

Stay At home 1101

Chapter 1101 Madam Countess, Do You Want To

"Father, what is that you're cooking in the pot? Is it a new dish?" Amy came back from school in the afternoon, and stood at the kitchen door, looking at the huge pot with a lid on it.

Firis and Anna were also watching Mag curiously. Mag had been cooking something in that pot with the lid on all morning. They had not even seen him open the lid.

"This is a pot of thick soup. It's used as the soup base for our new dish. As for the new dish, we will only be able to try it at night," Mag said with a smile.

'Buddha jumps over the wall' was a dish that involved complicated steps. Not one of the steps could be done haphazardly in order to make an authentic and delicious 'Buddha jumps over the wall'.

In addition, this was the system's improved recipe, and with the help of cutting-edge kitchenware technology, he was able to make the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' in a day. If it was under normal circumstances, he would never be able to make it without a few days of work.

"Is it made with the shark's fins you brought back yesterday?" Amy asked.

"Yes, but that's just one of the ingredients." Mag nodded. He looked at his watch, and turned the fire off. He opened the lid to take a look. The soup base was ready.

He took out the shark's lips and shark's lips that he roasted dry overnight, and put them in the steamer.

The ingredients had to be prepared individually.

After he was done with the ingredients, Mag turned back with a smile to ask Amy, "Did you learn any interesting spells from your teacher today?"

"Yes, yes, Master Urien taught me teleportation today." Amy nodded. She pulled her wand out and with a swing, it became a magic staff. After that, she drew a circle on the floor, and as an icy blue glow rose, a chilling sensation spread. The glow flashed, and Amy had already disappeared.

"Where did Amy go?" Anna blinked and looked at the remains of some ice shavings on the floor.

The icy blue light glowed on the same spot once again. When the light disappeared, Amy was standing in the same place with a music box in her hand. Smiling, she said, "Look, this way, I don't have to climb the stairs to go upstairs anymore."

"That's great."

The corner of Mag's lips twitched. He wondered: if Urien knew that she used the teleportation magic that he taught her just to go upstairs, what expression would he have?

"Amy is so impressive!" Anna exclaimed as she clapped.

"Miss Anna, let's learn how to dance. I saw a very interesting dance yesterday. Many hands can appear out of one person. It's really entertaining," Amy told Anna as she shook the music box in her hand.

“Really? I want to watch it too.” Anna’s eyes lit up. She dashed out of the kitchen, following behind Amy excitedly.

Miya and the rest did not have much to do currently, so they went over as well.

Amy’s music box had already become an important source of entertainment for everyone. The beautiful elf in the crystal ball seemed as though it would never tire as she danced to the beautiful singing.

Besides, what they cared about more was that Amy said that in another half a month, the restaurant would be celebrating an important festival named “New Year”. According to customs, there would be some performances, so everyone would naturally have to learn and practice.

“Thousand Hands Guanyin by a single person?” Mag glanced at the little elf that was performing. He raised his brow. This is only possible in the fantastical world. However, not everyone is capable of performing it too.

“Father, the soybean milk and youtiao this morning is very delicious. Amy wants more.” After playing for a while more, Amy rushed to the kitchen door and looked expectantly at Mag.

“If Amy wants more, I can make more for you tomorrow morning. You won’t be able to have it this afternoon, because there’s a lot of preparation to do,” Mag said with a smile.

“Alright, then Amy will wait till tomorrow morning.” Amy nodded. She pinched the chubby cheeks of Ugly Duckling, which also poked its head into the kitchen, and said, “Enough looking. You definitely have nothing to eat if I don’t have anything to eat.”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling meowed pitifully and shrank its head back.

“Alright. Let’s eat,” Mag said to the group of women who were gathered around the music box, watching the little person dancing as he brought out the last dish from the kitchen.

“Go wash your hands first,” Mag told Amy, who was about to sit on her chair.

“Okay~” Amy responded obediently. She brought her little stool from the side into the kitchen, and stepped on it so that she could reach the sink. She turned the tap on and started to wash her hands.

After everyone was seated, they started eating.

Amy looked at Mag just after she sat down at the table, and asked, “Father, I heard that the little friends I played with in the square have all moved. Can we go visit them to play?”

“Of course we can, but Amy has to learn magic in the morning, and Father has to cook in the restaurant at night, so we cannot make time to go. Why don’t we go over on our day off?” Mag thought for a while. It seemed like the foundation had acted fast. If the children were to be left outside in the cold winter, they might not be able to survive past the winter.

“Mm-hm. Okay.” Amy nodded. She picked up her chopsticks and put a piece of chicken in Mag’s bowl. “Father, thanks for your hard work. Have more chicken.”

“Amy also has to eat more fish. Fish will make you smart,” Mag said with a smile as he put a piece of spicy grilled fish in Amy’s bowl.

“That’s not true. The fishes that got caught are all stupid.” Amy looked at the grilled fish and shook her head seriously.

“???” Mag.

Amy picked up the fish and put it in her mouth. After she swallowed it, she smiled, and said, “But the stupid fish tastes good.”

“Then have more of it.” Mag put another big piece of fish in her bowl. He had no idea what he should say.

After lunch, the restaurant began its busy afternoon operation hours.

Because Firis might leave soon, Mag was also preparing to hire someone who was prepared to take up the heavy responsibility of preparing the ingredients.

Although Yabemiya’s knife skills were not bad, she was already very busy working at the restaurant and the ice cream shop, so he really could not bear to let her take up the role of preparing the ingredients.

As for the rest... he didn’t think they were suitable as of now.

After the busy afternoon hours, Mag shifted his lounge chair to the empty space at the restaurant’s door. He was preparing to take a nap under this winter sun.

However, just as he closed his eyes, a shadow loomed over him.

“Hm?” Mag opened his eyes and saw a round and huge headlight.

Hey? This looks a little familiar? Mag was stunned. He shifted his gaze up and saw Countess Camilla looking down at him with a smirk.

“Does it look good?”

“This sun is really round...” Mag replied casually.

“Hmph, then you’d better take another look, for you might not be able to see tomorrow’s sun,” Camilla said as she squinted her seductive eyes a little, and leaned closer to Mag as though she was going to pin him down on the lounge chair.

“How could that be? The sun rises every day. It just might not be as round as today’s,” Mag replied with a smile. He could sense what this countess came here for.

“Aren’t you afraid of death?”

“Death? Of course I am afraid of death, but do you dare to kill in broad daylight?” Mag pulled out a blue gemstone from his pocket with a smile. “I’ve retained whatever happened the other day in this gemstone as a memento. Would the countess like to take a look at it with me?”

Chapter 1102 I’ve Had A Change Of Mind

“W-what?!” Camilla’s face froze instantly. She looked at the blue gemstone in Mag’s hand. This was indeed a photostone. This fellow was actually shameless enough to record everything in this photostone!

Thinking back to her humiliating look as she could not hold back her moans under his whip...

The worst part was that in the end, she was sent flying into the wall by a woman who came from nowhere!

If something like this spread, her reputation as the Countess of Bartoli would be tarnished. How would it be possible for a beautiful young lady to fall in love with her in the future?

It would be terrible if Miss Gloria were to find out that she was likely a masochist!

“No! Something like this should never happen!” Camilla’s gaze turned cold. She stared at Mag’s neck with a murderous look in her eyes.

“This is not the only photostone I have. I have another one with a friend of mine. If I were to die, he would auction that photostone away. I think it would be able to fetch quite a good price.” Mag looked at Camilla with a smile. “Am I right, Madam Countess?”

Camilla resisted the urge to suck his blood dry. She had not thought this refined-looking fellow would actually be so sly!

“Humans are indeed the most despicable and shameless beings!” Camilla said coldly.

