

Stay At home 1181

Chapter 1181: Is Mr. Mag Doing This For Princess Irina?

Because Mamy Restaurant was closed that day, the ice cream shop experienced a surge in the customers' volume.

Ice cream was the perfect food for summer. People usually wouldn't want to eat anything cold in the middle of winter.

However, the temperature inside an ice cream shop rose up quite a bit during this time. It was so warm that customers removed their outer wear as soon as they stepped in.

Taking a break in a warm ice cream shop and having a sweet ice cream was incredibly enjoyable.

Therefore, besides children, many young people came too. Many of them were young couples.

"The business is surprisingly good," Mag said, feeling rather surprised to see the ice cream shop full of customers.

"Yes. Miya is very good." Gina put up her thumb and looked at Miya, who was busy in the shop, with laudation.

Mag saw quite a few Mamy Restaurant's regulars among those customers, so he smilingly said, "You guys go in first."

"You are not going in, Father?" Amy asked with a perplexed look.

"Mm-hm. I still need to do something. I will come back to have lunch with you once I am done. Tell Big Sister Miya and the rest to go back to the restaurant for lunch today," Mag replied with a smile.

"Okay." Amy nodded and went into the ice cream shop with Gina. Mag hailed a horse-drawn carriage that ferried people and went to the Buffett Manor.

"May I ask if Miss Scheer is in?" Mag asked the guard at the Buffett Manor's gatehouse.

"Do you have an appointment?" The guard looked at Mag warily, but he was still respectful and gracious.

"No." Mag shook his head.

The guard smilingly said, "In this case, please come back after you make an appointment. Miss Scheer has already gone out today, and she doesn't meet guests without an appointment."

He had to receive dozens of people like Mag who said they wanted to meet Miss Scheer every day, but Miss Scheer didn't want to meet them at all.

Moreover, this fellow came in a horse-drawn carriage for hire. How would a guy who didn't even have his own horse-drawn carriage know Miss Scheer?

“Oh, I see...” Mag murmured. Scheer’s schedule had to be very tight as she had to run such a large clan and company. He really hadn’t considered that when he simply decided to drop by, so he decided to leave.

“Mr. Mag, what brings you here?” Right at this moment, a voice came from the manor, and a young man walked over quickly. It was Scheer’s assistant who’d brought Mag to the locomotive base twice.

“I have something to discuss with Miss Scheer, but I didn’t make an appointment in advance, so I guess I can only come again next time,” Mag said smilingly.

Smiling, that assistant replied, “Miss Scheer has said previously that you are our first-priority partner. If you want to see Miss Scheer, I can bring you to her right now. I think she would be pleased to meet you.”

“First-priority...” The guard at the side opened his mouth wide and stared at Mag in disbelief.

According to what he knew, the people first among Miss Scheer’s priorities included the master, the city lord, the lord of the Gray Temple... This man who looked so ordinary was actually on Miss Scheer’s first-priority list!

“Great.” Mag nodded. He was rather familiar with cooperation sequences. The higher value a partner was, the higher his cooperation sequence priority would be too. It looked like Scheer rather valued him as a partner.

“Please give me a minute. I’ll ask them to send a carriage over,” the assistant said respectfully as he returned to the manor. Soon, a coachman drove a luxurious carriage with four pure white unicorns out and stopped next to Mag.

“Please get in, Mr. Mag.” The assistant opened the carriage’s door.

“Thank you.” Mag climbed in. The assistant closed the door and sat across from Mag. The carriage drove stably, and he didn’t ask about anything throughout the whole journey.

“Please wait for a minute,” the assistant said before alighting as the horse-drawn carriage stopped at a Buffett Bank somewhere. He came back after a short time, opened the door, and respectfully said, “Young Mistress is waiting for you, Mr. Mag. Please come with me.”

“Alright.” Mag followed the assistant into the bank. They walked across the lobby, and came to the VIP lounge on the second floor.

Scheer was standing at the window. She turned around with a smile when she heard their voices, and asked, “I heard you were looking for me, Mr. Mag. What can I do for you?”

“Yes. I went to Issen Castle two days ago, and met Master Rom. Now, I have a business deal to discuss with Miss Scheer.” Mag nodded with a smile.

Even though this wasn’t the first time that he was meeting Scheer, he had always felt the need to be alert and vigilant in front of this maiden in red.

“I heard about that this morning. Master Rom, who hasn’t presented a new work for a long time, forged a cleaver for a chef yesterday. Was that mysterious chef Mr. Mag?” Scheer looked at Mag in surprise.

“Miss Scheer is indeed very well-informed and always smarter than others.” Mag nodded slightly, acknowledging the incident.

“Mr. Mag has always gone beyond our expectations. Nobody can grasp what kind of person you actually are,” Scheer said to Mag with a smile. “However, a chef that could make Master Rom forge a cleaver for him, huh. There is indeed nobody else on the Norland Continent apart from you.”

“Miss Scheer is too generous with your praise for me,” Mag said politely.

“Leave us and don’t let anyone come in,” Scheer ordered the assistant who was standing at the door respectfully.

“Yes,” the assistant replied. He left and closed the door.

A spell formation for soundproofing lit up and engulfed the entire VIP lounge.

“I wonder what kind of business is Mr. Mag going to discuss with me today? Does it have something to do with Master Rom?” Scheer asked smilingly as she stared straight into his eyes.

Master Rom was the number weaponsmith on the Norland Continent. He was famous for 400 years, and nobody had ever surpassed him.

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And the fortune that he amassed in the 400 years was estimated to be over billions of copper coins.

Such a big customer was definitely at the very front of Buffett Bank’s target customers.

“Yes. I talked to Master Rom yesterday. He wanted to move his workshop to Chaos City, but he was troubled by his inability to move his fortune with him. Hence, I have recommended Miss Scheer’s Buffett Bank to him.” Mag nodded and got straight to the point.

Scheer narrowed her eyes slightly as she didn’t expect Mag to be so straightforward. She soon said with a laugh, “I didn’t expect Mr. Mag to obtain such a big customer for our bank during your quest for a suitable cleaver. I wonder how I should thank you?”

“Miss Scheer should be on very good terms with the goblins. I wonder if you can ask them to render some help to the Night Elves?” Mag replied.

“Night Elves?” Scheer’s eyes narrowed again as she asked, “Is Mr. Mag doing this for Princess Irina?”

Chapter 1182: What Do You Think About It, Mr. Mag?

“Princess Irina?” Mag was taken aback before he shook his head with a smile. “I don’t know her.”

“If it isn’t because of Princess Irina, then why is Mr. Mag so concerned about the Night Elves?” Scheer was still looking straight into Mag’s eyes.

“I wonder if Miss Scheer has any impressions of my service staff members Aisha, Shirley, and Firis?” Mag asked instead.

After some pondering, Scheer answered, “Is Mr. Mag talking about those three elven service staff members?”

“Yes.” Mag nodded. “Ever since Princess Irina declared the establishment of the Night Elves in Chaos City officially, they had left the restaurant to join the Night Elves.

“And because of this, I know more about the elf race and the Night Elves. As a boss who has worked with them before, I would like to offer them some assistance.”

“I didn’t expect those three elven ladies to join the Night Elves.” Scheer was surprised, and she began to look at Mag with an understanding gaze.

Mr. Mag was indeed a rather mysterious person, but judging from their recent interactions and other aspects, he was also a very benevolent person. Therefore, it wasn’t difficult to understand why he would want to help the Night Elves because of the three ex-employees.

