

Stay At home 1201

Chapter 1201: W-What Have You Done To Me...

"This is a good idea. Otherwise, people are going to come and line up in the middle of the night when you become famous on the whole continent. Then we, your regular customers, would have no chance to eat the delicacies you made," Harrison agreed.

The other customers nodded in agreement too. Now, nobody had to worry that others were going to come and line up early. Mag had come up with a good idea.

The regulars knew Mag's temperament. He wouldn't provide them with breakfast before the designated time. Furthermore, the pot of congee was only meant for the cleaners, and there was no extra for them. Hence, they didn't insist on having their meal in advance.

These fellows. I will watch how many days you eat it. These rich people are all not good. They just want to do good suddenly, and they would regret it in no time. Elton was biting into a cold biscuit a distance away as he shivered. He looked at Mamy Restaurant grudgingly before taking a hard bite of the big biscuit in his hand.

Miya brought the pot, which was about 1/3 full, back into the restaurant after the cleaners had their fill. This would be their breakfast.

There are so many customers here, would someone recognize me? Connie hid in the restaurant as she looked at the crowd outside worriedly. Then, she put on her helmet.

"Don't you feel hot wearing the helmet in the restaurant?" Mag asked Connie who was fully dressed with a laugh. The indoor temperature was 26 degrees Celsius, and this fellow was wearing the riding gear meant for -15 degrees. Was she joking around?

"I feel I am going to have a heat stroke..." Connie's weak voice came out from the helmet before fainting on the spot.

"Connie, are you okay?" Everyone quickly came over to check on Connie. However, because none of them knew healing magic, they didn't know what to do at that moment.

"Let me handle her." Mag put the ladle back in the pot as he walked to Connie with resignation.

Because she wore too many clothes, a cat-eared maiden got a heat stroke at -15 degrees Celsius! If this stupid news headline ever got out, it would probably be one of the stupidest headlines ever? Mag thought. He removed Connie's helmet and the outer layer of her technical jacket before letting the System lower the temperature around her. Then, he took a bottle of "Huoxiang Zhengqi Shui" from the medical kit, and fed the whole bottle to her¹.

Amy, who was coming down as she yawned, saw this scene. Her eyes glowered as she said, "Father lowered Big Sister Connie who was sweating profusely onto the floor, pulled open her clothes, and poured an unknown liquid into her mouth roughly. What is he doing?"

“Cough, cough...” Connie coughed as she started to regain consciousness. She could taste an unusual taste in her mouth. With teary eyes, she said to Mag, “W-what have you done to me...”

She resembled a maiden who was waking up after she was drugged, and looking at the person who drugged her innocently after the worst had happened.

“Whatever needs to be done was done.” Mag got up calmly and walked to the table at the side.

“Y-you...” Connie had a piteous expression.

“Boss saved you, Connie. Drink some water before we eat.” Yabemiya brought a glass of warm water over as she helped Connie up with a smile.

“Oh, I see.” Connie looked around her. There were so many people around, so Boss couldn’t have done anything weird to her. She rinsed her mouth with that glass of water. That weird taste was so strong that it woke the drowsy her up instantly.

“Don’t ever wear the helmet and jacket in the restaurant again, or you will continue to faint,” Mag said to Connie who was about to pull up the zipper.

“Okay.” Connie nodded as she put the helmet aside and removed the jacket.

“It’s indeed much cooler,” Connie mumbled. Because she was out in the cold for the past few days, she couldn’t bear to remove the warmer clothing now.

Mag sent Amy to school after breakfast. He hung another signboard on the door.

“Mamy Restaurant’s takeaway delivery service trial: the restaurant will be having a trial for delivery service today. People who are allowed to use this service: the customers who cannot come to the restaurant personally, but need to eat the restaurant’s food. Dishonest customers will be blacklisted. Today’s trial will be limited to one order,” a customer read out loud.

“Takeaway? What is that?”

“Delivery service? Does that mean we can eat Mamy Restaurant’s food at home too?”

“This limitation is very restrictive. As long as your legs are fine, you would most likely be restricted?”

“Shouldn’t the crux be that it is only limited to one order, meaning there would only be one order per day?”

The customers displayed a huge interest in the content of the signboard, but they didn’t feel it was practical. They were already at the restaurant, so there was no point for them to order another set of takeaway to eat at home. Wasn’t it more enjoyable to eat the scrumptious foods as soon as they were cooked?

“Cough, cough~ What should I have for breakfast today? The Yangzhou fried rice or soybean milk and youtiao?” A young lady in the line was covering her mouth as she coughed. There was a hint of ponderment on her face before her eyes suddenly lit up. *Oh yes. Why don’t I try the congee with pork and century egg that the cleaners were having? They seemed to have enjoyed it.*

Bonnie was the store manager of a rather big jewellery store. Her strong capability was obvious as she was promoted to this position at the age of 26.

However, it was not easy being a store manager. She was the best salesperson for three years running. She had to receive dozens of customers every day, and talked constantly all day. Even though she did her best to protect her throat, it was still damaged.

Although she didn't have to receive a lot of customers these days, she still had to entertain many of the regular customers personally. Her throat was always dry and itchy, especially when she just woke up. No amount of warm water was helpful, and she didn't feel like eating anything.

She heard a customer talk about Mamy Restaurant occasionally, so she came to try it out. She didn't expect to discover a culinary treasure, and now her daily breakfast was settled. Although her throat was still dry and itchy, her tummy issue was settled.

It was important to maintain her image and decorum being in the business of jewellery, and coughing in front of a customer was very rude. Although she tried her best to control it, she would still let out a cough or two occasionally.

Many capable ladies were looking to take over her position, and the boss had deliberately talked to her two days ago. Even though he said he was concerned for her, she knew she was going to lose her job if her throat's condition remained the same or worsened.

She had tried many drugs during this time, but their effects were negligible. She was prepared to go and look for a magical pharmacist after she got off work today.

The restaurant started its operations, and the customers in the front took their seats.

Connie flipped open the menu to have a look. She closed the menu gently when Miya came over to take her order, and smilingly said, "I would like to have a helping of congee with pork and century egg and one sweet tofu pudding. Thank you."

Chapter 1202: A Century Egg That Bounces

Bonnie took a quick glance at the clock on the wall. She needed to receive a very esteemed customer, Madam Maffia of the Marquis Family, later that morning.

She was a loyal customer of the jewellery store who spent millions every year. She knew her for years, and it was always she who handled her business. It was still the same after she was promoted to the store manager.

However, Madam Maffia had a very serious mysophobia. Her requests were so stringent that they were almost perverted.

After handling her for years, Bonnie was already very familiar with all types of situations, but the biggest problem today was not someone else, but her throat's condition.

“Cough, cough.” Bonnie used her silk handkerchief to cover her mouth as she nodded to an elf sitting across from her apologetically. If she coughed in front of Madam Maffia, she would never come to this jewellery store again. Her already precarious job position was going to get worse.

I should have gone to look for that magical pharmacist yesterday. I should have also prepared a portion of cough syrup for emergencies like this. She sighed in her heart. She could only drink more water when she got to the store, and hope it would stop her coughing.

“Your congee with pork and century egg and sweet tofu pudding.” Yabemiya came over with a tray, and put down the congee and sweet tofu pudding.

The aroma of meat and a unique aroma greeted her nose.

Smells so good!

Bonnie’s eyes lit up, and her gaze was attracted by that bowl of congee with pork and century egg in front of her. Semi-transparent century egg and minced meat were mixed among the thick white porridge, and chopped green onions were scattered on top with an aroma.

She came early to line up, and her stomach was already growling. She was already drooling when she watched the cleaners eat it, so she ordered one for herself.

