

Stay At home 1191

Chapter 1191: T-This Dragon Hasn't Lost Its Warmth Yet?

Connie followed Mag in a daze, wearing the warm coat.

She also didn't know why she was leaving with a man she had just met and didn't even know anything about.

Probably it was because she had nowhere to go, and his clothes were so warm. Even though she didn't know anything, she wanted to trust him.

Of course, the most likely reason was that... he threw away that big biscuit that she had snatched from the big dog's mouth, and said he would bring her to eat good food.

She was simply too hungry...

Good-looking men were indeed all great liars—he managed to get her to go with him in a short time.

The long coat almost reached her ankles and engulfed her. It still had his warmth and scent. This was the most comfortable time for her in these 10-odd days.

Mag hailed a carriage after they got out of the alley. He got Connie into the carriage and went back to the restaurant.

"Is this... your palace?" Connie said as she alighted from the carriage and stared at the resplendent restaurant.

This man talked with an air of dominance, so he could be the chief of some human tribe.

Mag opened the door and said, "This is my restaurant. Come on in."

"Restaurant!" Connie's eyes lit up, and she quickly strode in.

Warmth surrounded her once she entered. The restaurant and the outside were like two entirely worlds; it seemed to be on fire.

"It's so warm." Connie smiled and stared at the beautiful decorations in the restaurant. Even though they weren't all made of gold like her home, they made her feel very comfortable.

"Have a seat. I'll get you some water," Mag said casually. He looked at the feedback that was displayed to him by the Omniscient Door in his mind. This girl with cat ears was an orc, and was a little different from those orcs with dark green skin that Mag knew.

However, the orc species was made up of hundreds of different tribes. They were called orcs because they had some traits of magic beasts¹. Hence, it was common that the traits could differ.

Mag walked toward the kitchen, and soon came out with a glass of warm water. He looked at the cat-eared maiden who was standing in front of the Twilight Forest murals.

She had already removed the coat and put it over a chair. She stared at that mural in a daze with reddened eyes and pursed lips, as if she didn't want her tears to flow out.

Mag stared at her for a while before placing the glass on the table next to her gently and went back to the kitchen.

After a short while, an aroma drifted out from the kitchen.

Smells so good! Connie, who was standing in front of the murals with reddened eyes, moved her nose. Her eyes lit up and she turned to look toward the kitchen. The enticing aroma came from the kitchen.

What is he doing? Connie's stomach rumbled. She hadn't eaten for three days. She only ate a mouthful of snow whenever she was hungry. She couldn't control her body, and walked to the kitchen after smelling the aroma.

Mag, wearing an apron, was facing the door with his back. A metal wok was shaking in his hand, and colorful ingredients were tossing about in it. They were tossed up high like a rainbow, and the enticing aroma came from them.

There was also a metal pot on the other stove, but it was covered, so she didn't know what was in it.

So he is a chef? Connie looked at Mag with a wondering look. She didn't expect that when he said that he was bringing her to eat, he meant to eat what he cooked.

Mag turned off the fire and scooped the Yangzhou fried rice onto a plate. He took a spoon, turned around holding the plate in his hands, and said to Connie at the door, "Eat this Yangzhou fried rice first. The rest is not ready."

"Mm-hm," Connie answered, but her gaze was totally attracted by the Yangzhou fried rice.

Mag carried the plate and placed it on the table that he placed the glass. He caught Connie's hands as she was about to grab the spoon. He shook his head, and said, "Wash your hands before you eat."

Connie looked at her dirty hands, and said in a shock, "Why are my hands so dirty!"

"These are your hands." Mag was speechless. He pulled her into the kitchen and turned on the tap.

"What is this? Why does a transparent liquid flow out when you touch it?" Connie said, staring at the tap in astonishment.

"This is a tap, and it's water that flows out." Mag raised his brows. What lousy lines were these¹?

"Water Dragon Head!" Connie took two steps backward and stared at Mag in a shock. She said in a trembling voice, "You actually twisted the head of a giant dragon off and installed it in your kitchen! Then, whatever that flows out from its mouth should be saliva!"

Mag stared at Connie for quite some time. Suddenly, he had the urge to throw this spastic girl out.

"Wash your hands. Eat." Mag tried to say it as calmly as possible.

Connie looked at the fried rice on the table, and her stomach protested violently. Then, her gaze landed on the silver tap. Although she didn't know how Mag turned the giant dragon's head into this long and

narrow form, her fear eventually lost to her hunger. She went forward unwillingly, and reached to touch that cooling water stream.

“It’s warm!” Connie retrieved her hand with an even more shocked expression. “T-this dragon hasn’t lost its warmth yet?”

“Yes. It’s optimal to use warm water during winter, so I always kill them just before I want to use water.” A cruel smile appeared on Mag’s face.

Connie’s eyes slowly widened, and she shut her mouth instantly. This guy was so scary. He actually killed a giant dragon every day so he could have warm water.

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I’m sorry, lord giant dragon. I didn’t want to do this. I am forced too, Connie said in her heart and washed her hands clean with the warm water unwillingly.

Mag turned off the tap and gestured to Connie that she was allowed to go out.

Connie quickly strode out of the kitchen. She looked toward the door, but her gaze was swiftly attracted by the Yangzhou fried rice on the table.

“Grooowl~”

After hearing her stomach rumble, Connie sat in front of the table resignedly. She peeped at the kitchen, and softly said, “I will run away after I finish eating. This isn’t a human, but a demon. I need to stay away or else I will be eaten too.”

Then, she picked up the spoon and scooped up a spoonful of Yangzhou fried rice. The aroma greeted her nose.

The rice was covered by the golden egg. Each and every grain was distinct, and all the ingredients were cut into a rice grain’s size.

Back in the tribe, she ate big pieces of meat that were roasted and boiled every day. She had never seen such delicate and beautiful food.

Father said we should gobble down our meat. Will it taste nice when it is cut until it’s so small? Connie was suspicious as she put the fried rice into her mouth.

The rice and egg practically melted as soon as they entered her mouth, while the winter bamboo shoots and green peas presented crunchy and refreshing textures.

There were soft pieces of ham intermingled with the grains of rice, and there also seemed to be a delightful undertone of shrimp.

It was amazing to think that all of those flavors could be present in just a single mouthful of fried rice. Her mouth that had only tasted snow for the past few days was awoken instantly.

The taste buds were in revelry as they welcomed this amazing taste.

After swallowing it, the fried rice became a warm current that glided into her stomach. Connie only felt her body become warm all over, and her hungry stomach was consoled. Then, it released an even stronger urge to continue eating.

“Oh! This is simply too delicious!!!”

Connie couldn't help but praise it. She fed herself another spoonful and chewed blissfully.

Chapter 1192: You Are Really A Genius

The delicious Yangzhou fried rice accommodated the taste buds as it consoled the hungry stomach. One mouthful after another, it was so delicious that she couldn't stop.

Connie had forgotten completely about her thoughts about “a fiend in human shape” or “serial dragon killer”. Only the scrumptious Yangzhou fried rice was left in her mind.

“Ding!”

The spoon clattered on the empty plate. Connie stared at the empty plate in front of her, stunned, and mumbled, “My heavens! I actually finished a plate of rice offered by a stranger! Moreover, it is even made by a serial dragon monster-killer!”

She stared at the two grains of rice left over on the plate with widened eyes. She looked at her hands, which picked up the plate beyond her control, and her tongue stuck out as if it was pulled as she licked the plate.

