chicken duel that afternoon had reversed the reviews of Mamy Restaurant. Some pedestrians had also begun to speak out for Mamy Restaurant.

"Deducting those who just come to have a look, we can only receive up to 400 customers tonight. Miya, please ask the customers lining up behind the 400th person to disperse. They won't be able to get into the restaurant even if they stay." Mag frowned as he looked at the snaking line outside. He actually didn't quite like this crowded scene.

Majority of the customers who came today were only curious, but they deprived the regulars of their seats.

However, he couldn't comment on that. The restaurant didn't have a reservation system. The rule was first come first serve, so even a regular had to line up.

"Alright." Yabemiya went out with a sign. After counting 400 people, she put up the sign next to the 400th customer, and started to persuade the customers behind to quit lining up.

"Is this that restaurant?"

"It has to be, or why else are there so many idiots lining up. Our king has said that this boss is a great cook, so we will kidnap him to cook for us every day."

“Hey, the king’s idea is rather good.”

In a corner, two demons with bull heads whispered to each other as they looked toward Mamy Restaurant with excitement.

“However, there are so many people here, how can we act? The king told us to keep a low profile and not to create a hoo-ha.”

“Are you stupid? Of course we cannot act in front of so many people. We will spend a night here. There won’t be a single person here when we wake up. That will be the time that we take action.”

“Oh, yes. You are so clever, Dasha.”

The two bull-headed demons lowered their heads and fell asleep in the bushy corner.

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“Today’s new product: beggar’s chicken”

Apart from the enlarged menu next to the restaurant’s entrance, there was also a little sign.

The news of Mag’s duel with the orc brothers that afternoon had already spread. The taste of beggar’s chicken was described as heavenly, and had piqued the curiosity of many.

“Beggar’s chicken? What kind of chicken is that? A chicken that is reared by a beggar?” Krassu sat and flipped through the menu for a while before he nodded, and said, “Interesting, I will have one of those.”

His appetite had become better since he began to eat at Mamy Restaurant. Even the meat products that he had given up previously became something he frequently ordered now.

At first, he was still worried that he wouldn’t be able to teach Amy for long, but now he was confident that he could train Amy to become the greatest close combat magic caster to ever live on the Norland Continent. He most likely wouldn’t die before that happened.

“I will have one too,” Urien said in his hoarse voice as he gazed at Krassu challengingly.

“This beggar’s chicken is super delish. However, that could be too much for the two of you. If my two masters can’t finish them, your precious disciple can always share the burden with you,” Amy said with her eyes blinking away as she came up. She looked just like a good disciple who was willing to share her masters’ burden.

“Alright, then Amy will help me eat half of it,” Krassu said with an indulgent smile.

“Master Krassu, you are so nice!” Amy said happily.

“Give me another one just for little Amy.” Urien raised up a finger coolly. He even ordered a beggar’s chicken with the attitude of a great master.

“Wow! Master Urien, I love you!” Little stars had lit up in Amy’s eyes.

Krassu glanced at Urien as he pursed his lips, and said, “Give me another 10 for Amy’s supper.”

“10... mmm... this is too blissful!” Amy clasped her hands with a blissful expression.

“This beggar’s chicken costs 1500 copper coins each... Do they play around with money?”

“What do you know? These two are the legendary great magic casters, the Lord of Ice and the Lord of Fire. What is buying 10 roast chickens to them as long as Little Boss is happy?”

“I am so envious... I also want to have a master like this! My master would only snatch my drumsticks from me!”

The customers looked at this scene enviously, and yet they were also worried at the same time that the two magic casters could buy up all the beggar’s chickens as they tried to outdo each other.

However, nobody dared to say a word. They were the legendary great magic casters! Would there be anyone who dared to snatch the roast chickens from them?

Mag saw that scene from the kitchen. He walked up, and helplessly said to Amy, “Amy, you have already eaten enough for tonight. No more food for you.”

“Alright.” Amy slouched her shoulders disappointedly. Then, she shook her head at Krassu and Urien. “Masters, you can treat me in the future.”

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The night fell and the customers had left. The busy Mamy Restaurant was quiet again.

A cold breeze blew across, and a bull-headed person sneezed. He raised his head and gazed around his surroundings in a daze. Then, his eyes snapped fully open, and he kicked the other bull-headed person’s butt. “Ersha, wake up! It’s time to act!”

Chapter 1043 He Will Become The Military’s Commander-in-chief

The bull-headed guys walked to the front of Mamy Restaurant. It was already very late at night, so there weren’t any pedestrians in the streets. They, too, had no idea how long they had slept.

“Dasha, the door is already locked, so how do we go about grabbing him? How about we find a place to sleep for a while longer and take action when the sun rises tomorrow?” Ersha said as he rubbed his eyes and yawned.

“You are right.” Dasha nodded, but then he quickly shook his head. “No way. The king said we only have three days to do this. We’ve already spent one day on the road. If we don’t get him out of the city today, we won’t be able to make it in time.”

“Then, what do you think we should do? The door’s already locked,” Ersha said in panic.

“We are not here for a meal, who cares if the door is locked. We can just kick it open. It’s also easier to kidnap him in the middle of the night.” Dasha slapped Ersha on his head and smiled.

“You are right.” Ersha nodded with a sheepish smile.

The door of this restaurant was just a wooden door which didn’t look very secure. He was a 4th-tier minotaur demon who could easily send 10 doors like it flying with one kick.

Dasha was watching leisurely at the side. The king was wasting resources by sending the two of them to capture a human cook. They couldn't even have a good night's sleep.

Ersha's kick on the wooden door seemed to have landed on a piece of iron. The wooden door didn't move an inch, but his leg was already numb from the impact.

"This wooden door is made of iron?" Ersha mumbled, stunned.

"Did you forget to eat dinner, Ersha? You can't even kick open a lousy door like this!" Dasha laughed at Ersha who still had his foot on the door. He was prepared to push him away and do it himself.

"A 4th-tier attack was detected. Analysis: The intruder's abilities are too low. Threat level is 0. No need to inform the Host. Activate automatic defense system. Activate Rebound technique, rebound by 10 times!"

A line of words as tiny as ants flashed across the deep part of Mag's mind.

A green light flashed over the wooden door.

Ersha, who was about to retrieve his right leg, felt a scary force on his foot, just as if he had been kicked. He became a parabola and landed on a grass patch 20-30 meters away.

"Aiyo..."

Ersha's shrieks could be heard.