“They were going to fight for the freedom of the elves. I don’t have the right to stop them.” Mag nodded.

“Fighting for freedom is indeed a very moving reason.” Scheer nodded slightly before gravely saying, “However, this is an internal strife and an attempt to overthrow the Wind Forest’s rule over the elves. If any external forces try to intervene, they would be deemed to be the enemy of the Wind Forest.

“Buffett Bank never participates in any political event. We operate on the entire Norland Continent and only focus on business. That’s why we could always maintain the stance of neutrality and continuous expansion.

“I sympathize with the Night Elves, but I’m afraid I cannot make any promises to Mr. Mag with regard to this matter.”

Mag held his gaze with Scheer for a few seconds before looking away. He disappointedly said, “Seems like I have put Miss Scheer in a difficult position.”

“I hope Mr. Mag can understand,” Scheer said apologetically.

“But if Buffett Bank doesn’t get involved in any political events, then why are you promoting the running of the steam engine locomotive so actively?” Mag raised his eyes to look at Scheer with a smile. “Buffett Bank has branches all over the Norland Continent, and with the convenient circulation of stable and reliable currency as the cornerstone, a huge financial empire was built. And all this was established under the premise of Norland Continent’s stability and order.

“Once a total war breaks out, or a local war expands and causes widespread chaos, the currency system will be the first to collapse. After Buffett Bank loses its cornerstone for stability, the financial empire naturally will collapse too.

“Thus, I believe that Buffett Bank should be the one that hopes that the circumstances on Norland Continent remain as they are the most. Am I correct, Miss Scheer?”

Scheer gazed at Mag. He was just an ordinary restaurant’s owner, but his vision and outlook had surpassed many who stood at the pinnacle of Chaos City. He saw through the predicament of Buffett Bank instantly.

Just like what Mag had said, even though Buffett Bank looked very prosperous, in fact, it was already standing on the brink of life and death.

The outcome of the peace negotiation of the eight species and one city one month later would decide the future of Norland Continent. At the same time, it would also decide if the Buffett Clan's financial empire was going to continue to expand or simply collapse.

"Mr. Mag's vision is indeed very unique. However, the Buffett Family has been in business for decades, we won't be destroyed so easily," Scheer continued calmly.

Moreton smiled at Scheer. "Without Buffett Bank, the Buffett Family could only compete with the Moretons and the Marquises in Chaos City. I don't think that is what Miss Scheer is interested in. Even the position of the president of the Chamber of Commerce is dispensable to Miss Scheer."

This fellow... Scheer's eyes narrowed as she felt her secrets were exposed. Her goal naturally wasn't Chaos City. The territories carved out by her forebears were no longer attractive to her. Her goal was the vast world out there.

Unfortunately, she was born at the wrong time. This world was going to descend into chaos as soon as she took over the control of the Buffett Family.

But all these things were seen through by Mag so easily. Who was this man really?

The amazing culinary skills coupled with the era-defining inventions were enough to earn him the name of genius. The vision and outlook that he displayed made her even more curious.

Scheer agreed with Mag and decided to sincerely ask, "What do you think about it, Mr. Mag?"

She was curious about Mag's motive behind saying all these things.

"I hate wars and a world in chaos. I don't want Norland Continent to be plunged back into the chaos that it was in 100 years ago due to the racial war," Mag said smilingly. "I am on the same side with Miss Scheer on this."

"The outcome of the peace negotiation is already beyond our control. I am also not clear how many changes the steam train can bring to the situation." Scheer shook with a hint of despair in her eyes.

This powerful and shrewd woman also had moments when she felt inadequate.

"I want to do as much as I can for this world which could be plunged into chaos. But, I need a strong ally to protect the innocents together with me." Mag extended his right hand to Scheer.

Scheer looked at Mag's outstretched hand, and then looked at Mag. She didn't extend her hand as she gravely said, "Before we form an alliance, I need to be sure that you are an equally strong ally."

"A very wise answer." Mag retrieved his hand, and took out a map of the Norland Continent from his pocket. He laid it on the table and took out a pen.

"This is?" Scheer stood next to the table and looked at the map perplexedly. The map was a simplified diagram that only roughly marked the borders of the territories of every species.

"This is a simplified map of the Norland Continent. According to some books that I read in my free time for the past few years, I have sorted out the current situation of Norland Continent." Mag took a pen and began to draw on the almost empty map.

“Currently, Norland Continent has a setup of eight species and one city. The giant dragons are the super strong species whose power is way above all the other species. The dwarves are the weakest and a neutral species. Chaos City is the most special. It is the product of the peace treaty signed after the previous racial war. After a 100 years development, its power is ranked at number seven, which is above the dwarves and goblins.”

Chapter 1183: We Will Make This World Chaotic First

“Now, the giant dragons already consider themselves above worldly matters. Apart from a few evil dragons who commit some crimes, most of them don’t get involved in the other species’ disputes.

“The human Roth Empire’s power has already surpassed all the other species secretly, and they have already formed an alliance with the demons. They also had a war-time alliance with the elves. The alliance of these three species would be able to exterminate the other species easily. Hence, they are the biggest uncertain factor in the peace negotiation. Once war breaks out, the strong power of humans and demons will enable them to gain even more interests in the war.

“The forest trolls and the orcs have formed an alliance too. These two tribes are considered relatively strong among the species. They have many powerhouses and adequate middle-tier combat power. They would be able to protect themselves during the war, and could gain interests by invading the weaker species.

“The dwarves have always been neutral. They are mostly craftsmen, and there are very few powerhouses in their tribe, but due to their exceptional skills and advanced weaponry, Issen Castle has become the hardest to breach castle.

“The goblins’ power is the weakest, yet they have the richest mineral resources available. Even though they have many underground caverns, they don’t have much power to defend themselves if they are to face a massive invasion.

“Chaos City should’ve formed an alliance with the goblins, right? Although an alliance of the weak is a resigned move, at least we could have a little power to defend ourselves,” Mag said.

Scheer nodded. However, all these things were common knowledge, and anybody who understood the continent’s situation could talk about it for an entire afternoon. If Mag’s level was only this much, she could end the conversation now.

“Miss Scheer must have heard about all this before, so there’s no need to elaborate on it.” Mag seemed to guess what Scheer was thinking. With a smile, he said, “But, what I am going to talk about today isn’t the continent’s situation, but how to resolve it.”

“Resolve it?” Scheer cocked her eyebrow, and asked, “Does Mr. Mag have a solution?”

Smiling, Mag replied, “The humans and demons who are getting stronger began to have an inflated ego, and they have already formed a villains alliance that could rival the giant dragons. They want to conquer Norland Continent, gain more territories, and squash the other species under their feet. These are the reasons behind the current intense situation.

“The goblins and dwarves are simply forced to form an alliance, and they are already too late to form an alliance with powerful tribes. They will be sacrificed the moment war breaks out.

“Even though the alliances between the species are all interlinked, their relationships aren’t that simple and harmonious. The hatred left behind by the racial war that lasted hundreds of years couldn’t be dissipated totally within 100 years of peace.

“Therefore, if we could utilize a strategy of dissolving the alliances of the strong and strengthening the alliances of the weak, we could return the situation of the continent back to a new equilibrium even when the peace treaty can’t be extended.”

“Dissolving the alliances of the strong and strengthening the alliances of the weak...” Scheer murmured softly with brightening eyes. As a business person, she seldom thought about problems from the different species’ viewpoints. No matter how powerful Buffett Bank was, it was still just a bank, and could never sway the decision of a whole species.