The two grains of rice were sucked into her mouth.

It's so good! A voice appeared in her heart.

Who are you!? What are you doing in my body?! Connie glared, unwilling to acknowledge those were her thoughts.

Mag came out with a tray. When he saw the squeaky clean plate, he sarcastically said, “If I hadn't made it, I would have forgotten what you were eating.”

“I... I... I...” Connie blushed. She opened her mouth, but she didn't know how to rebut. She snuck a look at Mag. Although he was handsome, he wasn't a good man. *He even twisted the water dragon's head off to spray water. Would he be interested in my head too?*

Mag placed a huge plate in front of Connie, and then lifted the cover.

The spicy and tart aroma of Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers washed over her together with the heat. Connie, who was pondering how to escape, was lost again.

“My heavens! What kind of aroma is this again, why is it so tantalizing!?” Connie blinked, trying to look at what was on the plate through the steam. She saw a plate full of chopped red chilli, and the thing underneath them was almost invisible.

“This... is for me too?” Connie asked Mag with an uncertain expression.

"I am not hungry, and you are the only other person in the restaurant." Mag nodded. He had the urge to nourish the brain of this cat-eared girl right now so that he could have a normal conversation. Otherwise, talking to her really zapped his energy.

He's actually being so nice to me? Maybe he really is a nice person? Connie sized up Mag carefully. Then, she remembered the tap in the kitchen, and shook her head in her heart again. *Maybe he is just interested in some of my body parts. He would kill me after feeding me some nice food.*

She wanted to escape.

However, she couldn't move her feet when she looked at the delicacy that smelled so great in front of her.

If the fried rice was a gentle consolation, then this bright red delicacy was like a strong macho man who had her pinned down.

Her heart was unwilling, but...

"Then, I will dig in now." Connie picked up her chopsticks, and put a piece of chopped chilli into her mouth.

The sour and spicy tastes almost exploded at the same moment!

The taste buds that were gently consoled by the Yangzhou fried rice earlier were suddenly given a loud and tight slap now.

Connie's face flushed immediately. The hot and spicy sensation spread from the tip of her tongue to her whole body. As if thousands of ants were crawling on her body, it felt like something was going to emerge from her body. The sensation that made her scalp tingle made her tremble too. She opened her tiny mouth and moaned. "Mmm~"

"Rip!"

Almost at the same time, a sound of cloth ripping appeared.

The tattered linen shirt that Connie was wearing had torn downward from the collar, and revealed a beautiful curvature.

Mag raised his eyebrows slightly. It seemed like customers with an ample bosom should not eat this steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers.

Mmm. Today's fish head was big and round.

And Connie, who was blushing, had no idea about all this.

"Spicy!" Connie, who had never eaten chilli before, had a completely blank mind now.

After the instantaneous strong impact had passed, it fell rapidly. The taste buds that were ravaged felt lost, and then it controlled the brain to move the chopsticks. She picked up another piece of chopped chilli and ate it.

The sour and spicy taste ran on a rampage again. The initial uncomfortable feeling had disappeared. Instead, a surprising sensation made the taste buds party again.

A mouthful of chopped chilli followed another mouthful of chopped chilli. The taste buds continued to welcome the next round of assault happily after they were tortured.

“This is a fish head dish...” Mag looked at Connie who was eating the chopped chilli frantically. He wanted to say something, but he didn’t know how to put it across.

Five minutes later, Connie put the last piece of chopped chilli into her mouth, chewed, and swallowed. She let out a sigh of relief satedly.

Her clothes were soaked with her sweat. This vivid sensation was simply too enjoyable!

Then, she took a look at the plate, and saw a neatly placed fish head. She exclaimed, “Huh!? Why is there a fish head?!”

“This dish is called the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers. Usually, people eat the fish head. I didn’t expect you to eat the chopped chilli.” Mag looked at Connie with a complicated expression. “You are really a genius.”

“Eat the fish head?” Connie looked even more shocked. “I think that chopped chilli is very delicious too.”

Then, she looked down and finally discovered her ripped collar.

“Ah!” She screamed and grasped her collar as she looked at Mag in a panic. “W-what did you do to me when I was eating!?”

“I have been standing here the entire time. What do you think I have done to you?” Mag threw up his hands.

“You’re right.” Connie was stunned. Although she was very immersed in eating earlier, Mag really didn’t go near her, nor do anything strange to her.

Maybe this shirt was too tattered, so it ripped apart when I wasn’t paying any attention? Connie thought. Her gaze landed on the fish head again. After observing it for a while, she again exclaimed, “Why does this fish only have a head left?!”

“This dish is called Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers.” Mag pursed his lips. This girl kept overreacting, and it made him feel like laughing and crying at the same time.

“Water Dragon Head, Fish head...” Connie’s eyes began to fill with terror as she gazed at Mag. Maybe he had a head fetish? Maybe he brought her back to get her head?

Connie broke down and cried on the spot as she thought about that. “D-don’t kill me. My head isn’t nice at all. I also don’t know how to spray water, so it will be useless to put my head in the kitchen...”

Chapter 1193: Please Recruit Some Delivery Staff As Soon As Possible

Mag looked at Connie, who was crying piteously with trembling white cat ears and almost kneeling to him, and began to feel bad.

Even though this girl was rather ditzy and silly, she seemed to be rather stupidly adorable.

However, did he really look so scary?

Didn't he behave exactly like a perfect caring gentleman earlier?

He rescued her, gave her warm clothes, gave her drinks, and cooked for her. One couldn't find another man like this out of Mamy Restaurant, and this fellow was so scared that she burst into tears?

Alright. He didn't have to get upset if a woman with a kooky brain couldn't appreciate his rare qualities as a good-quality man.

And, from her illogical pleas, he understood that she apparently had a psychological trauma of him because of the tap.

Mag: “ㄱ (ㅅ) ㄱ”

What can I do? Its name is really “water head dragon”.

“Alright. I am not interested in your head. I am afraid I will get poisoned by it,” Mag said with a resigned smile as he pulled Connie, who was going to collapse to the floor as she cried, up and tossed her back onto a chair.

“Really?” Connie quit crying instantly, but she still gazed at Mag suspiciously.

“I am Mag, the owner of this restaurant. This is a prim and proper restaurant, not some tourist trap.” Mag nodded as he pulled out a chair and sat across Connie. He continued, “Furthermore, your head is the most worthless part of your body.”

“Then, you are interested in my body?” Connie grasped her clothes and gasped in fright.

“Don't worry. I am not interested in you. I am afraid my line will die out because my descendents are too stupid otherwise.” Mag sighed. This dumb maiden was really one of a kind.

“Then I am relieved.” Connie heaved a breath of relief, and a smile returned to her face.

“What is your name? Why were those orcs pursuing you?” Mag asked Connie, who picked up the chopsticks again.

“I am Connie, from Twilight Forest. Those are bad guys. They wanted to catch me and hand me over to a big bad egg,” Connie said weakly. Her eyes reddened as she was reminded of something.

Even though the information that she provided with her words was negligible, Mag didn't have the heart to pursue it. He got up, and said, “Go on if you are still hungry. I'll cook some noodles for you.”

“Mm-hm,” Connie answered as she looked at Mag who walked to the kitchen. In this case, he might not be a bad guy. Her gaze returned to the fish head in front of her. The tender white flesh looked rather tantalizing. They usually roasted their fish in her tribe, and the fish heads were discarded. She didn't expect someone would deliberately make a dish with the fish head.