Dasha blinked, but he still didn't understand what had happened. Ersha was kicking the door and ended up sending himself flying. He turned and ran over to Ersha when he heard his screams. "Ersha!"

Dasha dragged Ersha out of the grass and looked at his right leg that was already deformed.

"Ersha, what are you doing? How did you get yourself into this, you dumbass?" he said in shock.

Ersha grabbed his leg with a painful expression, and said, "That door, it kicked me!"

"Let me have a look." Dasha squatted down and started to twist around blindly. He successfully twisted off Ersha's broken leg totally.

Dasha stood up and wiped away the sweat on his forehead as he faced Ersha, who looked very pale, and said, "You should feel better like this?"

"Mh-mm, the pain is less obvious." Ersha nodded.

"That's good." Dasha was relieved. He picked a big rock from the side and walked toward Mamy Restaurant furiously. "Dumbass, how dare you hurt my brother? I will smash you into smithereens!"

"Dang!"

The rock crashed into the door and made a thud sound.

Then, that rock crashed into Dasha's head with an even faster speed, and sent him back next to Ersha.

"Dasha, are you okay?" Ersha asked Dasha, who was still lying on the ground, in panic.

"I... am still okay... Can you feel whether my head is still on my neck?" Dasha asked dizzily.

"Your head is still there, but your horn..." Ersha looked at the half of a bull horn left on Dasha's head before he swallowed his saliva. "Your horn is gone..."

"What!? My horn..." Dasha's eyes flicked open, and he saw that broken half of his horn. His eyes rolled up and he fainted straightaway.

"Dasha! Dasha!" Ersha crawled over and patted Dasha's face. He looked at the restaurant with a woebegone look. "That door is possessed! I have to report this incident to the king!"

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Roth Empire. The Royal Palace.

In a resplendent hall, the king of Roth sat on the high throne, and the first prince, Sean, and the second prince, Josh, stood below it.

There were only three people in the great hall.

The three most exalted people in the Roth Empire. The current ruler and the future ruler all stood here today.

"Just two more months before the eight species have to renegotiate the new peace treaty. How do you two think Roth Empire should go about the negotiation?" the king asked the two of them calmly.

Sean took a glance at Josh before he clasped his hands together, and said, "Your son believes that after 100 years of development, our Roth Empire's power has far exceeded all the other species, except the giant dragons. We shouldn't renew this peace treaty. Instead, we should take this opportunity to expand the territory of the Roth Empire to the entire Norland Continent!"

There wasn't any change in the king's expression, but his hand that was holding two spheres clutched a little tighter.

"I do not agree with my royal brother." Josh stepped forward, and said to the King, "Father, although our Roth Empire was getting stronger in the past few years, and is stronger than the usual species, it's still too early for us to conquer the entire Norland Continent. Even though the giant dragon tribe is not united, they would never sit aside and watch us conquer the Norland Continent. Furthermore, there were many alliances forming among the species recently. If the Roth Empire goes to war with two species simultaneously, I am afraid we cannot win easily. Hence, your son believes it's still too early to talk about conquering the Norland Continent now.

"We should renew this peace treaty. However, we should ask for the reassignment of territory. Given our Roth Empire's powerful strength, we should be entitled to a wider area. Those weaker species will cede some to us if they want to avoid a racial war. Subduing the enemy without fighting is the best outcome."

"Territory isn't something that could be gained via talking," Sean said to Josh in a sarcastic tone. "Even those goblins hiding underground wouldn't cede their territory so easily. War is the only method to reassess Norland Continent's territory. The iron hooves of the Roth Empire will flatten all our enemies!"

“The number of sorcerers in Magus Tower is increasing rapidly now, and their power has improved tremendously in the past few years. Given enough time, they will become the strongest combat power in the empire,” Josh said to Sean, tit for tat.

“That’s enough.” The king’s deep voice interrupted their argument. His lips curled in a smile. “You two seem to have forgotten about one person.”

Sean’s and Josh’s demeanor changed slightly. Obviously, they had not forgotten.

“Tomorrow, I will make it known across the world that as long as he returns to the Roth Empire, he will become the military’s commander-in-chief.”

Chapter 1044 I Treat You Like My Big Sister, But You Actually Want To Be My Mother

Early in the morning, Mag saw Amy sitting at the head of his bed like a duck the moment he opened his eyes. She was looking at him with a worried gaze.

Mag sat up and gently asked, “What’s the matter, Amy? Why did you wake up so early?”

“I dreamt that the kindest person tripped and fell last night.”

“And then?”

“So, I decided to ask you after I woke up. Does it hurt?”

Amy reached out and touched Mag’s head with her little hand with a worried expression.

Mag felt his heart tremble. Why was this little one so sweet early in the morning? It warmed the cockles of his heart.

He raised his arms with a blissful smile, and said, “Father is alright. Although I had a fall, I leaped up before I even touched the ground. See, I am totally fine.”

“It’s fantastic that Father is alright.” A smile appeared on Amy’s face too.

“Alright, Father will get up and make breakfast for you now.” Mag patted the little one’s head and got out of bed. He went down after he washed up. Then, he noticed the system’s video recording in his brain.

Mag tapped open the video recording as he drank a cup of water.

In the video recording, two minotaur demons were attacking the restaurant, but they were repelled by the restaurant’s defense system. Mag almost choked on the water he was drinking.

“These two stupid thieves came in the middle of the night? But System, your Rebound technique is rather interesting.” Mag, who finally managed to stop choking, praised the system in his mind. Too bad there wasn’t internet in this world, or else this video would definitely go viral.

Putting down the glass, Mag went to take a look at the door that was kicked and smashed last night. A letter fell down from the handle the moment he opened the door.

“What’s going on?” Mag asked.

Mag picked up the envelope. On the green envelope, a graceful handwriting wrote: To Mr. Mag. private and confidential.

“Someone wrote a letter to me? I do not have any friends I need to communicate with by mail.” Mag was puzzled. The handwriting seemed to belong to a woman. He prepared to tear open the envelope as he mumbled, “This shouldn’t be a love letter, I guess?”

“Did someone write a love letter to Father?” Amy, who suddenly appeared downstairs, popped over and stared at the letter in Mag’s hands curiously.

“No, no. This is just a normal letter.” Mag shook his head rapidly. Although he was very touched earlier, this little one was still undeniably a spy. Some words couldn’t reach Irina’s ears, or else it would be inexplicable.