Even the steam engine locomotive was to demonstrate to all the different species that the power of technology could be merged with the Norland Continent, and influence their decisions through that.

However, in Mag’s words, the species were merely pawns, and the Norland Continent was the chessboard. This level of vision and outlook seemed to have opened the door to a whole new world to her.

Her gaze changed when she looked at Mag again. He seemed to be shrouded in a layer of mystery that others couldn’t see through.

However, Mag’s words were still rather vague. The interactions of the species were filled with calculations and schemes. If they could be swayed to form and dissolve alliances easily, the situation wouldn’t have become so intense now.

“I would appreciate further details,” Scheer said.

“First, we have to dissolve the alliance between the Roth Empire and the demons. The demons had almost annihilated the entire elven species when they invaded the Wind Forest. Their enmity and conflicts could never be resolved. We would use the alliance between the Roth Empire and the elves to dissolve the alliance of the villains by intensifying their conflicts. Then, we would have disintegrated the indirect alliance of three species and formed an internal restraint.

“The alliance between the orcs and the forest trolls is relatively weaker, so we could allow them to maintain it to restrain the Roth Empire.

“The alliance of Chaos City and the goblins should include the dwarves. With the goblins’ mineral resources combined with the dwarves’ exceptional skills, as well as with Chaos City’s railroad and steam trains, we could accelerate social evolution. The alliance of the weak could still give us the power to defend ourselves,” Mag said.

Scheer was deep in thought. According to what Mag said, the situation on the Norland Continent could be controlled, or at least no species would dare to declare a total war. Was this supposed to be the so-called dissolving the alliances of the strong and strengthening the alliances of the weak?

“So, is Miss Scheer willing to be my ally now?” Mag said with a smile.

“Mr. Mag could be an excellent politician if you didn’t want to be a chef or an inventor.” Scheer extended her hand to Mag with a smile, and said, “I hope to hear more about your detailed plan. The Buffett Family will do all we can to maintain the peace in this world.”

“I’m afraid this is not a mission that could be accomplished by me and Buffett Family alone. But, given your current relationship with the city lord’s castle, we still have a chance to change this world with the power of Chaos City.” Mag grasped Scheer’s hand with a smile. “Now, we will make this world chaotic first.”

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It was already close to noon when Mag departed from Buffett Bank. Scheer got her assistant to send Mag back to the restaurant.

“Thank you very much,” Mag said to that assistant smilingly and alighted. He watched the carriage go far before entering the restaurant.

As an ardent military fan, Mag had come up with a detailed plan to subvert all the species with the knowledge that he obtained from reading history books and war manuals since he was a young boy. He spent a few months drawing up the plan based on the wisdom and experience of those who came before him.

Mag was just a chef who owned a restaurant. In order to make sure his customers could have their meals in peace, he had to do something for this world’s peace.

War of the species couldn’t be stopped by the power of one person.

Even if he returned to Alex’s peak power, one man’s power was still miniscule in front of an entire species.

Amy, who was putting her head on the counter, slid off her chair with bright eyes and ran into Mag’s arms as she expectantly said, “Father! You are finally back. We’re starving. What are we eating for lunch today?”

Miya and the gang had arrived too, and they were all looking at Mag with anticipation. They didn’t feel quite right after not eating the food made by the boss for two days.

“We are going to have Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers for lunch today,” Mag told Amy and the ladies with a smile. They were also the reason why he was doing that.

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Scheer stood by the window alone for an hour, and when she turned around, her gaze was clear and determined. She took the map on the table and coldly ordered, “Let’s go to the city lord’s castle.”

Chapter 1184: They Still Have Rations! They Are Roasting Meat!

10,000 elves surrounded the underground cavern which the Night Elves were hiding in. After the fire that broke out a few days ago, the Wind Forest sent over another 5000 crack troop soldiers as they prepared to eliminate the Night Elves as soon as possible.

Even though the Night Elves were famous on the Norland Continent recently, they had only about 1000 people, and most of them were slaves with low capabilities.

If it weren't for the underground cavern's complex terrain and numerous traps and spell formations, the guards would have annihilated the Night Elves long ago.

The siege had already lasted over 10 days.

This was the goblins' territory, so goblin scouts always appeared on the mountains nearby. There was even a goblin army stationed over five kilometers away. Even though they were hidden in the underground caverns, according to the high priestess' estimation, their numbers should be above 10,000.

This encircle and annihilate action had to be completed as soon as possible. The long supply lines and the harsh environment around the caverns were not favorable to the elven troops.

Due to mining, it was mostly barren mountains around the underground cavern. The exposed rocks couldn't protect the elven warriors from the harsh winds in the cold winter, and the consecutive rains a few days ago had worsened the situation, causing many elven warriors to suffer from frostbite.

Holding the defense line, inability to drink fresh nectar and eat fresh and delicious food, withstanding the cold, and eating the cold and dry field rations had depressed the elven guards' morale.

A young elf looked around him to make sure that he and another elf were alone before asking, "Big Brother, you said we were caught too, so why are we helping them to go against the princess? Isn't she fighting for us?"

"The princess is a good elf." That elf looked toward the underground cavern, and lamented, "But the thing she is doing is not going to succeed. We have to succumb to our fate if we want to live. Being inferior to others is our fate."

The young elf still wanted to continue. "But—"

"All of you get up!" Right at this time, a harsh shout that was accompanied by a crack of the whip sounded. A strapping elf commander who was wearing golden armor and riding a huge magic beast glanced at the elf who was whipped and bleeding. He loudly shouted, "Keep your chin up! Don't think that you are having a hard time. You guys still have food to eat every day. Those traitors on the mountain already have no food left. Lord Borg said, 'We will surround this mountain and starve them to death if they refuse to surrender!'"

The elves who were eating their lunches stood up slowly with complex expressions.

Some of them were slaves who were caught by the demons and sent back to the Wind Forest to join the army. Most of them were ordinary elves who were deemed lowly, and were forcefully conscripted by the army.

They didn't have the freedom to choose. They undertook the most dangerous missions and received the least rations. Their lives in the guard were only slightly more dignified than those of the slaves.

When Princess Irina decided to fight for freedom and oppression for them, the lowly elves, and made a declaration to the whole continent, they had become the blades that were held by the nobles who oppressed them instead.

Their blades had to swing toward those elves who were braver than them, and who were fighting for their freedom.

They withstood the whips and humiliation from those high-tier elves silently for the horrible rations and a chance to live.

The world beyond the forest wasn't beautiful. Their fate would be worse than death if they landed in the hands of the demons.

The world that the princess described was beautiful, and freedom was so enticing.

However, when facing the strong rule of the Wind Forest, even the powerful princess had to hide in the underground cavern with Night Elves and die of hunger.

"Let's eat," that elf said to that young elf as he bit into the dry rations and stared at the elf commander. His heart was filled with helplessness.

There were tears in the young elf's eyes as he put the dry rations to his mouth, but he couldn't bite down at all.

The elf commander smugly said, "Lord Borg said that at latest by tomorrow, we can go and collect the traitors' corpses and end this laughable rebellion. Stratum can never be overthrown, just like those traitors don't have food."

Right at this moment, a rich aroma of roasted meat floated out of the underground cavern through all the various orifices and spread everywhere by the wind.

"Smells so good!"

The elves who were eating the dry rations at the foot of the mountain widened their eyes. They gulped subconsciously as they smelled the aroma, and then began to search for the origin of the smell.

The rich roast meat aroma made them salivate crazily. The elves who were only eating dry rations for more than the past 10 days were defenseless against the aroma.