Bonnie wasn’t sure if it was her misconception, but she felt the aroma of the bowl of congee with pork and century egg in front of her seemed to be even thicker than the ones that the cleaners had earlier.

Century egg? Boss Mag is always giving his food items interesting names. Bonnie laughed slightly as she used the wooden spoon to scoop the congee up, and there was a piece of semi-transparent brown century egg in it.

She suddenly had an idea, and she raised the wooden spoon against the window to have a look. The shiny and transparent century egg had a glow that resembled gemstones. There was even a beautiful pattern of pine twig on the surface.

“Wow.” Bonnie opened her mouth in disbelief. She had worked in the jewellery store for years, and this could rival many gemstones for their clarity, color, and beautiful and soft luster. It was hard to imagine that it was just an egg.

This should be called a gem egg. Boss Mag is indeed a master artist. Bonnie marvelled. She was curious how a complete century egg looked like. It had to be beautiful.

Although she couldn’t bear it, the aroma that greeted her and her rumbling stomach made Bonnie eat that spoon of congee with pork and century egg.

The white porridge melted almost instantly in the mouth with a hint of meat aroma and the unique egg aroma. Then, it was the absolute main in this congee—century egg.

The mushy and tasty porridge didn’t soften the century egg. It wasn’t hard, nor was it soft. There was a special bounciness against the tongue.

Bonnie let the century egg roll about at the tip of her tongue. After she was sure that it didn’t dissolve, she used her tongue to split it apart.

It had a soft and bouncy texture. After biting it apart, a faint aroma spread out from the tongue, and it was the source of the congee with pork and century egg's unique aroma. It became nicer as one continued to chew.

Like a kid who discovered something fun, Bonnie chewed on that bouncy century egg happily. Her gloomy feeling seemed to get much better too.

She swallowed the chewed century egg, and it became a refreshing coolness that glided down her throat into her stomach, as if she had swallowed a sweet and refreshing cough syrup. Bonnie felt the symptoms of her scratchy throat were alleviated instantly. Even her breathing felt much smoother.

"T-this, this is?" Bonnie touched her throat in disbelief. The coolness faded away slowly, but the dry and itchy feeling didn't return immediately. It was as if a pail of cold water was splashed on it, and made it go away.

Could this congee with pork and century egg have the effect of soothing an itchy throat?! Bonnie was surprised, and she quickly ate another spoonful of congee with pork and century egg. After swallowing the chewed century egg with the congee, the refreshing sensation in the throat was even more obvious.

It really works! Bonnie ate mouthful after mouthful of congee with pork and century egg. The congee warmed her stomach, but the throat felt cooler and moist, and the dry and itchy feeling was dispelled.

This sensation is extremely soothing. There was only one feeling in Bonnie's heart. She had to spend a lot of time dealing with the symptoms of her itchy throat every morning with lots of warm water and lozenges before she would feel a little better, but just a bowl of congee with pork and century egg had now achieved the effect that she had never achieved before.

"Ding!"

Bonnie looked at the empty bowl in front of her as she finished the entire bowl of the scrumptious congee with pork and century egg unknowingly. The scratchy throat symptoms were totally suppressed, and the refreshing and soothing sensation made her feel like singing.

This congee with pork and century egg is scrumptious and unique. It seems like I don't have to worry about my throat's condition today. Bonnie smiled as she touched her throat. She moved the empty bowl aside, brought the sweet tofu pudding over, and started eating.

Eating a bowl of tofu pudding for breakfast every day made her skin smoother and smoother. The whitening effect was also much better than the pearl powder's. This had become Bonnie's biggest motivation to come and line up 30 minutes earlier every day. She would miss it if she was late.

Bonnie gestured for Yabemiya to come over after she finished the tofu pudding. "Excuse me. Is the congee with pork and century egg available for takeaway? I would like to take away a small helping of it."

"The congee with pork and century egg is available for takeaway. One small helping, please wait at the counter for collection." Miya nodded, and then told Anna, who came over to settle the bill with Bonnie.

"Thank you." Bonnie quickly received the wrapped up congee with pork and century egg, and left Mamy Restaurant with it.

Although her throat felt soothed now, and the urge to cough was gone, she never liked to take risks. Hence, she took away a helping of congee with pork and century egg to eat before the appointment to be 100% sure.

Shia Jewellery was one of the top three jewellery boutiques in Chaos City. It was located at the busiest location in Aden Square among dozens of jewellery shops. But without a doubt, Shia Jewellery was the shiniest among them.

Bonnie was the first to arrive at the store. She put the congee with pork and century egg in her store manager's office before assigning the jobs for employees who came gradually.

"I heard Madam Maffia is coming to the store today, but the manager's throat seems to have worsened. Would there be any problems?" a young store assistant said softly with a hint of worry.

"Madam Maffia has mysophobia. She is definitely not going to come to Shia Jewellery again if the manager coughs in front of her, and we will lose a big spender. I wonder, will Boss feel a heartache?" a slightly older store assistant said with a smile. There was a hint of schadenfreude in her eyes.

Chapter 1203: The First Delivery Order

Seems like she can't wait for me to get fired and take over my position. She can't bother to hide her intentions. Bonnie, who was going to her office with a glass of warm water, happened to hear that assistant's words, and she smiled self-deprecatingly.

Callie was five, six years senior to her, and she would be the first choice for the position of manager once the previous manager left. However, the boss had chosen Bonnie who had a better sales performance.

In this business, the sales results and the number of customers were what mattered the most. Seniority wasn't the most important barometer.

Even though she looked convinced on the surface, Callie had been bad-mouthing her behind her back. She even gave up hiding it after she saw Bonnie's throat's condition worsen.

Bonnie was aware of all this; she simply couldn't bother with her. Her crushing sales performance was enough for the boss to ignore any rumors and bad-mouthing. If she left Shia Jewellery now, the sales volume would most probably decrease by half.

All the other jewellery stores were willing to hire her, including the other top two shops.

Of course, this was only if Bonnie's throat and health remained as it was. A store manager and sales personnel who coughed throughout the day were obviously not up to standard.

And that was the source of her anxiety during this time.

However, her mood and throat both felt extra refreshing today, and she hadn't felt so comfortable and refreshed for a long time. Her throat felt years younger.

It would be great if it could last for a whole day, Bonnie thought. Even half a day was good enough as she didn't mind having congee with pork and century egg for lunch too. Its scrumptiousness had won her over.

Callie shut her mouth as soon as she saw Bonnie, but she didn't bother to hide the disdain in her eyes.

The boss's attitude was starting to change recently. A woman who was coughing constantly didn't deserve to be the manager. If she lost Madam Maffia, the big spender, this woman deserved to get lost from her manager's post.

I have worked in this jewellery store for 20 years, and I gave all my youth to it. The manager's position was supposed to be mine... Callie thought as she looked at Bonnie.

The other staff continued to work quietly. Although many of them liked the gentle-mannered manager, Bonnie, better, if she was replaced, they had to be respectful to Callie as they were going to work under her.

"Madam Maffia will be here at 9 am. Before she arrives, go and invite a water-based magic caster to fully cleanse the shop and push all the other appointments to the afternoon." Bonnie's gaze swept across all the staff members and finally landed on Callie. In a cold voice, she said, "I will receive Madam Maffia personally. If anyone makes any mistake that causes Madam Maffia any displeasure or worse, she will be the one fully responsible."

Callie looked her straight in the eyes with a smile, and contrarily asked, "And if it is the manager that causes the madam's displeasure?"

"This is beyond your scope. The boss will decide for himself," Bonnie replied calmly.