She put a piece of fish into her mouth. The tender fish meat glided in smoothly with a hint of the sour and spicy taste. The fat and tender flesh melted in her mouth as soon as she bit down gently. The roasted fish that she had had before couldn't compare to this fish's delicate texture and fresh taste.

She felt as if she was a fish that had leaped into a huge pool filled with the red chopped chilli. She welcomed this beautiful taste ecstatically.

"This fish head is simply too delicious!"

Connie opened her eyes in surprise, and put another piece of fish into her mouth. She didn't have to worry about bones, and simply felt the fish's scrumptious taste.

If he could make such delicious food, he most probably isn't a bad guy? Connie made time to glance at the kitchen as she became more and more certain in her heart.

When Connie was almost done with the fish head, Mag came out with a bowl of rice vermicelli. The rice vermicelli wasn't in a broth, and was simply sprinkled with chopped green scallions. He scooped a few spoonfuls of the gravy of the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers, and drizzled them over the rice vermicelli. The white rice vermicelli became red instantly, and a spicy and sour aroma greeted her nose.

"Eat." Mag placed the rice vermicelli in front of Connie.

"Thank you," Connie said with gratitude. She hadn't had a full meal after the rebellion happened and she escaped alone. Mag, who she had just met, made her a meal that was so delicious and substantial. It really touched her.

The rice vermicelli was soaked with the gravy and it tasted marvellous, like a match made in heaven!

With soft sucking sounds, Connie swiftly finished the whole bowl of rice vermicelli.

"Burp~"

Connie released a burp and smiled with satisfaction. It was simply too blissful to feel full!

All this felt like a dream, and she was suddenly afraid she would just wake up from it.

Why would something like this happen? A handsome man suddenly appeared when she had nowhere to go and saved her. He even brought her home and cooked a delicious meal for her.

Am I really dreaming? How would such delicious food exist in the real world? Connie lamented in her heart. It seemed like she was really starving, and could only dream up such delicious food and a perfect man.

She raised her eyes to look at Mag, feeling very much relaxed instantaneously.

Since this was just her dream, she didn't have to be nervous.

"Thank you for making so much good food for me." Connie looked at Mag and stood up slowly. As she unbuttoned her top, she said, "Father said we, orcs, must repay the kindness shown to us. But, I have nothing to repay you with right now. I can only offer this virginal body that I have kept for 16 years—"

Mag used his finger to flick Connie's forehead as she pulled her tattered top apart. He said with resignation, "What are you doing?"

"Ouch! It hurts!" Connie covered her forehead and took a step back. She piteously said, "W-why are you hitting me?"

"Huh? It hurts! That means... this is not a dream!!!" Connie reacted suddenly. She blushed as she looked at her open collar. She quickly pulled it close in a panic.

My heavens! This is actually real! I am not dreaming! What was I doing? What should I do now... Connie wished the ground would open up and swallow her. It was so embarrassing.

A woman indeed is capable of anything if she is brainless. Mag sighed in his heart. He was going to give up on this woman. It was simply too tiring.

"Ding! New mission: in order to provide a better dining experience and serve those customers who are not able to dine at the restaurant for some special reasons, could the Host open up the restaurant's takeaway service and recruit some delivery staff as soon as possible? You are required to complete your first order within the first two days!

"Mission reward: one recipe for double-flavor hot pot! Punishment for mission failure: -1 strength point!"

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

Chapter 1194: I Am Easy To Feed And I Eat Very Little...

"Takeaway delivery?"

Mag raised his eyebrows. Even though it was already a little late for the hot pot, the reward was very enticing. However, how was he going to operate a delivery service?

"System, didn't you always say that a God of Cookery has to have class? Isn't having a delivery service lowering my status? Have you seen any Michelin 3-star restaurant doing delivery?" Mag pursed his lips. "Furthermore, I am already busy enough receiving the customers eating at the restaurant, and many of them can't even get in to dine. Where do I have the energy to do delivery?"

"Host, this delivery service isn't for everyone. Instead, it will be based on humanitarian reasons and provide a limited delivery service to those customers who are not able to dine at the restaurant. It will not affect the restaurant's daily operations. At the same time, there will be a delivery charge. It will expand the restaurant's influence and gain more praises," the System said seriously.

"Can I decide on the items for delivery?" Mag probed.

"This restriction will be decided by the Host solely. The two days countdown will begin right now. Could the Host please recruit a rider as soon as possible and start your alternate world delivery career!" the System said energetically.

"Delivery rider." Mag raised his eyes and he saw Connie, who had already snuck to the restaurant's entrance on her tiptoes. She only wore a thin piece of clothing, and it was even torn earlier.

It was cold and snowy out there, and a group of fierce orcs were looking for her. Mag couldn't bear to send her away like this.

"I say..." Mag opened his mouth.

Connie halted her steps when she heard his voice. She was still blushing as she panicked. Did he really take her words seriously? But this wasn't a dream! Did she really have to hand him the virginity that she had maintained for 16 years just to pay for a meal?

Although he is rather good-looking and makes fantastic food, if he is going to make me such divine food every day, spending a night with him seems quite...

No! No! Connie shook her head rapidly as she chased that shameless thought out of her mind. She still got to return to save her older brother and avenge her father. How could she let herself get stuck here just because of a good meal?

Mother said men are all bad stuff, and I gotta stay away from them. I will get pregnant if I am kissed. I cannot get pregnant so easily...

"Do you have anywhere to go?" Mag asked Connie who was frozen at the entrance.

"No," Connie answered subconsciously.

However, she began to regret it as soon as she replied. Was Mag testing her? Was he going to drag her into a little dark room and keep her captive after knowing she had nowhere to go...

Mag couldn't care less what she was thinking in her weird mind, and simply asked, "The restaurant needs to hire a new staff member. Do you want to try it?"

"Staff?" Connie was stunned. She nervously asked, "Is it being your servant? That kind where I have to do everything, including letting you do me?"

Mag: "ㄱ (ʹ ∇ ʹ) ㄱ"

What kind of person is this!

Am I such a person?

However, could he still recruit a staff member like her? Then, where was he going to recruit?

"No, no!" Mag pinched the center of his brows. He felt misled by this fellow; at the same time, he was very doubtful of his rash decision. Keeping this fellow wasn't a wise choice.

Mag calmed himself down before explaining, "Staff refers to the restaurant's staff. Some staff members are responsible for taking orders, while others are responsible for cleanup and processing the ingredients. All of them have their own duties..."

"You still have many other staff members?!" Connie exclaimed. "Then, how do you make their sleeping arrangement?"

"I have said that the restaurant staff don't sleep with me!" Mag couldn't help but shout at her.

Connie cringed as she weakly said, "You... didn't say..."

“Alright, you can go now.” Mag looked hopeless as he decided to take back his rash decision.

Connie considered seriously as she softly asked, “Will you still give me food if I don’t sleep with you? Or pay me that... that... gold coin?”

It had been two days since she arrived at Chaos City, and she still couldn’t find a place to settle down despite Chaos City being such a huge place. She slept under the bridge yesterday, and was even bitten by a rat. She was most afraid of rats. The restaurant looked clean, so there shouldn’t be rats here. It would be rather nice if she could sleep at night.

Moreover, after leaving the tribe, she learnt that the outside world only recognized a thing called gold coin. Everything needed gold coins, and that was good stuff.

“I think you are most probably not suitable for this job.” Mag shook his head coldly.