This aroma was simply too enticing and far above the aroma of the wild game that they roasted occasionally. They seemed to have seen the actual glistening roast meat on the grill just smelling the aroma.

"This aroma came from the underground cavern. They still have rations! They are roasting meat!" some elves exclaimed with a hint of envy and yearning in their voices.

The elves quickly ascertained that the aroma did come from the cave, and if the aroma could float out from the depths of the cave and circulate around the mountain, that meant there was plenty of roast meat in the cave whereby everyone could have a piece.

The elf commander who arrogantly said the Night Elves had run out of food and they could attack tomorrow and take out all the traitors became sullen.

These words were said by Lord Borg himself at the meeting that morning. According to the scouts, the Night Elves should have run out of rations for many days by now. They didn't even have wild vegetables, let alone roast meat!

"This must be the traitors' intrigue. They have been surrounded by two weeks, and nobody was able to break through. They must have run out of food! Take up your weapons and guard those caves!" the elf commander said, feeling flustered and exasperated. He cracked his whip in the air and swiftly rode away. He had to report to Lord Borg as soon as possible.

"So the Night Elves still have rations!" Many elves were relieved. They didn't wish to kill their own kind. Moreover, they were elves who were in the same social stratum as them.

The eyes of the elves who didn't believe that the Night Elves could succeed began to brighten up.

The young elf put down the dry ration in his hand, and asked his big brother, "Big Brother, since we are all trying to eat and stay alive, then why can't we eat meat and live freely like them?"

Chapter 1185: Bean Sprout's Culinary Skills Are Indeed Well-Taught

Since the encircle and annihilate action began two weeks ago, the ambience in the Night Elves's caves had never been as relaxed and happy as today.

The enticing roast meat aroma was spread throughout the caverns by the many tunnels. It made the elves on guard duty in the caves brighten up too.

The news had already spread in the morning that they were going to eat roast meat for lunch that afternoon!

After joining the Night Elves, their food intake was strictly controlled because of the intense siege laid by the Wind Forest. They had never felt full before.

However, nobody had any complaints, because Princess Irina had stopped eating two weeks ago.

But from breakfast two days ago, they had the most scrumptious fried rice in this world, and it was one big bowl for everyone.

The fried rice that was named Rainbow Fried Rice had astonished the elves with its scrumptiousness. The amount was even enough to fill the stomach of an adult elf.

The depressed ambience in the underground cavern began to be filled with hope and energy after enjoying the delicious food for two consecutive days.

The princess had to have solved their rations problem, and now they had the courage to continue to defend the caves and fight for their ideals and freedom.

Also, the roast meat for that afternoon was tickling their hearts like a kitten's soft tail. They were salivating badly.

In the deep part of the cavern, a spacious cave was converted into the main kitchen of the Night Elves.

"Turn all the roast meat over and brush a layer of the sauce over it," Firis instructed 30-odd elves to turn the beef on the grills over before instructing the elf at the side, "Send the first batch of roast meat to the warriors at the very front."

"Yes," the elves answered, and then began to do what Firis instructed in an orderly manner.

"We have to roast another five batches in order to let all the Night Elves have a helping of roast beef." Firis used her scarf to wipe away the sweat on her forehead. The temperature in the cave had risen quite high due to the dozens of stoves and fire.

Cooking for 1,000 people was very different from cooking in the restaurant. She only had to cook for the princess before, but now she had to instruct dozens of people to cook together. This was a huge challenge to her.

This was her first time making roast meat in the underground cavern. As this was wartime, she couldn't cut the beef into small pieces and stick them together as a kebab, so after experimenting for two days, she decided to cut the beef into steaks. However, she wasn't going to pan-fry them, and was roasting them over charcoal instead.

She had learnt how to make roast beef kebabs, Yangzhou fried rice, and braised chicken and rice in Mamy Restaurant. Even though she couldn't cook with finesse, she still wanted to offer the most delicious food to the hardworking frontline warriors and use the culinary skills taught by Mag to their full extent.

The warriors' smiles and content expressions gave her intense satisfaction. The hard work and fatigue became nothing in comparison.

The elves in the kitchen looked at Firis frequently with admiration in their eyes. As the princess's personal lady's maid, Firis's culinary skills were simply astonishing. After she took over the kitchen, all elves were looking forward to every meal of the day.

The ordinary ingredients became delicious food under her instruction and tutelage. Those canisters and jars seemed to be the source of the scrumptiousness and brought unparalleled culinary experience.

"Princess, if they know we still have rations, will they give up the siege and launch a massive attack on the underground caverns instead?" the Night Elves' chief guard, Ashley, asked Irina worriedly.

Irina suddenly released the scent lockdown in the tunnels that noon, and even used spell formation to send the roast meat aroma in the kitchen out of the cavern.

This action would definitely tell the elves who were laying siege to the underground cavern that they still had rations. The situation in which they only surrounded them and not attacked might change. They might decide to attack the underground cavern without regard to the costs.

Irina turned around, and asked, "Ashley, if this siege continued for another month, what do you think would happen to the Night Elves? And what would happen to the Wind Forest?"

Ashley was a little stunned. Then, she began to ponder seriously, and said with a grave expression, “The Wind Forest hasn’t engaged in any conflict for the past 100 years, so they have accumulated plenty of resources and wealth. It is not difficult for them to maintain a troop of 10,000 to lay siege to the cavern. Furthermore, the Night Elves would run out of the rations that we obtained yesterday in a month’s time, and we would be plunged into a ration crisis once again.”

“Since that is the case, we are the one who should seek changes.” Irina smiled as she looked at the disturbed elves at the foot of the mountain. “Those in power have never taken the soldiers at the base seriously. The military rations were deducted at every rank, and the soldiers would only receive the hard to swallow dry rations. It’s normal for the officers to scold and hit them too. I am going to use this aroma to lower their morale and let the soldiers know that we are able to eat delicious roast meat while we are fighting for freedom, and they can only live a demeaning life without freedom while fighting for those who oppress them.”

Ashley’s eyes lit up as she asked in a raised voice, “Is Princess trying to incite defection?”

After the underground cavern was surrounded, the Night Elves lost the means to obtain fresh blood, and as the number of the enemy troops increased, the cavern was completely surrounded. Without reinforcements and unable to expand, this had become a deadlock for the Night Elves.

But, with a hint of worry, Ashley quickly said, “For the Night Elves, inciting defection is a double-edged sword. The fresh blood would be able to increase our power, but the increased population in the underground cavern would also accelerate the depletion of the rations and give us less time.”

“Inciting defection isn’t something that can be achieved in a short time. As long as we can weaken their morale and make those elves at the base look toward us, we can have a better chance to employ counter-siege tactics or break through,” Irina said calmly. She retrieved her gaze and walked back into the tunnel. *This roast meat smells so good. Bean Sprout’s culinary skills are indeed well-taught.*

...

“Lord Borg, a roast meat aroma is coming from the caves. Could our intelligence be wrong, and they still have rations?” In an opulent big tent at the foot of the mountain, a few elven commanders were gathered together, and they were all looking at Borg, who was sitting at the place of honor, anxiously.

Borg was also looking somber. From the day before yesterday, he had no longer received any information from the spy. However, according to the information that he had received before that, the Night Elves should have run out of rations completely by now, so why were they roasting meat now? Had Irina managed to get out?

Chapter 1186: The Roth Emperor’s Imperial Decree!

All the elves in the underground cavern subsequently got their roast beef. The beef that was just fresh out from the grill was releasing a rich fragrance. The juice from the meat oozed out with every single bite, dancing on the taste buds. The delectable beef and the sauce were a perfect match, giving one an unparalleled eating experience.