“It’s okay, Father. I won’t tell Big Sister Irina. Read to me what is in the letter,” Amy pleaded as she shook Mag’s arm.

“Okay, okay, okay. I’ll read it.” Mag relented due to Amy’s shaking. He tore open the envelope and began to read, “Mr. Mag, I love you...”

Mag could only read one line. He couldn’t continue with the rest of the words.

This... This is really a fu*king love letter!!!

Shouldn’t a professional love letter start by expressing the person’s unrequited lovesickness before expressing his affection reservedly, followed by an appropriate ending?!

Who would go straight to the point immediately! This kind of standard... Only a primary school kid could have written it, right?

Mag’s complaining spirit had begun to go into a frenzy.

However, talking about love letters, he remembered that in his younger days, he had a crush on a little girl with a ponytail sitting in front of him. After suppressing his lovesickness for three days, he couldn’t help but begin to write a love letter. He could still remember the content vaguely: “Oh! My Juliet...”

Alright, Mag didn’t want to reminisce too much.

Anyway, he was indeed shocked by this straightforward opening.

“It’s really a love letter! Who could have written it? Maybe she hopes to be my mother?” Amy looked at the letter in Mag’s hands curiously. Many people had appeared in her head.

“Big Sister Gina doesn’t know how to write. Big Sister Miya, Big Sister Elizabeth, Big Sister Babla, Big Sister Firis, Big Sister Gloria, Teacher Luna, Big Sister Scheer... and Big Sister Shirley. All of them seem to be interested in Father... so who wrote this love letter? Big Sister Irina has so many love rivals. What do I do...” Amy mumbled softly with a difficult expression.

“Hmm... Amy, this could just be a prank. What era are we in now? Who in her right mind would write a love letter? It’s so outdated. Hahaha...” Mag laughed in a polite yet awkward manner. Even though he was actually also very curious who wrote this, a chill travelled up his back as he heard Amy’s murmur.

If this got into Irina's ears, who knew how many punishments would be waiting for him.

"It's fine, Father. I will find the person who wrote you this love letter," Amy consoled with a smile.

I'm more afraid of you like this... Mag mused in his heart.

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As usual, Firis was the first to reach the restaurant.

Amy went to Firis immediately the moment she stepped in. Smiling, she asked, "Big Sister Bean Sprout, do you like Father?"

"Ah?" Firis was stunned. When she regained her wits and realized what Amy was asking, she blushed instantly. She glanced at Mag, who seemed to have lost all his hopes of living at the side, and quickly retrieved her gaze. She tugged at her skirt as she shyly said, "I... I... Boss is a very nice person. I... I think everyone will like him."

"So, you mean that you like my father, right?" Amy blinked as she softly mumbled, "I treat you like my big sister, but you actually want to be my mother..."

"I... I did not..." Firis's face was as red as an apple. She was so embarrassed that she wanted to hide in between crevices on the floor.

"Then, did you write a love letter to Father?" Amy continued to ask.

"Love letter?" Firis was stunned again, but she quickly shook her head decisively this time. "No."

"Alright, I believe you." Amy nodded with disappointment.

Someone wrote a love letter to Mr. Mag? Who is targeting Mr. Mag this time? Firis went into the kitchen. She felt as if someone had suspended her heart.

Then, Miya, Elizabeth, and Babla began to arrive at the restaurant.

"Big Sister Miya, Big Sister Elizabeth, and Big Sister Babla, do you like Father?" Amy asked the three of them.

"I do. I super like Boss." Miya nodded with a serious expression.

Elizabeth glanced at Mag. "He is a good man."

Babla glanced at Mag too before she coughed softly, and said, "I will never like men."

"Then, did you write a love letter to him?"

Amy continued to ask.

Chapter 1045 I Only Like Him... Secretly In My Heart..

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"What?"

The three of them stared at Mag in shock.

Mag shrugged to imply that he also had no idea what was going on.

Then, the three of them looked at one another again searchingly.

Although they didn't feel anything in their daily interaction, on second thought, Mag was indeed a rather good man.

He was handsome, mature in appearance, and much gentler than those young lads. He was kind, responsible, and even had a cute little daughter. They wouldn't even have to consider giving birth to children if they married him. Could he be even more perfect?

Of course, the most important was his superb culinary skill. He kept creating delicacies, so if they married him, nothing would be more blissful than that.

With that in mind, even Elizabeth gave Mag extra two looks.

No way. I am going to be the leader of the Frost Dragon tribe. I have to be single, or else I will waste plenty of precious time that I can use to practice. Elizabeth shook her head to calm herself down. Furthermore, giant dragons could live for thousands of years. Humans can only live for the maximum of 100 years. We are simply not meant to be.

If I could marry Boss, that would be so blissful! Little stars appeared in Yabemiya's eyes. But, soon her eyes lost the sparkle. But, I am not good at anything, nor am I pretty. Furthermore, I am an orphan. I am not good enough for Boss. Such a regret.

Marry him? A hint of contemplation appeared in Babla's eyes, but she quickly shook her head. No way. He is just a commoner, and I am the princess of Moon Nation. Father would definitely not agree to this marriage.

But... why do I feel a tinge of regret?

Maybe if Father tried the delicacies that he made, he would change his mind?

No! Why am I thinking about something like this! I am the Princess of Moon Nation... But, the beef kebab is really very tasty. I won't get to eat it if I return to Moon Nation, right?

Babla fell into the dilemma of whether she should agree.

"Maybe it's just a prank." Mag swiftly smoothed things over. Although he had no idea who wrote the love letter, asking people around if they liked him was simply a little too weird.

"Morning, Uncle Mag, Amy, and Big Sisters." Right at this moment, Anna and Shirley came in and greeted everyone.

Mag stared at the hat, which had two wires attached, on Anna's head and curiously asked, "Anna, what's that on your head?"

Maybe this little cutie was trying cosplay teletubbies today?

"This is the bunny hat that Big Sister Shirley bought me," Anna said happily as she pressed next to her ear. The two columns trembled, and suddenly two little chicks' heads popped out of them and let out a loud cry.

“Wow! That’s awesome.” Amy’s eyes lit up as she clapped.

“Haha. It’s weird but rather cute.” All the ladies looked at Anna’s hat in amazement.

Shirley’s chin tilted up slightly. Although her expression was calm, her slightly curled up lips betrayed her current feelings of pride.

“This is truly one of a kind among the bunny hats.” Mag opened his mouth, not knowing how to praise her.

