

Stay At home 1211

Chapter 1211: Rebound!

Three black vines grew out from the soil at a crazy speed, and successfully trapped Bolton, Lancome, and the other student. Meanwhile, Ignatsu, who started accelerating, seemed like a ball of meat crashing towards Bolton.

Bolton, who was tall and skinny, was wrapped so tightly that he could not use his magic, so he could only watch as Ignatsu came crashing on him.

“You’re a little tyrant, huh, today I will be the one who beat the little tyrant up!” Ignatsu rolled around on the ground and sprang right up skillfully. He sat on Bolton and gave him two weak punches on his face.

The members of the Little Tyrant Gang in the alley were still dumbfounded. How did this little fatty suddenly get their leader and Left Emissary wrapped up? And how did he accelerate so suddenly, knock the little tyrant down, and even throw punches while sitting on him?

Is Ignatsu that brave? Daphne, who was standing at the entrance of the alley, had her mouth slightly agape. She was also shocked, a little in disbelief that he was the Ignatsu that she knew.

“Ah!!! Catch this little fatty!” Bolton received another two more punches before he came back to his senses.

The other primary schoolers also snapped to their senses, and some went up to pull Ignatsu away. However, the black vines were too sturdy, and none of them had knives with them, so they could not free the three of them.

Meanwhile, After Ignatsu was pulled away, he was hurled with a wave of punches and kicks. Although he tried his best to block them with his plump little arms, his attempts were futile, and soon he even got a bloody nose.

“S-stop hitting him!” Daphne was so anxious she wanted to rush up to them.

“We don’t hit girls, but don’t you get involved in the men’s world. This is not something that you can interfere with,” a tall and skinny boy said strictly as he stood in front of Daphne, blocking her way.

Daphne tried to go around left and right, but still could not pass him, so she could only stand there anxiously, watching Ignatsu get beaten up.

“Right! The soaring arrow!” Daphne seemed to have thought of something suddenly. She reached into her bag, felt around, and pulled out a little stick that was only the size of a chopstick. She looked at everyone and seriously announced, “If you are not going to stop, I will call for help!”

The alley fell silent suddenly. Everyone turned to look at that little stick in Daphne’s hand and burst into laughter.

“Go ahead, I want to see who you can call over to help.” Bolton, who was helped up, massaged his wrists and pointed his wand at Ignatsu with a smirk as he said, “Little fatty, how dare you hit my face. Today, I’m going to make sure your face is as swollen as a pig’s!”

“A soaring arrow, an army of help follows!” Daphne chanted the line Amy taught her before twisting the bottom of the little stick.

Whoosh!

Bam!

A red firework shot up and exploded into a bright ball of fire in the sky.

“It really works?” The members of the Little Tyrant Gang all looked up at the fireball in the sky, shocked. Their gang was still at the level where they had to shout out to call for help, but this little girl was already using such a high-level signal flare.

“What a bluff. If she really could call for help, why would she only do so now?” Bolton pouted. He looked at the fireball enviously. He definitely wouldn’t be able to come up with something so high-level at his current stage. He then looked at Ignatsu and mumbled a spell. The pink wand lit up with a faint pink glow, and he pointed it at Ignatsu as he shouted, “Change! Pink little pig!”

That was the spell Bolton was famous for. He could make someone’s head turn into a pig’s head. It would not cause any actual harm to the victim, but the victim’s head would become a pig’s head, and the laughs he would receive would not be any worse than if he had been beaten up.

Ignatsu stared wide-eyed.

“No!” Daphne exclaimed.

The members of the Little Tyrant Gang all smiled expectantly. The little fatty’s size would be quite matching with the pink pig head.

“Rebound, rebound!”

Just then, a weak sound came from above their heads.

A polygonal mirror made of ice suddenly appeared before Ignatsu, who was surrounded by the gang. The ray of pink which Bolton released landed on the polygonal mirror, and immediately was reflected into multiple pink rays bolting in all directions, landing on the members of the gang.

“Ah!!!”

Everyone let out a cry as their heads were enveloped with a pink haze. After a while, the haze disappeared, leaving the members of the Little Tyrant Gang with pink pig heads of varying sizes according to the size of their heads.

Ignatsu, who had his eyes closed with resignation, was stunned by the sudden turn of events. *What’s going on?*

“There are so many pink little pigs.” Daphne smiled as she looked at the pig-heads in the alley.

"M-my head..." Bolton was still tied up, but he could already see his peculiar pink snout. Who knew what that wall of ice that suddenly appeared was?

"I'm sorry I'm late," someone said apologetically as a silhouette descended from above with her invisible wings.

"Amy! You're finally here," Daphne said agitatedly as she pounced into Amy's embrace.

"My older sister, you're finally here. I was almost beaten to death..." Ignatsu finally heaved a sigh of relief. He sat on the ground and looked at the pig-heads around him as he laughed foolishly. "However, it seems as though the Little Tyrant Gang is now the Little Piggy Gang."

"It's her! It's her! Our little hero..."

The people from the Little Tyrant Gang looked at Amy, who descended from the sky, and were all shocked. She was the one who defeated the Roth Empire Magic Caster Team single-handedly, leaving a lasting impression on others.

Ignatsu's words made them cover their faces in embarrassment...

Now it was all over. The Little Tyrant Gang's reputation that was built up over three years was completely gone.

Bolton looked at Amy and swallowed hard. He did not dare to move.

She was powerful enough to take on a mid-tier magic caster on her own, while he was just a 2nd-tier magic caster who did not even know any offensive spells. Who was he to even talk in her presence?

"There, there." Amy stroked Daphne's head lovingly. After that, she glanced at the members of the Little Tyrant Gang and reached her right hand out. A ball of purple-god flame danced in her palm. She cutely asked, "Anyone else here who wants a challenge?"

Thud.

Bolton, who was still wrapped up, kneeled in front of Amy as his legs turned to jelly. He sincerely said, "Big Sister Amy, please accept us as your followers. The Little Tyrant Gang is willing to follow you wherever you go!"

When they saw that, the members of the Little Tyrant Gang hesitated for a while but still kneeled and said in unison, "We are willing to follow you!"

"Follow me?" Amy was puzzled. She stared at all of them for a while and shook her head. "No, you are too weak."

The gang exchanged glances. They were really too weak in comparison to Amy...

"Little Bean Sprout, come over to my house for dinner today. It's almost dinnertime. Let's go," Amy told Ignatsu, feeling bored after seeing that no one seemed to have the intention to fight back.

"Dinner at your house!" Ignatsu, who was sitting limply on the ground, shot right up and picked up his bag which was thrown at the side as he rushed out of the alley excitedly.

The three little children disappeared into the distance as the sun set.

“Boss, what do we do now?” Lancome asked with a bitter face. The Little Tyrant Gang was utterly humiliated now.

“Since Big Sister Amy finds us too weak right now, we’ll have to work hard so that one day, she will think that we are good enough,” Bolton said resolutely.

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“Be careful on your way. You can come back after sending the things over to Bastie Prison, and passing them to the deputy warden, Lord Rex,” Mag instructed Connie, who was dressed in full gear, outside the restaurant’s entrance.

Chapter 1212: The Prison Was Breached!

“Don’t worry. I will be able to complete my mission,” Connie replied confidently before riding away on her bicycle.

As if I can not worry about you... Mag sighed in his heart as he watched Connie ride away. Once again, he doubted his decision to keep her as his service staff member.

“Boss Mag, who is that? Why is she dressed so mysteriously?” Harrison asked curiously. Judging from that young lady’s figure, she didn’t look like any of the restaurant’s service staff.

“She is the restaurant’s newly recruited takeaway courier,” Mag answered casually before he turned to enter the restaurant.