“It’s delicious!”

Praises rang from various corners of the underground cavern. The Night Elves enjoyed the satisfaction from the delicious beef. Perhaps many would rarely have the chance to taste such delicious beef within 100 years.

Meanwhile, the aromatic smell of the beef wafted out and caused some unrest among the elves downhill.

The news that the night elves still had food soon spread like wildfire, and the fragrance of the roast meat was the best evidence.

As the elves swallowed their dried food, smelled the enticing fragrance, and listened to the occasional exclamations from the cavern, they felt increasingly unhappy.

...

Mamy Restaurant.

Using a fat head fish to slaughter another fat head fish was indeed effective.

As the golden blade flashed past, a flopping live fat head fish soon became two still fish heads.

It was a fish feast for lunch, with a Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers and a large Spicy grilled fish.

Everyone was changing between the two flavors, and enjoying the deliciousness of the two classic cooking styles.

“Boss, are we still opening for business tonight?” After lunch, Miya looked at Mag, and worriedly said, “We have been closed for three days straight. I think the customers are getting grumpy.”

“This time we were out for serious business—to bring new dishes to our customers. This is only considered our first rest day, so we are not opening tonight.” Mag shook his head with a smile. Since they were already closed in the day, he might as well rest for the night too.

“Then I’ll go to the ice cream show in the afternoon.” Miya nodded. It was a pretty tough trip to Issen Castle.

“Has Master Rom started making weapons again? I heard that he had stopped for two years already,” Elizabeth remarked curiously. She held her fists together subconsciously.

Master Rom’s reputation was not small even among dragons.

After all, Alex’s Tian Du sword that had once slaughtered so many reputable dragons was Master Rom’s creation.

1

Previously in her battle with Fox, she was severely injured, and Alex was the one who saved her.

After recuperating in Chaos City all this while, she was already almost fully recovered, and so she was also secretly trying to track Alex down.

She felt a little complicated about Alex.

Back then, her father had suddenly disappeared, and she blamed it all on Alex because he was the one who made her father lose the heart of a powerhouse. That was why he left Dragon Island alone and disappeared since then.

But the memory of that day when he descended from the skies and injured Fox with the lines “I am saving this dragon!” and “Who dares to stop me?” was since deeply etched in her mind.

Why?

He was supposed to be her enemy, her archenemy. Why did he save her?

Besides... he even applied medicine for her.

Whether it was the reason for saving her or about her father, she wanted to find him and clear all her doubts with him face to face.

Only, Alex was very mysterious. Although he had appeared twice previously, he would always disappear without a trace afterward, so she had no idea where to start searching.

Mag said that Master Rom had made him a new chopping knife, which made her think of Alex immediately, so she asked without holding her curiosity back.

“Maybe I am just lucky,” Mag said with a smile, and did not reveal too much about Master Rom.

Elizabeth did not probe further. Tian Du sword was made a few hundred years ago. It was no doubt that Master Rom would not know Alex’s whereabouts.

“Boss Mag.” Suddenly, a low, husky voice sounded with the sound of the door knocking.

“It’s Master Urien!” Amy’s eyes lit up. She dashed to the door, stood on her toes to grab the handle, and pushed the door open.

“Little Amy, you’re back,” Urien said with a smile as he stood at the door looking at Amy.

Amy nodded and curiously asked, “Yeah. Master Urien, are you here to eat?”

“No, I’ve already had lunch.” Urien shook his head as he continued smiling benevolently. “I wanted to ask little Amy if you want to learn some magic this afternoon. You didn’t come yesterday, and if you don’t practice your ice magic for two days straight, you might fare worse than that silly child’s close combat magic¹.”

“Sure. I’ll go to class this afternoon. I had great fun with Father for the past two days,” Amy said obediently with a nod.

“Lord Urien, I am really sorry for not taking leave for Amy earlier yesterday.” Mag was a little apologetic. Even he felt a little embarrassed that he kept bringing Amy out to skip classes as a father.

Seeing that Amy was willing to go to class, Urien’s face glowed instantly. “No worries... No worries. Little Amy’s emotional well-being is the most important.” He waved his hand and brought Amy back to the magic potion shop for class.

Just as Mag arrived at the restaurant door, and was about to turn in, Harrison dashed over with his 100-kilogram body and grabbed Mag's arm. "Boss Mag, you're finally back! Is the restaurant open for business this afternoon? I'm so hungry I've been reduced to skin and bones..."

Mag looked at Harrison's jiggling fat, and quietly pulled his arm back. Trying to stifle his laugh, he said, "The restaurant is closed today. We will be officially open from tomorrow onwards. Besides, your description isn't very apt. You're miles away from being reduced to skin and bones..."

Harrison's face fell as he grumbled, "Boss Mag, I feel unwell all over just not eating the food you make for a day. Three days will really kill me."

Mag simply shook his head with a smile, and said, "We will launch a new dish tomorrow. Go back first for now."

"A new dish!" Harrison's eyes lit up immediately. He eagerly asked Mag, "Boss Mag, on account of our relationship, leak some information about the new dish to me. What's the delicacy I should eat tomorrow?"

"Fish." Mag only revealed one simple word.

Seeing that he could not dig out more information from Mag, Harrison left.

Mag turned to enter the restaurant when he suddenly heard rushed galloping and a powerful voice that shouted, "Where is Boss Mag from Mamy Restaurant? This is the Roth Emperor's imperial decree!"

"Roth Emperor?" Mag stopped in his tracks. He turned back to look at the black unicorn that stopped at the restaurant's entrance and the young knight in black armor sitting on it.

Chapter 1187: Now, You Can Scram!

The young knight sat on the unicorn's back and looked down at Mag as he asked, "You are the restaurant's owner, Mag?"

"Yes." Mag nodded. He was curious as to what kind of decree the Roth King had for him that he even dispatched his personal guard to send it over.

This knight appeared to be in his mid-twenties, but he was already at the 6th-tier. He could be considered a rather talented young fellow.

"The imperial decree should be accepted on your knees," the young knight said.

"I am not a citizen of the Roth Empire, and I am in Chaos City. Why should I kneel?" Mag asked him back instead of doing as he was told.

"You..." The young knight's expression changed. He raised his whip up high, but then recalled his leader's instructions. His Majesty personally tasked them to invite this chef, and he should not be hurt in any way. The knight forced himself to lower the whip, and he coldly said, "The imperial decree has it that the owner of Mamy Restaurant, Mr. Mag, will proceed to Rodu to prepare a feast. The ride has been prepared for you, so please set off now."

The knight was a little confused. He was merely a chef. Why would the king employ such resources to bring him over?

However, he did not really like this chef's attitude. With his power and status as a knight, even the nobles in Rodu had to be respectful to him, much less an ordinary chef, yet he actually dared to talk back to him like that.

Still, it was such a rare honor and glory to be able to go to the Roth Empire's palace and prepare a feast for the Roth King. This fellow would probably change his attitude immediately and start bootlicking him.

"Apologies, I'm afraid I will not be able to accept the king's decree." Mag pointed to the little blackboard at the side. "It's so unfortunate that I've just closed the shop for three days, so I have to resume operations again tomorrow. Otherwise, my cute customers will start getting angry."

"Hmm?" The young knight was stunned. He looked at Mag as though he was a fool. This fellow actually rejected the king's invitation instead of bootlicking him?

Who on this earth would actually reject the king? Why would there be someone who dared to reject the king!?

"What did you just say?" The young knight thought he had surely misheard him.