Amy quickly got back to the topic and curiously asked the two of them, “Big Sister Shirley, Big Sister Anna, do you like my father? Did you write him a love letter?”

“Love letter? But... I am still a child.” Anna shook her head regretfully.

Shirley looked at Mag as her lips curled slightly, and revealed a mysterious smile. Shaking her head, she said, “I don’t like men, especially men who have facial hair.”

All the ladies started to wonder as soon as she said that, and began to move away from her.

Shirley glanced at the ladies, and lightly said, “I don’t like women, either.”

Everyone gave her a side glance. She didn’t like either men or women, so what did she like?

“Then, you like transvestites?” Amy asked curiously.

“Why would I?” Shirley almost choked as she stared at the innocent Amy. Looking at her, she was reminded of how she felt as she looked at Princess Irina in the past. She couldn’t get angry with her, so she could only sigh. “I only like myself. A person as beautiful as me most likely won’t fall in love with anyone else in this lifetime.”

“Chet!”

Everyone rolled their eyes. They had seen narcissistic people before, but none was as hopelessly narcissistic as her.

Judging from their behavior, Mag had basically ruled out everyone present as suspects.

...If it was indeed one of the ladies who did it, they didn’t have to leave it at the door. They could easily find an opportunity to slip it into his pocket. Wasn’t that even simpler and more straightforward?

In this case, the suspect was probably not within the restaurant.

Till now, Mag had already lost count on the people that had professed their love for him. There were over 100 of them who were women, and that was excluding the men...

Hence, this clue was useless.

Of course, Mag wasn’t really very curious about the person who wrote him the love letter. After all, if all the people who called him “hubby” in his previous life were to hold hands and stand together, they would be able to circle the Earth. He would die of exhaustion if he really wanted to care.

Furthermore, if the girl who wrote this love letter wasn't playing a prank, she would appear sooner or later.

He was right here. She wouldn't skip over him.

...

"Madam, you didn't sign your name on that love letter you wrote, how would he know it's you who wrote it? If he doesn't know, won't we be wasting our effort?" the black cat servant asked Camilla worriedly.

An evil smile appeared on Camilla's face as she licked her red lips. "Not letting him know who is my motive. I am going to mess with his heart with this letter. I want him to think that there's really someone close to him who likes him. This stinky man would definitely go and find who wrote him the love letter, maybe he would do something even more drastic. As long as he reveals his true colors to Miss Gloria, everything will be solved."

"You had said that you want to personally..."

"Ah. That would be too good for that stinky man. Furthermore, it's not time for me to get into the ring yet. I have plenty of methods to deal with this kind of stinky man," Camilla said with confidence.

...

"Gloria, do you like my Father?"

Gloria's expression changed and she began to stutter. "You... You knew? I... I only like him... secretly in my heart..."

Chapter 1046 That Old Dog Is So Terrifyingly Vicious!

"Huh?!!"

There was a sudden commotion in the restaurant.

Everyone looked at Gloria, who answered Amy's question in a fluster, in shock.

"No, Boss Mag is mine!"

The ladies were all nervous, but when they looked at Gloria's unparalleled beauty and elegance, they felt a little defeated.

No one knew which family this young mistress came from, but whether it was her looks or her charisma, she was indeed very compatible with Boss Mag. Even their height matched very well, making the others envious.

"Boss Mag is simply a goddess collector! That's too much!"

"Exactly. There are already so many beauties in this restaurant, but Boss Mag wouldn't even let a customer off!"

"What a monster!!!"

The men all looked angry and dejected.

“You like me?” Mag was also a little shocked. He felt a strange feeling inside when he saw Gloria who was blushing and looking down, afraid to even look at him.

Gloria was indeed a very beautiful woman. Her beauty could even be compared to Irina’s. She had a quiet and obedient demeanor, but made one unable to overlook her. She was meticulous, so people would feel comfortable interacting with her.

If it was in his previous life, she would be on the top of Mag’s list of people he was interested in.

However, he was no longer the playboy of the past. Now, he had Amy and also a legitimate wife—Irina.

Theirs was a very remarkable bond. He had only met Irina a few times, but they’d been through a life-and-death experience together.

That woman had a strong character, but would show her gentle side to Amy, and still left an unerasable mark in his heart.

He did not know if he had already fallen in love with her, and could not be certain if she would be the one for him in the future.

However, before bringing her back from the Wind Forest and allowing her to be really free, he probably would not consider dating another woman.

Otherwise, that would make him feel like scum.

Although he had never labeled himself as a good guy before, he really wanted to be a good father, one that Amy could be proud of.

“No!!! This can’t be! It’s not written like that in the script!!!”

Camilla’s face lost color. She gripped her chest in pain.

“This love letter seemed to have helped him...” The black cat servant swallowed hard, similarly dumbfounded. “If he agrees to it, what comes next will be the two willing parties holding hands as they walk down the aisle...”

“No! I will never let that happen!!!” A large black bludgeon appeared in Camilla’s hand as she stared furiously at Mag.

“Madam, don’t be rash! This is Chaos City. Besides, if you were to kill him in front of Young Mistress, she would definitely hate you for life.” The black cat quickly pulled Camilla back.

“Then am I to just watch them get together?!” Camilla stomped her foot angrily.

“Let’s watch for a while more...”

...

Gosh! What did I say! I actually said I like Mr. Mag?!

Gloria, who was blushing very badly, was at a loss for what to do. She had something on her mind when she came in, so when Amy asked her, what came out was a Freudian slip. She only wished to hide in a hole when she felt all those gazes on her.

Would Mr. Mag think that I am a weird person? He wouldn't dislike me, right? Would we not be able to even be friends anymore? She did not dare to look up at Mag, and her mind was in a mess full of worries. She was so anxious she was about to cry.

"It's okay, Big Sister Gloria. You are so good looking, so I won't find it hard to accept even if you want to be my mother," Amy consoled her.

"Wow, even Little Boss acknowledged her!!!"

There was an uproar at the entrance of the restaurant suddenly. Of course, there were also women shrieking.

Gloria blushed even more. However, this made her become a little hopeful. If Amy were to consent...

Just then, Mag took a step forward and asked the customers at the entrance, "Do all of you like me?"

"Boss Mag, we love you!"

"Boss Mag, I want to have your baby!"

The women shrieked and expressed their love passionately.

Among them were also some men, orcs, and demons.

"It seems like everyone really likes the food I make indeed. I like you guys too," Mag said with a smile. After that, he looked at Gloria, and said, "Gloria, do you still want tofu pudding today? You would order that every time you come. It seems like you really like it."