“Father, can I bring Daphne and Little Bean Sprout home to eat today?” Amy, along with Daphne and Ignatsu, came from the bushes. They took a shortcut back.

“How do you do, Uncle Mag.” Daphne and Ignatsu greeted Mag.

“Of course you can.” Mag removed a dead leaf from Amy’s head with a smile before looking at Ignatsu, who was hiding behind and trying to cover his face by pulling up his collar. Mag saw plenty of footprints on his clothes and school bag and two fingernail prints on his forehead, so he curiously asked, “What happened to Little Bean Sprout?”

“He had a gang fight,” Daphne quickly answered on his behalf before pulling Amy’s hand, and smilingly said, “Fortunately, Amy came and kicked their a*sSES.”

“Gang fight?” Mag was stunned. They were such little kids, yet they knew how to have a gang fight? No wonder Amy came back late today. He thought it was Krassu’s extending the lesson.

Given Amy’s power, she would have no problem even if she wanted to conquer the entire school.

However, Amy didn’t know how to control her strength, so he hoped that she had not injured anyone. He asked, “What happened, Little Amy?”

“Someone bullied Daphne and Little Bean Sprout. They wanted them to give up their pocket money, and even beat them up in the alley. So, I used the Rebound Ice Mirror to bounce the magic back to the little baddie who led the gang,” Amy answered obediently.

Daphne quickly added, "They wanted to turn Ignatsu into a pig head, so Amy changed them all into pig heads. Uncle Mag, Amy didn't do any bad things."

"That magic spell is only effective for one day. It will disappear once the time's up," Ignatsu added.

"Seems like Amy is a little magic caster who protected her friends." Mag looked at the three of them with a smile. He opened the restaurant's door wide, and said, "Our three little warriors have just gone through a tough fight. Let's go in to eat and replenish the energy that we used."

"Let's eat!" The three little children had a happy smile.

"Oh yes. Daphne and Ignatsu, do your parents know you two came back with Amy? They will be worried if they have no idea." Mag asked the three of them lining up to wash their hands.

"I met my grandfather on our way here, so I already told him. He said he would come to the restaurant to fetch me later." Daphne nodded.

"I am okay. Anyway, they are always not at home." Ignatsu shrugged. A hint of despair flashed through his eyes.

Mag knew that Ignatsu's parents were workaholics. He couldn't help but feel sad for him when he looked at the cotton wool stuffed into his nose and the multiple scratches on his face. He smilingly said, "Uncle will give you a bowl of tofu pudding. Your scars will be healed by tomorrow morning."

"Then, can I have the sweet one please?" Ignatsu's eyes lit up with anticipation. "I love the sweet tofu pudding!"

"Of course you can." Mag nodded before asking Daphne, "What flavor does Daphne like?"

"I like the savory tofu pudding," Daphne said.

"I want both!" Amy raised her little hand too.

"Alright. Go sit at a table after you guys wash your hands. I will make something nice for you guys," Mag said with a smile.

The three kids went out of the kitchen to play with Anna and Ugly Duckling. Poor Ugly Duckling's face was squashed into a square and then into a triangle, but it continued to lie there, stationary.

Mag made dinner for the three children: a helping of Yangzhou fried rice each. He glanced at the clock, and it showed 5 o'clock sharp, so he began the dinner service.

The steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers had received rave reviews from the customers in the afternoon; hence, many customers brought their friends along to try. The sales were even better.

Mag left the children alone after the busy dinner service started as he was busy in the kitchen.

However, the children were very well-behaved. They went upstairs with an ice cream each after finishing the fried rice and tofu pudding. Amy's playground was their paradise.

After a while, Daphne's grandpa came to fetch her, and Ignatsu followed her home.

At around 8 o'clock, Yabemiya went into the kitchen after clearing a stack of plates. She worriedly said, "It's already 8 o'clock, and Connie is still not back yet. I hope she didn't get into an accident?"

Mag, who was turning the beef kebabs, had a shock. He had forgotten all about Connie and the delivery after he got busy!

It only took 10 minutes to ride from Mamy Restaurant to the Bastie Prison's front gate, but she had already been gone for 3 hours. Wasn't it abnormal that she hadn't returned yet?

"Has Big Sister Connie lost her way?" Anna said softly. "I think she doesn't have much sense of direction..."

"How could she have gotten lost when she was going next door..." Elizabeth said, confused.

This was exactly what Mag wanted to complain about, but as he thought again, given that fellow's brain circuit, it was quite possible that something like this would happen.

Of course, it was okay if she had only lost her way. Mag was worried she would do other even more ridiculous things. Moreover, there were still many orcs looking for her out there. He couldn't not worry about her.

"The service will be over in another hour. Let's go and find her then." Mag took a look at the full restaurant. Nobody could walk away to look for her now. If she was really lost, then she would have to wander around for another hour.

"Yes." Everyone nodded, and then continued with their work.

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A prison guard rushed into the deputy warden's office, and said in a panic, "Deputy Warden, the prison was breached!"

The Bastie Prison had never been breached since it was built!

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"Phew, they almost discovered me. Why is this house so big? There is an entrance on the left and one on the right, and there is still such a big place after getting into the basement. Where exactly is the deputy warden's office?" Connie, who was wearing a blue technical jacket and a helmet, leaned against the corner of the wall and sighed a breath of relief as she hid in the shadows. After the footsteps had gone afar, she looked at the corridor that branched out in three directions with a confused expression.

"I am so tired... weak, pitiful, helpless... I want to give up so badly..." Connie mumbled with self-pity. "He said it was just next door, and it would only take a short time. But, he didn't tell me where I should enter such a big house. I still have to climb over such a high wall..."

Chapter 1213: I Am Just A Delivery Courier...

"Breached?" Rex asked that panicked prison guard doubtfully. "Someone came into the prison?"

“Yes. The intruder should be in the basement now. We have not ascertained the position of the intruder yet.” The prison guard nodded, his forehead full of cold sweat.

Since the Bastie Prison was built 100 years ago, it almost never had an accident. It was considered to be the most impenetrable prison on the continent. However, in these several days, a prison break incident and a breach incident happened one after another. It was simply unbelievable.

Of course, the person who committed the unbelievable prison break was standing in front of him right now. The rumor was that since he was the first inmate to break out of the prison successfully, he was specially appointed as the deputy warden by the city lord.

Such an extraordinary reward had brought immense stress to the prison guards of the Bastie Prison as the inmates who were well-behaved initially began to attempt breaking out crazily. They hoped to achieve their objective of becoming a deputy warden.

And now, not only the inmates were trying to get out, someone out there began to try to intrude too.

The Bastie Prison held numerous felons, and many of them were prisoners who had strong power and high status. If this was a premeditated jailbreak, the incident could become uncontrollable.

“React according to your contingency plan. Come and look for me when you need me to step in,” Rex ordered. He had only been the deputy warden for a few days, so he wasn’t sure about the rules and regulations of the Bastie Prison yet. Hence, he didn’t want to give instructions without any information and mess up their plans.

“Yes!” that prison guard replied and prepared to take his leave. When it came to intrusions, the Bastie Prison did have a well thought out plan which was frequently drilled.

“Oh, yes. Did someone send something over earlier?” Rex asked suddenly.

“There was no visitor today.” The prison guard shook his head.

“Alright. You may go now.” Rex raised his hand and the prison guard left, leaving him alone in the office.

“Did Boss Mag forget about it because he is too busy? He said 5 o’clock, but it still hasn’t arrived?” Rex murmured to himself. Mamy Restaurant was very close to the prison, but he couldn’t leave his position now, since there was an intruder. He had to catch that intruder first.

“Someone actually dared to breach Bastie Prison. It’s really gutsy. I wonder which species’ powerhouse is that?”