“Why? I can do anything apart from sleeping with you,” Connie said confidently.

“I think you are too stupid.” Mag continued shaking his head.

“Boohoo...” Connie’s white cat ears folded down instantly as tears started to flow. Her shoulders were also shaking as she was wronged badly.

“What are you doing?” Mag cocked an eyebrow. He didn’t expect that although this fellow was stupid, she knew how to gain sympathy with her tears. However, Mag hated people who used tears to gain sympathy the most. This only made him more determined about his decision. This kind of staff member that only used crying to solve problems...

Connie grabbed Mag’s arm and pressed against him as she sobbed, and said, “Then, I will sleep with you. You just have to feed me. I am easy to feed and I eat very little...” Her two soft mounds were distorted, pressing against Mag’s arm.

“Stop, stop, stop!” Mag quickly stopped this silly maiden’s further actions. He pushed her back by pressing against her forehead. It seemed like he had underestimated her. Her brain solved problems with a unique circuit.

He looked at the cat-eared maiden who was sobbing piteously. Given her intelligence, she most likely would be abducted as soon as she stepped out of the door. She would be that kind that helped her abductor count the money after she was sold.

“You have a three-day probation period to prove to me that you are worth keeping as a staff member. Otherwise, you still have to go. I will pay you a salary after you are officially hired. Furthermore, I will make sure that you are safe,” Mag said gravely.

“Mm-hm.” Connie nodded and wiped her tears away as she excitedly said to Mag, “Then, what should I do now?”

Mag looked at Connie’s tattered clothes that were torn at the collar and full of sweat stains left behind by days of not bathing.

“S-so fast?” Connie was nervous. “This is my first time...”

Chapter 1195: The Correct Way To Wear A Bra

"First time my a*s!" Mag flicked her forehead with his finger. What was in there? He turned to walk toward the stairs as he said, "I am afraid the customers would complain about the smell on you. The restaurant's staff have to be dressed neatly and not smell bad. Otherwise, it would give the customers a bad dining experience."

"Oh, I see." Connie looked aware and followed Mag upstairs.

"I will get you a set of uniforms. Red, yellow, and blue, which color do you like?" Mag asked.

"I like blue, sky blue," Connie replied quickly.

"Alright." Mag nodded and brought Connie into the bathroom upstairs.

"What a huge water dragon!" Connie stood at the bathroom's entrance, and stared at the shower head in fear.

Then, her expression became even more nervous when she saw a few more taps. Was Mr. Mag really a water dragons killer?

"This is the shower control. There will be a constant warm water when you turn it on. These are the shampoo and shower gel. You need to wet your hair before you apply the red one. It will remove the dirt in your hair. Use water to rinse the bubbles out when you are done. The black bottle is used to clean the body by applying it all over. You have to rinse it out with water too." Mag introduced the bottles to Connie. He turned and asked, "Do you get it?"

"G-got it." Connie nodded. She secretly gulped before asking, "But... do I really have to face so many water dragon heads alone? I am a little scared... C-can you bathe together with me please?"

"No," Mag rejected coldly. She was expecting a free scrub service from him. He wasn't stupid.

"I will place your clothes on the stool at the door. Get them yourself when you are done. I will be going downstairs soon." Mag tilted his body and got out of the bathroom.

Connie grasped Mag's clothes and piteously said, "Please don't leave me here alone..."

There were actually four water dragon heads in such a small room. This was simply too scary!

"My restaurant doesn't take in people who stink." Mag pulled the corner of his clothes out of Connie's hand, and then closed the bathroom's door. He couldn't help but murmur, "Do the orcs have the tradition of males and females bathing together?"

Connie was left alone after the door closed.

She stuck herself against the wall and stared at the four taps that were spread out in the bathroom nervously.

The bathroom was big and warm. There was a big white bathtub in there which looked like it should be used for soaking.

"I... I was forced. I don't mean to offend you. P-please don't blame me and don't scare me... I will go after I wash up..." Connie mumbled sincerely to the taps and shower heads with her hands pressing together. Then, she turned and saw herself in the mirror.

"Ah! What is this? Why could it show me my beauty so clearly?" Connie looked at the mirror in a shock. Even a crystal mirror wasn't as clear as this mirror.

However, she soon found out about the sweat stains and dirt on her face, neck, and arms. Being on the run for 10-odd days, she didn't have the time to bathe at all. She could indeed smell a sweaty stench on herself when she took a sniff.

Oh my heavens! Is this smell coming from my body? Connie looked devastated. She stripped herself, looked at the shower head, which was much bigger than normal taps, and apologetically said, "Lord Giant Dragon, I will just borrow a little water from you. Go and look for the boss if you feel vengeful."

Then, she turned on the tap.

Warm water sprayed out from the shower head and landed on her head, wetting her hair and body.

"Meow~"

The comfortable feeling made her let out a small moan. The warm water washed away the tiredness that she accumulated on her journey rapidly.

"So comfortable!" Connie couldn't help but praise it. The hot steam quickly filled the bathroom, and her pale skin turned pink too as she washed away the dirt on her body.

He said this is to wash the hair and this is to wash the body. Why do we need to use this weird liquid? After washing herself under the warm water for a while, Connie's gaze landed on the shampoo and shower gel at the side. She hesitated for a moment before pressing on the lid as Mag demonstrated to her earlier. A creamy white liquid squirted out and dripped all over her face.

"Ew!"

Connie closed her eyes subconsciously before touching the liquid on her face with her hand. It felt slippery and sticky, but there was a very special scent, just like a flower scent. It was soothing and comforting, and it felt familiar.

"This is the shampoo?" Connie looked at the cream in her hand and wiped it on her head. After rubbing for a while, it actually became many white bubbles.

"Wow! It really has bubbles!" Connie's eyes lit up as she placed the white bubbles next to her mouth and blew gently. She smiled as she watched the bubbles float away.

After washing her hair, she tried the shower gel. The shower gel, too, felt slippery on her body. A slight rub produced many bubbles. The body gave out a light refreshing scent after bathing.

Oh! I knew it. This is the scent on Mr. Mag's body! Connie's eyes lit up. The stench on her body had disappeared totally. Her hair and body were clean, and her delicate skin was pink. She was even tempted to bite herself as she looked into the mirror.

Am I ugly? Why is Mr. Mag not interested in sleeping with me? Or, maybe it's because I'm too small? Connie sighed with self-pity as she looked at herself in the mirror. Her confidence had taken a hit.

Oh yes. He said he had prepared some clothes for me. What do they look like? Connie thought with anticipation. Ever since leaving the tribe, she had not had any warm clothing. She didn't want to wear pretty dresses now. Instead, she preferred a set of warm and comfortable clothing.

Her cat ears moved as she stood next to the door. After she was certain nobody was out there, she opened the bathroom's door gingerly. She saw a stool next to the door as soon as she opened a small gap. There was a set of sky blue clothes on it with a note that had both words and pictures.

Wow, it's the color sky blue. Connie's eyes lit up as she picked up the clothes and the note.

"The correct way to wear a bra..." Connie read out softly before taking out a little piece of clothing that had a lace trimming on it from the stack of clothes. Confused, she said, "What is this? This pattern is so pretty. Maybe it should be worn on the outside?"

Mag was crossing his legs and drinking his afternoon tea leisurely. He turned his head back when he heard the sound of footsteps. When he saw Connie, who was wearing a sky blue technical jacket with a black bra over it, he spat the tea in his mouth out immediately.

Chapter 1196: How Old Exactly Is This Buffoon?