"Hm? Mm-hm." A hint of disappointment flashed past Gloria's eyes. However, she quickly nodded and wore a smile on her face again. She nodded at Mag, and said, "Yes, Mr. Mag's tofu pudding is irresistible."

"Thank you for the praise." Mag also nodded with a smile. That's great. Why do we have to make things so complicated? Even if they couldn't date, they could still continue to be friends.

"Hm? Has he lost his marbles?" Camilla, who almost rushed out with the bludgeon, paused in her steps and looked at Mag in shock.

"Exactly, it was such a good opportunity put right in front of him. All he had to do was nod, and everything would happen naturally, but he actually rejected it!" The black cat was also dumbfounded.

"It seems like I've underestimated him. With his intelligence, I'm afraid a normal method would not work. We have to use some unusual tactics." Camilla kept the bludgeon in her hand.

"Unusual tactics?"

"Yes." Camilla nodded and started to pull things out.

“Rope, whip, candle...” The black cat stood at the side, taking note of the various things Camilla pulled out.

...

On this day, an announcement published from the Roth Empire spread throughout the Norland Continent.

The announcement was very short, but its content caused a commotion.

General Alex was promoted to become the Roth Empire’s Grand Marshal!

This announcement was sent to the higher-ups of the various species at the fastest speed. At the same time, it had also made the headlines of various magazines and newspapers.

“Bullsh*t! They were the ones who almost killed Alex back then. Now that he’s back, how would he possibly risk his life for them again? Andre, that old dog, is so terrifyingly vicious!” the king of the dwarves said angrily as he threw the letter in his hand on the floor.

“Andre, that old dog, is scheming indeed. Even though he was uncertain if Alex would agree to it, by coming up with this before the negotiations, no one would ignore Alex’s existence.” The high priest of the goblins looked at the letter in his hand with a face full of worries.

“This stupid old fart and his wishful thinking.” Mag’s lips twitched as he looked at the headlines of the newspaper in his hand. After that, he casually threw it into the trash can.

Chapter 1047 I “m Not Going To Be The Grand Marshal! —Alex

When he first saw the news, Mag was indeed shocked.

The grand marshal of the Roth Empire is a very high rank. He is someone who can control the army of the Roth Empire. His status in the Roth Empire is only beneath the king’s, so his power and influence are far higher than the two princes’.

That was the reason why the position of the Roth Empire’s grand marshal had been empty for years. The king had been the one controlling the eight marshals, and thus the entire army, directly.

But right now, the king wanted to hand this powerful position over to Alex, which was a very strange move.

However, Mag was not an ignorant fool who just came to this world, after all. He could guess what the king of the Roth Empire was scheming.

So, even if Andre handed him the position of king right now to make him return to Rodu, he would not take it, either.

Although it had been ascertained that the assassination on that rainy night more than three years ago was a ploy set up by Josh, the orcs, and the elves, that place was Rodu, after all. With so many 10th-tier experts involved and the connection with the army completely cut, Mag thought that it would really be an insult to his IQ if he were to believe that Andre did not know about it at all.

Besides, the royal palace seemed to be involved in Sean's collusion with the demons to kill Irina at Rodu the last time.

Sean and Josh might be fighting their heads off onstage, but what Mag really cared about was the king who did not show any emotions.

That old man was very vicious.

The reason why he suddenly announced the offer to make him the grand marshal of the army at this timing was not difficult to guess if one put some thought into it.

In order to save Irina previously, he killed the creator of spatial magic, and publicly announced his comeback, causing an uproar once again.

The title "Number One Knight of the Norland Continent" was not just an empty name. It represented absolute power and full command in the army.

In two months, there would be a peace negotiation held in the Norland Continent.

If the negotiations could proceed on the negotiation table, he would become the Roth Empire's key bargaining chip.

And if the negotiations fell through, the war between the races would start again. When that happened, his existence would make them wary.

He would not even need to do anything. His name itself would suffice.

Judging from how much Sean and Josh hated him, they would never raise such a suggestion to the king.

That gave Mag a deeper insight into how crafty that old fox was.

Andre, who sat on the throne quietly for decades, was the real jackal who hid its teeth compared to his impatient sons.

That was a very good plan. According to his character, Alex would most likely silently agree to it on account of his affection for the Roth Empire.

But he was not Alex. He was Mag.

He would have to give those who made him unhappy their just desserts.

Mag threw the newspaper into the trash can and rushed into the kitchen.

"Gina, Firis, Anna, I'll head out for a while," he told the group as he pushed his bicycle out.

...

In a sealed meeting room in the city lord's castle, three figures sat relatively far away from each other at a round table. The lights were dim and their faces were solemn.

"It seems like King Andre does not intend to continue with the original peace agreement. Even if he doesn't start a war, he will most likely request to redraw the borders," Michael said seriously.

“It’s not just Andre. The demons, the orcs, the forest trolls, and the elves. All the races that had risen in strength in the recent century would all want to redraw the borders. Back then, it was the demons who were the most aggressive. They only backed down after Benson and the other 10th-tier experts were killed by Alex and Irina,” Lord Rolan of the Gray Temple said in a low tone.

“We’ve already expected this, but we just didn’t think that he would push Alex into the limelight. We were all still guessing if Alex would return to the Roth Empire. After all, the king and the royal family wouldn’t be able to shirk off all responsibility for what happened back then,” Novan said with a frown, looking worried.

Michael also frowned. “That would have to depend on Alex—if he is willing to return to the Roth Empire. Once he returns, the split in the Roth Empire’s army because of his sudden death back then will be erased, and it will become terrifyingly united. That is not good news for the other races.”

“Judging from Alex’s character, he will most probably not speak out about it. If it’s a silent consent, the other races will have to consider him as part of the Roth Empire’s army. If that’s the case, other than the giant dragon tribe, no other race is stronger than the Roth Empire, and they will have the upper hand in the peace negotiations in two months’ time. That will become a very unfavorable situation to us,” Rolan said.

“Exactly. Although Alex is just an individual, judging from how the situation is in Norland Continent now, he has become an individual that can upset the balance between the different races,” Novan lamented.

“The goblins and the dwarves had already come to a secret alliance with us. They are currently the two weakest races in the Norland Continent. If the peace negotiations are unable to go on smoothly this time, they will be forced to give up their land, or even be in danger of being attacked. The laying of the steam train tracks is in fast progress with the combined efforts of the three races, but it’s still unknown how much bargaining power it can bring us,” Michael said.