Darn. It’s another crossroads. What the heck is this place? Why are they locking people up in tiny houses? Connie stood at life’s crossroads again with a confused expression as she looked at the eerie three walkways. She saw many little rooms that held all the different species along her way. However, they all looked very fierce, so she dared not ask them for directions, and continued on her way silently.

No. I will be lost if I continue to go on like this. I have to ask someone for directions, Connie thought, and she decided to walk toward the central walkway.

There was only a dim oil lamp every 10 meters along the pitch dark walkway. There was a humid and moldy smell mixed with the stench of feces in the air, and the snoring sounds everywhere resembled thunder.

Connie walked carefully, carrying the insulated box. She began to size up those guys locked up behind the bars.

Connie stopped at some bars. There was an orc with a bull's head locked in there. She softly asked, "Hi, may I ask where I can find the deputy warden?"

"Zzz... Zzz..."

She only heard thunderous snoring in reply.

"Young lady, are you looking for the deputy warden?" Right at this moment, an eerie voice came from the next cell.

"Yes. Do you know where he is? I still couldn't find him after searching for a long time." Connie walked to the next cell, where an old, thin, and dark green goblin was leaning against the bars and smiling at her.

"Why are you looking for the deputy warden? Not everyone is able to meet him." The goblin was sizing Connie up with wide eyes. He couldn't make up what species this young lady was, as she was wearing a special mask, but he was sure that she wasn't a prison guard.

"I came to send him his food. He had ordered our restaurant's takeaway delivery," Connie replied honestly before asking that goblin, "Can you tell me where he is now? I have to send him his food as soon as possible. Otherwise, the soup will get cold."

"Of course I can tell you where he is, but this basement is too complicated, I am afraid you can't remember the directions even if I tell you. Why don't you release me first? I can bring you to him," the goblin said smilingly, his protruding eyes spinning around in his eye sockets.

"Release you?" Connie stared at the bars between them. The door at the side had a huge lock on it.

"Yes. Release me and I will bring you to the deputy warden. Then, you can complete your job," the goblin said with a bright smile.

"Excuse me, are you a goblin?" Connie asked suddenly.

The goblin was taken aback, but he nodded. "Y-yes."

"Goodbye." Connie turned and left.

"Hey, hey, hey! Don't go, young lady. I really can bring you to the deputy warden," the goblin said in a panic, grabbing the bars.

"Father told me to never deal with goblins. You guys are the best liars," Connie said without turning her head. Even though she was very clever, she still knew it was better to listen to her father.

After she continued to wander around, Connie felt she had gone another two levels down in the basement.

At first, she was prepared to ask those mysterious people who were walking around, but she didn't meet any of them after she continued on.

"Did you find the intruder?"

"An inmate said he saw a person with an unusually big head walking by the basement one, but we have done a blanket search at that level, and we didn't find any suspicious person there."

"Barricade all the exits at every level. Then, focus the search from the levels basement one to basement five. Release the signal immediately when you find that person!"

"Yes!"

The prison guards were rushing up and down the walkways. This intruder was extremely cunning as he managed to evade all the traps and patrols. No one had seen him yet. They only heard minimal descriptions from the inmates that were locked up.

Ding, ding, ding!!!

"Alarm!"

"The intruder was in basement four!"

"A first order incident! Request backup!!!"

Right at this moment, a shrill alarm was ringing throughout the Bastie Prison. The powerhouses that were guarding the perimeters and the innermost parts of the prison began to dash to the fourth level. It was a humiliation to all in the Bastie Prison that an intruder had reached the basement four level.

"What is this? It could even shout?" At a crossroad, Connie kicked something that looked like a giant snail curiously.

Right at this moment, numerous footsteps could be heard from all the four walkways at the same time. Bright, glaring lights were shining onto Connie's body as dozens of magic casters and knights rushed out of the walkways and nervously shouted, "Who is it? Raise your hands up!"

"I... I am just a delivery courier..." Connie said in a weak voice as she looked at the crowd that suddenly appeared, raising the insulated box in her hands up innocently.

Chapter 1214: Hot... Very Hot...

"Delivery courier?"

There were prison guards in all the four walkways, and many of them were 7th-tier and 8th-tier knights and magic casters. However, they didn't dare to move rashly, and they were stunned after they heard what the mysterious person who'd managed to sneak all the way to basement four said.

This fellow was petite, but he had a weird mask that covered his entire head. He was also wearing a set of clothing with the words "Are you full?" on the back. He looked extremely weird.

This fellow could climb over the high walls of the Bastie Prison silently and sneak all the way to basement four, evading all the guards. He had to have very powerful capabilities and certain gifts, so they had to be very careful.

"Spit it out! Whom are you trying to get out of jail?!" a prison guard shouted loudly.

"Out of jail? I am not here to get anyone out of jail. I am here to deliver a takeaway. But your place is huge and I've gotten lost. D-don't stare at me like that. I am scared..." Connie felt so aggrieved that she almost burst out crying. She had been wandering around for hours in this stupid place, and now she was surrounded. What were these fierce-looking people trying to do to her?

"Stop your pretense! Don't blame us for being harsh if you still refuse to say the truth!"

Even though this fellow sounded like a young maiden, the prison guards didn't let down their guard at all. The Bastie Prison had all kinds of inmates. They had seen a bull-headed demon who could speak like a lolita. This fellow who had his face all covered up could look very hideous.

"I am saying the truth. I'm really a delivery courier, and I have accidentally got lost..." Connie was sweating profusely. Was she, the beauty, going to perish here?

"Have you caught the intruder?" A deep voice appeared behind the crowd.

The crowd split up to give way, and Rex came forward. His gaze landed on Connie as his two thick eyebrows furrowed.

A prison guard answered, "Yes, Deputy Warden. We have locked in the intruder successfully, but she refused to admit that she is the intruder, and insisted that she had lost her way."

Losing her way in Bastie Prison? What a ridiculous explanation.

"Seems like this is a stubborn intruder. Let's just judge her on the spot," Rex said in a deep voice and clenched his right fist. He would still be able to go and have his supper next door if he knocked off from work now.

"Deputy Warden!" Connie, who was in a panic, widened her eyes and stared at the strapping man with thick short hair who was standing in front of everybody. She raised the insulated bag in her hands up high, elated, and said, "It's you! You ordered the delivery! I finally found you!"

"Huh?" Rex was stunned and stopped his fist.

"'Buddha jumps over the wall'. Your 'Buddha jumps over the wall'." Connie opened the insulated bag and opened the cover of the little urn in there.

A rich and enticing aroma rushed out instantly, and spread out toward the four walkways.

"Smells so good!"

All the prison guards' eyes lit up, and they stared at the insulated bag in Connie's hands with disbelief. What kind of food was this? It could actually give out such a mesmerizing aroma.

“Buddha jumps over the wall!” Rex’s eyes lit up too. He knew this aroma very well. His thick hair depended on the daily supply of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’.

Only Boss Mag knew how to make ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, and it only had limited portions every day. He had sent someone to order one helping today, and Boss Mag promised to deliver it to him at 5 o’clock. However, it still wasn’t delivered yet.

“You are the courier sent by Boss Mag?” Rex asked, still very doubtful.

“The deputy warden knows this intruder?” The prison guards were shocked, and they felt weird. This deputy warden had just broken out of the prison a few days ago, and became the first person to break out of the Bastie Prison successfully. And now, this intruder also had something to do with him?

“Yes. Boss Mag asked me to deliver the takeaway to you.” Connie quickly nodded. Finally, someone could understand her.

“But, you only needed to deliver it to the gates. Why do you have to breach the Bastie Prison? Moreover, you came all the way to basement four,” Rex said to Connie with a judging look.