“All I want is to be safe. If you don’t resort to stalking, knocking me out, kidnapping me, and other tactics, I can guarantee that no one else will know about this photostone.” Mag spread his hands out and smiled innocently.

“You... You...” Camilla was shaking from anger, but she could not blow her top.

She was the high and mighty Countess of Bartoli, yet she was toyed with and threatened by a mere human chef. This was very unacceptable to her.

Mag watched at the bosom swaying with its owner and blinked. These suns were a little glaring.

“Mr. Mag, Countess Bartoli... What are the two of you doing?”

Just then, a shocked voice sounded behind them.

Gloria, who had just arrived at the restaurant and gotten off her horse-drawn carriage, was greeted with this scene. She covered her mouth with her hand.

Mag was lying on the lounge chair, while Camilla was almost completely on top of him, and their faces were not more than 10 centimeters away from each other.

Such a scene happening in broad daylight was a huge shock to her.

Camilla froze once again. Although she did not turn her head back, she could tell that the voice belonged to Gloria.

She glanced over, and her pale face flushed red instantly.

She had not thought that she would end up in such a shameless position with Mag because of her agitation.

What was worse was that Miss Gloria actually appeared at such timing!

A hint of hesitation flashed past Camilla's eyes when she saw the photostone in Mag's hand. If he were to pass this photostone to Miss Gloria, that would be akin to passing her the death sentence.

"Madam Countess, if you really want to be an employee in the restaurant, you don't have to do this. As long as you have the ability, I will welcome you in the restaurant," Mag said seriously with a sudden change of tone.

"???" Camilla.

"When did I say I want to be an employee? Besides, do I need to resort to seducing you just to be an employee? Shameless!!" Camilla glared at him wide-eyed, and could only wish that she could cut Mag's chest open with her nails, dig his heart out, and eat it whole.

"I've had a change of mind. If you want the photostones, then agree to my conditions," Mag said with a smile to Camilla with his voice suddenly lowered.

"Bastard! You actually want me, the countess, to be a service staff member!" Camilla only felt her anger rushing to the top of her head, but the thought of her humiliating appearance being publicly disclosed forced her to grit her teeth in submission. She stood up from Mag's body and glanced at him proudly. "It is your honor to have me come to your restaurant. You should be welcoming me with a bow."

So it's just about employment? Gloria watched the two of them converse in shock.

Maga ignored Camilla's attitude, and turned to look at Gloria as he said in shock, "Miss Gloria, what brings you here?"

Camilla also behaved as though she had just realized Gloria came, and adjusted her clothes lightly before smiling enchantingly, and saying, "Dear Miss Gloria, long time no see, how are you?"

"Hello, Madam Countess." Gloria curtseyed slightly, but there was a hint of wariness in her eyes when she looked at Camilla. Yesterday, her grandfather called her over, and told her to be careful of this countess and keep her distance. The weird happenings previously might be perpetrated by her.

When her gaze turned to Mr. Mag, there was more joy in it. She took a couple of steps forward with a smile, and said, "I have something important to discuss with you, Mr. Mag, that is why I came over so suddenly."

"Oh, it's alright. I have nothing at hand anyway." Madam sat up from the lounge chair, and glanced at Camilla with a smile as he said, "Madam Countess, do you mind?"

The difference in attitude from Gloria had already upset Camilla a little. Now that Mag appeared to want to make her look like the villain, she was even more unhappy, but she could not show it, so she nodded with a smile, and said, "Since Miss Gloria has something to talk to you about, I wouldn't mind, of course."

"Then please make a move," Mag said with a smile as well, pointing to the side.

"I..." Camilla gnashed her teeth together. When she saw Gloria turned her head over to look at her, she forced out a smile again. "Alright, have a nice chat."

After saying that, she sauntered off to the side to give Mag and Gloria some space.

I'm going to suck the blood out of this fellow one day! Camilla thought to herself and clenched her fists. She had never felt as oppressed as today!

"Miss Gloria, please take a seat here." Mag stood up and motioned Gloria to the seat at the side. He pulled the chair out for her, and sat down in the seat opposite her with a smile as he said, "I wonder what is it that you want to talk to me about?"

"Now that the Blue Suede is back on track, the profits of these two months had been calculated. Of them, 10% is your bonus. I've already changed it into Buffett Bank notes and brought it to you. It's a total of 530,000 copper coins." Gloria pulled out two bank notes from her little purse that she brought with her, and placed them on the table with a smile as she said, "I've promised to pass 10% of the Blue Suede's profit to Miss Luna to form a fund to help children in need, but I am not very acquainted with Miss Luna, so could you help me pass this sum to her?"

"The winter weather is very cold, and Blue Suede has prepared a batch of winter wear for children. I also hope that Miss Luna can help to give them out."

Chapter 1103 Take Off Your Clothes

As Mag listened to Gloria talk about the things she had done for the children, and saw the smile that came from within, he could not help but smile along with her. What a nice girl. She was able to take off her cloak and relive her life. How nice.

Meanwhile, Camilla was watching from not far away as she mumbled and pulled leaves out from branches. Once she saw Mag harboring any evil intentions, she would dash out to save the damsel in distress.

However, that fellow really concealed it too well in front of others!

Who would have thought that this refined-looking man would be capable of tying such a shameless knot in that small dark room, whipping her at her softest and most sensitive spots skillfully, and even laughing strangely with a red candle...

Besides, the scariest part was that he actually recorded all of that down with a photostone!

That was simply a wolf in sheep's clothing!!!

Camilla was howling inside. She could only wish to finish Mag off in a blow and save Gloria from that devil's clutches.

"I will pass the money to Teacher Luna, and I will also tell her about the winter wear. She knows stuff about the children very well, and has also put in a lot of effort for them, so she really is the best person to give the things out to them," Mag said with a smile.

"Thank you," Gloria said gratefully. She was afraid that she would be late in delivering the things, causing the children not to get their new cotton clothes even after winter passed.

“Right, how are the sales of the new winter wear?” Mag asked curiously. He gave Gloria a few down jacket designs, but he did not follow up with it. Today, seeing that she was still wearing a windbreaker, it seemed that she had not produced the down jackets yet.

“The sample is out. It’s very beautiful and very warm, but because we have to fill the jacket with down feathers, we need to buy a lot of down feathers and then refine them before using them. The first batch of 10 down jackets is currently in the midst of production. Subsequently, production should be able to speed up.” Gloria looked at Mag with admiration, and praised, “Mr. Mag, you’re really impressive. All the clothes you designed are all so beautiful.”

“Miss Gloria, you flatter me. It’s just a little hobby of mine.” Mag waved his hand. The design inventory he had gotten from the system was still enough to last him for a few years, so there was no problem at all with continuing the pretense.

“Shameless!!!”

The system’s furious voice rang in Mag’s head.

Gloria’s eyes sparkled as she thought to herself, This little hobby is enough to awe the top tailor. Mr. Mag might be a genius designer who was held back by cooking.

Mag chatted for a while more with Gloria before he started sounding her out about the Chamber of Commerce and Jeffree.

After going through so much, he was still filled with a lot of fight and faith in overthrowing the Chamber of Commerce’s rule over Aden Square. In no time at all, he would be able to pull Jeffree down from his position and get the Chamber of Commerce to abolish the racial discrimination against mixed-bloods.

That was the first thing he wanted to do as a father and as a business owner.

Gloria was not a scheming person, so she answered all of Mag’s questions truthfully.

However, it was a pity that she did not know a lot about those things, so she could not provide Mag with any useful information.

“In another half a month, the Chamber of Commerce will be holding their year-end celebration. Would Mr. Mag, little Amy, and the other ladies in the restaurant be willing to grace the event with your presence?” Gloria asked with a smile.