Rolan nodded, and solemnly said, “Chaos City’s stand is to work hard to keep all parties on the negotiation table. Once the negotiations fall through and war breaks out, Chaos City might be the prime target.”

“Then all we can do now is to wait for Alex’s response. I hope he won’t let us down this time,” Novan said with a smile.

...

The response the entire Norland Continent was waiting for came way quicker than expected.

“Howl!!!”

A loud sound echoed throughout the Dragon Islands and attracted all the attention of the giant dragons on the various islands.

“This familiar sound is?”

“It’s Alex’s mount! Alex has appeared!”

Very quickly, a commotion rose on the Dragon Islands.

The entire Norland Continent was waiting for Alex's response to the Roth King's command, but he ended up appearing in the Dragon Islands.

The purple-striped griffin glided across the Dragon Islands proudly and landed at the central island, Glass Dragon Island.

Alex, who was sitting on the griffin's back, held a sword in his hand as he carved out two rows of words on the Glass Dragon Pillar:

I'm not going to be the grand marshal!

I want this world to be peaceful!

—Alex

The great elder of the Glass Dragon Island only came running out angrily after that purple figure disappeared on the horizon, and pointed to the sky, scolding, "Alex, you f*cking carved words on my tribe's holy relic again! Don't run away if you have what it takes!!!"

"Great Elder, why didn't you stop him when he was still here? He's long gone now."

"Fool, if he wasn't long gone, would you dare to scold him?"

"I've always only listened to my heart..."

Chapter 1048 Kill Alex!

The Glass Dragon tribe was the number one dragon tribe on the Dragon Islands. Back then, when Alex first came to the Dragon Islands, he engaged in a huge battle with the great elder of the Glass Dragon tribe. After he won, he carved out the following words on the Glass Dragon Pillar:

Alex and Irina were here.

After many years, Alex came back to Glass Dragon Island and left word carvings on the Glass Dragon Pillar again.

However, this time, it was a public reply to Roth Empire's ground-shaking announcement.

Alex's response was simple yet extremely arrogant.

Very quickly, this response spread throughout the Norland Continent with lightning speed, causing a huge commotion.

...

"Hahaha, that's Alex for you. Andre, that old dog, must be looking very bad right now." In the dwarves' palace, the king of the dwarves laughed heartily as he looked at the news he just received.

...

The great magic caster trio of Chaos City gathered twice in a day.

"This was really a piece of unexpected but good news. It seems like we should get in contact with Alex. After all, we have the same goal," Michael said with a smile.

"I chased that fellow with a knife down 18 streets back then." Rolan smiled slightly.

"And a year later, he chased you with a knife down 36 streets," Novan said.

The meeting room echoed with laughter.

...

In a restaurant of Rodu in the Roth Empire.

"Have you heard, Alex said that he refused to be the empire's grand marshal!" a fatty said softly.

"I just wanted to talk about this. I have a friend from the Information Center, and according to the latest news, Alex went to Glass Dragon Island and left two rows of words on the Glass Dragon Pillar there. Guess what he wrote?" a skinny middle-aged man said secretively.

"What is it?" The people in the restaurants could not help but pause in their actions and listen intently when they heard him.

"I'm not going to be the grand marshal. I want this world to be peaceful." That man lowered his voice when he said that.

"Hiss..."

Suddenly, the entire restaurant was filled with the sound people taking a breath in.

When they heard that Master Alex was made the grand marshal, the entire Roth Empire was excited over the news.

Their god of battle would be back once again to protect the Roth Empire. It was such exciting news for many.

However, in just half a day, there was a piece of news spreading around Rodu that gave everyone a slap on their faces.

The so-called promotion was just wishful thinking on the king's part.

Alex had personally responded that he would reject the role of the grand marshal, without leaving any face for the king.

"Could it be possible that Master Alex is no longer protecting the Roth Empire?" Someone choked on his words as disappointment engulfed him.

Everyone present had a similar expression and emotions. Once, Alex, who had never lost a battle, was the pride of the Roth Empire. He was the reason why every human could walk in front of the other races with their heads held high.

But right now, they could not.

"Shh! Don't you want your lives? How dare you say things like that here! Several news agencies have already received the notice to never mention anything about this. Otherwise, they would all be caught and beheaded!" a middle-aged man wearing a long robe chided them softly.

"It's my fault. I just mentioned it casually. Don't take my word for it. I still have something at home. I'll be off first! The face of the middle-aged man who spoke previously changed drastically, and he scooted off with a random excuse.

The face of everyone else who heard that also changed. They quickly footed the bill and left, afraid of bringing trouble upon themselves.

Similar incidents kept happening in different parts of Rodu. Although not everyone knew the details, the news of Alex rejecting the role of grand marshal still spread quickly throughout Rodu and became an open secret.

In the palace, both princes, tens of military officials, and Richard, the president of the Magus Tower, stood solemnly.

The news that they received a few hours ago made all their faces black. No one would expect Alex's response to be so direct and resolute.

"Scum! This Alex dares to be so arrogant. He has no respect for Father at all, and made the Roth Empire a joke!" In the palace, Sean looked at the king and said without hiding his anger, "Father! I think that we should send out an order to kill Alex! That would be the only way to gain back some of the Roth Empire's pride."

However, he was secretly a little happy.

"Father, I agree with Brother on this. If we do not do something to punish Alex, the Roth Empire will not be able to hold its head up high in the meeting two months later," Josh also said solemnly.

The other military officials in the palace also showed their support for the two princes. They wanted Alex to pay the price to display their country's might.

The group became very passionate, and it seemed as though they only needed the king's order to bring back Alex's head.

"Your Highnesses and fellow officials, the general does make some sense. Alex's words dismissed His Majesty's orders and shamed the Roth Empire. It is indeed an unpardonable crime." An elderly official who was standing in the corner took a step forward, and coldly asked everyone, "However, if His Majesty really orders Alex to be killed, may I ask, who here will be able to kill him? Who will have the confidence to kill him before the negotiations in two months? How many top soldiers from the military and the Magus Tower will need to be sacrificed in order to kill him? May I ask if everyone has considered these issues?"

The moment the elderly official said that, everyone fell silent.

Many people wanted to kill Alex.

However, after so many years, other than that very meticulously planned assassination on that rainy night three years ago, no one had ever succeeded, yet the assassins and killers who died in his hands were countless.