“I couldn’t find the gates even after I walked one round, so I climbed over the walls to get in. Then, I saw a big house and I guessed you should be in it, so I went in. But the walkways in there were all intertwining, so I lost my way. I had been walking for hours, and my legs hurt from the walking...”

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Everyone was silent after hearing that, and they started to feel sorry for her.

Not because she was pitiful, but because she was... stupid.

Oh my heavens!

What kind of person was this?

She caused a first order incident in the Bastie Prison when she only had to deliver a takeaway!

“Deactivate the alarm. All of you return to your original positions. Be alert when you are doing your duties. The Bastie Prison that could be breached by a young girl making a food delivery doesn’t deserve to be called the number one prison on the Norland Continent,” Rex said to all the prison guards in a grave voice as he unclenched his fist.

“Yes,” all the prison guards answered in shame. The deputy warden had already confirmed that the intruder was the food delivery courier from the restaurant next door.

The Bastie Prison that was deemed to be impenetrable was breached by a young maiden delivering a takeaway. If this got out, they would be losing their face.

Rex said to Connie, “Bring the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ and follow me.”

“Yes.” Connie covered the little urn obediently, and followed after Rex with the insulated bag. Compared to the rest, this fierce-looking mister was nicer. At least he could understand her, and he was her mission target today.

The alarm stopped, and all the prison guards returned to their positions with a complicated feeling. They all became very alert to make sure that no intruder would ever succeed again and an incident like this would never happen for a second time.

Rex brought Connie back to his office on the first floor. Pointing to a table at the side, he said, "Leave the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' there."

"Okay." Connie took out the little urn of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' from the insulated bag, and placed it on the table obediently. She stood to the side and dared not move as she sized up Rex carefully, using an inconspicuous side-glance.

This strapping mister had a frightening aura, just like her father, so he had to be a very powerful powerhouse. And she seemed to have made a huge blunder earlier. In order to leave this place alive, she decided to put on her best behavior.

However, this room was too warm, and she was wearing a thick technical jacket with fleece and insulated helmet. The dizziness caused by the heat began to take over her.

Rex, who was sitting behind the desk, asked, "Are you very hot?"

"Hot... very hot..." Connie only managed to remove her helmet before she fainted on the spot.

"Cat ears? Orc? Is this little one related to the Falk Tribe?" Rex mumbled to himself as he stood up, looking at Connie's cat ears.

Chapter 1215: That Was A Superhero With No Hair

Rex carried the unconscious Connie, and put her on the desk. He touched her forehead gently with his hand to make sure that she only fainted because she was overheated. He couldn't help but murmur to himself with a smile, "She's just like that lass in the past. She would faint whenever she got too hot."

He retrieved his hand and stared at Connie's face for a while. She had a pretty face, brown hair that was wet with her sweat, white and pink cat ears, and freckles sprinkled across her nose.

"She does look 50-60% like her. Even these freckles..." Rex murmured, a little out of sorts. He only regained his wits after some time, and said with a complex expression, "100 years has passed. I wonder how she is doing now? Given an orc's lifespan, she most probably is no longer here..."

Rex stared at Connie for a while before putting his hand on her shoulder, and used his strong essential energy to disperse the heat in her body.

"Mmm~"

Connie let out a moan and opened her eyes gradually. She looked straight into Rex's eyes and got a rude shock. She scrambled and fell onto the floor.

"Aiyo!" Connie whined and stood up, rubbing her butt. She grudgingly said to Rex, "What are you doing, Mister?"

Rex shrugged, and calmly said, "You fainted and I saved you."

“Is that really what happened?” Connie tried to recall. She seemed to have fainted because she had overheated again. There were no traces of violation on her body, so this mister was a gentleman. So, she thanked him. “Thank you very much. I have already delivered the takeaway, you may give me the money now so I can make my way back.”

“Alright.” Rex pulled open his desk drawer, took out 10 dragon coins and one gold coin, and gave them to Connie.

“Then, I will take my leave now. Goodbye.” Connie kept the money, picked up her helmet, and prepared to leave.

“Do you know Debbie?” Rex asked suddenly.

“Debbie?” Connie halted and pondered seriously before turning around in surprise. “How do you know my grandmother’s name?”

“Just as I suspected.” Rex finally understood. So, this young lady was her granddaughter. No wonder she looked so much like her then. However, it seemed like she did marry that chap eventually.

“Hello, Mister. I was asking you how do you know my grandmother?” Connie asked again when she saw Rex went into a daze.

She was excited yet wary as she suddenly heard her grandmother’s name coming out from the mouth of a man whom she had just met in Chaos City, this unfamiliar place.

“I knew your grandmother in the past, and you resemble her, so I decided to ask.” Rex regained his wits and schooled his expression. As calmly as possible, he tried to ask, “How... is she doing now?”

“She has passed away.” Connie’s expression became somber and her voice lowered. “After Father was murdered, she drank poison and told me to escape from the tribe alone.”

“She has passed away...” Rex clenched his fists instantly. Scenes from 100 years ago kept flashing across in his mind. That cat-eared maiden that he rescued decided to chase after him, and created one mess after another with her stupidity.

Although she could only follow the traces that he left behind most of the time, and had only spent less than one month together with him, the three years that he was pursued by her was the only three years that had a little tinge of color in his life.

And after he had sought his revenge, he no longer had any goals in life, and he was thrown into Bastie Prison and separated from the rest of the world.

It was only when he met Connie today again that the throbbing in his heart suddenly made him realize his own feelings.

However, she had already passed away. He had lost the chance to say certain words to her forever.

I had said then that I would marry you when my hair reached my waist... It had really come true.

Rex suddenly felt that his heart had become empty, as if something important was missing.

What is the relationship between this mister and Grandmother? Connie secretly sized up Rex. She could sense the sadness from Rex when he heard her grandmother's demise.

'Buddha jumps over the wall'... hair... Connie looked at the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' on the desk with bright eyes, and asked Rex, "Was Mister bald in the past? The Hairless Monk? You are the Hairless Monk that Grandmother always told me about, right?"

She had grown up with her grandmother, and since she was young, Grandmother had never told her about the hero stories of the Falk Tribe. Instead, she only told her stories about the Hairless Monk.

That was a superhero with no hair.

Rex's lips trembled as he asked Connie, "She told you about me?"

"Of course, I grew up listening to your stories. Grandmother told me again and again, until I could memorize all of them." Connie nodded and she looked at the Hairless Monk with bright eyes. This greatest hero in her heart was standing right in front of her now.

"100 years had passed, I didn't expect she would still remember me," Rex murmured with a smile.

In this world, only she would think of him as a hero.

In the eyes of the normal people, he was a monster capable of the worst crimes. Even the prison guards looked at him with fear in their eyes whenever they had to face him.

"Hairless Monk, can you take me as your disciple? I want to be as powerful as you," Connie said to Rex with determined eyes.

"Take you as my disciple?" Rex asked Connie. "Why do you want to be my disciple? What happened to the Falk Tribe?"

"Gary, that big bad egg, launched a mutiny. He killed my father and locked my older brother up so he could be the new chief. I want to get stronger so I can go back to rescue my brother and kill Gary, that big, bad egg!" Connie said with determined eyes.

"Mutiny." Rex furrowed his eyebrows. The Falk Tribe was the second biggest orc tribe. It was a powerful tribe, and there were many 10th-tier powerhouses in the tribe besides the chief. Killing the chief and taking over his position most likely couldn't be done by that guy, Gary.

"That big, bad egg collaborated with a few elders in the tribe, and even got reinforcements from the Aug Tribe. He is a traitor who betrayed his tribe," Connie said angrily.

Rex remained silent for a moment before he asked the angry Connie with a calm gaze, "If you want to be my disciple and become a powerhouse, the process will be very difficult, and could even be worse than death. Are you able to persevere?"