Callie's eyelids twitched, but she stopped herself from rebutting as she viciously thought, *I'll see how long you can last. If you screw up Madam Maffia's orders, your reputation will be tarnished in this circle totally.*

...

Mamy Restaurant.

Mag looked at the customers who were starting to go back, and asked Miya, "Has anyone ordered delivery yet?"

"Although a few customers did enquire about it, the requirements that Boss set were too stringent, and they all couldn't fulfil it. Hence, the only delivery available has not been ordered yet."

"Too stringent?" Mag murmured to himself. All he asked for were a closer location and the inability for the person receiving the order to come to the restaurant personally, and yet have the need to eat the restaurant's food. Was this really too much to ask?

Ding!

The restaurant's door opened, and a strapping man walked in.

“Dear customer, the restaurant is about to close for a break. Please come again later.” Miya looked at the clock on the wall which showed that the operating hours were over. After the last few customers finished their meals, the breakfast service would be officially over.

“I am not here for breakfast. I stayed next to you, and I heard that the restaurant has some delivery thing? Does it mean that you could send the food to a designated place at a designated time?” That man showed them the prison guard’s epaulettes and got straight to the point.

“Yes. We are starting from today.” Mag came out from the kitchen and took a look at that prison guard’s epaulettes. Staying at the Bastie Prison indeed meant staying next door to them, but was this prison guard ordering a meal for an inmate?

“However, we are just starting the trial, and we have certain requirements for the customer placing the order...” Mag swallowed his words after he pondered. He directly asked, “May I ask, whom are you placing the order for? What’s the order? Where is the location?”

Mag suddenly straightened out his thoughts. His objective today wasn’t to set the rules for delivery, but to fulfil the first order mission that the System set and get the reward. He might even stop this form of business tomorrow if he was in a bad mood, so there was no need to be so particular.

“I would like to order a helping of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ for our deputy warden, and delivery is to Bastie Prison next door to you. I heard you only supply the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ in the evening, so you may deliver it tonight,” that prison guard replied.

Mag hesitantly asked, “Is your deputy warden... the one who jumped over from next door a while ago?”

Mag had a lasting impression of the Hairless Monk, Rex, who was the one that jumped over the wall from next door on the day that ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ was released. He attracted the attention of both the city lord and lord of the Gray Temple at the same time.

Moreover, he had seen him around for the past few days. He ordered a helping of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ every day faithfully. That shiny bald head already had short and thick black hair growing out of it. He was literally the living advertisement of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’.

“Yes. Lord Rex is the deputy warden of Bastie Prison now.” That prison guard nodded with an unnatural expression.

He had been one of the highest risk inmates in Bastie Prison only a few days ago, and now he became the deputy warden who only took orders from one person. Even the prison guards couldn’t adapt to this rapid change in this short period of time.

“The deputy warden can’t come to the restaurant personally today?” Mag asked again.

“Yes. The deputy warden is on duty tonight, so he cannot leave the prison.” That prison guard nodded.

Perfect! Mag marvelled in his heart. The deputy warden stayed next door at the Bastie Prison, but couldn’t leave it because of his duty, and had to nourish his newly grown hair with ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. He happened to fit all the requirements that he had set.

“Alright. Please tell the deputy warden that our delivery rider will send the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ to the prison at 5 o’clock today. Please be ready to receive it,” Mag said to that prison guard with a smile, accepting the first delivery order.

Chapter 1204: Helena, This Old Hag, Truly Deserves To Die

Mag felt much more relaxed after confirming the first delivery order, and as compared to the various complicated alleys and lanes and all kinds of different housing, it was much less likely for Connie to get lost when she was delivering to the Bastie Prison next door.

There was only one single door for such a big prison. She was definitely going to send it there, right?

“Please come again.” Yabemiya turned the wooden sign over after she sent the last customer off, and it indicated that the breakfast hours were over.

“Should I be doing something?” Connie came downstairs with the helmet in her hands. Everyone was busy in the morning, but she wasn’t required to do anything. Although it was relaxing, she felt rather bad about it.

“If you really feel bored, you could go ride the bicycle around to get familiarized with the streets.” Mag looked around before zooming onto Anna, and smilingly asked, “Anna, do you want to go and have a ride with Connie?”

“Alright.” Anna nodded her little head.

“Remember to bring her back if she gets lost,” Mag whispered as he placed a pair of little rabbit earmuffs on Anna’s head.

“Mm-hm,” Anna replied obediently and followed Connie, who was fully suited up, out the door.

“Be careful and don’t let Anna fall,” Mag reminded Connie.

“Don’t worry. My riding skills are super—”

“Splat...”

Connie, who was pushing the bicycle, stepped on a piece of ice and fell backwards onto the ground. The bicycle fell on top of her.

“Big Sister Connie, are you still okay?” Anna asked rather anxiously.

“—stable.” Connie’s weak voice came from the ground.

“And you still dare to laugh at Ugly Duckling.” Mag pursed his lips, and took the bicycle off Connie before pulling her up from the ground.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling poked its head out of the door and gave Connie a disdainful side glance.

“A cat could have misstepped too. This is nothing...” Connie cleared her throat and straddled the bicycle. Then, she removed the insulated box on the rear seat, and confidently said, “Come on, Little Anna. Big Sister will bring you for a joy ride.”

"I think... I had better stay in the restaurant to practice cooking..." Anna said worriedly.

"Don't worry. There is really no problem," Connie promised, patting her big bosom. Her gaze moved to the side and landed on Ugly Duckling. Her eyes brightening, she said, "Should we bring this stupid cat along too?"

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling's fur bristled instantly, and it disappeared from the doorway in a flash.

"Don't you trust me at all?" Connie said disappointedly.

Anna finally got on Connie's bicycle after she couldn't turn down her invitation.

A black figure suddenly appeared when Mag was about to go back in, and whispered, "Mr. Mag, I came under the orders of the lord of the Gray Temple."

"Come on in." Mag opened the door to let the man in black into the restaurant first.

He had long noticed this black figure; that was why he let Anna go out to play with Connie.

"The lord wants me to pass this to you." The man in black passed a black 50-cm-square box to Mag.

"Thank you very much." Mag took the box. The box wasn't heavy, and was most likely holding documents, but it felt like there should be many documents in the box.

"Goodbye." The man in black didn't say much. A black smoke rose up, and he disappeared immediately.

Mag quickly went to the study upstairs with the box. This should be the latest information on the various species that Michael and Rolan had promised to share with him.

Mag already knew the history of Norland Continent and the history of the feuds between the different species by heart after reading the books for the past few months.

However, the real core information that was really close to the various species' ruling classes and the current situation wasn't going to be easily obtained by those roadside stalls that sell information.

This information was what Mag needed the most, and was one of the most important bargaining chips to him in this trade.

After closing the study room's door, Mag placed the box on the desk. Once his hand touched the lock, a dark gray glow flashed across the surface of the box, and the light golden glow surrounding the box disappeared. The box's lock opened with a tap.

After opening the box, Mag found stacks of documents neatly bundled together with hemp strings according to different categories such as Roth Empire and Wind Forest. Including Chaos City, there were a total of nine sets of documents, and no one was left out.

"I wonder how sincere the city lord and the lord of the Gray Temple are?" Mag murmured to himself as he picked up the set of documents belonging to the Wind Forest.

After untying the hemp strings and removing the oiled paper, the very first report on top with the red word "urgent" attracted Mag's gaze instantly.

“The Night Elves had obtained food rations from an unknown source, and were using the quality of their food to shake the morale of the guards. A patrol team of 30 people had defected and joined the Night Elves willingly the night before the last. Borg had ordered the patrols to increase the numbers of their trips, and began to gather his troops and lay siege to the Night Elves again.