Seeing Connie wear her bra on the outside made Mag's jaw drop. Superman wore his underwear on the outside, and Catwoman wore her bra on the outside. Was she trying the superhero style?

Why? Am I that pretty? Connie touched the lace sides and looked at Mag with surprise. She did not think that his reaction would be so big after she got changed.

"Umm, this... this is underwear. It should be worn on the inside. Why did you wear it on the outside?" Mag asked as he raised his brow.

"Worn on the inside? Why?" Connie was puzzled. She tugged at the laced sides. "Look, these are such pretty patterns. Isn't it better to wear it on the outside?"

"This is underwear, it's used to..." Mag used his hands to motion a little in front of his chest, but felt that he could not really describe it well, so he just straightforwardly said, "In any case, this is underwear. It's supposed to be kept private. You can't wear it on the outside to show others, especially men. That's not very appropriate."

"If it can't be seen, why is it made to be so pretty? There are little flowers and also embroidery. It's such a pretty little shirt, it's such a pity if other people can't admire it." Connie was still bewildered.

Mag was a little speechless. "Bras are made to be cute and pretty not just because women like it that way. A part of the reason is that on special private occasions, it's for their men to admire. This is only limited to between each couple. No one would ever wear it on the outside."

"I see." Connie thought for a while. After that, she looked at Mag and her eyes lit up. "Then I will wear it for you to see!"

“???” Mag was confused. Did this young lady not understand what he said?

“I don’t have any lover, but I want someone to admire this pretty little shirt on me, so please be my lover for the time being,” Connie said innocently.

“No,” Mag rejected her resolutely.

Although he did not mind watching an underwear show, he wasn’t sure when Gina would return to the restaurant, and whether Amy, who was having her class just next door, would come back to play for a while during lesson time. If someone accidentally saw this scene, it would be difficult to explain himself.

“Also, there are clasps at the back of this little shirt. You will damage the elasticity of the straps if you just tie it up.” Mag glanced at the casually-tied-up strap behind Connie. The system provided a very detailed pictorial instruction for wearing a bra!

“But...”

“If you don’t dress properly, you are fired,” Mag said coldly.

Connie shut her mouth and went up obediently.

10 minutes later, Connie came back down defeatedly with that black bra in her hand. She stammered, “I can’t clasp them together. Can you teach me how?”

Mag looked at Connie and felt as though he was completely defeated by her stupidity. He reached over for that black bra. There was no other choice but to teach her step by step.

“Look, put your arms through these straps, then position the bra so that it sticks nicely on your body. After that, reach your hands to your back and grab each side of the band. Use your fingers to feel where the clasps are, then clasp them together, and you are done wearing a bra. Do you understand it now?” Mag asked Connie.

Connie nodded. She looked at Mag, who was wearing the black bra, and curiously asked, “But how are you so good at it?”

“Once you become familiar with it, you would naturally know how to do it,” Mag said smoothly as he unclasped the bra with one hand.

After Mag’s demonstration, Connie took the bra back upstairs. Finally...

“Mr. Mag!” Connie’s voice came from upstairs.

“What is it again?” Mag went upstairs with dread.

The door to the bathroom was half open. A fair and clean back came into his view. The beautiful lines curved inwards slowly down towards the waist.

Mag was caught off-guard, and he took an even better look.

“I think my arms are too short. I can’t clasp them together...” Connie turned her head and looked a little embarrassedly at Mag. Her hands were holding the clasps as they moved up and down in a futile effort to clasp the band together.

“That must have been hard on you.” Mag sighed. He reached out to help her pull the two sides of the band together and clasped it together. Then he shut the bathroom’s door for her. *How old exactly is this buffoon?*

After a series of events, Connie was finally standing in front of Mag with her uniform worn properly.

These clothes were really comfortable. They could keep the cold out completely. The only downside was that they made her feel a little hot wearing them indoors. However, Connie could not bear to take them off.

Mag took a good look at Connie. The sky blue jacket fitted her perfectly. There were two dark lines running down seams at the arms and pants, making the jacket stand out even more.

In addition, Connie’s great figure and her graceful elegance when she was serious made this delivery uniform look like it was a designer brand.

Of course, that was only if she did not speak.

The temperature outside now was negative 10°C, so Mag made the system add a layer of top-grade down in the jacket so that it would be light yet very warm, making it both like a windbreaker and a down jacket, which could keep the cold out completely.

Also, there were three big words on her back that said: “Are you full?”

Yes, that was the delivery branding that Mag had established in this world.

The mission of the service was: Are you full? If you’re not, I’ll deliver some food to you!

However, there were no telephones or the internet in this world. The poor connectivity made Mag hold back the launching of this plan.

His idea of doing this delivery business was not fully developed yet. He could not possibly get his customers to come to make their order, and then appoint a deliveryman to follow the customer back, right?

“Let’s go. I’ll bring you to practice.” Mag picked up a dark blue helmet from the counter at the side, and put it on Connie’s head before walking towards the door.

Connie’s head was completely enveloped by the helmet. The visor with futuristic appearance was able to provide her with a wide view of 270°, and there was even a small screen on the top right-hand corner. However, it was currently black.

“Wow, it’s so cool.” Connie followed behind Mag as she looked around and gasped. Then, all of a sudden, she walked right into the door.

Mag turned back to look at Connie, who was frantically trying to hold on to the door like an alien. He suddenly had doubts about whether he should allow her to learn to ride. If she were to go out on the road, she would probably become a killer.

A bicycle... should be fine, right? Mag looked at the bicycle in front of him that was already upgraded. It was entirely shock-absorbent, and the basket in front was made a lot bigger. On top of that, there was a

delivery box attached to the back, making its capacity far bigger than a normal deliveryman's personal mobility device.

Connie came over, and exaggeratedly asked, "What's this?"

Chapter 1197: Father, Who Is This Woman?

"This is a bicycle. As a deliveryman, you are responsible for sending the food to the customers' hands. In order to make sure that the food stays fresh, you have to complete the delivery very quickly. Before you start your job officially, you have to learn how to ride a bicycle first," Mag explained.

"Bicycle?" Connie walked around the bicycle. "Is it something that will run on its own once I sit on it?"

"That's an auto-pilot car." Mag shook his head. He did not want to continue that stupid conversation with Connie. He held the bicycle steady and got on the bicycle. "Let me show you how to ride a bicycle. You have to master it by sunset today."

"Mm-hm," Connie replied. She looked at Mag seriously. She had already decided that she had to work hard to stay in the restaurant, and then earn money and improve herself so that she could go back to the tribe to save her older brother as soon as possible.

That baddie had already become the new chief, and she had no idea how long her older brother could survive. Her brother would probably be killed if the baddie ended up taking full control of the tribe, so she had to find a way out as soon as possible!

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Mag rode on the bicycle and gave a very detailed explanation on how to step on the pedals, how to keep the bicycle balanced, and how to break.

Mag stopped beside Connie, and asked her, "Do you understand?"

"My eyes understood." Connie nodded.

"How honest." Mag was speechless. He shoved the bicycle's handlebars in Connie's hands, and said, "Start practicing. You won't master riding a bicycle if you don't fall a few times."

"Mm-hm. I will definitely master it," Connie said confidently. She held the handlebars, and then copied how Mag got on to the bicycle. She placed both her feet on the pedals, and started swaying left and right as she tried to maintain her balance.

Mag watched at the side, and could not help but sway left and right with her.