"Please go back. I have no time to go to the Roth Empire, because I have to run my restaurant," Mag said calmly.

No time.

Of all perfunctory reasons out there, this fellow actually used this kind of excuse to reject the king's invitation?!

"Do you know what the king's invitation implies?" The young knight pulled out a long sword attached to his belt, and pointed it at Mag as he coldly said, "What you need to worry about is me getting angry, and not your idiotic customers! You have two choices, either you leave with me or you die."

"Young man, it's better to be humble." Mag looked at the young knight complicatedly.

"Humble?" The young knight chuckled, and arrogantly said, "Ever since I became the king's personal guard, lowly people like you only have the right to look up to me—"

Bam!

A folded chair formed a perfect parabola in the air and landed hard on the young knight's face.

The young knight fell straight off the unicorn back and onto the ground. From afar, a fiery red figure jumped up and stepped on the knight who was struggling to get back up. With one hand, he reached out to grab the folded chair that was dropping down.

"It's not good to stop us, the Burning Legion, from eating our holy roujiamo," Sargeris said seriously as he looked at the face of the young knight that he was stepping on.

The young knight felt half of his face become numb as though it was crushed by a horse-drawn carriage, and his head was spinning.

And that demon who was stepping on his face was exuding great power, which made him fearful. The strength he had was enough to easily kill him.

“I’ve told you before that my customers are not ordinary when they get angry. Now, do you believe me?” Mag looked at the young knight under Sarger’s foot and sighed softly, but the gloating in his tone really called for a beating.

“You demon, do you know who I am? I am the Roth King’s special envoy. How dare you humiliate me like this. The Roth Empire will definitely put you on the list of people to be killed. Aren’t you going to let me go right now?!” the young knight howled. He had nothing to fear with the Roth Empire and the Roth King as his backing.

“King’s special envoy?” Sarger frowned. It would mean trouble if the Roth Empire were to start targeting the Burning Legion. If that was the case, then this fellow...

Sarger’s gaze turned cold. He already had the intention to kill.

The young knight saw Sarger’s hesitation, and thought that it was because he was afraid after hearing the Roth King’s name, so he arrogantly continued, “Hmph, you’re just a mere demon. How dare you go against the imperial decree. Let me off this instant and then beg for my forgiveness. If I am happy, I might just spare your life.”

Even Mag could not help but take his hat off to this lad’s determination to die. *This batch of knights is not really up to standard. How can such an arrogant fellow exist? He thinks that he is still the boss even when he isn’t in the Roth Empire anymore.*

If it were not because Mag was afraid that he would get into trouble if this fellow died in Chaos City, he would have already opened his head up with a chopping knife to see what exactly was inside.

Sarger’s face turned cold. He tightly gripped the folded chair, and was prepared to send this tactless fellow on his way.

“Since when can someone from the Roth Empire come over to Chaos City to threaten the citizens of Chaos City?” Just then, a voice sounded. A black horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of Mamy Restaurant. The carriage door opened, and Rolan walked out. He looked coldly at the face of the young knight which was still stepped on.

Sarger looked at the person who came down from the horse-drawn carriage and kept his folded chair. He retracted the leg that was stepping on the young knight’s face and stepped aside.

Since even the lord of the Gray Temple had arrived, he would naturally have no business here anymore.

The young knight felt another horrifying aura overwhelming him. Even though the demon had already retracted his foot, the overwhelming pressure made him lie motionless on the ground, unable to breathe.

“Lord Rolan of the Gray Temple!” The young knight shuddered. This was one of those who held power in Chaos City. He actually appeared here because of a chef, and even attacked him.

“Lord Rolan, I have been instructed by the king to invite the owner of Mamy Restaurant, Mr. Mag, to Rodu to prepare the imperial feast. I have no intentions to offend you. Please forgive me,” the young knight quickly said.

There had been news going around that the city lord of Chaos City was kind, while the lord of the Gray Temple was vicious. If he were to do anything to him, the king might not even say anything about it.

“Mr. Mag, do you wish to go?” Rolan looked at Mag.

“The restaurant is busy. I will have to trouble this brave knight to pass the message to the king that I am unable to make it,” Mag said with a smile.

Rolan released his aura and looked at the knight as he coldly said, “You’ve heard him. Now, you can scam.”

Chapter 1188: I Like Being A Chef More

“I’ll take my leave.” That knight shot right up, quickly got on the unicorn, and dashed off without even looking back.

Although he might be punished for not completing his mission, he would rather flee for his life rather than continue to stay here.

What on earth was this restaurant owner’s background? He was just a mere chef, but could make His Majesty issue an imperial decree specially to invite him over, and even got the lord of the Gray Temple to interfere.

This was not something within his control anymore once someone like the lord of the Gray Temple got involved. He could only quickly pass the message on and await orders.

Mag watched that knight ride off, and then thanked Rolan and Sargerass, “Thank you, Lord Rolan and Chief Sargerass, for always giving me a helping hand.”

“Hehe, that’s nothing. You don’t have to be so polite, Boss Mag. We’re just here to eat roujiamo,” Sargerass said with a silly laugh.

The others from the Burning Legion also laughed out loud.

“Mr. Mag is a citizen of Chaos City, so he has the right to reject any unreasonable request from the leaders of other countries. The role of the Gray Temple is precisely to protect your rights.” Rolan had a serious expression. He glanced at Sargerass, and then at Mag before saying, “I wonder if Mr. Mag has the time now to take a trip down to the city lord’s castle with me.”

“The city lord’s castle?” Mag raised his brow slightly. He did not think that Scheer would act so quickly. He nodded and said, “Since you’ve already invited me, I will naturally have to go.”

“Chief Sargerass, the restaurant is not open today, so I’m afraid you guys will not be able to have the roujiamo. Do come early tomorrow morning,” Mag told Sargerass. Sargerass probably just came back from the north. Mag wanted to ask him about the current situation of the night elves, but since Rolan had

already come personally to invite him over, he could not just leave him at the side, and he could only do it later.

"I see, then we'll come again tomorrow." Sargeran scratched his head, and did not say anything more before leading the Burning Legion away.

"Please," Rolan said, and went up the black horse-drawn carriage.

Mag locked the main entrance and followed him up the horse-drawn carriage. He sat facing Rolan and closed the door to the carriage. The horse-drawn carriage made a U-turn and drove off. It was such a smooth ride that one could barely feel the carriage moving.

Rolan closed his eyes and did not speak. Mag was silent too as he watched Rolan.

This lord of the Gray Temple who represented the law of Chaos City was also a 10th-tier magic caster. He could make that knight lie motionless on the ground with only his aura just now. That showed how powerful he was.

Rolan looked young, around his thirties. His long hair was let down, and he looked rather thin. The ordinary-looking face still made one feel fearful of him even though his eyes were closed.

Ever since Chaos City was built, he also built the Gray Temple. The city lord of Chaos City changed twice, but he was still the lord of the Gray Temple, and his looks had not changed.

Rumor had it that he was a demon.

There was also a rumor that he was a giant dragon.

This mysterious lord of the Gray Temple was even more mysterious because he had a lifespan longer than a human's, everlasting youth, and powers so high no one actually gauged them before.

Mag could find some sparse memories of Alex's interactions with this lord. What was deeply memorable was that the two had once engaged in a duel outside Chaos City.

Alex only wielded his sword once, and Rolan only used his spellwork once. There was no winner in that duel.

In Alex's simple life history, that was a very rare draw, and that proved that Rolan was indeed very powerful.