“And on the side of Wind Forest, because of the ineffective siege, High Priestess Helena had gathered 5000 elves, and they will depart for the underground cavern tomorrow. They will combine forces with Borg and eliminate the Night Elves together...”

Mag put down the report in his hands with a grave expression. Sargerias had only returned to Chaos City yesterday, so this report should have just arrived. Michael and Rolan were indeed very sincere.

The Night Elves’ situation was worse than what Mag had expected. It seemed like Helena and Borg had reached a consensus to eliminate the Night Elves, an unstable factor, before the peace negotiation began.

Putting the urgent report aside, Mag continued to read the intelligence on elves. Soon, he came to a strength report on the Night Elves and the Wind Forest.

Even though the Night Elves had been expanding rapidly for the past one month, there were only about 1000 of them, and most of them were slaves with low combat power.

Most of the elves who were rushing to the underground cavern from all parts of Norland Continent were stopped in the midst of their journey by the Wind Forest’s elves. Those who managed to reach the vicinity of the underground cavern didn’t have the power to breach the lockdown to meet up with the Night Elves.

On the other hand, the Wind Forest had already sent out 10,000 elite troops to surround the underground cavern. Although they didn’t have an advantage of the terrain, they beat the Night Elves hands down when it came to the high-level combat power and the core force. If they decided to invade the underground cavern at all costs, the Night Elves would most likely be eliminated.

Mag pondered for a moment before he continued to read about the elves.

This set of information was very detailed and timely. The most recent intelligence was sent back last night. It told a very clear story of the current situation of the Wind Forest and the various feuds between the important people.

“Helena, this old hag, truly deserves to die...” Mag mumbled to himself after he put down the last piece of paper.

Chapter 1205: Feeling Disappointed?

Mag only managed to finish the information about the Wind Forest in the morning. There were a lot of points to remember, but it was fortunate that he had a good memory, so he had got them all in his head.

And some things that were missing from Alex's memory were found by Mag as if they were missing pieces of a puzzle. They let him understand what he couldn't sort out in the past after he pieced the information together.

The elven queen sent out 13 queen's orders using relapses of her old injuries as an excuse to get Irina back to the Wind Forest, and placed her under house arrest.

Although the outside world didn't know that Irina was already pregnant then, Mag could easily deduce that she was pregnant with Amy during that time.

A few months later, a rather big fight broke out at the Tree of Life suddenly, but nobody made any response regarding it. Not long after that, news of Irina going into a seclusion came out, and that was the last time that anyone had news of her until three years later.

According to Chaos City's scouts, someone saw Helena appear near the Tree of Life that day. There was a possibility that they had fought as Helena went into seclusion for a few months after that.

According to estimation, it was about the time that Irina was giving birth to Amy. *Helena, this b*tch, must have snatched Amy when Irina was weak and injured her seriously.*

Then, it was the ambush against Alex on that stormy night. Little Amy became those people's "weapon". Helena was obviously the mastermind behind them.

"It seems like I need to make a trip to the underground cavern myself," Mag murmured to himself. If Helena decided to lead the troops to the underground cavern, the Night Elves wouldn't be her match. He had to go there to do something.

After closing the box and putting it into the secret compartment behind the study desk, Mag collected himself and went downstairs to prepare for the lunch service.

Camilla came not long after Mag went downstairs.

Camilla looked around to make sure that only Mag and Ugly Duckling were around before going into the kitchen. She asked Mag, "How long do you intend to make me work here for you?"

"My current plan is one year." Mag turned around with a smile, and said, "Of course, if you are willing, you can work for a few more years. I am very satisfied with your work performance."

"Do you know what would happen if you made Countess Bartoli work for you for a year?" Camilla said with a chilling voice, and the temperature seemed to have dropped together with her voice.

"I only know that if you don't complete working for a year for me, many men's entertainment at midnight will be watching Photostone," Mag said smilingly.

"You..." Camilla blushed. This fellow actually dared to say such shameless words! She would have no face to meet anyone if her embarrassing behavior was witnessed by other men!

"I am a good man," Mag said smilingly.

Camilla was the one that knocked him out, prepared the whip and candles, and brought the Photostone. If Mag hadn't had that awesome bondage technique, it would've been another story today.

Hence, Mag didn't feel guilty at all.

Instead, he felt an unknown sense of elation when he saw Camilla's frustrated look.

"Alright, but you have to write a letter of guarantee. If you don't return the Photostone back to me after a year, I will kill you at all costs." Camilla took out a piece of parchment and a red pen from her bosom, and slammed them down in front of Mag.

Mag took the pen and wrote a letter of guarantee on the parchment straight away. He would have been promoted to 9th-tier one year later. If they were equal in strength, Mag was confident that he could mess with Camilla easily.

The parchment had a red glow after they signed. It split into two and merged into the bodies of Mag and Camilla.

"This is a magical contract. You would be cursed for eternity if you breached the contract." Camilla kept the parchment with a smug smile. She had at least the most basic form of security.

"As long as you do a good job, I will keep my promise." Mag nodded. He didn't care about this contract. He continued, "Look at this marinated red chilli. It should be cut like this..."

"Madam doesn't need you to teach her how to cut the vegetables." Camilla waved her hands, and all the red Chaotian Peppers in the basin flew up into the air. Camilla slashed across the air with the 10 knives strapped to her fingers, and all the red peppers were chopped up and dropped back into the basin.

She's too fierce, she's too fierce... Mag kept his cleaver silently and started to do some food preparation. It didn't look like he would be the one winning. These people were simply too formidable.

Although cutting vegetables is not difficult, it's simply too aggrieving to work under this fellow. I have to find a way to make him give me the Photostone. Camilla pondered as she stared at Mag's back. Suddenly, her eyes lit up. *Yes! If I also have a Photostone of him, I can do an exchange of equal value with him!*

Ah! I will see how proud you could get. I am going to let you have a taste of the whip and candles. I won't give you the chance to struggle this time. Camilla smirked as she stared at Mag's back as if she already saw the pathetic way that he struggled underneath her. Just the thoughts alone interested her.

...

"See you, Madam Maffia. Please come again when you are free." Bonnie sent a wealthy lady up a luxurious horse-drawn carriage, full of smiles. She watched the carriage go away before heaving a sigh of relief and smiled brightly.

It was a very successful reception. Madam Maffia, who was in a good mood, bought up all of the newly released items from this month and spent 15,000,000 copper coins, which was basically Shia Jewellery's one month's sales target.

The congee with pork and century egg has really helped me out. Bonnie touched her throat gently. She hadn't even touched the small helping of congee with pork and century egg, but her throat still didn't

feel dry even after introducing dozens of new products to Madam Maffia. Obviously, it was the effect of the congee with pork and century egg that she'd eaten in the morning.

I should really thank Boss Mag properly. Maybe I should treat him to dinner? Bonnie pondered before rejecting that idea. There was no restaurant in Chaos City that was comparable to Mamy Restaurant.

How... had she not coughed once for the entire morning?! Callie stared at Bonnie, who was standing at the door, with disbelief.

Furthermore, Bonnie managed to sign a big 15,000,000 order, and proved her strong capability once again. She would get over 1,000,000 copper coins as her commission just for this order alone.

Envy, jealousy, fear, grudge... All kinds of emotions flooded Callie's heart. She thought Bonnie's throat would make her lose Madam Maffia, the biggest spender, and then she'd be fired by the boss. She would also be an outcast in the jewellery world. She didn't expect her to entertain Madam Maffia for the entire morning without even coughing once after she had been coughing non-stop for the whole month.

"Feeling very disappointed?" Bonnie entered the store and stopped next to Callie. She looked at her forced smile, and sarcastically said, "It's alright. There will be plenty of chances like this in the future."