“Year-end celebration? I am not a member of the Chamber of Commerce.” Mag shook his head. He only went the last time because he was invited by Miss Scheer, but this time, he did not receive any invitation.

“I am one of the board members of the Chamber of Commerce. If you’re willing to attend, you can enter with my gold card.” Gloria pulled out a gold card and passed it to Mag.

“This...” Mag looked at the gold card and hesitated for a while before accepting it. He nodded with a smile, and said, “Alright, then I’ll have to thank Miss Gloria.”

“You’re welcome.” Gloria blushed for some reason before she bade her farewell.

Mag held the gold card in his hand and thought to himself, If it's the year-end celebration, that would mean that the first presidential election is about to start, right? I wonder if Miss Scheer is ready to challenge Jeffree.

Camilla appeared at the table and sat in Gloria's seat as she disdainfully said, "Do you think you're caressing Miss Gloria's body by fiddling with the card that still has the remnants of her warmth and scent? Pervert!"

Madam kept the card and leaned back into the chair comfortably with a smile as he countered, "Do you think that you're already grinding on top of Miss Gloria by sitting on the seat that still has the remnants of her warmth and scent, Madam Masochist Countess?"

Camilla froze once again. How could he expose her deepest thoughts so easily?

"Let me repeat myself, I am a sadist, not a masochist!" Camilla said seriously.

Mag knew when to stop. He changed the topic of the conversation. "I wonder if Madam Countess has already considered joining our restaurant as an employee? All I need is a year, and you can take that photostone back. I will also promise to keep my mouth shut, and won't let a third person know about it."

"A year!" The pitch of Camilla's voice became higher.

"Yes. But you don't have to worry. I will still give you your salary, and you will still enjoy the same benefits as the other service staff." Mag nodded. He took out the photostone again and started fiddling with it.

"How do I know if you're not lying to me? You didn't have any photostone with you that day," Camilla said as she watched the photostone in his hand.

"Then see for yourself." Mag tossed the photostone over casually.

Camilla caught the photostone and glanced at Mag before focusing her attention on the photostone.

"Ah... harder... harder... smack, smack, smack..."

The wanton image and sound made Camilla's face redden in an instant.

"Scoundrel! Shameless! Pervert! Sadist!!!" Camilla threw the photostone back to Mag furiously.

"You're the one who prepared everything. I only did this out of self-defense." Mag shrugged innocently.

"I..." Camilla opened her mouth, but could not say anything to retort.

She suddenly found this photostone a little familiar. It seemed to be the one she'd brought out that day so that she could hand it to Miss Gloria as proof that Mag was a pervert.

Mag stood up, and told Camilla, "Alright, take off your clothes. I want to start the interview officially."

Chapter 1104 Is This Nine Yin Skeleton Claw?

"Take... Take my clothes off?" Camilla glared at Mag with disbelief. This fellow actually wanted her to take her clothes off in broad daylight?

Wasn't this request a little too... exhilarating?

"Oh, apologies, what I meant was your cape. I need to test if you are able to take up the role, so I need you to enter the kitchen. It wouldn't be too convenient with your cape on." Mag pointed at Camilla's cape.

"Hmph." Camilla snorted coldly. She moved her finger, and the cape resting on her shoulder slid down and hung nicely on a chair. However, she felt an inexplicable sense of disappointment.

"Come on in." Mag walked towards the restaurant and held the door for Camilla.

In the kitchen, Firis was practicing making fried rice seriously.

Mag walked to the entrance of the kitchen, watched Firis who was tossing the fried rice in the wok skillfully, and nodded with satisfaction.

This lady was really very talented. If it was not because Irina needed someone hardworking like her at her side, he would definitely not let her go.

"I didn't think an elf can make cooking look so good." Camilla could not help but sigh when she arrived at the kitchen door as well.

Firis only saw them at the kitchen door when she had plated the fried rice.

"Boss." Firis nodded slightly at Mag. Her gaze stopped at Camilla's chest for a while, and she felt a sudden sense of defeat.

Why is it that any random woman around Mr. Mag has such assets?

That must be it, he must like big breasts.

"Firis, well done." Mag walked into the kitchen with a smile, and said, "Can I try it?"

"Of course." Firis quickly nodded. She passed Mag a clean spoon as she watched expectantly.

Mr. Mag said that once she mastered the Yangzhou fried rice and braised chicken and rice, she would be able to return to the princess's side to help her.

Mag scooped a spoonful of fried rice and put it into his mouth. It was just normal rice cooked with normal ingredients, but an indescribable tastiness exploded in his mouth.

After chewing carefully, he felt the harmonious blend of the various ingredients in his mouth, and he showed a satisfied expression.

Firis did not have the ingredients provided by the system, and even made some adjustments to Mag's original recipe, changing the ingredients to those that could be easily obtained in the Wind Forest.

The situation at the Wind Forest was already like they were at war. It was already difficult for the warriors at the frontline to have a full meal, much less have any expectations for the ingredients.

However, even with the change of ingredients, the fried rice that Firis made was still delicious.

“Very good.” Mag opened his eyes. He looked at the nervous Firis and gave her a thumbs up. After that, he said, “You don’t have to carry on practicing the fried rice. I’ll teach you how to make the braised chicken and rice later.”

“Re-really?” Firis was elated, but she was still in a little disbelief.

“Of course.” Mag nodded. He turned around and introduced Camilla, who was left at the kitchen door. “This is the Countess of Bartoli. Since you’re about to leave, I’ve decided to hire an employee who would be in charge of preparing the ingredients, and she happened to volunteer herself. However, I still have to assess her abilities first.”

“Hello.” Firis nodded slightly at Camilla. She was a little shocked. She had heard the princess mention this Countess of Bartoli before. She should be a vampire, and it seemed that she was also teased by the princess in the past.

Camilla retracted her murderous look directed at Mag as she looked at Firis, and calmly said, “Hello.”

She did not really like elves. Back in the day, Irina had humiliated the vampires time and again, even...

Those were bad memories for her, so she could not bring herself to like elves, and would constantly be cautious of them.

“Madam Countess, come on in,” Mag told Camilla as he pulled out a round and thick cucumber from the side.

Camilla looked at the cucumber in Mag’s hand, and could not help but swallow as she warily said, “W-what do you want?!”

“I need to assess your cutting skills and your talent.” Mag put the cucumber on a chopping board and took a Chinese cleaver. He cut the cucumber in half, and then started slicing. Soon, the cucumber was sliced into long strips as thin as toothpicks and placed neatly on the chopping board.

“It’s your turn.” Mag turned his wrist and passed the cleaver to Camilla.

“What’s so difficult about that.” Camilla smirked. She took the cleaver and started cutting the other half of the cucumber.

“Ouch!”

“Blood!!!”

Mag looked at the intact cucumber and then at Camilla, who was pinching her long, clean finger, and his eyelid twitched. It seemed like he had gotten the wrong person. This countess did not seem like someone who could cut a cucumber up properly.

“This stupid cucumber hurt me!” Camilla glared at the cucumber on the chopping board furiously.

“It’s just a small cut. It will heal without you even realizing.” Mag controlled his urge to roll his eyes, and said with a sigh, “Forget it, it seems like you’re not able to take on the role to work in the kitchen. I take back my words. You can’t be the restaurant’s new employee.”

This fellow is looking for an excuse to keep that photostone! No way am I going to let that happen! The countess looked at Mag a little worriedly, but still kept her arrogant expression as she coldly said, "It's just a cucumber. I can cut it as thin as hair."