Five minutes later, Mag looked at Connie, with her feet on the pedals and still in the same spot, swaying left and right. He could not help but say, "Are you practicing the balancing beam? You got to start moving!"

"Oh," Connie replied. Just as she lifted one foot, the balance that she had managed to keep for five minutes was upset. The bicycle tilted to the right, and she landed headfirst right into the deep snow on the grass patch at the start.

“Aiya, I’m stuck! Save me~” Connie’s feeble cries for help came from the pile of snow as she kicked her legs helplessly.

Mag walked over, grabbed Connie’s legs, and pulled her out from the snow. This girl was very little, so she was not heavy.

When she was finally back on her feet, Connie swayed a little before regaining her balance. After that, she said in a fluster, “Why is the sky so dark! Am I blind?”

Mag wiped the snow off the helmet, and calmly said, “Let’s continue practicing.”

He was already slowly getting used to her stupidity. Although it was pretty funny the first time she fell, Connie actually had quite a good sense of balance, and that was a really useful talent for learning riding.

“Mm-hm,” Connie replied and continued practicing.

After the nth time Mag pulled her out from a pile of snow, Connie could finally move on the bicycle alone. Although she was not very stable, and seemed as though she was going to fall several times, she was always saved by her great sense of balance.

“Wow! I can ride a bicycle—” Before Connie even finished her sentence, she fell right into a pile of snow by the side.

Mag walked over defeatedly, picked her out of the snow, and coldly said, “Let’s continue.”

To be able to get to this level on her first time riding a bicycle was really not bad. However, in case she got conceited, Mag did not praise her.

It had been more than an hour since she started practicing. After falling multiple times, Connie did a clean drift to brake, stopping right in front of Mag. As she reached up to remove her helmet, Mag could see the heat rising above her head, but she was beaming as she asked, “I’ve mastered it, right?”

“Yes, you’ve already mastered it.” Mag looked at Connie, who was covered in perspiration but was still smiling broadly, in a slightly different light.

Usually, girls would long be squatting at the side, crying, or give up straight away after falling time and again like her.

However, Connie did not. She gritted her teeth and got up every time she fell. There were several times she picked herself right up after falling down.

This did not seem like the kitten-eared lady who’d kept whining just now.

“So can I start working right now?” Connie could not wait to start.

“No. Next, I have to bring you around for you to familiarize yourself with the streets around Chaos City. The most important thing about food delivery is to send the food quickly and accurately to the customers. After receiving the order, you need to know where you have to send the food and which route to take. These are all very important issues.” Mag shook his head, and then pointed at the top right-hand corner of Connie’s helmet.

“I’ve installed a map there. Although it cannot do real-time locating, it can automatically pan out the best route for you once you input the location.”

Connie put the helmet back on, and a map really appeared in the top right-hand corner where it was a black screen.

“Impressive.” Connie’s eyes widened. Mr. Mag was a genius. Not only did he invent the bicycle, but he also invented this incredible map.

Mag pushed his own bicycle out, and got on before he instructed Connie, “Remember, don’t take off your helmet when you’re outside. That way, no one will recognize you.”

“Mm-hm.” Connie nodded. Mr. Mag really thought things through. Moreover, this helmet was not heavy at all, and it was so warm inside she did not want to take it off once she stepped outside.

“Let’s go. I’ll bring you around Chaos City.” Mag rode off first on his bicycle, and Connie quickly climbed onto hers and followed behind him.

“Hm? Who is this cute kitten-eared big sister? Father is actually teaching her how to ride the bicycle. They even came out of the restaurant together just now. What is the relationship between them? Should I put it down in my notebook?” Amy muttered to herself on the second floor of the magic potion shop as she lay at the window, watching the two of them disappear into the distance.

Mag brought Connie around the southern part of the city, and brought her back to the restaurant when it was almost 5 pm.

In any case, the system only requested that Mag started doing delivery, and he had the say for everything else, so he decided that he would only introduce the delivery in a limited area.

Since he was already struggling to meet the demands of the restaurant, Mag did not consider earning extra money through delivery at all. He just wanted to settle a few orders to finish the system’s mission and get the recipe for the double-flavor hot pot.

“Father, who is this woman?” Amy walked in immediately after Mag and Connie arrived at the restaurant.

Chapter 1198: The Big Sister Invited Him To Sleep

Amy looked at Connie with anger and grievance, like a little cat who saw its owner eating the little fish it hid.

Mag was prepared to explain the situation to Amy, who appeared to be angry. “Amy, she is—”

“You actually have a daughter behind my back!” Connie shrieked right at that moment, looking begrudgingly at Mag as though she found out that her husband had an affair and an illegitimate child behind her back.

That natural acting, vivid expression, and overflowing wrath caught Mag by surprise so much that he even stopped to recall what exactly was the relationship between him and this young lady.

No, what on earth was going on? All he did was take in a homeless stupid young lady who was pushed into a corner by evildoers, and let her come over to the restaurant to work as a deliveryman temporarily. Mag quickly came back to his senses. He reached over and flicked the forehead of Connie, who was glaring at him as though she was demanding an explanation from him immediately, as he rolled his eyes, and said, "So am I supposed to have a daughter in front of you?"

"Ow..." Connie held her forehead and grumbled with grievance, "But you really didn't tell me that you have a daughter..."

After that, he looked at Amy. This little fellow would never be hostile towards pretty ladies, but her reaction today was a little abnormal.

Amy could feel Mag's gaze and quickly smiled broadly. "Actually, I am just curious as to who this pretty kitten-eared big sister is. Her pinkish-white kitten ears are so cute. Can I touch it?"

"Sure. You're so cute too. You look just like a little elf," Connie said with a nod as she grew fonder of Amy. She loved playing with children because interacting with them made her happier.

"Meow~" Just then, Ugly Duckling walked out from behind Amy and stretched lazily. After that, it glanced derisively at Connie, walked to the front, and leaped nimbly onto the counter...

"Smack..."

Ugly Duckling knocked right into the side of the counter. Although it tried to cling onto it with its paws, it still ended up sliding slowly down and landed on the floor facing up as it looked at the counter in defeat.

"This cat is so stupid." Connie burst into laughter.

"The pot calling the kettle black," Mag said sarcastically.

"Ugly Duckling, I told you to eat less, didn't I?" Amy looked at Ugly Duckling, and seriously said, "You're not having dinner today, and you'll have to run 10 rounds around the restaurant. Otherwise, you're not allowed to go to sleep."

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling crawled back up and walked to Amy's side. It rubbed its head against Amy's calf in an attempt to use its cuteness as an exchange for its dinner.

"There's no room for discussion." Amy shook her head coldly.

"Meow." Ugly Duckling lay defeatedly on the floor, facing up.

Yabemiya and the rest arrived very quickly. When they saw Connie, they were all a little curious as to who this cute kitten-eared young lady was.

What beautiful big sisters. Mr. Mag is indeed incredible, Connie thought to herself. In the past, she could still be considered the belle of the tribe, but now, in this restaurant, any other big sister here seemed to be prettier than her.

Mag introduced, "This is Connie. She's a new employee I've just hired for the delivery service. She will be working with everyone in the future, so get to know each other."

“Hello, I’m Connie,” Connie greeted.

“Hi Connie, I am Miya. Welcome to the restaurant.” Miya was the first to walk up to Connie, and gave her a hug with a warm smile.

“Hello, I’m Babla.” Babla went up to shake Connie’s hand. After that, she looked at her kitten ears curiously. “Are those real ears?”