When they were almost at the city lord's castle. Rolan suddenly opened his eyes and matched Mag's gaze. He squinted slightly, and said in a low tone, "I am really curious, who are you?"

"I am who I am. Just a flower of a different color," Mag replied smoothly. He watched Rolan calmly with a smile, and said, "I'm probably just an idle chef who loves to play around and let his imagination run wild."

Rolan stared into Mag's eyes for a while and actually smiled. "There are many people in Chaos City who look a little weird and want to cut away their past. I am one of them. So don't worry, I won't look into your past. All that matters is that you identify yourself as a citizen of Chaos City."

"That's probably why I like being here," Mag replied with a smile as well.

When the horse-drawn carriage stopped, Rolan stopped smiling and got off the carriage.

Mag followed him down. They were already inside the city lord's castle.

Rolan brought Mag down a long corridor, and then to a peaceful little courtyard. The moment they stepped into the courtyard, he felt a very strong spell formation sealing the entire courtyard.

Mag was shocked. It seemed like this had to be a very important place in the city lord's castle to meet guests.

The only door in the courtyard opened outwards. The city lord, Michael, smiled and said to the two, "Rolan, Mr. Mag, you are here."

"City Lord, Principal." Mag followed him into the room, and other than Michael, Novan was also around. The great magic caster trio of Chaos City was here to talk to him. This showed how important the matter was.

The room was not big. There were only a round table and four stools placed in the middle of the room. It seemed as though this was the place the trio discuss important matters.

"Take a seat. We invited you here today because Miss Scheer came over just now to discuss something with us. Mr. Mag, you should know what it's about. We are very interested in it, so we would like to discuss with you face to face," Michael told Mag after sitting down.

"Alright." Mag sat on the last empty seat. If one was not strong enough mentally, meeting the Chaos City's VIP trio alone would probably cause a heart attack.

...

This discussion lasted more than two hours. Mag talked about his plans to cause unrest within each tribe so that they would have no choice but to give up their wild ambitions of expanding.

Mag was rather confident in his plan, but the information he could get his hands on was too little, and it might not be accurate, so he knew that there might be many loopholes in his plan. There might be an even better plan than his.

However, that would be what the trio had to consider. It was not difficult to obtain more first-hand news with Chaos City's power, so he believed that there would be a department doing solely that.

The trio listened to Mag talk as they nodded and frowned occasionally. When Mag was done, the trio was already looking at Mag in a different light.

"Boss Mag, are you really not going to consider joining the city lord's castle? I've already decided to keep the position of the chief planner for you," Michael said as he looked at Mag.

"Well, I like being a chef more in comparison." Mag shook his head with a smile.

Chapter 1189: That Softness And Astounding Curve...

Michael looked at Mag and nodded as he said with pity, "Alright, I won't force you, but I will really leave this position for you. You can tell me anytime as long as you're willing to take it up."

Mag nodded with a smile and did not refuse further. If the world suddenly became chaotic, it probably would not be a bad choice to have a position in the city lord's castle.

However, he probably would not take up the role in the city lord's castle. Why would he? Was money too difficult to spend, or did he have too much time on his hands? It was great to be able to do whatever he wanted freely.

"I am a little curious. Mr. Mag, why is your first goal to help the Night Elves?" Rolan asked Mag suddenly. "I've just received the news that the Night Elves who had already gone without food for days suddenly had food. I wonder if Mr. Mag knows about it?"

"I know about this. I used to have three elves in my restaurant working as service staff. However, they've all gone to join the Night Elves. They were going home, after all, so I got them to bring some of the restaurant's specialties over." Mag was very open about it.

"As for why I chose the elves, looking at the big picture, it's because the tribe with the biggest internal conflict that's the most difficult to reconcile in the entire Norland Continent is the elves. The appearance of the Night Elves is like a sharp knife that slices apart the ugly side of the centuries of governance. If the Night Elves do not die out, the Wind Forest will be busy with settling their internal conflict, and will need a stable environment on a larger scale, so they can only vote to extend the peace treaty.

"A more private reason would be because of the three employees. They've worked in the restaurant for several months, and it is not just an employer and employee relationship between us. We are more like close friends, so I naturally wouldn't want to see the Night Elves exterminated just like that."

Rolan nodded slightly and did not probe further.

Michael looked at Mag, and solemnly said, "Mr. Mag, Chaos City was built for peace. Although it's called Chaos City, it's actually a city of peace. We wish to see a peaceful Norland Continent. Our vision aligns with yours. The plan that you mentioned just now has given us a lot of insights, and has also provided us with a possible way to change the world, so I hope that you can join us. Even if it's not by taking up a role in the city lord's castle, you could also join us as a senior consultant. Are you willing to do so?"

"A senior consultant?" Mag was hesitant. "What do I need to do for this role? What are the responsibilities?"

Michael said, "If you're agreeable, we will give you first-hand news, and you will be able to join our meetings to draft our plans at the same time. You have to keep all the information you receive top-secret and promise to be loyal to Chaos City."

Mag thought with a frown. If that was the case, it would solve his problem of having no source of information, and he would not need to spend a large amount of money to buy completely unreliable news.

Besides, ever since he found Scheer, Mag had already decided to form an alliance with the Buffett Bank to make some changes in Chaos City. As an owner of a restaurant, all he could do was secretly send some food to the Night Elves.

“Since that’s the case, I am willing to be a consultant,” Mag said with a nod.

“For your safety, only the three of us will know your identity. We will send someone to your restaurant to pass you the daily intelligence. If we need to have a meeting, someone will go over to invite you,” Michael said.

“I want to get a more holistic understanding of the different tribes’ situations. I wonder if you can give me some detailed information; best if it can be detailed to the point that there is information about the relationships between the higher-ups of each tribe.” Mag was ready to go through the different relationships within each tribe. As the saying went, “Know thyself, know thy enemy. A thousand battles, a thousand victories.”

“I’ll send someone to pass you the information tonight.” Michael nodded.

...

Mag took a normal horse-drawn carriage and left the city lord’s castle.

“Rolan, do you find Boss Mag a little like him?” Michael asked Rolan in the secret chamber.

“His silhouette and eyes are a little similar, but their speech patterns and their gaze are completely different. I can be very certain that they are two different people.” Rolan shook his head.

“Although Alex returned and proved to be still in his prime on that rainy night in Rodu, he still wore a mask, and no one has actually seen what he looks like. Besides, he has expressed his closeness with Chaos City, but he never interacted with us. Maybe he really changed a lot after what happened back then?” Novan asked.

“I just scanned his body with my spiritual power. Although it’s much stronger than normal people’s, I reckon it’s because he had been doing a lot of manual work in the kitchen every day. There’s nothing special about him. His hands are also smooth. They don’t have calluses that you get from using a sword.” Rolan shook his head.

“These points are actually not important at all. Do you all actually think that after disappearing for three years, Alex could become a genius chef? You all know what the food he makes tastes like. He’s a talent that even King Andre wants to fight for,” Michael said with a smile.

Rolan and Novan nodded when they heard that. *Culinary art is like swordsmanship. It’s not something that one could master in a day or two. Being able to have such culinary skills at his young age, Mag must have spent a long time working on it.*

“Boss Mag’s plan is already very well thought-out. However, the situation is constantly changing, and most parts of the plan cannot be used anymore. We still need to spend some time editing it. However, just as he said, if we were to secretly interfere with the Wind Forest’s attack on the Night Elves, we would be able to see the effects we want quickly, and that is also the easiest thing to do right now...”

...