Chapter 1206: The Princess Preparing To Set Off

Rodu. The royal palace.

A knight stood in front of the king with his head bowed, and respectfully said, "Your Majesty, the chef in Chaos City refused to come Rodu, and the knight dispatched happened to run into the lord of the Gray Temple, Rolan, so he couldn't bring him back. We beg your pardon, Your Majesty."

"He refused to come?" The king had a knowing smile on his face. Waving his hands, he said, "This is not your fault. He even dared to refuse my invitation in the great hall back then, so it isn't a surprise that he would reject your invitation. However, I didn't Rolan to act personally on behalf of a chef."

"Should I investigate that chef?" that knight asked.

"There's no need to. I have a more important task for you to do." Andre shook his head, and whispered something to that knight. Then, the knight left after acknowledging the task.

"I will have a hard time telling Vanessa that he refused to come." Andre sighed with a rare resigned expression. He paced around in the hall twice before he walked out.

"Your Highness, His Majesty is here," Lola said to Princess Vanessa, who was reading a book and lying on her stomach, as she hurried into the room.

"Really! Did Father get Chef Mag here?" Vanessa crawled out of her bed at once and let Lola arrange her clothes.

Lola shook her head, but said with conviction, "His Majesty never said that to me, but since His Majesty had sent a decree to him, that chef would certainly have to come."

"This is true. Father is the most formidable monarch in this world." Vanessa smiled. She rearranged her hair and hurried out of her room.

"Father, is Chef Mag here already?" Vanessa asked with anticipation. She approached the king, who was standing at the window, as soon as she entered the hall.

"The first thing you ask about is Chef Mag. You totally forgot about your father, the monarch. Am I, King of the Roth Empire[1], not even comparable to a chef from Chaos City?" Andre asked with a stern face, but he looked at Vanessa with smiling eyes.

"Who would say that? No one is comparable to Father in this world." Vanessa shook her head, but she quickly continued, "Has he arrived in Rodu? Has he reached the palace? Could we eat the dinner cooked by him tonight?"

Lola was standing outside of the door as she listened to the king and Princess Vanessa's conversation with a smile. The monarch doted on the princess the most. She had never seen the king angry with the princess, and he always gave in to her.

"He rejected my invitation." Andre shook his head.

"He rejected me?" Vanessa was stunned, and she asked, "Is he not willing to come and cook dinner for us?"

"He actually rejected His Majesty!" Lola covered her mouth with shock in her eyes. There was actually someone who would reject the king's invitation, and that person was only a chef!

Even though she knew from the princess that he was a very formidable chef who made marvellous food, he was still just a lowly chef, and it would be his honor to cook for the nobility. It was the highest form of glory to be invited by the king to come to the palace to cook for the monarch and the princess. How could he have rejected it?

"Yes. He is a very interesting chef. I have tried to invite him to stay in the royal kitchen during the court banquet, and he rejected me. He said he wanted to go back to cook for his customers." Andre nodded. Not many people dared to reject him, and Mag had done it twice. Even though he was just a lowly chef, he remembered him.

However, maybe it was because the spicy grilled fish Mag made was too unforgettable, and he always thought about it during his meals, but he began to find the food that the royal kitchen made bland.

"Really? Rejecting the king's invitation, but insisting on cooking for his normal customers. He was indeed an interesting chef." Vanessa, who was a little disappointed, began to widen her eyes. A chef who dared to reject the monarch had to be extremely brave, and he wanted to bring delicious foods to more people, and not restrict them to the opulent palace. This chef was a rather great man.

"Don't be sad, Vanessa. Soon, no matter which part of the continent he is at, he will have to come and cook for you when you ask," Andre consoled.

"Mm-hm." Vanessa nodded, and then asked Andre, "I heard that Uncle Abraham is in Chaos City, and he goes to that Mamy Restaurant for his meals every day?"

“Yes. He is a glutton. After he followed Mag to Chaos City, he hasn’t come back for months. Seems like he has forgotten that he is a duke of the Roth Empire,” Andre said with a hint of resignation in his voice.

If someone asked him which one of his brothers he had the least control over, it would have to be Abraham.

Abraham had been his staunchest supporter when he had been fighting for the throne. He had even been seriously injured when he’d taken an arrow for him during the battle for the throne.

After his ascension, he wanted to give Abraham some serious responsibilities, but after he recovered from his injuries, he resigned from all of his posts, and only kept his title. He didn’t want the ducal lands, and all he did every day was eat and play. He was the top idler in the Roth Empire.

“Alright, I will wait for the day when Chef Mag comes to Rodu and cooks delicious food for me,” Vanessa said obediently, but there was a crafty look in her eyes. Delicious food that made Uncle Abraham forget to come home had to be the best in the world. She had to go and try it for herself.

“Alright. I will let the royal kitchen prepare your favorite snow pear porridge. Father needs to go and settle the political affairs now,” Andre said to Vanessa indulgently.

“Yes, Father. I won’t hold you up any longer.” Vanessa nodded as she sent Andre out. After watching Andre go away, she quickly waved to Lola.

“Princess.” Lola came forward.

“Lola, go and pack up. We are going to leave soon,” Vanessa said quietly.

“Does Princess want to go to the manor for a vacation again?” Lola asked perplexedly. They had just returned to the palace a few days ago.

Vanessa smiled cunningly. “We will tell that to Father, but we are actually going to Chaos City. I am going to look for Uncle Abraham.”

“Chaos City!” Lola raised her voice.

“Shhh, someone would hear it.” Vanessa covered Lola’s mouth.

“But... Your Highness, the king and queen are going to be very anxious if they find you missing,” Lola said anxiously in a low voice.

Vanessa smilingly said, “It’s okay. I will ask Uncle Abraham to write a letter to Father when we reach Chaos City.”

[1] Yes, we just realized... The author used some confusing terms for “king” in the past, hence king and not emperor. We’ll stick to the king for consistency’s sake. Then again, the author is using the word queen and not empress, and since there could be kingdoms whose monarchs sometimes weren’t crowned kings, maybe there could be an empire with a king.

Chapter 1207: This Fish Head Smells So Good!

“Achoo...” Abraham, who was standing in the long line in front of Mamy Restaurant, sneezed. He gathered his mink coat and mumbled, “I’ve dressed rather warmly. Maybe someone is missing me?”

“Mister, everyone is thinking about Boss Mag’s new dish, no one would be thinking about you.” Randy, who was lining up next to him, gazed at the announcement signboard on the board with a melancholic look.

“Hey, food critic, have you handed in this month’s manuscript?” Abraham asked Randy as he turned around with a smile. They had been sharing tables for this period of time, and they got familiar with each other.

However, although Abraham knew Randy was the columnist for the “Meatatarianism”, he didn’t reveal his identity of a duke. He also knew Randy had to hand in a script for the magazine monthly. The crux was that he delayed again.

“Sigh. Everything was smooth sailing in my life, and I became the columnist for the ‘Meatatarianism’ at a young age. I didn’t expect to encounter a setback at Mamy Restaurant. It’s such a waste, such a waste!” Randy sighed.

Abraham rolled his eyes. “Are you trying to push the blame on Boss Mag? He has created so many delicacies, and any one of them could easily make you write an excellent essay on it. Where else can you find such a wonderful place? You can’t even find such a place if you flip Rodu over, let alone in Chaos City.”

Randy wailed, “But that’s the problem. Every dish that Boss Mag released is fantastic. I have once written in ‘Meatatarianism’ that I wouldn’t write and share with my readers unless I found the best meat dish. I have set a trap for myself.