She lifted her right hand, and five sharp nails emerged from her fingers, looking like five sharp knives. She started scratching frantically at the cucumber, and once she stopped, the half-cucumber on the chopping board was reduced to a pile of thin hair-like shreds.

Mag picked up a strand of cucumber. Even he could not help but be in awe at such skills.

Is this the Nine Yin Skeleton Claw? Mag put the strand of cucumber down. He had nothing to say about her cutting skills, but the thought that it was scratched out with her claws made him feel weird. In any case, he could not accept a dish that was made this way.

Camilla pulled out a nail filer, and started filing her nails as she proudly said, "Heh, I cut it thinner than you. Are you satisfied now?"

Mag shook his head. "It does not meet the restaurant's hygiene requirements if you use your claws. If you can turn your claws into knives of equal size, and then maintain the same level of cutting skills, you will be recruited."

"Hmph, that's a piece of cake. I can do that easily." Camilla put four small knives between her fingers, and then cut a cucumber up into round slices of varying thicknesses.

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Chapter 1105 Being Able To Meet You Is My Greatest Fortune, Mr. Mag

Mag caught a piece of cucumber that rolled out of the cutting board, and popped it into his mouth. He chewed on the crispy cucumber, smiled, and said to the embarrassed Camilla, "Congratulations, you are recruited. If nothing unusual happens, you can come over to familiarize yourself with the job tomorrow morning. Firis will tell you about your job scope." Camilla, who was still trying to diffuse the awkwardness, was taken aback. She said to Mag, "Didn't you say claws are not allowed?"

"I have already thought of a solution. I will explain it to you when you come over tomorrow," Mag replied calmly.

"Come over here. I have something to say to you in private." Camilla turned and walked out of the kitchen.

"Give me a minute," Mag said to Firis before following Camilla to a place near the door.

"Even though I am coerced by you and your despicable means to complete certain tasks, me working in your restaurant as a service staff member cannot be known to others. Otherwise, my reputation will be seriously damaged," Camilla said seriously.

Mag nodded in agreement. "Ingredient preparation can be done and completed before the restaurant opens for business. If you do not wish for others to know about this, you can leave after you complete your job. Then, the customers won't know you are an employee of the restaurant."

“Let’s agree that it’s only for a year. If you dare to scheme against me when the time’s up, I will not let you off easily,” Camilla said, clenching her fists.

“Don’t worry. I am a man of his word. As long as you work seriously and are obedient this year, I will return you all the Photostones.” Mag nodded.

“Hmph.” Camilla huffed coldly before she turned to leave.

“Wait a sec, let me pass you the chef’s uniform.” Mag went behind the counter, took out a female chef’s uniform, and passed it to Camilla right away.

“You are letting me, a countess, wear such a thing?” Camilla glared at the chef’s uniform in Mag’s hands with a hint of fury in her eyes.

“This is a work uniform. Cooks have to make sure that the food they prepare for their customers is clean and hygienic. The dress you are wearing and the loose hair are obviously not up to standards.” Mag looked at her big, wavy hair. If a strand fell into the ingredients, it would be a disaster.

Camilla hesitated for a moment before accepting the chef’s uniform.

“Oh, yes. Since you are going to be part of the restaurant’s staff, it’s not convenient to address you ‘countess’. I will call you Camilla.” Mag paused for a moment before smiling. “You can call me Boss.”

How dare this chap address me by my name! Flames of fury danced in Camilla’s eyes as she said with clenched teeth, “Mag!!”

“Alright. You may call me whatever you want.” Mag shrugged nonchalantly. Anyway, he didn’t care about that.

Camilla grabbed the clothes and left in a huff. This was a hellhole, and she couldn’t bear to stay a second longer.

The black cat servant came forward, and cautiously asked a seemingly furious Camilla, “Madam, are you alright? Your expression doesn’t look too good. What is it you are holding in your hands?”

“Piss off!”

Camilla rubbed the chef’s uniform in her hands on the black cat’s face before transforming into a black shadow and disappeared.

“Is this a chef’s uniform? Why is Madam holding a chef’s uniform?” Caesar stared at the clothes confusedly, but it quickly transformed into a black light and followed Camilla.

...

After Camilla left, Mag began to teach Firis how to make braised chicken and rice.

This dish was actually much easier than Yangzhou fried rice. One only had to put the ingredients into the pot according to the sequence, and then get them out at the right timing.

Firis was a quick learner, so Mag had an easy time teaching her, and soon completed his tutorial.

Mag washed his hands and prepared to leave.

“Mr. Mag, do you think Her Highness can succeed?” Firis suddenly asked from behind.

“She can. She definitely can.” Mag turned to look at her and nodded with conviction.

Firis’s nervous expression relaxed instantly. She sniffled, and said, “Thank you.”

“I am going out now. Please continue,” Mag replied smilingly as he walked outward with his bicycle.

...

He rode his bicycle to Chaos School. Today was the students’ day off, so the guard allowed Mag to ride the bicycle into the school.

When Mag rode to the female teachers’ dormitory, Luna happened to walk out with a stack of students’ workbooks. Slightly taken aback, she asked, “What are you doing here, Mr. Mag?”

“Teacher Luna, I came here to look for you. I didn’t expect to already bump into you,” Mag said with a smile.

“Why are you looking for me?” Luna looked at Mag perplexedly.

“It’s about the foundation. Miss Gloria came to look for me earlier about Blue Suede Fashion’s donations and the children’s winter jackets.”

“Let’s take a seat at the pavilion for a while.” Luna led Mag to a pavilion at a side.

“Miss Gloria had promised earlier to donate 10% of Blue Suede Fashion’s profits...”

Mag repeated to Luna what Gloria told him in that afternoon, and passed the two money checks to Luna.

“Here are two money checks. One is from Miss Gloria. The other one is my little token for the children,” Mag said smilingly.

Mag could be considered to have some considerable assets now, so he donated his 10% of the profits that Gloria gave him today too.

“Mr Mag, your ice cream shop has already given plenty of help to the foundation. This money...” Luna said with hesitation.

Mag shook his head, and smilingly said, “The children still need to go to school and eat. There are plenty of things you need to spend money on. Please keep this for the foundation, Teacher Luna. It was because of you that Amy didn’t go hungry then. Now, we are able to help even more children.”

Luna looked at Mag’s gentle eyes, and her heart softened too. She smiled and nodded. “Yes. Now the children can fill their stomach every day, and no longer need to beg on the streets and rummage through things to look for food. Now, there are smiles on their faces, just like normal children.”

“The children should attend school after the winter. I wonder if the school buildings are ready?” Mag asked.

Luna nodded. "The school buildings that are prepared for the children are all built. The construction team sent by the city lord's castle was very efficient. The recruitment and training of new teachers are in progress too. We are sure that the children can start school in the next term."

Mag nodded, and said with heartfelt feelings, "They have food, shelter, and education now. Being able to meet you is these children's greatest fortune."

Luna gazed at Mag, and seriously said, "Being able to meet you is my greatest fortune, Mr. Mag."

Thank you for reading on myboxnovel.com

Chapter 1106 Hey, Let's Talk Things Ou

The capital of Lantide, Ivo City, was surrounded by a circle of metallic balls, just as if it was wearing a necklace.

Apart from a few strongholds, all the merfolk had retreated into Ivo City as they awaited the attack from the most intense Nether Whirlwinds ever.

However, this time, Lantide was no longer defending passively. Instead, they were proactively on the offense.

At the northwestern border, at a location near to the cursed seal. A merman gazed at the huge swirl of yellow sand afar, and let out a shrill warning conch horn.

A squad of 100 mermen wearing bright clothes went up to provoke the opponent, and successfully pissed off the first group of Nether Sharks. They began to lead the 100-odd Nether Sharks into a mad rush mode.