"If I can kill that traitor and rescue my brother, I will be able to persevere." Connie nodded with conviction.

Rex looked into Connie's eyes. They looked exactly like the ones belonging to that maiden when she said "I will definitely catch up with you" with conviction 100 years ago.

Debbie, I let you down in the past. So, now I will return the favor upon your granddaughter, Rex said silently in his heart before nodding at Connie. “Then, we will start tonight. Wait for me at the prison’s gates at 10 o’clock.”

“M-mister, you mean you have agreed?” Connie was stunned.

“How should you address me if you want to be my disciple?” Rex asked with a stern expression instead.

“Master!” Connie yelled ecstatically.

“Go back first. I have to eat my dinner too.” Rex turned with a smile on his face, but his voice was still serious.

Chapter 1216: I Want To Sleep In The Same Big Bed With Anna!

“We hope to see you again.”

After sending away the last customer, Mag removed his apron, and prepared to go search for the lost courier with Miya and the rest.

Ding.

The bells rang, and Connie who was fully suited up came in with the insulated bag. She removed her helmet, and said with elation, “Boss, I have completed my mission and delivered the takeaway to the customer successfully!”

The restaurant fell into a deathly silence, and everyone who was about to go search for her was looking at her with a complicated expression.

“You have just delivered it?” Mag asked with a smile.

“Yes. And it’s still hot.” Connie nodded with elation on her face. This was the very first time that she had done something all by herself.

“That was really hard on the insulated bag.” Mag pursed his lips.

An order that was taken at eight in the morning, set to be delivered at five in the afternoon, only reached the customer at nine o’clock. Dinner had become supper. What a surprise that was.

The crux was that the location for the delivery was not even far—it was just next door.

“Big Sister Connie, did you go and break into the jail instead?” Amy asked curiously.

The rest of them were also looking at Connie curiously. What did Connie do in the four hours that she was gone? Even if she had crawled, she could have made a few trips within this short distance.

“Hmm... The house that they lived in is too big, and I couldn’t find the door, so I climbed in over the walls. Then, I accidentally got lost inside. Fortunately, there were many nice people in there and they found me. They lit up the walkways and gave me the directions. Finally, they got me out,” Connie answered innocently.

“Y-you really broke into the jail?” Mag could no longer remain calm after hearing Connie’s description. She breached the high walls of the Bastie Prison, and got lost inside. What the heck... Was this delivery?

Yabemiya and the rest were shocked too. The Bastie Prison was notorious on the Norland Continent, and Connie actually went in by climbing over the walls?

“They didn’t detain you?” Mag asked with disbelief. Breaching the Bastie Prison wasn’t a joking matter. Stupidity couldn’t give her a get-out-of-jail-free card.

“No.” Connie shook her head, and excitedly continued, “But, I asked that mister to be my master. The Hairless Monk, the number one superhero in my heart since I was a young girl!”

“That actually happened?” Mag raised his eyebrows. It was one thing to deliver a takeaway to the prison, but how did she get herself a master?

Although the Hairless Monk had become the deputy warden of the Bastie Prison, he couldn’t have taken a stupid and ditzzy courier in as a disciple the very time that they met... Unless his brain was fried?

Furthermore!

The most crucial was that someone in this world actually deemed the Hairless Monk to be their superhero!

“Why is your superhero the Hairless Monk? Shouldn’t your superhero be someone like Alex, who is handsome and dashing, brave and romantic, and a powerful knight?” Mag asked, full of doubts.

“Although Alex is also very formidable, I prefer the Hairless Monk.” Connie shook her head.

“You asked him to be your master. Big Sister Connie, aren’t you afraid that you might go bald?” Amy asked gingerly.

“If going bald means becoming powerful, then I am willing to exchange my hair in return for a powerful capability.” Connie nodded with determination.

Mag looked at Connie with astonishment. He hadn’t expected her to care so much about strength.

Even though he couldn’t understand why Rex took Connie in as a disciple, at least it had explained why she could return from the Bastie Prison unscathed after breaching it successfully.

With the Hairless Monk’s protection, Connie would no longer need to fear that she would get abducted in Chaos City.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, for completing the very first delivery mission. You received a recipe for the double-flavor hot pot as the mission reward!”

Right at this moment, the System’s voice sounded in Mag’s mind, and a glowing golden drawstring bag appeared.

The delivery mission was completed successfully. Mag was prepared to shut down this service on the very first day it was launched. He said to Connie, “Do you need to go and work at the prison since you are his disciple now?”

Since Rex had taken Connie in as his disciple, it would naturally be easier for him to teach her if she was shadowing him around. Hence, he wasn't going to stop Connie if she wanted to leave.

He could see how much Connie craved power in her eyes. Her life story that she hadn't told him yet had to be difficult.

"Are you chasing me away, Boss?" Connie stared at Mag nervously. Mamy Restaurant made her feel safe and warm. Although today's mission was hard to accomplish, she had a huge sense of satisfaction. Thus, she didn't want to lose this job.

Master looked at Connie's panicked gaze, and was reminded that she looked just like a frightened kitten when he met her yesterday. He felt for her, so he smilingly said, "I will not hold you up if your master wants more time to teach you. But, if you want to continue working here, I can let you finish your probation before deciding if you should stay."

"He didn't tell me to quit my job." Connie shook her head.

"Alright, you will continue to work here tomorrow." Mag nodded before telling the rest. "Everyone has been working very hard today. Let's pack up and go back early to rest."

Elizabeth waved her hand, and ice crystals glided across every corner of the restaurant, and solidified all the dust and oil stains. Then, they were shattered and floated out of the restaurant's door, finally disappearing into the thin air.

"You ladies go back first. I still need to go to my master. I will be back later." Connie waved goodbye to the ladies after they came out. She got on her courier bicycle and disappeared around the corner of the street. That was her personal mode of transport.

"Father, I think this bed is getting small. Can you give us a bigger bed, please?" Amy, who was wearing her little bear pyjamas after washing up, asked Mag softly while letting Mag blow dry her hair.

"Did I squash you, Amy?" asked Anna, who was standing at the door, grasping her skirt's hem restlessly. "Then, I will sleep on my side tonight."

Amy shook her head, pointing at Ugly Duckling which was crouching at the bathroom's door, and said, "No. It's Ugly Duckling squashing the two of us. It's too fat."

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling made an aggrieved sound, and then licked its stomach.

"Mm-hmm. We should really change to a new bed. Furthermore, Amy and Anna are bigger now, you should be able to sleep together in a room by yourselves. I have prepared a big bed in the adjacent room. From today onwards, you two will sleep together in the adjacent room. Is it alright?" Mag said to Anna with a smile.

"Yes. I want to sleep in the same big bed with Anna." Amy nodded happily.

"Yes." Anna, too, nodded with a smile as she slowly released her skirt's hem in her hands.

In a dark and narrow alley, Rex said to Connie with a serious voice, “Today, we will learn about stealth. Since you can sneak into the Bastie Prison without alerting anyone, it means you are very gifted in this area. You must have gotten the blessing of the Nimravidae totem. If you can master this gift, you will become an excellent assassin.”

“Stealth. I am the best at it.”

At the same time, a bat that was hanging upside down on a tree outside of the restaurant flew into the restaurant via a small hole in the back.

Chapter 1217: Not Suitable For Children

Mag bought a 1.5-meter-long children’s bed from the System, and put it in the adjacent room that he had prepared in advance. It was a bed big enough for the two kids and the little chubby kitten to roll about to their hearts’ content.

The purplish-blue decoration style incorporated both Amy’s and Anna’s preferences. In the hands of the decorating genius, System had displayed a very beautiful fairytale style.