“Now, I have found the most scrumptious meat dishes, yet every one of them was so delicious and special. Isn’t it killing me? I have allodoxaphobia, I simply cannot decide!”

“Therefore, young man, never speak too soon.” Abraham patted Randy’s shoulder sympathetically. After pondering for a while, he said, “However, why are you so fixated? All the meat dishes that Boss Mag made are unique. You can simply write about one of them at each time, and furthermore, they are all different. Given the speed that Boss Mag releases new items, you would never have to worry about content ever again. You just have to live near here for the rest of your life.”

“Huh?” Randy’s eyes lit up as if he had just discovered the crux. Just as Abraham had said, given his requirement to only submit one essay article every month, Boss Mag was simply the gift that kept on giving!

“Since this is the case, I will start with the latest release today, the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers. This must be another creative dish that Boss Mag came up with.” Randy’s gaze became determined. He had already decided to order the latest item, discover the wonder within it, and write an article that made people drool. That should be the pride of a food reviewer.

“Ding.”

The bells rang and Mag came out. Smiling, he said, “Welcome to Mamy Restaurant.”

The customers smiled and greeted Mag before strolling into the restaurant.

The first thing they did when they sat down was to flip open the menu and search among the delicacies. They finally found the new item listed under the seafood—steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers!

Steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers—1000 copper coins per helping.

(One can add on noodles, 50 copper coins for 50 grams.)

“Wow! There’s so many red peppers. Just looking at it made my throat feel like burning. Could it be even hotter than the insanely hot level spicy grilled fish?” Harrison gulped subconsciously as he looked at the steamed fish head that was full of diced hot red peppers. His urge to order the new item was extinguished instantaneously.

Many customers, too, looked hesitant after they saw the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers’ picture.

Many of them had tried the spicy grilled fish before. It was spicy and addictive. It made them unable to stop. However, if this steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers was going to be spicier, not many people would be able to accept it.

Randy and Abraham sat at the same table again. Randy flipped open the menu as soon as he sat down. His gaze quickly landed on the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers. His eyes immediately lit up as he praised, “The colorful red chopped chili form a distinct contrast with the white and tender fish meat. It brings about a strong impact. In terms of colors, Boss Mag is still as sensitive as ever.”

“Even though I have to admit that Boss Mag is a genius, if it is too spicy, it won’t be too friendly to middle-aged and elderly folks like us.” Abraham had an indecisive expression as he looked at the picture of the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers.

Of course, he had to try Boss Mag’s new item, but he already couldn’t take the spicy grilled fish very well at medium hot level. This steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers looked even spicier, so it became a dilemma as to whether he should order it.

“Mister, then let us young chaps try it out first.” Randy smiled. Yabemiya happened to walk by their table, so he said, “I would like to order a helping of steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers. But, how do you add on the noodles? Do you cook it together with the fish head?”

The customers around them were listening in. They were very curious about the option to add on noodles. Furthermore, it was rather expensive that 50 grams of noodles cost 50 copper coins.

“The noodles are added separately after the customer finishes eating the fish head. You can drizzle the gravy of the Steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers over it,” Yabemiya explained with a smile.

“Is this a new method of eating that Boss Mag came up with again?” Randy cocked an eyebrow. It sounded interesting, so he nodded. “Then, I will add on 100 grams of noodles.”

“Alright, please give us a moment.” Yabemiya nodded and left. This was the first customer to order steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers. It was a good start.

Dishes after dishes were sent out of the kitchen and placed in front of each and every customer.

It was common to see plates floating around in mid-air in Mamy Restaurant while the customers were eating. They didn't have to be alarmed, as it was only Miss Babla serving dishes. The soups and gravies in the bowls and plates were always still, so the horrific scene of soups splashing around would never happen.

They wouldn't be able to see this amazing scene in other restaurants. After all, not every restaurant had the means to make a 7th-tier spatial magic caster serve the dishes.

Those who had no idea thought it was fun, but those who knew what was going on were well-behaved. In this restaurant, just the servers alone were not to be trifled with.

After a short while, a big tray floated out of the kitchen and landed in front of Randy lightly as a melodious voice in the kitchen said, "Your steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers."

Then, the cover on the tray was removed instantly. The steam with a hint of spicy and sour fish fragrance spread out, and everyone sitting at the same table widened their eyes.

The surrounding customers, who had their scent segregated, also couldn't help looking over at the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers. The red chopped chilli covered the entire fish head, and a layer of oil glistened over it. The bright colors and rising hot steam made them salivate.

"This fish head smells so good!" Abraham couldn't resist praising it after gulping.

Chapter 1208:

That Sensual Middle-Aged Lady Boss

On the other hand, Randy had already closed his eyes and bent forward to take a deeper sniff. His long and narrow eyebrows were raised and slightly furrowed at the center with a hint of surprise. "Different from the spicy grilled fish's overwhelming spiciness, there is a hint of sour in this spiciness. It isn't aggressive, and resembles a refined gentleman instead.

"The fragrance of the flesh is very special, and it doesn't smell like the fishes near Chaos City. It doesn't have the fishy and muddy smell. The freshness of the fish isn't covered by the chilli, instead it is brought out by the spicy and sour taste.

"And the oil that was poured over this fish head is the highlight. The boiling oil fused the chopped chilli, condiments, and fish together perfectly. Just the smell alone made my digestive system anticipate it."

"Gulp."

A series of gulping sounds appeared around them after hearing Randy's words. Although they couldn't smell it all, they felt as though they had tasted it. This had to be an explanation that had taste.

"A cultured man is indeed different. We both took a sniff. You could describe so much, and I could say it smelled so good," Abraham said slightly sarcastically.

Randy opened his eyes. He wasn't affected by Abraham's words, and smilingly said, "The smell and color are present. Now, we just need to taste it."

He picked up the chopsticks, but he picked up a small piece of chopped chili with them first.

"Why are you eating the red chili instead of the fish meat?" Abraham asked perplexedly.

"This red chopped chili seems to be different from other chilies, and different from the ones in spicy grilled fish. I want to know what is the secret behind it," Randy answered before putting that piece of chopped chili into his mouth.

The sour and spicy taste blossomed on the tip of the tongue.

The spiciness wasn't very strong, but the sour taste encouraged the mouth to salivate. Apart from that, there was a tinge of savory taste as if it was marinated in an old urn for a year.

This reminded him of that night when he stayed over in a town a few years back. The noodles with preserved vegetables served by the lady boss were the best noodles he ever had. He still remembered that old brown urn in the corner in the kitchen now. Those few pieces of preserved vegetables gave him a bowl of divine noodles.

He had never tasted anything like that afterward, not even when he traveled to numerous places.

That taste was just like that sensual middle-aged lady boss. On that crazy rainy night, after eating that bowl of noodles, they left a messy trail throughout that old, rundown inn as they battled from the kitchen to the bedroom, toppling over the condiments containers.

He had never met another woman that had a tinge of sweetness within the sourish taste ever again.

However, he had found that taste in this red chopped chili again. Although it was a chili, the sour taste spiked his memory instantly again.

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He was sure that there had to be an old urn in a corner in Boss Mag's kitchen, but it would be chilies marinating in it instead of pickled vegetables.

"How is it? Is it spicy?" Abraham asked curiously after Randy didn't have any reaction for a long time.

The other customers looked very concerned too. Randy had described the aroma so enticingly, but how the spiciness tasted was most important.

Abraham's words pulled Randy's thoughts back from his memory. He nodded before shaking his head, and smilingly said, "This chili is just like a handsome and polite gentleman. It makes you in awe of him, but you can't resist opening your legs— mouth to him. After the marinating, the spiciness became more subtle, and the natural tartiness formed gave it its unique taste."