Mag did not go straight home after leaving the city lord’s castle. Instead, he got off the horse-drawn carriage halfway, and walked to the Burning Legion’s base.

“Chief Sarger, this is the payment for this mission.” Mag passed Sarger a banknote. The Burning Legion did not disappoint him, and they did send Firis and the food safely over, buying precious time for the Night Elves.

Besides, according to Sarger, although the Night Elves were surrounded and left stranded, it seemed like they could still cope on their own for the time being.

Sarger received the banknote. Everyone from the Burning Legion was smiling happily. This was equivalent to 1,000 roujiamos, and it would be enough for them to eat for a while. This escort mission might’ve been tough, but it was very worth it.

“Boss Mag, if you have anything you need our help with, feel free to call us,” Sarger said with a pat on his chest as he kept the banknote.

“The Burning Legion provides quality service. I don’t want to look for someone else,” Mag said with a smile. There would be more occasions for their help in time to come.

He liked to transact with people who were straightforward and efficient. The Burning Legion fitted the standard perfectly.

After leaving the Burning Legion’s courtyard, Mag walked into a little alley, and suddenly, a little silhouette rushed into his embrace.

The strong momentum made Mag take a couple of steps back, but at the instant when they had physical contact, he subconsciously lifted his hands and seemed to have placed them where he should not. That softness and astounding curve...

Chapter 1190: Your Darned Gentleness...

“Huh?”

Stunned, Mag looked at the young lady with a flaxen hair who was only at his chest-level in front of him. Her petite size was a little incompatible with the giant softness that he felt in his hands. This sudden collision with her two pieces of roundness really caught him off-guard.

That young lady lowered her head to look at the two hands on her chest and was also stunned. Afterward, she suddenly looked up at Mag.

Her slightly messy curled hair parted sideways, revealing a clean and delicate face. The little specks of freckles on her nose made her face look even more animated. Her bluish-gray eyes were filled with rage, and her pinkish-white orc ears pricked immediately like kitten ears, making her seem a little cute¹.

She was wearing a thin cotton blouse, and she was still holding half a biscuit in her right hand. She was rather dirty all over, looking as though she had just rolled around on the ground.

“Scoundrel, aren’t you going to let go?” the kitten-eared young lady shouted with embarrassment.

Mag quickly retracted his hands and said a little apologetically, “I’m sorry, Miss, you were in such a rush and I was caught off-guard.”

“Over here!” Just then, the sound of rushed footsteps approaching them quickly came from the back of the alley.

The kitten-eared young lady turned back to glance in a fluster, and reached out to cover Mag’s mouth. “Shut up! Kiss me,” she commanded urgently. After that, she turned and stuck her back close to the wall as she pulled Mag’s collar, bringing him towards her. Mag’s face was in front of hers in an instant, and he almost touched her thin lips.

However, just as the two lips were about to meet, Mag pushed against the wall behind the young lady. He watched as the young lady had her eyes tightly shut as though she was prepared to die and he raised his brow. *What’s going on now? Are the young ladies these days all so liberal?*

However, judging from this kitten-eared young lady’s reaction, he could guess that she was being chased.

This was an oddly familiar scene.

Just then, a group dashed out from the neighboring alley. Mag tilted himself slightly and undid the buttons to his coat. The sides of the coat flared out, covering the kitten-eared young lady nicely. Mag lowered his head and supported himself against the wall with a hand. Their faces were almost sticking together, and from an outsider’s perspective, they looked just like a couple engaging in a passionate kiss.

When the group passed by Mag, their footsteps slowed down distinctively. After staring at Mag’s back closely for a while and not being able to make out the looks of the woman hidden by the coat, one of them softly commanded, “Hurry up! If she gets away, Orc Chief will never let us off!” They quickened their pace and left.

When they had gone far, Mag turned his head slightly to take a look. They were a group of orcs. The leader was already at the 8th-tier, while the rest were all 6th-tiers and 7th-tiers. Why would a group of highly skilled orcs chase this kitten-eared young lady? Orc chief was what the orcs called their leader. Would this have anything to do with the orcs?

Connie shut her eyes tightly, but the sticky and disgusting kiss that she’d anticipated did not come. This made her a little surprised.

A man like him who had just taken advantage of her did not seem like a good person. Why would he not take advantage of her now that he had the chance to?

But the sound of the rushed footsteps drawing close just now made her hold her breath and stay still. If she were to get caught by them, she would definitely be killed just like her father, and then no one would be able to return to save her brother. She had to continue living, and then become even more powerful.

Although the kiss did not happen, the warm breath from the nose that was almost sticking to her face grazed past her cheek gently, making her flush red. There wasn’t the unpleasant odor of sweat that one would find on an orc. Instead, it was a light fragrant scent.

Do all human men have such a weird scent? Connie was filled with questions. The coat that was hanging loose was very warm, and this man who was almost sticking to her was just like a giant furnace, chasing all the cold away.

She had been on the run for more than 10 days in the ice and snow, without even having warm clothes to wear or having proper sleep. Every day, the moment she opened her eyes, she would start running. There were several times she was almost caught. Even in this place that prided itself on freedom, Connie still could not find a place where she could belong.

But this warm embrace right now made her flustered heart settle down a little, calming her down.

Mag made sure that the orcs had gone far before he turned to look at the kitten-eared young lady who was leaning against the wall with both her hands clutching the biscuit full of dirt and mud. Her eyes were still tightly shut, and her long eyelashes were trembling, but her mouth was slightly puckered.

What is she anticipating? Mag squinted slightly and watched the young lady's slightly puckered lips. Her mouth was small and the shape of her lips was very cute. The only downside was that her lips did not have much color to them, and were already peeling from being too dry. This would affect a kissing experience greatly.

As an upright person, that was definitely not the reason why he did not go for it.

Was he such a loose person?

Even back when Irina pounced on him, he also only resisted a little symbolically.

"They're long gone," Mag told the kitten-eared young lady as he retracted his arm and stood up straight.

The warmth was taken over by the chill in an instant, and as the light scent disappeared, Connie shuddered. She felt a little empty inside. She opened her eyes and looked around the deserted alley before looking at Mag.

If she were to look at him properly, this man was actually quite good-looking. He had a handsome, chiseled face, a small mustache above his lips which gave him the charisma of a mature man, and a gentle gaze. This tall human man used his body to save her just now...

Hang on... even if that was the case, that could only strike off his impropriety towards her just now!

Besides, Mother had said that good-looking men are all liars!

This man must be a big fat liar!

Upon coming to that conclusion, Connie's gaze resting on Mag became more cautious.

"Are you cold?" Mag asked.

"H-how do you know that!?" Connie was shocked. She stared wide-eyed at Mag. Could this man read minds? How would he know that she was freezing right now!

Mag was speechless as he watched Connie, who was shuddering from the cold. Anybody would be able to tell, right? Why did she look like he had seen through her secret?

“Why are they chasing you?” Mag continued asking.

“How did you know that they were chasing me!?” Connie was even more astonished. She even grabbed the dagger she was hiding in her sleeve immediately as she looked at Mag cautiously.

“If they weren’t chasing you, were they chasing me?” Mag rolled his eyes. He felt like he could not carry on with this conversation, so he turned to leave.

I-is he going to leave just like that? Connie heaved a sigh of relief. However, she felt an inexplicable sense of disappointment when she saw Mag’s back. That embrace just now was very warm and calming...

Mag took a few steps before he let out a soft sigh, turned, and walked back towards Connie. He took his coat off and put it on Connie, who was dumbfounded, and said, “Follow me.”

“Your darned gentleness...”