It was better for the children to sleep alone in their own bedroom once they were old enough. With Anna keeping Amy accompany, Mag didn’t have to worry about them.

Adults should have their own night activities. Even though he didn’t have them now, Mag had to make plans for the future when he got Irina back...

After the two little ones who were jumping on the bed had gotten over their excitement, Mag told a short bedtime story, and they quickly fell asleep.

Mag kissed Amy on her forehead and pinched Anna’s nose lightly before he turned off the bedside lamp and snuck out quietly. Then, he went upstairs to practice with his sword.

He still hadn’t fought with anyone after progressing to the 8th-tier. However, his sword skills had been improving steadily with daily practice, and he should be able to display the most powerful strength at his current level.

When Alex was at his 8th-tier's peak, he was already able to slaughter the 9th-tier orc commander who invaded their borders, and he was equally confident that he was able to do the same now.

An hour later, Mag was soaked with his sweat, and went downstairs for a shower. The hot water splashed on him as he appraised himself in the mirror.

When he just arrived in this world, there wasn't much flesh on his body, and he looked like a skeleton that was going to collapse anytime soon.

But now, his figure had become well-proportioned yet fit at the same time. His pectoral muscles were slightly raised, and his six-pack was still obvious when he was relaxed.

Even more exaggerated was his skin—it had become fair and tender, and was no longer sallow and emaciated.

“Seems like I should go and tan more often, or else no ladies' skin could compare to mine. My masculinity is totally obscured.” Mag sighed. He didn't intend to maintain his skin, but every time when he recovered his strength, the lightning strike seemed to have cleansed his body of the toxins. All the impurities in his body were washed out.

If anyone was to ask him how he maintained his skin in the future, he would tell her to go and get struck by lightning.

After showering, Mag went back to his room, only wearing a bathrobe.

The small bed in the room was already kept by the System. Because the recovery price was too low, Mag chose to store it temporarily. They might have another baby in the future, and would still be able to make use of it.

Only Mag was left in the spacious big bedroom now. He looked at the extra bedside table, feeling a little not used to it.

Mag got under the quilt, and tapped open the glowing hot pot recipe in his mind.

Mag's lips curled in a smile as he thought about the foodies in this world who were going to be conquered by the hot pot soon too.

A tremendous amount of information flooded Mag's brain. After the initial confusion, Mag began to digest the huge amount of content seriously.

The ingredients for the hot pot were similar everywhere. The unique soup base was what made the difference in the hot pot's intense competition.

When talking about spicy hot pot, Chongqing hot pot was the first to come to mind. No matter what ingredients one put into the thick, spicy, and aromatic broth, they would be coated with a layer of the red oil and condiments when they were taken out. The intense heat would explode in the mouth instantly when one bit into it. One would be able to find a special joy between the spiciness and numbness.

Mag had been to that special mountain city a few times, but the level of spiciness was too much for him—he had to take a break for a few months every time he had it. He preferred the milder spicy level in the Chengdu plains.

As for the clear broth, even though it looked very simple, the clear broth still had to be full of sincerity before it could make a name for itself in the clear broth hot pot. It had to be flavorful so that the customers would be able to taste the freshness without dipping in sauces.

The recipe given by the System was very well-rounded. The red soup base had three levels: insanely spicy, spicy, and medium spicy. It was almost similar to the spicy grilled fish, so it would be able to satisfy the different requirements of the customers.

The mild spicy level didn't exist for the red broth hot pot at all.

Moreover, the clear broth hot pot could be ordered on its own or coupled together with red broth to form the double-flavor hot pot.

Of course, to the Sichuan people, the double-flavor hot pot was their minimum level.

Apart from the soup pot, the instructions for cooking common ingredients in the hot pot were also provided. For example, how to dip the cow's stomach and duck's intestines in the hot pot and the best time to remove the beef from the broth. All these things were given very precise timing.

However, all this was not the stuff that Mag was going to learn tonight. One of the fun things about eating hot pot was the process of putting the ingredients in personally and then taking them out. The technique might have affected the texture, but the fun of cooking hot pot had far exceeded this.

However, hot pot was a totally new experience for the people in this world, so they would have to provide a set of instructions for the customers when they were having the hot pot.

Mag had to focus intently for a long time before he digested and understood the production methods for both broths. He breathed out a sigh of relief lightly, and prepared to step into the test field for the God of Cookery.

Right at this time, the bedroom's door opened inward silently.

"Hmm?" Mag opened his eyes and looked toward the door. A black shadow came in through the crack of the door. The door was then shut up again.

"Camilla." Mag already sensed her aura. This fellow still hadn't given up. They had just signed the contract this morning, and she was here again tonight.

After some pondering, Mag closed his eyes again.

Given his current power, he didn't have to fear Camilla anymore.

Since she's not convinced, let's see what she was trying to do today.

Nobody was able to take over the job of the chopper in the restaurant now, so Mag still got to keep her around.

Heh. I am not going to make the same mistake again. Camilla looked at that door smugly. Her reputation was tarnished by this door previously as she was caught even before she entered. It was really an insult to her countess title.

He's asleep? Camilla looked at that big bed. Her turquoise eyes had a red gleam in the dark, and she could see everything in the room very clearly.

Mag was lying on the bed with a stable breathing. Obviously, he was already asleep.

“Where is Amy and Anna’s small bed?” Camilla looked at the space where the small bed used to be placed with wonder. Amy and Anna were sleeping on that bed when she came previously.

“It’s a good thing that they got their own room now. The scenes that are going to happen are indeed not suitable for children. To make this bad fellow submit to me, I have to show him my prowess today.” A smile appeared on Camilla. She raised her hands, and three Photostones flew out and landed in three different directions. A scene like this should be recorded from every angle.

After she placed the Photostones, Camilla took out the spirit binding rope and walked toward the bed...

Chapter 1218: In This Case, We Are A Good Match

She was inexperienced previously, and allowed Mag to gain the upper hand and toy with her. This time, she wouldn’t repeat the same mistake.

She was already very familiar with how to tie the rope. Tying a nice-looking yet shameful bound was indeed a skillful job, but it was no longer a difficult task for Countess Bartoli.

Camilla was already thinking how Mag was going to beg for mercy in her hands. Such a shameful and humiliating scene was enough for him to return her the Photostone and become a slave at her feet.

By then, she wouldn’t have to worry what Miss Gloria would think about him anymore.

Camilla already couldn’t help but smile when she thought of this. She twined the spirit binding rope on the hand that Mag placed at the side of the bed.

However, just as the rope was about to go through Mag’s hand, the hand suddenly twisted and grabbed her wrist.

Huh?

Camilla was stunned as she looked at that hand which grabbed her wrist. The fair and slender fingers were unusually strong.

Isn't he asleep? Camilla panicked as she looked at Mag's face. His eyes were still closed as if he was still asleep.

Maybe he is dreaming? Camilla surmised. However, the hand that was gripping her was so strong that she couldn't even loop the rope over Mag's hand. This was giving her trouble.

Mag was too crafty, so if she could tie him up while he was sleeping, she didn't have to worry he would do some other tricks. Such a good opportunity didn't come by easily.

Camilla tried to twist her wrist, but Mag's hand was like an iron pincer that gripped her wrist so tightly that she couldn't move.

Although she had a 9th-tier capability, her strength wasn't huge. She usually used magic to subdue her enemies. It was not easy for her to break free using her strength alone.

Bastard. He's still so strong while he's sleeping. A dim light began to gather at Camilla's other hand. It seemed like she got to use magic to free herself from Mag's grip first.

However, before she could display her magic, Mag suddenly tugged on her hand. Camilla, who was standing at the side of the bed, lost her balance and fell onto the bed. She rolled and lay next to Mag.