The chase didn't go on for long. The merfolk disappeared entirely after they dashed into a narrow canyon, and the 100-odd Nether Sharks also dashed in after them.

Numerous ultrasonic balls sealed up the two sides and the top of the canyon. The Nether Sharks stirred up their whirlwinds, and began to crash back and forth in the canyon frantically.

A metallic ball appeared in the midst of the Nether Sharks, and a glaring silver light flashed. The crazy whirlwinds of Nether Sharks within the one kilometer disappeared instantly as if they were disarmed instantly.

A squad of mermen descended from above with shiny weapons in their hands, and brandished them toward the vortexes at the top of the Nether Sharks' heads.

This was an intense close combat. The Nether Sharks which lost their whirlwinds defense and space to maneuver were at a disadvantage for the very first time in their fight with the merfolk.

Similar incidents were taking place in different parts of the canyon again and again.

The merfolk held onto the amazing machine bestowed by God and disarmed the Nether Sharks' whirlwinds easily, and then began their attacks on the Nether Sharks' weak points to kill or subdue them!

...

A general strode into a great hall quickly, and agitatedly said, “Your Majesty, we have reports from the front. The third batch of attacking Nether Sharks has been completely annihilated!”

Smiles appeared on the faces of both the king on the throne and the high priest standing in the great hall.

“Yes!”

“The amazing machines bestowed by God are indeed extraordinary.”

All the merfolk in the great hall looked ecstatic too. They had never heard of this kind of battle report before in the past 1000 years.

The king glanced at the high priest before loudly saying to that general, “Relay my orders. From the next batch of Nether Sharks onward, there’s no need to kill them all. Select suitable Nether Sharks and capture them. Let’s start to build the Nether Shark demersal fishing grounds!”

“Yes!” that general acknowledged, and strode out.

“Wait a minute. Have them collect all the Nether Sharks’ fins and lips. That Lord has important uses for them,” the high priest said.

“Yes!”

...

After Mag returned from the Chaos School, he dived straight into the kitchen for the last and most important procedure to complete ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’.

He took a Shaoxing Wine urn, placed the 30-plus processed ingredients in the urn according to their sequence, and then poured in the soup stock that he had prepared in advance. Finally, he used lotus leaves to seal the opening carefully before putting a little bowl upside down over it like a lid.

He placed the wine urn over the stove with burning fruit-tree-wood-charcoal and simmered it.

“Boss, what is this?” Firis was astounded as she looked on from the side. Mag added so many ingredients into that big urn, so what mysterious food was he trying to concoct? Mag had spent an entire day on making this dish.

“You will find out soon,” Mag said smilingly as he looked at that big wine urn that was as tall as a man’s waist with anticipation too.

This was a high-end dish according to the System, but he wanted to see how high-end it was.

However, in all seriousness, the ingredients of this ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ were indeed very high-end. Even taking away those premium-grade sea cucumbers and abalones, just the supply chain of the Nether Shark’s lips and fins was undertaken by the entire Lantisde, and millions were spent to build the fishing ground.

The cost to make a pot of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was 20,000 copper coins excluding the shark's lips and fins. Because Mag had built the supply chain himself, it wasn't included in the system's listed costs.

Adding another 10,000 copper coins to the cost should be rather reasonable, right? Mag thought. An urnful of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' like this could last 30 people. 10,000 copper coins for a helping. Even just selling one urnful a day could earn a profit of 270,000.

Mag was actually rather worried about the sales of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' that cost 10,000 a helping.

After all, up till now, the most expensive item in the restaurant was the huge portion of the spicy grilled fish that cost 2,500 a helping.

A dish that cost 10,000 copper coins a helping. Let alone in Chaos City, one wouldn't find it even in Rodu.

"With such ingredients, even if it was cooked without care, it would be the tonic among the tonics," Mag convinced himself easily. The ingredients that he used could be sold at a high price individually.

This urn of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' would have 20-plus helpings left after they tasted it first. So, he intended to introduce this new item to test the market's response.

...

On the second floor of the magic potion shop next door, Amy ran up the stairs with an empty bird cage to Urien who was writing in front of his study desk. She said, "Master Urien, I just used a teleportation spell on Black Coal, but I don't know where I have sent it to. Can you guys help me find it back?"

"In the chimney," Urien said without even lifting his head.

"Oh! So there's where it has gone. No wonder I couldn't find it anywhere." Amy's eyes lit up before she went downstairs to stick her head into the fireplace to have a look.

"It's so dark here. I can't see anything. I guess I will light up a fire."

"Whew~"

The fire lit up the interior of the fireplace, bringing forth a warm light and also heat.

"Ah!!! My new clothes!!!"

A shrill scream sounded in the chimney, and a charred crow fell out. Its whole body was smoking, and the feathers that had just grown out were all burned away. Black Coal lowered its head to have a look before it fainted.

"Poor Black Coal. Is it dead?" Amy reached in to pull Black Coal out. There was a whiff of barbecued meat aroma in the air. She sniffed and her eyes lit up. "This smells quite good. Grill it for a while longer and scatter some pepper and cumin over it, and it should be good to eat."

"Are you the devil!?"

Black Coal opened its eyes instantly and flapped its bare wings. It tried its best to fly to a shelf and stared at Amy with fright. It was sure that Amy would have barbecued and eaten it if it had woken up a bit later.

“It’s great. I thought you were dead, Black Coal.”

“Then why do you look so disappointed?”

“Do I? I’m quite happy.”

“Hey, let’s talk things out. Can you put down your magic staff first? I... I’m a little scared...”

“Don’t worry. It will be over soon.” A smile appeared on Amy’s face as she walked over to Black Coal on the shelf with the magic staff in her hands.

Right at this time, Xixi approached from the side, and smilingly asked, “Amy, didn’t you say it’s Miya’s birthday today? Do you want to prepare a present together with me?”

Chapter 1107 Monk Jumps Over The Wall!

Most of the prison structures of the Bastie Prison were built underground.

However, very few people knew that the prison cells with the maximum level of security in Bastie Prison weren’t at the 100th level below ground; instead, they were at the seven levels right in the middle.

There was only one cell for every level for these seven levels of prison.

Layers of magical restraints and hard rock and steel that were tens of meters thick formed the most impenetrable prison cells on Norland Continent.

Those who were imprisoned in these seven layers were all powerhouses that had once terrorized a part of this world.

Most of them had been imprisoned here 100 years ago. They were labelled as war criminals prior to being imprisoned.

The 50th level, the fourth level of the middle seven levels. A middle-aged prison guard with a beer belly and a young prison guard in his twenties were patrolling in the walkway.

They soon got bored after walking back and forth in a 10 meters long walkway.

“Chief, who is being held in there? Why do we need so many restraints? And the warden still has to come here to patrol once a day himself?” the young prison guard asked the middle-aged prison guard curiously.

The thick iron door was tightly shut, so there was no way to see what was inside the cell.

Even the handling of food was done by a small teleportation portal.

As a newbie that was recently assigned to the Bastie Prison, he was very interested in the individuals that he was watching over.

Of course, most importantly, he wanted to listen to the legends of the ruthless men so he could endure these boring times.

The middle-aged prison guard was bored too. The experienced prison guards were already sick of these stories; only the newbies would want to hear about these stories. He mysteriously said, "The man that was remanded in our prison was a notorious ruthless man on Norland Continent—Rex. You may be unfamiliar with this name, but you must have heard about the Hairless Monk?"

"Hairless Monk! Is it the Hairless Monk that massacred an entire human town and a whole demon tribe?!" The young prison guard's eyes widened immediately in disbelief.