Even that assassination three years ago required all the factors to be favorable. Moreover, in that situation where more than 10 10th-tier experts were mobilized and Alex's daughter was held hostage, he still did not die.

In that case, killing him would seem impossible since they did not even know what he looked like or where he was.

Even if they sent all the 10th-tier experts from the military and the Magus Tower, as long as they were unable to surround and corner him, those who found him first would only be killed.

Back then, Alex roamed the land, and everyone here did not have a very strong concept of how powerful he was.

Right now, he was on the empire's opposing side.

His might became the entire empire's headache.

The hall fell quiet. Even Sean and Josh were silent.

"Who said that I want to kill him? As long as he's still alive, the mark the Roth Empire has on him would never be erased. He will still be the guardian of the Roth Empire. Will he really be able to watch the Roth Empire fall?" Andre, who had not spoken all the while, said with a cold smile. However, there was a bit of murderous quality in that smile.

Chapter 1049 Irina: I Personally Take A Trip To Chaos City

At the border of the Wind Forest where the rebellion elves set up their temporary camp. An elf walked quickly into the largest tent, and when he saw Irina, who was looking at a map, he said with delight, "Your Highness, we have come to an agreement with the goblins. We were given permission to build our base at the crypt in the Geda Mountain area."

"Excellent." Irina turned around and nodded with a smile, saying, "We'll go according to the initial plan. Our people will move to the crypt in batches and form a new defense line based on the topography of the crypt."

"Yes." That elf nodded. He looked at Irina, and hesitantly said, "Your Highness, I heard a piece of news just now when I was in the goblins' area. You might be interested in it."

"What news?" Irina asked.

"This morning, the king of the Roth Empire made Alex the military's grand marshal."

"That must be a piece of fake news that the old dog released to give himself more bargaining chips for the meeting two months later." Irina scoffed. "A pity Alex is a fool. He would definitely stay quiet about this, and that old dog is certain of that."

"No, Master Alex responded." That elf shook his head.

"Responded?" Irina raised her tone a little. No one would understand Alex more than her in this world. How was it possible that he would give a response to something like this?

"He didn't agree to it, did he?" Irina was uncertain. She would not be too shocked if that happened.

That elf shook his head, and said with some admiration, “No, Master Alex rode the purple-striped griffin to Glass Dragon Island and wrote ‘I’m not going to be the grand marshal! I want this world to be peaceful!’ on the Glass Dragon Pillar.”

Irina’s mouth opened slightly. After the initial shock, she became even more surprised. Smiling, she said, “Has this fellow finally straightened out?”

That elf looked at the smile on Irina’s face which had been gone for a very long time and smiled. No one in the entire Norland Continent was unaware of the relationship between the princess and Master Alex.

She gave up her noble status, the chance for her freedom, and happily ever after with Alex to start this uprising for the elves living at the bottom of the hierarchy—the slaves. She was even willing to lead them into the dark crypt.

This sacrifice was the reason all the elves who left the Wind Forest were willing to follow her till their death.

“Hold on, I still have something for you,” Irina called the elf, who was about to leave quietly, back. She walked to the table quickly and swiftly wrote a letter. She folded it nicely and sealed it up before handing it to that elf with a smile as she said, “Send this letter to the owner of the Gray Temple in Chaos City. There are some things to be made known now.”

“Yes.” That elf held the letter tightly in his hands and turned to walk out.

However, just as he was about to step out of the tent, Irina suddenly called him back again.

“I think it’s better if I personally take a trip to Chaos City.”

...

The purple-striped griffin landed on the peak of a mountain. Mag stroked Ah Zi’s head and told it to return.

“Howl~”

Ah Zi used its head to rub against Mag’s hand reluctantly before it walked into a cave while turning its head back time and again.

That made Mag feel a little bad. “Ah Zi, I’ll bring some yummy food for you next time,” he shouted towards the cave.

“Howl...” Ah Zi peeked its head out and howled excitedly at Mag.

Mag smiled and descended the mountain. After that, he retrieved his bicycle and rode in the direction of Chaos City.

He had unleashed his oscar-level performance, portraying the arrogance and charisma of a 10th-tier expert to the extreme.

However, that was also because Alex had accumulated enough awe, so he could still fake it till he made it.

He was also very satisfied with those two lines that he came up with along the way.

The first line was to give Andre a slap in his face, and the next was to state his stand.

That thrill made him even more eager to regain Alex's powers.

Not long after he entered the city, Mag felt as though there was someone following him, and that made him very nervous.

Is it a stalker who is after my looks?

Mag frowned. He felt that things did not seem so simple.

However, on second thought, such perverts would usually set eyes on drag queens like Shirley. They would usually get even more excited the moment "she" took off "her" pants.

Could it be that I've blown my cover? Mag became even warier. Although he had always been very careful, and had never given himself away in front of living people, some people might link the time he left the city to what happened at the dragon tribe. Although it was almost impossible for people to make that connection, he could not help but think of the worst-case scenario just to play safe.

From the breathing, this person doesn't seem very powerful, but is very good at stealth. I guess I have to find a small alley to deal with him. Mag glanced back slightly and turned to ride into a small alley at the side.

Hm? Why isn't he going in the direction of the restaurant? A shadow appeared in a corner and disappeared quickly.

Mag could feel the breathing following behind him. The alley twisted and turned into a narrower lane, and the walls beside rose higher. He smiled.

This kind of place is best for sneaking an attack.

He was curious to find out who was stalking him.

The bicycle passed another alley, and was about to make a turn when suddenly, a huge bludgeon came smashing from that alley.

Mag, who was caught off-guard, thought of several ways he could avoid that bludgeon in an instant.

However, because he could even act, the bludgeon came smashing towards his face.

"Ha, you've finally landed in my hands." Before he fell unconscious, Mag heard that sentence and saw two long legs that came closer, as well as a pair of red...

"Madam, what should we do now? Should we find somewhere to bury him?" the black cat servant asked softly as he appeared on top of the wall of the alley, looking at Mag.

"No, there is such an obvious motive. It's easy to trace back to us. Besides, if I kill him, I won't get to taste delicious steak anymore." Camilla shook her head. She looked at Mag, who lay motionless on the ground and smiled sinisterly. "All we need to do is make him feel like a pervert through and through so that he would feel ashamed and that he is not fit for the pure and elegant Miss Gloria."

“Then... what should we do?”

“Drag him away. Let’s change the location. It’s not too good to do such things outside.” Camilla’s smile became increasingly seductive. She turned and sashayed away.