Then, Mag grabbed her other hand very naturally, and restrained her in his arms easily.

"???"

Camilla glared at him. If Mag's breathing wasn't maintained at a very stable sleeping condition, she would have thought that he was taking advantage of her deliberately.

However, now both her hands were restrained. She could even feel the warm body behind her through her thin skirt as she was restrained in his arms. His hard muscles were defined like squares. This was weird. How could this man's body feel so hard when he looked so feeble?

Her body became a little stiff instantly.

Even though she had lived for over 300 years, been through the previous racial war, drunk her enemies' blood, had a husband, owned a gigantic castle, and was a princess of the vampires, she was actually still a virgin...

To her, men were all dirty. It disgusted her to even talk to them, let alone touch any part of them.

But now as Mag grasped her hands and encircled her in his arms, her heartbeat couldn't help but accelerate. Her blood flowed quickly and made her feel out of breath. A blush also appeared on her cheeks.

The words that her mother told her when she was getting married came back to her now, and her body started to warm up.

She wanted to get out of Mag's arms, but she didn't want to wake him at the same time. Hence, she couldn't decide what to do at that moment.

Wasn't she only interested in women? Mag was also a little taken aback when he sensed the body in his arms began to heat up. He interrupted her magic because he wanted to tease her. Moreover, he was also sure that nothing would ever happen between them, so he didn't pay too much attention to his methods and actions.

But now, he could even hear Camilla's heartbeat clearly. Generally, vampires were always anemic, so this had him worried if she would faint on the spot due to a low blood supply.

Just as Camilla's cheeks continued to get hotter and wondered what should she do, she suddenly jerked and softly murmured, "Hey? It's not right. Why should I worry about a normal man waking up? I am Countess Bartoli, a powerful 9th-tier vampire!"

"Yes. This is really weird." Mag nodded in agreement.

"You find it weird too, right... Ah!!!" Camilla screamed and turned her head. She looked straight into Mag's eyes.

The two pairs of eyes almost touched in the dark.

"You are not asleep at all!" Camilla exclaimed as if she was subjected to a huge scam.

"I should be the one screaming, right? A woman suddenly appears on my bed, and even lies in my arms when I am sleeping. If this gets out, my clean reputation will be tarnished," Mag said innocently. "You must take the responsibility."

Camilla rebutted, "I am the woman. I should be the one that is losing out, right? I didn't ask you to be responsible, how dare you ask me to be responsible?!"

"You are a widow." Mag shrugged.

"So? You are a widower! You even got a kid!" Camilla was furious!

"In this case, we are a good match." Mag raised his eyebrows.

"Eh, yes." Camilla was stunned; after some thought, it seemed to be true. So, she nodded subconsciously.

No! I would never be together with this fellow! Furthermore, I came to record scenes that I could use to exchange the Photostone for! Camilla quickly regained her wits. She glared at Mag who was still grasping her wrists, and coldly said, "Release me! You pervert who is sleeping without clothes!"

"I am wearing my sleeping robes, okay? Furthermore, you are the one who came to someone else's bed in the middle of the night. Shouldn't you be the pervert?" Mag refuted. Although the sleeping robes were open, the fact was that he was still wearing them.

"Heh. I will show you what is a real pervert today!" Camilla sneered. The temperature around her dropped instantly, and the dim light appeared at her fingertips again.

Crack.

Right at this moment, a crisp metal locking sound appeared, and Camilla's magic was interrupted again. Both her hands were pulled together and handcuffed.

Camilla opened her mouth in a panic. "You—"

Slap.

A round ball with holes was stuffed into her mouth, and the strings were pulled to the back of her head and tied into a beautiful knot.

"Mmm..." Camilla struggled to get up.

Crack.

Mag put a collar around her neck and clasped it. The magic was cut off instantly. Camilla looked at Mag in a daze, her gaze slowly became terrified.

Chapter 1219: Why Do You Have To Choose The Difficult Way

Her hands were cuffed together behind her back, her mouth was stuffed with a ball, and a collar with a chain was placed on her neck. Camilla was taken aback, and she tried to struggle.

This collar had the same effect as the spirit binding rope. Once it was put on, Camilla realized that her magic was sealed instantly. She couldn't summon it no matter how hard she tried.

Although the handcuffs on her wrists were covered by fur, she couldn't get out of them without magic.

The hollow ball in her mouth made her cheeks puffed out and almost filled up her mouth. She couldn't talk, and could only make smothered murmurs.

As for that weird collar and the metal chain connected to it, they reminded her of the dogs that were locked up by the humans, or those poor women who were locked up by the perverts in the stories.

In the blink of an eye, Camilla discovered she was captured by Mag again. Even though it wasn't done by that shameful rope bondage, the current set of equipment made her feel even more shameful and frightened.

This fellow really was a pervert!

A normal man would not have such a set of perverted instruments in his bed at all times, and every move he made was well-practiced as if he had done it many times before.

“Hmm... Mmm...” Camilla tried to look calm, but she was panicking badly in her heart.

What is this pervert trying to do to me?!

Maybe he wanted to lock me up here?

Maybe putting the collar and chain on me was his way of treating me like his dog?

Numerous thoughts flashed through her mind. She didn't expect she would be tricked by the same stinky man twice.

“My skills didn't get rusty at all.” Mag was surprised at his own adeptness. As a dog lover, he did often put on a collar for his puppy so he could take it out for a walk.

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This could explain why he was so adept at it. This had to be the reason.

Of course, as a polite gentleman, Mag's purpose was purely to protect himself from molesters when he ordered this weird set of equipment from the System.

As expected, he got to utilize it today. He had caught a female molester (bat) on the spot tonight.

As for putting a ball in her mouth, his objective was to prevent her from making weird noises and interrupting others' sleep when he needed to interrogate her later.

However, the soundproofing done by the System was so good that he didn't have to worry about people hearing him without putting the ball in.

The collar was made from a small portion of the spirit binding rope that Mag cut off from the one that Camilla used previously. Tit for tat was definitely the right thing to do.

Mag turned on the light at the bedside, and, as if he was still that gentle, nice boss, smilingly said to Camilla, "I know you are panicking, but don't worry, I will not do anything to you."

Camilla was a little relieved after she saw Mag's smile. He was right. He was only a restaurateur; he wouldn't really dare to do anything to her. She was Countess Bartoli, the princess of the vampire tribe...

"However, you seem to have broken our contract. We have agreed that I will only return the Photostone after you have worked in the restaurant for one year. Then, we will have nothing to do with each other anymore." Mag picked up a whip on the floor and twisted it in his hands. "But, what are you doing here in my room in less than a day's time?"

"Mmm... Mmm..." Camilla tried to explain.

"You don't have to explain. These things have already told me about your intentions." Mag swung the whip and made it crack at Camilla's ears.

Camilla quieted down immediately. She dared not move nor make a sound as she looked at Mag. This fellow almost hit her beautiful face.

"Don't worry. I am a good man." Mag tossed the whip in his hand behind him and smiled again.

Camilla was relieved after she saw Mag tossed the whip away. It seemed like this fellow didn't have the guts to do anything to her.

Mag turned his wrist around, and a white goose feather appeared in his hand. He began to get close to Camilla with a perverted smile.

Camilla stared at the feather in Mag's hand in a shock. What was this fellow trying to do by taking out a feather? Was he trying to make her submit to him with this feather?

Heh. Ridiculous. How would Countess Bartoli submit to him because of a feather?!

“Now, you have two choices. The first one, nod your head and swear on your ancestors’ name that you will submit to me for one year. You will neither defy me nor go against me. The second one, shake your head and accept my punishment until you nod,” Mag told Camilla seriously.

Let me submit to you? Dream on! Camilla glared at Mag and shook her head with conviction. She didn’t care what methods he used to torture her; she was never going to submit to him.