“They are,” Connie said proudly, and moved her pinkish-white kitten ears.

“How cute!” Babla’s eyes lit up. She had never seen kitten-eared women before in the moon nation, so that was very cute to her.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling moved forward and started moving its ears too.

“You’re just a duck. Even if you can move your ears, you’re just a fat duck that can move your ears.” Amy turned Ugly Duckling’s head towards Connie. “Look, Big Sister Connie’s ears are pinkish white and cute.”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling meowed with grievance, and was starting to look at Connie with hostility.

“Elizabeth.” Elizabeth did a cold self-introduction. She was not good at interacting with people, and had changed a lot since coming to Mamy Restaurant.

“Hi,” Connie replied carefully. She could sense the powerful aura from Elizabeth. This cold woman was very powerful despite her age, which showed how talented she was. That was something she had always longed for.

“Continue chatting. I will prepare for dinner.” Mag turned to walk towards the kitchen. It seemed as though Connie would get along fine with everyone. After all, other than being a little stupid, Connie’s looks and personality were still quite likable.

The Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers in the afternoon obviously did not make Connie smarter, so Mag had given up on trying to make her smarter in the evening, and made spicy grilled fish for dinner.

Connie thought that chopped chili was the spiciest thing that ever existed, but when she bit into a peppercorn, the numbness and spiciness made her cry.

“My... My mouth isn’t mine anymore...” Connie licked her lips as tears started welling up in her eyes.

Everyone burst out in laughter when they saw her expression.

After dinner, Miya and the rest helped to pack the restaurant up.

“Then where is Connie staying tonight?” Miya asked Mag. Although Connie did not tell them about herself in detail, she did not hide the fact that she had nowhere to go.

Connie looked at Mag and was in a dilemma. *Although it’s not too appropriate to sleep in the same bed with a man, should I accept or reject it if he offers?*

"Firis's room has been empty ever since she left. Connie can stay there," Mag said straightaway.

"Shouldn't I be sleeping with you?" Connie blurted out.

"Huh?"

Everyone turned to look at Mag and Connie with surprise. Could there be some illicit relationship between them?

"I am a man you cannot sleep with." Mag glanced at Connie, and calmly said, "Follow Miya and the rest of them to the employees' dormitory to sleep.

...

"Today is Monday. The weather is sunny. Father saved a cute kitten-eared big sister, and the big sister invited him to sleep..." Amy wrote those words in her notebook.

Chapter 1199: The Emperor Star Will Fall And A New King Will Emerge!

Before sleeping at night, Mag told Amy and Anna a little story as usual.

Amy cuddled Ugly Duckling, which was already asleep, as she lay beside Anna, who had her eyes closed, but quickly opened them again to look at Mag.

"Anna, what's wrong? Can't sleep?" Mag asked softly. This little girl seemed to have something on her mind.

"I was thinking if Big Sister Firis has reached the place, and if Big Sister Shirley is doing fine now..." Anna nodded with a worried face.

Mag was taken aback. So this little fellow was worried about Firis and Shirley. What a sensible and kind child. Smiling, he said, "So that's what you're worried about. Today, the people that sent Firis to the north came back. They told me that Firis had already met up safely with the Night Elves. On top of that, they even saw Shirley. She was fine, and was not hurt. Now, they even have food. Firis would make delicious food for them."

"Really?" Anna's eyes lit up.

"Mm-hm." Mag nodded with certainty.

"That's great. I'm glad that they're alright," Anna said with a smile.

"So, our little Anna has to go to sleep quickly. Otherwise, it would be their turn to worry about whether you slept and ate well," Mag said with a smile as he tucked Anna in.

"Mm-hm." Anna closed her eyes obediently.

Mag switched the lights off, and went to the balcony to practice his sword for a while before showering and lying in bed to think about the delivery service.

Most restaurants would use the delivery service as a means for additional income. However, that was on Earth. The convenience of ordering food on your phone and the large number of delivery services available laid the foundation for the efficient delivery service.

Now, there were no telephones, much less handphones. How customers had to order the food posed a problem to Mag.

Bringing this world forcefully into the telecommunication era just for delivery service is too unrealistic. The number of years needed to do that is not even the biggest problem. What's important is how tomorrow's mission can be completed. Mag dismissed the idea of making telephones widespread. He pondered for a while, and an idea flashed past his mind. Something the system had said previously gave him quite an inspiration.

...

The city of Tatari was located in the northwest of the Roth Empire. It had an army of 50,000, and was the empire's most important town at the northwestern border. The orcs' territory was just a little further to the west.

The orcs and the Roth Empire had gone through wars of varying intensity over the years. The orcs had been looting the villages and little towns on the empire's border for decades taking advantage of their strength and flexibility, causing the people living at the border to live a life of misery.

However, after Alex settled in Tatari, instead of chasing the looting orcs away, he led the army to reclaim the land and kill the orcs at the border of the empire multiple times, letting none of them off.

Ever since then, the orcs did not dare to trespass the border again. However, wars of varying intensity still did not cease at the northwestern border.

Alex was no longer the city lord of Tatari. The city lord of this mighty city was now the first prince, Sean. As the chief commander of the northwestern army, Sean also took up the role of being the city lord of this important northwestern city.

Just yesterday, Sean returned to the city lord's castle in Tatari from Rodu.

Sean and five other armored generals were in the meeting room of the city lord's castle.

A middle-aged general looked at Sean, and said, "Your Highness, the empire's northwestern army of 300,000 is now under your control, and they are all strong and fearless knights who have fought with the orcs for a long time. However, His Majesty still hasn't appointed you as the heir to the throne, and has even been changing the second-in-command of the northwestern army so regularly these days. Do you think..."

"You want me to revolt?" Sean asked coldly as he looked at that general.

That general did not shift his gaze. He stood up decisively, and said, "Your Highness, you are talented and brave. You have been at the border for decades, risking your life with all of us. I've already treated you as the successor to the throne. The second prince has been leading a life of luxury in Rodu ever since he was young. He knows nothing about training and formations, nor does he know about the

cruelty of the orcs. If he was to become the king, he would definitely not be a good one. If the king insists on appointing the second prince as his successor, we are all willing to serve you as our king!”

The other generals also rose, and respectfully said to Sean, “We are all willing to serve you as our king!”

Sean looked at all the generals and his expression relaxed a little. However, his tone was still as deep as he said, “My father is still in the pink of health. Don’t bring up the subject of the succession anymore, and do not say a word about it to others. Otherwise, all of our lives would be at stake.”

“But...” That general still wanted to go on.

“Josh might have the support of the magic casters, but a magic caster is still just an aide. He won’t be able to amount to anything, so he should be the one who’s anxious instead of me. Why should we be so anxious?” Sean said with a slight smile as an evil glint flashed past his eyes.

...

Rodu, in the Magus Tower.

Standing in the Magus Tower, one could have a clear view of the entire Rodu, even the palace.

The status of the Magus Tower increased as the number and strength of the magic casters slowly increased. Their might was already comparable to that of the army.

The magic casters of the empire would have some sort of mark of the Magus Tower on their body. They fought like the knights in the army to protect the empire’s land and people, so they were all deeply loved and respected by the people.

At this moment, on the top floor of the Magus Tower, Josh was standing by the window, looking at the similarly towering palace, and wondering how much longer it would take before he could officially move into that palace, and become the most powerful being in the Norland Continent.

Several years ago, as the second prince, he never had the thought of becoming the owner of that palace. The attraction of magic was far greater than the throne embedded with jewels to him.