"Since you are still able to talk so much after eating it, it shouldn't be very spicy." Abraham nodded thoughtfully, and was ready to order it.

“Now, let me taste this fish head.” Randy pushed away the chopped chili to reveal the white and tender fish meat underneath. He picked up a piece of meat, and dipped it in the gravy before putting it into his mouth.

The sour and spicy gravy was the first to blossom. It activated the taste buds in his mouth instantly.

The teeth split open the fish meat easily. It was soft and bouncy, fat but not greasy. Although the spicy and sour taste had soaked through the fish head, it still wasn't able to take away the fish's own fresh taste.

This taste was totally different from the taste of those small fishes founded in the rivers and streams in Chaos City. It was different from any fish that he had eaten before.

It was a much more elegant taste.

The wonderful texture and beautiful sour and spicy taste had exploded in his mind like an explosive fireball. It made his scalp tingle!

Was this fish steamed? Randy stared at the fish in front of him in disbelief. He'd had steamed fish before. With an appropriate temperature, the fish meat would be really fresh and tender.

However, the biggest problem with steamed fish was the fishy taste that was difficult to get rid of. Even the best chefs could only cover it up with some side dishes as it couldn't be eliminated totally.

But this fish head was different. He didn't taste any fishy taste apart from the freshness of the fish meat.

The chili that covered the entire fish head lent the hot and sour taste to it, but it didn't cover up the original taste of the fish.

Maybe this fish that looked special didn't have a fishy taste at all, or Boss Mag had used a special technique to get rid of the fishy taste that only left the amazing taste behind.

Randy swallowed the meat and felt the warm sensation that made his scalp tingle. Smiling, he said to those people watching him with anticipation, “I cannot find the words to describe this beautiful taste. I would have to go back and write it out slowly. If you want to know what it tastes like, please take note of the upcoming issue of ‘Meatatarianism’ ...”

“Che...”

Everyone said it at the same time, and then began to raise their hands to place orders.

“Miss Miya, please give me a helping of steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, with 100 grams of noodles too.” Abraham was the first to order. He was already sure that this was a dish he couldn't miss out.

“I want a helping too.”

The customers started to place their orders. As long as it wasn't spicier than the spicy grilled fish, it would be fine.

After hearing Miya report on the orders, Mag grabbed a fat head fish, sighing, and said, “Rest in peace, Master Fat Head Fish. Remember, this cleaver is called Fat Head Fish. You have died for a good cause.”

Splat.

With a swing of the arm, the fat head fish with widened eyes was cut into perfect halves. It was swiftly cleaned, and then placed in the steamer.

...

Chaos School. Rest period. Amy, who was swatting mosquitoes with fireballs, saw Ignatsu pacing around with a hesitant look outside of the magic classroom. She swung her finger, and the fireball that was flying toward the sky swiftly changed direction and swooshed across Ignatsu's face.

"Woah!" Ignatsu jumped back in a shock. The green bean sprout on his head swayed as his gaze followed the fireball up into the sky which exploded in the fireworks.

"Hey, Little Bean Sprout. What are you doing?" Amy asked smilingly.

Ignatsu raised his head, and hesitantly said, "Amy, some... someone wants me to join in a gang fight."

Chapter 1209: D-Do I Look Like Someone Who Would Cry?

"Fight!" Amy's eyes lit up immediately, but she quickly covered her mouth. She turned to take a quick look before saying to Ignatsu in a hushed voice, "Wait a sec, I will be coming right out."

"Mm-hm." Ignatsu nodded.

Amy quickly snuck out of the magic classroom, and smilingly said to Ignatsu, "Little Bean Sprout, are there actually people asking you to join a fight?"

"Mm-hm. Moreover, it's a gang fight, which means many people fighting at the same time." Ignatsu nodded.

"Why are they asking you to join in a gang fight? Why don't they just beat you up? You don't look like you will be able to defeat anyone in a fight," Amy asked continuously with a doubtful look.

"Am I really that weak?" Ignatsu felt attacked. However, he soon shrugged and had a resigned smile on his face. "When I came to school this morning, the Little Tyrant Gang bullied me and Daphne. They wanted us to give them all of our pocket money. Because I can't defeat them by myself, I requested for a gang fight."

Amy's expression became stern as she angrily said, "Someone actually dared to bully Daphne. Let's go. Bring me there to kick their a*s*s."

"No, no. Not now. We already agreed to settle this in the alley outside of the school after the classes are over. It's against the rules to go now." Ignatsu quickly stopped Amy and shook his head urgently. The little bean sprout on his head began to shake too.

"Alright. Then, you go and tell them, don't go after school." Amy nodded.

"They told me that earlier..." Ignatsu said weakly.

Ding~

The bells for class rang.

"I have to go for class now. Remember to come after school..." Little fatty was stunned and he swiftly ran toward the classrooms after waving to Amy.

"I simply can't stand you guys. Seems like you guys should be given more homework to do." Amy sighed and returned to the magic classroom.

"What's going on? That little fatty came to ask Amy to join a gang fight?" Krassu asked with a smile as soon as Amy stepped in.

"Mm-hm. Little Bean Sprout said someone bullied Daphne and him. They even want to beat them up. Shouldn't I help them, Master?" Amy nodded honestly.

"Having the means to help and protect our friends in time of need is why we learn magic." Krassu nodded and smiled. However, he continued, "But, the students of Chaos School are not considered as your enemies. Even if you have to act against them, you have to restrain yourself. Some small punishment will do. Don't let things get overboard."

"Small punishment? That means I cannot kill them?" Amy was perplexed.

"Yes. We should only use the most powerful methods to kill those enemies that threaten your and your friends' lives. As for what level of strength and what type of magic to use in normal times, Amy, you will need to learn how to observe and analyze the situation that you are in, how to protect the people you want to protect, and at the same time not cause others trouble," Krassu explained smilingly.

Amy thought for a while before asking, "But, if the problem could be solved simply with a fireball magic, why do I need to go through so much trouble, and if I am not allowed to use the strongest form of magic, why do I have to keep practicing and learn even more powerful magic?"

"Learning even more powerful magic is to make sure that you will still be able to handle those stronger opponents when you encounter them. This is your upper limit." Krassu smiled, shaking his head. "Of course, whenever a problem can be solved with a fireball, it is no longer a problem."

"Then, what are those fellows who bullied Little Bean Sprout and Daphne? Weak but detestable opponents?"

"No. They simply lack homework. I will go talk to Novan tonight," Krassu said seriously.

...

Little Tyrant Gang, the top power in the Chaos School's primary section. It was a mysterious gang that was formed by the powerhouses from grade one to grade six. They always appeared at the school's toilets and gates. They ruled their territories with an iron fist.

After the bell rang to indicate classes were over, a group of 15-16 primary school kids carrying their school bags and revealing their left ankles began to gather in a corner of the field.

A tall and thin primary school kid stood on a rock, and gravely addressed the crowd, "Today is the third anniversary of the day that the Little Tyrant Gang was formed. My brothers had gone through over 1000

days with me, and together we formed this huge foundation and established our own territory in Chaos School.

“However, today before school began, a little fatty with a bean sprout on his head actually challenged our Left Emissary, Lancome, to a gang fight.

“This was a public challenge to our Little Tyrant Gang! It is akin to despising me and you! What do you guys say we should do?”

“Beat him up! Beat him up! Beat him up!!!” All the primary school kids replied together, rather agitated.

“Very good.” The little tyrant, Bolton, revealed a crafty smile. He took out a pink wand from his school wand and raised it above his head. A pink glow lit up on the magic wand, and landed on the primary school kids’ bodies like pollen.