"Yup, that's him." The middle-aged prison guard was obviously very satisfied with the young guard's reaction as he continued, "This Hairless Monk is a half-demon. It was said that his mother gave birth to him after she was violated by a demon. She was beaten to death because she gave birth to a half-demon. He barely survived, and he hated both humans and demons from then on.

"He began to grow up, and his power got stronger too. He wandered around on the continent, and his behavior was controversial. Finally, his power grew to the point that he was able to annihilate the demon tribe of the man that once violated his mother. He went to look for them without any hesitation, and annihilated the entire tribe of his father.

"Then, he returned to his mother's tribe, and massacred the whole town without sparing even a child. From then on, he was known as the Hairless Monk and/or the Lawless Monk. The deeds he had done..."

The middle-aged prison guard was having a good time talking about the stories, and the young prison guard was listening engrossingly. Although this Hairless Monk was ruthless, he was a straightforward person. However, he had involved too many innocent people in the process.

At the end of the racial wars then, he faced four 10th-tier powerhouses alone, and he killed one. He was captured after he was wounded, and was locked up here since then. It was almost 100 years ago.

The young prison guard was a little scared after hearing that. He softly asked, "Boss, if this Hairless Monk is so powerful, can our cell hold up? Would he..."

"There's nothing to worry about. After 100 years of imprisonment, his health is already declining. It is already a miracle that he could survive until now. He wouldn't have the strength to force his way out of the cell. Furthermore, our cell is impenetrable. There are a total of seven iron doors, which get thicker and thicker. There are also all sorts of magical restraints which the Hairless Monk at his peak couldn't even get out, let alone now—"

Bam!

A thick iron door was smashed against the wall. There was a huge dent in the wall, and the iron door became a piece of metal scrap. There was a clear footprint with six thumbs in the very center of the door.

The alarm went off loudly in that instant.

The two prison guards' voices faltered as they glared at the hole where the door was before with their mouths wide open.

A strapping bald guy with dark brown skin who looked like a middle-aged man walked out from the walkway slowly.

He glanced at the two prison guards standing against the wall with shaking legs, and turned to walk down the other walkway. He lifted his leg and kicked away the walkway's door that was covered with magical restraints and over one meter thick. He looked around as he murmured, "What exactly was that smell?"

Then, he disappeared at the walkway's corner.

"Just... Just now, that... that..." The prison guard's voice was quivering.

"1st-tier event! The Hairless Monk has broken out of prison! The Hairless Monk has broken out of prison!!!" The middle-aged prison guard grabbed the communication on his chest and hissed into it.

...

"Wah!"

"Smells so good!"

At the kitchen's entrance, the ladies were staring at the wine urn which just had the lotus leaves removed from its opening. A mesmerizing aroma gushed out from it and seeped into their hearts, making their eyes lit up.

"Father, is this the new dish you made? It is fantastic!" Amy's eyes were closed, and she licked her lips with her tiny pink tongue as she stared at that wine urn.

Seafood, meat, mushrooms... It obviously is a messy stew, yet the aroma is so enticing. After taking a deeper sniff, the distinct levels of smell are mesmerizing. Boss is really too formidable! Yabemiya looked at Mag with admiration.

Indeed, only a 'Buddha jumps over the wall' like this deserves to be called this name. Mag took a deeper sniff, and there was a satisfied smile on his face too.

This was millions times more delicious than the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' he had eaten in the past.

Mag didn't let the System isolate the smell this time. Instead, he let the smell go out as it was.

Just as the customers lining up outside were curious what kind of dish 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was, a tempting smell suddenly came out of the restaurant.

"What is this? Smells so good!!!"

This special aroma caught all the customers' attention immediately. Everyone was looking toward the restaurant with their necks outstretched, and began to swallow their saliva.

"According to my experience after trying out all the dishes on the menu, this aroma doesn't belong to any of the delicacies on the menu. It is very likely the item that is going to be introduced today: 'Buddha jumps over the wall'!" Harrison said confidently, rubbing his chin.

“Boss Mag is so bad. There is another 30 minutes before the restaurant opens, and he released the aroma to tempt us... This is simply too much!!!”

“Yes. It is still fine if the aroma is normal, but this smell... growl... Isn't it killing me!”

The customers began to grumble as they patted their tummies with discontent and expectations.

“Bam!”

Right at this moment, a figure descended from the sky and crash-landed in front of the restaurant. The stone which he landed on shattered instantly, and cracks radiated outward on the ground like a spider web.

The exterior of the restaurant fell into a silence instantly. Everyone looked at the bald guy that descended from the sky in a daze.

This chap seemed to have just escaped from the Bastie Prison?

“It's here.” That bald man raised his head to look at the restaurant with narrowed eyes. He took two steps forward and lifted his right leg again.

Chapter 1108 If You Stop Me, I Will Kill You!

The bald man who had just escaped from the Bastie Prison lifted his leg to kick at Mamy Restaurant's door as soon as he landed without any explanations. He shocked the customers lining up outside into a daze. The alarm at Bastie Prison was already sounded. Being only a wall away, its sound was especially shrill.

Everyone was guessing what kind of ruthless man he was that he was able to escape from the Bastie Prison.

Additionally, the way he kicked at the door straight away made the crowd's already nervous hearts go right up to their throats. Did this bald fugitive have enmity with Boss Mag?

Sargerass, who was holding his folding chair, had already stood out from the line. The Burning Legion was following right after him.

The knights in the line were already grabbing the longswords at their waists, and the magic casters were taking out their wands.

No matter who this guy was, if he wanted to destroy Mamy Restaurant or Boss Mag, he would be desecrating the holy land in their hearts.

A thin layer of blue ice appeared in front of the wooden door.

The kick from that bald guy landed on that layer of thin ice.

The one meter thick iron door full of magical restraints was already thrashed by a kick of his. In comparison, this thin layer of ice and the wooden door behind it looked so fragile.

“Crack!”

A crispy crackling sound appeared. The expected scene in which the ice was turned to dust didn't appear, and countless cracks appeared on the thin ice instead. It held on for a while before it shattered into powder.

The power in the bald guy's kick was totally dissipated by the ice as the foot landed on the first step.

Urien slowly walked out of the magic potion shop with a wand in his hand, decked in his black robes. He looked at the bald guy standing in front of the restaurant with narrowed eyes. He said gravely in a hoarse voice, "You are the Hairless Monk."

The Hairless Monk turned and looked at Urien, feeling rather surprised. His black eyes landed on Urien with a hint of ponder, but he soon turned his gaze back to the wooden door in front of him as he raised his hand up to smack at the door.

"I don't care if you have hair or not. My disciple's house's door is not for you to smack." Right at this time, an irascible voice sounded from afar as a red light flashed across the customers lining up, and crashed into the Hairless Monk. A magic caster's staff came out from the red light, and smacked toward the Hairless Monk's head.

The Hairless Monk retrieved his outstretched arm and blocked it in front of him.

"Bam!"

A dull thud.

The Hairless Monk took two steps back, and a red mark appeared on his brown arm.

When the red light went away, Krassu landed onto the ground lightly as he stamped his magic caster's staff which was as tall as a man onto the ground and stabilized himself. He gazed at the head of the Hairless Monk for a moment before he burst out laughing. "I say, it's already been 100 years, and there is still no hair on you, chap."

"The Hairless Monk? Could he be that Hairless Monk in the legend?!" someone exclaimed loudly in the crowd. Many had a panicked expression on their faces, and began to back off subconsciously. Obviously, they had heard about that Hairless Monk.

However, even if they hadn't heard about him, after watching Urien and Krassu, the two legendary magic casters, attacking him one after another and not able to hurt him, they could already gauge the man's terrifying power.