Chapter 1050 Look, This Is The Perfect Bondage

“Why isn’t Boss back? It’s almost time to start the business. What should we do? There are so many customers lining up outside.” Yabemiya kept looking out of the restaurant door.

“Where did Father say he went?” Amy stood at the door with Ugly Duckling in her arms, looking worried.

“Boss only said that he’s going out for a while and went out with his bicycle. He didn’t say where he was going.” Firis shook her head. They had no idea where Boss went too.

“Does Father not want me anymore?” Amy pouted her mouth in grievance. Her father had never left on his own without telling her like this.

“How could that be? Boss loves little Amy so much, how could he not want you? He must be held back by something on the way, so he can’t make it back in time,” Yabemiya said with a smile as she stroked Amy’s head.

“There’s still five minutes before business starts, but we’re not even a third complete with the preparation of the ingredients. We haven’t even made the food that needs to be prepared beforehand. Even if Boss returned now, it would still be too late,” Shirley said.

“Then what should we do? There are so many customers lining up outside. If we were to tell them that the Boss is not around and tell them to come back another time, would they wreck the restaurant?” Miya said worriedly.

Elizabeth swept a glance at the line, and calmly said, “That is not a concern. As long as the two great magic casters don’t take any action, the rest of them are not our match.”

“That would be very interesting,” Babla rubbed her hands together excitedly as she looked at the customers in the line.

Shirley looked at the long line and shook “her” head slightly. “It would affect the restaurant’s reputation if we were to suddenly cease operations for no reason without any prior notice. We have to come up with a plan.”

When the rest heard that, they all frowned and considered their options. Killing all the customers, giving everyone a copper coin, hypnotizing them to think that they had already eaten... After a series of strange thoughts, Firis finally carefully said, “Perhaps... I could make the beef kebab.”

Everyone looked at Firis with their eyes lit up.

“That’s right, Firis’s beef kebab is already as good as the one Boss makes. Why don’t we change our afternoon theme to beef kebab? That way, at least the customers in the line could still eat something,” Yabemiya said with delight.

Everyone agreed to Yabemiya's suggestion.

Very quickly, there was a new notice at the restaurant's door:

The boss went out and has yet to return. This afternoon will be a beef kebab special. Each customer is limited to two kebabs!

Once the notice was put out, there was a sudden commotion among the customers lining up.

"What's going on? Isn't a beef kebab special a bit too much?"

"Although the beef kebab is good, it's too much to limit each customer to just two. How is two enough?"

"But, if Boss Mag isn't around, who is making the beef kebab?"

...

Mag woke up and heard some ruffling sounds. He opened his eyes and happened to see a pair of fair, ferocious-looking breasts swaying left and right in front of him.

The headlights of this car keep swaying. Mag blinked, and when he got a clearer look, he saw a small black mole on the fair area, which made it a little sexier.

Judging from how much the headlights were swaying, that should be at least an E cup.

Also, it looked completely natural. Otherwise, it would not be swaying so naturally.

The memory of what happened before he lost consciousness surged into his mind. The small alley, the sudden bludgeon at the corner, and that was all.

F*ck! Was I kidnapped? Mag raised his brow. He looked up and saw that seductive, familiar face that was almost sticking to his face.

"Hm?! Countess Bartoli!"

Mag was surprised, but he was somehow expecting it. Ever since he came to this world, there were indeed few women he had seen with such large breasts. This vampire countess was one of them.

Besides, Mag knew what her motive was. It was probably related to Gloria's unexpected confession this morning.

He knew from a very long time ago that this countess was half a lesbian.

After all, she had warned him twice before.

What he did not expect was that he would actually be knocked unconscious and taken away by her.

If others were to find out that Alex, who had just created a sensation in the Dragon Islands and rejected the role of the Roth Empire's grand marshal, was knocked unconscious and then dragged into a small black room...

Mag shifted his gaze away from the swaying bosom, and finally noticed that he was lying on a bench with his hands over his head.

The countess's sexy and seductive legs were open and over him. Her tight black skirt made a beautiful curve at her perky bum. Her fair legs extended all the way to the split in her skirt, and he could faintly see some red.

She was blushing and her forehead was filled with perspiration. Her unfocused and enchanting eyes were even more enticing.

But, what was she doing?

Was she giving him some benefits?

Or was she trying to use him to correct her sexual orientation?

Mag was a little dumbfounded.

Although he was against it, his body was lying very obediently, and he even closed his eyes.

However, at this moment, Mag could also feel a smooth rope sliding up and down his wrist.

Is this some abduction play? Mag raised his brow.

However, after going around his hands several times, the rope quickly slid off. She did not manage to successfully tie the rope around his hands, and her awkward movement gave Mag the urge to help her.

"F*ck! Why is this high-grade rope so difficult to tie up? I've been on it for half an hour already! How infuriating!" Camilla's frustrated voice sounded, and she did not seem to have noticed that Mag had opened his eyes.

Mag lay on the bench quietly with his eyes closed as the awkward scene in the little black room continued. Camilla was lying on Mag as she continued attempting to tie his hands up.

Half an hour passed.

Mag could not help but open his eyes. He looked at Camilla, and said, "Do you need help?"

"Sure... Ah!" Camilla looked down at Mag, who had "woken up", and froze. After a while, she said, "When did you wake up?!"

"It had been quite a while," Mag replied truthfully. He glanced towards the side and noticed the candle and whip on the chair at the side. This was a familiar set...

"Hmph, how dare you play dead in front of me. It seems like I have to knock you out again." A black bludgeon appeared in Camilla's hand once again. She muttered, "No, this time, he has to be aware that he is a masochist!"

Mag calculated quickly inside. Camilla was a 9th-tier expert, while he was only at the peak of the 7th-tier. He would definitely not be able to out-fight her.

But this cycle of being knocked out was not a way out. He had no idea what time it even was.

Therefore, he lifted his hands and pointed at the thick red rope hanging loosely on his wrist, and smilingly said, "Countess, do you want to tie this rope? I'm good at it. I can teach you."

“You really know how to do it?” Camilla did not really buy it. However, she had been trying for a very long time without any success just now, and she was already on the verge of mental breakdown.

“Yes, it’s very simple, actually. I can show you.” Mag smiled. He got up and tied Camilla up quickly with the rope.

Five minutes later, Mag looked at Camilla, who was tied up with the red rope, and nodded his head with satisfaction.

“Look, this is the perfect bondage.”