It was not until he met that elf princess who left her trace at the top floor of the Magus Tower. It was love at first sight.

After that, Alex appeared.

After that, her heart ran off with Alex.

Alex was a man that would make any other man in the world pale in comparison. It was just like the sudden appearance of the brightest star, and even he, the second prince of the empire, was easily overlooked.

From that day onwards, he understood that even if he spent his entire life practicing magic, he would never defeat Alex even at the last moment of his life.

So he started longing for and pursuing power. An individual, even if he was a god, could still be bitten to death by countless ants.

Three years ago, he thought that Alex was dead, and Irina's heart was finally going to be his.

However, he appeared again three years later, still as powerful and unparalleled. Once again, he took her heart away.

"Sir, when can I become the king of the Roth Empire?" Josh asked as he turned back to Richard, who was behind him.

"Almost." Richard stared intently at the palace before looking up at the sky. A bright star was slowly becoming dim as though it was covered by a layer of fog. He muttered to himself, "The emperor star will fall and a new king will emerge!"

...

In a large courtyard in the northwestern part of the palace, tens of carpenters were busying around under the bright lights.

Yuri was sitting on a high stool, watching a suit of battle armor in front of him become mightier and stronger as he let out a sigh. "Silly. Do you reckon that a lot of people will die if this is used on the battlefield?"

"Your Highness, His Majesty had already said before that this would be used to protect the borders and prevent a lot of deaths and injuries of our people," the servant at the side replied softly.

"If it was just to protect the border, who else would dare to invade our empire other than the giant dragons? If the giant dragons were to invade us, this timber is simply useless." Yuri shook his head, and was still as melancholic as he looked up at the sky and lamented, "I suddenly want to look for that little fool."

Chapter 1200: The Boss Does Indeed Have A Fetish For Dragons

"This is your room, Connie. Boss has prepared a set of toiletries for you in the bathroom. Yours are blue," Miya said as she brought Connie into the room.

"Thank you," Connie replied, her gaze totally attracted by the room's accessories and warm decorations.

A comfortable big bed, pretty dressing table, and full-length windows that were facing the square. The starlight could shine in through the windows when they pulled the curtains open.

"This house is simply fantastic!" Connie marvelled as she lay on the bed gently. She felt the soft silk quilt engulf her. The warm and soft feeling was simply too comfortable.

After living out in the open for two weeks, she finally had a place to settle in, and she didn't expect it would be so comfortable.

Miya smiled as she watched Connie lying on the bed. She had felt the same when she had lain on the big bed for the very first time. She even felt she could lie on it for the rest of her life because it was simply too comfortable.

After relishing the softness and warmth in bed for a moment, Connie finally got up to wash up in the bathroom. She was a little shocked to see the two taps.

“The boss does indeed have a fetish for dragons. He even installed water dragon heads in the staff dormitory...” Connie murmured before turning on the tap, and used her hands to splash warm water onto her face. She smiled brightly, and said, “I am going to install these water dragon heads at home in the future. It’s so convenient...”

...

“How long has the Mamy Restaurant been closed? Why do I feel like 100 years have passed?”

“It’s been closed for seven, eight days. Is Boss Mag becoming egoistic? He didn’t open for business for 10-odd days.”

“Bro, did you learn your maths... from a physical education teacher?”

“Our P.E teacher was the husband of our maths teacher. He took over our maths teacher’s lesson, and he gave us maths lessons instead of going to the field. Half of our class almost couldn’t graduate.”

Early morning, a long line began to form outside of Mamy Restaurant. Many of them even came earlier than the cleaners. They heaved a sigh of relief in their hearts after they saw the sign was removed from the door.

At 6.30 am, the cleaners came to the Mamy Restaurant punctually. They hadn’t had the congee with pork and century egg that Boss Mag made for two days, and they had felt much colder than usual. The hot porridge they had in the morning could warm them for the entire day.

The bells at the door rang as the door opened. Miya came out with a big pot as Babla and the rest came out with big bowls. Mag came out last with a big ladle and a signboard.

“Boss Mag, you said yesterday that you were going to release a new item today. Are you?” Harrison, who was standing at front of the line, asked curiously.

Everyone’s eyes lit up. Did Mag spend the past few days to come up with a new item? If there was a new item that could console their stomachs, they could let being stood up for the past few days go.

“The signboard has all the information.” Mag hung the signboard on the door, and then went to the pot that had its lid removed with its big ladle.

“Today’s new item: steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers! Only for lunch and dinner.”

Everyone quickly looked toward the signboard, and those in the front read it out loud.

“Steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers? It sounds like another very spicy fish?”

“Shouldn’t the fish heads be thrown away? How could they be made into a dish? Is it really nice?”

“I’m really looking forward to this new item as I love to eat fish. Furthermore, the meat near the head is very tender, okay?!”

The customers in the line began to have a discussion animatedly as they fantasized about the new item.

Mag simply smiled and didn’t provide any explanations. They had to taste the food themselves. Saying too much would only give them unnecessary connections.

The piping hot congee with pork and century egg was scooped into the big bowls and passed to the cleaners who were freezing. His mood brightened as he looked at the simple smiles on their faces.

With Miya and the gang's help, the 30-odd bowls of congee were quickly distributed to the cleaners. They sat on the stairs, holding onto the big bowls. The regular customers who came to line up early couldn't help but gulp.

"Boss Mag, why don't you sell me a bowl of congee with pork and century egg in this pot? Who could resist watching others eat early in the morning with an empty stomach?" a regular customer lamented.

"Yes, Boss Mag. We came so early to line up, so give us some hot porridge first. We are all your old customers already. We can even stand and eat," the customers chimed in too. A hot bowl in the cold winter was simply the best. Even though they were all respectable people with a high social status, they couldn't care less now.

The congee with pork and century egg was just released a few days ago and only supplied during breakfast, and because the soybean milk and Youtiao were so delicious, not many people had tried the newly released breakfast item.

However, the customers who were lining up now were cold and hungry, and their stomachs began to growl as they smelled that enticing aroma. They only realized now that they had underestimated this particular breakfast item.

"It's not the time for business yet, and this congee with pork and century egg is specially provided for them, so I cannot sell to you guys." Mag shook his head, not giving them any room for negotiation. Then, he perplexedly said, "Moreover, it is still an hour before we open for business, you guys could come and line up later. Why do you come so early? In this case, you end up lining up earlier and earlier, and in the end, it will be you guys who suffer."

A young lady cleared her throat and complained, "Boss Mag, isn't it all your fault? I got to start work at 8 am. In order to eat breakfast at your restaurant before I go to work, I have to come early, or else I will be late if I am at the back of the line."

"Yes, we do want to come later, but the front spots would be taken up. Boss Mag, the more famous you get, the more difficult it gets for us, your customers. It's sad for us." The other customers nodded. Who didn't wish to stay longer in their warm beds? They were afraid to miss out on breakfast.

Those who came earlier were mostly those who got to go to work. Of course, there were also those who came early specially because they hadn't eaten the delicacies at Mamy Restaurant for three days.

Mag felt rather apologetic as he looked at the crowd. It was indeed not easy to come and line up so early in the middle of winter.

Everyone looked at Mag and wondered if he would make them some breakfast in advance because he was touched.

Mag considered seriously before saying, "Alright then. I will set a new rule. We will only accept people lining up 30 minutes before operations. Even those who came early can only line up 30 minutes before."