"Who is the Hairless Monk? Can someone tell me more about him?" someone asked curiously. Since Urien and Krassu, the two legendary magic casters, had already stepped out, there obviously was no need for them to interfere anymore. They should be content with being the audience.

"If you want to hear about this Hairless Monk..." Very quickly, the Storyteller, Carl, in the crowd began to beat up a rhythm with his slapsticks and telling the audience some basic information.

"An urgent attack is imminent. Defense will be overloaded!!!

"Crisis is temporarily averted!"

...

Mag had already received the urgent reminder as soon as the bald man was about to kick the door. He looked toward the door in a shock while still holding the lotus leaves in his hands. Who was this guy? Both Amy's masters were present at this time, and he actually chose this timing to smash his door.

However, he had swiftly sensed an unknown and powerful presence outside. A 10th-tier powerhouse. This made him wary.

A 10th-tier powerhouse smashing at his door. This was a situation that had not happened before. Could it be a powerhouse from the red dragon tribe who came here to seek trouble?

What a powerful presence!

Elizabeth stepped in front of Miya as she looked toward the doorway nervously. That wasn't the presence of Urien and Krassu, but it was so strong that it was almost on par with the great elder. It had to be an expert that not many could match up to.

"Is there a fight out there? It must be very exciting. I am going to have a look." Amy grabbed the little stool next to her and ran toward the door.

"Amy, wait up..." Mag dumped the lotus leaves aside and followed Amy to the door.

With the presence of Krassu and Urien, he wasn't really worried about Amy's safety, but he was rather curious who was the 10th-tier powerhouse that came to smash his door.

After being pushed back two steps by the Krassu's staff attack, the Hairless Monk looked at Krassu. His gaze stopped at the magic staff in his hand for a moment before a hint of recognition flashed across his face as he said in a low voice, "It's you."

"Heh, I didn't expect you to still remember me after all these years." Krassu pursed his lips.

"I remembered it." The Hairless Monk looked at the magic staff.

Krassu fondled his short beard. "I was at my most handsome period 100 years ago. Now, I am old, so it's normal that you can't recognize me."

"Haha. His meaning is you aren't as memorable as a club." Urien rolled his eyes at the side.

The customers, who had already backed 20 meters away from them, raised their heads high to stop themselves from laughing out loud.

Krassu had an awkward expression as he put his hand down. He said to the Hairless Monk, "Since you already escaped from that prison, why don't you find a place to hide? Why did you come to smash my disciple's door?"

Urien's expression became severe too. Blue light began to sparkle on his wand as if magic was going to burst out any time.

"There is something I want inside there." The Hairless Monk took in a deep sniff, and a mesmerized expression appeared on his face. He looked at Krassu and Urien with an intent to kill in his eyes as he coldly said, "When I get it, I will leave. If you stop me, I will kill you."

A cold air spread out from under Urien's feet, and frost appeared on the ground like a white pathway and extended toward the Hairless Monk.

A bright red fiery glow also appeared on the magic staff in Krassu's hands. Hot air began to turn into a hot wave as if even the space was going to burn through.

The customers in front of the restaurant began to back another tens of meters away. Even getting a little caught up in the battle of the 10th-tier powerhouses could have a disastrous outcome.

Their surroundings were in complete silence.

"Creak."

Right at this moment, the restaurant's door opened outward gradually.

A little lolita popped her head out, carrying a stool, and a little chubby orange cat squeezed its head out from between her legs.

Chapter 1109 Father, This Grandpa Is Such A Poor Thing

A pair of big bright eyes was staring at the Hairless Monk and Krassu at the door.

The Hairless Monk who was about to strike was dazed for a moment too as he looked at the little lolita who popped half of her body out. The little one was so exquisite and cute, and that pair of big eyes was shiny as if the world's best things were all hidden in there.

After staying in that pitch-dark prison cell for 100 years, he had forgotten about the stars and sea and many other things.

His whole life was rife with hardships and hatred. He watched his mother being beaten to death. He slaughtered his father and his people. He also killed those who murdered his mother and those who cheered the murderers on...

He didn't know what was beautiful and good.

When he killed all his enemies, he even lost his reason to live on.

Without goals and hopes, there was no difference between the living and the dead.

That was why he lost, and was then sent to the Bastie Prison.

He had never tried to get out of the prison cell for the past 100 years.

To him, the world beyond the prison cell was just another, bigger prison cell. Thus, there was no need for him to jump from a small cell to another bigger cell.

Until just a moment ago, when he felt a mysterious calling.

He had forgotten how long it had been since he had felt such a strong desire.

He followed the calling in his heart, left the prison cell where he had stayed for the past 100 years, and came to the outside world. He found a restaurant that was only one wall away from the Bastie Prison.

The aroma diffusing in the air was so distinct. He was sure that was the scent that led him here.

It might be some kind of miracle drug.

No matter what it was, he wanted to have that thing that emitted that mysterious aroma. This strong sensation was almost beyond his control.

But as he gazed at the little girl who popped half a body out of the door, he felt his hard as stone heart suddenly quiver as if dozens of mud casing had begun to fall off and it started to beat again.

Perhaps every description of beauty and good should be used to describe a cute little person like her?

That pair of eyes as pure as the stars made him lower his huge hand unconsciously because he was actually afraid to frighten her.

Amy's big eyes rolled about in embarrassment as she whispered, "Did I interrupt you? It's fine, please continue. I will stay at the side very quietly."

Then, she slowly moved out from behind the door and put down the stool. She sat down properly and hugged Ugly Duckling in her arms. She propped her head on its and smiled. "You guys can continue now.

"???"

Black lines appeared on the faces of the customers who were watching Amy worriedly when she came out. This little girl's guts were really unparalleled.

Krassu's and Urien's eyelids were twitching too. Their precious disciple was perfect except her penchant for watching a show. Moreover, she wasn't afraid of trouble. She simply grabbed a stool and sat at the very front. This made them unable to do their thing.

The restaurant's door opened, and a rich aroma washed right over them. Rex's eyes became determined again. The thing he was searching for was indeed in there.

"I am the boss of this restaurant. May I know what is going on?" Mag, who opened the door fully, asked the strapping bald man at his door calmly with wariness and caution.

Amy already came out with her little stool, so he naturally couldn't hide behind the door any longer.

This chap had to be a tough nut as he made Krassu and Urien this nervous.

Barefooted, tattered clothes, shiny bald head, tanned skin, bulky figure, and the shrill alarm coming from the next door. Mag could basically guess the origin of this man.

If he could escape from the Bastie Prison which was renowned for being impenetrable, this Hairless Monk's power naturally was above that of the normal 10th-tier powerhouses.

Krassu put his magic staff horizontally in front of Rex as he said, "Boss Mag, step back with little Amy. This old thing is nasty."

A small ice-blue icy wall was already erected in front of Amy and blocked her hemispherically.

Rex looked at Mag. He could see that this man and that little girl should be father and daughter, so his tone of voice became calmer as he pointed toward the restaurant, and said, "I want that thing."

“That thing?” Mag was puzzled. What was in the restaurant that was worth this bald head boss breaking out of prison for?

Krassu and Urien were puzzled too. Since this chap’s target wasn’t Amy, then what could it be?

“You came to eat ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, right? The aroma is super, super enticing, right? It was made by my father.” Amy stood up from her little stool, and smilingly said to Rex, “You can come in if you want to eat ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. Father made a lot of it. As long as you pay, you can eat it.”

“‘Buddha jumps over the wall’? Pay?” Rex rubbed his big bald head as he looked at Amy. So that thing which gave out the mesmerizing aroma was called ‘Buddha Jumps Over the Wall’, and it was made by this man. However, what was money?

He showed his palms as he looked into Amy’s innocent eyes. He shook his head in embarrassment, and said, “I don’t have money.”