“Since you do not have the contractual spirit, I have no choice but to utilize certain special techniques.” Mag sighed lightly before bending over to grab Camilla’s ankle.

“Hmm!” Camilla got a shock and tried to pull her leg back. Was this pervert trying to do *that* to her...

But Mag’s hand was so strong she couldn’t free her leg no matter how hard she struggled. Suddenly, her foot felt cold and her high heel shoe was removed.

Mag tossed that stiletto aside as he looked at the fair foot and delicate toes that curled up nicely due to nervousness. He calmly asked Camilla, “Nod or shake your head?”

Camilla shook her head determinedly, but her gaze was terrified. She had heard about perverts who had foot fetish before. Could this fellow be one of them? What was he trying to do with her cute little foot?!

“Why do you have to choose the difficult way?” Mag sighed. He began to hold the feather like a drawing pencil, and gently swiped across the base of her fair foot.

“Hmm...” Camilla felt as if she was electrified, and her mind went blank. Then, it felt like countless ants were crawling across the spot that the feather had just touched. That tingling sensation made her body tense up. Her muffled mouth could only make out a meaningless moan.

“You have the power to decide. Whenever you are ready, you just have to nod,” Mag said calmly. The feather was drawing circles at the bottom of her foot and in between her toes as if it was drawing a painting.

“Hoo, hoo...” Camilla felt her mind went blank. She knew a man was toying with her foot so the tingling sensation was magnified infinitely, but her mouth was covered and her hands were tied. She couldn’t call for help.

Although her rational mind told her she couldn’t submit to this fellow, after 10-odd minutes of assault by the feather, Camilla, who was soaked with sweat, finally nodded her head.

Chapter 1220: Good Morning, Fa...

Camilla, who was soaked with sweat, had collapsed on the bed with unshed tears in her eyes and a flushed face. She looked at Mag with a resentful gaze as she felt as if all her strength had been expended.

She had never expected this fellow would use such a perverted and underhanded method—tickling!

“Very good.” Mag reached out to untie the string behind her head, and removed that ball from her mouth with his pinkies outstretched. “Now, you can begin to swear.”

“I, Camilla Bartoli, swear on the name of my ancestors. From today onward, I will submit to Mag for one year. I will not defy or go against him,” Camilla said, clenching her teeth. She felt so aggrieved that she wanted to cry.

“Remember your promise. From today onward, do a good job and never come and harass me again. I am already a parent of a daughter.” Mag nodded with satisfaction. He helped Camilla turn over and removed the handcuffs and collar.

Mag took two steps back and said to Camilla on the bed, “Now, you may leave.”

As a normal man, he should be doing something when he faced such a helpless mature lady.

However, he was such an unusual handsome man. A gentleman wouldn’t have taken advantage of a person when she was weak.

Even though he was the cause of her being so weak.

At the border of Wind Forest far away, there was a woman who was fighting for the future and freedom of the elves. How could he be unfaithful to her at this time?

That was a powerful existence who could use a stool to send 10th-tier powerhouses flying!

Besides that, Mag was way past the phase where he was controlled by his lower body.

Hence, he urged Camilla, who was lying on the bed, unable to move. “Why are you not leaving yet?”

“I can’t move...” Camilla’s aggrieved voice sounded. Although her magic had already recovered after the collar was removed, her body felt very weak. Even if she wanted to leave this shameful place, her body didn’t allow her to.

“Where is your home?” Mag furrowed his brows.

“Boundless Sea Realm.”

Mag pondered for a moment. This didn’t sound wrong, either.

“Then, I have no way to send you home. You can spend the night here and get to work straight away tomorrow morning,” Mag said casually.

“I... I will never sleep on the same bed with you.” Camilla glared. Was this fellow going to eat his words!?

“I don’t want to sleep with sweaty people, either.” Mag rolled his eyes.

Camilla heaved a sigh of relief. Although being sweaty made her uncomfortable, the bed she was lying on was so comfortable. She felt her entire body was going to sink into it. It was soft and super warm. If she could spend the night here, it seemed rather...

“You will sleep on the floor.” Mag laid the quilt out on the floor and then carried Camilla, who was stunned, and put her on the floor. He covered the quilt over her body and nodded in satisfaction. “This is good enough.”

“Y-you will never find a girlfriend like this...” Camilla said resentfully. This fellow actually made her sleep on the floor while he slept on the bed.

“Hoho. I am the father of a daughter.” Mag smiled with disdain. “Moreover, the ladies who want to be my girlfriend could encircle Chaos City if they are to form a line.”

Camilla choked. Mag wasn’t boasting when he said that...

“A night attack that gives me a headache.” Mag stared at the bedsheet that was soaked and sighed. He had to change to a new set of beddings. He kept the three Photostones and looked at Camilla who was all wrapped up. Smiling, he said, “Goodnight.”

And then he switched off the light.

Very soon, Mag’s snoring could be heard.

Camilla, who was very nervous initially, heaved a sigh of relief when she heard Mag’s stable breathing. It seemed like Mag indeed didn’t have ulterior motives toward her. However, she soon began to think in annoyance, *Why? This fellow actually has no feelings for me? Am I not an attractive woman?*

Although she had plenty of nonsensical thoughts in her mind and was sleeping in a man’s room, under his blanket, fatigue washed over her, and Camilla soon fell asleep.

Mag closed his eyes, and went straight into the test field for the God of Cookery.

If Camilla didn’t want to destabilize her ancestors’s coffins, she most likely wouldn’t try to harm him.

Mag had already wasted plenty of time due to Camilla’s night attack. To prevent the scenario where he couldn’t even leave the test field for the God of Cookery before he woke up next morning, he had to get in as soon as possible.

An intense scent of spiciness washed over him as soon as he entered the kitchen. There were a few open spices on the condiments rack that were already showing off their presence even before they were cooked.

Brewing the soup base wasn't an easy task, especially a rich and aromatic soup base. Just the spices and condiments needed alone were in the dozens. Furthermore, they needed to be accurately proportioned and brewed with a practiced technique in order to get an irresistible red soup base.

The crux of the hot pot was the soup base.

That soup wasn't clear water, but a beef broth that was brewed for over 10 hours. The soup base was rich and aromatic.

A big piece of butter was melted in the pot slowly, and the chili broad bean paste was then added in to make a pot of dark red oil. Sichuan peppers were scattered into the pot, and the aromatic spiciness was released naturally. Then, the beef broth was poured in, followed by the red peppers, old ginger, and the other spices and condiments. It was slowly brewed until it became a pot of aromatic red soup base.

As for clear broth, it was much easier. Although the clear broth was healthier, it didn't mean it was tasteless like water. It, too, needed a base made of bones to release the taste of the hot pot ingredients.

After going through the procedures many times in his heart, Mag started to make the soup base.

"The soup tastes bland. Fail!

"The sichuan peppers were underfried for two seconds. Fail!

"It's not spicy enough. Fail!

"Fail..."

Mag was just like a cold-blooded assassin as he accepted the System's judgement, and then poured the failed red soup base into the wastewater tank again and again.

He indeed did not feel heartache for free ingredients.

...

Mag opened his eyes the next morning when the alarm clock rang.

Camilla also opened her eyes at the same time.

She had a very weird dream where she dreamt she was caught by Mag, and was restrained and tortured by all sorts of instruments. Finally, she was tickled by a feather.

Then, she saw a hand reach out over her head, grab a strange object that was making a din, and press hard on it.

The ringing stopped instantly. Then, her gaze met Mag's face as he popped out over the bed.

"Ah!!!" Camilla screamed. That wasn't a dream!

Right at this moment, the room's door was pushed, and Amy skipped in happily. "Good morning, Fa..."