All the primary school kids’ eyes lit up as if they were given a booster. They puffed out their chests and marched toward the school gates, following behind Bolton.

“Let’s tell the teachers about this, Ignatsu. I don’t think we should have a gang fight,” Daphne said to Ignatsu with hesitation.

Ignatsu looked around in the school before patting his chest, and promised, “Don’t worry, Daphne. I will protect you.”

Daphne shook her head and sighed. “I am not worried about that. I am worried that you will be beaten till you cry...”

Ignatsu sucked in a breath and said with an unnatural expression, “D-do I look like someone who would cry?”

“Then, why are your legs shaking?” Daphne gazed at Ignatsu’s two quivering chubby legs.

“I am just warming up.” Ignatsu pretended to jump on the spot. His legs shook and he almost fell.

A tall and fat primary school kid went up to Bolton, pointing at Ignatsu who was standing at the gates, and said, “Boss, it’s that little fatty.”

Bolton looked around and only saw a thin little girl next to that little fatty. He couldn’t help but frown, and said, “He wouldn’t have only brought this little girl to fight a gang fight with us, right? The rules of our Little Tyrant is to never hit girls. We can’t break it because of this little fatty.”

“He was so confident in the morning. I thought he would get a big group of people here. I didn’t expect he would only get a little girl to help,” Lancome said innocently.

“I don’t care. We have to follow the rules even if he is alone. We cannot damage our reputation, or else people would say that Little Tyrants are afraid of a little fatty.” Bolton waved his hand and walked straight to Ignatsu. He stopped next to him and gave him a side glance before sarcastically saying, “We will wait for you in front, Little Fatty. Bring your people along if you have the guts.

Chapter 1210: Hi! Fatso is here!

“D-do you know who my older sister is? Let me tell you. Don’t you leave. Just you wait,” Ignatsu continued to act tough even though the little bean sprout on his head was already cowering in fear.

“Older sister?” Bolton paused for a while, smiled, and said, “I really am interested in who your older sister is. I haven’t heard of any older sister in the primary section. If she can protect you today, we, the Little Tyrants, will become her followers.”

“Enough said, then we’ll be waiting for you in the alley. Don’t you think of running away. We’ve got our eyes on you. If you don’t come over in 10 minutes, we will be going to you,” Bolton said with a chuckle before turning around to walk towards the little alley nearby.

The Little Tyrant Gang followed behind Bolton proudly. If it were not because of the pink wands and the heavy school bags swinging left and right making them look a little cute, they really would give off the impression of a gang.

However, Ignatsu did not find them cute at all at this moment. Bolton was said to be a magic caster. Even if he was a low-tier magic caster, he could easily trample all over him.

Of course, even if he wasn’t a magic caster, just with his height and weight as a sixth grader, he could still easily subdue him.

Many students walked past and looked at Ignatsu with a pitiful gaze. This fellow actually provoked the Little Tyrant Gang. Wasn’t that just courting his own trouble?

“Why isn’t Amy out yet?” Ignatsu stomped anxiously. He only had Daphne and Amy as his friends. Although Daphne’s father and grandfather were all excellent hunters, Daphne was a really good girl who would not be able to provide him with much help.

“Why don’t we escape,” Daphne suggested softly. “My grandfather said that if you meet an opponent you can’t defeat, being able to escape is also an ability.”

“No, as a man, the word ‘escape’ is not in my dictionary.” Ignatsu shook his head resolutely. He looked left and right. There were Little Tyrants guarding the streets on both sides, so even if they wanted to escape, there was nowhere they could run to.

The school was almost cleared, and there were fewer people at the school’s entrance, but Amy was still nowhere to be seen.

“Could Amy be already home for dinner?” Ignatsu pouted disappointedly. Although Uncle Mag did make good food, it would be terrible if she really went home to eat and forgot about the fight.

“Amy would definitely come if she promised you. Don’t worry,” Daphne said confidently. “Amy is someone who keeps her promises.”

“But if she doesn’t come now, it will be too late,” Ignatsu said worriedly as he looked at Lancome, who was beckoning him over to the alley.

This big fatty who was at least 75 kg could flatten him instantly just by sitting on him. It was precisely because of his size that nobody was a match for him in the primary section, making him the top bully under Bolton.

“No worries. As long as we stand here, they won’t dare to come over,” Daphne said relaxedly.

“No, we’ve already agreed on 10 minutes, and 10 minutes it will be. As a man, I cannot go back on my word.” Ignatsu shook his head. He reached into his pocket and held the three beans in his hand as he leaned over to Daphne, and whispered, “Daphne, just stand at the alley but don’t go over later. Little Tyrants do not hit girls, so they wouldn’t do anything to you. I will go over and make the first move. No matter how many I manage to beat, you have to watch closely. I am not stupid, neither am I a pushover.”

“Go for it, I believe in you,” Daphne encouraged as she clenched her little fist.

“Shouldn’t you be pulling me back?” Ignatsu stared at her.

“Why? I think you make a lot of sense. As a man, it doesn’t matter if you can’t defeat them. Those who don’t dare to go against them are cowards,” Daphne said with a smile.

“I am not a coward. I am Ignatsu. I am a fighter in botanical magic.” Ignatsu’s gaze became resolute as he walked towards the little alley.

Amy, come over quickly, Daphne prayed silently as she followed behind Ignatsu.

“Boss, they’re here,” Lancome shouted into the alley.

“How many?” Bolton asked.

“Just two. Still that little fatty and that little girl,” Lancome said with a smile. “It looks like that little fatty really has no friends. He actually dares to fight with the group of us alone.”

Everyone in the alley burst out into laughter. That was the power of their Little Tyrant Gang.

Ignatsu dragged his feet to the little alley. He was a little stunned when he saw the primary school students with their school bags leaning against the wall. That was a little different from the Little Tyrant Gang that he imagined.

It was supposed to be an awe-inspiring scene with a bunch of little hooligans holding knives and daggers, looking so swag that they could tear the sky apart with a kick. That was what he imagined a gang to be.

However, they...

...were slouching because of the weight of their bags on their shoulders, and looked as though they were punished by a teacher to stand outside the classroom. Even the smiles on their faces looked a little foolish.

As for Bolton, who called himself the little tyrant, he had a sling bag on a shoulder, and was holding a pink wand. His rolled-up pants revealed some of his pink socks, and his evil smile lost all its menace that very instant.

“You are such a disappointment.” Ignatsu sighed. He felt as though his hopes and dreams were dashed. He once wanted to join the Little Tyrants and feel like he was part of the cool people, but he never thought reality would be so different from what he imagined.

“Huh?”

Everyone in the Little Tyrant Gang, who thought that they were all in the coolest pose, was stunned. They looked at Ignatsu, puzzled. *Why does this little fatty who is about to get beaten up look as though he was deeply hurt?*

Bolton was also bewildered. He started, “Say—”

“Go, devil vine!” Ignatsu pulled his hand out from his pocket and flung it at Bolton. Three black beans flew out and landed at the feet of Bolton, Lancome, and an upper-grade student.

“Devil vine?” Bolton glanced at the seed, lifted his foot, and stomped it into the soil with a smirk. He pointed his wand at Ignatsu and said, “Beat him up!”

“Crunch! Crunch!”

Just then, a black vine sprouted out from the ground and twisted its way up Lancome’s legs instantly like a huge black snake.

Almost immediately, the seeds which Bolton and the other student stepped into the ground also grew out into two black vines, and started twisting their way up their legs, wrapping them up like a dumpling.

“Hi! Fatso is here!” Ignatsu shouted out loudly. He took large strides with his short, thick legs and went bulldozing towards the stunned Bolton.