“You don’t have money.” Amy furrowed her delicate eyebrows. She looked at Rex’s bare feet and tattered clothes and sighed. She turned and asked Mag, “Father, this grandpa is such a poor thing. Can we spare him a bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’?”

Rex lowered his hands and looked at Mag too.

“Poor... thing???”

Mag glared as he looked at this scene. This was the first time he felt he wasn’t smart enough. Did Amy’s foodie’s train of thoughts hit the jackpot? Did this Hairless Monk really come for the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’?

Looking at Rex, this deduction was most probably true.

“He broke out of prison just for food?” Krassu was also taken aback as he looked at Rex from head to toe. This chap seemed different from the killing machine that he remembered. Maybe he became a little retarded after 100 years of imprisonment?

“It’s a shock! The infamous killing machine, Hairless Monk, broke out of the Bastie Prison just to eat the new item ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ that Boss Mag made?!”

“This world... is too crazy?”

The customers’ mouths were all wide open as they couldn’t believe what was happening now.

Mag cleared his throat as he opened the door wide, and said, “Then... In this case, Amy is right. There is no need to fight. Everyone, come in and have a seat. Let’s drink a bowl of the freshly made ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ to calm our nerves. This event is considered over.”

“Boss Mag, he...” Krassu still had his magic caster’s staff stretched out as he watched Rex warily.

“Master Krassu, don’t worry. He is not a bad person.” Amy pulled Krassu’s sleeves and made him move his magic caster’s staff before smiling and waving at Rex. “Come on in.”

Chapter **1110 I Am Going To Dig In**

“1st-tier event!”

“The Hairless Monk has broken out of prison!”

“Lock down the Bastie Prison!!!”

Shrill alarms rang throughout the entire Bastie Prison, and magical screens began to rise up in the prison. All the prisoners in the activity zones were escorted back to their cells, and prison guards were running in the corridors, using their batons to tame the agitated prisoners.

Deputy warden Jonathan gazed at that empty walkway’s opening, and nervously said, “Warden, what... will we do now...”

The thick and heavy iron door was nailed to a wall hundreds of meters away. The metal doorframe was already totally twisted out of shape. One could only imagine the kind of terrifying power that it was subjected to.

Next to him, the warden who was tall and slender and wearing black robes and a hat studied the doorframe and the deep foot imprint for a moment before saying in a hoarse voice, “Where did he go?”

“Toward Aden Square. Someone said he jumped over there,” Jonathan quickly said.

It was a huge event when someone broke out of the prison successfully.

The Bastie Prison had been set up for 100 years, and there was never a successful prison break before. Moreover, it was done by a 10th-tier felon.

“Inform the city lord’s castle and the Gray Temple. The Hairless Monk’s power is still at his peak. Request for backup.” Wisely walked toward Aden Square.

“Yes,” Jonathan answered as he watched the warden flip over the high walls. He turned and strode out.

The Hairless Monk at his peak was no doubt an extremely dangerous figure to a normal person. Only the strongest assault team sent out by the Gray Temple and city lord’s castle could capture him.

...

At the restaurant’s entrance, the customers stared at the door that was slowly closing with their mouths agape.

The intense tension and a duel between the legendary powerhouses that was almost to start were resolved so peacefully by Little Boss’ cuteness and Boss Mag’s new item?

“I say, was that indeed the real Hairless Monk? Given his character that let him easily massacre an entire city, did he really give up a fight just for a bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’?”

“Even though I thought it isn’t very reasonable too, looking at the reactions from the Bastie Prison and Lord Krassu and Lord Urien having a tie with him, it would indeed be unreasonable if he wasn’t the Hairless Monk.”

“Although I don’t know how powerful the Hairless Monk is, what I am sure of is that the new item that Boss Mag made this time must be very delicious...”

The customers discussed softly, and nobody dared to go near the restaurant for a while.

...

Amy led Rex into the restaurant with Krassu and Urien following them in. One was guarding Amy behind her and the other followed close by. They were both looking at the Hairless Monk with an alert gaze.

They had both fought with this man before, so they were very aware of his unpredictable character and powerful capabilities.

Rex followed behind Amy with his hands behind his back. His gaze swept across the murals on the restaurant's walls. He took in the wall murals of different races, and was a little out of sorts.

100 years had passed in a flash, and this world had changed a lot.

Elizabeth stood in front of all the ladies as she watched Rex warily. She had heard all their conversation earlier. The name of the Hairless Monk was very notorious in the Norland Continent, so she naturally had heard of him too.

"Please have a seat, everyone. It so happens that we are about to have our dinner too. If you don't mind, let's eat together," Mag said with a smile as he turned around. He wasn't nervous at all. After all, he was a man who had been around, and had inherited Alex's memory too, so he felt on par with any experts he met.

Two tables were put side by side, and all sorts of scrumptious food was placed on them. They were indeed preparing to eat dinner.

"Then, we will need to add another table and three more chairs." Yabemiya walked out from behind Elizabeth, and carried a table to join with the other two before carrying another three chairs over.

"You will sit here," Amy said to Rex and pointed at a corner seat.

Rex's gaze swept across everyone before landing on Amy again. There wasn't a hint of fear in the little one's innocent gaze. After a moment of hesitation, he complied with Amy's arrangement and sat down.

Krassu and Urien sat down on his left and right. They gave each other a look without speaking a single word.

With the two great magic casters holding down the fort, Mag indicated to the ladies to take their seats while he walked toward the kitchen. The 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was only half-revealed earlier. He still had not scooped it out.

10 black terracotta bowls were lined up. He used the big soup ladle to scoop the thick 'Buddha jumps over the wall' into the bowl. Then, he put the shark's fins, abalone, and the rest of 30 ingredients into each and every bowl. He made sure every ingredient was present in each bowl to ensure that everyone could taste the complete 'Buddha jumps over the wall'.

"Miya, Babla," Mag called, and the two of them quickly came in and helped to carry the bowls of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' out.

The thick brown soup was piping hot. The fragrance of the wine greeted their noses and went straight into their organs. All the different ingredients were competing with one other, and they made everyone's eyes lit up.

This is the smell! Rex stared at the black terracotta bowl in front of him in disbelief. The rich aroma washed over him together with the steam. This was exactly the smell he was searching for.

It actually wasn't a miracle drug, and was a dish instead.

There were all sorts of ingredients in the thick broth. The ingredients were visibly soft and tender, but they still retained their original shape. They didn't turn mushy because of the stewing.

For the past 100 years, he had almost forgotten about the taste of food.

Even though the Bastie Prison would provide him with a fixed amount of food every day at a fixed time, he only ate a little whenever he remembered. He would mechanically chew and swallow the bland food. Only a little food could sustain him for a long time.

The last time he ate was approximately... one month ago?

The table was full of brightly colored food, and the whiff of aroma that greeted him made him expectant.

"I am going to dig in." Amy was the first to pick up the spoon. She scooped a spoonful of the thick broth, and blew at it gently before putting it into her mouth.

"Gulp."

After swallowing the broth, an elated look appeared on Amy's face. She swayed her head left and right as she happily exclaimed, "It's so delicious."

After speaking, she scooped up a piece of shark's fins which looked like a jelly. She sucked it in, and it simply glided into her mouth.

"Woo..."

"It's fun and delicious. It's so interesting," Amy said excitedly. As if she was digging for treasures, she used the spoon to dig around for the next ingredient.

Amy is enjoying her food so much.

Everyone swallowed their saliva, and then began to pick up their spoons.

Rex finally retrieved his gaze from Amy. After some hesitation, he, too, picked up the spoon. He held the spoon awkwardly as he scooped up a spoonful of broth, and put it in his mouth.